

## THE ORCHARD AND THE HEATH.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I chanced upon an early walk to spy  
A troop of children through an orchard gate;  
The boughs hung low, the grass was high;  
They had but to life hands or wait  
For fruit to fill them; fruits were all their sky.

They shouted, running on from tree to tree,  
And played the game the wind plays, on and  
round.  
"Twas visible, invisible,  
Furrowing, and a fountain's sound  
Of laughter spouted, pasturing fresh on me.

I could have watched them till the daylight fled,  
Their pretty bower was to such a light of day.  
A small one tumbling sang, "Oh, head!"  
The rest to comfort her straightway  
Seized on a branch and thumped down apples  
red.

The tiny creatures flashing through green grass,  
And laughing with her feet and eyes among  
Fresh apples, while a little lass  
Over as o'er breeze-ripples hung;  
That slight I saw, and passed as aliens pass.

My footpath left the pleasant farms and lanes,  
Soft cottage-smoke, straight crows a-crow, gay  
flowers;  
Beyond the wheel-ruts of the wains,  
Across a heath I walked for hours,  
And met its rival tenants, rays and rains.

Still in my view the distant fir appeared.  
When, under a patched channel-bank enriched  
With foxglove whose late-blossoms drooped seared,  
Behold, a family had pitched  
Their camp, and laboring the low tent appeared.

Here, too, were many children, quick to scan  
A new thing coming; swartly cheeks, white  
teeth.  
In many-colored rags they ran,  
Like iron runlets of the heath,  
Dispersed far brot-pots, sticks, and drinking-  
can.

Three girls, with shoulders like a boat at sea  
Tipped sideways by her feet and the iridescent slud  
From either side unequal;  
Lean, swift and yoblike, bestrid  
A starting-point, unfrocked to the bent knees.

They raced; their brothers yelled them on, and  
broke  
In act to follow, but as one they snuffed  
Wood-tunes, and by the fire that spoke  
Of provender, its pale flames purred,  
And rolled athwart dwarf fuzes grey-blue  
smoke.

Soon on the dark edge of a ruddier gleam  
The mother-pot nursing, all stretched flat,  
Paused for its bubbling-up supreme;  
A dog upright in dirt sat,  
And out his nose went with the flying steam.

I turned and looked on heaven awhile, where  
now  
The moon-faced sunset, broadened with red  
light,  
Threw high aloft a golden bough,  
And seemed the dearest of the night  
Far down with mellow oraculars to endow.  
—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## HER LAST CONFESSION.

BY G. P. LATHROP.

A mill without water, wind or steam  
to drive it—what a curious thing!  
Yet, there it stood, and had stood for  
many a year, and no one could tell the  
reason, though you could not fail to see  
that there must be some story belong-  
ing to the place.

Strangers coming to Nantucket some-  
times asked about it, but a l they could  
find out was, that one day long ago the  
dam of the mill-pond had given way,  
the water had all gone out with a rush,  
and the stream was scattered in new  
channels or was lost in the sandy soil.

The loss came upon old Humphrey  
Gurton, the miller, at a time when he  
could not afford to rebuild. He was  
therefore a ruined man. People said  
that his loss made him crazy, for he  
used to declare that the water could  
never have escaped if some one had not  
opened the waste-pipe in the dam; and  
he vowed vengeance against the person  
who had ruined him out of mere mis-  
chief.

Finally the idea worked upon him so  
that he used to go about the streets  
with a pistol in his hand.

"Looking for my unknown enemy,"  
he said.

The town-people were easy-going, and  
since Gurton had always been one of  
the kindest men alive, and never had  
an enemy in the place, they didn't  
dream of harm coming from his threats.

But one day, about four years after  
the accident, he met John Bartow, and  
in a sudden fury shot him dead.

"He was the man that did it!" cried  
old Humphrey, with insane satisfaction.  
"Bartow is the enemy I have been look-  
ing for. I told you I would kill him  
when I found him, and now I've done  
it."

When this tragedy occurred, every-  
body saw that Gurton had become a  
maniac past cure, for Bartow was one  
of his best friends, and, in fact, Bartow's  
daughter, Nelly, then 16, was engaged  
to marry old Humphrey's son Will, one  
of the finest fellows on the island.

The poor miller was carried away to  
the mainland, to an asylum for the in-  
sane, and there he died.

A great change had come over Nelly  
since the miller's ruin. She was only a  
girl of 15 at the time; but she and Will  
Gurton had even then promised to  
marry each other when they should  
grow up.

The engagement was not broken,  
though Will came to her when he found  
his father was ruined, and told her that  
she would have to marry a poor man if  
she took him now.

"Still," he said, "I am only 18, and if  
you will be true to me when we are  
older, Nelly, I may get to be well off  
by the time we are married. Only I  
must go as a sailor, now, for father has  
no business for me, as he expected to have.  
I must trust to the sea, and work my  
own way up."

"Oh, Will," said the girl, weeping.  
"You know I shall love you always,  
and it doesn't make any difference about  
the mill. And I shall keep my promise,  
if you still want me. But I am not  
good enough. No, Will, I am not good  
enough."

At this the young boy grew a little  
angry. "Never say that again, Nelly,"  
he commanded her. "I don't know  
what you mean when you call yourself  
not good enough!"

But they soon came to an understand-  
ing again, and Will kissed her, and  
Nelly tried to look bright once more,  
and the promise was renewed.

The two children had already con-  
fided this promise to their parents, and  
though it was looked upon as prema-  
ture, it had received their approval.

But the change in Nelly, of which I  
have spoken, was this, that, while be-  
fore she had been one of the merriest,  
comping girls in the town, always full  
of fun and trickiness, she now became  
very serious and almost melancholy.

"Why, cheer up, Nelly," her father  
would often say to her. "What is my  
little girl thinking about? Has any one  
done ought to hurt you?"

"No, father," Nelly would answer,  
very briefly. And then she would go

away, as if to avoid being questioned.

When she grew older, Mr. Bartow  
thought perhaps she was grieving  
about Will, seeing how the childish  
attachment was ripening into womanly  
love.

"I know it is hard," he once said to  
her, "to think how different Will's lot  
would have been if he had had the mill;  
but don't fix your mind on that, my  
child. You have got a brave fellow, and  
he is sure to do well for you."

"But I never wanted him to go to sea,  
you know, father. And now it is com-  
ing like a fate. He's going away like  
all the other boys."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bartow, who had  
served many years on the whale ships  
and rather despised land employment.  
"In my time the girls would not have a  
lover at all who had not toughened his  
hands on the ropes for one voyage, at  
least. Don't pout over that."

Nelly agreed to try being braver; but  
her pensiveness did not diminish, and  
her father began to suspect that there  
was some cause for it which she had not  
revealed.

And then came the terrible day when  
he was murdered by the poor, crazed  
miller.

After that, no one wasted any wonder  
over that melancholy expression which  
was gradually becoming indelible upon  
Nelly's face. Her future husband's  
father had fallen a prey to disaster and  
died in madness, while her own father  
had been cut off in his hale vigor by  
that very hand which should have  
welcomed her as a daughter. Were not  
these events enough to have wrought a  
revolution in her character?

She was terribly overwhelmed when  
her father was brought home, after the  
shooting.

Those who saw her related that her  
grief was almost too awful even to  
speak of afterward. She seemed to  
consider herself the cause of the cala-  
mity.

"Oh, I wish I had never been born!"  
she cried. "But for me these griefs  
would never have come to us all. My  
poor, poor father—he wondered so  
what made me sad, and I never told  
him; and I felt something dreadful  
coming—but how could I tell it was to  
be this?"

"Hush!" said one of her friends. "It  
is wrong to talk so, as if you could  
make or prevent what Providence has  
appointed."

"But I am doomed, I am doomed,"  
moaned Nelly. "And all who are near-  
est to me are being visited with my  
doom."

"How do you mean?" asked her  
friend, bewildered.

Then Nelly became quiet at once.  
She set herself to care for her mother,  
and never again gave any outward sign  
of her own dreadful suffering; and she  
showed such dread when any reference  
was made to that one outbreak of wild  
grief, that her friends learned not to  
speak of it again.

She was so devoted to her stricken  
mother, that every one pointed her out  
as a pattern to their children, and poor  
Mrs. Bartow often said to her that  
without her she should not have been  
able to live a week.

"How different you are, Nelly," she  
would say, "from the thoughtless, fun-  
loving little thing you used to be. I  
never thought you would be such a  
comfort and stay to me."

"Oh, mother," begged Nelly, "don't  
praise me for that. I don't deserve to  
have you think so much of me. I ought  
to have been better than I am. I can't  
bear to have you call me good!"

When she spoke thus it only made  
her seem all the better for her modesty.  
But in spite of her tender care, the  
widow gradually fell into a decline, and  
at length she, too, passed away.

This was while Will was absent on  
his first cruise.

At first, when Mr. Bartow was killed,  
the gossips had decided that it would  
be unnatural for Nelly Bartow and  
Will Gurton to become man and wife.  
But the two young people in question  
decided otherwise. Their love was the  
one bright thing left to them in the  
midst of the gloom that was gathering  
over their lives, and they clung to it  
faithfully. So when Will came home  
and found Nelly left alone in the world,  
they were married at once.

They lived in the old mill by the  
grassy hollow, that now occupied the  
place of the pond. Around it some  
shabby poplars grew, from behind  
which the queer, antique houses, stand-  
ing at various angles, peered out in a  
dazed kind of a way, as if they had  
never got over the joke, or the surprise,  
of having the little stretch of water  
suddenly vanish from before them.

Nelly, also, had never gotten over  
the shock of that event and all the changes  
which followed it. But she tried to be  
cheerful, for Will's sake, and he was  
proud of his wife. Yet Nelly's mis-  
fortunes were not over; for, on his second  
cruise, Will's ship was wrecked and he  
was lost with a number of the crew.

She never would marry again, and so  
she was left to live, without children,  
utterly alone in the old mill.

She shunned all companionship, for she  
had a secret in her heart which was a  
very exacting companion and drove out  
everything else.

By-and-by, as she grew old, she was  
so peculiar that few persons attempted  
to have anything to do with her.

She became very poor, but when  
charitable towns-people went and offered  
her help she repulsed them, saying, al-  
most fiercely:

"What have I to do with you? You  
are not witches, and don't you know I  
am an old witch and have brought sor-  
row and suffering on all who have had  
to do with me? Leave me alone."

So the children got to be afraid of  
her. But, as is often the case, they  
tried to show that they weren't afraid,  
by making fun of her and teasing her.  
They would go to her house and knock  
on the windows and door, and hide  
when she came out; or else they would  
fasten the door on the outside, and  
throw things in at the open window, to  
plague her.

Peggy Winslow, who was a leader  
in these adventures, one day conceived  
the idea of placing some flowers, which  
she had filled with red pepper, on the  
top of the door, so that they would fall  
down on old Dame Gurton (as Nelly  
was now called) when she came out,  
and half choke her with sneezing.

Peggy chose flowers so that if Dame  
Gurton didn't feel the pepper at once,

would be most likely to take up the  
flowers and smell them.

The trick succeeded.

Poor old Nelly was brought to the  
door by a gentle tap which deceived  
her into thinking it was some one come  
with sewing for her to do. But when  
the flowers fell down, and she found no  
one at the threshold, she stooped and  
picked up the nosegay with a strange  
sensation of surprised happiness. She  
fancied some one had had a kind thought  
for her, and expressed it in this way.

But when she stooped with difficulty  
and picked up the flowers, she dis-  
covered the imposition too late. The  
pepper went into her nose and eyes and  
convulsed her.

What was worse than that was the  
bitter disappointment of finding what  
seemed such a pretty gift only a mal-  
icious jest.

She rushed out into the old patch of  
shrubby she called her garden, to  
find the offender. Peggy had hidden  
behind a bush, expecting the result  
with great enjoyment. But, when  
Dame Gurton appeared, she was over-  
come with fright.

The old woman was gasping for  
breath, her eyes were streaming; she  
shook her fist in the air with rage, and  
sobs of mortification interrupted her  
outcries.

Peggy fled home as fast as she could  
go, feeling that she had been very  
wicked. She could hardly bear to face  
her mother. Yet how could her mother  
ever know what she had done?

This reflection, however, didn't con-  
sole her; and, before she had said her  
prayers that night, she had confessed  
the whole story.

Mrs. Winslow took Peggy to the old  
mill the very next morning to tell Dame  
Gurton how sorry they both were that  
such a cruel and wanton thing should  
have been done.

They found old Nelly very gentle.  
She looked at Peggy a long while, then  
sighed and said:

"You are like me when I was  
young. But you will change, you will  
change. God grant you may not have  
such a lesson as I did."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Win-  
slow.

But Dame Gurton would say nothing  
more.

After that, though she allowed Mrs.  
Winslow and Peggy to visit and be-  
friend her.

It was only a few weeks later that old  
Nelly fell ill, and her case soon became  
so serious that it was plain she could  
not recover. When she was perfectly  
sure that she must die, she asked Mrs.  
Winslow, who was with her, to send for  
Peggy.

"I have something to tell you both,"  
she said. "But no one else shall hear,  
and if the doctor comes, he must wait  
till I have done."

Then, after Peggy had come and  
taken her place beside the bed, the dy-  
ing woman began.

"I am glad I am going to tell it," she  
said, "for my whole life has been black-  
ened by keeping it to myself. It would  
have been awful to die with that secret  
in my breast."

"Oh, you may say it was a little thing  
to feel so about; but that was what I  
said to myself all the time, and I was  
wrong! I only did it for fun, just for  
fun, as you put pepper in those flowers,  
my little Peggy. But see what it did  
to me afterward! That wasn't for fun,  
you may be sure."

She paused, and her abstracted gaze  
and suffering face seemed to show that  
she was looking back over her life.  
Then she went on:

"It was the waste-pipe in the mill-  
dam, and I kept thinking how funny it  
would be, and how Mr. Gurton would  
stare, if I could let all the water out  
before he knew it. I thought it was  
all right, because Will made love to me  
then, and I didn't dream of doing any  
harm to them that were like to be so  
near and dear to me. So I went all  
alone and secret, and I could work at  
it without being seen, because there  
were bushes growing close around it.  
At last I got the plug out, and then I  
crept away and hurried home. Mr.  
Gurton—he was the miller, you know  
—was away. But the water got down  
so it wouldn't run over the top, and the  
race was shut off, so it pushed against  
the dam faster than the plug-hole  
would let it run out, and the whole  
thing went and the water was lost."

"I didn't think even then but what it  
could be fixed, though I was awful  
scared. But you know, Mrs. Winslow,  
what happened to Will's father, and  
then to mine." (Here she explained to  
Peggy what has been told above.)

"And when I found all that mischief  
had been done and how people felt,  
I was afraid. And I durstn't tell Will,  
for fear he'd hate me. And I never told  
anybody."

"I thought it couldn't help things any  
to tell, now the harm had been done,  
and so I held my tongue. But when  
my husband died, and I thought how  
he was gone from me perhaps forever,  
and didn't know it was I that drove his  
poor father crazy, and so led to my own  
father's death—oh, then, I tell you,  
I saw how wrong I had been to keep  
secret about it!"

"Just think! I had ruined miller  
Gurton, and lost father, mother and  
husband, all through letting out the  
pond; and yet I had been taking their  
love and pretending to be fit for it, all  
the time."

"So I had done two wrong things in-  
stead of one. And all these years I've  
sat and looked at the place where the  
pond was, and the old happiness that  
used to be in my heart withered away  
like the water-plants that used to grow  
by the pond."

"If I hadn't done that one thing for  
fun, Will needn't have been a sailor,  
and I might have had him with me till  
now, and if I had only told him every-  
thing! But now some one knows at  
last. I've told all, and I shall die  
easier."

A greater peace came into her face  
than had ever been there since her girl-  
hood; and with that look she breathed  
her last the same night.

Little Peggy Winslow needed no one  
to enforce the lesson she had learned  
from Dame Gurton's confession. "How  
glad I am, mamma," said she, "that I  
told you right away the wrong thing I  
had done!" — *Youth's Companion.*

In New York City 100,000 children  
earn their own living.

## THE TIP NUISANCE.

An Imported Evil Which Is Spreading in  
New York  
(From the New York World.)

The tip tax is a formidable figure in  
daily expenses and annoyances in this  
city. That must be paid, though rent  
and doctor's bills languish. If it isn't  
paid promptly, and with an appearance  
of cheerful acquiescence, you can't move  
on. It is an English importation which  
has grown to overpowering propor-  
tions.

When you tip a waiter you don't pay  
him for what he has done for you. The  
man who employs him does that. You  
give him a coin as the tribute exacted  
by inferiority of its betters. It is the  
tariff levied upon superior position.  
In some ill-defined way it is supposed  
to confer honor on the giver, and in  
an unmistakable way it degrades the  
receiver. That feature of the transac-  
tion, however, disturbs not the waiter.  
He wants his tip and will have it, re-  
gardless of ultimate results. And he  
knows exactly how to get it, too. He  
contrives to make the guest understand  
that he expects it; that it is a part of  
the programme, which, if omitted,  
would leave him, the guest, no self-  
respect at all.

Mr. Yellowplush does all this with-  
out swerving a hair's breadth from the  
strictest outward decorum. He says  
nothing on the subject, of course. He  
simply makes his face, his manner, his  
attitudes and his voice convey his  
wishes. There is no mistaking the sig-  
nificance of the language he employs.  
The strongest man becomes helpless  
under this treatment, and yields in  
spite of a thousand resolutions to dis-  
courage this whole exasperating busi-  
ness.

The circle addicted to levying tips is  
constantly increasing. Porters, table-  
waiters, messengers, baggage-wheelers,  
janitors and all orders of servitors who  
are without pride belong to the tip-  
receiving fraternity; but the table-waiter  
leads off. He is the most skilled tip-  
getter. He can reduce the most obdu-  
rate to subjection. Only those who  
never expect to return to the dining-  
room over which he presides escape him.

Even the female has picked up a little  
of the art of tip-compelling. She serves  
in bakeries, dairies and less pretentious  
places than does the grandiose creature  
who poses in swell dining-rooms and is  
more reasonable in her demands, but she  
is not to be put off. If the nimble  
quarter is not forthcoming with reason-  
able promptitude she grows cold as to  
expression and insufferable as to man-  
ner. You feel as uncomfortable as a  
Russian monarch expecting a nihilist's  
dagger. After the placatory coin reaches  
her she smiles and grows as genial as a  
Florida garden.

If it was only when we eat that this  
tax is levied one might refrain from  
growing, however inconvenient the cus-  
tom; but the open palm of the tip-  
receiver is stretched toward you on all  
occasions. You go to the depot to get  
some baggage checked. The strong-  
armed man in a blue blouse, whose duty  
it is to hunt it up for you, departs with  
such alacrity and returns with such  
cheerfulness, bringing the baggage,  
that you are lost in admiration of the  
beauty of a large and well-systematized  
force of officials. Here, you think, are  
employees who actually serve the public  
as though it were a pleasure. Suddenly  
you glance at the accommodating bag-  
gage-man's face, and, although it is com-  
posed and polite, you understand the  
unspoken mandate. If it takes your  
last piece of silver, the tip must be paid.  
You feel that, in spite of all law, if you  
don't yield the man will then and there  
take a hammer and beat your trunk and  
its contents all to pieces.

You are overawed in the same way by  
the porter who carries your three-pound  
satchel up-stairs. He may set it down  
with all deference to your wishes and  
comfort, and appear not to be hurrying  
you up about the change, but if you let  
the door close upon him without having  
crossed his palm with silver you are  
lost, as far as comfort is concerned.  
The parting glance of his eyes tells you  
that.

Everywhere in the metropolis the tip  
must be paid. It is even more obliga-  
tory than the grocer's bill. Many con-  
scienceless people do succeed in evad-  
ing the grocer and outgenerating the  
butcher, but no one escapes the tip-  
leviers of New York.

One of the waiter's ways of making it  
impossible to avoid paying him his ex-  
pected tribute money is to contrive to  
have a few small silver pieces under  
the bills on the platform which he  
carries back to change. The cashier  
lends a hand in this arrangement. The  
silver pieces are placed in a row on the  
waiter's side, inclining toward him like  
a leaning tower. The man doesn't live  
who dares to pick these poor little  
fractions up piece by piece and pocket  
them in the presence of the expectant  
waiter. That functionary bows a servile  
acknowledgment as he gathers them  
to himself, which, literally translated,  
means, "It's well you took the  
hint, otherwise you would have regret-  
ted it."

## The Streets of Cairo.

The most populous streets of Cairo  
are more populous and more crowded  
than any street in Paris, but their life  
is of a different kind. There is no regu-  
larity in it; in one place the street is  
blocked up by a group of musicians,  
around whom a group of idlers gather;  
in another a peddler attracts the crowd,  
showing the stuffs which he carries on  
his shoulders; another man, his fingers  
covered with rings for sale, displays  
them in the eyes of customers. Often  
we are stopped on our way by flocks of  
sheep and goats, or camels laden with  
great stones or beams of timber, that  
we encounter as we pass. The greater  
part of the passengers in the streets are  
mounted on donkeys. How often in  
Cairo have I seen the well-known pic-  
ture of the "Flight into Egypt" repro-  
duced! Upon a donkey is a veiled  
woman, with a child in her arms; by  
her side a man with a white beard,  
wearing a long robe, holding in one  
hand a stick and resting the other upon  
the neck of the beast, to guide and  
urge him. But there is one point in  
which the tableaux vivants of which I  
am speaking differs from that of the  
pictures; that is, that in the East the  
women do not sit on the animals they

ride, as ours do, but bestride them like  
men. When they go on foot they gen-  
erally carry their children astride upon  
their shoulders, the little creatures  
leaning with both hands upon the head  
of its mother. It is a picture less fam-  
iliar to us than the other, but not less  
attractive. — *Revel's Egypt.*

## A Considerate Man.

"Charged wid habin' two wives, is I?"  
asked an old negro of the Magistrate  
before whom he had been arranged.

"Yes," replied the Judge. "Are you  
guilty or not guilty?"

"Wall, we'll sorter haffter study 'bout  
dem facts an' 'vestigate 'em a leetle.  
It's owin' ter what sorter man yer leads  
it ter whidder or not I'se 'sidered  
guilty."

"Have you two living wives?"

"Whut does yer 'spose I wants wid a  
dead wife, Judge. Doan draw me in  
dis cou'-house 'spectin' ter fine me a  
fool. Doan 'sinuate dat de time what I  
hab spent at a night-school hab been  
flung away."

"Well, old man, if you have two  
living wives you have violated the law  
and merit a term in the penitentiary."

"Doan git frachus an' demn a man  
'fore yer knows all de facts. Some  
time ago I married Tildy Smith, a  
mighty likely 'oman. She was a mighty  
faithful wife, a good pussen as I eber  
seed, but somehow she finally tuck a  
dislikement ter me. She was a good  
'oman, as I tells yer, but one mawnin'  
she cussed me. I can stan' anything  
but bein' cussed. Ef yerse'f wuster set  
up dar an' cuss me, I doan keer how  
yer is, I'd hit yer, sho'. Wall, when de  
'oman cussed me, I sorter slapped her  
down. Airtter dis, she didn't seem ter  
lub me quite so well, 'cause when I felt  
bad an' wanted ter chunk her 'roun' fur  
'musement, she got outer my way.  
Dat wasn't no way ter do, but she was  
still a good 'oman. One day she tuck  
sick an' sent fur her sister 'Liza. She  
kep' er gittin' wus an' 'gunter talk  
'bout dyin'. One ebenin' she called  
me an' sez, sez she, 'Jasper, I'se  
mighty mighty nigh gone, an' kain't  
lib till mawnin'. I knows dat yer kain't  
git along widout a good wife, an' jis as  
I'se dyin', when I'se jis alive, I wants  
ter see yer married. I knows dat yer's  
alers lubed sister 'Liza, and now I axes  
yer ter marry her.' I agreed ter dis,  
merely ter gratify de dyin' 'oman, an'  
'sides dat, 'Liza was a mighty likely  
gal. Wife she kep' er gittin' wus, an'  
airter a while I sent fur de preacher  
an' de license. Da got dar jis as Tildy  
seemed ter be drawin' her las' bref.  
Me and 'Liza stood by de bed, an'  
when Tildy gaped fur de las' time de  
preacher married me and 'Liza. Jes'  
as de ceremony was 'formed, Tildy she  
hopped outen de bed an' says, 'Oh,  
yes, I'se got yer now! Hit me de under  
day, did yer? Now I'se got yer, an' I'se  
a gwine ter sen' yer ter de penitentiary  
fur habin' two wives.' Dat's de way it  
was, Judge, an' I'd like ter know at dis  
present writin' whut de law is gwine  
ter do about it?"

"You have violated the law, old man,  
and must suffer the consequences."

"Dat looks mighty hard. It do seem  
dat de law ain't got no respect fur a  
man's private affairs. Stan's aside an'  
lets two wimmin git away wid a man  
an' den, 'stead ob showin' sympathy,  
jumps on ter de man. Now, Judge,  
doan yerse'f believe dat any two wimmin  
can git away wid one po' man?"

"That's a fact," the Judge replied.  
"One woman is bad enough; but two,  
ah, Lord! You may go, old man." —  
*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Primitive Jewish Weddings.

The primitive Jews do not appear to  
have performed any definite ceremonies  
at the wedding, yet they had some sort  
of a ratification of the vows of the es-  
pousal. The day before the wedding  
the bride took a bath, which then, as in  
more modern times, was a somewhat  
formal procedure. The bride-groom  
on his wedding day was arrayed in his  
most gorgeous attire, wearing on his  
head either a turban or gold or silver  
crown, and sometimes one of flowers or  
leaves. He was also highly perfumed  
with myrrh and frankincense. The  
bride wore a long veil which covered  
her from head to foot, indicative of her  
submission to her husband, a girdle and  
a chaplet of gold or silver. The time  
of the ceremony was generally in the  
evening, and the bridegroom, accompa-  
nied by his friends, and musicians  
and torch-bearers, went to her house  
and brought her and her party to his  
own or his father's house, amid shouts  
and sounds of joy. At the bride-  
groom's house a feast was given, after  
which followed music and dancing, the  
male guests dancing around the bride-  
groom and the women around the bride.  
When a virgin married, parched corn  
was circulated among the guests to sug-  
gest the hope of fruitfulness and plenty.  
The last act of the Jewish wedding cere-  
mony was leading the woman, still  
veiled, to the bed-chamber, where a  
canopy, sometimes a bower of roses  
and myrtles, was awaiting. — *Cincin-  
nati Enquirer.*

## Curious Experiment.

Some few months ago I filled a white  
glass lamp, of a globular shape, with  
clear spring water, placed it in the win-  
dow at about 10 o'clock of a clear morn-  
ing, in a position to receive the rays of  
the sun. In one minute, a piece of  
black silk, which I had placed within  
half an inch of the glass, and in the  
focus, became ignited. The rays of the  
sun can thus be collected through a  
body of clear water, and a common  
white glass lamp may be made to serve  
the purpose of a burning lens.

I placed in the same lamp, suspend-  
ed by a thread in the water, several  
colored glass beads. A little distance  
from the lamp I fixed a sheet of white  
paper. The rays of the sun passing  
through the water and the beads, threw  
upon the surface of the paper a variety  
of the most beautiful colors that imagi-  
nation can picture. — *Exchange.*

If Lord Bacon, as some literary  
cranks assert, wrote the plays at-  
tributed to Shakespeare merely as a re-  
creation from laborious toil, it is a great  
pity he didn't recreate more and toil  
less.

The first patent on record was taken  
out by Samuel Hopkins, in 1790, for  
making pearl ashes. Then, in 1791,  
Pollard got a patent for spinning cotton  
by power.

## HUMOR.

A MISS-FIT—Hysteries.  
A BLACK BARE—A Hottentot.  
AGAINST the grain—Rust and rats.  
OFF on a tear—The tail of a coat.  
OUT at the elbow—A disconnected  
stove pipe.  
TO DOCTORS: Any patient worth  
knowing is worth knowing well.  
A GENTLEMAN with an eruption of the  
scalp acknowledges with sorrow that  
there is indeed plenty of rheum at the  
top.  
THE mill owner who turned the fire-  
hose upon some of his disorderly em-  
ployees explained his conduct by saying  
he was only washing his hands.  
TEACHER: "Can you tell me which is  
the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly  
answers: "No, sir." Teacher: "Cor-  
rect." Pupil goes off in a brown study.  
A LITTLE peach in an orchard grew  
Of emerald hue—so rare  
Our baby on that peach did chew  
And climbed the golden stair.  
AN amateur singer in Chenango  
county, N. Y., frightened a pair of  
canary birds to death. It must have  
been a clear case of killing two birds  
with one's tone.  
WHEN Neptune went to flirt with  
Mother Earth, he gently waves the sea  
across her bosom. — *Whitehall Times.*  
And then invites her to the bank-wet.  
*New York News.*  
A PROFESSOR of the Allopathic school  
explains the Homeopathic theory of  
"Similia similibus curantur" by saying:  
"If a patient has a broken head, hit him  
again with a brickbat."  
UNDER certain circumstances it makes  
a man feel mean to have people give  
him a free berth, but somehow it never  
does when he is traveling on a steam-  
boat. — *Burlington Free Press.*  
IT'S all right to promise folks the  
sweetest of music in the next world,  
but it would be more comforting if they  
were also promised the capacity for ap-  
preciating it. — *Boston Post.*  
"SANDER Strawberries" is a new game  
which is played at the table when the  
strawberries have been properly pre-  
pared for the palate. The game is to  
guess whether the sand came with the  
berries or the sugar.  
OLD GENT—"Ah, Mrs. B., did you  
keep a diary during your visit to the  
country?" Mrs. B., indignantly—"No,  
sir, I didn't. The family bought milk  
from the neighbors." — *Cincinnati Trav-  
eler.*  
THE difference between the business  
of a circus advance agent and a drug-  
gist seems to be this: the first spends  
much of his time in the posting of his  
bills; the latter in boasting his pills. —  
*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*  
"WHAT a fine-looking man that is!"  
said one gentleman to another, noticing  
a face and form such as would attract  
attention anywhere. "Yes," was the  
reply; "he looks like an encyclopedia,  
but he talks like a primer."  
THE average young lady wants at  
least four feet of seat in a street-car for  
a ride of six blocks, but she will ride  
half a day Sunday squeezed into a  
buggy-seat beside her young man and  
not find the least fault. Why are they  
so inconsistent?  
A DAMSEL beset for her photograph.  
By a rapid youth of the genus calf,  
Agreed at last the boon to grant.  
To the great delight of the gay gallant.  
"Oh, thanks!" said he, "I some day shall  
Plead for the fair original!"  
And roughly shaking her jaunty head,  
"I'll give you the negative, then," she said.  
— *Wasp.*  
"NOW I WANT to know," said a man  
whose veracity has been questioned by  
an angry acquaintance, "just why you  
call me a liar. Be frank, sir, for frank-  
ness is a golden-trimmed virtue. Just  
as a friend, now tell me why you called  
me a liar?" "Called you a liar because  
you are a liar," the acquaintance  
replied. "That's what I call frankness.  
Why, sir, if this rule were adopted, over  
half of the difficulties would be settled  
without trouble, and in our case there  
would have been trouble but for our  
willingness to meet each other half  
way." — *Arkansas Traveler.*

## A Deserted Village.

In the very heart of the Adirondack  
wilderness is located what is known as  
"the deserted village." Fifty years ago  
90,000 acres of land were purchased by  
a man named Henderson, and other  
capitalists, a St. Francis Indian having  
disclosed to the party that the region  
was rich in ore. A blast-furnace, a  
forge, a saw-mill, tenement-houses, a  
store, a school-house and a bank were  
created, and hundreds of thousands of  
dollars expended in cutting roads, and  
and other improvements. Operations  
were carried on twenty-four years.  
In 1845 Henderson was accidentally  
shot dead, and five years later business  
was suddenly suspended. The ponderous  
water-wheel and the machinery are just  
where they stopped thirty-three years  
ago. Wheelbarrows and tools lie  
around as though operations had been  
discontinued only yesterday. The vil-  
lage is now the headquarters of a New  
York sporting club, and the greater  
part of the year Myron Buttes, agent  
of the club and his family are the only  
inhabitants of this once busy spot.

## Sunset Cox.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch says  
of the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, who was in  
1853-54 editorial writer for the Colum-  
bian Statesman: "It was late in the  
afternoon, and the sun was just dipping  
below the horizon. Sunset Cox rushed  
into the room. 'Boys,' he said, 'did  
you see that sunset? It's the most  
beautiful thing I ever saw.' And,  
seizing some paper from the proof press  
and leaning over the imposing stone, he  
wrote the famous pen-picture that gave  
him the life-long sobriquet of 'Sunset'  
Cox. The article was taken to the  
compositors and put in type piece by  
piece, and it appeared in that evening's  
number of the paper."

## Paints and Paint-Brushes.

The wise mother, says the *Christian  
Intelligencer*, keeps something in re-  
serve to amuse the little invalid who  
cannot go out to-day with the others, or  
to vary the entertainment of the stormy  
season. Paints and brushes are very  
delightful, especially if they are not al-  
lowed to be in use all the time, so that  
their freshness is not lost. I have seen  
children pass hours of ecstasy, when  
allowed to cover the prints in an old  
atlas at their own sweet will.