

AFTER THE BALL.

[Night Watchman in Life.] And so you have come back to the ball-room...

A QUILTING FROLIC

Among the Colored Folks Down in Alabama.

[Anna P. Stow in Kansas City Journal.] You have never attended a negro quilting...

The quilt consisting of a multiformity of pieces of worsted calico, homespun, and bed ticking...

Sometimes instead of dancing they form parties and go about the country serenading one another...

Whisky Did It.

[Cincinnati New-Journal.] Two of the handsomest and brightest young men that have grown up in the capital city of Kentucky...

In a word, they painted the town a sunset-red, and finally made it too hot to hold them...

Austrian Executions.

The Austrian method of executing criminals differs greatly from that in vogue in this country...

Henry Ward Beecher: The past is the great granary of the soul, where the fruit of ages is collected.

ON THE BRIDGE.

[Jean Pierre.]

There are few things more dreary and tiresome than waiting for a train at a railroad station...

"Elmwood" was composed of the station and a cluster of small houses. As may be easily imagined, I soon exhausted the stock of amusement to be found about the place...

I soon, by the aid of a good cigar, was on easy terms with him, and found him to be a man of considerable natural intelligence...

His name was Tom Williams; he was about 23 years old, and as manly and handsome a youth as would often be seen.

"There is always a good deal of danger about any kind of railroad life," I said at last...

He thought for a moment before he answered, and then he told me in his modest unassuming way a tale which made him a hero.

"You see that trestle work out there, sir? Well, that was where I like to have met my death one night. I never liked trestle-works, anyhow...

"Well, sir, I'd been watchman and flagman here for about a month, when one dark night followin' a rainy day I fell asleep here at my fire...

"You've noticed, probably, that there is a sharp curve right at the other end. Well, sir, out on the trestle work, about the middle, was a human figure, walkin' slowly toward me...

"Well, sir, that figure stood out in the midst of it all with a fearful clearness, and in the bright light it looked like an angel...

"The train, too, seemed unnatural and there was no noise or rattle. It was tryin' to quietly steal up to her and run her down and grind her to pieces."

"I tried to scream out a warnin', but my tongue stuck to my mouth and my lips wouldn't open. I started to run, but my feet refused to move."

"In one second more the train would tear her in fragments."

"I closed my eyes, and as I did so I heard a yell shriek from the engine, and I woke up and found myself shiverin' at my fire here."

"The whistle I had heard was that of a comin' train, and I left my box and was at my post when she tore by."

"But my dream worried me. I thought somehow some terrible accident was goin' to happen. I never went out of my box, but I'd glance out on the bridge there as though fearin' to see that white figure and hear the comin' train."

"Well, sir, three nights after that I was sittin' here by my fire, feelin' somehow more weary in my mind than ever."

"I looked at my watch—it was nearin' the hour of my dream, and the express would soon be due."

"I took my lantern and went on the track."

"A heavy cloud blotted out the moon, and as I glanced out on the trestle I could not see half way across."

"I walked slowly up the path toward the bridge. The clouds on the moon drifted off almost in an instant and the whole bridge was bathed in moonlight."

"By heavens, sir, as I looked there was a human figure about a quarter way across the bridge comin' toward me—and it was a woman!"

"That bridge, you've noticed, sir, only has a single track, and there are only a few planks laid singly across the ties, which make a very risky foot-way, and there is no room to step aside if the train catches you there."

"But there was a woman coming over, her dresses away in the wind. That alone was enough to shock a man's nerves."

"But at the instant I saw her I heard the shriek of a whistle up on the other side of the gorge—at Ash Lane—not a mile away. It was the through express."

"I knew this figure was no ghost, and I determined to save her from the death which threatened. It was too late for her to go back, and she had no time to reach this end."

"Since my dream I had often thought of the best means of savin' any one under such chances, and my mind was fixed in an instant."

"She must let herself down and hang by her hands to one of the planks until the train passed over."

"I rushed out on the bridge. I would save her at any cost."

"A man who makes up his mind can

astonish himself, and I actually ran on the narrow planks 100 feet above the rocks. One of the boards was loose, and I dislodged it in my haste...

"In half a minute I had reached her, for she had made considerable progress toward me. In three words I told her of the danger and the only way of avoidin' it."

"Even in the terror of the moment I could see she was beautiful. Her form was full and supple and unbound by any lacing, and her face was a mixture of a child and a woman. Her long black hair blew about in the wind just like that of the girl of my dream. Why, sir, I never cared much for girls, but I would have died for this one then and there."

"No time was to be lost! The light of the engine's eye was on the track and rocks in the curve, and we could hear the singin' of the rails. Our time must be measured by seconds. Had there been a few moments more I could have found a place where there were braces across, so we might brace our feet. But it was too late."

"Below us was nothing but air—and, 100 feet down, rocks."

"Trust me," he said, as I threw one arm about her yieldin' form, and in an instant I was lowering her through the timbers. "Clasp the plank tight, with both hands, I said, 'and hold on for your life!'"

"She was a brave little woman, and said nothing, but did as I told her. Another instant and I was hangin' by her side, as it were, between heaven and earth."

"I hung by one arm, while I threw the other about her waist and supported her there in the air."

"You may not believe it, sir, but at that moment I was happy. The joy of holdin' her, even in such danger, was bliss."

"The train was now on the bridge, and we could hear the creakin' and groanin' of the timbers and feel the swayin' of it all. Then, with a noise that was deafenin', the whole train passed over."

"A hot coal from the engine fell on my hand which held me up (you can see the burn there now), but I never moved."

"The excitement had been too much for my brave girl, and I saw her face grow white and her form hung heavier on my arm, though she did not entirely lose her hold on the timbers."

"The strain was terrible. I feared I could not save her, but that we would both drop on the rocks below."

"Had she been able to support herself until I could have raised myself up, I could easily have lifted her out of her terrible position. But how could I raise myself with one arm while I supported her in the other?"

"I must have supported for my feet, or in one minute more all would be over."

"I turned my eyes below me. Right by me was one of the upright timbers, and I scanned it for some foot-rod."

"Thank God! There was a protrudin' bolt of iron wide enough to hold my feet, and with a burr on the end which would keep them from slipping."

"I placed both feet on this, and with an almost superhuman effort swung the girl over on my form, and then lifted myself up between the tracks until I found a support for my back."

"I rested for a moment and then clasped the girl in my free arm and threw one of my legs over the plank. In another instant I was sitting on the cross-tie with the girl clasped in both my arms and her head on my shoulder."

"The station-master soon saw us and pushed out a hand-car and helped us on. The girl soon revived under the care of his wife, and in half an hour she was talking to me as calmly as though the whole affair had never happened. She said her name was Mollie Wilson, and she was the daughter of old Jim Wilson, the wood-cutter across the gorge. The old man was taken very ill suddenly, and she was comin' over to the village for the doctor. She was so used to climbin' about the woods that she never thought of the danger of the walk—and she did not know there were any trains at that time."

"Her voice, sir, was like the chirpin' of some bird of the forest, and I knew then that I loved her. We got the doctor and I took them both across on the hand-car."

"She didn't even thank me for helpin' her save her life; but when I left her she let her chubby little hand lie in mine, and looked into my eyes, sir, in a way that was worth a whole book full of thanks."

"Somewhat I found my way across the gulch quite often after that. First it was to ask after her father, and then, when he got well, to walk with her in the woods."

"Sometimes, in my haste to see her, I walked on the flimsy planks of the trestle-work, but I always took good care that no train was comin'."

"Yes! that's your train, sir; and just in time, for my story is ended. Over there in that little house—my house, sir—lives the girl that I saved; and the prettiest, pinkest little baby that was ever born."

"Thank you, sir, for your cigars. I'll tell Mollie of you, sir. And this is for baby? Well, I'll take it for him—though I would not for myself. Good-bye, sir!"

"A moment after I was seated in the car, rapidly leaving "Elmwood" behind. But I knew that in one of the little houses in that out-of-the-way place there was as much happiness as is often found in this life."

Too Truthful a Likeness.

[Burlington Hawkeye.] "Only think of it," exclaimed Mrs. Bullion, "that creature Mahlschiek actually threatens to sue me!" "Does he? Why, haven't you paid him for your portrait?" "No, I haven't, and what's more, I won't." "What aren't you satisfied with it? It's a perfect likeness." "I know it. Isn't he awfully mean?"

The Irish population of the earth is as follows: At home, 7,500,000; in England, 2,500,000; in Scotland, 2,000,000; in Canada, 2,000,000; in Australia, 1,000,000; in America, 12,500,000; elsewhere, 5,000,000. A total in round numbers of 32,500,000.

STYLES OF ADDRESSES.

How the President and Other Public Men Should Be Addressed.

[Washington Cor. New York World.] I have been considerably amused in glancing over the addresses on letters to public men to notice the different styles which are used by people living at a distance. For instance, some communications are addressed to "Hon. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States." The simplest and best form is to write, "To the President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C." In addressing the president personally, you should always say "Mr. President." "Your Honor," or "Your Excellency" is never used, and is considered in bad taste, yet it is no uncommon thing to hear public men from different parts of the country open conversation with the president in these terms. The official title of the governor of Massachusetts is "His Excellency," and of the lieutenant governor "His Honor," but the president has no official title, and is called simply "Mr. President."

In addressing communications to the cabinet officers you should, however, write "The Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; The Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy," etc.; but in personal intercourse you should always say "Mr. Secretary," "Mr. Attorney General," or "Mr. Postmaster General." Should you desire to write to a senator you would direct to "The Hon. George F. Hoar, M. C., Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.," and if a formal communication commence the epistle "Mr. Senator," which title you should also use in private conversation with him. Of course, if you were an intimate friend, you could take greater liberties, and perhaps call him "Dear George," or something of that sort; but I am talking now only upon formal communications. A member of the house is not so particular, however. You would address him after this style: "The Hon. John D. Long, M. C., House of Representatives, Washington, D. C."

In speaking to a member you would ordinarily address him by his last name, but if he had ever been a speaker, senator or governor invariably give him that title, for it is not only customary, but it gives him the impression that you have made a particular study of his record. Many a man has wrecked his chances by calling an ex-senator simply "Mr. Lank." You must have some knowledge of the war in order to steer skillfully around among these statesmen. If a member has been general, call him that, and you can safely go down as far as major, but I would advise you to draw the line in the last-named title, for a man who has served during the war and risen no higher than a captain does not care to have it thrown in his face after he has been elected to congress. I do not know how the custom was originated to limit the title to the grade of major, but I do know it to be a fact, nevertheless. In addressing the speaker of the house you should always say, "Mr. Speaker," and never Mr. Carlisle, and justices of the United States supreme court, the court of claims and other judicial bodies of final resort, as "Mr. Chief Justice" and "Mr. Justice." This is a republican form of government, where every man is supposed to be as good as every other man, and a little better if he can make himself so, but these titles which I have mentioned are as immovable as the long line in the court of "Victoria R."

A Wise Charity.

[New York Times.] The late Peter Cooper wisely founded the Cooper Union long before his death, and had the pleasure of seeing many thousands of young men and women prepare themselves for useful and comfortable lives by means of his beneficence. The schools of the Union were so intelligently managed that their excellence bore fruit from the first; they have been steadily increasing in effectiveness. For instance, the Woman's Art school, under Mrs. S. N. Carter, has ten teachers of both sexes for the 200 or 300 pupils in the free and paying classes. Among these teachers three are painters of note. But this winter, for the first time since Mr. Cooper's death, a complete check has been put on the entrance of new pupils to the free-hand drawing class of the free school. There are from 500 to 600 applicants for this class, owing to the fact that it forms the stepping-stone to almost every kind of artistic work. The reason why no opening exists is that pupils in more advanced departments have the right to claim places in the free-hand class, in accordance with the rules of the trustees. In other classes 200 beginners can find places, if they satisfy the requirements. Between 300 and 400 applicants are thus about to be turned from the doors of the art school over which Mr. Cooper used to watch with paternal care.

A Curiosity.

[Chicago Herald.] A veritable natural curiosity is in the possession of a St. Louis editor. It is the head of a 2-year-old rattlesnake preserved in spirits, the lines and tracings on the back of which formed a very well defined picture of the head and bust of a woman. The gentleman states that he and a party of friends were resting under an apple tree in Cleburne, Johnson county, Tex., when they perceived the reptile on a branch above them, and knocking it down with a whip, killed it.

Something After.

[G. C. Cochran in The Current.] In all the patchwork of hypotheses (not science) the mechanists cannot account for the "primordial germ;" nor for the existence in man of the abstract sentiment of good and evil, for moral sense, for a belief that there will be something after this life—which Max Muller once called "part of the original dowry of the human soul."

Fine Italian Air.

[Arkansas Traveler.] A scientist has discovered that in the air of Italy rests the secret of the country's fine vocal music. It is said any one can breathe the air of certain sections of Italy and become a fine singer. An enterprising New Englander will soon begin to ship boxes of Italian air to this country.

The Festive Crocodile.

[London Telegraph.] With its short legs out of sight in the ooze, its murderous snout sunk to the upper jaw, a tangle of river drift caught upon its shoulders, and the tail periaup lying in a pool of water, the bulky reptile looks so harmless that birds sit twittering upon its armor, and hunt among the crevices of the fungoid-grown and slimy scales for insects. Its very size disarms suspicion; the outlines become indistinct, the complete monster indistinguishable. And a crocodile's patience for mischief is prodigious. Hour after hour, and all day long, the abominable fraud lies in its place without a sign of life. Natives going to their work in the morning look down from the bank and see the birds flitting about the dark object at the water line in pursuit of the swarming mud flies that are attracted to the brute by their keen sense of smell; but, familiar as they are with the wiles of muggur and gharal (as they call the blunt and the sharp-nosed crocodiles respectively), they are deceived to the last, and go on their way to the field or shop thinking it was only driftwood that they had seen. If it had been a dead body, bullock or tattoo, washed up by the river, the vultures would have been close by, patiently waiting for the carrion to ripen in the festering heat, and the crows would have been there too, hopping on and off it impatiently, trying the tough hide here and there with their beaks, and cawing and croaking in discontent with their baffled appetites. But by and by, if the crocodile will only hold out, or unless some one passing hallooos to it at a venture—"just to see if it is a muggur or not"—there will come along the water's edge a hungry pariah dog, trotting in an aimless, shuffling way, and sniffing as it passes at everything in the line of drift, with its head turned toward the river, and away from the crocodile. And so, trotting along, thinking only of chance offal, it comes up to the waiting brute. A sandpiper, startled by the dog's plashing feet, tumbles up with a sharp cry from under the shade of the reptile's side, and the pariah stops dead, startled as the bird, watches it flit along the shore and resettles a few yards further on and then resume its jog-trot, or rather, it has just made up its mind to go on, when suddenly the ooze all around it seems to heave up, and in a shower of mud there is an instant's vision of a huge pair of jaws, glistening with white teeth, and then a crimsoned ripple on the river, and the tragedy is complete. The native thinks he heard a dog yell, and turns his head. There is only a scared sandpiper wheeling in the air.

The Man With a Beard.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.] The man with the long beard at the dime museum passed the seven feet of brown hair on his chin through his hands yesterday forenoon when asked how he accounted for it, and said that scientists called it a "freek of nature." He is a tall (nigh to six feet) man, with thick gray hair, trimmed up close, and rather thin, gaunt face and frame. His mouth is as good as hidden by a thick mustache that mingles with the beard growing high up on his cheeks. And that beard runs on and on, tapering from the bushy growth at the roots to a thin point over seven feet away, and changing from a dark brown in color to a light straw as it gets away from the foundation. The reporter of The Sentinel ran the curious growth between his fingers and found it fine and silky. Then he inquired how long that thing had been going on. "When I was 12 years old," answered the wearer, "I had a very good, and strong beard that grew very fast, and when I was 16 I had an astonisher for a boy. I was brought up on a farm in Camden, N. Y., where I still have a nice place, and was always a good deal talked about around home on account of my whiskers. My name? Oh, yes! It is Edwin Smith, and I was born in 1792."

"Did you use to shave often?" "Between 12 and 20 years of age I shaved some, but after that I let it grow, although keeping it trimmed up well. It grows about five inches a year, and I have had it measure seven feet nine inches. Just now it is worn off from handling."

"Been in the show business long?" "I started at it three years ago as a professional. I lost my wife and got uneasy staying on the old place, so went out with Barnum for a change. I used to, six or seven years ago, go out to the country fairs and make \$50 a day by showing myself in a little tent I owned. Then I went to California, and there I surprised the whole coast."

"How do you account for it?" "I don't. The scientists have studied it, but couldn't make anything out of it, so called it a freak. I have a twin brother whose beard never gets beyond six inches long. That seems strange to me."

A Missing Link.

[Exchange.] A primary school teacher in one of our New England cities, met with a strange experience. Having taken pride in imparting to her pupils much information not found in their spellers and readers, she thought she would show this to the visitors on examination day, and framed a set of questions, such as "Who made you?" "What are you made of?" etc., and so drilled the scholars in the answers that each child knew the question coming to him and his answer. The room was full of visitors who had heard of the teacher's new method. She called up the class and gave the first question, "Johnnie, who made you?" "No answer. Johnnie was dumb as a fish."

"Who made you?" the teacher repeated, in a tone intended to reassure the frightened child. But he only stared.

"Why, don't you know who made you, Johnnie?" asked the puzzled teacher, for the third time.

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Johnnie, "I am the little boy what is made in flesh and blood; and—and—the little boy God made has got the mumps."

Lilian Whiting: City life is so full that one is clogged by over-possession. It is the mill stopped by the flood, the engine paralyzed by fuel.

REINDEER SKIN SUITS.

The Clothing and Food to Be Packed in the Thetis, Alert, and Bear.

[New York Sun.] Most of the clothing for the officers and crews of the Thetis, the Alert, and the Bear for the Greely relief expedition is being made in the inspection building in the Brooklyn navy yard, superintended by Inspector Read. The entire number going on the three vessels is 140, of whom twenty-one are officers. On the Bear there are to be forty, and on the Thetis and the Alert fifty each. After each seaman is accepted he is measured by a Broadway tailor in the inspection building, and two suits laid aside for him, one suit for each year the expedition is expected to be gone. The clothing is to be packed in bales, so that in the event of abandoning the ships it may be easily and speedily rolled out on deck. Half of the clothing is to be stored so that it can be readily distributed when the fleet arrives in the Arctic regions. Officers and men are to be fitted out alike, except as to the badges of rank. The red flannel undershirts and blue flannel overshirts are to be of regulation pattern, except that in the overshirts the broad collar is omitted, while over the entire chest is to be a broad flap buttoned to its place. The feet are to be more warmly clad than those in any former expedition. Red, thick woolen stockings reach above the knee, over them will be drawn laced felt boots with wool foot tips inside, such as are worn by hunters, while over the felt boots will be seal-skin boots. A partial list of the clothing to be worn is as follows: Woolen stockings, 1,400 pairs; cloth trousers, 750 pairs; monkey jackets, 225; navy caps, 50; knitted hoods, 250; blue flannel undershirts, 500; blue flannel overshirts, 550; red flannel undershirts, 150; red flannel drawers, 150; sealskin boots, 500 pairs; sealskin gaitered mittens, 371 pairs; reindeer skin trousers, 250 pairs; reindeer skin jackets, 250; reindeer skin sleeping bags, 125; oilskin suits, 25; knitted wrist-lets, 140; foot tips, 250; rubber sandals, 140; sealskin moccasins, 500; and 600 joog skins with tendons. Besides these articles there are 250 pairs of glass goggles of assorted colors and 250 horsehair goggles, 100 leather pillows, 750 papers of needles, 200 briar wood pipes, and 780 pounds of tobacco.

The bill of fare made up by Paymaster General J. A. Smith contains 160 articles. All except salted provisions must be packed in tin cases, and many of them afterward in kags. Fifty eggs are to be packed in kags in each keg after being boiled for twenty minutes. Two thousand eggs are to be carried. Thirty thousand pounds of pemmican for the crew and 20,000 pounds for sixty dogs are to be stowed in the hold. Pemmican is beef and tallow mixed. For men the proportion of tallow is greater than for dogs. It is packed in cakes in tin cans, and these cans will be put in tight wooden boxes. Boiled meat mixed with cornmeal and buckwheat flour is called scrapple, and 2,000 pounds of scrapple is to be taken, besides 2,000 pounds of pepper-pot, a kind of soup. Other eatables to be stowed away are: Head cheese and sausage, 2,000 pounds; sauerkraut and pickled cabbage, 5,000 pounds; plum pudding, 2,000 pounds; dried and canned fruits and raisins, 10,000 pounds; butter, 7,500 pounds; sugar, 3,200 pounds; coffee, 3,200 pounds; tea, 10,000 pounds; chocolate, 2,000 pounds; cheese, 5,500 pounds; oysters, fried and raw, 4,000 pounds; condensed milk, 5,500 pounds; lime juice, 11,000 pounds and hard bread, 100,000 pounds.

It is expected that the clothing and provisions will be packed into the three ships' holds within two weeks. Love-Making on Brooklyn Bridge. [New York Star.] On the one clear night of last week I walked over from Brooklyn on the bridge and noticed the large number of loving couples slowly promenading the smooth plank walk.

"This appears to be a convenient 'Lovers' Walk,'" I remarked to a policeman on the New York tower. "Well, I should smile," said he, with a grin. "If you had my place you'd think this 'ere bridge was built for the special convenience of lovers. The rush of regular travel stops about 8 o'clock, and from that time until 10:30 there's more innocent spoonin' done above the water than any other one place in the neighborhood. Rain and wind sometimes drives 'em off, but on a clear night like this they stroll backward and forward between the towers for hours at a time. The walkin's easiest there, and I s'pose it's more romantic than over dry land. I heard one feller in an ulster, with a silk handkerchief around his neck, tell his girl there was something strangely sweet in the lofty silence, broken only by the rush o' the water and the steam whistles below and the weird music of the wind through the wires above. I 'spose that's the way it affects all of 'em."

Dudley's Last Dance. [Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.] At the Ohio reception last week I was standing beside Col. Dudley, the pension commissioner, when a lady, noticing that he looked at the hundred couples who were whirling about in the mazes of Strauss' waltzes with a wistful eye, asked: "Do you dance, colonel?" "No," was the reply, with a smile. "I danced my last dance just before the battle of Gettysburg. A lot of us out on picket duty and skirmishing about came to an old Dutch oven beside which we found three buxom German girls baking bread. We stopped to chat with them, and an old man appearing with a fiddle we improvised a dance then and there. It was great fun, and we went into the battle the next day all the better for it. Before the fight was finished, however, a shot carried off my leg and stopped my dancing forever."

Zion's Herald: Who would wish to gather up the ashes and keep them in funeral urns? How awkward it would be for a man with the cinders of three or four successive wives confronting him and the last successor, daily, in his home!

Pocahontas is to have a monument in Jamestown, Va.