

CABIN PHILOSOPI.

J. A. MAJOR IN SWITZER.

Just turn the back-log over, dar-an' pull your stovs up nigher. An' wash dat 'pomom cockin' in de skillet by de fire. Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to make my footin' flow. An' I'll grin you out a leaf or two to take befo' you go. Now, in dese busy wurkin' days, dey's changed de scripser fashions. An' you needn't look to mirakles to furnish you wid rations. Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you get to go and fetch 'em. An' ef you's wantin' fishes you must dig your own-an' keep 'em. For you kin put it down an' martin dat de time is long gone by. When managins' taters used to rain from outside sky. Ef you think about it keefully, and put it to the test. Yes! diskliver dat de safes plan is piously de best. Ef you stambles on a borset's nose an' make de writers seater. You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argerfy de matter. An' when de yaller fever come an' settles all around. 'Tis better dan de karranteen to shuffle out o' town. Dar's hoaps o' dreadful music in de very finest fiddle. A ripe and ruller apple may be rotten in de middle. De wine's lookin' trahler may be de biggest fool. Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in de humbles' kind o' mule. De preacher sin't de holies' dat w'ars de meek's to look. An' does de loodes' hangin' on de kiver ob de book. De people pass deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's. Dey seater all deir piousnes aroun' de peanut man's. De twentys an' de fifties ges in payin' out deir rents. But Helen an' de organ grinder gits de copper cents. I sebbe likes de culled man dat thinks too much o' eatin'. Dat froles fro' de wurkin' days and snoozes at de mectin'. Dat lines de temperance 'ciety, an' keeps a gittin' tight. An' pulles his water-millins in de middle ob de night. Dese military nigger chaps, with muskets in deir han's, Ferradin' fro' de city to de music ob de ban's. Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid deir bones. An' g't a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-wool. Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de ditches. Wid more dan a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross deir breeches. Well you think datadoin' suffin' 'tall is mighty sof' an' nice. But it busts up de renters in de loby Paradien! You see, dey hote was human bein's, jes' like me an' you. An' dey couldn't reggritate deirselves wid not a thing to do. Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em an, a cotton crop to make. Dey'd never thought o' loasin' 'round an' chah-tin' wid de snake.

CRACKING ON SAIL.

A large percentage of disasters at sea are directly due to the passion of driving or cracking on. American shipmates excel in this particular—no other ships are so recklessly managed, and no ships in the world are so poorly manned. Then, too, if a man has a general idea of seamanship, and wealth, or wealthy friends he is at once put in command. Fertility in resources, energetic and prompt to execute, and other nameless qualifications ought to be essential elements in the man who assumes the discharge of a ship-officer's duties, and yet ship owners seem to ignore all that, seeking to find the half, the third, or even the quarter, interest, as of a deal more importance. It is very true that a good many good seamen have command of ships who are indebted to wealth or influence for the distinction. But the rule is to give the vessel to the man who puts the most money in the venture, without regard to the necessary ability to handle the ship. The Messrs. Blunt, Fitch & Wadleigh were ship-owners, and their office in South street did a large South American business. They had several ships in the Liverpool trade, not speaking of the round dozen of coasters owned by this firm. The firm always insisted on money qualifications in a captain, and the result was that their ships were driven until they were almost worthless. Then they were loaded up with odds and ends, heavily insured and sent to sea. They rarely came back. If they came back they were sure to disappear the next trip, and the captain was bound to find a new ship waiting for him. Occasionally the Messrs. Blunt, Fitch & Wadleigh would lose a ship unexpectedly, but as long as they were safe on the Underwriters' book they did not much care about the ship's company, or inquire if anybody was saved. The ship Planet belonged to the above firm, and when my story commences she was in the Waterloo dock taking in emigrants and their stores. Her destination was New York, and she advertised to sail in a day or two. She was a half-clipper, heavily sparred, and bearing the evidence about her that she was not allowed to loiter by the way. She had all the features of a safe and trustworthy ship, and so there was no difficulty found in securing the four hundred and odd passengers that were about to trust themselves to the tender mercy of the Atlantic. The captain was a slovenly individual, with bloated features and a conspicuous redness in his face, but he rarely came on deck or interfered with the first officer who performed his duty with a great flourish, evidently calculated to impress the passengers with a due sense of his importance. The day before the ship hauled out into the stream a quiet, gentlemanly appearing man came on board, and, after a keen stare at the mate and a glance at the cabin accommodations engaged a state room. As this man elbowed his way among the passengers, those who noticed him little thought that the day would come when their safety depended upon his ability to handle a ship. He did not stay long, but hastened away to send his "traps" on board. The next morning, as the ship was hauling out, he came on board and stowed trunks and boxes marked "R. H. W." were stowed away in the hold. A small leather trunk and a valise were transferred to his state-room, after which he disappeared from view. The next time he emerged from the

cabin the ship had cleared the channel and was running to the westward with a light breeze under a perfect cloud of canvas—studding sails on both sides up to the main to-gallant sail, and the crew a hard-looking, vicious gang of Liverpool men—the hardest characters in the world—were being driven about from sheet to braces. The captain was engaged in his favorite amusement of "cursing and blasting the eyes" of the man at the wheel, and it was evident at a glance that the red face and those bleary eyes were the result of a long debauch. Each lurch of the ship caused him to sway to and fro by the backstay, which was his usual hanging-on place when "slightly sprung." The mate was a fair seaman, but standing in mortal fear of the captain—and the same might be said of the other officers, who stood in mortal fear of the mate. It was the mate's watch, and he was busily engaged in securing things for the long trip across the Western ocean. The passengers, in open-eyed wonder, looked at the crew as they scurried about the decks, surprised that a man could calmly take such hearty abuse without at least resenting it by word or look. After a day or two out, things became shaken into their places. The captain in port and the same man at sea were altogether different individuals. Now he was a cross, sulky man, with a villainous odor of whisky clinging to him. There were about a dozen cabin passengers, and after each of them had received a snub or two, they preferred to let the captain alone. The quiet man didn't seem to have eyes for anything but a book, which was his constant companion. Occasionally a game of chess, checkers or Spanish poles enlivened the cabin people, and when these things failed to interest, they would saunter about the deck until it was time to retire. The other passengers, mostly Irish and Dutch, had a hard time of it, and bitterly complained of the trashy stuff served out to them, as if they were dogs. For the first ten days baffling winds and a nasty hand sea did not tend to make the captain a very amiable man, but on the morning of the eleventh day out a fresh breeze from the northeast overtook her, and all the morning the hasty tramping of the sailors intimated to those below that there were lively times on deck. The hoarse orders of the mate were succeeded by the still hoarser roars of the captain, setting studding-sails, and when the cabin passengers began to crawl on deck the ship was covered with canvas from the lower sails to her royals. All that day the wind increased in violence, and, in the dog-watches, was increased to a gale. Still those in the ship did not notice that so much on account of the fact that she was running from it. The sea, too, came in regular ridges, and the heavy pressure on her masts kept her steady, so she skimmed along with a gliding motion. Toward night, it being the mate's watch, he took in the studding-sails and hauled in the royals. He was getting ready to clew up the main sail, when the captain staggered on deck, and, lurching in the direction of the back-stay, he managed to grasp it as he roared out: "Hie! what the—-are you doing, Jamison? Didn't I tell you to crack on with this wind in our stars? Send the hands up to loose those royals agin, and just pack that main's'l on her, you lubberly coward. What in—-are you afraid of—a capful of wind, hey?" The mate strode up to the back-stay and explained that there was an occasional squall passing over; that she was steering wild, and so he thought he'd ease her a little. "She's going twelve knots now, which is fast enough, I take it." "You slap that mainsail on to her, you fool. Don't you suppose I know what I'm about? And if you're scared go below and put your head in a bag." The mate strode away; the three royals were set, the mainsail sheeted, and the Planet, trembling in every joint, went boring into the night that was now fairly shutting down on the flying ship and the heaving ocean. The captain, clanking to himself at his own daring, crawled back to his state-room, took another "nip," and roared back to his post at the back stay. After a bit he got it through his head that the studding-sails were taken in, and he roared out: "Stand by to set the maintopmast stin'sail!" This order made the men express a hope that he'd take the sticks out of her, and the mate had the hardihood to say that the old man was either very drunk or getting crazy, but he went about the difficult job of setting the studding-sail, and after an hour's labor succeeded in setting it. As the night wore on, the wind increased in volume, and the waves grew higher and broader, and the ship began to sheer wildly. Occasionally a big wave would overtake her and lap inboard over the rail. She began to roll heavily, and the watch below in the fore-castle turned out and gravely discussed the usual incidents of a ship running away from a tempest under press of sail. The morning brought no change in the aspect of affairs, only worse. The tempest roared through the top-hammer, and the mast bent under the heavy strain. The steering of the ship had now become a very difficult matter, and it was evident that should the ship by any mischance be thrown in the trough of those heavy seas, she would roll over at once. At last a heavy lurch eased her of the studding sail, which bent down to leeward on the wings of the wind, and, under the excitement, the mate clew up the royals and had them rolled up. The captain came on deck soon after, and at once began to abuse the mate for taking in the royals. The mate soon after went below, being relieved by the second mate. Toward noon a heavy squall took the three top-gallant-masts out of her, and then there were horrid oaths and imprecations in order until the wreck was cleared away. During the afternoon the seas began to tumble in over the rail, and the compass grew so unsteady that it became unreliable. The ship was sheering wildly. The two men at the wheel were whirling it about, in spite of the mate's incessant caution to "steer small," and the captain was hanging on to his back-stay, exulting in the idea that he was running down a lively gale of wind under three whole topmasts and courses. A little before eight bells in the last dog watch (eight p. m.) the mate bluntly told the captain that he "was going to

batten down the passengers; that if sail wasn't shortened at once the ship would get tripped up in some of the high waves that were now racing after her. She's going sixteen miles an hour now, and if she goes any faster she'll be unmanageable." "Let her rip, my sweet-scented son of a sea-cook. I'm captain. I am; and if I hear any more of your impertinence I'll disrate you, my back. Let her rip, I say; she's all right; blow, good breezes, blow!" The mate turned away and told those of the passengers who still lingered on the deck to go below; the quiet, gentlemanly chap didn't budge an inch. While a sense of coming danger filled every heart, the quiet man did not seem to be alarmed. After a while the hatches were put on and secured, and a few things attended to that were of prime importance in view of the present situation. After eight bells the captain horrified the second mate by securing the fore and main sheets with a padlock and chain, and with the parting injunction to call him if it came on to blow, he reeled aft and disappeared down the after companion-way. The watch below turned in all standing heartily cursing the man who was risking their lives in such a foolish way. The quiet man took up a position near the wheel, and, to the surprise of the second mate, began to con the ship. Now, this conning process consists in watching the ship's head, and moving the hand in the direction the wheel should be turned. It is often resorted to in a high seaway, when the motion of the ship renders the compass card unsteady. The officer, mentally making a note of the fact that the passenger was a seaman, went forward, and he had scarcely reached the waist, when a flashing light gleamed out of the gloom ahead a hoarse voice shouted "Light, oh!" then a confused hubbub on the fore-castle, with an imperative order to port the helm. Impulsively the men at the wheel began to whirl it to port, but were stopped by the passenger sternly shouting to do no such thing. A moment's reflection convinced them that to alter her course in those tremendous seas would be instant destruction, and though the mate was frantically shouting port, hard-a-port, she was held in her course simply because she could not leave it. Sheering wildly, she rolled up the slope of a mountainous wave, in full sight of a ship's light, dead ahead. The next instant there was heard a crashing and snapping of timber forward, then a tremendous shock, followed by a loud despairing cry—the tribute nature wrings from humanity in its dire extremity. Another crash succeeded by a grating sound under the keel, and the Planet lurched heavily to port. As she rolled back to the starboard, she took a wild sheer; at the same time the sails began to slat, and in a moment they were torn into ribbons. Still sheering, she climbed a big sea, and, as she sunk away into the trough her fore and main top mast snapped off close to the cap. Then, as she lay canted down on her portside, a huge wave topped with foam and fairly glowing with luminous sparkings emitted from the phosphorous held in solution, came down from the windward. There was a terrific grandeur in its grand sweep, and as far as the eye could reach black sides extended, with here and there a patch of foam flecking its towering bulk. Other waves were pressing in from behind, and, as it mounted up higher and higher, the crested top tumbled over; then the ship rolled to meet it, and with an angry hiss it leaped over the rail, sweeping everything before it. When the watch on deck saw that fearful sea about to break, there was a frantic rush for the rigging, each thinking only of his own safety. The two men at the wheel also deserted their posts and clung to the mizen rigging, the quiet passenger alone remaining at the helm. As the tons on tons of water leaped over the rail, the Planet listed over, and another wave, following swiftly behind, laid the good old ship on her beam-ends. When the crash of the collision aroused the startled passengers, the captain came hurriedly on deck, and as he attempted to gain his usual place by the back stay the sea overtook him and swept him over the side to the leeward. The mate, too, who was in the waist, was overtaken by the sea and swept overboard. It was a thrilling moment, and the disaster occurred in less time than it takes me to describe it. Before one could have arranged the details of the disaster, a hard ringing voice was heard, in the direction of the wheel, screaming: "Lay aft, all hands! Some one slip down and close that starboard companion-way! Lay aft here, I tell you!" It was the quiet cabin passenger, and there he was, up to his waist in water, hanging on to the wheel, which he had managed to jam to starboard. Hatless and coatless, every one within the sound of his voice knew that he was captain, and a good one, too, and his next words confirmed the conviction. "Cut the main brace and unreeve it. Lead it along fore and aft and haul taut! Be quick, boys; work lively, we have time to spare!" When the brace was secured forward and hauled, as taut as it could, the next order rang out hard and clear: "Get an axe and sever the forward starboard lanyard—you will find one on the break of the poop. Some of you find a yawser and bend it securely to the fore yard. Get the hawser bent on and then cut away. Take the wheel, two of you!" The Planet lay broad-on in the trough, and each passing wave pressed her over more and more. What damage she had sustained in her hull could not be ascertained, but the shock that had sunk the other vessel must have started something forward, and the wonder was she did not go down at once. After a painful suspense, the hawser was secured to the fore-mast close off. All the top-hammer lay to the leeward, holding on by the lee-shrouds and back stays, and occasionally pounding. Presently the order came: "Lay aft, you all, into the mizen rigging. Is that hawser all clear forward?" The hawser was reported clear, and the crew, or what was left of them, took their places in the mizen rigging, and, the wind acting on the resistance their bodies offered, slowly urged the ship away from the wreck, forward, bringing

a strain on the gear attached. As the strain grew heavier, she began to head up to the sea, and slowly righted. Then the lee riggings were cut, the hawser veered away until thirty fathoms stretched away to windward. "Now, then, my lads, let us see where we are hurt. Sound the pumps. We are all right if she does not leak badly." The pumps being sounded, showed nearly four feet of water in the well. So the brake was rigged, and some of the steerage passengers were got on deck through the after bulkhead and set to work. An hour's steady pumping showed a slight gain which infused new hope that her damage was not as serious as might be expected. All night long the pumps were kept going by relays of passengers, and by morning it was announced that the pumps were steadily gaining on the water. Things looked badly by daylight. The bulwarks all gone, the deck swept clean, and half the crew, the captain and mate, swallowed up—all resulted from "cracking on." But with her stout three-inch hawser fastened to the wreck of her foreyard to windward she rode out the gale as well, if not better, than any canvas. The new captain rigged jury-masts when the weather moderated and made sail to the westward. The easterly winds favored him and he made good time to the Banks. After clearing the fogs that prevail there he sighted a large steamer one morning, heading east. In an hour she was a cable's length ahead and slowed down to speak the battered and rusty ship, whose squat masts created considerable amusement on the splendid steamer. Then came the hoarse hail—"Ship ahoy!" "Aye! aye!" "What ship is that?" "The Planet, of and for New York." "Who is the Planet commanded by?" "One of her cabin passengers—Waterman of San Francisco." "Waterman?" "Yes, bully Waterman, at your service." The two vessels drifted apart. The steamer's bell rang to hook her on, and paddles went around, and with a wave of their trumpets the two captains parted. Here, then, was the most notorious bully that ever commanded a ship, a man whose name was famous and on every sailor's lip from Singapore to the Golden Gate; every newspaper almost, in those days, had something to say about "bully Waterman" and his ship Challenger, and the ship never floated that could out-sail her, nor the man ever breathed that could cow the daring spirit of this quiet gentlemanly man. The Planet at last reached New York and was delivered over to her owners, who did the handsome thing by Waterman. The passengers had a card in the papers praising to the quiet cabin passenger and ranking with the greatest heroes that ever lived. It was never really known what vessel it was that struck the Planet that terrible night, when she was running free at the rate of 16 miles an hour, as there were one large steamer and a dozen ships at sea about that time which were never heard from again. Who can say how many have been run down and run under through this "cracking on."

Intemperance and Immorality in London.

The idea prevails in America that the English are a virtuous nation, and London is an exemplary city. I have no hesitation in asserting that this is about the falsest statement that can be made on the other side of the Atlantic. I may refer those who doubt my proposition to the declaration published the other day by the great Dr. Pussey, of Oxford, that the inhabitants of London were all pagans; to the police court columns of the English papers, which, by the way, only published a very small portion of the crimes committed, and finally to the daily moaning upon that score of the most celebrated men of the country. Two terrible vices flutter over this realm and pollute with their slime the unfortunate subjects of her Majesty; their names are intemperance and immorality. They pervade every rank of society. Napoleon I. said the English were a nation of shop-keepers! Parodying his words, I may affirm they are a nation of drunkards. Everybody drinks. It is not only the men of the lower class, who, like in America, disgrace themselves sometimes, by too many libations, it is every individual, from the gaudily-dressed, ostentatious, affected nobleman, to the rough, hard-working laborer; from the highly-perfumed, drollish, bright-featured lady to the two penny-a-penny market woman. The disease is a ghastly, hideous, universal one. Opportunities to drink are given everywhere. Taverns, or as they are called here, public houses, abound; you count them by thousands; there is one for every hundred yards; sometimes they hang by clusters of three or four together, like strawberries in the fields. For all that, they pay well, and very well indeed. If you enter one of these during the day, whom do you see? A number of men and women, but especially women, sitting down and talking loud, often quarreling, sipping enormous mugs of beer or tumblers of hot rum or hot gin. These females are mothers of a family, young girls of 18 or thereabout, women with babies in their arms, teaching their offspring to gulp down whiskey at the same time as they hold the breast. Saloons are not the only places where spirits may be obtained; they are retained in every imaginable corner. There is not a railroad station, not a theatre, not a music hall, not a steamboat, that is not provided with its conspicuous bar-room.—[London Correspondent of Chicago Times.] This story of a troop ship is just now current in London: In the ladies' cabin were four wash-basins, one of which was much larger than the others. There were three ladies in the cabin whose husbands were about equal in rank. The women always think they have a right to presume on the rank of their husbands when taking choice of berths, etc., and there was a great discussion as to who was entitled to the big basin. It was referred to the paymaster of the ship who could settle nothing, and eventually to the captain. He gave a decision worthy of Solomon. After first asking them if they would abide by his verdict and not give any more trouble in the matter, which they readily agreed to do, he said he thought it was only fair that the oldest lady should have the biggest basin.

Lady Hesketh's Jewels.

Marrying an heiress, says the Philadelphia Times, is a very cool thing in its way, but, like other things, it is possible to have too much of it; and having too much of it is just what is the matter with Senator Sharon's son-in-law, Sir Thomas Hesketh of Burford Hall in the Royal Duchy of Lancaster. The poor man's troubles have just begun, and if they keep on as they have started he will be thankful enough, in the course of a week or two, to sink down quietly in the moneyless, restful oblivion of the grave. Before the bride and groom got down home from Liverpool the rector of Burford parish received an anonymous letter bidding him "warn the proper authorities to watch carefully the valuable jewelry of Lady Hesketh," and as the rector naturally concluded that the proper authority to look after Lady Hesketh's traps was her husband, this startling communication was handed to Sir Thomas the very moment that the coach drawn by six white horses decked with wedding favors drew up at Burford Hall door. Sir Thomas acted with a prompt military skill that would have been the making of Lord Chelmsford and the salvation of the British army in Zululand. He at once issued a general order to his retainers to "remove all ladders from the neighborhood of the hall, and to watch all means of ingress while the family were dining." This order was carried out with celerity, and a considerable body of the tenantry presently moved off, loaded down with all the ladders pertaining to the outdoor premises, together with all the step-ladders belonging to the interior department. An excess of zeal even led to the removal from the laundry of the three clothes-horses. While the procession filed down the avenue to the lodge-gates, and so out into the open country, the cause of all the commotion, the rich dowry of the bride, began to arrive, under guard. "The luggage was escorted to the hall by the police," says the dispatch, "and every precaution taken to insure safety." Indeed, so well were the orders of the commanding officer conceived and executed that the lawless bands of thieves were completely overawed. They seem to have hung timorously on the flanks of the police, as these stout defenders of the peace marched sturdily up from the railroad station with their precious convoy; but they manifested no disposition whatever to make a dash up the ladder, or otherwise attempt to carry the hall by storm. And so Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh worked their way pleasantly through a dinner of nine courses without a single interrupting shot from the revolver that, loaded and cocked, lay ready to the Baronet's hand. But if this sort of thing is to be kept up Sir Thomas Hesketh will pay a rattling price for his heiress's wealth. Of course he cannot expect to have a guard of policemen on hand all the time, and under certain conditions—as those of house-cleaning—the step-ladder will have to be returned. And then he will have to look out sharp. Moreover, even if he arms his footmen and plant Gatling guns so as to command all the salient angles of Burford Hall, he never can tell when his manifold precautions against foes without will be rendered vain by treachery within. In short, Lady Hesketh's jewels, like Lady Pargiter's, sooner or later, surely are destined to suffer the fate that befell the traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho—to fall among thieves. And until they are stolen and done for, Sir Thomas cannot have a moment's peace of mind.

Killing a Tiger.

At Rangoon, in Burmah, recently in one of the most populous quarters of the town, a tiger was killed in broad daylight. The brute had been hanging about Dallah, the straggling village on the other side of the river from Rangoon, for several days, and early one morning swam across the river to Rangoon. Fagged with the long mile through a swift current, and no doubt astonished at the number of people he came across, he encircled himself beneath a house. The District Superintendent of Police heard of the arrival, and, armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, went down with another Englishman in the direction pointed out. They came upon the tiger rather unexpectedly. Entering one of the houses on the river bank, they all of a sudden discovered the animal only a few inches below them, with nothing but the scant protection of an open bamboo floorwork between them and him. A bullet between the shoulders, however, dropped him before any harm could be done, and a couple more shots made things sure. Then the Burmans came crowding in scores. The inspector tried to keep them off with his gun, forgetting it was at full cock. Suddenly it went off, and a Burman was shot through the shoulder, and died a few hours afterward. The tiger was just under nine feet from tip to tip. A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Wisconsin which authorizes and requires women to vote at the next general State election upon the question whether they desire to have an elective franchise conferred upon them, and to assume the duties and obligations of male citizens. Separate boxes are to be provided for them. Any female citizen neglecting to vote, unless prevented by age, infirmity, or sickness, to be proved by medical certificate of disability, is to be regarded guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not less than \$100 or imprisoned not more than three months, or both, and any man guilty of intimidating, controlling, or willfully obstructing any woman in voting, or of insulting any woman in going to or from the polls, is to be fined not less than \$200 or imprisoned not more than two years, or both. If the women suffragists of Wisconsin are not satisfied with this law, nothing they are likely to get will satisfy them. "Go to the carrier pigeon, thou glutton; learn its ways and be wise. When traveling it never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, almost dying. If corn be presented to it it refuses, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeping again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged, the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding."

Stage-Struck.

A writer in Harper's Bazar thus takes off the stage-struck demsels: If these demsels talk freely with you, they will tell you that if they are not strikingly pretty, they can "make up" well; that they can shed real tears at pleasure; that they even know how to simulate a faint at call; that they have practiced the stage laugh till they have it perfectly; and as for their soles, you should hear them! Meanwhile, the stage is never forgotten in their last motion. If they sit at the piano, it is with a sense of the audience down at one side—they stand, rather than sit, for freedom of dramatic movement. They emphasize their remarks with fingers touching together on the chest and their arms flung wide open with circling grace; with an upraised arm, and every finger trembling, with hands clasped over a lace handkerchief, and just a little lifted—with all the pretty lines of grace, in short, that one sees in the motions of the lovely ladies who play society dramas. By and by, if circumstances have never pushed them forward, if the native impulse were not strong enough to give the impetus to seek a stage manager; if modesty, after all, got the better of them; if the thing did not, on the whole, effervesce in private theatricals, or if no private theatricals came to stimulate and develop the taste, they subside into the choice reader of a domestic Shakespeare club or the teacher of an elocutionary class, or else they fall in love and marry, and housewifely cares and children weed them of their folly, as the old king said would be the case when the enthusiasm of the Princess Ida was in question. And usually no harm has been done, and their sons will, perhaps, be the better public speakers that their mothers had a little dramatic turn. Usually no harm, we say; but occasionally a great one has been done. A peculiar vanity has been fostered that is poisonous to the system and infects the whole character, and the bloom has been brushed off the modesty of nature by the very fancy for admiration and applause; for only where it has been the real historic genius that is able to inform the dead shell with life, and infuse it with blood and spirit, is the longing for admiration and applause the support of the creative power, and not its source. Old Bob Keyworth is one of the hardest landlords in Galveston. Jim Groce lives in one of Keyworth's houses and is a very good tenant, while the landlord has never yet had a dollar's worth of repairs done to the house. Not long since Jim went to Keyworth and told him: "I want you to have that house painted. I am paying \$20 a month, and you ought to have it done." Keyworth refused, so Groce had it done at his own expense. As soon as the painting was over old Keyworth raised the rent to \$25 a month. "Why do you raise the rent?" asked Jim. "On account of the improvement," replied the old man; "you know the house has just been painted, and a newly painted house is always worth \$5 more than a shabby-looking one." A little girl who applied to Queen Victoria for her autograph received the following: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Victoria Regia."

Astronomical Phenomena.

To the interested observer of the starry spheres, the latter part of the month of February and the beginning of March will this year afford an interesting and sublime view of the planetary bodies in their various aspects. If we turn for a moment to glance at the western sky soon after sunset, we are at once impressed with the magnificence of the scene. Within a compass of a few degrees are presented before us the three most radiant members of our planetary group—Venus, Jupiter and Saturn; while a little higher up in the zodiac the invisible Neptune stands guard, and lower down, just above the western horizon, the swift-winged Mercury gradually shows his twinkling countenance. So that five of the seven contemporary members of our system are all in the region of the heavens. It will be extremely interesting to observe the varying motions of their bodies. During the winter months of last year, Jupiter and Saturn were our evening stars, but were high over head at this time in the evening. In January last, they were to be seen slowly sinking to the west, while Venus at the same time was just coming into view. These three planets then presented a straight line, with Jupiter in the center. The motion of Venus is so much more rapid than that of either of the others, that she soon overtakes them and passes above, and on February 25th, the three planets will form a perfect equilateral triangle, whose sides are 5 degrees in length. After this, the triangle is gradually altered as Venus moves eastward, until on March 1st it presents the form of a right-angled one, with Saturn occupying the position of the right angle. This group is just below the head of Arics, and in the direction of a line drawn through the two principal stars of that constellation. Venus is constantly growing more magnificent, and soon leaves Jupiter and Saturn far behind. Their brightness is slowly fading, and ere another month has passed they will have disappeared in the rays of the approaching sun. Venus, however, continues to illuminate our sky until May 3d, when she, too, is lost to view. Thus are the beautiful combinations broken up to make room for others, for endless variety is the most sublime charm of the grand science of astronomy. Mercury reaches his greatest distance east of the sun on February 23d, and becomes evening star. On that day he sets at 7:20 p. m., an hour and a half after the sun. So that while observing this beautiful triangle of Venus, Jupiter and Saturn above, we can cast our eyes toward the horizon and also steal a glimpse of the god of light. To add to the charming scene, the young moon modestly places her slender crescent among the group. On March 3d she passes very near Venus, and north of 40 degrees north will occult that planet. This will be a beautiful phenomenon, as Venus suddenly disappears on the dark edge of the moon. In the latitude of Cincinnati the planet touches the lower border of the moon as they are setting, at 9:15 p. m.