BEARDSLY HALL.

BY M. A. POTTER.

There was a great stir in the little village of Glenwood, when it became generally known among the inhabitants that Beardsly Hall, which had been closed three years, since the death of Judge Beardsly, its former proprietor, and had been purchased by a wealthy gentleman who expected to make it his residence.

Many were the conjectures as to who and what the new proprietor was, but nothing definite could be ascertained except that his name was Horton, and that he had recently returned from Europe. The business concerning the purchase had been transacted by an agent who paid the price demanded, without asking a reduction, which fact seemed to indicate that Mr. Horton was a man of wealth.

Beardsly Hall was situated just outside the village. The handsome house, substantial and roomy, stood in the center of an enclosure containing several acres of land which was laid out with nicely graveled walks winding in and out among the trees, in different directions from the house. The place was beautiful, and during Judge Beardsly's life had been well cared for, the flower garden and shrubbery having been his especial pride and delight.

"A mighty extravagant set those Hortons must be!" said Mrs. Jenks whose house, though in the village, was nearly opposite Beardsly Hall. Such improvements as they are putting on that house. Why! I do believe it would cost them less to pull it down and build a new one!" and she talked an hour to her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, scarcely pausing for breath, her one theme being "Beardsly Hall."

And she was not the only one that talked and thought of Beardsly Hall. The more refined people, in their exclusive sets, were hoping that the Hortons would prove to be pleasant companionable people, and that Beardsly Hall would be again open to them as in days past; while others looked on with jealous eyes, and hearts so filled with envy that nothing could induce them to say one good word for the Hortons of Beardsly Hall.

Every article of furniture that was carried into the house was thoroughly scanned by Mrs. Jenks and her daughter Jane, and reports of the number of articles, size and probable cost were duly circulated in the village.

It was a clear, bright, moonlight evening when at last there was an arrival at Beardsly Hall. Why did the family come in a carriage late in the evening instead of broad daylight by the train? was a question that perplexed Mrs. Jenks and her friends as they stood watching the carriage, trying to gain sight of its occupants.

"That's a spruce young sprig!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, as a young man sprang from the carriage and proceeded to assist the others to alight.

"Who is that? I never heard that an old man was coming," said Jane apparently chagrined that anybody could come without her knowledge.

"There's a widow, as sure as I am alive!" said Mrs. Jenks as a young lady dressed in deep mourning alighted from the carriage. "Just look at that veil! No one but a widow would wear such mourning. Ah, there's another lady! I wonder who she is?"

Thus Mrs. Jenks and her friends talked and gossiped, while the newly arrived neighbors across the way, unconscious of having attracted any particular attention, entered the house and closed the door behind them.

A week later Mrs. Jenks called again on her neighbor, Mrs. Allen.

"Have you got acquainted with your new neighbors yet?" inquired Mrs. Jenks pointing to Beardsly Hall.

"I have seen them a few times," replied Mrs. Allen.

"There are awful, strange doings, going on at that house!" said Mrs. Jenks.

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Allen, scarcely listening to the talkative neighbor.

"Well, I saw a sight the other evening which really made me feel like running away and getting out of the neighborhood," continued Mrs. Jenks.

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Allen while a smile played about her mouth.

"Why, you have no idea what is going on there. You can't see from your window as I can from mine."

"Well, what did you see?" and this time Mrs. Allen fairly laughed.

"Oh, you need not laugh; it was nothing to laugh at!"

"But what was it?"

"Well, you see, a carriage stopped at the door, and a youngish man jumped out, and that little widow with all her mourning on—the deceitful hussy—ran down the steps like a young girl, and he him clasp her right in his arms! I say such sights are disgraceful, and I'd like to move out of the neighborhood."

"Is it not fortunate, Mrs. Jenks, that we have only our own sins to answer for?" said Mrs. Allen, seriously. "I do not feel that we are at all responsible for other people's actions."

"Oh, you dont? A pretty state of society we would have if every one was like you!" and with this remark Mrs. Jenks departed.

Mrs. Jenks' reports had an effect in the village, for they went from mouth to mouth till the true source of the stories were forgotten, and the people unconsciously became prejudiced.

Meanwhile the family at Beardsly Hall seemed to be totally indifferent to the people of the village and perfectly capable of enjoying themselves without other society. The young people played croquet with the old gentleman on the lawn; the young lady in black walked or rode, first with one young man and then with the other; and the young lady seemed to enjoy herself equally well, though perhaps, in a more quiet manner. Soon after their arrival it had been reported that the old gentleman was proprietor of the place, and that he had a son and daughter; but which young man was son and which young lady was daughter?

Two weeks had passed since the arrival of the strangers, when the news came straight from the minister's wife, that there was to be a wedding in the little church the following week, and that the bride-groom was the son of Mr. Horton, of Beardsly Hall. Shortly after this announcement, numerous guests, young and old, began to arrive at the spacious mansion; rides, drives, picnics and nutting-parties were the order of the day; and music, reaping and dancing, the programme of the evening.

As the day appointed for the wedding approached, curiosity reached its height when it became known that a florist, to decorate the house and church, and a caterer, to provide and arrange the supper, had arrived from the city.

The village children after school hung around the door of the church, now and then getting a peep at the inside, or an opportunity to enter, after which they would run home to tell their mothers of the wonders they had seen.

Mrs. Jenks and Jane kept closely at home, and one or the other was constantly stationed at the window, from which there was a good view of Beardsly Hall. Mrs. Jenks was worried and jealous, too, for she had seen her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, go into and out of the house several times, as though she was on intimate terms with its inmates.

The wedding evening came at last, at the close of a beautiful autumn day, with scarcely a cloud to dim the brightness of the moon that shed its light and cheery influence on all nature. On the morning train a plentiful supply of flowers and eatables had arrived; and the evening train brought many more guests to attend the marriage festival.

The church was opened at 8 o'clock, and soon after was completely packed with people eager to witness the ceremony. The floral decorations were elegant, and elicited many exclamations of surprise and delight from the admiring crowd.

The town clock had just sounded its last stroke of 9 when the carriages arrived at the church door; the minister appeared at the altar; and the people turned to see the bridal party enter the church.

Four little girls dressed in white tarlatan, nearly covered with flowers, led the way up each aisle. Those in the right aisle were followed by the young man, first mentioned, and Mrs. Allen; after whom came other gentlemen with ladies.

The four little girls in the left aisle were followed by the young man—who had so exasperated Mrs. Jenks by clasping the "widow" in his arms—with the young lady heretofore supposed to be Mr. Horton's daughter, elegantly dressed in satin and lace, clinging to his arm. Next in order came Mr. Horton and the "widow," who for the time had laid aside her mourning, and was dressed in pure white, wearing white flowers in her hair. These were followed by other gentlemen and ladies.

Mrs. Jenks half arose from her seat as the marriage ceremony commenced, and was nearly overcome with astonishment when she saw Mr. Horton's son married to the lady she had all the time imagined to be Mr. Horton's daughter; and when the young man stepped forward and gave the bride away, she was so bewildered that she sank on the seat utterly powerless to imagine anything further.

The ceremony went on, however, without interruption, and at its close the happy couple, with their numerous friends, left the church and returned to Beardsly Hall.

The state of Mrs. Jenks' mind as she sat at her window, gazing at the merry throng that were passing in and out of the elegant mansion opposite, until a late hour of the night, can be better imagined than described. The next morning she decided to visit Mrs. Allen and demand an explanation.

Mrs. Allen received her neighbor kindly, and good-naturedly gave her the desired information.

"Mr. Horton is my brother;" said Mrs. Allen, "the lady you supposed to be a widow is his daughter; she dresses in mourning for her mother; the young man who clasped the 'widow' in his arms"—and here Mrs. Allen's eyes sparkled with merriment—"is her husband, and is also brother to the bride;" and still further Mrs. Allen volunteered the information that the bride and groom were to start immediately for a year's tour in Europe, and that Mr. Horton's daughter and her husband were to remain with Mr. Horton, and at his death would become owners of the property.

Mrs. Jenks departed a wiser and better woman, and in time, as she and others became acquainted with Mr. Horton's family and witnessed the many acts of courtesy and kindness bestowed by them upon the people of the village, the old spirit of envy and jealousy was changed to one of love and respect for the inmates of Beardsly Hall.

That Spanish Baby.

The narrative of the circumstances and surroundings attending the birth of the Royal baby in Spain has a very ludicrous side to it when compared with the births of ordinary babies. As a rule, these occasions are strictly private, the company being limited to the patient, doctor, nurse, and the youthful stranger. Even the fond and expectant father is mercilessly kept out of the room and not allowed to see the offspring until it has been put in presentable shape. In Spain, however, when Royalty assumes parental responsibilities the occasion is made into a grand show. The populace of Madrid flocked around the palace walls and waited all day for the result. The more favored were admitted inside. As soon as the Queen felt the first symptoms of travail, she communicated it to the doctor. The doctor told it to my Lord Sexto, the Chamberlain. The Chamberlain told it to the Captain of the halberdies of the Guards, and the Captain of the halberdiers of the Guards sent eighty messengers to tell the Ministers and the Diplomatic Corps and some native personages who were to be allowed admission. In the Queen's bedchamber were the King, the ex-Queen Isabella, the Princess of the Asturias, the Archduchess Isabella, and all the ladies of the Royal household. They occupied the boxes. In the ante room or parquet were other noble personages and the two wet-nurses, who had been kept on hand so long that they must have been dry. In other parts of the house were chamberlains, guards, grandees, marshals, generals, knights, judges, prelates, mayors, aldermen, filling every available place, for grandees in Spain are very plentiful. There they waited patiently for the arrival of the Prince who was to establish the Spanish succession. For months all Spain has been rent with discussions over this arrival. Parties have been formed upon the issue—girl or boy. The campaign resembled our own Presidential selection except that, so far as is known, no question of sex is involved in ours. There was the same excitement, however, the same uncertainty, and probably the same vigorous betting on the result. Only one thing appeared very clear. If a girl, everything would be deranged. If a boy, the succession would be established. So the halberdiers and musketeers stood motionless as statutes on the staircases. The ministers, marshals, grandees and diplomats posed in silent dignity. The doctor and the wet nurses bustled about. The Princesses exchanged significant glances with each other. The father stood by looking much like an idiot, as fathers always do on such occasions. There being no small boy in the household, everything went off quietly and in order, and the Queen, it is to be presumed, performed her part with queenly dignity and grace. There appears, however, to have been a general impression that the stranger would be a boy, principally because a girl would be of no particular use. The people wanted a boy. All the spectators wanted a boy. The father wanted a boy, but probably the mother wanted a girl, and, as she was the party most directly interested, she had her own way about it. One can faintly imagine the feelings of Alfonso as he carried the babe upon a salver, and, removing the drapery, exhibited to the crowd a girl. In the bitterness of his heart he must have muttered to himself, as did Eccles when he found the cold tea on the mantel, "This 'ees 'ard." And the vast assemblage must have re-echoed in their hearts also the same declaration as they turned away inwardly disgusted that they had hung around the palace apartments for hours in their good clothes just to see a girl baby! There is no statute in Spain, however, which forbids trying it again, and the next time when the grandees, and the chamberlains, and things assemble at the palace, and the eighty messengers hurry off to announce Christina's pangs of travail, there may be better luck. Meantime, as the question of sex is of no consideration this side of the water, the American people can heartily congratulate the Queen that she has a little Princess, and, for a time at least, is freed from the tremendous responsibilities and innate depravity of a boy. It may be bad for the succession, and a disappointment for the father, but he can well afford to wait and let his royal spouse enjoy the comfort of her little Princess for a time.

HONOR OLD AGE.—Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man as he passes along. Once he was like you, but the vicissitudes of life has silvered his hair and changed the round face to the worn visage before you. Once his heart beat with aspirations coequal to any you have felt; aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once his form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has warped his fingers and destroyed his noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had the thousand thoughts that pass your brain—now wishing to accomplish something worthy in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he woke from it the better. But he has lived the dream nearly through. The time to wake is very near at hand; yet his eye kindles at old deeds of daring, and his hand takes a firmer grip of his staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in old age, be reverenced.

A certain sort of credulity is not rarely combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

A Famine in the Polar Regions.

On the second day out from St. Michaels we reach St. Lawrence Island, where it was reported a famine had swept away nearly the whole population during the previous year. The island is ninety miles long from east to west. We steamed along close in by the shore, working our way through the ice. At last the settlements were reached, and each one that was visited presented the same dreary scene of death and desolation. Not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere. Not a solitary dog or rat was to found about any of the rude huts; but in front of the houses, in a ghastly row, lay the dead bodies of those who had succumbed to the terrible hunger. They had laid there for fifteen months, and we were probably the first to look upon them. Their clothes had rotted off their bodies, but the forms were preserved by the cold so that they looked like mummies. The skin was drawn tightly over their emaciated faces and forms, and looked like ancient parchment. So perfectly had the dry air preserved them that we could distinguish the bodies of the men from the women by the tatoo marks on the chin, which is one of the peculiar styles of feminine face ornament. In a few houses bodies were found in various postures, just as they fell in the last agony of solitary death. As long as there were any survivors to perform the services, the corpses were placed in the regular rows in front of the huts. At one place we found fifty bodies side by side, some being the remains of little children, while others were the corpses of old people.

"The usual litter and refuse which surround the Esquimaux huts were lacking, and there was not a scrap left of any kind of food. The cleanly gnawed bones showed that they had eaten their dogs; they had even devoured the rats which infested the village; they had chewed up the old bits of walrus hide—everything which would satisfy the cravings of hunger. At last they had perished miserably, dying by inches, with no hope of succor and no chance of escape. At least five hundred of the poor wretches suffered this hideous death. To explain this terrible famine which was as unusual as it was fatal, it must be added that the season was one of unparalleled severity. The natives of this island were large, robust men and expert hunters and fishermen. But like most of their race they were improvident and made no provision for such a winter. The cold set in early and continued without interruption. The mercury was 40 degrees below zero for weeks at a time. The cold and the violent storms prevented them going out on the ice to catch walrus and seal—their main dependence for food in the winter. Their scanty stock of meat was soon exhausted; they were many miles from Siberia and could not have reached it alive in the face of the bitter wind. At the northwest end of the island we found a settlement of about 250 people. These had suffered severely from the famine, only about one-half of the original colony having survived. They had had a larger stock of provisions than their unfortunate neighbors and thus escaped complete annihilation.

"At this settlement two sailors from a wrecked bark were left several years ago. They were living there still, having adopted native customs. One had taken a native wife, and the woman's husband, on attempting to reclaim her, was killed by the sailor. The customs of the natives are savage and brutal. It is usual for the old people, when they feel that they can work no longer to announce the fact to their children. Then the poor creatures are taken out of the hut and either knocked on the head or stabbed by their sons. If they fail to give warning of their helplessness the children are quick to detect the signs of age and promptly dispatch their parents, generally by beating them over the head. The bodies are seldom buried; they are cast to the dogs who devour them. At this place also we had new evidence of some native peculiarities—the ease with which they could see at a great distance with the naked eye, and the marvelous way in which news was transmitted from the most distant points. A native will describe the dress and appearance of a man who is approaching at a great distance. A white man, even a sharp-eyed sailor can just make out that it is a human figure. So, if anything occurs on the coast, if a piece of wreck comes ashore, the full particulars will be known in a very short time 1000 miles from the spot where it occurred. It is a wonderful system of telegraphy, one native rushing off to pass the news to another, and thus spreading the intelligence over hundreds of miles of territory in a single day. The information which was received in this way was always very accurate.

The Politeness of Our Forefathers.

Not long since, while turning over the dusty contents of a box of books labelled "all at 6d.," my attention was drawn to a rusty little 12mo, bound in well-worn sheepskin, A short examination showed it was complete, and for the small sum of sixpence I became the possessor of a literary treasure which has since afforded me much gratification and amusement: "The Rules of Civility; or Certain Ways of Deportment observed in France, amongst all Persons of Quality upon Several Occasions. Translated out of French." Such is the title of the work which has brought up this train of ideas, and its perusal goes far to convince me that our ancestors were not to be envied. Of the instructions given for behavior at table the following are the most curious of those that are fit for general perusal.

"In eating, observe to let your hands be clean; feed not with both both your hands, nor keep your knife in your hand; dip not your fingers in the sauce, nor lick when you have done. Wipe your mouth and keep your spoon clean. Gnaw not bones nor handle dogs, nor spawl upon the floor; and if you have occasion to sneeze or cough, take your hat, or put your napkin before your face. Drink not with your mouth full nor unwiped, nor so long till you are forced to breathe in the glass. He must have a care his hand be not first in the dish, unless he be desired to help his neighbors. If you be carv'd 'tis but civil to accept what ever is offered, pulling off your hat still when it is done by a superior. To give anything from your own plate to another to eat of, though he be an inferior, savors of arrogance, much less an apple or a pear that hath been bit by you before. Have a care likewise of blowing froth from off a cup, or any dust from roasted apple or a toast; for the proverb saith, "There is no wind, but there is some rain." We are to wipe our spoon every time we put it into the dish; some people being so delicate, they will not eat after a man has eat with his spoon and not wiped it. 'Tis rude to drink to a lady of your own, much more of greater quality than yourself, with your hat on, and to be covere'd when she is drinking to you. When dinner is going up to any noblemen's table where you are a stranger, or of inferior quality, 'tis civil and good manners to be uncover'd. If it so happens that you be alone together with a person of quality, and the candle be to be snuffed, you must do it with the snuffers, not with your fingers, and that neatly and quick, lest the person of honor be offended with the smell."—*The Antiquary.*

A Detective Outwitted.

The following story is almost too good to be true: A certain railway company suspected that they were being defrauded by passengers traveling without tickets, so a detective was sent to travel on the trains. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from Dayton to Moorfield without a ticket. The detective watched his man closely, and was surprised to find him hand a proper ticket to the conductor.

Entering into conversation with the passenger, the detective said:

"I should like to know your plan for traveling without a ticket, as I am a frequent traveler, and I don't mind giving you a dollar for the trip."

"Done!" said the man, and after he pocketed the bill, he remarked quietly, "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

What is a Gentleman?

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or confusion of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful to the absurd; he guards against the unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings, or arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, and is too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles. He submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavment becase it is irreparable; to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence. He throws himself into the mind of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes, he knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful and useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

The Guillotine.

Just at daybreak, the murderer, Menescion, was executed. According to custom he was kept in ignorance of the time fixed for his death until within a few minutes of the execution. He had passed the evening in company with two jailors, who had for some days been his constant companions, in playing cards, and an unusually bountiful supper which was supplied to him, might have aroused his suspicions, but it did not, and at midnight he went to sleep. Shortly before daybreak the governor of the prison, with the priest and executioner and his assistants, entered the corridor leading to the cell of the condemned. The jailors, at a signal, opened the door of the cell, and on first awakening Meneselon, informed him that his last hour had come and admitted the priest. The latter remained with Meneselon for ten minutes. The Governor, the executioner and assistants then entered. Meneselon was in agony of fear, and it was with difficulty that the executioner made what is called "the toilet," cutting the hair of the prisoner short, cutting off the collar of his shirt, and binding his hands behind him. This being done, the convict was hurried through the corridor to the door, which opened upon the square, where the guillotine was ready to receive him. The scene at this moment was terrible sombre. The sun was just rising, but its light was obscured by dense clouds, and at the moment the prison door opened a violent storm of thunder and lightning broke forth. The condemned at this instant was overcome with terror and sank almost to the ground. The assistants of the executioner had to drag him to the guillotine, which had been erected only a few paces from the portal of the prison. In a moment afterward the knife had fallen and all was over.

Tobacco.

I go against tobacco, because it goes against me. I will tell you why.

First—I do not like the taste of it. It tastes worse than the bitterest medicine ever put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff.

Second—I don't like the looks of it. In the words of another. when I see the tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it; and, when I see the mouth that chews it, I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is of a dirty-dirt color.

Third—I dont like the effects of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown, when they should be white; it makes the breath sour and offensive, when it should be sweet; it injures the voice, so that those who chew cannot sing and speak with advantage. The voice breaks, and the choirister croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink; the orator merely barks, and tobacco bark is very disagreeable.

Fourth—The habit of chewing is a very filthy habit. Look at the carpets, the stair-ways, the sitting rooms, where the chewers gather together and roll the quid like a sweet morsel under the tongue. Every boy that chews ought to wear a hat shaped like a spittoon, and use it as such wherever he goes; indeed, he ought to wear it when he sleeps; such a night-cap may save the pillow-cases from stains.

Fifth—I fear tobacco creates a taste for liquor. It lights a fire in the throat which water may not quench.

HAWAIIAN CHINESE TROUBLES.—There has been a queer Cabinet crisis in the Hawaiian Kingdom, the immediate cause of which was the appointment of an unpopular Minister of Foreign Relations. This official, one Celsus Cæsar Moreno, who is described as "a foreign adventurer," and who, according to one account, was threatened by the populace with a coat of tar and feathers, is in favor of Chinese trade and immigration. But, for other reasons he has made himself personally obnoxious to the people, who seriously discussed the dethronement of King Kalakaua and the selection of Queen Emma as their sovereign. The entire Hawaiian army was ordered to guard the Royal Palace, and revolution was at one time imminent. But the King wisely changed his mind, dismissed his favorite foreigner, and restored order by a single blow. His course brings peace to the Hawaiian Kingdom, which, as that political fiction is chiefly supported by thrifty American traders and planters, is good for American interests in the Pacific.

Calling Nic-names—S. S. Cox. "You will never say 'Jim, fly, don't bother me,' again?" B. F. Butler. "Never! And you will never call me 'Old Cock-Eye.' 'Beast' or 'Spoons?'" Sunset. "Never."—[Harper's Weekly.

A Blood Hound's Gratitude.

There is now living in Eaton County, this State, a farmer who, as a Federal soldier and a prisoner at Andersonville, was a party to a strange incident during the palmy days of that terrible prison pen. The prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect firewood. One day it came to this man's turn to go, and for the first time since his imprisonment he caught sight of "Col. Catchem," the blood hound who had run down more escaping prisoners than all other dogs combined. In fact at that time he was the only hound at the post. He was a monster dog, savage as a tiger, and he had in several cases pulled down and killed the prisoners before the pursuers could come up. Such were the stories of his ferocity, whispered inside the stockade, that more than one tunnel was abandoned just as it was ready to lead its diggers under the posts and to liberty.

The Michigander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his fore feet, but gave the matter no special attention until after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horse-shoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and finally pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away, seemingly well pleased.

Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready to pass out the few who had secretly dug it. The Wolverine went first, and indeed last. The others remembered the stories of the big bloodhound, and drew back at the last moment. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and, weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when the day broke and "Col. Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club he took his stand and determined to make a fight for it. The dog came along the trail with a rush, stopped short at sight of the prisoner, and was about to spring when he recognized the man and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in the direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail.

The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. The position of guardian or companion he maintained until toward night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but the roads were patrolled and the woods scouted, and on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he was returned the hound met and caressed him, and for this was whipped by one of the guards. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner. He was tried time and again, but he would not follow the trail a single rod. Another blood hound was procured, but as soon as he took up a trail the other dog would follow and fight him. During the last three months of Andersonville not a prisoner was run down by the dogs although dozens tunneled out, and many were lying in the woods when the Confederacy went with a crash.

Barnum's Bearded Woman.

The "Bearded Woman," who was years ago P. T. Barnum's greatest attraction, was buried in the little village of Liverpool, on the shore on Onondaga Lake. She first appeared in Barnum's Museum in New York. Like all other curiosities, the time came when she was no longer an attraction, and retired from public gaze, and not long afterwards became a resident of Liverwool. The maiden name of this remarkable women was Rebecca Wertgnat. She was born at Pembroke, Genesee County, New York, in May 1824. When she was quite young she removed with her parents to Ogdensburg, where she remained till 1841. In the meantime she had married a man named J. R. Lyon, and in this year she removed with him to New York where she remained till 1860. Nothing unusual in the life or person of Mrs. Lyon had been observed till she reached her 44th year, and then a very heavy dark beard suddenly began to appear on her face. Neither her features nor her nature bore any appearance of masculine tendencies, and she was greatly embarrassed by the growth upon her face. She employed various means for removing the fast-growing beard, but without avail, and it was not long before it reached her waist. It was soft and silken like the hair of a child. A suit was instituted against Barnum for an alleged imposition upon the public, it being stated in the complaint that the woman was an imposter. After his museum was consumed by fire, Mrs. Lyon became one of the attractions of Col. Wood's Museum in Chicago, and she was the wonder of that city for some time. She went from Chicago to a museum in Boston, and a little while later became connected with Forepaugh's circus, with which she traveled over the United States and Canada. While in Canada an order for her arrest was made by a civil officer, who declared that she was imposing on the credulity of the people, and not until a resident of the place in which she was stepped up and declared she was just what she appeared to be, was the order rescinded. Mrs. Lyon's death occurred on Friday. She was 56 years old.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes: "While at Mount Vernon—the home of Washington—the other day, I was greatly struck with the slip-shod condition in which the house and its contents are kept. The estate belongs to the women of the United States, and I am sure, did they but know the facts, they would interest themselves in their property, and raise sufficient money to put the house in thorough repair, and to have the relics of Washington more carefully kept than is done at present. The walls in some of the rooms are covered with cheap chromo-lithographs and prints, having no claims either to artistic excellence or historical value; and these should, and could, easily be replaced by engravings possessing these qualities. I have no definite idea of the cost of putting the house in order, but I am sure that an expenditure of $3000 would be more than ample; and I think some of our patriotic women should take the matter in hand, and have the home of Washington restored to its original beauty and cleanliness.

MODERN DECORATION.—The spread of high art, real or imaginary, is one of the most ordinary themes of contemporary satire. Thirty years ago a few canons of "good taste" there implicitly followed. Now we know better. Blue, for example, was forbidden. Now all is blue. "Peacock" has not been discovered. A good copy of "Chippendale" might have been bought for a sovereign. The Monarch of the Glen was on every hearth-rug, and every carpet emulated a garden flower bed. We are, perhaps, quite as extravagant in an opposite direction, as some critic of the future will probably discover, but, if so, our company is larger. There are fewer and fewer every year who do not care at all, and of the many who have a taste more and more can found it on some reason, and, at least, think they like a good thing because it is good; not so much so because they know what they like, but because they know why they like it.—[Saturday Review.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The deadliest foe to man's logevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best.

Within certain limits, he has his choice to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely; to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or to condense it it into a narrow one; but when his stock is expended he can have no more.

Mrs. Judson's Ghost.

Dr. Wayland, in his *Life of Judson*, has but feebly portrayed the scene of Mrs. Judson's funeral. Our decks were crowded by sailors of all nations, and every flag was at half mast, while a long line of boats took ours in tow, and on arrival at the wharf the clergy of every denomination formed the head of the procession, which moved through the main street, while all the shops were closed.

My recollections of Dr. Judson are of the most agreeable kind. Deeply afflicted as he was by his loss, he still maintained a cheerful demeanor, impressing all of us with love and veneration for his character. His wife was a constant sermon.

But scenes like that of the death and funeral they had lately witnessed prepared the minds of the crew for the access of superstition. Soon after leaving St. Helena the second mate called me suddenly in the night. The poor fellow's tone evinced that he was as much frightened as were the sailors, who, he said, had seen a ghost.

"A ghost, Mr. Bronson?" I asked. "What kind of a ghost?"

"Mrs. Judson's, sir; we can all see it in the foretop."

"Pshaw!"

"Captain, do come on deck, do, and you will see it for yourself," replied Mr. Bronson.

Well, as I had never seen a ghost, I complied with his request, and walking into the waist, where the watch was gathered in stupefied amazement, they pointed their trembling fingers to the foretop, whispering, in hushed voices, "There she is, sir—look at her."

Yes, there she was—a perfect figure of a woman in a white dress, with outstretched arms and a ghastly face. I will confess that no little astonishment was combined with my incredulity. I had been awakened from a sound sleep to behold this visitation with half-opened eyes. But in a moment I saw the cause of the singular deception.

"Boys," I said, "who will go with me into the foretop and speak to her?"

There were brave men among the crew who would have gone aloft on my order to send down a royal yard, even if they thought the mast might go over the side, but now none of them would stir. At last I said: "Do you think it is my place to go up there and stow that top-gallant studding-sail?"

Then they understood the meaning of the apparition. The sail, which, when not in use, was lashed against the foretopmast rigging, had got adrift, and, spreading itself across to the foremast head, had assumed the weird and unearthly appearance of a ghost. So this puzzle for metaphysicians was solved.

Had I sent the men below and gone up and stowed the sail myself, as I was tempted to do, no argument would ever have convinced them that they had not seen the ghost of Mrs. Judson.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Norway.

Norway is not a land flowing with milk and honey; not a land of olive-yards and vineyards; of Southern skies and effeminate luxuriance; of Spanish dances and Italian serenades; of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. It is not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to his mate, while the moon with her train of satelites in stately dignity rises in the dark blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad-flowing Rhine; or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of a Moselle.

It is, on the contrary, a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with a mystery of silence that is never braken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs; of rushing streams; of grand waterfalls and mighty cataracts that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country. It is a land which owes everything to nature and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the song of the nightengale is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about but scarcely seen.

Norway is a land scantily peopled by men and women, honest and and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable—until a day will come when mixture with the world which seeks them more and more, year by year, may give the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single eye, a simply faith, an uprightnesss of purpose rare as beautiful after 6,000 years of leveling.

It is a land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but very pleasant; a land not pampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen; but a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil.

This land has a bright, bracing air; a coast iron-bound and full of wonders. It is a land that reminds us in a measure of that city that hath no foundations, wheret here is "no night;" for here, dursome portion of the year, the sun never sets, and darkness falls not.

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