

THE TRAIN-BOY.

"Mid the rattling of the train,
And the locomotive's noise,
Like a patient ear-tender,
Comes the train-boy's voice:
And while making equities and wriggles,
He doth haterally rejoice.

He will nudge you with his elbows,
And he'll tread upon your corn
With his big high-pressure boot-toes
Till of syncope you're shorn.
And you was profane, and sorrow
That you ever had been born.

With caramels he'll pelt you,
Then his cough-drops substitute;
And he'll inundate your trousers
With his invalided fruit,
Till he's ready to uncover
The freckled-patched cheroot.

He'll parade his water-lilies,
That were gathered in the spring:
Then a choice job lot of yellow-
Covered literature he'll bring,
And these ancient publications
In your lap he'll delftly fling.

Magazines he'll shower upon you,
Daily journals he'll pour,
With his travel guide-books printed,
Quite a dozen years ago;
And the self-same lot he's vended
Heaven knows how oft before.

You may sleep, or swear, or threaten,
You may ever get employ
To witness his persecutions,
And their ludicrous alloy:
But not a continental
Cares the wild, untamed train-boy.

—Commercial Travelers' Magazine.

PROVIDENTIAL PIGS.

"Oh, missus, missus! Somefin's
done happened."

Blank horror and dismay were de-
picted upon the face of my small
African, as she stood upon my threshold
with upraised hands and eyeballs that
seemed starting from their sockets.
Her pause was one of preparation, for
with the innate consideration of her
race she sought to break the news
gently to me, but the burden of it was
too great for her, and with the next
breath she exclaimed:

"Dem pigs done chawed up Miss
Lyddy's widdin' gown!"

"Glory," I exclaimed (she had been
piously christened Gloriana), "Glory,
how did it happen?"

"Dunno!" said Glory. "Pears to me
dem pigs got Satan in 'em. Guess
dey" "scended from de ole lot what run
down a deep place into the sea. I'll go
an' fetch ye a piece."

She sped out and instantly returned
with a tattered shred of India mull that
had once been white, and still bore
some resemblance to a gown. Poor
Miss Lyddy! This was all that re-
mained of her dream of wedding
splendors. It was too pitiful! I felt
at once that the bonds of good neigh-
borhood had been irretrievably broken,
and that Maj. Hawthorne must be
made aware of this last and worst de-
gradation of his unseemly pigs.

But who would break the news to
Miss Lyddy?

"Glory," said I; "where is she?"

"Gone over to de buryin' place ob
her ancestors," answered Glory.

Poor, faithful soul! even in those last
days of her maidenhood, with the
vague terrors of matrimony and the
still more appalling responsibility of
unsaved heathen souls hanging over
her, she did not forget the ancestors.

Long lines of Ludkines lay buried in
little sunken hillocks in the family bury-
ing-place, which lay just in sight of her
sitting-room window. She herself was
the last her race, and until within three
weeks it had seemed that the only fate
which awaited her was to live out her
little span under the ancestral roof-
tree, and then take her place in the silent
ranks of those who had gone before.

But a change had come. It came in
the person of a returned missionary from
the Micronesian Islands, who had buried
the first and second partners of his
joys and sorrows somewhere under the
palm trees of those tropical lands and
had come back to the scenes of his
youth to reclaim his health, serve his
cause, and look up partner No. 3. He
met Miss Lyddy at woman's mission-
ary meeting. He called the next after-
noon and was invited to stay to tea. He
accepted the invitation, and next morn-
ing Miss Lyddy came into my room—
for I, too, domiciled under the Lud-
kins roof-tree, for a consideration—and
"with much hesitation and many faint
and delicate blushes, informed me that
she had promised to share the future
lot of the Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom,
to take care of his six children, and to
support him in his arduous labors
among the heathen of the Micronesian
Islands.

I was struck dumb with amazement.
"Miss Lyddy," I said at length, "have
you duly considered this project?"

Her thin figure quivered, and her
white face, that had yet a delicate re-
membrance of youth in it, grew tender
with feeling.

"Yes," she said; "I think I have. I
have always had a presentiment that I
should marry a minister or a mission-
ary." Admirable and prophetic faith!

"And Mr. Applebloom says he knew
the moment he set eyes upon me that I
was ordained to be his wife; so you see
it is not the surprise to either of us
that it is likely to be to our friends."

I knew that her mind was fully made
up. I demurred no longer, but lent
myself at once to discussion of the
wedding, which I plainly saw was what
Miss Lyddy desired of me.

"You will be married in church, I
suppose?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Lyddy, with
gentle decision. "I am the last of the
Ludkines. All the Ludkines have
been married at home. I will go out
from under my own roof-tree. If I
must seem to forsake the ancestors,"
she panted to regulate a little choking
in her throat, "I will at least not for-
sake their traditions. I shall leave a
little money with the Parish Clerk,
that he may see that the graves of my
dead are kept in proper order, as I al-
ways have loved to keep them; but I
shall at least go as a Ludkins should.
It is my desire to be married in my
grandmother's wedding gown."

Miss Lyddy's voice trembled, and
there was a humidity in her eyes, at
which I did not wonder, for it was much
like a funeral, after all.

"I thought, perhaps," went on Miss
Lyddy, "if I brought the venerated relic
to you, you would tell me if anything
were necessary to be done to fit it to
me. I don't care for the fashions, you
know, and my grandmother, as I re-
member her, was about my height,
but still, you know—something—some
changes might be advisable."

"Certainly," I said, "do bring it to
me. I should so like to see it."

"It is sprigged India (she called it
Ingy) mull. My grandfather, Capt.
Simon Ludkins, brought it home from
over the seas. I'll bring it."

Like some pale and gentle ghost she
rose then and went to the bureau
drawer and unwound from rolls of
linen that smelt of lavender, the frail
relic of Mrs. Capt. Simon Ludkins'
wedding state. It was fine embroidered
mull, the undoubted product of Indian
looms.

"It's lovely," I said, "and so well kept
that it will be just the thing for you.
Will you try it on? We can tell then
just what it needs."

Miss Lyddy proceeded to disrobe her-
self and put on the spider-net gown.
As she did so the changes in fashion's
mandates became only too evident. It
had no waist to speak of, and just a
little lace-trimmed puff for sleeves.
Miss Lyddy was evidently surprised.
She had not thought of this. I knew
well what the troubled look upon her
face meant, and I pitied her maiden
sensibilities. Could it be possible that
her grandmother, Mrs. Capt. Simon
Ludkins, had ever worn such a gown as
this? She said not a word that could
indicate the depth of her mortification,
but her face was a study for an artist.

"There must be sleeves," she mur-
mured, after a few moments of silent
and embarrassed contemplation.

"Yes," I replied, cheerfully as my
constrained gravity would allow. "And
you might have a fichu and a flounce on
the bottom."

She looked down. She had not be-
fore realized that the skirt of the ven-
erated relic lacked a full quarter of a
yard of touching the floor.

"However could they!" she ejaculated
in an undertone. But she quickly re-
covered herself, and looked up to me
cheerfully over her spectacles.

"How ingenious you are!" she said,
with an air of sweet relief. "I knew
you would help me out."

We went out together and bought
the requisite mull that day, but when
we came to put it beside the "venerated
relic" of Mrs. Captain Ludkins it was
evident that time had so enriched the
color of the latter that the two were
most unfortunately unlike.

"We can lay it out on the grass," I
said; "these June days are just the
thing for it, and as it will be evening,
nobody will in the least notice."

Again Miss Lyddy smiled gratefully,
and declared that my suggestion should
be carried out.

The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom—"A
lovely name, don't you think so?" said
Miss Lyddy, and she blushed and
smiled like a school-girl in her teens—
had but a short furlough, and the mar-
riage was to transpire next week, so
the relic was put out to bleach forth-
with. It had already been put upon
the grass three days and nights, and
had been religiously watered by Miss
Lyddy at morn and noon and dewy
eve, and the next day it was to be taken
up early and put into the dressmaker's
hands for the necessary alterations,
when the dreadful event occurred with
which this narrative opens.

"Glory," I said, "do you keep watch
for Miss Lyddy when she returns. Say
nothing about what has happened
unless she misses the gown from the
grass. In that case tell her that I
thought it was bleached enough and
took it up to dry, and you don't know
where I have put it. I am going out
now, but if she asks where, tell her you
don't know."

Glory was faithful, and had beside
the natural craft of her race, and I
knew that she could be trusted. As
for me, I swiftly donned my bonnet
and set out to find Maj. Hawthorne.

It was a bright June evening, and
my walk through the meadow and the
grove that skirted Hawthorne-dean
would have been a more delightful one
had I had borne a mind more at ease.

The Major was a gentleman by birth,
but he lived out his fifty bachelor years
in a gay and careless way that had
seemed to set the gentler part of his
creation at defiance in the lifetime of
his parents. Hawthorne-dean had been
a beautiful estate. It still retained
many marks of wealth and cultivated
ownership, but it was sadly run down,
as the home of a bachelor is apt to be.

The grove, which had once been the
pride of the place, was grown up with
brush now, and the sere leaves of many
summer's growth rustled under my feet
as I walked through it. At one point,
coming suddenly under a thick clump
of undergrowth, I heard a chorus of
tiny snorts and the scampering of
numberless hoofs, and I knew that I
had invaded a haunt of the Major's last
agricultural freak, the very brood of
Berkshire pigs that were the source of
all my borrowed woes. Away they
scampered, their snouts well raised in
the air, and each with a curl in his tail
that seemed too ornamental to be
wholly the product of nature and to
justify the village rumor that the
Major's own man put those tails in curl-
papers every night. They had the air
of spoiled children, every one, and
were evidently the Major's pets. But
that didn't matter; they had ruined
Miss Lyddy's wedding-gown, to say
nothing of other aggravating exploits
which do not belong to this story, and
I was determined to have satisfaction
out of their owner.

I found the Major sitting on his
piazza, with an after-dinner look upon
his handsome good-humored face. He
rose to greet me with an air of old-
school politeness, dashed with a faint
wonder that I, a woman, should have
had the hardihood to approach a place
so little frequented by women.

"Good evening, Miss Grace. I am
happy to see you. In what can I have
the honor to serve you?"

He had read my face, and knew that
I had come on a mission.

"Maj. Hawthorne," I said, paying
no attention to his offer of a chair, "I
have come on a very painful errand."

"Sit down, madam," said the Major,
politely. "I cannot possibly permit a
lady to stand on my piazza. I ought,
perhaps, to ask you to walk in, but it is
rather stuffy inside this evening."

"No," I said, "I will sit here, if you
please." To tell the truth, indoors, as I
re-entered through the windows, had not
the most inviting look, and I was glad to
compromise.

"You have, no doubt, heard"—

plunging in medias res—"that Miss
Lydia Ludkins is about to be mar-
ried?"

"Married! Miss Lydia! No! Hadn't
heard a word of it," said the Major, in
genuine amazement. "Who is the for-
tunate man, pray?"

"The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, a
missionary to the Micronesian Islands,
who has come home to recruit his
health and find a wife."

"I know him," said the Major. "Saw
him down at the station—a long, lean,
lank individual—just fit for his voca-
tion; no temptation whatever to can-
nibals! But what the deuce is he going
to do with Miss Lydia? What will
Balaam's Corners do without her?"

"Balaam's Corners must do the best
it can," I said; "I fear a little sharply—
for my mind was still in a most aggres-
sive state toward the Major."

"They are to be married next week,
and—"

"What will become of the 'ancestors-
tors'?" interpolated the Major, in whom
surprise seemed to have gotten the
better of habitual politeness.

"Oh, she has made arrangements
with Mr. Crow about that."

"Just like her. Dear, faithful girl."
The Major had all his life loved all
the sex—not one—and I was not to be
beguiled by this show of feeling.

"She had set her heart upon being
married in her grandmother's wedding-
gown."

"Old Mrs. Capt. Simon? I remem-
ber her well. A mighty fine woman.
She never would have gone to the ends
of the earth with a missionary. It's
the craziest scheme I ever heard of."

I began to fear I should never get to
my errand.

"It was put out on the grass to bleach,
being a little yellow with age. It was
a lovely embroidered India muslin that
the old Captain brought home from
India himself."

"How well I remember him in my
boyhood! A jolly old soul! A grand-
daughter of his go off to the Cannibal
Islands to be eaten up by savages. I
won't have it!"

"Her heart is set upon going," I con-
tinued. "The wedding-gown was put
out to bleach, and this very afternoon
those little Berkshire pigs of yours—
they are a nuisance to the whole neigh-
borhood, Major—trampled and rooted
it to pieces, so that it is utterly ruined."

"Little black rascals!" said the Major,
with a chuckle behind his neckcloth.

"And I have come, without her
knowledge, to tell you of it, because I
was sure that, under the circumstances,
a gentleman of your breeding would
feel in honor bound to make some
reparation to Miss Lyddy."

The Major mused and looked at his
boot for a moment in silence.

"Miss Grace," he said, at length, "I
thank you for the service you have
rendered me in this matter. Will you
have the goodness to say to Miss Lud-
kins, with my compliments, that I shall
do myself the honor to wait upon her
to-morrow at 10 o'clock to adjust this
unfortunate matter? I beg, in the
meantime, that she will give herself as
little solicitude; for, though I cannot
restore the ancient and venerated dry
goods, I will do the best that is possible
under the circumstances to make the
loss good."

He bowed over my hand, and the au-
dience was evidently concluded. Was
I satisfied? No, indeed. What woman
would not have felt wronged to be left,
at the end of a mission of disinterested
benevolence, in such a state of doubt
and uncertainty as this? But I was
obliged to go home, nevertheless, and
wait as patiently as I could for the
stroke of 10 next morning.

Glory had been in hearing when the
message had been delivered to Miss
Lyddy, and she, too, was on the watch.
At last she scudded in from the hedge,
her ivory all-a-glisten and her eyes
wide open and full of a rather incompre-
hensible mirth.

"He's a-comin'," she said, "and such
a sight!"

At that minute the gate clicked, and
up the walk strode, indeed, a most as-
tonishing figure. The Major had got
himself up into a continental suit,
which he must have fished out of the
unknown depths of the ancient attics of
Hawthorne-dean—black velvet coat, with
lace ruffles at the wrist, knee-breeches,
white satin waistcoat, slippers with
shoe-buckles, powdered wig and cocked
hat. He was six feet tall, portly and
well formed, and he looked every inch
a signer of the Declaration at the very
least. He was followed by his colored
man, who carried a large brown-paper
parcel.

"He's come a-courtin' missus," said
Glory; "ye can see it in his face."

I had not the instinct of Glory, and
doubted; but what his errand was I was
dying to know.

But he disappeared into Miss Lyddy's
parlor, and I was left outside to temper
my impatience as best I could. Presen-
tly Glory entered on tiptoe.

"Missus, missus," she whispered, "do
do's swing open jes' de less crack, an'
it's jes' opposite the big mirror; an' if
ye come out here in the hall ye can see
it all in the mirror as plain as day, an'
it's a heap better'n a play."

It was a temptation, but believe me,
dear reader, I resisted it. Only as
Glory ran back to her peeping I fol-
lowed to pull her away, and send her
out of doors—that was simply my duty
—and there he was, full on his knees
before her, and she with that rapt,
seraphic look upon her face which no
woman ever wears except on the most
vitaly interesting occasion. But,
Glory disposed of, I went back to my
sewing, and waited as best I could the
conclusion of the momentous inter-
view. The Major came out at length,
as smiling as a May morning, leaving
the brown paper parcel behind him.

It was very still in Miss Lyddy's
room for a quarter of an hour, and then
she, too, emerged from her retreat.
Spread over her hands was a gown of
cream-colored brocade, embellished with
the loveliest roses in full bloom, with
blue forget-me-not trailing here and
there among them. It had an ample
waist, elbow-sleeves, and a train a yard
and a half long.

"My dear Grace," said she, "the Ma-
jor has brought me his mother's wed-
ding-gown to be married in."

"It is beautiful," I said; "but who is
to be the bridegroom?"

She smiled as angels do, and looked

afar; a delicate flutter of pink hung
out in her cheek to deprecate her re-
creancy, as she whispered in a tone of
gentle but consummate triumph: "The
Major himself! Didn't he look grand
in his knee-breeches?"

"And Mr. Applebloom?"

"Maj. Hawthorne will adjust that
matter."

"That matter, indeed?" She spoke
as though it were already as remote
from her as the pyramids.

"I congratulate you, Miss Lydia," I
said, growing formal, for she had be-
haved shamefully.

"Don't blame me," she murmured.
"Maj. Hawthorne declares he has loved
me since I was a child, but never
thought himself worthy of me, the gay
deceiver; and Mr. Applebloom, you
know, is only the acquaintance of a
day."

I wanted to ask her how she had dis-
posed of her presentment, but I did not
dare.

Maj. Hawthorne subscribed \$50 to
the Micronesian mission, and sent Mr.
Applebloom elsewhere to look for a
wife, and the verdict of Balaam's Cor-
ners was that he had done the hand-
some thing.

"Fore goodness!" said Glory, "of
dare weren't a clar relation between
dem pigs an' Providence, den I don't
know nothin'."

Miss Lydia took the same pious view
of the matter, and made the Major the
most dainty and dignified of wives.

Increase of Insanity.

One of the most recondit subjects
which have puzzled the modern sci-
entist as well as medical man is the in-
crease of insanity.

It has been noted in Massachusetts
that as asylums for the insane are
multiplied more than enough inmates
are found for them. From this it is
now argued by many that insanity
grows in proportion to the increase in
the means for its treatment.

Long since, Malthus asserted that
founding hospitals and poor-houses
only promote the evils which they
are created to subdue. Indeed, since his
day, in many countries society has
acted to a considerable extent upon the
theory of Malthus.

In England and Ireland founding
hospitals are not as distinct features of
the present civilization as they for-
merly were, while many distinguished
French writers are of the opinion that
the founding hospitals of Paris are
made to pander to some of the grossest
vices of that city.

It is a puzzle at the present day how
it was that Rome was able to do with-
out either poor-houses, founding hos-
pitals or insane asylums.

As respects insanity, the fact that
among the ancients it was looked upon
as a species of inspiration, and thus
that the insane were under special
divine protection, may help to account
for the absence of institutions for their
proper care apart from their families
and friends.

However this may be, the fact re-
mains that the growth of insanity in
modern times is much greater propor-
tionally than the growth of population.

Another important fact is that in
countries in which life is more energetic
and active, and even in which education
receives its highest comparative de-
velopment, insanity will be found to be
most abnormally developed.

Thus the relative frequency of con-
genital and acquired insanity in various
countries is shown in the following
table, taken from Koch's "Statistics of
Insanity" in Wurtemberg, which gives
the number of idiots to 100 lunatics:

Another important fact is that in countries in which life is more energetic and active, and even in which education receives its highest comparative de-

From this table it will appear that
the tendency to congenital insanity is
greatest in those countries in which
existence is most strained and in which
at the same time education is carried
to the very highest possible plane.—
Chicago Daily News.

"At Your Disposition."

Spanish courtesy is extravagant in
its expression. If you are a guest at a
Spaniard's house, and admire anything,
the polite host at once says, with a bow,
"It is at your disposition." But you
are expected to decline it. The author
of "Spain in Profile," tells an amusing
story of an American Admiral, which
grew out of this custom:

The Admiral had just arrived with
the fleet at one of the Mediterranean
ports, and a hospitable Spaniard, learn-
ing of his arrival, sent him an invita-
tion to dinner, which was accepted with
Jonathanian readiness.

Dinner over, the party adjourned to
the drawing-room, where Admiral Jona-
than, after the fashion of his country,
began to admire first one thing and
then another, especially one object of
great beauty and costliness, thinking
all the while merely to compliment his
host on his taste.

"It is at the disposition of your
Grace," replied the courteous host.
Stares, polite excuses, refusals, apolo-
gies, proved vain; the object was packed
up and sent to the Admiral's ship, who,
happy in the possession of a rare work
of art, took no thought for the morrow
—when the Spaniard sent for it!

This empty phrase, "At the disposi-
tion of your Grace," is all that survives
of a once princely custom. One of the
Spanish Kings gave Charles I. the
jewel of his picture-gallery because he
had carelessly admired it.

A Terrible Sameness.

A young student of the law was de-
votedly, although perhaps not as intel-
ligently, poring over Blackstone, and
at the close of each day's labor he would
carefully insert a bookmark at the page
he had last finished. His fellow stu-
dents as regularly each day removed
the marker, placing it at about the point
where he had begun. It was only after
the young student had completed his
fourteenth reading of the same pages
that some one ventured to inquire how
he liked Blackstone. "I can't exactly
say that I liked it," replied he; "there
is such a terrible sameness to it."

LONDON contains 100,000 Jews and
the finest Hebrew library in the world.

Royal Children.

Ordinary children who envy the lot
of Princes and Princesses may console
themselves with the reflection that
these favored young mortals have a
terrible number of things to learn.
The curriculum of a Prince's studies
would dismay any public-school boy.
Very little time is left him for play,
and still less for that solitary loafing
about and meditation in which most
boys delight. If he disappeared for a
couple of hours to go on some frolic-
some expedition by himself, he would
arouse an alarm throughout the palace
where he resided, and possibly cause
his governor or tutor to be dismissed.

The late Prince Imperial of France,
when he was 10 years old, once
walked out of the Tuileries for a ram-
ble in the streets, having been seized
suddenly with an irresistible tempta-
tion to go and join some boys whom he
had seen snow-balling. He returned
after an absence of four hours, but in
the meantime a hundred detectives had
been scouring Paris for him, and he
found his parents almost frantic with
terror. The little King of Rome, Na-
poleon I's son, once wanted to play
truant in the same way, but was
checked in time. He then declared,
with much weeping, that he wanted to
go and make mud-pies with some dirty
boys who were playing on one of the
quays of the Seine.

Napoleon III's heir was also sorely
teased by a couple of most accom-
plished but too earnest tutors, Gen.
Frossard and M. Monnier. One day
he had been sent out to see a regatta
on the Seine. "Well, what have you
been doing?" said his father when he
returned home. "Oh, we have been
talking of triremes, said the boy, wear-
ily, "and I have heard the story of
Dulius over again." The Prince Im-
perial, however, was quite intelligent
enough to understand that in these days
the heir apparent to a throne must not
be a dunce, and he was perhaps one of
the most amiable pupils any court tutor
ever had.

It is a custom in the Prussian royal
family that every Prince shall be ap-
prenticed to a trade, in order that he
might be able to earn his living in case
of a revolution. The present Crown
Prince was taught watchmaking, but
whether he could obtain the wages of a
skilled journeyman, at his father's
crown failed him, is another question.

During the French Revolution the
Duke of Orleans, who afterward be-
came "King of the French," by the
title of Louis Philippe, had for a time
to earn his living as a schoolmaster in
Switzerland.

If only a little occasional jollity were
allowed to relieve the tedium of these
lessons, the lot of a young Prince might
still be regarded as a pleasant one; but,
by all accounts, it seems that some of
the German Princes are brought up
with a military strictness that would
have commended itself to the approval
of a Spartan. The King of Bavaria
when Crown Prince was made to live
on beef and mutton, and his ration of
the latter food was never allowed to
exceed one mutton chop. It is related
that on the day when he became King,
his first act of royal prerogative was to
say to his equerry: "I mean to have
two chops this morning!"—*Lutheran.*