[Continued from first page.]

his father. "For God's sake, man, go on smoking' and don't try to hide your cigar from me. Your mother and I," he continued in a changed tone, "are going to the colonies, where our curious story will be unknown. We think it better that you should accompany us. I have been talking things over with your mother, and I want to treat you kindly and to be your friend. There will be no temptations in the life before you unless you make them. Try to mend, my lad; try to mend your life and your mother's heart together. She has been unhappy in both of us. Let us try together to make atonement. You shall hear no more reproaches as to your past from me so long as you behave reasonably and give no cause for new offense. And I will try to do my duty by you and will be as kind and good a father as you will let me be. Will you come with us?"

"Yes, sir," said young George with bent head.

"What money have you?"

"My mother gave me this," answered George, producing his purse and spreading its contents upon the table.

"You are not happy here, are you? So But there was not long to stay, for almost as she spoke he gave one long sigh and never breathed again. There was nobody to grieve greatly at his going, but the women were a good deal moved for the moment. Joe attended the funeral, and John Keen, who was by this time well enough to attend without danger, read the will in the presence of a few witnesses, who all heard it with amazement. Young George was apprised of his fortune, and came up from Southampton to see about it. And since I am in something of a hurry to be rid of young George, and have for the most part done with his adventures, I may as well anticipate a little and dismiss him here In a certain Australian weekly journal I saw a case the other day in which a youngster was reported as having undergone his preliminary trial before the magisterial bench on a charge of forgery. And the magistrate, who behaved apparently with a long-winded dignity and had a good deal of the talking to himself, bore the name of George Bushell.

* * * * * * * *

In due time John goes down to the church alone, and kicks his heels about in the vestry, regarding his hat with some disfavor, and as a blot upon the day. For John's redundant locks have not yet fully grown again, and the hat to its owner's mind looks pinched and small. Sir Sydney has scouted the idea of being married in a wide-wake as altogether heathen and unheard of, and the present article is John's first possession in the conventional stop pipe form. In a while, quietly and afoot, and with no bridal veil, comes Ethel on Sir Sydney's arm, her mother following, and Joe and Dinah bringing up the rear.

Joe and Dinah halted at the porch.

"Have you the ring, my darling?" Joe asked, and Dinah slid from her finger the wedding ring young Joe had placed there so many years before.

They entered the church together and sat down in a dark old fashioned pew beneath the gallery. A tender rain of tears fell from Dinah's eyes, and Joe sat silent, with bent head. They waited thus for a while, until Dinah stole her hand into his and he stooped and kissed it.

A little later came the sound of footsteps, and a voice was heard.

"I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed——"

And as the voice began, the two in the dark old fashioned pew knelt down together. Again the voice:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

And when the voice had ceased, John Keen answered, with a solemn gladness in his tone, "I will," and Joe Bushell, kneeling in the darkened pew, whispered "I will."

Then came the question to the woman, and Ethel and Dinah answered, each from her place, "I will."

"I take thee to my wedded husband," and so, though with tears and tender embraces, how glad and yet regretful!

The voices sounded fuller in the aisle, and Joe took the old pledge of truth so ill-fulfilled and passed it upon Dinah's finger.

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

And so they knelt, with tears and silent kisses and embraces, until the voices ceased, the last footstep died away, and the silence was broken only by their whispers.

"At last! At last!" she said. "Mine own true husband. Mine again! Mine! Mine!"

"Yes," he answered from his soul. "Yours, Dinah. Yours forever."

THE END.

MINERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

The miners of the West represent a strange conglomeration of men. The English, Welsh and Germans brought all of the old world superstitions with them, and found themselves among a class of men in the Mexican camps who could equal and in some cases surpass theirs. The Mexicans drew their tales from two sources, their own Spanish forefathers and the Aztecs and Toltecs, found in the country when their forefathers conquered it. Strange are the beliefs and stories that have grown out of the union of these superstitious elements. Things are lucky or unlucky because possibly some worker in the Hartz said so 500 years ago, or some old Toltec had a fit of nightmare at an equally remote period. One of the most commonly believed tales is that of the "Step Devil." The men tell you that in some of the oldest mines there is an evil spirit which takes the form of a deformed dwarf. A peculiarity about him is that he has immensely long arms—arms so long that he can take off his sandals without stooping. The dwarf, when there is any danger in the mine, such as a cave, goes up the ladders, lifting himself by his arms, and his legs hanging free. As he passes each rung he kicks or stamps it out of the side pieces, so that the men when they attempt to fly find all means of climbing out of the mine destroyed. In very old mines, which were worked by the Indians, there were no ladders, but in their place trunks of trees in which notches had been cut, and the Indians climbed by inserting the big toes in the notches. When the Indians tell you of the "Step Devil" they say that he has on each big toe an enormous nail, and that as he climbs the tree trunks he uses this to gouge the notch out by splitting off the part on which the toe rests. The story is evidently an Indian one, although altered by the Mexicans to suit the change in the means of going up and down the shaft.

—To a lawyer three things are especially precious and sweet—a good fat fee, a delay, and the sound of his own voice.

—The Borsenblatt gives the total number of publications in Germany for the year 1881 as 15,191, as against 14,941 in 1880.

—A very old lady on her deathbed, in the penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed, "Laws, I knowed it all the time."

—Schleswig-Holstein produces the tallest Germans judging from the investigations of the Chief Surgeon of the Army. During the recruiting years from 1876 to 1880, the said province furnished upward of 5,000 men of an average of less than five feet five inches for the rest of Germany.

—At a meeting of the Philological Society in London the other day, Mr. J. Vogin's "Observations on the Partial Correctiuns of English Spelling approved by the Filolojical society" were read by Mr. R. Sweet. Mr. Vogin commented on each of the society's changes, approving some. He would spell would, wulld; onion, unyun; stomach, stummac; of, ov; could, cwd, &c. He would keep a difference of spelling where there was a difference of meaning.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade—Balaklava, Oct 25, 1854.

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred—the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" And he rode on ahead as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die.
"Follow, and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his saber, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crashed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabers in circles of light,
And some of us all in a maze,
Who were held for a while from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

* The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's aide de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter, and Shegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

On the morning of July 21st, 1846, the Daily News announced the arrival of the ship Rival at Sydney, New South Wales. As ocean steam navigation had not yet extended so far, the advent of this ship with the English mail created the usual excitement. An eager crowd beset the post office, waiting for the delivery of the mail; and little knots at the street corners were busily discussing the latest hints at news which had been gathered from papers brought ashore by the officers or passengers.

At the lower end of King street was a large warehouse, with an office at the upper extremity, over which was a new sign, which showed with newly gilded letters the words:

COMPTON & BRANDON.

The general appearance of the warehouse showed that Messrs. Compton and Brandon were probably commission merchants, general agents, or something of that sort.

On the morning mentioned two men were in the inner office of this warehouse. One was an elderly gentleman, with a kind benevolent aspect, the senior partner of the firm. The other was the junior partner, and in every respect presented a marked contrast to his companion.

He had a face of rather unusual appearance, and an air which in England is usually considered foreign. His features were regular—a straight nose, wide brow, thin lips, and square, massive chin. His complexion was olive, and his eyes were of a dark hazel color, with a peculiarity about them which is not usually seen in the eye of the Teutonic or Celtic race, but is sometimes found among the people of the south of Europe, or in the East. It is difficult to find a name for this peculiarity. It may be seen sometimes in the gipsy; sometimes in the more successful among those who call themselves "spiritual mediums," or among the more powerfel mesmerizers. Such an eye belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, whose glance at times could make the boldest and greatest among his marshals quail. What is it? Magnetism? Or the revelation of the soul? Or what?

In this man there were other things which gave him the look of the great Napoleon. The contour of feature was the same; and on his brow, broad and massive, there might be seen those grand shadows with which French artists love to glorify the Emperor. Yet in addition to this he had the same serene immobility of countenance which characterized the other, which could serve as an impenetrable mask to hide even the intensest passion.

There was also about this man a certain aristocratic air and grace of attitude, or of manner which seemed to show lofty birth and gentle breeding, the mysterious index to good blood or high training. How such a man could have happened to fill the position of junior partner in a commission business was certainly a problem not easily solved. There he was, however, a man in appearance out of place, yet in reality able to fill that place with success; a man, in fact, whose resolute will enabled him to enforce success in any calling of life to which either outside circumstances or his own personal desires might invite him.

"The mail ought to be open by this time," said Brandon, indifferently, looking at his watch. "I am somewhat curious to see how things are looking. I noticed quotations of wool rather higher than by last mail. If the papers are correct which I saw then we ought to do very well by that last cargo."

Mr. Compton smiled.

"Well, Brandon,' said he, "if it is so it will show that you are right. You anticipated a rise about this time, you know. You certainly have a remarkable forecast about the chances of business."

"I don't think there is much forecast," said Brandon, with a smile, "it was only the most ordinary calculation made from the well-known fact that the exportation this year had been slight. But there comes Hedley now," he continued, moving his head a little to one side so as to look up the street. "The letters will soon show us all."

Mr. Compton looked out in the direction which Brandon indicated and saw the clerk approaching. He then settled himself back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, threw one leg over the other, and began whistling a tune with the air of a man who was so entirely prosperous and contented that no news whether good or evil could greatly affect his fortunes.

In a short time the clerk entered the inner office, and, laying the letters down upon the table nearest Mr. Compton, he withdrew.

Mr. Compton took up the letters one by one and read the addresses, while Brandon looked carelessly on. There were ten or twelve of them, all of which, except one, were addressed to the firm. This one Mr. Compton selected from among the others, and reaching it out in his hand said:

"This is for you, Mr. Brandon."

"For me?" repeated Brandon, with marked surprise; and taking the letter he looked at the address with eager curiosity.

The address was simply as follows:

LOUIS BRANDON,
Sydney, New South Wales.

The letters were irregular and loosely formed, as though written by a tremulous hand—such letters as old men form when the muscles have become relaxed.

Mr. Compton went on opening the letters of the firm without taking any further notice of his partner. The latter sat for some time looking at the letter without venturing to open it. He held it in both hands, and looked fixedly at that address as though from the address itself he was trying to extort some meaning.

He held it thus in both hands looking fixedly at it, with his head bent forward. Had Mr. Compton thought of taking a look at his usually impassive companion, he would have been surprised at the change which had taken place in him at the mere sight of that tremulous hand-writing. For in that he had read grief, misfortune, perhaps death; and as he sat there, pausing before he dared to break the seal, the contents of the letter had already been conjectured.

Gloom therefore unutterable gathered upon his face; his features fixed themselves into such rigidity of grief that they became more expressive than if they had been distorted by passionate emotions; and over his brow collected cloud upon cloud, which deepened and darkened every instant till they overshadowed all; and his face in its statuesque fixedness resembled nothing so much as that which the artist gives to Napoleon at the crisis hour of Waterloo, when the guard has recoiled from its last charge, and from that imperial face in its fixed agony the soul itself seems to cry, "Lost!" "Lost!"

Yet it was only for a few minutes. Hastily subducing his feeling Brandon rose, and clutching the letter in his hand as though it were too precious to be trusted to his pocket, he quietly left the office and the warehouse and walked up the street.

He walked on rapidly until he reached a large building which bore the sign "Australian Hotel." Here he entered, and walked up-stairs to a room, and locked himself in it. Then when alone in his own apartments he ventured to open the letter.

The paper was poor and mean; the handwriting, like that of the address, was tremulous, and in many places quite illegible; the ink was pale; and the whole appearance seemed to indicate poverty and weakness on the part of the writer. By a very natural impulse Brandon hesitated before beginning to read, and took in all these things with a quick glance.

At last he nerved himself to the task and began to read.

"BRANDON, March 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR BOY,—These are the last words which you will ever hear from your father. I am dying, my dear boy, and dying of a broken heart; but where I am dying I am afraid to tell you. That bitterness I leave for you to find out some day for yourself. In poverty unspeakable, in anguish that I pray you may never know, I turn to you after a silence of years, and my first word is to implore your forgiveness. I know my noble boy that you grant it, and it is enough for me to ask it. After asking this I can die content on that score.

"Lying as I do now at the point of death, I find myself at last freed from the follies and prejudices which have been my ruin. The clouds roll away from my mind, and I perceive what a mad fool I have been for years. Most of all I see the madness that instigated me to turn against you, and to put against the loyal love of the best of sons my own miserable pride and the accusation of a lying scoundrel. May God have mercy upon me for this!

"I have not much strength, dear boy; I have to write at intervals, and by stealth, so as not to be discovered, for I am closely watched. He must never know that I have sent this to you. Frank and your mother are both sick, and my only help is your sister, my sweet Edith, she watches me, and enables me to write this in safety.

"I must tell you all without reserve before strength leaves me forever.

"That man Potts, whom you so justly hated, was and is the cause of all my suffering and of yours. You used to wonder how such a man as that, a low, vulgar knave, could gain such an influence over me and sway me as he did. I will try to explain.

"Perhaps you remember something about the lamentable death of my old friend Colonel Despard. The first that I ever heard of this man Potts was in his connection with Despard, for whom he acted partly as valet, and partly as business agent. Just before Despard left to go on his fatal voyage he wrote to me about his affairs, and stated, in conclusion, that this man Potts was going to England, that he was sorry to lose him, but recommended him very earnestly to me.

"You recollect that Colonel Despard was murdered on this voyage under very mysterious circumstances on shipboard. His Malay servant Uracao was convicted and executed. Potts distinguished himself by his zeal in avenging his master's death.

"About a year after this Potts himself came to England and visited me. He was, as you know, a rough, vulgar man; but his connection with my murdered friend, and the warm recommendations of that friend, made me receive him with the greatest kindness. Besides, he had many things to tell me about my poor friend, and brought the newspapers both from Manilla and Calcutta, which contained accounts of the trial.

"It was this man's desire to settle himself somewhere, and I gave him letters to different people. He then went off, and I did not see him for two years. At the end of that time he returned with glowing accounts of a tin mine which he was working in Cornwall. He had bought it at a low price, and the returns from working it had exceeded his most sangume expectations. He had just organized a company, and was selling the stock. He came first to me to let me take what I wished. I carelessly took five thousand pounds' worth.

"On the following year the dividend was enormous, being nearly sixty per cent. Potts explained to me the cause, declaring that it was the richest mine in the kingdom, and assuring me that my £5000 was worth ten times that sum. His glowing accounts of the mine interested me greatly. Another year the dividend was higher, and he assured me that he expected to pay cent. per cent.

"It was then that the demon of avarice took full possession of me. Visions of millions came to me, and I determined to become the richest man in the kingdom. After this I turned every thing I had into money to invest in the mine. I raised enormous sums on my landed estate, and put all that I was worth, and more too, into the speculation. I was fascinated, not by this man, but by the wealth that he seemed to represent. I believed in him to the utmost. In vain, my friends warned me. I turned from them, and quarreled with most of them. In my madness I refused to listen to the entreaties of my poor wife, and turned even against you. I can not bear to allude to those mournful days when you denounced that villain to his face before me: when I ordered you to beg his pardon or leave my roof forever; when you chose the latter alternative and became an outcast. My noble boy—my true hearted son, that last look of yours, with all its reproach, is haunting my dying hours. If you were only near me now how peacefully I could die!

"My strength is failing. I can not describe the details of my ruin. Enough that the mine broke down utterly, and I as chief stockholder was responsible for all. I had to sell out every thing. The stock was worthless. The hall and the estates all went. I had no friend to help me, for by my madness I had alienated them all. All this came upon me during the last year.

"But mark this, my son. This man Potts was not ruined. He seemed to have grown possessed of a colossal fortune. When I reproached him with being the author of my calamity, and insisted that he ought to share it with me, the scoundrel laughed in my face.

"The Hall and the estates were sold, for, unfortunately, though they have been in our family for ages, they were not entailed. A feeling of honor was the cause of this neglect. They were sold, and the purchaser was this man Potts. He must have bought them with the money that he had plundered from me.

"Now, since my eyes have been opened, I have had many thoughts; and among all that occurs to me none is more prominent than the mysterious murder of my friend. This man Potts was with him at the time. He was chief witness against the Malay. The counsel for the defense bore down hard on him, but he managed to escape, and Uracao was executed. Yet this much is evident, that Potts was largely benefited by the death of Despard. He could not have made all his money by his own savings. I believe that the man who wronged me so foully was fully capable of murder. So strong is this conviction now that I sometimes have a superstitious feeling that because I neglected all inquiry into the death of my friend, therefore he has visited me from that other life, and punished me by making the same man the ruin of us both.

"The mine, I now believe, was a colossal sham; and all the money that I invested in stocks went direct to Potts. Good God! what madness was mine!

"O my boy! Your mother and your brother are lying here sick; your sister attends on us all, though little more than a child. Soon I must leave them; and for those who are destined to live there is a future which I shudder to contemplate. Come home at once. Come home, whatever you are doing, Leave all business, and all prospects, and come and save them. That much you can do. Come, if it is only to take them back with you to that new land where you live, where they may forget their anguish.

"Come home, my son, and take vengeance. This, perhaps, you cannot do, but you at least can try. By the time that you read these words they will be my voice from the grave; and thus I invoke you, and call you to take vengeance.

"But at least come and save your mother, your brother and your sister. The danger is imminent. Not a friend is left. They all bold aloof, indignant at me. This miscreant has his own plans with regard to them, I doubt not; and he will disperse them or send them off to starve in some foreign land. Come and save them.

"But I warn you to be careful about yourself for their sakes. For this villain is powerful now, and hates you worse than any body. His arm may reach even to the antipodes to strike you there. Be on your guard. Watch every one. For once from words which fell from him hastily, I gathered that he had some dark plan against you. Trust no one. Rely on yourself, and may God help you!

"Poor boy! I have no estate to leave you now, and what I do send to you may seem to you like a mockery. Yet do not despise it. Who knows what may be possible in these days of science? Why may it not be possible to force the sea to give up its prey?

"I send it, at any rate, for I have nothing else to send. You know that it has been in our family for centuries, and have heard how stout old Peter Leggit, with nine sailors, escaped by night through the Spanish fleet, and what suffering they endured before they reached England. He brought this, and it has been preserved ever since. A legend has grown up, as a matter of course, that the treasure will be recovered one day when the family is at its last extremity. It may not be impossible. The writer intended that something should come of it.

"If in that other world to which I am going the disembodied spirit can assist man, then be sure, O my son, I will assist you, and in the crisis of your fate I will be near, if it is only to communicate to your spirit what you ought to do.

"God bless you, dear boy, and farewell.

"Your affectionate father,

"RALPH BRANDON."

This letter was evidently written by fragmentary portions, as though it had been done at intervals. Some parts were written leisurely—others apparently in haste. The first half had been written evidently with the greatest ease. The writing of the last half showed weakness and tremulousness of the hand; many words would have been quite illegible to one not familiar with the handwriting of the old man. Sometimes the word was written two or three times, and there were numerous blots and unmeaning lines. It grew more and more illegible toward the close. Evidently it was the work of one who was but ill able to exert even sufficient strength to hold a pen in his trembling hand.

In this letter there was folded a large piece of coarse paper, evidently a blank leaf torn from a book, brown with age, which was worn at the folds, and protected there by pieces of cotton which had been pasted upon it. The paper was covered with writing, in ink that was much faded, though still quite legible.

Opening this Brandon read the following:

"One league due northe of a smalle islet northe of ye Islet of Santa Cruz northe of San Salvador——I Ralphe Brandon in my shippe Phoenix am becalmed and surrounded by a Spanish fleete——My shippe is fild with spoyle the Plunder of III gallons——wealthe wh myghte purchasse a kyngdom—tresure equalle to an Empyr's revenue——Gold and jeweles in countless store——and God forbydde that itt shall falle into ye hands of ye Enemye——I therefore Ralphe Brandon out of mine owne good wyl and intente and that of all my men sink this shippe rather than be taken alyve——I send this by my trusty seaman Peter Leggit who with IX others folde off by lot will trye to escape in ye Bonte by nighte——If this cometh haply into ye hands of my sonne Philip let him herebye knowe that in his place is all this tresure——wh haply may yet be gathered from ye sea——ye Islet is knowne by III rockes that be pushed up like III needles from ye sande

"Ralphe Brandon"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Odd Kind of a Fight.

There is a saloon in Eighth avenue, the proprietor of which is often presented by admiring friends with specimens of natural history. Not long ago the saloon keeper was given a handsome gamecock. The next day he was sent an enormous rat that had been caught in a neighboring stable. At the time there was no dog on the premises, and the cats would not go near the rat. The neighborhood was scoured for a dog of sufficient courage to attack the rat, which had been placed in a cage, but no such dog could be found. It was then noticed that the gamecock had been industriously picking at the bar of the rat's cage. Then the owner of the saloon tied a string tightly about the rat's tail and let him out of the cage. The game cock and the rat flew at each other at the same moment; the gamecock struck the rat once in the ribs and once on the head and the rat was dead.—Wilmington Gazette.

—Concerning the robe of a Philadelphia lady: It was a fur cloak which cost the owner $5,500. It was a circular of Siberian sable, of the choicest skin, perfectly shaded and fitted to make a pattern of perpendicular stripes, the deep, rich hair shading to lighter at the back. It is unique, as there are not skins enough in the country to repeat it.

—Chicago Tribune: The people of Alaska, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whisky at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council or a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

MORE SINGULAR MUSIC.

A Scotch Echo who Lays over the Celebrated Irish Echo.

Swiz, whose reputation for truth stands about 1.21¼, swears he was recently present at an entertainment in this city, when the following singular thing took place:

The occasion was a concert, on the programme of which appeared an Echo song. At the last moment, the gentleman who usually did the echo business behind the scenes, was taken ill, and a substitute was eagerly looked for, as this song, not so much from the beauty of its words, but from the weird effect produced by the echo, was a particular favorite with the Hamiltonians. Fortune favored the concert troup, and a substitute was found in the person of a big Scotchman, the possessor of a very fine voice and correct musical ear, but who was otherwise rather utterly all but. He was accordingly stationed behind the scenes, having declared that he was acquainted with the air, and the song commenced.

Brightly beams the morning sun: All hail the coming day!
The darkness leaves the brightening heavens, and swiftly flies away—
(Echo, from his bower behind the scenes)
"Swuftly flees awa'."

II.

The feathered songsters tune their throats to hail the coming light,
The lark rings out his gladsome song, free in his heavenward flight—
(Clear and distinct floated the echo to the ear of the enraptured audience)
"Free intil his heavenward flicht.'

III.

The mavis from the hawthorn bush pours forth his joyous lay,
The cuckoo sings, then spreads his wings, and lightly flies away—
(Weirdly and beautifully come the echo)
"An' lichtly flees awa'."

IV.

All nature blushes, trees and flowers are tipped with rosy glow,
I must away, but linger still, I will not, cannot go—
(Echo was all solid and responded)
"But wilna, canna gang."

V.

Fly, darkness, fly, come beauteous morn, with rosy fingers touch
The smiling earth, the earth I love perhaps too well, too much—
(No humbugging echo tho': There he was, and his mystic words "fell like a falling star,"
"Aiblins ower weel, ower muckle."

This was "ower muckle" for the audience, and long and loud was the applause which greeted the singers, especially the Echo, who was, however, never hurriedly pressed into service again, at least in that particular song.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

—The watch shall be known by its works.

—What we omit to do tells heavily against us.

—The dollar-a-day young man waxes furious when his moustache doesn't curl.

—He who grants many favors must philosophically expect very few.

—How much quicker any of us can create a sensation than build up a character!

—Anna Louise Cary is just green enough to lock up fifty thousand dollars in an emerald.

—The Scientific Monthly says that the best physian in the land can't tell how people take cold.

—"Some are born to greatness, others to contracts," says the political critic of the Denver Tribune.

—It seems funny when all the long-distance walkers are a-foot that only one of them can keep a-head.

—It requires at least three to make a wedding, but two to make a bargain, and only one to make a resolution.

—Toombstone, Arizona, is growing so rapidly that they soon expect to be big enough to change its name to Sarcophagus.

—The total number of newspapers and periodicals published all over the world in 1880 was, according to the Newspaper Directory, 34,274.

—They have found out that the pressure of the water at the depth of two miles would kill a man in an instant. Prudent citizens won't go down there.

—Co-nun-drum. Why is a kiss like rumor? Because it flies from mouth to mouth. Why is it like a sermon? Because it requies two heads and an application.

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

—As he came down town in the morning he found ten dollars and called himself "the luckiest dog alive." Poor fellow, long before night he was dead—drunk.

—"What's a kiss?" Simply this—
Four lips meet, two hearts greet;
Sans deceit, union sweet!
Rapture! bliss! That's a kiss.

—Scandal, when it has truth in it, is like a grease spot on new cloth, but when there is no truth in it, it is like a splash of mud which will come off easily when dry.

—For the last ten years there has been less wind in March than in October or April. It is time to quit talking of "the rude blasts which March hurls against the gables."

—A Canadian editor claims to have outrun two wolves and thereby saved their lives. Had they eaten him their doom would have been swift and certain.—Detroit Free Press.

—His Russian Honor: "Well, prisoner, you were drunk." "Oh, no, sir. I was arrested for clubbing a Jew." "Ah—that's it." Prisoner is discharged and the Jew warned not to do it again.

—From Guelph there issued these people, on a hare shoot, the other day: Messrs. Sauer, Schmuck, Rheinhardt, Kieffenheimer and Lautenschlager. It is needless to say they got no hares.

—A new way of punishing children in the Buffalo orphan asylum is letting the sash of a heavy window down on their hands, and thus confining and torturing them in spite of their groans and cries.

—If Noah had been in Cincinnati last week when the Ohio at its wharves was nearly sixty feet above low water mark, he would have been reminded of the days when he went boating for land.

—He was speaking at a public meeting, and thus to his audience loudly proclaimed: "My friends, we are masters of the situation!" His wife, in the proscenium box, whispered to her fan: "They may be, George, but you're not."

—Winnipeg Times: A couple of men were observed surveying the top of the city hall this morning. They were evidently looking for a spot where there is no real estate office, or for a spot on which to start one.

—Brantford Telegram: They should make Wm. Paterson one of the managers of the Farm and Dairy Manufactury company—the builders of the figure 8 churn. Our member, you know, is of a figure-eight-ive churn of mind.

—Once when in a bad humor Napoleon said to Prince Talleyrand: "How have you contrived to become so rich!" "In a very simple way, sire,' replied Talleyrand. "I bought securities the day before the 18th Brumaire, and I sold them the day after it."

—It has been suggested by some citizens of Thorold, says the Post, that, in case the market fees bill should pass, Thorold fence in its market grounds and close the drill shed, as the miserable fees allowed by the bill would not pay to keep a man in charge of the market.

—Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain,
Was very much in love with Mary Jane.
One night she told him in her tenderest tone
"It is not good for man to be alone."
Said Fred, "Just so, you darling little elf;
I've oftan thought of that same thing myself.'
Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog,
"You oughtto buy yourself a terrier dog."

—The party of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day"

—An ancient Bohemian, who has come into a snug fortune, is felicitated warmly by an old acquaintance. "Yes," says the new Crœsus, reflectively, "it is a pleasant thing to have money. And do you know what is most agreeable about it? You feel, sir, that you are appreciated—you find friends who esteem you for your own qualities alone."

—Capt. Porcival, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate with the announcement that the vessel was going to eternity. "Well," replied the Captain, "I've got ten friends over there to one in this world; let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

—Winnipeg Sun: The Hamilton Times sees danger ahead for Manitoba. That unfortunate Province, our contemporary says, requires "a population of workers," and remarks that something must be done to obtain that population "or the fabric will collapse," Just so. There are no workers up here, of course, no horny-handed son of toil like the Times man, who smokes a clay pipe in a garret, and who sways public opinion at so much per sway.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

—Over 400 applications for divorce are before the Cincinnati courts.

—Miss Kate Field says that American shop manners are the worst in the world.

—The St. Louis schoolmarm has an average remuneration of $615 per annum.

—Harvard has decided to accept a fund for the medical education of women.

—Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 380 years old when she got married. Take courage, ladies.

—A married woman in Robertson county, Ky., who is only 15 years old, is six feet six inches in height.

—A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.

An Indianapolis couple were married in 1872, divorced in 1877, remarried in 1879, and now sue to be redivorced.

—Miss Hermann, the woman who is starving herself to death in the Clark county, Ind., poor asylum, is still alive. She has fasted for 45 days.

—A widow at Lafayette, Ind., receives $1,700 as her husband's back pension, though she was a wife for a day only, having married him while he was dying.

—There is a young woman shoemaker in Atlanta. She has a small shop of her own, in which she hammers and stitches as deftly as any man in the trade.

—Milliners in the Black Hills region must exist on the east wind. There are nine millinery shops there, although the entire population contains only forty one women.

Whene'er perchance you turn this page,
Your eyes may meet these words I've traced,
And woo remembrance back when age
Has all except these lines effaced.
—Album Verses.

—The Gainsborough hat has been crushed at last. Now and then a young lady from the country, who has had no other hat, wears one to a theater, but this seldom occurs.

Alphonse Karr said: "Speak always of women in general with respect and admiration; but to women in particular say that all other women are either ugly or coquettes.'

—A new row of business houses at Charlotte, Mich., has been named Old Maid's block by the owner, who is a maiden of 40, and rather proud of having made a fortune for herself as a milliner.

Governor Long is a believer in woman's rights, practically as well as theoretically, and has just appointed one of the sex—Miss Harriet R. Lee of Salem—a trustee of one of the Massachusetts insane asylums.

—Miss Julia Best, of Richmond, Ind., has just recovered a watch lost in a Pullman sleeper three years ago. In rebuilding the car the workmen found the watch wedged in the corner of the berth.

—A fanciful gift conferred recently upon the young American prima donna, M'lle Van Zandt, by Baroness Rothschild, was a half dozen diamond swallows, intended to be worn as ornaments for the bodice.

—Of 980 women who are this year pursuing the higher courses of education in St. Petersburg, 521 study physics and mathematics, and only 417 literature; 610 are of noble origin, and 774 profess orthodox faith.

—The Boston Globe thinks, as we all do, that when a woman does a man's work she should get a man's pay. It also adds "that, as a rule, when they are obliged to work women have as much responsibility to shoulder as men."

—In the last number of Our Continent Kate Field comes out strong in favor of wearing knee breeches instead of trousers. What queer tastes some women have about their clothes, anyway. Dr. Mary Walker, now, would rather part with her reputation than her trousers.

—A most beautiful tidy can be made by taking a square of satin, lined with a stout piece of holland. The satin may be either painted or embroidered. The border should be of Miracourt lace, with the heavier parts embroidered in floss of one color that harmonizes with the tints in the decoration.

—The Mormons have placed four handsome, educated, English females at work in the Washington lobby in their behalf. And it seems reasonable to expect that there will be so much of this South American business and other matters to attend to, that Congress will not be able to tackle this Mormon question.—Boston Post.

—An old woman took a blackened clay pipe out of her traveling bag in a St. Louis railroad station, and began to smoke. She was told that smoking was not allowed in that room. Without taking the pipe from her mouth, she drew a long knife and laid it across her lap. She was allowed to puff away until her train came along.

—Some of the new Bernhardt gloves which reach far above the elbow, and are especially designed to be worn with short sleeved evening toilets, are finished at the tops with insert on bands of costly point or duchess lace, three inches wide, and above this a ruffle of the same lace, put on with little or no fullness. This gives a soft and delicate look to that portion of the glove which generally has an unfinished look, especially in the Danish glove, that is left unbound at the top.

SEA SERPENT.

The London Times has discovered what the sea serpent is, taking it for granted, of course, that there is no veritable sea serpent. A skeleton of the great sea elephant (Macrorhinus leoninus) has just been placed in the Museum of the Royal Academy of Surgeons in London. The animal was formerly abundant on the coasts and islands of the Southern Ocean, but it is now very rare and limited to the most inaccessable parts of the Keguelen and Crozen groups. Of the new specimen the Times says:

The extreme length of the skeleton is sixteen feet six inches, and it is quite easy to imagine how such a creature swimming rapidly through a calm sea with its head raised, and with a long wake behind it, caused by the action of its paddles, placed at the posterior extremity of the body like the screw of a steamer, may have been the foundation of some of the stories told of the great sea serpent, as was, indeed, suggested some years ago by Professor Owen in a letter published in the Times on the occasion of the reported appearance of that celebrated monster to Captain McQuahee.

—The officers of the Lutheran church at Columbia, Ind., locked out the pastor. He took an axe from a neighboring woodpile, chopped down the door and held services as usual.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

And still another fiendish attempt to destroy human life and demolish Paradise Hall must be recorded. As the janitor was making ready for the Saturday night meeting he opened the stove to take a chew of tobacco from the box he had been keeping there since it was decided not to build any more fires. To his horror it was discovered that some one had placed a two pound can of powder in the stove, and under ordinary circumstances he would have started a fire without seeing it. The results would have been appalling. Samuel Shin, who always sits nearest the stove, would have gone out of the opposite window and demolished the entire rear end of a second hand clothing store. Giveadam Jones would have been lifted off his stool and dashed into the ante-room, knocking down the Keeper of the Pass Word and utterly smashing a jug containing five pints of kerosene oil. Waydown Beebe would have been subjected to a pressure of 22,000 pounds to the square inch, and under this terrible strain he must have gone scooting up the hall and plumped dead against Sir Isaac Walpole, mashing the old man to pulp in the wink of an eye. Brother Gardner would have been blown against the iron safe containing over $700, and rebounding from thence he would have struck Elder Toots, killed him stone dead, passed close to Pickles Smith's ear, and brought up against the chimney, falling to the floor a lifeless mass of dark-colored clay. Every lamp chimney would have been broken—every window demolished, and every one of the nineteen joints of the stove pipe would have struck a separate head in falling. Paradise Hall might not have been entirely demolished, but it would have taken at least $13 to cover actual damages, to say nothing of the loss of valuable lives.

THE EYE OF PROVIDENCE.

"Let dis be anoder warnin' to you dat the the eye of Providence am allus watchin' out," said Brother Gardner in his opening. "De good am sartin to be protected, while de bad will sooner or later arrove at some awful end. Had we been de Common Council, a political convention, or a State Legislachur, dat fiah would have been built, dat powder would have gone off, an' dis hall would have bin the picture of desolashun an' death. De Janitor, who now receives a salary of seventy-five cents per week, will have it increased to eighty, an' in fucher his seat will be under the bust of Andrew J