#### Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning.

Well, sir, -continued Mr. Mc Williams for this was the beginning of his talk,the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasonout of a person. A woman who could —loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my familties together I reached over in the dark and then said,-

Eva cline, is that you calling? What is the atter? Where are you?"

t up in the book-closet. You oug to be ashamed to lie there and sleers so, and such an awful storm going

Why how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be a ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

You never try, Mortimer, -you know

very well you never try."
I caught the sound of muffled sobs. That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it

"I'm sorry, dear,-I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so, Come back

"MORTIMER! "Heavens! what is the matter, my

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?" "Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care for my sake and the children's, if you will

not for your own.' "But, my love"-"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this,all the books say that; yet there you

would lie, and deliberately throw away your life,-for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing,

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed now. I'm"-[Sentence interrupted by a sudden

glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams fied little scream from any and a tremendous blast of thunder. ]
and a tremendous blast of thunder. ]
Oh,

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?" "I didn't swear. And that wasn't a

result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evange-line—at least you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity"-

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! I don't see how you can act so, when you know there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing?-lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are a determined to

know there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [Fzt!-crash! .boomboloom-boom-boom! Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!' "No, I don't see what I've done. match may attract lightning, for all I

know, but it don't cause lightning-I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that"-

'For shame, Mortimer! Here we are, standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to-Mortimer?"

"Well?" "Did you say your prayers to-night?" "I-I meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and-[Fzt! boom-berroom-boow! Bumble-

umble bang-smash!]
Oh, we are lost, beyond all help How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

But it wasn't 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago. 'Mortimer! How you talk! Have

you forgotten the yellow fever?" 'My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, beause it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be respon-

sible for every blamed"-[Fzt!-Boom, beroom-boom! boom

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful lan-guage- Mortimer!" "Well! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if- Mortimer, you are actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am commit-"Go away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have

you got to go to?" "I'm here by the window."
"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost
your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know don't you see, the very wording-

I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?'

Yes? "What is that rustling?" "It's me."

"What are you doing?"
"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons.

'Quick! throw those things away! do believe you would deliberately put on these clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract ed with, and neither can it be shamed lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril face the very devil himself—or a mouse from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?" "Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and-what on earth are you opening the door for?"

"Goodness, gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?"

"Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given the subject any thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it—shut it tight-and do hurry, or we are a destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. The room is smothering hot and close. 1 want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear. I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that-Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da-it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as pear as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked von to do?"

"No. Forgot it." "Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any

more frantic indiscretions. I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be contented to smother. I gasped a while and then forced my way

out. My wife called out,-"Mortimer, something must be done for our preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in

I got the book,-at cost of a vase and some other little things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out,-

"Mortimer, what was that?"
"Nothing but the cat." "The cat! Oh, destruction! 'Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know how my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils." I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved

hand or foot in such a wild enterpris in the dark. However, I went at my task, -over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges,-and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of overfour hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Fzt!-boor!-bang!smash! Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck.

I managed to find and secure the tum blers. I got the last four-broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and

called for further instructions. "Mortimer, it says, 'Wahrend eines Gewitters entferne man Metolla, wei z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlussel, etc., von sich and halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, odermit andern Korpen verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefer, Eisengittern u dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep

them away from you?"
"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a litle genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals about you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal.'

I got it and put it on-a very heavy a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?" I complied.

"Now Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do, please, put on your spurs.' I did it-in silence-and kept my tem-

per as well as I could. selbst, sowie der durch das Lauten ver-anlasste Luftzug und die Hohe des it shows that the downward tendency, of gerous not to ring the church bells dur- of more than sixteen million of dollars, ing a thunder storm?"

the past participle of the nominative case dollars, has not only been arrested, but singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I that the ratio of increase in the valuathink it means that, on account of the tions of the property in Philadelphia asheight of the church tower and the ab- sessable for taxation has increased from sence of Luftrug it would be very dan- a little more than two million of dollars gerous (sehr gefahrlich) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and, moreover, don't you see, the very wording—" 1890 to 1881.

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we

are going to be saved, at last!" Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farmhouses are in our neighborhood-the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:-

"What in the nation is the matter

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accontrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said-"There is nothing the matter, friendsonly a little discomfort on account of the

the lightning." "Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night;

there has been no storm." I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for awhile. Then

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay on the ground to laugh,—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked,-"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was

cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield's nominated,-and that's what's the matter !" Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr McWilliams), the

rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody manages to get stuck. So saying, he gathered up his satchel

and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.—[September] Atlantic.

#### The Discomforts of Fame.

"I should think," remarked a lady at the lunch table of the Baldwin yesterday, "that poor Adelaide Neilson ought to have faced death with a sense of relief." Some surprise at the remark having been expressed, the lady, who had known Miss Neilson intimately, proceeded to recount the petty troubles of the great actress' life.

"She was the victim of ceaseless persecution," said the regretful friend. "Every day of her life was nade miserable by the attempts of all kinds of people to interview her on all kinds of subjects. I had the fact brought forcibly to my notice one afternoon of the last week of her stay here. I called on her invitation and found her networs and greatly dispirited. 'I have already had sixteen visitors,' said she, 'and expect so many more that I've positively notified my maid that I'm not in to any person but an old musician whom I've known for years, and who is kind enough to

play for me.' "While she was speaking the ausician entered, and before he had finished the first selection how many callers do you think put in an appearance? Six? Yes, a whole dozen. I don't remember alf of them. I know, though, there was card from Barton Hill, who wished to see Miss Neilson about a benefit. Thei Fred Lyster called in a journalistic capacity. Then an ambitious young dramatic triter sent up word that he had kindly prepared and brought with him a five act play for her perusal. A young lady from Sutter street craved an audience for some purpose not given, but suppised to be the fell one of confessing that her mission was to elevate the stage. A proud mother brought an ambitinus daughter to read some Shakespearan passages and show Miss Neilson that se had formidable rivals outside the profesion. Two ladies came to inquire what preparation Miss Neilson used that make her so lovely on the stage; money was to object to them in acquiring the secret But they didn't obtain an audience and more than the many others. Such werk the ceaseless persecutions to which unfortunate actress was subjected, and pestered, pursued and vilified, she ought to have coveted the eternal peace

of death."-Chroniele. Science at Dinner. - Nature describes and illustrates a simple experiment involving the elementary principle of the centre of gravity which is capable of evoking the roars of laughter at a dinner table. If a dish of snipe has been served up, the head with its long beak fixed in a cork; and then two forks be ing thrust into the sides of the cork and a needle having been fixed into the lowreason that it is. They are in the nature er end of it, the cork can be balanced npon a coin laid on the top of a wine bottle, and can be spun slowly around while the snipe's head nods at the various members of the company in turn, and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on and finally stops opposite one of them. By making a slit at the bottom of this cork, putting in a silver quarter, and balwhich rises out of the neck of the bottle the apparently impossible feat of spinning a twenty-five cent piece on the point of a needle can be performed with the greatest ease.

VALUATION OF TAXABLE PROPERTY .-The assessment of Philadelphia property on which the taxation for 1881 is "Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lau-ten ist sehr gefahrlich, weil die Glocke feature. Assuming that the figures given Thurmes den Blitz anziehen konnten.' which the first official evidence was fur-Mortimer, does that mean that it is dan- nished by the decline, from 1887 to 1878, and the still greater decline from 1878 to "Yes, it seems to mean that-if that is 1879 of more than fifty-two million of

### The Old Army.

The recent death of General Heintzelman naturally enough recalls the days of the old army; that is to say, the Army of Mexico, which thirty-four years ago crossed the frontier under General Taylor, and fought those brilliant battles beginning with Resaca del Palma and ending with the capture of the City of Mexico. Heintzelman was a captain then, so was Ridgely, dashing Charley May, Duncan, Sherman and Bragg. Though they all did good service, it is of the general officers we are now writing. The roster of 1847 looks strange beside that of 1880, and many a name is missed from the list. Scott's ashes sleep beside the murmuring waters of the Hudson, at West Point. beside the murmuring Twas there he usually passed his summers in the latter days of his life. He loved the Military Academy (though he was not a graduate) as well as he was capable of loving anything. Good soldier as he was, he at times was so aus-tere and so uncongenial that even the members of his personal staff avoided him. And yet he could at times evince a tenderness of nature, Among some salient traits of his character was one of never abandoning a point or permitting himself to be proved incorrect in a real or assumed argument. There is a funny anecdote told of him in companies of volunteers composing a Southern regiment. The General was very emphatic in his denunciation of the practice of eating warm bread. He contended (and no doubt with much correctness) that bread should be eaten stale and cold. The army on the march had of course to eat bard bread or biscuit, there being no portable ovens in those

"Well," said the captain, who one day visited General Scott in his tent, rubbing his hands in anticipation, "we'll soon be in Pueblo, General, I suppose?" "Well, sir, and what then?"

"Why, we'll get up the ovens and

have some hot bread. "Hot bread, sir! hot bread!" shouted the General, rising from his camp stool and straightening his towering form, while he extended his arm with a majestic air. "No, sir; sooner than permit you to commit such an imprudent act I will stand over the ovens with my drawn sword.

The remark was so unexpected and the speech and attitude of the General so tragic that the captain in relating it said that for a moment he thought the General was rehearsing some lines from a theat-

rical act. Next to Scott follows Worth. They were friends until the quarrel at the tak ing of the City of Mexico. Worth was a chivalrous soldier, brave, but at times cynical and frequently severe in his criticism of others, while he was ever ready to answer personally for his words and acts. He had a cool, caustic manner of dealing with those he disliked, but he was a steadfast and generous friend, and where he had committed a wrong he was quick to make reparation. Peace to

his ashes. Twiggs, who fought on the same fields, was a man of singular characteristics. Born in Georgia and a slave-holder, he was intensely imbued with Southern instincts and prejudices. He was possessed of large wealth and always carried three or four of his negroes with him when in the field. His cuisine was excellent, and it was always a pleasure to dine at his board. He was a warm and constant friend, but a bitter hater; and when he had occasion to pursue an enehe was relentless and could be cruel. Ridicule was a weapon that he used unsparingly. He was a master at invective, and his profanity, even in action, was at times revolting. Brave to a fault, he spared himself as little as he did his command. He always estimated the volunteer element of the army below its true worth, and the field officers of the same were generally the subject of his sarcasm. He rode a bay horse that had a white spot on its tail, and this he had dyed black and laughed at himself for doing so. No man loved to torment others better than himself. He took a savage pleasure at times in making oth-

ers miscrable. Twiggs belonged to the "Army of Invasion," that is, he was on Taylor's line in the beginning of the war. One day, when a long train of wagons was toiling up a steep hill at Carmargo, and the mules were straining to their utmost on the traces, he noticed a teamster who was carelessly walking beside his animals carrying in his hand a small switch while the rest of the drivers were furiously cracking their whips. As Twiggs eyed the luckless man, his ire was raised and launched a torrent of abuse upon him. 'Come here, Colonel Harney," he cried, and help me to curse this scoundrel."

The teamster, aroused to his peril, and soping to atone for his supineness, tooped down and picking up a stone, inrled it at his mules striking one of tem. In an instant Twiggs was off his brse and grasping a stone, took delib cate aim, sent it flying through the air stiking the teamster fairly on the back. The man threw up his arms with an "h!" as he looked behind and saw the Gmeral.

Just what the mule would say, my ma, if he could speak," remarked Twggs, coolly, as he mounted his horse

and rode away.
After the battle of Contreras, as night was coming on, Twiggs was recling beneath a tree, with his orderly holding his horse. Just then General ancing this upon the point of a needle Pills came riding up, in great uneasrepoted to be captured, and it belong to Pillow's command. Pillow was 4most distracted at the thought of this to ge his opinion as to whether he though the battery was lost, and what he had better do under the circumstance

"I flink it quite likely the battery has been optured," replied Twiggs, turning over othis side, while his eyes emitted a malicus satisfaction.

"Hearns!" ejaculated Pillow, "what

"Bette send out a regiment to look for them rejoined his persecutor. "Oh Scott." Can you direct me to his headhands. quarters

"Indeed I can't, General," returned Twiggs.
"Won't pu assist me to discover it? I "Why, certainly," replied Twiggs, who had now tormented the other suffi-

ciently. "Orderly, my horse."

Mounting, he rode forward with Pillow by his side, and in ten minutes was at Scott's tent. Duncan's battery had been safe all the while, and Twiggs knew it. As a story-teller Twiggs had few superiors, and he always had a supply of tough yarns at command.

# Social Position in America and England.

Some years ago a young Scotch me-chanic killed himself at Philadelphia, leaving a letter explaining that he did so from sheer chagrin on finding that his social position, in disgust of which he had chafed himself into emigration, was no better than at home. Being, in common with tens of thousands in Europe, entirely ignorant of American social life, he had concluded, having heard that in this country one man is as good as another, that he would find social circles to which entry was impossible at home easily open to him here, and was correspondingly chagrined to discover that the Cadwaladers, Biddles, etc., kept their doors as close against mechanic as do Lennoxes or Hamiltons. As a matter of fact, the line of social demarkation in our eastern cities is as well defined as in Europe, and a man going to dine at the house of a connection with a captain of one of the merchant or professional man in New York is as unlikely to meet his boot-maker or grocer as at a dinner party in London. The question arises, however, whether this state of things will not soon undergo a change in both places. There is reason to think that up to the middle of the last century some branches of retail trade must have been deemed much honorable in Great Britain, more that it began to decline and in estimation when the extension of commerce and manufactures offered so much more opportunity for money-making in other lines. Pepys, of diary fame, was son of a tailor in a small way of business, yet his father's wife was aunt of Sir Edward Montague, mother of the first Lord Sandwich. Again, when the first Lord Mansfield, son of Lord Stormont, a poor Scotch peer, went to Westminister School, his bosom friend was Vernon ,of a good Shropshire family, but whose father was a London draper. Guy Vernon died early, and his father be-queathed to Mansfield a valuable estate in Shropshire, which the present Lord Mansfield owns to-day. It is perhaps significant of impending change that the son of the Archbishop of Dublin, a man of noble family, has joined a new publishing firm. The fact is that may often be noticed. Probably no one the avenues are now so crowded that enjoys a ball more keenly than a dancer young men of small capital, who do not desire to leave civilization, will, perforce, have to take what offers a livelihood. Nor do we imagine that men who and the forewarned are on the alert, and had the courage to take to retail trade would lose caste with sensible people. Some time since a young gentleman, very anxious to marry, resolved to take the large village shop in the place where his parents, people of excellent position, had long dwelt. He has made a com-fortable livelihood out of it, leads a much more agreeable life than if he had 'Gone West." and all his friends think that he did a very sensible thing.

## The Broker and the Woman,

The ways of heaven are inscrutable, no doubt, but the ways of women are past finding out. An ancient dame, bowed under the weight of many summers, en- claim to excellence in dancing, such entered an office on Montgomery street and ordered the stockbroker who occupied that cell to buy immediately for her shares in a certain stock, to the amount of \$300, all her worldly wealth. The broker being a kind-hearted man, and not having a very good opinion of the aforesaid stock, advised her not to buy. ity. This is the man who regards with But the old lady, having confidence in equal contempt the modern trois temps her judgment, insisted, saying that if the and the deux temps of ancient days; to broker would not purchase for her, there broker would not purchase for her, there barous violence, the former is a lurch. idea struck the man of shares and margins that it would be a good thing to humbug the old girl for her own good He therefore told her that he had bought the stock as ordered, and the old party was content. Next day down went the stock, and our venerable friend lost her 8300 and about a thousand more—that is, she would have lost them had the probably say that he dances the "old" broker acted squarely with her. Down she came to the office, weeping and wailing, and gnashing her teeth, or rather her gums, for teeth she had none. "Oh, Mister — !" cried she, "Oh, if I only had my \$300 back again, I'd be content, and never, never risk it any more. It's all I have in the world." This and much more did she pour into the broker's sympathizing ear, and he made answer thus : "Madam, if you will give me your word of honor never to touch stock again, I'll take your risk myself and hand you back your money." What pen can describe the shower of blessings invoked on the head of that worthy broker? The promises were sacredly given, the \$300 returned, and the old lady marched straight out of the office, across the street, and invested the entire sum in Ophir, losing the whole in about twenty minutes. "Such is woman's constancy.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEWSPAPERS .-Churches act unwisely when they en-deavor to order their affairs so as to secure the commendation of journalists. The Church is absolutely independent of the newspapers. It can grow and thrive its popularity to the fact that it can in every department under a daily condemnation of the press. The praise of the press is comparatively of little value inest of mind. Duncan's battery was to it. Not a few of the best and most useful local churches are rarely or never noticed by the newspapers. We make no exceptions. We include religlamity, and appealed to Twiggs ious newspapers in the list of journals. We especially include the undenominational, irresponsible religious this is the secret of its success. As an newspapers. We bring no accusation against the press, though a portion of it deserves severe censure and the strongest reprobation. We are aiming at the language of evolution, it supplies a more disposition of too many Christian people complete adjustment of our inner to our to seek a newspaper notoriety, a good standing in the papers, to fear and tremble before newspaper censure and to hasten to remove what has come under of waltzing as imperfect; for the same editorial condemnation. This disposi-I could only find General tion is working much injury, is conforming the church to the world, is removing characteristic and essential features of doctrine and order, and is producing form of the latter. Therefore, that dancweakness .- | Christian Intelligencer.

Promises made in time of affliction rewill take its a special favor," continued | quire a better memory than people commonly possess.

### Modern Dancing.

During the last few years, waltzing has advanced from a form of exercise to something like an art. Passing over minor details of style, the principal points of improvement seem to be a keener appreciation of time, and a mode of motion more equable, more rhythmic, and hence more graceful. Both of these are in a great measure due to an alteration in the character of modern dance music. The uneven melody of waltzes like the "Mabel," and the rattle of the now almost obsolete galop, have yielded to a strain which, whether melting into languor or swelling into passion, is ruled throughout by an inexomble three-time which bends the wildest vagaries to its sway. This is certainly the cause of the added grace which the mode of motion in waltzing exhibits. There is a dreamy magic about the measure which the limbs of its votaries cannot long resist, and which has charms to soothe into sobriety even the frantic violence of a provincial deux temps. But the main cause of the improve-

ment lies deeper than this, and is to be found in the keener musical sense of the age, which has at last brought people to recognize that true dancing consists in a motion of the whole body in time with the music, not in the execution of certain steps with more or less mechanical accuracy, to which the accompaniment of music is merely a superfluous luxury. Nor is it in this respect alone that the old order changeth; the uniform rotation which contented our simple forefathers has given place to a series of complicated movements, wherein no invidious preference is given to any particular form of progression. As fancy dictates, or the exigencies of steering require, the skilled performer glides forward or backward, or winds away in a "reverse. Upon this latter practice much abuse has been heaped, and not without some justice; but, on the whole, it must be reckoned a gain.

As a nation we are supposed to take our pleasure sadly, and certainly our dancers furnish some brilliant examples of the national characteristic. Whether the pleasure is of that intense sort which is akin to pain, or whether some dim presence of the future greatness of their art oppresses the minds of proficient waltzers with a sense of painful responsibility, we do not presume to de-cide, but certain it is that during their performances they usually assume an air of solemnity which approaches the lugubrious. Curiously enough, the converse of the orthodox uncompromising deux temps school. Beaming with joviality, he bursts upon the the throng; the wary give him a wide berth; but woe to the luckless couples upon whom he falls, for they run no small chance of being ground to powder. Strips of severed raiment and such facial contortions as genteelly suppressed agony permits at-test the resistless energy of his course. Fortunately his is a mode of motion which is rapidly converted into heat, and exhausted nature soon brings him to a standstill, exhibiting the plainest traces of a partial dissolution of his too solid flesh. Nevertheless he is game to the end, and between his gasps exclaims tri-umphantly to his partner, "That was a capital turn!" To do him justice, he is perfectly unconscious that he is the curse of the ballroom; and he lays no joyment as he derives from it differing le from the pleasure that a healthy animal takes in exercise.

There is yet another type of bad dancer to whom dancing is a source of subtle joy, but with him the pleasure is due to a secret conviction of his own superior-His notion of waltzing is to circle stealthily round his partner at any pace which commends itself to his sense of fitness. He disregards time as completely as the deux temps dancer; but, as a sort of concession to popular feeling on the subject he punctuates his movements by a secies trois temps, or more commonly the "real" trois tmeps; and, murmuring some such confidence to his partner, he begins his rather elaborate revolutions, at the same time composing his face into a smile which, for sweetness and play of features might rival the expression of a Chinese

We have said that the prevailing tendency of modern dancing is in the direction of quiet grace. But, in oppo-sition to this, the partial popularity of such dances as the polka and the schottische presents a strange anomaly which must not be overlooked. Dances of this description may be regarded as a reactionary impulse in which the forces of disorder find convenient expression. There is not much to be said on behalf of the polka as it is too often danced. But this is the fault, not of the dance, but of the dancers. A short time ago it was our privilege to have pointed out to us "the best polkist in London;" and the peculiar charm of this gifted person's dancing appeared to be the facility with which he flung his partner on the claim to be reckoned as a "round" dance. It is a sort of social compromise; and accordingly a lady is enabled to put off with a polka partner whose feelings would be outraged by the offer of a square.

If the waltz has lost something of the grace of the older dance, it has gained in what may be called poetic power, and emotional outlet, it meets more fully the requirements of the age which has given it birth; or, as it may be expressed in the complete adjustment of our inner to our outer relations. And the truth of this is in no way affected by the fact that modern opinion condemns the older methods process of evolution which caused the minuet to be discarded for the waltz bas effected, and will doubtless continue to effect, important modifications in the ing as an art, in its latest expression, the waltz, should exhibit an increasing elab-orateness in response to the increasing complexity of our mental organiza-