

MR. DUNDER DISGUSTED.

Carl Falls to Catch On to the Tricks of American Politics.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" queried Sergeant Bendall as Carl Dunder limped into the station-house the other day and flung himself down on the nearest chair.

"Sergeant, I vhas here to bid you good-bye."

"No!"

"I vhas going back to Sherman."

"I declare! What put that into your head?"

"I vhas sick and tired. I can't understand dese peoples. Nopedy vhas two times alike in America."

"But you told me you vvas going to run for alderman, and that you had caught on to American politics."

"I vvas vvas my troubles. I belief I know all about her, but I know nothing. I vhas going to run for alderman. I promise dot bey seales to fedsy men. I promise twenty men dot dey shall be janitor of der City Hall. I promised more as one hooneered feller dot dey shall work for the city for three dollars a day."

"That was right. That's the way most of the candidates do."

"Yes, but I don't understand. Three days ago a feller comes in my place and says vvas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Did you promise dot eastern hay seales to my bradder if he vote for you? I did. And did you promise her to more ash twenty odder fellers, too? I did. Vwell, you vvas a fraud and a liar, and now you take dot on der nose! Unde he gife me sooch a thump dot I see more ash feety stars flying around. How does it come dot some Americans can work dot dodge and be all right?"

"Well?"

"Vwell, I told you der odder day dot I promise more ash feety men dot dey shall be engineer of the City Hall if dey vote for me. In comes a man in my place mit his hat on his ear and says vvas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Vvas you going to run for some alderman? I vhas. Did you promise all my crowd dot each one of us should run der engines mit der City Hall? I did. Den, Sergeant, he gife me sooch a blow on my mouth dot I can't eat meat for soox months, and vhen he goes avhay he says dot forty-nine more fellers vvas to come after him. Some American candidates can promise dot shop to one hooneered feller und be all right. How vvas she?"

"I don't know."

"Und poety queest a feller comes in my place und says vvas I dot old Dutchmans who vvas to be an alderman? I vhas. If I vvas elected he shall get all der paying shobs und makes lots of money. He calls me a liar und says I promise dot same thing more ash two hooneered times, und he mops me on my floor und goes avhay like a lack. If I vvas some American candidate he vvas all penches. How vvas she?"

"I don't know."

"Vwell, eafery day somebody come und call me a liar und says I should be kicked. Eafery day comes some feller mit his hat on his ear und charges me mit holding him oop for a sucker. My boy Shake vvas seart avhay, my wife vvas seart abed und I haf to look up my place or be kilt."

"It's sad tin—" said the sergeant.

"Und so I guess I shall go back to Sherman. In dot country I vvas all right. If a man sprookens to me in Dutch I know what he vvas. If he sprokens to me in Yankee may be he makes a fool of me. I like to go by dot Common Council and be a great man, but I can't stand sooch a racket. I vvas a good enough liar, but I lean something else out all der while und der dear peoples tumbles to me. Fare-well, sergeant. You vvas always two times alike, und I shall feel good by you when I am far avhay. If you meet some odder Dutchmans shust speak mit him und tell him to keep out of dese politics."—Detroit Free Press.

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A SINCERE OPINION.

An Anecdote of the Earl of Dorset and Immortal John Dryden.

"We talk of writing easily and dashing off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some smack of that work; and here are pens, ink and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable wits assembled in the chief room of Will's coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Scarborough, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed!" cried the rest, with one voice; "and glorious John here shall be our model."

The last words were addressed to a glumpy little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his 'impromptu' ready beforehand."

"You cannot scarce call it for that, Jack," retorted the Earl, "for men say that he had once written an 'impromptu' which took three months to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's allusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—Dorset."—David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.

MOTHER GOOSE'S AGE.

Interesting Information Concerning America's Most Popular Author.

Mother Goose was not a mythical person, nor a non de plume, but a real live woman, who, although she may not have had so many children that she didn't know what to do, and was not compelled to live in a shoe, nevertheless had children, grand-children, and (probably) great grand-children of her own before she died at the advanced age of ninety-two. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster; she was born in the year 1665, was married to Isaac Goose (or Vergoose as it is written in the description of her contained in the probate of her will) in 1693, and died in 1757. The first edition of the songs, which she sang to her grandchildren, was published by Thomas Fleet, in 1761. There is an edition of her works published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, well worth perusal by all mothers who would like to know about the good old lady who wrote the lullabys and melodies which are now sung and will continue, doubtless, to be sung for ages yet to come.

Mother Goose resided in Charleston, where she was born, until her marriage. She then moved to Boston, where her husband had a home ready to receive her or what is now Washington street. She was Mr. Goose's second wife, and began her maternal life as step-mother to ten children. This numerous fact was probably the cause of her writing the touching melody of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," especially as we learn that she afterward had six children of her own. One of her own children became the wife of Thomas Fleet, the publisher of the "Melodies by Mother Goose," and when Mother Goose's first grandchild was born she insisted on going to live with her son-in-law as nurse to his son. She sang her ditties to this grandchild from morning till night—

"Gooie, gooie, gooie,
Where do you wander,
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber," etc.—

until her son-in-law became alarmed at the fertility of her genius for making this kind of rhyme. Mr. Fleet took down the various songs she sung until he had a book full, which he printed. This book had a great sale, and it is needless to say, has increased in popularity until this day, so that there is scarcely a child in the land that does not know Mother Goose by name and her melodies by heart. She was left a widow in 1719.—Chicago Mail.

Experience Teaches.

"Mister," said a countryman to a Sixth avenue dry goods dealer, "I want to get a shawl for a party little girl down at Starla's Corners. You needn't say nothin' 'bout it to the newspapers, coz I want to keep it quiet, but we're goin' to be married in a month an' I'm thinkin' of givin' her a shawl. Suthin' hang up—had some."

"I can show you a fine line of India shawls, sir."

"No, no, I guess I don't want. I had a pair of muscassins onet, an' I'm alinged if the beads didn't fall come off."

—N. Y. Sun.

A HORRIBLE CRAFT.

How Russian Criminals Are Transported to Seghalian Island.

The Russian convict transport Nizhni-Novgorod sails hence this evening with 400 criminal departees for the island of Seghalian. The Nizhni-Novgorod is an iron steamship of about 3,800 tons burden, and is especially fitted as a convict transport. With a full complement of convicts the vessel carries 652. The officers and crew number eighty, exclusive of a marine convey escort of sixty-two men specially chosen for this duty.

The iron-barred compartments, or cages in which the convicts are confined run parallel, fore and aft, on either side the upper and lower 'twendecks. The iron bars, an inch thick, of these cages and the woodwork in which they are set, are heavily and solidly constructed. The cages are of unequal capacity and length, but have a uniform height of seven and a half feet. The more desperate characters are manacled and chained to iron staples in their berths, from which they are released when necessary. The greater number, although retaining the waist and ankle shackles, of light construction, have the freedom of traversing the length of the compartment, which may vary from twenty-five to forty feet. Between the outer bars and the two plain plank shelves or bunks running from end to end of the compartments which afford sleeping room for the occupants, there is a free space of about four and a half or five feet.

Except during the distribution of rations no culinary vessels are left with the convicts. Even the drinking water is obtained only through an india rubber mouth-piece fixed in an enclosed water tank and through which the drinker sucks his draught. Immediately outside the cages and attached to the under part of the deck overhead is a steam-pipe connected with the ship's boilers. Into these pipes are fitted screw nozzles at intervals of twelve feet. The object of the steam-pipe is to suppress any dangerous outbreak among the inmates of the cage. By means of a short hose, specially made to resist the steam heat, quickly attached to one of the steam-pipe nozzles, the turbulent convicts are readily quieted or parboiled. Strong water jets have been found next to useless in allaying these occasional tumults.

After the ship has passed the canal, but not before, batches of convicts are in turn brought upon deck for a shower-bath and short exercise. A strongly constructed iron railing, eight feet high, crosses the vessel amidships, in order that the convict, during his bath and while unmanacled, can not by any sudden rush evade the guard and reach the quarter-deck. Some of the more desperate convicts, who stubbornly resist all disciplinary control, are confined to the cages during the whole voyage. Both the upper and lower 'twendecks are open and airy, the system of ventilation being excellent, and the cages themselves are kept scrupulously clean. The cages are repainted every voyage. Every convict, in addition to having his hair cropped short, has the left half of the head from front to back closely shaven.

Among the 400 convicts carried by the Nizhni-Novgorod about 100 are murderers. One of these is a relative of the Shah of Persia—Prince Khannam-Mirza, son of Prince Betman Mirza, twenty-five years of age, and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor for the murder of his brother in Russia. Upon the greater number of these murderers, in addition to their various terms of hard labor in the mines and quarries, will be inflicted on their arrival a given number of blows from the knout, varying from 50 to 125, according to their crimes.

The scene on board these departing convict ships is altogether saddening and depressing, perhaps the more so that one does not hear a murmur or lament from the stolid looking and broken-spirited wretches crowded behind the bars of these cages, which remind the spectator only too forcibly of the wild beast dens we are accustomed to see in a traveling menagerie. Female convicts of this class are transported in a separate vessel.—Odessa Cor. London News.

Wash-Board Statistics.

A traveling agent of one of the largest wash-board factories in the United States gave a reporter the following interesting statistics and information. He said that millions of wash-boards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny mountains and Missouri river. There is one factory which turns out over a million, and at least two factories which make 700,000 and 800,000 a year. There are at least twenty varieties of wash-boards, and the best are made in the West. The Eastern factories make their wash-boards out of pine. Hard wood is undoubtedly the best. Pine is soft, and white pine is too expensive. The poorer kinds can be bought as low as 80 cents a dozen wholesale; these are single wash-boards for family use. The better kinds cost \$2.25 per dozen wholesale, and double wash-boards—that is that have zinc edges on both sides—cost much more, retailing at 50 cents apiece for the best. Laundry sizes of this description cost much more. The first wash-boards were made entirely of wood, and our wash-women used to pound the dirt out of clothes with a stick, by laying them on the board. The first wash-boards made of zinc were put upon the market about twenty-five years ago.—Cleveland Leader.

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEB.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHOR.

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Crescent earrings were pendant to exquisitely-shaped ears, and on her left hand glittered a brilliant signet-ring of rare and antique shape, set with a stone of wondrous beauty and value. A necklace of costliest pearls, arranged in a manner severe in its simplicity, encircled the polished throat, and, hanging from this necklace a jeweled locket rested on her breast, ivory bosom.

Again he glanced at that curious, quaint ring.

Once, and only once before, had he seen its counterpart.

There arose before his backward-gazing eyes the form of a pleasant little room in an old, low house of Tangiers; the grizzled, weather-beaten captain of his uncle's vessel sat in a corner, conversing with a noble-looking, grey-haired Greek merchant prince, whose white life seemed bent on money getting; above all, came the memory of that dach-dach, olive-headed little daughter, with her bright, sweet, eager face, literally hanging upon every word from his lips, watching his every motion with those lustrous, melting eyes of hers, forestalling his every wish, her tiresome foot trotting like a miller and thinner for cooling fruits or dainties.

Again he heard her earnest voice striving to repeat after him those long, unwieldy English words. Again he guided her small fingers, while they shaped the curving letters of his mother-tongue. He saw, once more, her grateful eye and the bright flush of pleasure when he praised some successful effort; then her look of shame and mortification, as he laughed good-naturedly at some blunder, the result of laborious, well meant endeavors.

He recalled the sudden tear, the deathly pallor of her face and upon his ear smote her sob of anguish, when the rough old captain entered and announced his departure on the narrow sailing.

"Arthur, my lad, you must leave your little pupil, when you quitted your uncle, I thought you not long for this world. But now, thanks to a good sea-voyage, I take you back to him a youth strong as the next."

Then came the parting with his many rash promises of returning soon, the two soft white gish arms flung tight about his neck, his feet falling fast upon his cheek and the passionate moan of the warm-hearted, impulsive young Greek child, as she utterly refused to let him go; then the old Moorish sea-port faded away in the distance and, alas! so, did little Haydee. He had scarcely thought of her again that day to this; and that was eleven years ago.

But had she ever forgotten him, or his promise to return?

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILLIONS ON—NOTHING!

With a start, he awoke from his musings over the past and hastily began to search for some proof of the woman's identity.

As he opened the locket he staggered backward in amazement. In one side was the face of an old gray-bearded man, a face he never could forget. In the other, bent his cheek and the passionate moan of the eighteen or nineteen.

The first was the Greek merchant of Tangiers; the second, himself, the college sophomore of eleven years ago. He remembered fishing it out of his sea-chest and giving it to Haydee just before he sailed.

And was this Haydee? His child pupil, Haydee? Come from far Tangiers on that burning Morocco shore! Cast up by the sea, here on these rugged, rock-bound coasts! The woman Haydee, come thus to recall to his conscience-smitten soul the recollection of his broken promises, after these many years of waiting.

Horror struck at his unaccountable neglect, he bent over her and murmured:

"O, Haydee, my little Haydee! And I forgot you so."

Hidden in the folds of her robe, tightly pressed to her bosom, was sewed a roll of MS. Blarneyed though it was by the seawater, he could yet read it. Closely, yet neatly written, its English was terse and clear.

The pupil had well profited by her master's instructions.

"At last!"—so began the MS.—"we are steaming withinsight of his native land and Heaven soon will put an end to all my long, long weary years of waiting."

"I know not what unseen power impels me to write this or guides my pen to shape that mournful word, Farewell! I know not what fills my terrified soul with vague foreboding. But I like not the lowering looks of those bad men, and, when that villain, Matteo, bends upon me his evil eye, my heart flutters like a frightened bird, and I grow sick and faint."

"I see their many, secret, low-muttering groups. I catch their hasty glances of fear and malice toward my good captain and his mate, Luigi. And I am oppressed with an horrible dread."

"Ah! why did I seek this vessel! And yet, when Ah!—her Nubian slave—"breathless and terrified, came rushing in, that fatal night, with the news that the Sultan's minions were without, ready to drag me to his harem, could we do aught else but fly down those narrow, stifling lanes and seek safety on the first out-bound steamer!"

"No sooner had I stepped upon her decks than my soul told me that death abode there. The late! For she was already leaving the harbor. And, now, daily and hourly, my eye and ear verify that awful presentment."

"Last night my father stood beside me, clad in his death-shroud."

"Fear not, my daughter," said he, with his rare, sweet smile of old, "the end is at hand!"

"Ay! the end is at hand! But, if it be not to meet thee, beloved, it is less to this sharp, steel dagger, or in thy chest of waters."

"O my teacher of my olden days! My love of new and all time, farewell! Thou knewest that I loved thee, then, with a child's pure love. And I have come to prove to thee that I love thee now, with the deathless love of a woman whose vain yearnings have been pent up within her bosom for a half score years of ceaseless watching. And, come life or death! thou shalt yet know my love was undying."

"None, save I and you strong-box, wherein is hidden the key to the place of concealment (I would have left it with Abou Hassan, my dead father's scribe; but, alas! that cruel flight forbade), and Ah, who bears about in his breast the papers which he has sworn to protect to the death, until he deliver them to thee—none save we three know where lies that treasure that shall make thee the peer of the richest Prince on earth."

"And, when it comes to thee—come it surely shall—give but one thought to that little Haydee, who, living, loved thee, and, dying, breathed out her soul in prayer for thee, and she will ask no more."

The brain of many a better man has been turned by scenes less trying than those through which Fairfax had been passing; and when he finished reading these words

right and was now shining with all the glorious fulgences of morning.

Fairfax recognized the shore as that of a remote, deserted island, of which there are many of the coast of Maine.

His pains grew more and more intense. Suffering the most exquisite torture, he strengthened out and set the bent arm, while the bones cracked and grated and grinded one against the other. Constructing a rough splint, he bound it about the arm with strips of clothing.

Beside the torture from his wounds, the pangs of hunger now began to trouble him. His boat was gone adrift! How should he regain it? Desert? No man could swim long in those chilly Maine waters and live—much less one in Fairfax's condition.

As Heaven would have it, the wind changed and he saw the boat about a quarter of a mile southeast of the island, drifting back; but, evidently, so that it would pass by, and not touch the shore.

When the opportune moment arrived, in he jumped and swam slowly and heavily out towards it, finding but poor progress, indeed, with his broken arm and tired muscles. Worn and utterly exhausted, as he was, it was a most foolhardy attempt.

Nothing but his tremendous will kept him up. Little by little the distance was lessened, but so was his strength, for he was barely able to pull himself up over the stern into which he fell headlong, breathless and chilled through and through to the very marrow, stiff and benumbed with the cold, his head aching as if it would burst.

But no man, buoyed up by the mighty hope that inspired Fairfax, had time or place to nurse his ailments or for falling ill. He quickly recovered himself, and, being shut out from the use of both ears, cut a sculling-notch in the stern and so propelled himself toward Mt. Desert.

Three telegrams left Bar Harbor the same afternoon. The first was addressed to Fairfax's brother, Dana, a bright young clerk in a New York shipping-house. It read thus:

"Secure passage, etc., for two, City of Rome, and be ready to sail with me, tomorrow. On no account fail me. Let all else go to the winds."

The second was intended for Mr. James Gordon Nebbitt, and ran as follows:

"Please, without fail, cable me at once, where I can meet you when I arrive, City of Rome, also telegraph Oxford place and time of meeting. Be ready to sail at once. Let everything else go. Business of the utmost importance."

The third to his friend Oxford was this:

"Look for telegram from Nebbitt. Drop every thing, and hold yourself in readiness to act at once."

Just as it was leaving, he caught the 4:30 p. m. boat to Mount Desert Ferry, where he took the night express to Boston. Next morning, at 6:30 he was in that city, and, by 7:30 that same afternoon, greeted his brother Dana's hand in the Grand Central depot at New York. When the clock struck six, Dana had resigned forever one of the best business positions ever held by a young New York clerk, and the two brothers were pacing the decks of the City of Rome