

A Woman's Life in Germany.

The German mother (a correspondent at Frankfurt-on-the-Main) writes to the nurse's arms. They spend the greater part of the time in the open air, to be a great part of the time in the open air, to be a great part of the time in the open air...

SO WANDL'ICH WIEDER DEN ALTE WEG.

So again I am pacing the well-known street, The road I oft have taken; I walk the same old path, the same old street, How blank it looks and forsaken!

HUNTERS OF THE CHAMMOIS.

Meinherr Wilhelm and Raubvogel

An Adventure on the Flanks of the Rawsberg—The Crown of Princess Elfride—How the Hunter Lost His Life, and Who His Young Companion Was.

The day was beginning to break; a large grayish land stretched across the eastern horizon, and as it advanced towards the zenith, the stars of the night were veiling their bright faces, extinguishing themselves one after another.

There were two hunters on the foot-path which winds up the flanks of Rawsberg—both young, both clad in the livery of St. Hubert. But it was only necessary to glance at them, to see that both had not been born in the same rank, and were not equally well fitted to play the part of hunters.

From time to time the first of the two hunters turned around, in order to assure himself that the other was making his way through the forest as he intended. All trace of any passage by men had disappeared. The experience of the first of the hunters was necessary to find a way over the huge boulders which sometimes forced the two men to climb almost perpendicularly over them, and sometimes to leap from rock to rock over the great crevices which separated them.

After a half hour of these gymnastics, the young man's forces were visibly exhausted, and he panted for breath. In a short, impatient tone of voice, indicating the habit of commanding, he ordered the hunter to halt; and putting down his carbine and his rifle, he sat himself on the hunting-bag that he wore slung over his shoulder, he seated himself under a projecting rock.

A Crazy Ex-Sultan.

Mourad V. is still confined to the Palace of Teoragan. His condition is somewhat improved, but he nevertheless continues to suffer fits of quiet insanity, which justify his removal from the throne. In his lucid moments he is perfectly conscious of his position, and frequently utters words which are full of sense and wisdom.

"Zounds! Meinherr Wilhelm," cried the mountaineer, with a shade of ill-humour. "Your legs are longer than they are strong, it seems. If we make a half every five hundred steps, the chamois will have left the pasture; and you are not exactly fitted to go in search of them after they have fled to take their sisters. Make haste, then, my boy, to catch your breath, and let us proceed."

"We will start when I give you the order," replied he; "and I will myself sufficiently rested. You asked a frederic d'or to guide me in search of the chamois; you have your money; the rest concerns only myself."

"Bah!" said Wilhelm, uncorking his drinking bottle. "Perhaps they will be so complaisant enough to meet us half way."

"Do not count on that, Meinherr," exclaimed the hunter. "If you were in the place of the little silly hare on your saddle pangs, I would not discourage you; but the game of these mountains is not sufficiently versed in the art of politeness to do that. The chamois will the less decide to descend, as he does not suspect the hunter's presence; and if you do not carry his horns back to Berlin, I do not wish you to be able to accuse Raubvogel of your ill-luck."

"You have guessed right," said Wilhelm. "Oh! I knew it at once, by your light and easy walk. And you are an English at least!"

minishing the arms of the modern Attila, under the folds of Leipzig. But let us leave this subject," added the young man, who had just taken a draught from his bottle. "My rank in the army concerns you but little. Take a drink of this brandy which I brought back from the campaign, and let us continue on our way."

Raubvogel took the flask, and was about to raise it to his lips when a peculiar hissing whistle was heard in the distance. Dropping the bottle on the ground, and springing behind the rock which sheltered them, he exclaimed in a voice vibrating with agitation:

"Fall flat on your face, Meinherr Wilhelm; flat on your face! Zounds! You were born under a lucky star. There are the chamois coming to us. Stretch yourself out behind that stone, and keep as quiet as the hare when it hears the hunter approaching."

He had not finished speaking when a herd of seven or eight chamois emerged from a gorge several hundred yards distant, and stood stopped. Frightened either by the attack of some larger animals, or by the appearance of another hunter, the male who led the flock, Meinherr Wilhelm, said he, leaping from rock to rock, and promising to pass within short range of our two companions.

Crouching behind his shelter, Raubvogel had already carried his carbine to his shoulder, and was carefully adjusting it, according to the custom of people of his profession, when he perceived the male who leads the flock, Meinherr Wilhelm, said he, in a low tone; "he is the general of the chamois. I will choose another in the rear."

"The animals started on again with the rapidity of an arrow, but were almost immediately stopped by a large ravine too wide to be leaped over. In an instant Wilhelm aimed at the large leader, which had been pointed out to him by his companion, and fired. The chamois staggered for a second under the shot, then turning to the left he bounded away, down the side of the mountain followed by the rest of the herd. Raubvogel, however, firing in his turn, brought down the last of the chamois, which seemed to be killed instantaneously, and lay stretched but inert on the stones.

"Quick! quick! Meinherr Wilhelm," cried the hunter triumphantly. "As for me, it is only necessary to pick him up, but yours—I have an idea that he will lead us a long chase."

"By the three Kings! I am sure I wounded him, badly," replied the young man, panting with emotion. "Of course! But let us hasten after him. To think that if Heaven does not come to our aid, such a superb animal will serve for the supper of some peasant in the valley! A nice piece of business that would be, Meinherr Wilhelm!"

While speaking, the two hunters had directed their steps toward the spot where the body of the dead chamois lay. Raubvogel did not take the trouble to look at his victim, but taking off his hunting bag and vest, he threw them over the animal, and kept away the eagles, who otherwise would have attacked it while they were away; then preceding his companion they made their way over the rocks in the direction in which the chamois had fled. The hunter walked along, bending over and examining the ground carefully for the blood-marks. "You aimed a little too high and too far in the rear, Meinherr," said he, after an instant: "you hit the animal just above the hind shoulder. See, the mark of the blood is at the edge of the print of the hoof. However," he added, after taking several steps, "if the wound is not broken, the wound is none the less grave. He bleeds profusely, and the blood is red and frothy; here is another imprint of his foot, more bloody still. If his strength is exhausted, we have some chance of finding him, and you may yet be able to boast of your good fortune, Meinherr Wilhelm."

To get sight of a chamois so easily, to hit him at the first shot, and to carry him back with you, is an excellent day's work for any hunter."

The perspective that Raubvogel presented to him animated Wilhelm very decidedly. His pale cheeks became tinged with a deep red, his eyes sparkled, and at the same time his strength seemed increased ten-fold; he clambered over the rough rocks, and made his way through the difficult passes with an ardour that the hunter was forced to temper.

But after they had travelled about a thousand yards, the latter began to show signs of impatience and of spite, which attracted the attention of the younger man.

"What is the matter, Master Raubvogel?" said he. "Have you lost trace of your chamois? Do you fear that he has fled strength enough left to escape us after all?"

"When the chamois takes the trouble to mark in bloody letters the path he has taken, R ubvogel does not lose trace of him. The animal you wounded has not five minutes more to run; he vacillates on his legs like a man who has taken forty miles of look at the imprint on this sand, and see how he struggled to maintain his equilibrium. But, in spite of all that, Meinherr Wilhelm, I begin to believe that we shall never have the pleasure of regaling ourselves on his venison."

"And why not, if you please?"

"Because he has gone straight to the Valley of Bolo; because he has risked a leap over the Rosstrap, and because, like all these that have attempted it before him, he is at this moment in the hands of the water, instead of the eagles of the mountain; for us he is none the less lost."

"And what is the Rosstrap?" demanded Wilhelm.

"It will not be long before you have made its acquaintance, and then I will tell you," replied the hunter.

In fact, after they had advanced about 100 yards, and turned round a huge rock that had marked the horizon, they found themselves before an immense and seemingly bottomless gorge. It was over three miles long, and appeared like a gigantic cleft made by some great convulsion in the first ages of the world. The eye which essayed to sound the depth of the abyss perceived only the blackish and wet stones, from between which any ray of light that plants that vegetable only in the orifices of deep and damp crevices of this kind. The bottom of this singular opening lost itself in the darkness; and the roaring of the torrent below, which was invisible to the eye, added to the awfulness of the scene.

Although the young man was not in a contemplative mood, the view of this passage produced on him a decided impression, and he remained absorbed in his reverie. Raubvogel, in the meantime, had knelt on a stupendous flat stone, which extended over the gulf, and peered intently into its depth. After a moment he arose.

"Well, he has made the leap," said he, with a sigh of regret; "and now you wish to carry back your game, which it is the glory of the hunter to do, you will have to go after him yourself to the bottom of the ravine, for it is a work which does not tempt me."

"I will add two frederics to the one I gave you to-morrow," said Raubvogel, with a burst of laughter. "Here, Meinherr, the General, who wishes, like a cow, to cheapen the life of one of his fellows."

"You shall have your 500 frederics," answered the young man, whose face became colour-d with deep red.

"The word promises, but it is the purse which—"

"The word gives, also, when it falls from royal lips, Raubvogel, and he who promises you your 500 frederics belongs to a royal family."

"You!"

"My name is Frederic Ludwig Wilhelm de Hohenzollern, and I am the second son of your King, Wilhelm III."

The royal prestige is so great in old Germany, that, in spite of the skepticism which he had till then affected, the mountaineer was profoundly and visibly moved by the revelation of the rank of his companion.

He raised himself quickly, and having respectfully uncovered, remained standing, with his head bowed, before the Prince.

"You have a right to claim the crown of Elfride, your Highness," said he, "it is to you and your friends that it belongs. Under your insignities, did not suspect your real position. Pardon me for having spoken of recompense. I was ignorant of whom I was addressing. It only remains now for you to speak to be obeyed."

The future William I., who was already imbued with certain ideas of predestination, was touched by the devotion and abnegation of his guide; he hesitated a moment and seemed to waver in his determination; but the ambition to possess the precious treasure outweighed the sentiment of humanity which reproached him for exposing the life of a fellow-man for the satisfaction of a caprice.

"Make the descent," said he at length, "and I will give you 500 frederics; but if you bring me up the crown of Elfride, you shall receive 1,000 frederics."

This promise, which gave the lie to the reputation for parsimony which had already been attributed to Prince Wilhelm, electrified the chamois hunter.

"There is a cabin below here a short distance," he exclaimed. "I will run and bring some people and some ropes. In a quarter of an hour I will be back, your Highness, and you will see that I have laid the crown, twice blessed, to which I shall owe the joy of possessing Eva, the blonde. And may God protect the future sovereign of Germany!"

This enthusiastic homage on the part of Raubvogel caused a gleam of satisfaction to pass over the face of the young Prince. The hunter had disappeared behind the rocks he walked up and down by the side of the Rosstrap, glancing sometimes at the yawning gulf beneath his feet, sometimes at the clear blue sky of the horizon.

What was passing in the mind of this young man, for whom a wondrous and strange destiny, whom fate was going to place on the throne to which he had no right to pretend, and who, later, with no other merit than good sense united to a firmness almost bordering on obstinacy, was to be the Emperor of a united Germany, and the leader of her victorious armies? He was too narrowly religious to be without superstition; and perhaps the idea of seeing in his hand the crown, to the possessor of which the popular belief gave the government of an immense country, divided at that moment among twenty different sceptres, occupied a prominent place in the vague and confused aspirations of Prince Wilhelm.

Raubvogel soon returned, accompanied by four herdsmen of the neighbourhood, who brought a great quantity of rope. One end of the rope was fastened to a rock, the other was let down the precipice. The hunter assured himself that it touched the bottom; then kneeling, he made a short prayer, and carrying off his ironed staff to protect himself against the sharp stones to which he was exposed by the swaying of the rope, he resolutely descended into the abyss.

Lying down and bending over the edge of the Rosstrap, the assistants saw him go down, and soon lost sight of him in the heavy mist which rose from the bottom of the gulf; the movement of the ropes above, indicated that the descent continued, and that the courageous mountaineer had not reached his objective point. At length the rope became motionless, and the quarter of an hour which followed was full of anguish for the watchers. Raubvogel had arrived at the rushing waters below, and had still to explore the bed of the torrent, of the depth of which he was ignorant. All the faces were deadly pale, all the mouths remained mute. Prince Wilhelm could no longer control his agitation, and moved about in a feverish anxiety, which was plainly to be seen in his changed and almost savage appearance.

But when a shout of triumph was heard above the roaring of the torrent, and five loud hurrahs at once responded. The rope began to sway again.

The five men, their eyes fixed on the summit, certain, mist which concealed the lower part of the abyss, for a time could distinguish nothing; but at the end of a few minutes they saw an indistinct form which became more and more defined; it was he whom but a short time before they had believed lost, Raubvogel, who was returning with an astonishing bejar. More pale than ever, the forehead of the Prince was bathed in a heavy sweat. The hunter continued to advance. He was not more than fifty feet from the surface, when the youngest of the herdsmen cried:

"He has the crown! he has the crown of the Princess Elfride! See, his friends, it is on his arm, where it throws out as much fire as the midday sun!"

Poor Raubvogel heard him. He had, indeed, the crown. But in the intoxication of his triumph, forgetting to be prudent, he let go his hold with one hand, of the rope, in order to wish his trophy, and at the same time cried "Hurrah!"

This enthusiasm was fatal to him. The spectators saw the other hand of the unfortunate man slip the length of the rope, and then his feet were precipitated fifty-one long, loud cry of despair and of death, then the dull, heavy thud of the falling body, which broke itself on the rocks below.

Raubvogel, the brave chamois-hunter, was lost in the torrent of the gulf, with the treasure which he had attempted to wrest from it.

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"The Wust Boy."

All the old women for blocks up and down Sixth street called him "the wust boy," and Jim did much to win the title and keep it. He fought everything and everybody, harassed cats and abused dogs, and several attempts have been made during the past year to get him sent to the Reform School. The "wust boy" has made a new departure, and though it may not be lasting, as it is for the better, it will probably furnish opportunity for some other boy to step in and claim the unenviable title.

The wust boy, cared nothing for the sight of rape on the knob, and a funeral procession was as good as a parade to him. Surprise was therefore manifested on every countenance when he softly knocked at the door the other week he said:

"I ain't got no good clothes to go to the funeral, but I'd like to see the old lady's face agin afore she's covered up in the ground."

A motherly old lady in his neighbourhood had passed away. So far as the public knew he hated her, as he seemed to hate all the women till his elbows echoed. Then again, she let me play with the children, and axed me into dinner, and more'n once she's took up fur me, and said the neighbours didn't give me a fair show."

They let him in to see her dead face, half expecting to see some chaste trick on his part, and never dreaming that he would lean over and kiss the cold cheek, and that tears would come to his eyes.

"Where's the children?" he asked, as he turned from the coffin.

"Up-stairs, poor things."

"Yes, they will see hard times, poor darlings."

"There's a lectle bit of a feller 'mong 'em what's named Pete," continued the "wust boy"; "what'll it cost a week to pay his way?"

The women smiled at the idea, but seeing how earnest Jim was, one of the women replied:

"Oh, about fifty cents, I guess."

"The boy went out without a word, and in the course of half an hour another had handed a piece of wrapping paper in which was enclosed a silver quarter. On the paper was scrawled the words (the work of three or four boys):

"I hope she's got to hevins, an I'll talk 'er of little petar at fifty sent a week. Hear's the fust 'stalmint."

"GIM."

The next day he sent in the balance, and last week the "instalment" was promptly forthcoming. Jim has a bootblack's kit, and has gone to work, and the old women who called him "the wust boy" now look after him and exclaim:

"Well, now, but who'd a-thought that boy had a soul in him!"

Perilous Adventures in the Alps.

The Berner Tagelblatt gives an account of a perilous adventure which befel two English tourists about two weeks since. Mrs. Wainwright, described as an English lady, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. Wainwright, attempted the ascent of the Piz Patru, a mountain of the Bernina group. They took with them two guides, brothers—Hans Grass and Christian Grass. The climbers, who were corded together, after leaving the central peak took a westerly direction, and ward another peak. Christian Grass went first, next to him followed Mr. Wainwright, then came Mrs. Wainwright, and the rear was brought up by Hans. A thick fog came on. Christian, either confused by the semi-obscure or not exercising sufficient caution, went too near an arête, (edge of snow,) when the snow suddenly gave way under his feet, and he fell down a precipice, dragging with him his fall English lady and gentleman. But the rope was strong, and Hans Grass is a man both stout of heart and of gigantic strength. As he saw his brother disappear he drew himself instinctively backward, and by sheer force of muscle and will, held the three lost ones suspended in the air. Nevertheless, the position was a sufficiently terrible. Strong as he was, he was not strong enough to drag from the abyss two men and a woman, to say nothing of a third. He might be certain death to all—and they were far beyond the reach of human aid. Nothing but prompt courage and ready wit could save them. He shouted to his brother, dangling at the end of the rope, ice on your feet, and to his brother-in-law, the brother answered "he was alive, unharmed, and ready to help if means of help could be devised. Hans told him to cling to the icy slope, cut steps in it, and mount, and be quick about it, for he did not think he could hold on more than half an hour longer. Fortunately, Mr. Wainwright had kept his axe. He handed it to Christian, and the guide set about cutting the steps as Hans suggested. After many difficulties, and almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded. He contrived to crawl up to the edge of the abyss, and then he gave a pull on his rope, the two, uniting their strength, pulled up Mrs. Wainwright and her brother-in-law, an all four, not seriously the worse for their frightful adventure, but devoutly thankful for their hair-breadth escape, got down from the mountain and returned to Pontisena.

Hairdressing a la Dagger.

At Geneva first appears that peculiar mode of dressing the hair among the women of the lower class which they call spazzorecche. As many as fifty-six small silver swords six or eight inches long are braided in the hair in such a way as to form a fan-like shape around the back of the head. It is done by a regular hairdresser of their class, who asks four cents for the service. Each of these spade combs two fringes, while the larger ones that wash are braided in the hair in such a way as to form a fan-like shape around the back of the head. It is done by a regular hairdresser of their class, who asks four cents for the service. Each of these spade combs two fringes, while the larger ones that wash are braided in the hair in such a way as to form a fan-like shape around the back of the head. It is done by a regular hairdresser of their class, who asks four cents for the service.

Business Education.

To those aspiring young men and young women who desire to make their way in the world, and become successful in business, a thorough business education is absolutely necessary. This education it is the aim and object of the business college to impart. It seeks to afford to its students such a training and such culture as will enable them to direct and apply their energies in the most judicious and successful manner. We would, therefore, direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of another column of the British American College which has been particularly successful with the pupils who have gone through its system of training.

A Troublesome Marriage.

This anecdote is extracted almost verbally from the note-book of a clergyman who officiated on the occasion, and is as follows: "This morning I married a mariner named William B. Sarah C.—and I think I shall never forget it. The wedding party consisted of four persons, there being present besides the bride and bridegroom, an elderly mariner and his wife. A little confusion was occasioned at first, owing to the ancient mariner, in answer to my question, repeating to himself to be the bridegroom, but this was soon put right, and the real parties stood up before me. All went on as usual up to the time when the woman had to say, 'I, Sarah, take thee, William,' when, upon my telling her to take his hand and repeat after me, she exclaimed 'my great amazement, I can't! Yes, you must observe the bridegroom, 'No, I can't say it, repeat-it. 'Come,' said I, preserving my gravity by an effort which surprised myself, 'can you not say the words after me?'"

"Oh, no!" And now the female attendant murmured to herself, "I am so nervous, I can't say it after the gentleman, 'Arrah! with a yess on the jantleman which no italics can convey. No use at all—the bride-groom apparently thought it was real incapacity, and that he, the wretched fellow, was over, I began to think for he now suggested a probable explanation. 'You see, sir, she can't neither read or write; that's what it is.' There seemed at this point some danger of the conversation becoming general, so that I was obliged to request silence, and that I began to think for he now suggested a probable explanation. 'You see, sir, she can't neither read or write; that's what it is.' There seemed at this point some danger of the conversation becoming general, so that I was obliged to request silence, and that I began to think for he now suggested a probable explanation. 'You see, sir, she can't neither read or write; that's what it is.' 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