

From: ...
Algeron called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely saffron pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat,
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.
And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but, oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast.
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the point!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.
Algeron sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay;
His pants are firm, the point is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh, my!

A BARBER'S STORY.

In the village of Easterbrook there is a solitary weekly paper, which does out such items of news as are not of interest enough to give offense to anybody. Such, at any rate, is the common talk of the place; though the editor might be able to give no better excuse than lack of enterprise for omitting any mention of an affair which, as I learned from a barber, made a local sensation, but did not get into print.

This barber was himself but little given to gossiping. On the contrary, he was so backward in expressing his opinion, even when asked for it, that a stranger might doubt whether he kept himself posted on the most familiar topics of the day. Having been his customer for several months, I learned that he carefully heeded whatever took place under his notice. It became natural for me to suppose, therefore, that his memory was stored with interesting anecdotes and scraps of local history.

A chance remark dropped one day led him to recount some incidents in a way which showed that my notion of his capacity was not ill-founded. It was at the time raining a drizzly sleet that beat against the windows to a dismal strain. There was no customer beside myself present, and being made to feel a little uncomfortable by the cheerlessness of the scene, I wanted to say something, and made a remark like this:

"Your craft has one advantage over others. You have the genteel part of the town completely under your thumb."

"A large part of it, that's a fact," he said, without showing that he felt in the least flattered. "And you may say, beside, that many of a different kind of people are our customers."

His small, keen eyes moved quickly from one object to another, seeming not to rest except in the intervals when he was intent on the most particular part of his work. He seemed to be trying to recall something which had escaped his memory. Having hit upon the idea which he had apparently been puzzling to recall, he said:

"I will give you a case to show that this is true: It was already growing dark, one livery afternoon, when I thought of closing the shop, not having had much custom all day. A customer came in, though, before I got ready to go home. He was as sleeky-appearing a little fellow as ever got into a barber's chair and asked to be shaved—chubby, smooth-faced, with a chin streaked in a way to put a notion of charcoal dust in my mind. I did not notice any unmistakable sign of down upon the lip, but supposing the youth was ambitious to encourage the growth of aforesaid article frequent shaving, I was willing to do what I could to help the matter. When the job was done and paid for, my customer proceeded to smoke cigar, at the same time offering me, which I took and lighted from at of the polite stranger.

"Bere shutting up the place for the night I desired to look at my watch, which, I was surprised to learn, had been taken from my pocket while I was in the act of lighting the cigar. I felt satisfied that the weed was given to me on purpose to take up my attention, so that pocket-picking might be easy. That sort of experience has taught me to be careful about taking gifts from strangers. One act of this person attracted my particular notice, and that was the use of a hand-bill as a cigar light. It was an advertisement of reward for the arrest of an escaped burglar, and I could not help noticing the nervous way in which my customer tore down the little poster from the wall, and twisted it into shape for lighting his cigar.

"My efforts to have the thief overtaken were not successful. I did not get my watch back, but I had the satisfaction of finding out the cause of the singular beard, or rather lack of beard, on the roguish face. The pocket proved to be a woman in pantofoles, and getting shaved was a rare use to deceive me as well as others who were on the lookout for her. You may think it strange that I discovered her sex, as I have not to myself. 'Twas nearly dark, and I was in a hurry to get my working lamps; beside the wind blew helped to cloak my voice; though I was seated between

both convicted, sent to State Prison. Every member of the gang was afterward caught."

"You were really deceived, then, in the sex of the woman when she asked to be shaved?" I said, when the barber had concluded.

"I did not have the least suspicion of her sex; but I may say, without claiming to be especially honest, that I did feel some misgivings about shaving a beardless boy."

THE RELIGION OF THE DARKEY.

When in mid-summer, to use a familiar expression on Southern plantations, "the crap is laid by" and the "big meetings" are in full blast, the colored brethren leave off work for the full exercise of their religion, and so enthusiastic are the temperaments that this worship might be called fanaticism. No one can properly understand their queer and superstitious ideas of religion until he has witnessed the proceedings of a camp meeting. Last summer, while spending a season in the country, I attended regularly an unusually interesting revival. The darkeys poured in from the surrounding country in multitudes to the camp ground, which was located around a country church, convenient to a cold spring, and to the church house was attached a bush arbor shading half an acre. Under this temporary tabernacle were congregated a dense mass of dark forms, old and young, of both sexes, with every hue of complexion, from the coal black African to the bright mulatto. The favorite dress of the adult male is a pair of dark pantaloons draped over a long linen duster and a calico shirt front, or colored handkerchief. Services begun, the minister, whose education usually consists in knowing how to "read, write and figger," announces his text and directs his words of warning upon his "dyin' congregation, ah!" the old brethren and sisters sitting with closed eyes and upturned faces, leisurely fanning away at the gnats with their broad "Perimeter" fans (which they never use save on Sunday) and waiting patiently for that portion of the discourse at which the "speret" begins to move them. Warning both bodily and mentally into his work, the African evangelist gives full play to the imagination, as he lifts the cover of the burning pit of brimstone, exposing the writhing forms of the lost, with ghastly and fiendish forms dancing around, armed with forks of red-hot iron and giving out such features of the Plutonian dominion, which he declares he has seen "wid his own eyes," until the calm, clear night becomes awful with the mournful groans that are drawn from the congregation.

Suddenly his descriptive fancy soars aloft to the regions of the blest, turns its flight from the lake of despair to the golden street, where "de white man's crown is bright as de culled man's." No more work, no trials and tribulations.

Just at this period I witnessed a scene that baffles description, heads bobbing, hands clapping, feet patting to the grand hosannah, one passage of which I caught as follows:

Way up in de hebbins, whar my soul gwine to shine,
Eat in de milk and de honey and de wine.
The songs of triumph gave way to a frantic motion of the legs which, to the sacrificial eyes of the writer, looked very much like dancing a jig; the influence spread from one to another, until the whole mass was shouting: "Bless de Lord, I got religion; I'm floating in de air! Farewell, I'm on my way to glory!" Some exerted themselves so violently that they were deemed necessary for two or three to hold them, and after plunging and rearing for several minutes would apparently faint away. They were carried out and laid out to cool. This is what they call "fallin' in a trance," and is always followed by a narrative from the victim after recovering of his descent into hell or his ascent above, exhorting his companions to follow his example and shun the devil and his angels. It was a strange and impressive sight. Their naturally excitable temperaments were worked up to such a pitch as to make them lose all control of muscle and reason, and as I looked at the wild stare in their faces I wondered if that was religion. Evidently they think so.

A STRANGE DEDICATION CEREMONY.

The Jewish Temple called "Gates of Hope" was dedicated in New York, January 29th. The building was built by the Methodists and used by them for several years, became too small for them, and was sold to a Jewish congregation who remodelled it. When the ceremonies began the lights were turned down and shutters closed. Rabbi Rev. Dr. Brown preached the dedication sermon, one of the most remarkable in the history of the pulpit. He said he would address his hearers as business men. "The congregation," he said, "has taken a house that has been used by the Methodist Episcopal worshippers, is simply a re-opening of the old firm, which, consisted of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and which the new partnership has dissolved. The Son and Holy Ghost have stepped down and out, but the business will still be continued by the Father, the old head of the firm, one you always have trusted. The same goods will be offered for sale. We shall continue to deal in Charity, Brotherly Love and all the virtues, and we appeal to all old customers to continue their trade."

Of late years there has been a large increase in attendance at the German Universities. From 15,113 students in 1872 the number has advanced to 23,834 in 1882, or an increase of 57.6 per cent.

A REAR OF DARE-DEVILS.

We only anticipate an attack from Meade's pursuit, but none of his army puffed up his appearance, that is to fight, till he reached Falling Waters, on the Potomac. On that day Heth's division stopped on the road leading to the Potomac, distant about two and a half miles. We all ways kept a line of battle, and on this occasion halted on the left, the west side of the road. In a part of our front line of breastwork that had been abandoned long ago. Our men had abandoned their arms—some were lying on the ground asleep, others were crouched in groups, all feeling a sense of security; as no enemy had been in sight since we had left Hagerstown.

On a small eminence on the front of our line General Heth and Pettigrew and several other officers, including myself, were looking back over the route we had traveled, when we saw a small body of cavalry emerge from a strip of woods distant about two hundred and fifty yards. After reaching the open space they halted, and the officer in command rode to the front as if to address the men. We observed the closely, and our group concluded they were Confederates. We saw the United States flag, but thought it was a capture that our friends were to carry to us at a tolerably rapid pace, and when they got within a few yards of us they advanced at a gallop with drawn sabers, shouting: "Surrender! Surrender!" General Heth exclaimed: "It's the enemy's cavalry!" When opposite they rushed over our little group, using their sabers and firing their pistols (mortally wounding General Pettigrew) and among the infantry eighteen hundred stragglers, shouting at the top of their voices: "Surrender! Surrender!"

At first the confusion was so great, our officers calling upon their men to form and use the bayonet, at the same time dodging the sabers and using their pistols with great effect. Later Baker killed two and Captain News three men. As soon as our men reached their guns these daring fellows were quickly dispatched. In the height of the confusion their officers galloped into our midst, and in the circumstances, he was riddled with bullets. He was a gallant-looking fellow, low riding a magnificent dark-colored horse, but he and his men were to a man either killed or wounded in this rash undertaking. There were not more than 125 of them, but I will venture to say that some nearer stampeding or capturing a division than they ever did before. Their horses were nearly all killed or so badly crippled as to make them useless. Only two or three were brought off the field, though they were all captured.

I talked with one of the survivors of the regiment to which this squadron belonged, and he told me their officer were promoted only the day before for gallant and meritorious service. My recollection is that it was a part of the Sixth Michigan cavalry. There was a large body of cavalry a few miles behind this squadron, and we remained at Falling Waters about one hour skirmishing with these. We finally fell back through the woods in line of battle to the river, crossing it with the loss of some stragglers and parts of companies that were detached and lost their way in the woods.—[J. H. Moore in Philadelphia Times.

ALL SORTS OF ITEMS.

Quick as a wink—the eyelash.

The question which excites the drivers of public carriages is: "Does a hack or coupe best?"

A new book is titled "Short sayings of Great Men." When are we to have "Great Sayings of Short Men."

Tugboats are like human beings, inasmuch as some of them tow out and some of them tow in.

When one orchestra lowers its pitch, may not a rival band be termed the more high toned of the two?

Swell young men are reminded that a pea jacket and bean-pole legs do not harmonize.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A man never realizes the littleness of his own abilities so much as when, after blacking his own boots, he is greeted by the first boy he meets with the customary "Shine!"

Character of a journalist by another journalist: "He is the best fellow in the world—indulgent for the defects of all his friends, and only merciless for their good qualities!"

He is the greatest artist alive and the one courted most by society who can carelessly drop a lot of marking ink on a piece of card-board, and, after drawing a whisk-broom across it, call it a symphony of twilight, and sell it for \$10,000.

"I never knew a lady who sang with more taste and feeling than Miss Nor. I," said Jones to Smith; "particularly as far as feeling is concerned. Why, she's feeling for the next note all the time!"

Woman's love: "Do you believe that a woman, nowadays, would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the Benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

An old sharp advertised "Book-keeping taught in one lesson; terms, \$1." He got a large class on the opening night, and, after they were seated and the dollars rushed in, he said, "The whole art of bookkeeping hinges on three words—Never lend them!"

ARSENIC EATING FOR BEAUTY.

Another poison of late years has been steadily rising in the favor of ladies, and its consumption is now enormous. No doubt the doctors are primarily responsible for this fashionable vice. It is unquestionably a very efficacious one, and, when used discreetly, an excellent blood purifier. But no sooner does many a fair patient perceive that it makes the complexion very clear and white than it has a fatal fascination for her; and as a preparation of the drug is to be obtained of any chemist, she is not obliged to make the doctor a confidant of her weakness. It is in France, however, where this poison is chiefly in vogue; and we may be sure that, until our ideas of beauty greatly change for the worse, the habitual arsenic-takers will remain in a very small minority in the country. The effects of the drug are two-fold: it makes the skin of marble whiteness, but it also rapidly produces a form of obesity that comes into violent contact with the prevailing notions of feminine charms. Frenchmen and Moors agree in thinking that the more closely the female form resembles that of a quail of from the work it is. We stand aloof from the admirers of the fat kind as we have for the lean life know with familiar with Frenchman cultivate a well-rounded form, and the arrangement of padding do a great deal to produce the much desired outline of which the salient feature after bust on offrande; but the more, the all is only artistic, and must often make those who practice it when the "dog-star rages," excruciatingly hot. "Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!" On the other hand, arsenic is a bonpoint which comes as such, natural, or will easily assume such. If this drug is not the elixir of perpetual youth, it is a beauty of the constructive elixir type, and the contemporary French name of its devotees, across the channel is legion.—[London World.

RAT, CAT AND PUPPY.

In Canton we visited a restaurant where rats and dogs were served. Dog steak, fed rat or were to be had any hour. I often denied and affirmed only one of the old Peter varieties that the Chinese eat. But it is true. We stayed in a large hotel with a dog and a cat and a puppy. The dog was a mongrel, the cat was a Siamese, and the puppy was a puppy. The dog was a mongrel, the cat was a Siamese, and the puppy was a puppy. The dog was a mongrel, the cat was a Siamese, and the puppy was a puppy.

THE PRESIDENT'S POCKET.

I was in the White House the other day and saw a book of some kind of communications addressed to the President of the United States. They were all neatly packed in a brief and corded up waiting for the President's return. I asked President Pruden what the book was. "Oh, everything," was the reply. "They are on every conceivable subject of a personal nature to the writers. Many of them are direct appeals for money. Now, you would never suppose a stranger in Texas, Nebraska or New Hampshire or somewhere else, would write to the President for a few dollars with the expectation of getting it. Well, it's a fact. Mr. Arthur would send various sunny return mail or express, from five cents up to \$500. One young lady writes for money to buy a piano, which, she says, she will be able to pay for her own living. Another, a man wants to borrow \$100 for six months for which he will give his note and I percent interest."

The present Congress has been notable for the number of deaths among its members. The total reaches nine with the prospect that another, which far gone in consumption, will be added to the list, which now includes the names of M. O'Connor of South Carolina, Thomas Allen of Missouri, General R. M. A. Hawk of Illinois, Judge Smith of Alabama, who was declared after his death to be entitled to the seat occupied by C. M. Staley, Mr. Lowe of Alabama, Senator Ben Hill of Georgia, J. T. Updegraff of Ohio, Godlove S. Orth of Indiana and W. Shackelford of North Carolina.

Mej in the India cotton mills get as much as seven shillings a week. Women can earn about two-thirds as much, while children do not make more than about fifty cents a week, and yet these wages are about twice those paid to farm labor.

ODD AND ENDS.

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," said another, "he turns white when he pops."

"Well," said a philosophic friend, "an invalid, 'had you a good night last night?'" "Hum! That's better than a bad night is better than a night at all."

No man living walks in a straight line. The square-footed walks to the right or left a distance of thirty-six feet in a mile. In fact there is a sillon on the way he diverges as much as 150 feet.

These poetical birthday books of charming affairs, but you won't find a volume over 19 making any use of the blank space corresponding to the date of their introduction on this restrictive ball. Not much.

The billy goats in the suburbs of New York have been eating up the newspapers left by carriers and the detectives who were looking for a organized gang of boys feel rather ill.

A Congressman who does not send six or eight bushels of Agricultural Department seeds among his constituents must make the next campaign on his temperance record.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a boot maker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because one sold the nails and the other nailed the soles."

Old Mrs. B. came to town last week from Indiana on an excursion and when she was asked why she was in such a hurry to leave, she replied: "I've got to; you see as how I came in on an exertion train and my ticket expires to-night."

R. McKinstry of Hudson, N. Y., owns the largest apple orchard in the world—30,000 trees on 300 acres.

The manufacture of fine porcelain pottery is among the new industries which have recently sprung up in Ionia, Mich.

The total number of manufacturing establishments in the United States is 253,852, according to the last census bulletin.

American furniture is coming into use in Scotland "because it is so comfortable and easily kept clean," says Consul Wells of Glasgow.

A falling off in the trade of Raleigh, N. C., the past year is credited to hostile discrimination in the matter of freight charges by the railroads.

The first order ever received in the United States for wood-working machinery for China has been given to a manufacturing concern in Concord, N. H.

A co-operative store in Philadelphia, began eight years ago by a few workmen, now does a business of \$250,000 a year and pays the stockholders six per cent dividends.

The Lexington, Ky., Press says that never before at this time of the year has wheat looked so bad in that State as it does now, and much of it will have to be ploughed up in the spring.

No one ever supposed the prairie dog towns to be of any value in the West until a Yankee besieged one and began to capture the animals for their skins, which, it is said, can be made into gloves that rival the finest of the world.

The French Government continues the annual subsidy of \$160,000 for the maintenance of the opera in Paris.

Beecher has looked over several Sunday school libraries, and it is his candid opinion that eighteen out of every twenty are too bossy for any intelligent child.

Several letters from prominent Scotchmen have appeared in the London journals of late concerning the falling off in the population of the Highlands.

Cremorne, the celebrated English race horse, which won the Derby, the Prix de Paris, and several smaller races in 1872, making \$20,000 for his owners, is dead at the early age of thirteen.

According to the Whitehall Review, William Grey, now suddenly become the presumptive heir of the earldoms of Stamford and Warrington, the barony of Grey of Groby and estates yielding \$200,000 a year, unaware of his good fortune, is filling the appointment of Professor of Classics at the Cordington College in Barbadoes. He is a nephew of the present Earl, and thirty-two years of age.

The Washington Directory for 1883 contains 79,600 names, which are estimated to represent a population of 318,400, but the actual population is probably about 250,000. The most numerous family is that of Johnson (many members of which are of African descent), which numbers 12,000. There are but about 6000 of the Jones family, and but a few more Smiths. There are 200 Kings, 20 Princes, 10 Dukes and 2 Earls. There are 130 bakers, 40 barbers, 33 brewers and more or less representatives of every other trade. There are 35 George Washingtons, 1 Thomas Jefferson and 47 John Browns.

A Colorado man who expected a gang of lynchers to come for him about the middle of the night, took himself to the cellar, leaving a pet grizzly bear in his place in bed. The lynchers didn't bring any lights, but made a very plucky attempt to get the bear out and lynch it, but gave it up after three of them had lost an eye apiece, two had suffered the loss of thumbs, chewed off, and the other six were more or less deprived of skin. That man now has a tremendous reputation as a fighter and the bear didn't mind the work one bit.