

The Baron's Coffin.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says: The Baron Von Hennings is one of the characters of Vienna, and no stranger should leave without seeing him. This is not at all difficult, as he rides out every pleasant day and is evidently fond of admiration. He is a banker and bachelor, and lives in grand style. As he has thus far escaped matrimony, it is not likely that his heart can be captured, and I would not advise any American young lady to set her cap for him. But he would be a splendid catch, as he is rich, cannot live forever, and she whom he marries will be a baroness all her life long.

Some time ago I had the honor of an invitation to dine at his house in a party of half-a-dozen persons, representing three nationalities. The Baron greeted me as I entered the parlor, and a moment later turned to meet another guest. I sauntered off to a picture, and while I was looking at it an Englishman, who was a new visitor like myself, came up to examine it. I made some remark about the painting by way of breaking the ice; the stranger nodded assent and then said: "Excuse me, let me bring the Baron to introduce me, and then we can talk freely."

He walked off to where the Baron stood, brought him to where I was and the introduction was made. Then we were on good terms and could not talk freely.

I had a seat near the Baron, and found him a most agreeable and chatty gentleman. We had previously met at dinner parties in other houses, so that I already knew him; by the time the dinner was ended I felt as if we were old friends. He seemed to have a warm place in his heart for Americans, and after dinner he took me around the house to show me his paintings and bric-a-brac. The collection was an excellent one, but I will not attempt a description, as it would require too much space. But there was one thing that was exceedingly bizarre in its way.

In one of the parlors he approached what appeared to be the solid wall, touched a spring, and pushed open a door which was concealed at its edge by the peculiar pattern of the decorations. He passed through the doorway, and asked me to follow.

I followed, and the door closed behind us, and where do you think I found myself?

We were in what the French call a *chambre ardente*, a sort of mortuary chamber, fitted up like a chapel. There were a few sacred pictures on the wall, a couple of lamps were burning rather dimly, and giving just light enough to make the place and its contents visible. In the centre of the little apartment, and resting on a narrow table, was an empty coffin, elegantly and richly constructed, and evidently in accordance with the fine taste of my host.

Over the head of the coffin hung the escutcheon of the Baron, and beneath it was painted his name and date of birth, followed by the words: "Died 187-."

The whole scene was so novel, and had taken me so much by surprise, that I did not know what to say. While I was looking around and silent, the Baron said:

"How do you like this?"

I was at a loss for the proper remark to make, as I had not been accustomed to speak to gentlemen in commendation of their taste in arranging their own coffins. I said the first thing I could hit upon, and thought I had done it rather neatly, but it turned out that I bungled the business altogether.

Calling attention to the "died 187-," I said:

"In a few years you will have to change the '7' to an '8.'"

"And why not to a '9,' and so on," he replied, rather mortified, evidently, at my unintended intimation that he might die in one of the years between 1880 and 1890. I came to my own rescue by suggesting that the year should have been altogether blank, as it was only a short time to 1900, which would require an alteration of all the figures but one.

The Baron led the way out of his coffin room, and we rejoined the guests in the parlor. He was as gay and lively as one could wish, and I wondered how he could enjoy himself so much when keeping this *memento mori* constantly before his eyes.

He does not often exhibit this room; I doubt if there are many persons who have ever been there, but I am told the coffin has been ready and waiting for its occupant more than twenty years. At one time he was declining health and his doctor told him he couldn't live long. He made all his preparations regarding his property, and would them up by ordering his coffin. The coffin was brought, and from the day it entered the house he began to recover. When his health was restored he was inclined to attribute it to the presence of this little chapel for its reception. Every day he goes there, and the lamps in the room are kept constantly burning.

Whether he believes he will always live or not I am unable to say, but his remarks in response to my suggestion of a change of figures would imply it. At any rate, he is in good health, and in his ninetieth year, or thereabouts. It is not improbable that he will reach par before the Austrian currency does."

One of the proprietors of the alpaca factory in Chautauque county, N. Y., having been presented with a fine pair of Angora goats, attempted the remarkable feat of taking the fleeces from their backs, and making a fashionable dress of the wool, between sun and sun. Operations were commenced at sunrise, and at an early hour in the afternoon the goods were ready for the dressmakers. Four ladies then made the dress, complete in every particular, and ready for wearing at sunset.

What Become of an Overworked Boy.

BY MARY E. WILLARD

The boys of our time are too much afraid of work. They act as if the honest sweat of the brow was something to be ashamed of. Would that they were all equally afraid of a staggering gait and bloated face! This spirit builds the gambling houses, fills the jails, supplies the saloons and gaming places with loiterers, and keeps the almshouses and charitable institutions doing a brisk business.

It does not build mammoth stores and factories, nor buildings like the Astor Library and Cooper Institute. The men who build such monuments of their industry and benevolence were not afraid of work.

All boys who read this have heard of the great publishing house of the Harpers. They know of their *Monthly*, *Weekly*, the *Bazar*, and interesting books of all kinds, and have perhaps seen their great publishing house in New York city. If I should ask them how the oldest of the Harpers came to found such an illustrious house, I would perhaps be told that he was a "wonderfully lucky man."

He was lucky, and an old friend and fellow-workman, a leading editor, recently let out the secret of his luck. He and the elder Harper learned their trades together fifty years ago, in John street, New York. They began life with no fortune but willing hands and active brains; fortune enough for any young man in this free country.

Sometimes, after we had done a good day's work, James Harper would say, "Thurlo, let's break the back of another token—just break it's back." I would then reluctantly consent to break the back of the token; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the token was completed, fair and square. It was our custom in summer to do a fair half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. We would meet by appointment in the gray of the morning, and go down to John street. We got the key of the office by tapping on the window, and Mr. Seymour would take it from under his pillow, and hand it to one of us through an opening in the window.

"It kept us out of mischief and put money in our pockets."

That key handed through the window tells the secret of the luck that enable these two men to rise to eminence, while so many boys that lay soundly sleeping those busy morning hours are unknown. No wonder that he became Mayor of the city, and the head of one of the largest publishing houses in the world. When his great printing-house burned down, the giant perseverance learned in those hours of overwork, enabled him to raise, like magic from the ashes, a larger and finer one.

Instead of watching till his employer's back was turned, and saying, "Come, boys, let's go home; we've done enough work for once," and sauntering off with a cigar in his mouth; or, "I think it's time we had a holiday to go fishing," his cry was, "Let's do a little overwork."

That overwork that frightens boys now-a-days out of good places, and sends them out west, on shipboard, anywhere, eating husks, in search of a spot where money can be had without work, laid the foundation of the apprentice boy's future greatness.

Such busy boys were only too glad to go to bed, and sleep sound. They had no time nor spare strength for dissipation, and idle thoughts, and vulgar conversation.

Almost the last words that James Harper uttered were appropriate to the end of such a life, and ought to be engraven upon the minds of every boy who expects to make anything of himself: "It is not best to study how little we can work but how much." Boys! make up your mind to one thing; the future great men of this country are doing just what those boys did. If you are dodging work, angry at your employer or teacher, or trying to make you faithful; getting up late after a night of pleasure-seeking, you will be a victim to your course.

The plainly-dressed boys that you meet going errands, working at trades or following the plow, are laying up stores of what you call good luck. Overwork has no terrors for them. They are preparing to take the places of the great leaders of our country. They have learned James Harper's secret. The key handed out to him in the gray of the morning—that tells the story!—*New York Evangelist*.

Cure for Discontent.

A Philadelphia gentleman became tired of his house, which he had built for himself in the country, and determined to sell it. He instructed an auctioneer, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling persons to apply at his office.

In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted, and they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him the place he had advertised was such a one as desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that that was the description of his own house where he was living. He read the advertisement again, pondered over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawn," "fine garden," "splendid fruit," "good neighborhood," &c., and broke out—"Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses—for I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."

Miscellaneous Items.

The whole tribe, which became nearly extinct before the coal oil harvest, now begin to blow and blubber with renewed vigor.

One can get a piece of bologna three feet long in Hamburg for four cents, and yet Germans will immigrate to this stinky country.

Editors object to having anything written on more than one side of a piece of paper. The only exception to the rule is when they write a promise to pay. On such a slip they generally solicit the name of some other person to be written on the reverse side.

A machine for writing spoken words has been invented by M. H. Huppinger. The *Revue Industrielle* describes the machine as being about the size of the hand. It is put in connection with the vocal organs, the instrument recording their movements upon a moving band of paper in dots and dashes. The person to whom the instrument is attached simply repeats the words of the speaker after him inaudibly. This lip language is then faithfully written out.

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The attention of the public is respectfully drawn to the "Wanzer F" sewing machines, which are now in large request throughout the Dominion. No cogs being used in their construction they are nearly noiseless, which is of vital importance. We should judge when the machines run at shops, etc., tailors and dressmakers, after having used them a short time, find them almost indispensable, as they possess besides their stillness of motion many most valuable points. By simply moving a small lever the operator may save backward as well as forward, thus saving the time and trouble of turning a large piece of work. For prospectus, apply to R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The operations in connection with the American observations of the transit of Venus in December were concluded by the return of the United States steamer *Sutara* to New York on the 31st of May, the port which she left in June last, consequently after an absence of about one year. The vessel left Hobart-Town on the 17th of February, and reached Melbourne on the 19th. On the 1st of March the homeward voyage was entered upon. Tierra del Fuego was sighted on the 3rd of April, and the equator crossed on the 6th of May, in longitude 38°. A short stop was made at Barbadoes on the 16th of May, just eleven weeks from Melbourne, for the purpose of securing a supply of water; and on the 20th the vessel left for New York, where she arrived, as stated, on the 31st.

We were exposed last week to a pitiless storm, that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our person all over. In fact we took a cracking cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet in hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take, and did the job. We slept soundly through the night and awoke well the next morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Tehuacana (Texas) Presbyterian*.

The Chinamen—who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, and who fed silk-worms before King Solomon built his throne—have fifty thousands more miles around Shanghai which is called the Garden of China, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow, and raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication; the land under the highest tith; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that whenever you look you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off, and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

The Palace Hotel, now nearing completion, in San Francisco, is the largest hotel structure in the world. It covers 96,250 square feet of ground, and is seven stories high; 24,661,000 bricks were used in its walls, 3,000 tons of cast and wrought iron, and 4,561,524 feet of lumber and timber. It contains 1,060 windows, 377 of which are bay windows; 926 rooms, none of less size than 16x16 feet, and 388 bath rooms. It contains over three miles of halls; there are five passenger elevators and seven grand stairways; there are 4,540 doors, 9,000 gas burners, and thirty-two miles of gas and water pipe. It requires 50,000 yards, or twenty-eight miles of carpet. It can accommodate 1,200 guests, besides 300 servants and employees. And, best of all, there is not a dark or windowless room in the house. It has been decided to run a length of heavy plate glass, sixteen inches high, along the top of the balustrades and balustrades, as a precaution against accidents by children sliding down the balustrades or climbing the balustrades. This plate glass will reflect the gas jets, and at night the interior courts will present a dazzling scene.

The Deacon and his Calf.

One Sunday morning as one of the straightest of deacons was getting ready to shake the lines over his horse's backs and say "go up" his wife happened to remember that the calf had not been fed. The deacon looked at his Sunday clothes, and observed that he did not deem it incumbent upon him to suffer for the negligence of others; to which the deaconess replied that such language in the presence of the children, on a Sunday morning, and from a pillar of church, was enough to shake one's belief in the profession of some one she should name. The deacon handed the lines to his eldest boy, and climbed over the wheel without saying a word. He went around to the front door, and took the front door key from under the mat and came round to the back door, and as he was trying to put the key in the hole the key slipped from his hand and slid down into the snow. Finally he got into the kitchen and started to the barnyard with the milk. He set the pail down on the ground and called to the calf, but the beast whisked his tail in the air and bellowed at him. Then he pulled it along by the ears and jammed its head into the pail; but the calf gave a spring, sending the milk in a cloud of spray over the deacon's shirt front. In trying to recapture the beast the deacon dropped his hymn book out of his pocket, and before he could rescue it, the calf had stepped both feet on it and tore the covers off. The deacon got mad. He took a hop pole and bellowed at the calf. One end of the pole struck the shed, and, bounding up, knocked the deacon's plug hat off. It rolled directly under the calf, who sat his foot through the tile, and then went tearing round the yard with his tail in the air, and the hat fastened just above the knuckle joint. The deacon went into the house, and as he unbuckled his shirt collar he called out, "Maria, you can go on to church, and if any one asks after me tell them I staid at home to feed the calf?"

In the Detroit Police Court.

"And this William Spinner, eh?" inquired his honor of a brick-haired young man whose back was covered with mud. "Yes, sir." "You found you in an alley; it was night; you were drunk; and they hauled you out you was ugly and pompous as the King of the Cannibal Islands. Isn't this true?" "It was my birthday, and I suppose I took a glass too much," replied the prisoner. "It's the last time, however; you will never see me again."

"Let's see—haven't you an old mother to support?" "Yes—yes, sir. She's a good old lady, and she'll feel badly about this."

"And you have to support two or three young sisters?" "Yes, three of them—poor little girls."

His honor removed his spectacles, wiped the apple on his coat-sleeve, smiled blandly, and remarked: "What an awful liar! Why, man, I know all about you! You are one of the greatest loafers in Detroit, and I don't believe you have a relation on earth!"

The prisoner cast his eyes down and could make no reply.

"I'll mark you down for sixty days," continued the court; "that's thirty days in which to get you washed up and thirty more to get acquainted with yourself."—*Free Press*.

Grasshoppers as a Table Luxury.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Riley and Straight determined to test the cooked locust question in regard to its adaptability as food for the human stomach. Getting wind of the late affair, and being always in haste to indulge in free feeding, we made bold to intrude ourselves on our scientific friends. We found a bounteous table spread, surrounded by the gentlemen named, accompanied by Mrs. Straight and Miss Malbe. Without waste of ceremony there were five persons seated, and we were helped to soup which plainly showed its locust origin—and it was good; after seasoning was added we could distinguish a delicate mushroom flavor—and it was better. Then came batter cakes through which locusts were well mixed. The soup had banished our silly prejudice and sharpened our appetite for this next lesson, and the batter-cakes quickly disappeared also. Baked locusts were then tried (plain hoppers without grease or omelette) and either with or without accompaniments. It was pronounced an excellent dish. The meal was closed with a dessert a la John the Baptist—baked locusts and honey—and, if we know anything we can testify that the distinguished Scripture character must have thrived on his rudi diet in the wilderness of Judea. We believe this is the first attempt to put this insect to its best use, and the result was not only highly satisfactory to those brave enough to make the attempt, but should this insect make its appearance often and cause a greater destruction, future generations will hail its presence with joy. It will be a jubilee year—like manna in the wilderness or quails in the desert—food without money and without price. Now, dear reader, you shrug your shoulders and smile, but henceforth we shall esteem grasshoppers as a luxury to be classed with oysters, truffles mushrooms, etc. As soon as arrangements can be made, an assortment of locusts will be sent to St. Louis for trial by the scientific researchers in that city.—*Wanenburg (Mo.) News*.

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