

WINDING UP TIME.

Here, brown maid on the doorstep set. A wee, small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat.

Chicago Current.

IDENTICAL INITIALS.

It was certainly an odd adventure and one in which I exhibited a degree of audacity that I can scarcely credit it now; but it brought me such good fortune that I have never regretted it.

It was in the month of December; I remember the evening as distinctly as though it were just passed. The snow was several inches deep, and the sky was filled with the small, white messengers.

I looked at my watch, and found I had but scant time to go home and get my valise, which I had unfortunately (as I blindly thought) forgotten to bring with me.

Without an instant's delay, I rushed down stairs and was soon out in the blinding snow. I was nearly exhausted when I got to the station, and to add to my trials, I was just in time to see the train slowly moving off.

When I awoke it was morning, and I found to my dismay that we were snow-bound, and had made but little progress on our way. There was nothing to do, however, but to make the most of it.

To solve the mystery I opened it, and the contents certainly were not mine. Perhaps some of the fellows in the house had played a trick on me.

The name Chester Sylvanus Richardson at the end. Who the dickens he was, was a mystery, and how I came by his valise was still a greater problem.

Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived in the manufacturing town of S—, whose inhabitants were of the wide awake, knowledge seeking class.

As I was about stepping off the platform to the sidewalk, to my surprise, two gentlemen of nice appearance, seemed about to accost me; I, of course, supposed myself mistaken and passed on.

In a moment they were by my side, and one of them said, very politely: "Excuse me, professor; I thought it was you, but did not feel sure until I saw your initials on your valise."

"I was so dumbfounded that I could not resist his efforts as he and his friend escorted me to the carriage, placed me in it, and then entered themselves. Before I had a chance to speak, the elder gentleman said:

"I trust, professor, you will at once feel at home with us. You have many warm friends in town, though personally you are a stranger to us."

"Yes," broke in the other man. "I am Mr. Ackerman, chairman of the lecture committee, and my friend here is Judge Lincoln, who would assist you should you make your headquarters at his house."

I saw where the mistake was; but how to get out of the matter caused me to fall into a reverie, during which my companions politely ceased to talk with me.

I began to feel doubly guilty, and had not recovered my composure when Miss Lily entered the room. She was such a vision of loveliness that my discomfiture was increased.

Tea was soon over, and the eventful moment was near. I overheard Miss Lily saying to her mother in a whisper: "Mamma, he is splendid."

The applause which followed gave me a little time to brace up. So, spreading the manuscript upon the desk, I began. I had devoted a little time to elocution, and had looked the manuscript over in the cars, so that I was fairly familiar with it, and as I proceeded, I kept gaining additional courage.

A vote of thanks was unanimously passed, the audience dispersed, and I was soon seated in the judge's pleasant parlor, where he poured out a stream of congratulatory remarks.

Alone in my room, the possible consequences of that evening's performance troubled me. I was deeply impressed by Miss Lily's beauty, culture and bewitching manner.

"Look here, Bill," to the other man, didn't Prof. Richardson lecture here last night?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "I heard he did, though."

"Well, here is a message to the judge, from him, which says he couldn't come, on account of the storm."

So off he started to find a boy to carry the message. Whatever I did manage to do quickly. I found that a train left in 20 minutes.

I heard what excitement followed the delivery of the telegram and the discovery of my absence. The judge and his wife were furious, but Miss Lily was confident that it would come out all right.

"What is this wonderful prodigy of learning like mamma? Is he a solemn faced man, with sleek hair and spectacles, and erudition written on every feature?"

"Oh, no indeed!" was the answer. "He is much unlike what Charlie's letters led me to suspect. He is really a fine looking man, very gentlemanly, and very pleasing to converse with; but I must say I should never have supposed he was such a learned man as he undoubtedly is."

I came across a Vanderbilt privilege of wealth unexpectedly in the establishment of a tailor for women. A girl stood in the center of a work-room while a male expert fitted a garment to her upper figure.

Mechanical forms are common for that purpose and most of our rich customers keep them with us, which can change position, walk about, sit down and in other ways demonstrate perfectly the effect of the raiment under process of making.

HOW ACTORS MEMORIZE.

Their Trials and Disadvantages as Compared with Opera-Singers.

Memory, the faculty by which ideas are retained in the mind, is the main reliance of the actors, and the cultivation and use of this faculty is, to say the least, very singular.

It is, therefore, interesting to note the different methods actors adopt to study and retain their lines. No man can tell you more about the vagaries of memory than a member of the sock and buskin.

It is a rocky and cliff-girt little isle, with a solitary mountain a thousand feet high rearing itself from the midst. Weeks and sometimes even months elapse, without so much as the film of a ship's sail being espied in the distance from its shores.

An English captain, returning from a long voyage in the course of which he anchored at Tristan, has recently given a very interesting account of the community. Those who compose it are one and all farmers, cattle-raisers, and shepherds.

As to the dwellings, they are described as being kept very clean and tidy, as we might expect from English people, and themselves are healthy, robust and long-lived.

Tristan used formerly to produce many fruits and vegetables which can no longer be grown there. The reason of this is that the island is overrun by rats, which escaped from a ship that anchored there, and which the people have never been able to exterminate.

The people have preserved the customs of their English native land. In the center of the settlement stands the little English church, to which all the inhabitants repair on Sunday mornings. Thus the church-bells of England and the prayer and praise of the home churches find a faint echo across the leagues of ocean which stretch between the motherland and the lonely rock of the Southern seas.

When the curtain rose on the first production of "Pizarro" the last act of the drama was not written, and Brinsley Sheridan wrote off the fifth act in the green-room, the call-boy taking it from him and then distributing it to the different actors as the first four acts were being played, to be studied by them as best they could.

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A sign, a motion from him will set them right, but there are other "old actors" to whom the prompter is of little use, and it is of infrequent occurrence for them to "fish for words" or substitute language of their own until they remember the words of the author.—New York Graphic.

An Ocean-Bound Home.

Probably the remotest and loneliest spot on the earth is the little island of Tristan d'Acunha. This speck of an island, which is only seven miles long and six wide, lies almost midway between Africa and South America, and a thousand miles south of the equator.

When Napoleon was imprisoned on St. Helena, it was thought that the loneliest place in the world had been assigned to him as a prison. But St. Helena is fourteen hundred miles nearer a continent than is Tristan d'Acunha. Many hundreds of miles lie between it and the smallest island nearest to it.

There are about a hundred inhabitants, all Englishmen and Englishwomen. The oldest inhabitant is a man of seventy-eight, who was wrecked on the island fifty years ago, and has ever since dwelt there, and has become the patriarch of the little community.

As to the dwellings, they are described as being kept very clean and tidy, as we might expect from English people, and themselves are healthy, robust and long-lived. They have some whaling-boats, and are very adventurous in their sea-roving adventures.

It is often the case that that region is assailed by mighty tempests of wind, while the island is subjected at times so what is called the "rollers" or huge masses of high-raised water which fairly inundate the lofty shores.

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The people of Tristan, solitary as their island is, steadfastly refuse to leave it. They look upon it as their home; to some it is their native land. The ships which now and then touch upon its shores in vain offer to bring them back to the haunts of civilization. They have grown to love their loneliness, and to be content with a lot which is strange and pathetic indeed.—Youth's Companions.

The Conceit of New York.

Blackely Hall in San Francisco Argonaut. To men born here and have lived here long New York is miles and away so superior to any other city in America that he never thinks of uttering them or mentioning them in the same breath. This may be the sublimity of conceit—perhaps it is—but the fact remains that New Yorkers consider there is but one city in America. They may travel all over the world, but when they return to America they live in New York. In the same way we observe that if a man makes a great fortune in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati or Pittsburg he comes here, for many of the magnificent palaces on Fifth Avenue have been purchased by men from other cities who made haste to come here as soon as they had made vast fortunes.

The Man Who Talked Too Much

He slipped into an ice cream saloon very softly, and, when the girl asked him what he wanted, he replied:

"Corned beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted? Why don't you bring on your ice-cream?"

She went after it, and, as she returned, he continued:

"You see, my dear girl, you must infer—you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You don't think I come in here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise and he went on:

"If I owned a hardware store, and you came in, I would infer that you wanted something in my line. I would not step out and ask if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her a few moments, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy, no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around, and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. If you find any, just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice-cream?"

"No, sir!"

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger smiling softly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she found a crow-bar or a sledge-hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to hide in such a small dish."

The proprietor went away growling, and as the stranger quietly sipped away at his cream, two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered some cream and cake. He waited till they had eaten a little, and then remarked:

"Beware, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this ice-cream?"

"They tasted, and smacked their lips, and were not exactly certain."

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! Kah!" they exclaimed, and tried to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked those ladies if this ice-cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe that you put a bit of plug tobacco in it."

"Well you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice-cream is pure, and the man who says it is not, is a bold liar!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice-cream.

She brought, and she took about two mouthfuls, when the stranger inquired:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made? Have you any idea that they grate turnip and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeled around and made for the door. The stranger followed after. By great luck his coat-tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five-pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curbstone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor, and soliloquized:

"There are times when people should infer, and then there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they hashed up a saw-mill in the cream, she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."

They Appreciate Grasshoppers.

From the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise. The unusually large number of grasshoppers this spring, and the excitement they have caused with our local newspaper itemizers, will now be calmed. The Indians have started in with twig-brooms, and are driving them into round holes which they dig in the ground. The modus operandi can be seen up Chico Creek, on the plains, where ten or twelve bands of five or six Indians in each great work. The first operation is to dig a funnel-shaped hole three feet across and about three feet deep; then the band scatter out on a skirmish line about 200 feet from the hole in different directions, and commence sweeping and driving the hoppers toward the pit-hole and by working around in a circle they gradually drive a good share of the insects toward and into the hole, from which the poor hoppers can never come out again, until the frugal mahala lifts them out into the wheat sack. The crawling, jumping mass in the pit, when the drive is done, would do any vengeful granger good as he thinks of the horrid fate in store for his enemies, to be roasted to death at some Indian restaurant. The process of cooking is unique of not elegant. Hot stones are put into the sack, and they are carefully shaken backward and forward together until the legs and wings of the hoppers are broken and burnt off, when they are served without sauce in all the "Low" caravansaries, and considered a great luxury. We were informed by a young buck that they were much better than white man's shrimps, and he thought not so repulsive.