

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she leaned and laughed. A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet-Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call into the crowded, noisy street.

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

A charming, domestic picture—the dining-room brilliantly lighted, the silver the crystal, the gold-band china and scarlet napkins, the snowy tablecloth and the dainty little feast spread thereon, the cherry fire in the grate, the crimson carpet, the flowing drapery, pictures and flowers.

And pretty little Mrs. Stuart, sitting behind the coffee urns, as fair and lovely a two-year matron as ever smiled over a table at her lord and master. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, that husband of hers, and it was very evident that there was no lack of warm affection between them, for all the subject of conversation was one of decided opinion, at least upon Mrs. Stuart's part.

Just now she sugared and creamed Mr. Stuart's second cup of coffee and handed it toward him, with a little indignant remark: "But it's just too bad, Harry, and I believe you think so as much as I do."

And she looked suspiciously, as if there were tears in her pretty eyes. "Indeed, I think it is just as bad as it can be, Lil—bad enough for us, but a thousand times worse for Uncle James."

"It is ridiculous! The idea of him falling in love at his time of life, but more than ridiculous in falling in love with such a creature as Ellenor Burton! To think, after he has made his home with us since we were married, and we have humored him in every possible way and the sacrifices I have made to please him—to think he should so absurdly go to work and allow himself to be entrapped by Ellenor Burton!"

Harry laughed at Lillian's emphatic remarks. "We mustn't forget that of course the old gentleman has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own dear. His being sixty years old does not preclude him from even marrying Miss Burton, if he chooses to."

Lillian looked very earnest indeed, as she answered: "I know all that, Harry; but why can't Uncle James see Ellenor Burton as she is, as everybody else sees her? She's forty, if she's a day—"

He interrupted her with a little, tormenting laugh. "A very suitable age, you must admit, for him, Lil."

served women, who at thirty—for I have it from her own lips that her last birthday was her thirtieth—who at thirty are more charming and mature, and every way suitable to a discerning man's taste than when young and girlish."

And he looked straightly, defiantly in Lillian's eyes. "Oh, well," she retorted, stubbornly, "you'll find out some day!"

"Yes," he answered, "I expect to find out that the woman who will honor me by being my wife is just what I have said she is, in all respects. Stuart, don't you want tickets to the Academy to-night? I've a couple to spare, if you want to take Lillian to hear Kellogg. Miss Burton and I are going."

Of course Harry accepted the tickets; and after dinner, when Lillian went up to the nursery with him for their usual half hour of baby worship, she declared she never would call him by his odious name again.

"He shall be mamma's darling little Clifford now," she said, holding him in her arms, and showering kisses on his sweet, laughing face and bonny dark eyes.

Harry laughed. "You'd better wait a little longer, Lil. A hundred thousand dollars is worth being called a worse name than James. Perhaps the old gentleman's disenchantment will come even yet."

"It's disgusting," she said. "And then she said good-night to her year-old boy, with dozens of kisses and hugs, and gave him back to his nurse."

"I want you to go and do me an errand, please, Harry," she said, suddenly, as they went into their own room. "Up to Guilshaw's for an invisible net, and hair-pins. Will you, Harry?"

"An invisible net! What on earth is that? Can't you see it? How will I know when I've got it? I'll inquire." She gave him a little push toward the door.

"Never mind, Mr. Stuart. You simply ask for what I tell you, and pay what they charge, and bring it home to me."

A Dissertation on Art.

Whatever I am in art I owe to the best instructors in drawing and painting in Germany. I have something of the manner of each and all of them; but they all said that I had also a manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous. They said there was a marked individuality about my style.

If I painted the commonest type of a dog, I should be sure to throw something into the aspect of that dog which would keep him from being mistaken for the creation of any other artist. I wanted to believe all these kind sayings, but I could not. I was afraid that my master's partiality for me and pride in me biased his judgment. So I resolved to make a test. Unknown to any one I painted my great picture, "Heidelberg Castle Illuminated"—my first important work in oils—and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness of oil pictures, in the art exhibition, with no name attached to it.

To my great gratification it was instantly recognized as mine. All the town came to see it, and people even came from neighboring localities to visit it. It made more stir than any other work in the exhibition. But the most gratifying thing of all was that chance strangers, passing through, who had not heard of my picture, were not only drawn to it, as by a loadstone, the moment they entered the gallery, but always took it for a "Turner."

What a red rag is to a bull, Turner's "Slave Ship" was to me before I studied art. Mr. Ruskin is educated in art up to a point where that picture throws him into as mad an ecstasy of pleasure as it used to throw me into one of rage, last year, when I was ignorant. His cultivation enables him—and me, now—to see water in that glaring yellow mud, and natural effects in those lurid explosions of mixed smoke and flame and crimson sunset glories; it reconciles him—and me, now—to the floating of iron cable chains and other unloftable things; it reconciles us to fishes swimming around on top of the mud—I mean the water. The most of the picture is a manifest impossibility—that is to say, a lie—and only rigid cultivation can enable a man to find truth in a lie. But it enabled Mr. Ruskin to do it, and it has enabled me to do it, and I am thankful for it.

A Boston newspaper reporter went and took a look at the "Slave Ship" floundering about in that fierce conflagration of reds and yellows, and said it reminded him of a tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes. In my then uneducated state, that went home to my non-cultivation, and I thought here is a man with an unobstructed eye. Mr. Ruskin would have said: "This picture is an ass." That is what I would say, now.

We were at the Rigi-Kulm hotel on the Alps. It was night. We wanted to see the sun rise in the morning. We curled up in the clammy beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred nor turned over till the booming blast of the Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined that we did not lose any time. We snatched on a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned ourselves in the proper red blankets, and plunged along the halls and out into the whistling wind bareheaded. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there, above the vast outlying world, with hair flying and ruddy blankets waving and cracking in the fierce breeze.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at last!" said Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear above the horizon." "No, matter," I said, "it is a most magnificent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of its rising, any way."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the marvel before us, and dead to everything else. The great cloud-barred disk of the sun stood just above a limitless expanse of tossing white caps, to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountains, domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow, and flooded with an opaline glory of changing and dissolving splendors, while through rifts in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiating lanes of diamond dust shot to the zenith. The cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their crags and ribs and ragged forests, and turned all the forbidding region into a soft and rich and sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe. We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink it in. Presently Harris exclaimed: "Why, —nation, it's going down!" Perfectly true. We had missed the morning horn-blow, and slept all day. This was stupefying. Harris said: "Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle—it's us—stacked up here on top of this gullows, in these idiotic blankets, and 250 well-dressed men and women down here gawking up at us, and not caring a straw whether the sun rises or sets, as long as they've got such a ridiculous spectacle as this to set down in their memorandum books. They seem to be laughing their ribs loose, and there's one girl there that appears to be going all to pieces. I never saw such a man as you before. I think you are the very last possibility in the way of an ass."

"What have I done?" I answered, with heat.

ably ruin this tavern. Now, what can be the matter with this sunrise?" Harris jumped up and said, "I've got it! I know what's the matter with it. We've been looking at the place where the sun set last night!"

"It is perfectly true! Why couldn't you have thought of that sooner? Now we've lost another one! And all through your blundering. It was exactly like you to light a pipe and sit down to wait for the sun to rise in the west."

"It was exactly like me to find out the mistake, too. You never would have found it out. I find out all the mistakes."

"You make them all, too, else your most valuable faculty would be wasted on you. But don't stop to quarrel now, maybe we are not too late yet."

But we were. The sun was well up when we got to the exhibition ground.

Good Humor. Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the hum-drum cares and works of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a good deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold about them. Many lives and homes are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize the bright, and especially mirthful side. Into such a household good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it.

"Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good, but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical laugh, she said, "I never guess conundrums; I give it up."

Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her; and then she felt happy, and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh off things as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—Scottish American.

The Yarmouth Dog and Cat. The Yarmouth water-dog deserves a special notice, although not entirely peculiar to the country. For its sagacity the writer can vouch. One instance may serve to illustrate the general instincts of the class. A dog of this kind was kept at the fen pumping mill at the top of Breydon Water. In the winter his favorite pursuit was to go out by himself and search in the rough stones which face the Breydon wall for wounded wildfowl; these always, if possible, creep in to some nook or corner. When the wind was northeast, and many ducks in the country, he sometimes carried home eight or nine wild fowl of various kinds in the same morning. After leaving one at the mill with his master, he returned of his own accord to the place whence he had taken it, proceeding regularly in his search, and every time recommencing exactly where he left off. As he traveled and fro on the marsh wall, he would, if unloaded, wag his tail and acknowledge the notice of any one who spoke to him; but no sooner had he obtained booty than he seemed to consider himself the guardian of a treasure, and distrust everyone. As soon as a man appeared to be coming toward him he left the wall, and crossing a wide dyke, betook himself to the marshes, and went the longest way home.

It is generally supposed that a cat has an unquenchable aversion to wetting its feet. There are many authentic exceptions to this notion. While we were staying at the Wherry Hotel, Matford, we were often on the banks from which the anglers depart for the sport, which is here of the best. A cat belonging to the house, tempted down by the fry and smaller fish thrown out of the baskets of the captors, sometimes found herself so much engaged on board a boat as to be unaware that it had proceeded far into the lake before her knowledge of her abduction had become a fact. Heedless of water and its consequences, however, she would mount the gunwale, look for an instant in the direction of the hotel, and then take a header and swim, as well as any dog, toward the landing stage, mount the ladder, wring herself mope-wise, and shortly afterward be found purring about with a perfectly dry skin.—All the Year Round.

The Surrender of Port Hudson.

Before daylight on the 7th (July, 1863) Gen. Gardner sent a flag of truce with a communication to Gen. Banks, asking him for confirmation of the news of the fall of Vicksburg. This confirmation, substantiated by copies of the official dispatches, was immediately given, and at 9 o'clock Gen. Gardner sent three commissioners to treat for the surrender. The preliminaries occupied the whole day, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the commissioners returned. An unconditional surrender had been insisted upon, but the terms verbally agreed upon were satisfactory. The enlisted men were to be paroled and set free; the officers would remain prisoners of war, but would be allowed to retain their arms and private property. The ceremony of surrender would take place at 7 o'clock next morning. There had been much discussion during the long interview. Our commissioners asked a good deal and defended their pretensions inch by inch, claiming that we could hold the place another month, if not indefinitely, and would hold it unless we got our own terms. When, late in the afternoon, the terms agreed to had been referred to Gen. Banks, and had received his sanction, Colonel Miles exclaimed, "That's not all! I have another demand to make!" "What!" retorted Gen. C. P. Stone, "are you going to raise new difficulties after all the trouble we have had to come to an agreement? What can you want after we have granted you so much?" "Are we not virtually your prisoners, now that you have agreed to the terms?" asked Miles. "Assuredly." "Well, you are bound to feed your prisoners. We are tired of our half-fare rations of mule meat and hard corn, and must have a square meal to-night." Gen. Stone burst out laughing. "That's cool," said he. "Here you have been bragging of your ability to hold as long as you please, and you confess now that you are out of provisions." "It was my duty to make a strong case, but now I am not pleading, the case is settled, and the truth may as well come out," replied Col. Miles, who was a lawyer, and as well known for his hits at the bar as his indomitable bravery in the field. "By the way, General," he resumed, "I may as well add that we are about as short of ammunition as of provisions." "We shan't send you ammunition," laughed Stone, "but provisions you shall have, and that speedily." Abundant rations did come that evening, and what was more precious, medicine for the sick. A large number of Federals entered our lines at different points, seeking the particular commands against which they had been pitted, and fraternizing with the men with whom they had been so recently engaged in deadly strife. The enmity of the true soldier ends with the battle, and it is only the coward or the savage who will trample upon the vanquished foe. The marks of respect and sympathy the defenders of Port Hudson received at the hands of Bank's victorious army were as a soothing balm that took away much of the bitterness of defeat. On the morning of the 9th a little over 3000 gaunt, weather-beaten men formed into line. The remainder of the devoted garrison were lying sick or wounded in the hospital; 250 slept under the green sod of the Port Hudson Hills. General Gardner rode up to the right of the line and awaited the approach of General Andrews, the officer designated to receive the surrender, who, with his staff, preceded the Federal column. On his riding up, General Gardner advanced, and presenting the hilt of his drawn sword to General Andrews, said: "Having thoroughly defended this position as long as I deem it necessary, I now surrender to you my sword, and with it this post and its garrison." General Andrews replied: "I return your sword as a proper compliment to the gallant commander of such gallant troops—conduct that would be heroic in another cause." This last remark, stereotyped from General Bank's first demand of surrender, was properly rebuked by General Gardner's words as he returned his sword to the scabbard with an emphatic clang: "This is neither the time nor place to discuss the cause."—Philadelphia Times.

Johnson's Joke on Barnum. We drove by the residence of J. D. Johnson, just west of where Iranistan used to be. Here Barnum, who is an unequalled wit and first-rate story-teller, said to me: "Johnson played a practical joke on me once." "What was it?" I asked. "Why," he explained, "I had a big park opposite Johnson's house here, containing Rocky Mountain deer, elk, reindeer, etc. Strangers would naturally suppose it belonged to Johnson's estate, and this mistake was emphasized by his jocular son-in-law, S. H. Wales, of the Scientific American, who put up at the entrance, a board reading, 'All persons are forbidden to trespass, or disturb the deer, J. D. Johnson.' It was a good joke, and I let it stand. In about a week Johnson had a large party from New York visiting him, and after supper he took them out to enjoy the joke he had played on Barnum. Reaching the sign he wheeled them around, and saw to his dismay that I had added the words, 'Gamekeeper to P. T. Barnum.' He was called 'Barnum's gamekeeper' for some time by his friends. But a couple of months after that I gave a swell dinner at Iranistan to the directors of the bank, and I sent West for prairie chickens and other game. This came, and Johnson happened to find at the depot the great box addressed to me and marked 'game.' He told the express agent that he was Barnum's gamekeeper, and would take the box. It was delivered to his house, and when it arrived Johnson sent over a note to me saying that I had appointed him my gamekeeper, and that he had entered upon the duties of his office; that a box of game had come, and he should 'keep' it till I sent him an order for a new hat. I was a little chagrined, and didn't exactly know what to do, but I actually heard the next day that the rascal was going to give a game supper himself, and I sent over the hat."

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? One has his bill of fare and the other his bill of bear.

"What can be higher," asks a young lady correspondent, "than the aim of a woman who devotes her whole life to alleviating the sufferings of others?" Prime mess pork can, sissy, if it keeps booming as it has for the past week.

An Inconvenient Parrot.

Mr. Ragbag and his wife, who reside in a South End boarding house, have long kept a parrot which insisted on yelling at the most unseasonable hours, and disturbed the other boarders. But they resolutely refused to part with it, and one could get a chance to kill it on the sly, and so it devolved on the ingenuity of young Mr. Racketeer to get away with the bird. At times Mrs. Ragbag left home for a visit, and on such occasions her husband remained at home and had some high old times in his room which he never thought to tell his wife about when she returned, and occasionally he was away and Mrs. Ragbag had some jolly little parties, which she forgot to tell her husband about. Racketeer knew this, and is something of a ventriloquist, and one night, when Mr. and Mrs. Ragbag were entertaining some friends, he got outside of the window where the parrot's cage hung, and pretty soon the assemblage in the room was startled by a remark from the parrot's cage concerning Ragbag's last party. However, nobody appeared to notice it, though Mrs. Ragbag resolved on an explanation when her guests left. In an instant came an observation about Mrs. Ragbag's friend, Mr. Rats, a rather showy young man. Mrs. Ragbag looked nervously at the bird, but said nothing, and Ragbag decided on asking an explanation later. The next observation, connecting Ragbag with a variety actress, caused a guest to remark that it was an odd bird, and Mrs. Ragbag said she'd like to know how he got such an idea, and Ragbag strolled under the cage and said aside to the bird, "Dum ye, hold yer jaw!" But the bird didn't obey. He in six minutes mentioned four flirtations of Mrs. Ragbag's, and five scrapes of Ragbag's. The guests began to snicker and the owners of the parrot to grow red in the face.

The next charge against the lady led her husband to exclaim: "Woman, is it possible that you have given this bird cause to talk so?"

"No," she cried, "but I believe you've been a bad man."

The guests thereupon said good night, and waited in the corridor to hear the rest of the fun. The parrot went right on, and Mrs. Ragbag and her husband were soon accusing each other of all sorts of things. Then they pulled hair for a while, and Mrs. Ragbag fainted as Ragbag announced that he should get a divorce. "Oh, you won't. You'll get drunk and forgive her," squeaked the bird.

"There, dumf man, that lets you out," cried the infuriated man, and he grabbed the bird from the cage and wrung its neck, and then he stalked out of the room, and the listeners had to skurry to avoid being caught, and it was wholly a week before Ragbag and his wife made up; and they haven't found out yet that the parrot wasn't to blame in the matter.—Boston Post.

True Stories About Animals. "Do you know," said the spotted horse, who is considered a great philosopher by the rest of the menagerie, "that the groomiest hour is just before morning feed-time?"

"Ay," replied the trick-mule, "there's the rub."

The zebra said that "these remarks were too profound for animals that hadn't been through the entire curriculum."

The carrier-pigeon "wondered if a steady course of that treatment would make homing birds of all of them?" "Combing birds!" asked the Poland rooster; "there's no carrier-pigeon in the menagerie can lay over me in that feature."

The Mexican dog said, "he would like to see any man, from the lion-tamer down, comb his hair with a steel curry-comb."