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Should call at
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Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.

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The Garden.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the rose is climbing high,
And I look at the garden patch of love,
And I think I should like to die.
I could kick every cat in the neighbourhood
Clear up to the azure sky.

All night the outcast have heard
Brindle, and Tabby, and Tom
And the truck patch looks as if had been stirred
By an eight-inch Ericsson bomb;
If you mentioned the pansy bed in a word,
You would have to call it a "glom."

They have made one long, wild tear,
From the porch to the alley gate;
They are coming again, I swear,
And I collar the shotgun and wait.
And briefly cat wails, "Is he here?" (is he here!
And the grey cat yells on the gate;
And the black cat yowls at the others in fear,
And the yellow cat wails in hate.

They are coming, I hear their feet,
On the roof and the porch they tread;
They are coming to wrestle and beat
Down the earth in my onion bed;
But I hurl them back in retreat
With a handful of powder and lead,
And I laugh at their wails and scrambling feet
On the roof of my neighbour's shed.

FROM THE CHAPEL ROOF.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

One evening in the early spring of a year in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—it was, in fact, Wednesday evening, March 12, 1879—a solitary pedestrian might have been observed walking down the main street of the ancient town of Windsor. Coming to the road that leads to the castle, he, after a moment's hesitation, took the turning, and walked on till he arrived at the entrance to the court-yard. Here he suddenly changed his attitude, thrust his billy-cock hat on the back of his head, put his hands in his pockets, and, assuming a slouching gait, attempted to walk past the sentry.

That wary soldier was, however, on the *qui vive*.

"On the works," said the stranger in reply to the challenge; and without stopping to observe the effect of this explanation, he walked on across the quadrangle, and entered the cloisters of the chapel of St. George.

Five minutes later two other men slouched into the gateway, and, being challenged, answered as before. Then came two others; and the sentry, musing on these matters, began to think that the work inside the castle must be costing a pretty penny when it required the supervision of so many persons. For these five men, who, being "on the works," had been passed in, were evidently not common labourers. "Probably foremen," the sentry thought as he watched the figures of the last two fade in the gloom of the cloisters.

The five men were evidently well acquainted with each other, and, joining within the cloisters, spoke to each other apparently in high glee at the success of some stratagem. There were other people about the cloisters, as, indeed, there seemed to be people everywhere within the precincts of the castle. Hammers were falling, planks were being carried hither and thither; and in the courtyard, lighted only by a fire which burned in an open grate in one corner, men were hurrying to and fro giving the last touches to the preparation for the ceremonial of the morrow, when his Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearne, Earl of Sussex, wearer of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Elephant of Denmark, and the Seraphim of Sweden, was to wed the daughter of the Red Prince of Prussia.

It was evident that the five strangers were chiefly anxious not to draw inconvenient attention upon themselves, and to prevent any suspicion of loitering.

They walked round the cloisters ostentatiously engaged in conversation. Workmen passed them and thought they were officers of the castle. Officers of the castle passed them, and thought they belonged to the working party. So they walked about unchallenged and almost unseen in the semi-darkness of the cloisters. They were ordinary-looking men, such as you might meet any day in the street. The one who had entered first, and who appeared to be leader, was a man of ordinary inches and powerful build, though a tendency to corpulency somewhat detracted from his height. His face was one which at first glance was pleasant to look upon. It was fresh-coloured, with blue eyes, and an honest, open expression. He was the sort of man one would speak to in a railway carriage or on a lonely road, and think he had found a pleasant companion. A keen observer might, however, note, keeping his glance steadily fixed on those blue eyes, that sometimes an evil light came into them. They seemed to change colour, gleaming like the blue in steel, and with this all the expression of the face changed. Instead of the pleasant, kindly, honest look, there was a mask of hard, stony determination, capable of carrying out evil intent to the furthermost end.

"It will be a fine sight," said one of the figures.

"Yes," replied another voice, "and there will be more looking on than they have provided seats for."

Then the leader spoke in a voice which, like his face, was pleasant and honest at first, but seemed to change to a malignant tone before his speech was ended.

"It will be fine," he said, "to see the Queen come up, and then there will be the King of the Belgians, and the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, and Lord Beaconsfield. What a roar would run through Europe, and how the world would be shaken even down to the Antipodes, if, say between the responses of the marriage service, five shots were to sound through the startled chapel, five shots were to come as it were from mysterious holes in the roof, and five corpses were to lie around the marriage altar—the Queen, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the bridegroom, and Lord Beaconsfield. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hist," said one of the five, nudging the leader, "you will be heard, and then it will be all over with us."

The caution seemed unnecessary. No one appeared to interrupt their tramp. But there seemed to go up from the cloisters, carried on the wild March air, a wail, which, passing over the chapel roof, circled round the Tower of Windsor and shook the folds of the royal standard. "The Queen, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the bridegroom, and Lord Beaconsfield. Ha! ha! ha!"

In silence, or carrying on conversation in whispers, the five figures rapidly passed the cloisters, as innocent men might walk, taking a little exercise before going to bed. Nine o'clock was striking from the church tower as the first man had entered the gate and passed the unsuspecting sentry. It was now gone half-past nine, and all round still sounded the fall of the hammers, the shuffling of feet, and the cries of the workmen. If any one had been watching these five figures they would have observed that there were now only four. One had disappeared as completely as if the ground beneath had yawned and swallowed him up. The four went pacing round, and presently there were only three. How the other two had disappeared no casual observer could have told. But if narrowly watched, it would have been discovered that on passing by a particular pillar in the cloisters one man of the three now remaining seemed to halt, and almost before one could cry he was gone. The other two walked on as before, taking no notice of this phenomenon, and on passing this precise spot the fourth man vanished as before, leaving the leader alone in the cloisters. He, without altering his pace, walked round as if his companions were still with him. On returning he halted at the place where they had disappeared. Looking back—not for any useful purpose, for it was so dark that he could not see five yards off, but as an instinctive habit of caution—he approached the pillar. Behind this, and enclosing the green which formed a triangle within the cloisters, was a fringe of high iron railings. One of these had been lifted out of the lower socket, and through the aperture the leader with some difficulty squeezed himself, and stood within the quadrangle.

Without any appearance of hurry he gently pressed back the rail till it stood once more in the socket, and left no trace of the means of escape to the green. Turning to the right and keeping within the shadow of the cloisters, he came to a corner on which the Chapel Royal abuts. Here four figures, standing stiff against the wall, as four corpses might stand, disclosed the mystery of the disappearance of his companions.

"Number off," said the leader. "One."

"Two."

"Three."

"Four."

"Five."

"Up with the ladder." He had stooped down and seized by the topmost rung a ladder which lay with suspicious convenience along the wall.

"Now," said Number One, when the ladder was planted, "I will go up first. Number Two, put your hand on the ladder, and when you feel it shake, you come along. Numbers Three, Four, and Five will follow you."

Number One mounted the ladder with an agility not to be expected from one of his massive build. Number Two, placing his hand on the ladder as directed, presently felt the expected signal, and had mounted four or five steps when he was struck on the head and precipitated to the ground.

"Hallo!" said a familiar voice, as Number One reappeared, just having himself from falling after planting his foot on Number Two's head. "You are in too great a hurry. I find the ladder is too short. It is at least four feet from the battlements. The only thing to be done is to stand on the top rung, clutch hold of the battlements, and haul yourself up. I will do this, and when you feel me free of the ladder, Number Two, come on."

Number One went lightly up the ladder again, and reaching up from the top grasped the battlements, and by main force drew his bulky body clear up, and tumbled over into the gutter on the other side of the battlement. Number Two followed, and the rest in due order, each performing with success a feat which, difficult at any time, was peculiarly dangerous in the darkness of the night.

Just as Number Five pulled himself over, the ladder was shaken from below, and a voice came up from the darkness with an interrogating

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" said Number One, equal to this as, apparently, to any emergency.

"What are you up to?" said the voice from below.

"We are going to strike the derrick," said Number One, whose quick eye had noticed, standing out from the shadow of the battlement, a derrick or pole which had been used by the masons for hauling up materials.

"All right," said the voice, and the owner walked off with noiseless footfall across the smooth-shaven lawn.

Led by Number One, and keeping well within the shadow of the battlement, the little party, having first hauled up the ladder, strode stealthily along the gutter of the roof toward the spiral staircase, which here opened on to the roof by means of a door. Honest men having any business in this part of the chapel would have gone to the Dean, asked for the keys, unlocked the door of the staircase in the court-yard, and decently walked up. Our five friends, for reasons of their own, found it necessary to approach the staircase by the means here described. They found the door open, and were presently toiling their way up the winding staircase to the higher roof. On to this door gave, and here, as before, there was a safe promenade behind the battlements.

The upper or main roof of St. George's Chapel, as everyone knows, has a pretty sharply defined apex. Number One, after a few whispered instructions to his companions, began climbing up the roof on his hands and knees, an undertaking in which he found considerable assistance from the hooks let into the lead, after the manner of steps, for the use of the plumbers. On reaching the top the five crawled down on the other side, following close upon the steps of their leader. Arrived at the bottom the party made direct for the door leading to the spiral staircase on the other side of the chapel, corresponding with the one by which they had ascended. This door was also open, and Number Two, Three, and Four safely passed in. Number Five was about to enter when, looking back at the perilous pathway they had traversed, he saw, clear out against the sky, the figure of a man crossing the apex of the roof. Seizing Number One by the arm, he pointed to the figure, which was just emerging from the sky line, and was evidently coming down on their trail.

"Two, Three, and Four have passed in," said Number One. "We number up to five, and that is not one of our party."

With a swift motion his hand went to his belt. The evil light flashed in his eyes, the honest red on his cheeks faded, and the man, who was evidently crawling down the roof, would not have liked to see the stony, set expression of the face that looked up at him. He was coming down backwards on his hands and knees, and looked in the shifting light like one of the griffins let loose from the battlements. But he was too evidently a man, and how long he would be a living man after he touched the parapet and stood face to face with Number One was a calculation not pleasant to undertake.

"Let us get into the staircase and shut the door," said Number Five. "Then he can do or say what he pleases."

Suiting the action to the word, he made toward the staircase, and was followed by Number One, whose eye seemed to linger regretfully on the unconscious man coming slowly down the roof. Inside the staircase they closed the door, sent home the bolt, and were safe.

Passing down the staircase—Number One always leading with an absence of irresolution which testified either to his practical knowledge of the locality or to his having made a careful study of it from the plans—they reached a door opening to the right, apparently into some room. This they passed, and, coming to a similar door below, opened it and entered.

Here was a strange sight. The room was about eighteen feet wide by forty long. It is, of course, well known to all who have business in connection with the castle, though it had probably never before been entered by the common people who live outside royal castles. There is no reason why I should not particularise it. It is understood to have been originally designed as a sort of retiring-room or vestry for the officiating ministers of the chapel. Perhaps it has not thus been used for more than a hundred years, and has in the meantime locally obtained the significant appellation of "Hell." It looks right out on the courtyard through windows of quarried glass set in the thick walls of the tower.

The party of five proposing to make a night of it here, and being evidently not insensible to creature comforts, had been fenced by the difficulty of the presence of three windows. They could not, or at least had no intention to, pass the night without fire or light. The deliberate and complete nature of their preparations, and the suspicion of confederates within the castle, were indicated by the fact that a portion of this room had been enclosed within double canvas walls. These, barring the approach to the windows and being roofed across, formed a sort of den, within which a coke-fire boldly burned in an old and rusty grate.

Coming out of the pitch darkness of the spiral staircase, this fire-lighted room resembled a hall of dazzling light. It at least fully disclosed the furniture of the place. In the middle of the room was a plank laid across two trestles. Underneath was a box some four feet long by two broad. Two other boxes or tool-chests stood in other parts of the room, and lastly there was an open box containing a supply of coke.

On entering, Number One seized the box under the plank, and opening it, produced a flat candlestick and a supply of tallow candles. Placing one of these in the stick he lit it, and by its assistance rifled the box. First of all he brought out half a boiled ham. Then two loaves, a stone jar containing some liquid, one or two bottles, a supply of tumblers, spoons, knives and forks, and a kettle. The last was filled from a small barrel which one of the five routed out from a corner of the room, and was then placed on the fire. The viands were spread on the plank, and without more ado the party fell to eating and drinking: "for," as Number Five observed, "to-morrow we die."

"Some one will," Number One said gruffly. "Pass the pickles."

The men lingered over their supper as if they did not particularly care to be left alone with their thoughts. The repast concluded, they cleared away the debris and the crockery, and Number Three produced a pack of cards. Nobody seemed inclined to play except Number Four, who admitted an acquaintance with cribbage. So these two sat down at the board over the trestles and began to play. Two and Five, lighting their pipes, sat on one of the boxes by the wall, and Number One, seated on the box containing the coke, stared steadily into the fire and smoked furiously. The two men on the box chatted in low tones and with increasing evidences of drowsiness, which presently resolved itself into a snore. Number One still sat staring into the fire and smoking, but the puffs of smoke had grown more rueful. Presently his head sank on his chest, the pipe dropped out of his hand, and he slept, starting from time to time as through the chamber there sounded the recurring and sleepy cry from the players at the table:

"Fifteen two; fifteen four; and one for his nob!"

There was a singular air of peace, and even of rough comfort, about this room, with the fire burning steadily in the grate, the two men sleeping on the trunk, the recumbent figure on the coke-box, and the two players seated at the plank on trestles, the candle-light casting gigantic shadows on the white canvas walls. Rembrandt might have sketched it; but no one seeing the picture would have thought of writing under, by way of legend, the fearsome name which the room had oddly acquired. It looked too homely and drowsily peaceful for such a suggestion.

Day was already far advanced, and every one was awake except the two players, who were discovered with their arms stretched on the table, and were ruthlessly roused by their comrades. Number One was bustling about the room, blaming everybody but himself for letting the fire out. Number Five was on his hands and knees puffing away at the deadened coke. No fire, no coffee: and the necessity for stimulant of some sort in view of the day's work was keenly felt. Number One, rooting among the crockery and wreck of last night's supper, came upon a parcel of sugar. Taking two or three lumps, he deftly inserted them where the coke still smouldered, and presently the fire was burning, the kettle was simmering, and breakfast became something more than a possibility. They made a hasty but abundant meal and began to remove all trace of their occupancy of the chamber. Everything was stowed away in the tool-chests about the room, the plank was taken off the trestles and laid along the wall. Then Number One produced from one of his pockets a small case, about eight inches long and three broad. It looked in the half-light of the shaded room something like the case of an opera-glass. His example was followed by his comrades, and presently there sounded in succession five clicks, not loud enough for the snap of a pistol, but uncommonly sharp and distinct.

"All right!" said Number One, carefully placing the instrument in his breast pocket.

"All right," said the rest in chorus, and without another word they filed out after Number One.

Leading the way, he recalled the staircase and began to ascend till he stepped out on the upper roof of the chapel. It was now 11 o'clock, and, though they were above any height at which they might be overlooked, it was necessary to preserve precaution lest they might be seen from below or from the town. They crept cautiously along, walking in the gutter of the roof, and protected on the right hand by the battlements. Thus they advanced till they came to the gable end. Here was another door which seemed to open into darkness. Number One, who had never hesitated in his movements, entered, and was followed by his four confederates. They stood for a moment till their eyes grew accustomed to semi-darkness. The roof of the room in which they now found themselves was lofty, and composed of bare beams. The floor seemed to be a series of pitfalls. Pathways composed of great beams ran across it, and on these a man might walk, though on either side were cavities, how deep could not be told in the shimmering light that came through the open door. After a while the strangers discerned through the gloom other lights, apparently coming through the floor.

Number One going down on his hands and knees carefully traversed the beam followed by his companions. After feeling on this beam was crossed by another beam, this again by others. The party breaking up into twos at cross roads, each took his own path, crawling slowly over dust that lay fully an inch thick, and so fine as to be almost impalpable to the touch. Each man seemed to make his way for one of the rays of light that pierced the floor, and, bending his head till it touched the floor, looked down.

"I'm a bit mixed," said Number One, after intently gazing for a moment through the aperture. "Here's the Herald right under me with the toes of his boots turned up to his knees. I think the altar must be further up. Bear away with your backs to the light of the door."

Suddenly the blare of trumpets filled the darkened chamber. The burst of music seemed to spring up from beneath the adventurers, and Number Three, starting at the sudden sound, fell off the beam, and with a shriek rolled away into black space.

"He's only fallen into one of the crevices," said Number One; "give him a hand up." And Number Three, sneezing violently, was drawn up out of the dust-hole.

"Ah, here we are. Here's right over the altar. A hole a-piece; and, Number Three, mind you don't drop any dust down. Give yourself a good shaking before you stoop."

Hurriedly gathering in the direction whence the voice came, the five figures stooped and bent their heads down till again they touched the floor.

"Splendid!"

Then rising on their knees each man put his hand into his breast pocket, and, amid the thick gloom through which the bright March morning outside vainly strove to thrust shafts of light, these five figures could be plainly seen each to take out an instrument similar to that which the leader of the band had examined when in the room below. The triumphant blare of the trumpets had died away, and the air was tremulous with the solemn tones of the organ breaking into the stirring strains of the march from "Athalie." But, though the music seemed to shake the rafters with melodious thunder, it could not deaden the sound of the five distinct "clicks" which followed upon a gesture by which each of the five figures seemed to fix a gleaming barrel in the aperture in the floor and return to his breast pocket the case which had held it. Once more they bent down and seemed intently to watch for a signal.

It was a rare sight upon which these greedy eyes looked down. St. George's Chapel was crowded with a congregation of fair women and brave men. Orders, jewels, and bright eyes flashed everywhere in the glad sunlight. All the colours of the rainbow had been gathered up and strewn about to make fair dresses for fairer forms. The royalty, rank, and beauty of the greatest nation in the world were enclosed within the four walls of this little chapel, whose ornate roof seen from below gave no hint of possibilities of ambush. The Queen sat by the altar, the Koh-i-noor pendent upon her neck. Near her chair stood the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians. Not far off, stalled as Knight of the Garter, was the courtier Premier, with lugubrious look that belied his errand. It was the critical moment of the imposing ceremony. The trumpets had forgotten to sound. The organ was stilled. The bride and bridegroom stood hand in hand and face to face at the steps of the altar, and through the hushed chapel there sounded the still voice of the Archbishop pronouncing familiar words, echoed in a manly tone by the bridegroom. In the gloomy chamber above, the five figures lay prone and motionless on the floor, each at an aperture covering a particular member of the company at the altar steps.

Through the oppressive silence, the tortured ear and the overwrought brain might well fancy they heard the wail that last night circled round the Tower of Windsor and shook the folds of the royal standard. "The Queen, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the bridegroom, and Lord Beaconsfield. Ha! ha! ha!"

Would the silence never be broken? It seemed an age since the bridegroom had first held out his hand and taken within it the ungloved fingers of the bride. The air in the chamber seemed to grow thicker. The silky dust that lay thick around stirred strangely as if touched by ghostly breath.

Something else was moving.

It was Number One, who, gathering himself up, rested on his knees, and with a preliminary sound like the smacking of lips observed:

"Well, I only wish Mrs. Segg was here. When I told her that I was going to climb over roofs and spend a night on bare boards just to see the Duke of Connaught married, she said in her simple straightforward way, 'Segg, you're daft.' If she'd only been here and seen the lovely dresses and the bride's train stretched out like a peacock's tail, and if she'd heard her say, 'I will,' in a timid, though audible voice, she wouldn't have minded the ladders nor yet the ham, which to my mind was a trifle unboiled, though the way old Number Three tucked into it was a caution."

And Number One, taking his opera glass out of the aperture, put it back in the case, snapped the latter with a spiteful "click!" as he thought of how he would vex the soul of Mrs. Segg with the description of glories on which her eye had not looked.

Cast Steel Armour for Ships.

The material of which thick armour should be made, says Mr. Barnaby, is now the subject of anxious experiment in Germany and France, as well as in Italy and England. Steel and other alloys of iron are so little known or understood, that there is a large field for experiment open for the armour plate maker and for the artillerist. Steel has been tried many times alone, and in combination with iron, but it never gave enough satisfaction to secure its adoption until experiments were made at Spezzia with plates 55 centimeters thick, manufactured by Schneider & Co., at Creuzot. With these the Italian Government were so well pleased that they are plating the Dandolo and Duilio with such plates. Those of us who visited the French Exhibition last year may have seen a steel armour plate produced by this firm, bent to the form of a turret, 32 inches thick, and weighing 65 tons. Those, who went to the works at Creuzot, by favour of Mons. Schneider, may also have seen an ingot of cast steel, suitable for making an armour plate, and weighing 120 tons. The rival firm of Terre Noire exhibited armour plates of steel which has not been hammered, or rolled, or otherwise forged. They were simply cast plates, tempered in oil, and annealed. Judging from the admirable series of specimens and tests and analyses, the manufacture has already attained a large degree of precision, and is full of promise. I believe that the Italian Government will shortly test some of it with the big Elswick gun, and it may be that blocks of cast steel will revolutionize the manufacture of armour by making the rolling operations unnecessary and bringing down the cost to that of ordinary large castings. The French Government have also made many experiments with steel armour at Havre, but have not yet satisfied themselves that they should give up wrought iron. Experiments with steel in England have shown that steel can be made of great hardness, so hard that it will break up all projectiles which strike it, and that will not suffer seriously in doing so. Sir Joseph Whitworth has obtained some most remarkable results in this direction, and he is still pursuing the enquiry.

JULIET resembled a vegetable, being a martyr to her love—a tomb-martyr, in fact.

Deaf People.

What a Nuisance They Are to People who are not Deaf—Compensations of Their Infirmities.

(From Saturday Review.)

Those who live much with deaf people are fully aware that their misfortune is not entirely a one-sided affair. There are more interesting questions than "What?" an interrogation which is too frequently put to them by their friends. It is unpleasant, too, to be required by one person to tell a good story twice, when the rest of the party heard it distinctly the first time, and it is disagreeable to be obliged to speak in an unnaturally loud tone in society, particularly when conscious that one's remarks are not of world-wide interest. It is provoking, too, to be requested to repeat another person's story before he has got to the end of it himself. The deaf man who is fond of gossip is a source of peril both to friend and foe. All scandalmongers are dangerous; but the deaf scandalmonger is such an unsafe member of society that he is unfit to go about without a keeper. He hears part of a story, misbears another part and fills altogether to hear the remainder. He seizes his scraps, and patches them together from surmise. Armed with this valuable information, he proceeds to spread it broadcast. It is not often that he can get hold of a story in any shape, so, when he can piece one together, he tells it to everybody he meets.

It has been observed that, if one watches dancers with closed ears, the result is ridiculous, as they seem to be capering about to no purpose; more absurd, however, is the appearance of a preacher when we cannot hear what he says. The dancers, at any rate seem good-humoured; but here we have a man who appears to have worked himself into a passion, with some person or persons unknown, and we long to advise him to keep his temper, be things ever so bad. From his manner we at one time infer that he is trying the effect of persuasion; at another that of invective; we can hear his voice raised or lowered, quivering with emotion or railing in indignation; but we cannot distinguish his articulations, nor can we make out whether he is scolding the congregation or abusing an absent friend. Our attention being unoccupied with the matter of his sermon, we have ample time to notice all his little tricks and mannerisms; we anxiously watch for fresh gestures, and wonder which attitudes or movements foretell an approaching conclusion. Watching singing is little more amusing than watching preaching. Of course a person who is not entirely deaf can hear a great part of a song; but in a large opera-house or concert-room, when far from the orchestra, he loses quite enough to mar the enjoyment of the whole, and sometimes he can hear little of the solos except the highest shrinks of the soprano. When she lowers her voice, it gradually becomes more and more indistinct, until she seems to open her mouth without making any perceptible sound, and these apparently mute movements of her lips are followed by an outburst of uproarious applause, which contrasts curiously with the (to the deaf person) dead silence which preceded and invoked it. Little less extraordinary is the effect produced by the reader of a comic story when we cannot hear a word he says. Unlike the case of the preacher, it is the audience and not the speaker that seems eccentric when the theme of the discourse is amusing. Without apparent cause their features twist and their diaphragms become convulsed. The appearance of others in fits of laughter is more ridiculous than dignified to those who are not themselves amused. Very odd, too, seem the movements of a speaker and his audience at a public dinner when we cannot hear him. He stutters and hesitates, smiles and goes through various antics, and then the listeners cry "Hear, hear," and thump the table until the glasses jingle.

Defective hearing is not without its effect upon the mind and character of the patient. Preventing him from entering into general conversation, it has a tendency to make him observant, and he becomes a looker-on in society. He learns to notice quickly expressions of pleasure, ill-temper, interest, or weariness in the faces of others. On the other hand, through his inability to engage in ordinary discourse, he loses his habit of repartee, and generally becomes a slow, diffident and awkward talker. Mistrusting his hearing, he practically obtains most of his information from print, in which case he has time to draw his conclusions at leisure. He is apt in consequence to lose the facility of rapid thought so necessary in a good conversationalist. He is, however, very tenacious of his leisurely matured opinions, and trists to them explicitly, often gaining a reputation for obstinacy. This is the chief reason of our hearing so frequently of people being "as deaf as posts and as obstinate as mules." The deafer a man gets, the more distrustful he becomes of human speech, and he hesitates to form a decision on a question unless he has seen it stated in black and white. His loss of susceptibility to the influence of the voice of others renders him less affected also by their presence. Thrown so much upon himself, he becomes absent, and feels alone among a crowd. A confusion of discordant sounds has little power to annoy him, and the roar of a great city scarcely distracts him. He is not worried by barrel organs or street cries, nor do equinoctial gales or barking dogs disturb his slumbers; and he may always console himself with the reflection that a large proportion of the conversation which he loses through his infirmity is not worth hearing. His lot may be a sad one, but it is said that there is no creature so miserable or weak as to be ungifted with any means of self-defence, and the deaf man is no exception to this rule. When his conduct is disapproved of, and when his errors and misdeeds have been pointed out to him in a long and passionate harangue, he can utterly disconcert his accuser by requesting him kindly to repeat what he has said.

Spain.

I had considered Spain to be a worked-out country; the undeveloped wealth of her natural resources is great beyond all calculation. I had presupposed a people proud, intolerant, bigoted, indolent, shiftless, lawless. I have found an upper class courteous and considerate to their equals, kind and familiar to their inferiors, fairly liberal and enlightened in opinion, and very wide awake to the faults and shortcomings of their country; a peasantry full of self-respect, of manly independence, honest, hard-working, frugal, law-abiding, sober. With such a grand substratum for national tranquility, prosperity, progress, how comes it Spain is the home of chronic disorder, revolution, strife? Because a nightmare of fear, distrust, lethargy, paralyzed the country. To prosper in business, to be enterprising, to amass a little money, was to become a prey. The goods and chattels of him who fell into the clutches of the black *alguazils* were the perquisites of a body of men craving for gold, and utterly irresponsible. Literature was made an engine of ignorance; Government, one of plunder. The intelligence, talent, enterprise of the country was banished, destroyed, or silenced.—*Campion.*

CUPID'S shafts at present seem to have some connection with a horse and family carriage.

WHEN the stern old Scotch warrior said "The hand of Douglas is his own," was it in response to an insinuation that he held a pair of aces that didn't belong to him?

Colonel Thomas A. Scott is president of seven railways, owned or leased by the Pennsylvania Central. His salary from all aggregates about $100,000, of which the P. C. pays about one-fourth.

A DISTINGUISHED Orientalist is explaining to Miss Three Stars the mysteries of the Turkish harem. "The pacha," he says, "is very respectful to his women. He does not 'thee' and 'thou' them, familiarly, as a French husband does his wife, but always says 'you.'" "Humph! A man speaking in the plural would naturally say 'you,' wouldn't he, simpleton!" The Orientalist hadn't thought of that.