

MY NEIGHBORS' DOGS.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

I have a fine suburban home,
A handsome house and lot,
With splendid shrubbery and lawn,
With thrifty garden plot.
That those who pass go pause to see,
And tell me to my face:
How very much they envy me
In having such a place.

It has no beauty to my sight,
No charm or power to please;
I find no pleasure there,
No joy, no rest, no ease.
I leave with joy to others
Like one who quits a tomb;
I move and walk with soul and form,
And mind oppressed with gloom.

I hear no music in the air,
No sound that makes me glad;
I find no recreation there,
My heart is always sad.
I live in torment all the time,
My neighbors' dogs delight
To bark, to growl, to yelp and howl
The livelong day and night.

My sweet young wife has a fretful grown;
To sleep, in vain she tries;
She moans, she turns from side to side;
The baby wails and cries.
There's not a bracket or a stone
On which my foot may rest;
For every one she has thrown
To drive the cats away.

They chase my costly chickens down—
They kill them one by one;
They loosely prowl about the town—
Their owners let them run.
They snap and snarl at passers-by;
They steal our pies and meat;
My little children cannot walk
With safety on the street.

They meekly crawl beneath my fence;
They crush my pansies as they pass;
They never show a spark of sense
By driving dogs away.
And, if a neighbor's dog is tame,
To keep his dog confined,
He calls me undesired names,
In manner most unkind.

Ah, well, there is from all this no
One escape. I'll try
To sell my place and land—
If any man will buy.
Dear Lord, I thank thee gratefully
That, when I pass the gate,
My neighbors' dogs are left outside,
Their dogs are left outside.

BUDELL'S PROPOSAL.

This time two years ago our Square Club was flourishing; now I am sole member. Budell, Marby, Smithers and myself had formed ourselves into a private bachelors' club, for the purpose of whist and other intellectual occupations, and a very good time we contrived to have together. We hadn't many rules and by-laws for our club. We were sworn bachelors and each of us had to allege a reason why he did not intend to wed; but we had so far recognized the possibility of a change in our sentiments as to solemnly bind ourselves to inform the club at once if we should ever meditate "halving our pleasures and doubling our expenses." Smithers said he hadn't time to marry; I was too poor, and Marby, who was regarded as our romantic member, gave us indefinitely to understand that "blighted affections" stood between him and the hymeneal altar. Budell at first laughed at the idea of assigning a reason, and he wished to allege that he hadn't met Mrs. Budell yet. That was unanimously rejected by the rest of the club; whereupon he insisted upon our accepting as an alternative that he was afraid of ladies. We were willing to stretch a point in favor of Budell, who was one of the jolliest possible fellows at a bachelor supper, and so we received this second reason. For the rest we nobly resolved not to fly, but to withstand temptation; our maxim was that every lady is charming so long as one is not married to her, and we were all ready to go into society, and even sustain the reputation of being "dancing men." We used to relate to each other over our celibate pipes wonderful stories of narrow escapes from guileful women every season; but if these were all as dependent upon the narrator's fancy for their important details as my contributions to the conversation, the escapes were somewhat more than hair's-breadth. Budell was especially a favorite in society; he was one of those rare phenomena, young barristers with some practice, and he had beside a very comfortable allowance from his father. Like the rest of the club, I had taken as a joke his assertion that he was afraid of ladies; but I gradually came to see that there was some truth in it. So long as Budell was in a large company—in a ball-room or any place like that—he was quite at his ease and as bold as a lion; but if by any chance he happened to fall a temporary captive to a solitary damsel's bow and spear, he was almost overwhelmed with nervousness, and his usual powers of conversation completely deserted him. I once met him at the Royal Academy, escorting a very pretty young lady, and looking as uneasy as if he had a worse conscience than King Herod; and I have seen him tremble at a mere passing mention of the conservatory by his partner at a dance. However, in the Square Club he was our most enthusiastic member, and a horror and indignation filled our souls when we realized the direful fact that Budell was in love and doing his best to get married. Had we been women we might probably have seen the symptoms of the advancing malady; but we were only obtuse and shortsighted men. Now as I look back over these months I recall incidents that might have been warnings. The gradual decrease of Budell's hilarity at the club and the gradual increase of his excursions into society could hardly, indeed, have been portents, for Budell always did go into society more than the rest of us. The first allusion that he made to me about the lady who was afterward to play Beatrice to his Benedict was at a concert—or rather in a cloak-room after a concert. "That's what I call a pretty girl," he whispered to me, "that dark-eyed girl over there in the warm, fleecy brown shawl—none of your flimsy white opera cloaks." The girl was pretty in a fresh piquant sort of way; and even a sworn bachelor might have been excused for being pleased at receiving such a frank smile as she greeted Budell with. Again, not many days after he remarked to me apropos des bottes: "Met rather an interesting girl last night; quite agrees with me on the subject of names." I may be excused for neglecting this hint; Budell I think would have found a mollusc "interesting" if it had only agreed with him that there was nothing more objectionable than to have one's name murdered. He was nervously anxious that his name should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable; and I afterward

found that he had been introduced (for the second time), to this "interesting girl" as "Buddle." "Just as though I rhymed to noodle!"—as he indignantly expressed it. But the most important hint was given the night after Mrs. Burton's ball, at which we had all been present. We were lounging in Budell's rooms, and Smithers was giving us a highly-colored and graphic illustration of the frivolity that passes for conversation between young men and maidens. "That's all nonsense," broke in Budell; "it's your own fault at any rate. Why, last night I had quite a serious and interesting conversation about woman's education, with a 'maiden.' I even quoted Scripture to her."

"Bet you a hat you misquoted," said the irreverent Smithers, who thought every one was as ignorant as himself.

"No, I'm not joking; it's a fact, and I got an idea or two, let me tell you." Had he only told us that he had ventured into the conversation in order to carry on his conversation without interruption, I am convinced that I, at least, would have surmised that the acquisition of an idea or two was not the only result. However, I was not long in my state of ignorance. One day, a month or so after, Budell hunted me up to confide to me that the bachelor's club was all bosh; he was over head and ears in love, and did I think he ought to tell the other men? Then there followed a shower of apologies in which "soft brown eyes" and goodness knows what other personal attractions were prominent. When I recovered breath I assured him that I thought it was quite incumbent upon him to inform the club. I was rigid and cold with him, for I felt indignant; it was almost an insult to select me as his confidant, as though my celibate principles were less fixed than Marby's or Smithers'.

His announcement that evening was received in silence by the Square Club; even Smithers had at first nothing to say. At last Marby asked:

"Is it permitted to inquire the lady's name, and when the marriage is to take place?" Budell looked uncomfortable.

"Well, the fact is," he said, "I thought I ought to tell the club at once; but I haven't—that is, I don't quite know how to set about asking the lady."

Budell looked so comically distressed as he made this confession that the club halted at a shout of laughter. The notion of the bold and confident Budell finding himself muzzled by the tender passion was too suggestive for our risibility. Budell was seriously annoyed. "I don't think," he said, "that my courtesy to the club has been met with courtesy." He glared at me as if I especially had been guilty of revealing his confidence. We apologized humbly, and at last pacified him. He really was puzzled as to how to accomplish his proposal. Marby suggested the old-fashioned plan of plumping down on his knees, like a swain in a valentine; but Budell paled visibly. It was such a cold-blooded way, he objected; yet it appeared he had almost adopted it on two occasions. The first time a little brute of a brother had inopportunely appeared. "I never knew a nice girl that hadn't a brute of a brother," exclaimed Budell, hastily generalizing, and on the second occasion he had even got to the length of informing the object of his affections (to adopt a phrase that used to madden Budell) that he had something to tell her, when her mother entered, and he had hastily to devise some idiotic fact about a flower-show. It was quite evident that his nerve was not quite equal to a third attempt. I suggested that he should write, but it seemed that the young lady, in talking about a certain novel, had laughed the hero to scorn for resorting to so cowardly a plan as writing his proposal.

"Can't you save her life in some thrilling manner, and then cast yourself at her feet?" asked the romantic Marby.

"Or can't you get overtaken in a shower, and then you could neatly ask her to share your lot as well as your umbrella?" suggested Smithers.

Budell smiled faintly. "It's all very well for you fellows to make fun of it when you haven't to do it yourselves; but all the same it's a ticklish thing to do well. I wish to do it in a neat and direct manner without any humbug."

"It's my opinion," said Smithers, "that you'll end by popping the question, in some altogether extraordinary and absurd manner."

"Very well, sir," said Budell with dignity, "we shall see."

But when we left him, the idea of the irrepressible Budell being tongue-tied before a dainty little damsel who couldn't even sit on a jury, came upon us again with redoubled force, and we awoke the echoes of the silent street with renewed shouts of laughter.

Poor Budell could find no opportunity of settling his fate. He revolved drearily round my rooms, where he materially interfered with my work by constantly putting skillfully-elaborated questions to me, devised to extract my opinion as to his lady-love, without revealing her name. I rose and fell in his estimation as my answers were what he desired or not, and I committed myself to an immense number of definite opinions as to the preference between blondes and brunettes, large mouths and small ears, etc. "Whether do you prefer Greek or Saxon names for ladies?" he once asked me. I answered at random that I liked them both equally. "No, but really," he persisted. "I mean modern names derived from these languages." "Well," I replied at a venture, "I like Saxon names." "Do you," he exclaimed; "why, so do I. For example, I don't think you could find a prettier name than Edith anywhere." "Oh!" I cried, "her name is Edith, is it?" Budell blushed, but couldn't deny it, and I dare say he would have revealed her surname also had I pressed him.

August brought me an invitation from Will Carlyon to spend a fortnight at his father's place in Scotland, and have a shot at the grouse. "I've asked Marby, Smithers and Budell," he wrote, "and I expect them all. I know you four have frightful chains-and-slavery notions about matrimony; but there are lots of nice girls staying here with Fanny, and if you don't all go home with the full intention of forthwith be-

coming Benedicts I shall be surprised. Anyhow, we have plenty of birds."

When I arrived I found the house full of pleasant men and agreeable girls; while the grouse gave very fair sport. The club was there in full force. Budell was in tolerable spirits, and came out in grand style as master of the ceremonies, and as the originator of all sorts of amusements. He was too busy to inflict any more confidences, but I had no reason to suppose that he had yet accomplished his purpose.

One afternoon a heavy rain-storm had driven the sportsmen in sooner than usual; I was examining my breech-loader in the gun-room when Smithers mysteriously requested me to come to the smoking-room at once. There I found Budell and Marby. Smithers had convened the club, and we had the room to ourselves. He briefly explained his object. "I have an announcement to make," he said, "similar to one made by Budell not long since. I'm going to follow his example, and I hereby invite you all to the wedding. Like Budell, I haven't yet put the final question, but I am not afraid of the answer. I have no objection to tell you that the young lady is at present in this house, and that her name is Miss Maxwell."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Budell. "Well," said Marby, "I may as well take this opportunity of informing the club that I, too, am going to follow suit. Only I've taken the precaution to speak to the lady first, and Fanny Carlyon is shortly going to become Mrs. Marby."

I was thunderstruck. "In that case," I said, with dignity, as I strode from the room, "I am the only member of the Square Club."

Just as I was tying my necktie a few minutes before dinner, and reflecting that, through nervousness, want of leisure and even blighted affections might be got over, I, at least, had a reason that would preserve me from matrimony, Budell hurried into my room.

"Look here," he said, "I'm in a dudge of a box! Smithers is going to propose to Miss Maxwell, and, hang it, that's Edith!"

"What! You both in love with Miss Maxwell?"

"Yes, and that forward beast, Smithers, will be sure to propose right off; and I've never had a good opportunity."

"My dear Budell, you must make your opportunity. Do it to-night." "To-night! Why, it's dinner-time already; and after dinner we're to have those blessed tableaux vivants; and goodness knows what Smithers will do while I'm looking after the wretched affairs. And then, to-morrow, I've promised Carlyon to start for the east moor at 9 o'clock!"

I endeavored to comfort him by suggesting that possibly Miss Maxwell might refuse Smithers; but Budell shuddered at the possibility of being forestalled. He was palpably upset, and he looked nervous and anxious all dinner-time. The company generally attributed it to the theatrical responsibility, but they were wrong, Budell was too old a hand to be anxious about anything so simple as tableaux vivants. Smithers, on the other hand, had secured a seat beside Miss Maxwell, and seemed to be making himself vastly agreeable.

The tableaux began immediately after dinner, and they were a great success. Budell had skillfully arranged them, without attempting to make them into series, and music, supposed to be appropriate or to have reference to each tableau, was played while the curtain was up. Curiously enough in the second last tableau, Miss Maxwell, Smithers and Budell were to appear by themselves, and still more curiously the subject of it was "The Rivals." Where Budell had got it I don't know; probably in his inner consciousness. It was supposed to be a woodland scene in the paint-and-powder days. A young lady was discovered seated on a bank with a lover kneeling at her feet, and holding one of her hands. At a little distance, and unseen by either of the lovers, was a rival glancing from among the trees at the unsuspecting pair. The tableau was very effective. Miss Maxwell looked very charming in her costume, and Smithers glared splendidly. Budell's face it was impossible to see, for his back was turned to the audience. Up till now the performers had all managed to remain as rigid as statues, but in this tableau Miss Maxwell, who had already appeared several times, seemed to lose her nerve. The curtain had not been up a minute when she started, looked down at Budell, and at last, flushing crimson, fairly ran off the stage. However, the last tableau went off without a hitch, and the slight mistake did not affect the general verdict. An adjournment was made to have a dance in the hall, and I was standing idly looking on when Budell, once more in his usual garb, rushed up to me in a fever of excitement.

"By George, sir," he whispered, "congratulate me! I've done it; it's all right."

And he dragged me along with him from the hall into the empty library.

"What on earth do you mean, man?" I exclaimed. "What have you done?"

"I've proposed, sir, and I've been accepted."

I cordially congratulated him, and then I inquired: "How did you manage it—when did you find the time—and where the courage?"

"I'll tell you. I did it in that tableau. Under cover of music I told Edith that in all sober earnestness I was at her feet, not in jest alone; and I asked her to be my wife. That's why she ran away."

"No wonder!" I interjected. "Wasn't it splendid doing it under Smithers' very eyes? And then, of course, I saw Edith afterward in the little drawing-room; and she'll be here directly, whenever she has changed her costume."

"Well, I'm glad you've settled it; and I think Smithers was right when he said you would end by proposing in some extraordinary way. And it seems to me that it was decidedly embarrassing for Miss Maxwell."

Smithers married Edith Maxwell's sister eighteen months after the tableau.

A DRESDEN artist has made a watch entirely of paper, which keeps good time.

AMERICAN DRESS FABRICS.

Their Great Improvement of Late Years.

Fashion plays a more important part in the distribution of dress goods than in any former period in the history of the country. The two primary causes for this fact are, first, the increasing wealth of customers, enabling them to purchase costlier fabrics; and, second, the improved taste of the masses, growing out of the more-rapid communication between large cities, where fashion holds court and rural communities. The fashionable styles of ladies' costumes in metropolitan cities are soon copied and adopted in the interior towns and villages. Fashion plates have become almost as important as weekly price-lists of market quotations, and women are as eager to learn about the new shades and texture of dress fabrics as they are of their cost. To meet this improved taste in quality, as well as style, manufacturers are discarding old looms and substituting new machinery, with processes of finish and weave more in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age. The dress-goods industry has made rapid strides in the United States within the past ten years. Previous to that period silks, cashmeres, nun's veilings, buntings and all other dress goods, aside from worsted fabrics, were of foreign make. There were one or two silk-mills in operation, and a company organized and machine early started in the manufacture of silk-warp alpacas. In the manufacture of worsted dress goods there were three corporations whose fabrics had acquired popularity; the qualities, however, were of medium and low grades, and did not include the fine, all-wool or worsted goods. Fine fabrics, whether in silk, wool and worsted, as well as in chintzes, lawns, percales and ginghams, were all imported from abroad. Meantime, home manufacturers were not idle; they soon discerned the tendency of the masses for finer fabrics, and energetically went to work to meet this growing demand. Capital was speedily obtained, old mills refitted with the latest improved machinery, new factories built, and the best managers and designers to be found secured. In a short time American silks became popular, and now fables, shoddas, cashmeres, nun's veilings and buntings, which hitherto were so largely imported, are, to a considerable extent, supplied from home manufacture. The two greatest hinderances to the successful introduction of domestic dress goods—lack of color and finish—have been overcome, and in the manipulation of dyes, as well as in smoothness of texture, American fabrics will compare favorably with the best foreign goods. All the new shades of electric blue, terra cotta, crushed strawberry, cream bronze, and olive in dark as well as the most delicate tints, are reproduced with as much spirit and tone in color as those found in the finest imported fabrics. All the leading makes of cashmeres, nun's veilings, buntings and lace checks of domestic manufacture are sold up to production and values firmly maintained. This is sufficient proof of the great progress made in the dress-goods industry within the last decade.

Communal Sovereignty in the Colonies.

It is a matter of profound interest to observe that whatever may be the variations among these early settlements, we find everywhere the distinct traces of the old English village communities, which again are traced by Freeman and others to a Swiss or German origin. The founders of the first New England towns did not simply settle themselves upon the principle of "squatter sovereignty," each for himself; but they founded municipal organizations, based on a common control of the land. So systematically was this carried out that in an old town like Cambridge, Mass., for instance, it would be easy at this day, were all the early tax lists missing, to determine the comparative worldly condition of the different settlers simply by comparing the proportion which each had to maintain of the great "palladium" or paling which surrounded the little settlement. These amounts varied from seventy rods, in case of the richest, to two rods, in case of the poorest; and so well was the work done that the traces of the "fosse" about the paling still remain in the willow-trees on the play-ground of the Harvard students. These early settlers simply reproduced, with a few necessary modifications, those local institutions which had come to them from remote ancestors. The town paling, the town meeting, the town common, the town pound, the fence-viewers, the field drivers, the militia muster, even the tip-staves of the constables, are "survivals" of institutions older than the Norman conquest of England. Even the most matter-of-fact transactions of their daily life, as the transfer of land by giving a piece of turf, an instance of which occurred at Salem, Mass., in 1696, sometimes carries us back to usages absolutely medieval—in this case to the transfer "by turf and twig" so familiar to historians. All that the New England settlers added to their traditional institutions—and it was a great addition—was the system of common schools. Beyond New England the analogies with inherited custom are, according to Prof. Freeman, less clean and unmistakable; but Prof. Herbert B. Adams has lately shown that the Southern "parish" and "county," the Maryland "manors" and "court-leets," all represent the same inherited principle of communal sovereignty. All these traditional institutions are now being carefully studied, with promise of the most interesting results, by a rising school of historical students in the United States.—T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Magazine.

Sewer Grease.

Householders are frequently troubled with the grease that adheres to the sides of sewer pipes and sink drains, and would like to know how to remove it. A strong solution of concentrated lye will do the work thoroughly. The soap dirt, and grease that has accumulated will be dissolved and carried off. If one has wood ashes they can make their own lye. But concentrated lye which is put up in small cans can be had of the grocer. Put the lye in an iron kettle with water and boil till it is dissolved, when it is ready for use. The surplus can be kept in a stone jug or in a pitcher of earthen or glass. Do not put in tin or wood.

London Suburbs.

The suburbs of the metropolis, all of them full of historical and interesting associations, and most of them, within the memory of living men, full of historical mansions, are fast losing, within their fields and woods, the old and distinctive flavor. Kensington has long since been built over; there are no longer fields at Notting Hill; Shepherd's Bush, in whose thickets the foot-pads used to lie in wait for those who had escaped the highwaymen from Hounslow Heath, is a labyrinth of mean streets and "jerry-built" houses. On the south side London has spread itself out for fifteen miles across the Surrey hills; there is little left of the sweet rusticity of Dulwich; Clapham and Wimbledon have their commons still, but they are now great towns; Forest Hill has lost its forest, and Penge its hanging woods. On the west there are houses as far as Brentford, Kew and Richmond; on the east the old village of Stratford-on-the-Avon has become a great town of 60,000 inhabitants, and the leafy, little, secluded villages which stand upon the southern edge of Epping Forest are united by rows of mean, hideous, monotonous terraces and villas.

The way in which new suburbs spring up is like the dreams of a Western speculator whose imagination is let loose upon a plotting paper, and month after month the green fields and still villages become more distant from St. Paul's. The tavern which to-day stands in its own grounds, wrapped up in ivy and masses of flowers, where we may escape the noise of the city in rural privacy, may soon be transformed into a vulgar "public," serving pots of washy ale over the counter, and the bowers around it to be swept away to make room for shops and cottages.

At one outpost in London is an Elizabethan mansion—real Elizabethan and real mansion—which has a dignity and genuineness about its grandeur not common in these days of veneer and affectation in buildings and nomenclature. It has been the manor for generations, and up to last year it held a position of lofty isolation in its park, where the hawthorns and limes almost hid it from the outside world. But in twelve months it has become an anomaly. New homes, new shops and a railway have surrounded it. What was country a year ago is now an integral part of the city, and the old manor-house, with its glory unimpaired, has suddenly become an anachronism.—W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.

Hygienic Hints.

Dr. Cleanliness is the most competent and reliable of all physicians; his charges are lowest, the diet he prescribes the most wholesome, his medicines the most efficacious and his patients the longest lived. Consult him freely.

Do not keep a swill-barrel half filled with fermenting milk and corn cobs in the back kitchen. Far better have hogs enough to consume the kitchen and dairy refuse before it is a day old, or feed it to the cattle. Better bury it in the compost heap than have it standing around day after day, to draw flies and pollute the air of our homes.

For a home-made disinfectant dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be yet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disinfectant this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters and outhouses, and in this way prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

The pain of teething may almost be done away and the health of the child benefited by giving it very small bits of ice to melt in its mouth. Let the bit be so small that it will but a drop of warm water before it can be swallowed, and the child has all the coolness for its feverish gums without the slightest injury. The avidity with which the little things taste the cooling morsel, the instant quiet which succeeds hours of fretfulness, and the sleep which follows the relief, are the best witnesses to the magic remedy.

Sardines.

Nearly all the fish eaten in America as sardines come from Maine. They are small herring. Sometimes only a bushel or two are taken at a time, and at others so many as to endanger the net. The degree of dexterity with which they are cleaned is astonishing, especially as it is done by very young children. After this they are placed on large gridirons, and suspended over a hot fire to broil. The boxes are prepared with attractive French labels indicating olive oil, but this is false, as the oil is oakeness. The packing is another operation at which little people are expert. A fish is seized in each hand and laid lengthwise in the box, first a head at the outer end and then a tail. After the boxes are full a small quantity of oil is poured in, and then they are passed to men who solder them tightly. They are next thrown into an immense cauldron, where they are boiled two hours, thus completing the cooking process, and dissolving the bones of the fish. One of the establishments in Lubec prepares about 4,000 boxes daily, and there are nineteen such places in Eastport, beside many others at sea-port towns. The actual cost per box, including all expenses, is said to be five cents.

Why It Would Sound Better.

Little 5-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring that she could read a good deal better than Sabrina, who was 5 year old. "Well," questioned auntie, "wouldn't it sound better if somebody else said it?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would; I have such a bad cold I can't say any very well."—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR.

[From Carl Prentiss's Weekly.]

VERY intrusive—The stomach pump. THE belle of the ball—A target ball. A MELANCHOLY lover is usually a sigher.

A SALVATION army—Allopathic physicians. A CLOCK to its striker—"I need thee every hour."

It is not rank, nor birth, nor station that makes a man stand up to business, but a well-located bolus.

"All's well that ends well," as the carpenter remarked when he put the finishing touches on a well-curb.

How DOES a peacock, with brilliant tail plumage, resemble a story-writer? Both pride themselves upon their tales.

THE saloon man has lots of liberties. He can punch men and sling them, and even mash them, and no offense is given. He usually charges for it, but don't like to.

THE old adage, "Put not your trust in Kings," is exemplified when a royal flush or an ace-full in some other fellow's hand gets away with your three monarchs and the "boodle."

BREATHES there the man with sole so dead, Who never hath to shoe-shop fled? And there the careless maker d—d Of boots when in is left a peg To pierce your foot and lame a leg.

And then that Knight of Crispin lamed? In an old back-yard we buried that colt.

The summit of the "kid's" ambition is reached when his age entitles him to be placed in the big chair by the barber instead of upon the fool-real when he goes to the shop for a hair-cut.

Oh, don't I remember fleet Alice, the colt, Fleet Alice, whose hair was so brown? On whom I went "broke" when the 2-year-old cup.

She lost when her gambler broke down! In an old back-yard we buried that colt. In a corner obscure and alone: And no more was my cash in a steepish chase dash. Or in aught other races or "blown."

[From Chicago Check.]

BAD eggs are the "strong" voice of public sentiment. They speak louder than words. They carry conviction and effluvia with them.

THE fashion news from Paris is that in some of the new evening toilets for women the left shoulder is wholly bared. This is a big improvement over the exposition of the wish-bone.

MARRIAGE has recently made a Pennsylvania lady the mother-in-law of her brother, her daughter-in-law, being older than herself. Poor thing! what a responsibility she has escaped.

THE story is current that a 3-year-old child was carried away up in the air by toy balloons in North Carolina recently. This is not more probable than the woman that was carried away in this city by a blond mustache. Queer world.

ALL the deceit in this country is not confined to the women by a long range shot. Look at this: "The Discussion of a Family Scandal" was the subject advertised by a San Francisco clergyman. The house was crowded, and he talked about Adam and Eve.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES laughs at superstitious people, but he carries a horse-chestnut in his pocket as a protection against rheumatism. Oliver would laugh upon the other side of his mouth if he ever sits down upon that chestnut when it tickle like a cactus over sloughed with its ticklers from Tickleville.

Old London Taverns.

If coziness is needed as a condition under which authors gain most inspiration, such an abundance of that luxury has been bestowed upon them, in one direction, ever since the time of Shakespeare, that, whatever hardships they may have endured in private life, they have had little cause to complain of their public "entertainment." So closely, indeed, have the old coffee-houses, inns, and taverns in London become associated with the names of men of letters, so endless are the anecdotes told of these eccentric people, of their sayings and doings, their witticisms and their epigrams, which have reached us from these snug retreats, that no biography of a literary man of any note who has lived any time during the last 300 years, would be complete without some reference to more than one old city tavern. They were the "houses of old" for those who had a fund of learning, and were eager to exchange ideas. The surroundings were eminently characteristic of men who placed erudition before every other "circumstance" by which our lives are governed. Here they could "feast" over each other's words, and serve them up rechauffe with a bowl of punch. The floors were sanded, the pipes were of clay, and the seats were wooden high-backed benches. This may not be the modern notion of comfort; but to men so conservative by nature, a warm room and a curtained compartment, where Shakespeare and Ben Johnson had sat in seats of honor, was an ample compensation for the absence of showiness and ease; and the gloom and mystery of the courts and alleys in which these old taverns were invariably found, was perhaps the secret of their attraction to men of a thoughtful and retiring disposition. New faces were seldom seen; it was a sort of club life, in which the choice of companionship was made in the manner naturally adopted by "birds of a feather," flocking in taverns, as in trees.

NUMEROUS burglaries go undetected in Sing Sing, N. Y., and the Detroit Free Press moralizes: The man who swims where sharks are in the habit of swimming, the mouse which jumps upon the cat's back are supposed to be types of recklessness and pluck. But the burglar who plies his trade in a State's prison evidently doesn't think himself in danger on that account.

AN Arabic manuscript, dating from the latter half of the fourteenth century (1365), conveys the curious information that the merchant vessels trading at that time in the Indian ocean carried four divers, whose duties were solely to discover and stop leaks in the hull of the craft below the water line. Sound of the trickling water indicated the points of danger.

THEY most enjoy the world who least admire.—Young.