THE OLD PIANO. BY LILLIE E BARR.

How still and dauky is the long closed room!
what ingering shadows and what faint performs
Of eastern treasures - sandai wood and scent
With nard and case a and with roses blent,
Let in the sunshine.
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
and hoarded letters full of hopes and plans;
I pass them by I came once more to see
The old plane, dear to memory.
In past days mine,

Of all sad voices from forgotten years
Its the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I alsy some moledy of leng ago.
How strange it seems!
The thin, weak notes that once were rich strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—
The dying echo of the fuller stratu
That I shall terer, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched ill Fingers small and what hands have tolerand in Fingers white,
white,
Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight
Dear clinging hands that iong have been at rest,
Folded screnely on a quiet breast,
Only to think,
On white sad notes, of all the pleasant days.
The happy sours, the hymns of holy praise.
The dreams of love and youth that round you

Do they not make each sighing, trembling string A mighty link?

All its musicians gone beyond recall,
The beautiful, the loved, where are thoy all?
Each told its secrets, touched its keys and wires
To thoughts of many colors and desires.
Wish whosering forgers.
All are silent now, the farewell said.
The isat song sung the last tran said y shed;
Yet love has given it many dreams to keep
In this lone room where only shadows creep
And silence lingers.

The old plane answers to my call.

And from my flogers lets the lost notes fail.
Oh soul that I have loved, with heavenly birth Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth.
Its smiles and sight?
Shall wood and metal and white tvory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And then forger? Desr one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

— Harper's Bazast,

### WINNING A BOUQUET.

Joe Bently was an American boy who States, but who had left home for the more congenial life on board a man-ofwar. His first voyage took him to Lislearned that there was to be during the the royal stables were to be in the ring, distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest buil fight seen in Portugal for many years.

those countries was a bull fight.

The buil fights of Portugal were difportant particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the "matador," or bull killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded or tipped with brass, so that he carnot gore the horses. Once in awhile, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, is the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

Accordingly, having obtained permis sion to go ashore on the day of the fight, he made his way at an early hour to the bull ring and obtained one of the best seats. He thought that all Lisbon must | pleton." be there. All waited in suspense for the queen to enter the royal box. Presently innocent people? she appeared and was greeted with repeated cries of applause. Then the sport began, and Joe watched with interest and enthusiasm the mad rush of the bull into the ring and admired the agility of his termenters in evading his ouslaught. Finally, however, the superb animal had driven all his opponents from the in-

For an instant the bull was master of the ring.

The most perilous feat of the bull ring was now attempted. A young man, cov-ered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Jos suddenly saw what had not been discovered by any one else— that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over the young man his eyes glaring and his if a cyclone is about-of the Hudson, and whole attitude one of furious anger. He glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should foaming spray as white as the sugary trample on his victim or pierce him with crest of a wedding cake." the naked horn. The young man did not care to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy and the mountain?" he leaped the paling. Everobody was astonished at his temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be again, your letter had not proceeded frightened from the ring. On the farm at very far before the indescribable beauty for the ring. home he had conquered many a steer

maddened bull. He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he ad vanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man meanwhile had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remon-strance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried for the campinos to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling seems the heave seller here. The bull did not seem to appreciate the stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of deteat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looked

on with breathless interest. Suddenly the bull recovered himself, to this descriptive business. Young man, at Newnham College, England.

and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found that clinging to a sard arm in a tempest was less difficult than to the bull's slip pery horn; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow be felt that the honor of his country do

pended on his victory. As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricage, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed and hooked and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life line in a fearful surf. During the interval's of the bull's violence, as the water on it's ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! he feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disap-pointed anger began to paw the ground. had been brought up on a cattle farm in the interior of one of the New Eugland strange to say, a bull seldom gives till strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo! bon, where, to his great delight, he rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his toot following Easter week a great bull fight. high in the air with its little cloud of The wildest buils had been brought from dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Andalusia, a large number of horses from Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierco animal was the queen herself would preside and thrown off his balance, and fell heavily

upon his side. A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then All this had a peculiar fascination for he was rolled and taken triumphantly Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal from the ring. Joe was almost deafened and Spain, he had declared to the boys by the applause. He suddenly found that the only thing he cared to see in himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not ferent from those of Spain in several im- allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy .- St. Nicho'as.

### The Summer Letter Writer.

He had an austere face, steel-gray hair and dietatorial voice. His body rested comfortably in an armchair upon the upper deck of the steamer. The time was morning and the boat was discovering to the excursionists the beauties of the Hudson.

"Yes, sir, I assert it," he exclaimed, "emphatically assertit. The descriptive letter writer is either a crank or a sim-

"Aren't you not a little hard on these

"No, sir, not a bit too hard. I never yet saw one of these verbose lunatics in print but that I prayed a fifty-ton pile driver might strike his vocabulary and knock every adjective in it into the unrecoverable beyond. And still, with all this, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that you are going to inflict a little article upon some newspaper and deliver the patient editor of what Christianity he has left. Some of it already written, did you say? I thought so. Just a short account of the trip? Oh, yes, I understand. Well, I suppose you will begin by saying that at half past eight o'clock you boarded the swift and commodious steamer?

"That was my intention; why not?" "Certainly, certainly; swift and commodious, of course. Never saw a steamboat yet that was not swift and commodious. If you had boarded Noah,s ark you would undoubtedly have telegraphed that she was swift and commodious.

After that you are going on to say that
the boat was soon affort upon the placid bosom-always ring in the placid, even swiftly plowing its way through the gen whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors the waves, while the revolving paddle-glanging all around him, and he seemed wheels churned the watery waters into

> "Great heavens, man! those are my very words!" "Indeed! I thought so. Of course you

said something about your gladness to get away from the stifling atmosphere of brick walls and to once more breathe the pure and unadulterated air of the river

"Of course I did."

"Certainly I knew it. You remarked, too, that the day was clear and bright. You would have said the same thing if it had been as dark as the record of one of your Fifth Ward politicians. Then again, your letter had not proceeded ties of the Hudson begun to unfold nome he had conquered many a seek themselves. You said the excursionists quite as wild and powerful as even this stood spell-bound at the entrancing grandeur of the view when in fact half the people you see are either reading the morning papers, fall asleep, or utterly unconcerned wheteer the entrancing etcetera is on exhibition or not. I need not dwell upon the details of your letter, but you worked up your adjective vocabulary through the grand to the sublime, and then you saw the Palisades. leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's Ab, the Palisades! you exclaimed, what majestic creations they are! High and solid they rise from the river side—fortresses of impenetrable power! Gibral-tars of unconquerable strength! Rockbound sentinels that seem to perpetually guard the beautiful river that glistens below like a placid slab of deep tinted

"Be calm, my young friend, be calm, I never saw your note book, but twenty-five years of editorial experience has enabled me to catch on most abundantly

take my advice; destroy the letter; kill F. M. AKIN. that nonsense; in the silent waters of the Hudson drown those adjectives. What the people want to read is news, gossip, facts, incidents, anecdotes-not gush. Let description alone. Don't make yourself ridiculous by failing to do what Washington Irving has already done so well. The descriptive writer must go. Public morality demands his extermination; the editorial hereafter demands it; American literature --- . But my wife's beckening this way. Ponder over these things while I take a second excursion through that Saratoga trunk for a bottle of smelling salts, or a paper of pins, or

whatever else she may order me to find." The oracle was gone. I sat mourning the wreck of so much grandiloquencethe overthrow of such a gorgeously decorated world-castle built out of highsounding phrases collected from quotation books, summer r sort puffs and religious weeklies, all in vain-destroyed by a sharp-witted cynic. Love's labor was certainly lost .-- Chicago Tribune.

#### Modern Witcheraft.

A respectable German family named Boyer, who have lived in Stony Creek valley for several years, were recently compelled to move away. Most of the inhabitants are believers in witchcraft. For four or five years they have annoyed and persecuted the Boyers, on the ground that old Mrs. Boyer was a witch and had bewitched a daughter of William Kildey. Kildey is an intelligent river pilot, and is known all along the Susquehanna as "Squire." He is a firm believer in witcheraft. His daughter Emma was taken sick in 1877. She was afflicted with convulsions, during which she barked like a dog, made noises like a fighting cat, and talked German, a language she knew nothing about. Physicians tried for years to cure her, but could not.

One day she told her father that a young man had asked to go home from Sunday school with her and she wouldn't let him. He told her he would give her over to old Mrs. Boyer, who would bewitch her, and she would die. Since then she had been sick. A witch doctor named Wolf told Kildey that his daughter was bewitched. He showed her balfsister the likeness of the witch in a basin of water. It was old Mrs. Boyer, she said. Kildey then consulted Armstrong McClain, a peddler and witch doctor He burned some hair on a shovel, and told Kildey if he didn't meet a brindle cow on his way home his daughter would be relieved from the witch's spell at sundown. He said the witch was Mrs.

Kildey said his daughter got better at sundown. She was well for some time, but had occasional relapses, when it was charged that Mrs. Boyer was tormenting her. Two years ago she was reported as being worse than ever. McClain was sent for to "lay the witch." He placed some roots and herbs in a bottle, and sprinkled a white powder on them, and filled the bottle with water. Then he asked for an old hammer, which was given. He took it out doors and remained fifteen minutes. Returning he walked to the patient's side. Drawing the hammer back as if to strike a power ful blow, he said: "Now I'll kill the witch, old Mrs. Boyer." He brought the hammer down gently against the girl's right temple three times. Then he took the hammer and threw it outdoors, and said to Mrs. Kildey: "If your spotted cow kicks when you milk her tonight, be sure and don't scold her, because that is what the witches want you to do, and that will break the charm. have settled with Mrs. Boyer. She will die in seven months, and when they bury her, her coffin will burst open.

John Boyer, a son of Mrs. Boyer, had McClain arrested finally for defamation of character, and he was bound over to answer at court. The Kildey girl continued to assert that she was still tormented by Mrs. Boyer, and being unable to convince the superstitions people that they were being imposed upon, the family concluded to move away .-Fishing Creek, Pa., Corr. New York

# Mrs. Vanderbilt.

The other night, says a Saratoga letter, I saw Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderbilt walking down the piazza at the States, accompa-nied by her hesband. She wore a plain black silk walking dress, with a soft white shawl about her shoulders. Her hair was twisted into a simple coil high upon the back of her head. She walked with an easy grace, rare in this day of French heels. By the side of her fresh-ness and ladylike figure the husband looked very plain, if not coarse. Wm. H. has times of being very careless about his dress. This night he had been out driving in a plain black frock suit of not the best possible fit. It was covered with dust and on the right knee of the trousers there was a patch of mud that had been rubbed in. He had taken no trouble to remove this dirt or to chauge his clothes since coming in from the drive, walking about in the elegantly dressed crowd with his usual stolid indifference to everything and everyone. They say Vanderbilt's sons are really very fine fellows, and are much smarter than their father. All this is easy to be-lieve when you see the splendid looking

A WONDERFUL FORTRESS.-Fortress Monroe, Va., is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost over \$3,000,000 of money. The water battery is considered to be one of the finest pieces of military construction in the world. Colonel Lodor, the instructor of the military school, has invented and perfected some astonishing appliances that, when we shall have guns, will be of immense value in handling them. In one of the cases inside the fort is his office. He can sit in it, and with an electrie appliance, cause every gan in the fort to be fired simultaneously. He has perfected another set of instruments by which the exact dist .nce of a ship from the shore may be accurately determined, the velocity and direction of the wind, the consequent deflection of the ball, and the precise point at which the ball would strike the ship. The guns are fired by electricity.

The two unmarried daughters of Mr. Longfellow are to be absent from their Cambridge home during the coming year, having, in company with a sister of Ar-thur Gilman, decided to live as students

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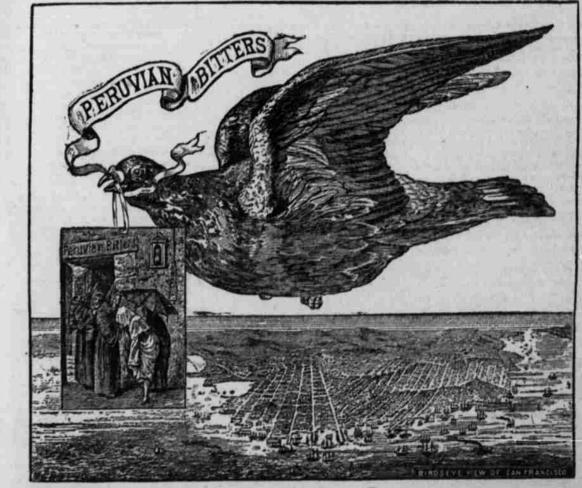
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