

Another Side of It.

"Now, Miss Gray, we have missed our car, and have a long walk before us, clear to Lincoln Park, so I am going to take the opportunity to tell you the story I spoke of before, for I don't want you to think that No. 21 is haunted only by ghostly memories. Well, to begin with, one dreary, rainy night, there was a ring at the bell after everybody had gone to bed, so I threw on my wrapper and went down myself, thinking it must be a telegram. But when I opened the door there stood the queerest looking man, tall and big, and my, oh, my! what great hands and feet he did have, and such a shock of sandy, bristling hair; a freckled face, and the most comical nose I ever saw. And you would have laughed to hear his voice—such a funny one. His only baggage was a thin old carpet-sack and a cotton umbrella.

"Well, how d'ye do?" said he. "Be you the landlady?" "Wal, says he, 'I did put up at the tavern, and was gettin' ready to roost, when they said they'd charge \$3 a day, and I jest thought, 'fore I'd pay it for them gimcracks and staters and dishes, that yer grandmother couldn't tell what's made of, I'd set on the fence all night, though they mostly be made with pints on top in those parts. Now, can you give me pork and beans and sensible grub for a fair price?"

"I think so; anywhere from \$4 to \$8 a week, according to accommodations," says I. "That'll do," says he; "Let's squint around."

No. 21 happened to be the only vacant room, so I showed him that, and told him it was the highest-priced room in the house, but he said it would do, and sat down in the best chair, and soaked it through from his rain-dripping clothes, ruining it in five minutes. He looked so suspicious that I made him pay in advance, and then I saw him open the lean carpet-bag and take out a wooden boot-jack, then I left him alone in his glory. Next morning he appeared at the table with that irresistible hair fiercer than ever, now that it was dry, and the amount he ate would have run a steamboat.

I saw the young gents smile at each other, and the older ones looked amused, and I trembled for the poor fellow. The only lady boarder I had was a Miss Birch—a seamstress on the fourth floor—and, without meaning her any harm, I must say she was the homeliest creature that ever offended my two eyes, and as good as she was ugly. And the new boarder—Barnabas Capstack, his name was—no sooner saw her than he seemed to fall in love with her. Why, that very first day, when he "reckoned he'd walk down to the cross roads a spell," he bought her five cents' worth of peanuts, and from that time on his attentions were unending. He was always bringing her things, candy, illustrated papers, fruit, ribbons, cheap jewelry, and once a yellow dress pattern. He asked her to go to every entertainment that he heard of and she always refused, but that made no difference. On the 14th of February he sent her thirteen valentines, all directed in the same hand. And really I think it was on her account solely that he stayed so long, as the other boarders made it so unpleasant for him. There's two in the 24<sup>th</sup>, one in 25, those up in 36, and some from the fourth floor, and spent their winter in tormenting poor Mr. Capstack.

They would fill his pitcher with kerosene, and he would wash his face in it, and then come to me and say that the gas was certainly leaking in his room, it smelt so strong. They cut white horse-hairs over his bed in fine little bits, and these things like 20,000 mosquitos, if you don't know it. Then the poor fellow would come down in the morning with little sores over his face, and, I suppose, the rest of him, where he'd scratched the skin off. They would sew up his clothes and exchange his pantaloons for a pair that wouldn't reach down to his blue socks, but he'd tie them down and remark, like the Brother Jonathan that he was, that "that air goods kinder shrinks." And they even played the old snipe trick on him—took him out to Burnham woods and left him holding a candle till they should drive up the game. And he held up the candle until it burned down to some powder in the end and exploded; and the way he came galloping down Eagle street about 4 o'clock in the morning suggested that he was scared, to say the least.

But, my! he took it all so patiently, and was so good humored, and was so faithful to his true love, and he paid his board so very prompt, that I could not help liking the fellow.

He never gave much account of himself. He said that he had got tired of farming, and he could find something to do in the city, and was employed in a big wholesale house down on Broad street. So he lived on with us for a number of years, hearing all the jokes patiently, drinking castor oil in his glass of milk, salt in his coffee, soap in his pie, and, I suppose, a thousand other things that I never knew of, and grew more and more devoted to Miss Birch the more she snubbed him until one day she came to my room, and I knew she had something to say by her looks, so I let her talk on, and finally she says:

"Mrs. Compton, I do believe I'll have to marry that fellow to get rid of him."

"Well," says I, "that's a sensible way, for it's a sure one. Just marry him, and he'll trouble you but little after that, I warrant." But bless you, how she flew up!

things), and this evening he did more damage than usual. When the hours had passed until after 11, and still he sat, I told him I never sat up very late. I guessed I should have to ask him to leave. But he only fidgeted the more and at last I thought he was choking; his face got fairly purple.

"Miss Compton," he says, "the Bible, says, ye know, and I thought being as how ye was once that yerself, that maybe it wouldn't be too much to ask yer to be so kind as to step down. It's at the brown church of a Tuesday morning, ye know, and if you'll be there 'bout 3 o'clock we'll be much pleased," and with that he bolted through the door and was gone.

Of course, it got out through the house, and Monday night presents from the boarders began to arrive. Such loads and loads of things. I went up and there stood Barnabas and his bride in the midst unsparking. There were brooms, scrub-brushes, curry-combs, bed-bug poison, mouse-traps, boot-jacks, soap enough for a century, a canned cat, a rolling pin and poker tied together with ribbon and labeled, "Firearms—dangerous," a barrel of beans, hair oil, and goodness knows what else.

Miss Birch was offended, and Barnabas said:

"Never mind, Nanna, them things is all useful articles, and will come mighty handy in our shanty. And Miss Compton, if you will kindly say to the boarders that we have got a shanty down on the cross-roads quite a step from here, and we'll be happy to see them that tomorrow night, I'll be obliged to ye. I'll send up a wagon to take 'em down, seein' they've been so handsome."

Next morning I went down to see them married, and now when Barnabas had his hair oiled down to his head and his new suit on, he was quite a gentleman in appearance, though one of the 42s did say something about flour bags when he saw his white gloves. And Miss Birch was as trim and neat as a pin, as she always was, and made a very good appearance.

When the ceremony was over they went out and got into a carriage, and were driven away. That night we were all ready, and I saw that the young gents were in for some fun, when a row of carriages—nice ones—drew up at the door, and the driver gave me a queer note from Barnabas and Mrs. Capstack. "He is going to be extravagant forever," I thought, but I knew his turn and wasn't surprised.

But when he drew up at the beautiful gray stone house on the finest part of State street, I was amazed. I knew there must be some mistake; so I ran up the steps and into the vestibule, where I could see a vista of lovely rooms opening together, with rich soft carpets and beautiful furniture, looking through the glass door. But there was Barnabas, sure enough, smashing over the loveliest Apollo Belvidere in his haste, coming to open the door himself. And we fled in and sat down, but we hadn't a word to say. And to think of the elegant supper from Murray's, and the music and lights, and poor Mr. Capstack rushing around and cracking his shins against the furniture in his efforts to entertain us. It was too much for gravity.

And don't you think all this time he'd been a partner in the wholesale house, and some of those very gents are his clerks now, that abused him so! And he is the most devoted husband, and Mrs. Capstack manages her house as nicely as if she'd been born in it.

But, my dear, never trust appearances; it is a deceitful world.

**Japanese Farming.**  
Milton S. Vail, a missionary in Japan, gives, in the Methodist, the following account of Japanese farming: "The farmers in Japan seem to operate on a small scale. All the land belongs to the Government, and all have to pay a ground rent. Wheat, barley, rye, and buckwheat are grown in rows, the weeds being kept out by hoeing. It seems strange to see all their grain growing in rows, but no doubt good crops are thus produced. Rice is the chief product of Japan. The earth nearly everywhere is black, and the black soil of the valleys, when well cultivated and made to hold the water from the neighboring hills, makes good rice fields. The soil is broken by manual labor. Men go into the mud up to their knees, and with a long-bladed hoe turn the earth over. Horses are used to harrow it down, and when ready the rice plants are set out by hand. The rice of Japan is very fine, and the Japanese know how to cook it. With them it is the principal article of food—a little rice with pickles and tea, often constitute the meal. The people do not know how to make bread, but seem to be very fond of it when they can get it of foreigners. They have flour, which they use in various ways in the simplest kind of cookery. I noticed in coming to this place (Hakone, a mountain town forty-five miles from Yokohama) that at some of the inns, instead of giving tea, they gave us a drink made of pounded wheat. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, egg-plants, corn, melons, cabbages, onions and turnips are also grown, and other vegetables, the names of which I do not know and never saw in America. I think all the vegetables grown in New York can be cultivated here. Of fruits we have peaches, plums, oranges, strawberries, pears and persimmons, also figs."

**WAGNER THE ICONOCLAST.**—The path of Richard Wagner is littered with the traces of almost ferocious onslaughts upon those of his fellow artists who the world holds dear. He has visited church yards and wreaked spite upon the tombs of the dead. One after another, great and cherished reputations have felt the sting of his keen and acrid pen. He has mocked at Meyerbeer, treated Mendelssohn with disdain, struck fiercely at poor gentle Schuman, laughed at Berlioz, patronized Mozart, and, so to speak, made a post-mortem examination of Beethoven to lecture upon his disease. What he thinks of the living Brahms, we shall, it is said, soon know more fully, and then perforce this truculent master must rest until some one else is guilty of emulations. All this may be the result of extreme fervor, of that "noble rage" which makes a man spurn even the restraints of decency for the sake of the cause he champions.

THE LEATHER EAR.

There is always a horrible mystery about the inside passengers to a coach, if one could only find it all out.

Fred Ringwood had a hand-bag containing a fresh collar and a spotted silk neckerchief, a few rather good cigars, and a small bottle of Santa Cruz rum. He was on his way to Evenden to spend a day and eat a Thanksgiving dinner with a gentleman whom he knew merely in a business way.

Beggerly clerks are not often asked out through letter by the senior partner's brother to a Thanksgiving dinner, and so young Ringwood, being exceptionally fond of turkey and pumpkin pie, had set out that afternoon with the liveliest anticipations of enjoyment. The holiday out of town was an immense thing, not to speak of a day and night in a country house and twenty miles of coach and country road.

A very singular looking female, in the proverbial nubia and coarse black gown, sat bolt upright in one corner opposite Fred, while the middle seat was occupied by a gentleman of 50 years, perhaps, in a dark surtout, a black stock, which he wore uncommonly high, and a red flannel bandage around his head and face, covering his ears. During a relay of horses at Bangoke, Fred nudged his luggage and applied himself to the rum sparingly.

"A little spirit cheers the heart and elevates the soul," said the man with the bandage.

"Have some!" said Fred in duty bound, extending the flask.

Untying the bandage the stranger, reduced the quantity in the bottle to a mere gill at a gulp.

"Poison—poison," said he sentimentously.

Now there was a peculiarity about this man which gave Fred a cold chill and made him sit further away, and when the coach rattled off he got such a jerk as gave the back of his head a lump as large as an egg. The man who did not object to poison calmly replaced the red flannel. He had a curious deep red scar across his right cheek, extending from his temple to his chin, and his right ear was done up in black morocco. Instantly Fred felt for his pocket-book, and suddenly remembered that he had none.

He carried a handful of loose coin in his trouser pockets, and mighty lucky was he in the middle of the week to be able to jingle the bit of silver he carried with him to Evenden.

The man in the middle got out at Sterling's, where the coach took a header, and Fred actually felt relieved, as no doubt did the lady in the black gown, although henceforth she kept her eye mainly on Fred, who, in truth, had a rather rakish air, but so little egotism that he felt only moderately flattered by the lady's attention, and rather conceived the idea that she entertained lively doubts as to his respectability.

"That man, madame," remarked Fred with great nonchalance, after the stranger had scrambled out of the coach leaving it to Ringwood and the lady in the b. g., "that man is one of the greatest rascals of his day."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, with a nervous spasmodic; "you don't say so. What does he do mostly?"

"Oh, as to that, it is easier telling what he does not do. He doesn't do anything elderly and nice, but everything of the Dick Turpin-Sixteen-String-Jack sort, you understand? It's a wonder that our heads are on our own shoulders."

"Why didn't you say so before?" snapped the lady with asperity.

"You may keep that bundle, Mr. Ringwood," said the highwayman, scornfully, as familiar with Fred as if he had stood godfather to him twenty years before. "My real object is not to take trifles from you, but an important bit of information. You are the rather poorly paid, but confidential clerk of Giles, Leadbeiter & Reid, of Camberwell Road and Harrowditch. I must know how deposits the funds in the safe, how late it remains, there, and who will be on watch there tonight at 12."

The lady in the black gown seemed transfixed with horror. All this going on under her very nose.

Fred gave a last thought to Emily Giles, and buttoned her locket over his heart.

"Why, you villain," said he, folding his arms tenderly over it. "Betray my employers—the men who befriended me, an outcast and foundling, and trust me as they trust no one else? You are welcome to blow my body full of holes, if that will gratify you, but never a word will I speak of their affairs while I have a drop of warm blood in my body."

The robber made a motion toward Fred very difficult to understand, while the lady in the black gown threw her fat arms around his neck much to his dismay.

"Dear fellow," she murmured. Here there was a smothered cry outside, a scuffle of a moment's duration on the frozen ground, and the driver cracked his whip. The horses plunged forward at a mad gallop, and in an hour's time were drawn up before a superb avenue of chestnuts leading to a magnificent old red brick country house with window casements.

This was Evenden, and Fred, feeling stiff and sore, full of knocks and bangs, his hair terribly tumbled, handed his bag to a valet, who came to meet him, with the air of a young D'Orsay, and was soon standing in a splendid old drawing room, shaking hands with an elderly gentlemanly man with prominent cheek bones and mild blue eyes, whose voice reminded him constantly of some one else.

Dinner awaited—such a Thanksgiving dinner as one might expect to eat in such a manner, but what was Fred's surprise to see Emily Giles advancing to meet him with a pretty dove-colored gown which exactly matched her eyes, while Leonard Giles, the senior partner's brother, smiled on in approval, and a stout elderly lady in black gown, stood holding a gold snuff-box in her mittened hand, looked at him benignantly.

No adventure coming down, Mr. Ringwood," asked the senior partner's brother, after the dessert had come on, and Fred was growing deliciously happy eating philopenas with Emily, across corners.

"No robbers—no stoppage, nor anything of that sort. We fancied you were a little late, Mrs. Waggoner and I."

Mrs. Waggoner was Emily's more than mother.

"Nothing worth mentioning," answered Fred, turning a trifle red in the face as he remembered the rum which was plentifully diluted with water and aniseed.

"Frederic, you are a good fellow, and full of the right stuff. Emily, I don't mind telling you, my dear, that you have made an excellent choice of a husband. From to-night, Mr. Ringwood, you enter my brother's business as an interested clerk, with a partnership in view, while I've no doubt that we can make all things satisfactory to you at Evenden."

Emily and Fred got down every year to eat Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners at Evenden.

The Keith's Forerunner.

Mrs. Keith called in the morning, and judging by her nervous, restless manner, we concluded that her errands weren't altogether pleasant, to tell at least, but we tried to help the little woman by being more chatty and jolly than usual. After she had conquered her timidity sufficiently, she said:

"I called to ask a favor of you, Hetty, but I'm afraid you won't thank me after I tell you something."

"Have no fears, but tell us about this something," she replied, quickly.

"Well, it has been several weeks that we have heard a noise in our ell chamber that we cannot account for. We have listened and searched to no purpose. I tell you this because I wanted you to stay nights with the children next week, while husband and I go to Riverside. They wouldn't object to staying alone if it wasn't for this mysterious noise. I hope we shall understand about it, sometime, for it makes the children so timid."

"What is it like?" I asked.

"A loud knocking, then dying away gradually; mother Keith says something terrible is going to happen, and these repeated warnings are to prepare us."

Worrying then, thought I, is what has made the little woman so thin and pale the last few weeks, and she wants to visit her folks before the "something terrible" happens.

"Come! Of course I will, and I'll tell you all about the noise when you return," I replied stoutly.

"I hope you will," sighed the little woman, "but I don't know, husband and I have failed."

"Well, I don't intend to; if husband and I have failed," I laughed.

"Just like you, Hetty; full of courage," replied Mrs. Keith, looking brighter and more cheerful than she had for a month. "I can depend on you, then."

"Of course," I replied, "I should be delighted to ferret out the secret."

Hitherto the Keiths had visited Riverside during the lull of farm work after hay and grain were housed, but the fear of that impending "something" had changed the time to mid-planting.

Although I had the reputation for courage and persistent energy, I didn't relish the job of ferreting out the Keith's forerunner; but I had promised and was too proud to recant; besides, we were neighbors and friends.

The morning they started I went over to help them off, knowing that there are many last things to say and do, even when we're all ready. The good-byes between parents and children were really touching, and to an oppositely constituted person from myself, the scene might have been affecting, but I laughed, threw old shoes for good luck, and promised to superintend the sending of a postal daily.

"Now, Reny, if you want me, I'll take my sewing and stay with you during the day," I said, after the Keith's were out of sight.

"No, thank you; it is nights that we want you. Come at sunset, if you can," she replied.

"Well, well, how easy it is to be fooled, especially when it's dark, and most all scares happen in the dark," said Mr. Keith.

Ever after that I was the personification of everything that made living a success to the Keiths.—[Golden Rule.]

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

A spirit photograph—A photograph of a distillery.

Funny items are made by adroit turns of the humor-wrist.

Cannibals are captive 'ating er'atures.—[Stouenville Herald.]

A derriek is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Because its a catarh-acl.

The man who has gathered a big ice crop wants to keep it shady.

What is fame? Fame is the result of being civil to newspaper men.

Telegrams, according to the New Haven Register, are to be consolidated into Jaygoldigrams.

Captain Eads' ship railroad is no new idea. Didn't Charon pull a boat over Styx?

When a New York young man pops the question he now says, "Let's consolidate."

Eggs are higher in New York than was ever known before, and consumers are impatient to throw off the yolk.

Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less self-denial.

"He got his just deserts," remarked Brown. "And mine, too," ejaculated Strong, as he surveyed the table and saw the after-dinner luxuries all gone.

"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago," Sally. "Lor, miss, how the time do slip away!"

It is said that pork fed on Cincinnati whisky is never effected with trichinosis. When the parasites get a whiff of the whisky they take pity on the pig and leave.

A northern newspaper claims that an Alderman has been injured by the accidental discharge of his duty. These accidents are very rare.

An Irish soldier called out to his companion: "Hallo! Pat, I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along, then, bring him along!" "He won't come." "Then come yourself."

"Do you favor my suit?" said Claude to Angelina, the other day. "Yes," was the crushing reply. "I look with more favor on the new clothes than I do on your owner."

A New York Ledger story writer died the other day, and they wrote him this epitaph: "The chapter of this world is ended—to be continued in the next."

An editor, the day after experiencing religion, wrote: "The storm last Tuesday caused great d—age in H—town, Pa. A man named G—drey was dangerously injured."—[Puck.]

An Italian has invented a device for instantaneously detaching a horse from a wagon. The Boston Transcript believes this is an infringement on the rights of Texas horse thieves.

After four months of a severe winter newspaper editors will be apt to treat the spring poets with a greater amount of respect than usual—will at least read a few lines of their contributions before consigning them to the waste basket.—[Norristown Herald.]

The story is told that some one once asked the late Dr. S. H. Cox, whose wit was irrepressible, how it happened that out of his large family, half had left the Presbyterian church. "Oh!" he replied, "it is a case of the virgins of the Scriptures—five were wise and five were Episcopalian."

Mr. John Bell, an English owner of a private gallery, which had cost \$1,000,000, tried to will his pictures to the City of Glasgow, but he unfortunately wrote his will in pencil. Under British law, he might as well have written it in water. His pictures have been sold for the benefit of his heirs, and his good intentions follow him.

"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who passed and addressed a man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark, "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

**MR. EDMUNDS ON BIENNIAL SESSIONS.**—Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, has lately written a letter to a Massachusetts inquirer in which he says: "I do not think the change from annual to biennial sessions of the Legislature in Vermont has done good, but the reverse. I am satisfied that it has resulted in connection with the one-term idea which came in with it, in having a smaller proportion of the members of former experience, and, in respect of the re-elected members, has left them in a condition of less memory of, and less acquaintance with, previous legislations, etc., than they had under the annual system. I believe, also, that, even in our little State, the general value of annual sessions, compared with biennial, is great in respect of keeping up personal acquaintanceship, communion, and interchange of ideas upon all topics, from the simplest agricultural and school district affairs to the broadest ones of finance and politics, among the citizens who thus assemble. Again, even in as simple a community as ours, the frequent critical observation and overhauling of every department of administration, is, I think, of immense value as a preventive as well as a corrective of bad or negligent administration. In all these respects, and many others that may be mentioned, I think the annual meetings of the representative men of a commonwealth are worth a hundred times what they cost."

**DEAR PARENTS:** We know all about the forerunner. Taint nothing. We set out to mail it, but cluded to wait and let you see it. Hetty is a regular brack. She'd beat a General anywhere. I'd like to vote for her to be President, for she wouldn't scare or act spoony about anything. Your affectionate Sun.

"So you fixed it, Hetty," said the children, before they alighted from their carriage. "Yes, just come and see it," said the children, leading the way.

The way to produce a smile on the face of Nature is to plant it with seeds of flowers. Tickle Nature in that way, and she will laugh with blossoms.