THE BULL

Huzza!" From box and balcony lang out the loud exultant cry: "Huzza! the matador!"

From floor to roof a glittering maze Of gorgeous robes and faces fair, With lustrons laces gleaming rare, And veils of fluttering gossamer, And fans that set the air astir, And flowers that bloom and gems that blan Filled all the amphitheatre.

Below them in the sunlit space Beneath the tranquil April skies, Iwo combatants stood face to face; A milk-white bull, with flery eyes Huge, frantic, mad with rage and pain, His great head bowed to charge the foe, And, poising with a cool disdain His weapon for the fatal blow, A youth, decked out in gorgeous wise

A murmurous hush, a breathless pause-The ladies leaned far out to see,

A flash of scarlet drapery-A plunge-a bellowing roar-a cloud Of flying dust! Then burst the applause, With cheer on cheer of wild delight

That rolled the echoing circle round. And while, low-fallen upon the ground, His victim struggled hard with death, The hero of the noble fight, Rained on with flowers from fingers white Mid ringing bravas, smiled and bowed.

A child sobbed softly in the crowd. "Alas, poor bull!" below her breath She wept. "Alas, poor pretty bull!" With sad eyes, grieved and pitiful, And down beside him in the sand, One blossom, wet with tearful dew, One little crimson rose she threw And hid her sweet eyes with her hand

And still all tongues the victor sang, "Huzza!" the thundering plaudits rang, "Huzza! the matador!"

-Margaret Johnson, in Wide Awake.

The Weatherby "Wave."

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, rang the door-bell at Captain Weatherby's.

The captain and his wife were sitting in front of the coal fire in the back parlor, waiting till it should be safe to leave, and seeing many queer things in the cold to-night again." the glowing ashes. The "help "-they do not keep servants-had gone to bed and the house was shut up for the night. No one was expected, and it was too late for callers, so there was a mutual start of alarm on the part of the pair when the front door-bell rang in that sudden way.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling! It was really quite ghostly; Mrs. Weatherby said: "Mercy me, who is there, do you suppose?" and the captain replied: "Like as not it's a tellygram."

Then he went to the door. The wire of that indignant bell was still vibrating and the tongue itself had just stopped wagging and yet when the captain opened the door not a soul was visible. The soft, light flakes of the last snow of the season drifted into his face, and fell gold and wet on his cheeks, Mrs. Weatherby was close behind him, and ex-

"Mercy me! It was nobody!"

"Not even the cat," said her husband. "Old Prim can do a sight of mischief, but she can't ring door-bells. It was some pesky boy, I suppose, who thought he'd play smart and then run for it."

"What's that on the door-step?" asked Mrs. Weatherby, suddenly.

"It's a drift," said the captain. tell you what, Mary, there'll be a nor'easter to-night, nor'east by nor', with a wind that'll make the sails rattle. It's getting' up now," and he drew in his uncovered head, and was about to shut the

"There is something there, Silas," said his wife, "right on the top step. Looks like a bundle."

The captain peered out again. "It's right you are, my hearty. Sure

as you live it's a basket," and he touched it with his foot.

"Oh, it's the groceries for to-morrow; that careiess boy forgot them. No wonder he ran away when he rang the beli! Fetch 'em in, Silas, and leave them in the back parlor to night."

"Better take them into the caboose-I mean the kitchen," said the captain.

"No; it's locked up. Put 'em on that chair by the door. Ugh! I'm shiverin' with the cold air," and the good woman sat down in front of the comfortable coals again.

"We've a heap to be thankful for, Mary," said the captain, thoughtfully.

"Y-e-s, I s'pose so," sighed his wife; she was thinking just then of two little graves at Marblehead. They had been made nigh on to twenty years ago, and the vacancy in her heart and life had never been filled.

At that moment a queer little wailing cry rang through the room. The two started and looked at each other.

"Sakes alive! What was it?" asked

Mrs. Weatherby.

"It came out of that basket," said the captain; "that fool of a boy has stowed reminded of it by receiving the following tor Truman Smith.

a hand in the fo'castle-I mean a kitten," and he stalked over to it and jerked off

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed as he jumped back about four feet; "it's a baby."

"Mercy me!" said his wife; "where did it come from ?"

"From the skies, I should say; that's what the bell rang for. Well, I must say this is an imposition."

Mrs. Weatherby was looking curiously into the basket; all she saw was rags, two bright, smiling eyes, and a little round head covered with dark hair-a wee bit baby, deserted and alone,

"I'll go for the police," said the captain, angrily; "shiver my timbers if I'm going to have people starving thei babies on my doorsteps when there's places provided for them as are destitute. The police will make short work of it, Mary."

"They won't kill it, will they?" asked Mrs. Weatherby, in a horrified

"Well, no, wife; that's against the law. But they'll take it where such waves (he meant waifs) belong. If you ian't afraid to stay alone I'll run out to the next corner and fetch one.

When the captain returned with the policeman he had to stop to explain the exact spot where they found the basket, how the bell had rung, etc., and so it was a half hour or more before they got into the back parlor. There Mrs. Weatherby sat with the object rolled up in a table-cloth, lying on her lap and basking contentedly in the rays of the fire.

"Here we are," said the captain in a brisk tone. "Now, Mr. Policeman, you can take the youngster off in the basket it come in, can't you?"

"It's a nice boy," said the policeman, looking down on the tiny head basking in the firelight.

"Girl," corrected Mrs. Weatherby. "I tell you what, Silas, I think I had better keep the baby till the mornin'. It don't seem exactly Christian to let it go out in | peacock.

"That'll suit me," said the policeman. "It's a good bit from here to the Fondlin's', and it do seem at home, sir."

"Very foolish, very foolish, Mary; but have your own way; only don't let me be disturbed with its cryin', that's all," said the captain, as he peeped over slyly and stole a look at the "wave."

The next morning at 10 o'clock the policeman was on hand for that baby.

"Now, isn't it too bad," said Mrs. Weatherby, "but the fact is it ain't ready," and she slipped some money in the man's hand for his trouble. "I'm going to look over some things I have put away," said the poor little mother 'and give it some decent clothes to wear. Would it be too much trouble to ask you to come for it this evening?'

"Certingly not, ma'am," said the officer. As he went out Captain Weathby looked up from his paper and winked at him. The officer winked back and looked very knowingly at Mrs. Weath-

Such a running and rummaging as there was in that house all day! and by night the baby had quite an extensive wardrobe ready; dressed out in the little tucked and embroidered baby-gown that had been brought out and done up for it from the stock that had once belonged to those other babies who no longer needed them, it looked like a very different baby from that in the basket.

"It ain't such a bad-looking wave, after all," said the captain, bending his honest red face over it and holding out a rough and rugged fore-finger, which the baby instantly grasped, and laughed and cooed over.

"Here's the p'liceman, mum, for the baby," said Hannah, ushering that functionary in.

greatly disappointed, "I'm not half ready yet!"

"But it's only the baby, mum, they wants. One of the foundlings died last | Europe unless they had been duly annight and this here one is to have its place," said the man.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Weatherby; "the child won't go till it is ready. Its clothes are not even packed up yet."

"You see," laughed the captain, "my mate there will want a Sarotogy trunk for that wave's clothes before she gets through with it. Say, Mr. Policeman, just as soon as it's ready I'll send for you to come after it."

"Just so, sir," answered the man: "just so; I'll return to duty, and you got wind, and discovered him to his purcan let me know when the missis is

There was an amused twinkle in the captain's eye, when he saw how relieved his wife looked as the man took his departure.

All this happened a year ago. I was

card, which had been sent out generally by the good captain and his wife:

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere, into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.
What makes your forehead smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it, as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that coral ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Whence came your feet, dear little things?

Whence came your feet, dear little things? From the same box as the angel's wings. How did they all first come to be you! God thought about me, and so I grew. But how did you come to us, you dear! God thought about you, and so I am here.

Your presence is desired at the christen-ing party of our adopted daughter, Wednesday afternoon, January 3, 1884. Ceremony at 3, MR. AND MRS. SILAS WEATHERBY.

If anyone expected a fashionable gathering, it was simply because they did not know their host and hostess very well. The great, comfortable house was full of guests, but they were mostly people of the Weatherby stamp; good, plain, sensible souls who did not go through life junketing and dancing, so they carried into any occasion of enjoyment in which they participated an almost childish zest. And all the ladies purred over that blessed baby, and all the gentlemen buttonholed the captain and made him tell the story

"Found it on the door-step, you say; f-o-u-n-d it on the door-step? How very remarkable!"

"And in that very boat-basket, I mean grounded as it were at my feet-the prettiest wave that ever struck the shoals for me-my eyes, sir!""

It was hard to recognize the baby in its pink slip and coral ornaments, but harder to recognize the basket, for it was one mass of flowers and, tied with rose-pink ribbons, looked as gay as a

There was only one thing that came near marring the perfect enjoyment of the occasion. It was when the minister, a pale, slight intellectual-looking man, stepped forward to begin the ceremony in which the "wave" was to have a Christian name, and Captain Weatherby called out;

"Ship ahoy!"

The good man stopped and looked perplexed.

"Stow the prayers, parson," said the captain; "short services on this ship, if you please." The minister smiled and the ceremony

proceeded, and all the prayers and remarks of the occasion were condensed by the celebrant into a single quotation:

"When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."-Detroit Free Press.

Perfumes.

One Mercutio Frangipani, who lived in 1493, was a botanist and traveler, famous as being one of the Columbus expedition when they visited the West India islands. The sailors, as they approached Antigua, discovered a delicious fragrance in the air. This, Mercutio told them must be derived from sweet-smelling flowers. On landing, they found vast quantities of the Plumiera alba in full bloom, rendering the air redolent with rich odor, and from this plant which the present inhabitants of Antigua call the Frangipani flower, is distilled that exquisite fragrance which is still so popular in fashionable circles. This has the merit of being the most lasting perfume made. The grandson of the nobleman the Marquis Frangipani, invented a method of perfuming gloves, which, when so perfumed, bore the name of "Frangipani gloves." Although the sale of perfumes was at first strictly prohibited "Oh," said Mrs. Weatherby, looking in Rome, their employment became more and more extravagant, until even the eagles and standards were thought unfi to face the barbarian hosts of Northern ointed before battle; and should the engagement have proved successful, the ceremony was repeated. Such was the demand for the luxury that the chief street of Capua was occupied solely by perfumers. The incense burned by Nero upon the funeral pyre of his wife, Pop pæa, exceeded the annual production of spices in Arabia. At a rather earlier period Plantuius Plaucus, when proscribed by the triumvirs, was betrayed by his perfumes. His place of concealment suers.

Stamford, Conn., has living within its

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

Ground not upon dreams. You know

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one. .

they are ever contrary.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. The men of the past had convictions,

while we moderns have only opinions. People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are so not for cause, but for secrecy's sake.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

A slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; or, as in the case of Julius Cæsar, it may be attributed to cunning.

What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows! What poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

We always know everything when it serves no purpose, and when the seal of the irreparable has been set upon events.

It is a philosophic truth that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential of the mysterious universe.

Happiness dotes on her work, and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not hear it when violently given, even though it be will founded.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than men can bear.

How Senator Ewing Came to be Called "Solitude." The nicknaming of prominent men,

particularly of those mixing in politics,

is practiced in America more, perhaps,

than in any other, and, as a rule, the re-

cipient takes to it kindly. Thus General Jackson was as well known as "Old Hickory" and more readily recognized than if called President Jackson. Senator Benton in his life-time was almost as well known as "Old Bullion," so called from his advocacy of a gold and silver currency and his inveterate opposition to banks and paper money. The late Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, while a Senator in Congress, had his nickname of "Solitude," and it so stuck to him that even now, long after his death, the prefix is still given him, to distinguish him from his son and namesake, General Tom Ewing. Senator Ewing made a speech in the United States Senate which fastened the "Solitude" upon him. It was during the national bank agitation, when the supporters of that institution were active upon the country if the bank's charter was not renewed. Senator Ewing in debate spoke of the mechanic being out of work, and that the busy hum of industry is heard not in this the busy season of the year, and wound up with the assertion that "our canals are a solitude, our lakes but desert wastes of water." A number of Congressmen-several of them Senators, and more than half of them Democrats-made up a party to return to their homes by the way of the New York canal. The West was then sending its produce to the East via lake and canal, and the Congressional party found that the canal trade, if judged by the number of boats met, was immense, and it was a standing joke with the Democratic members when a fleet of boats hove in sight to call Mr. Ewing from the cabin of the packet-boat to look at his "solitude." At the lower end of the canal there had been a break, and a large number of boats were usually in sight. Of course, it was fun to see in the close friendship between these two them and to point them out to the Ohio men. They were companions and chums nor to his liking. At Rochester, just as They bought places in Solon, Ohio, and the packet-boat landed, a freight boat was lived side by side, and people got so that discharging cargo, and Mr. Ewing and when they saw Potter they knew Henry the other Congressmen were lookers-on. | was not far off. Said an officer of the By some accident, a hogshead filled with Cleveland Society for savings: "The molasses had its head burst in, and the contents poured into the canal. An Irish laborer standing near to Mr. Ewing, with- other was close at hand. It became a out knowing who he was, exclaimed: "Jabers, mon, that must be solitude cwatened." The other Congressmen roared with laughter, and Mr. Ewing was forced limits eighty persons over eighty years of to join them. The Democratic members age. Combined, their years foot up told the joke and it got into the newspa-6,716, and the average is 73.95. Twelve pers, and it aided in perpetuating the souare over ninety-four years old, the list | briquet of "Solitude" on Senator Thomas

printed at the time.

A GREAT IALKER.

Mr. Matthias Mergridge and his Gift of Remarkable Speech.

Matthias Mergridge, of Union Settlement, Wayne county, Penn., has sixtyfour children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren, and recently celebrated at the homestead the sixty-fourth anniversary of his settlement on the spot, where he has lived ever since. Mr. Mergridge recently passed his eighty-sixth year. He was born in England in 1798. He came to America in 1820, and settled on the spot where he now lives, when the surroundings were nothing but wilderness. While he never obtained any special business prominence in the community, his eccentricities have made him a celebrity not only in his own but adjoining counties, where he exhibited them periodically for sixty years. He was possessed, and is yet, to a degree, of a voice of remarkable power, and with a wonderful flow of language. In his prime it was no difficulty for him to make himself heard for a distance of half a mile, and he could talk for hours with his voice at that pitch. It was his especial delight to pay visits to the towns and villages through the valley and proceed at once to show the power of his voice and the many uses to which he could put it. As he walked along he would deliver addresses on some popular local subject, or relate anecdotes and tell stories in an original and inimitable manner that made his appearance in any place the signal for a rare treat. Possessed of a great fund of wit and humor, his speeches and narratives were interspersed with convulsive mimicry of national or individual peculiarities, and with quaint songs, the words and music of which were always original and frequently impromptu, and with apt quotations and original verses. It was a common sight to see a whole village at his heels for hours, listening to his rapid and sonorous relation of his remarkable personal experiences, and his inexhaustible repertory of stories and anecdotes. It is related as a fact by friends of his that he once talked at a hotel in Honesdale, Penn., for twenty-four hours, when he was offered \$10 by the landlord if he would stop. Without a modulation of his voice he replied that for \$10,000 he would not stop until he had exhausted his subject, and he continued talking five

One of his favorite personal reminiscences is an incident that occurred to him while on his way to England many years ago. The first day out from New York he went on deck and began to talk, walking about as he told his stories. The passengers all were finally attracted to him, as the villagers had always been, and followed him about the vessel. This became such an annoyance to the officers and crew after a day or so that the captain gave Mergridge \$50 to go in the cabin and sit down while he talked.

Mergridge was elected to be a justice of the peace in Wayne county, and was subsequently appointed postmaster of the backwoods village that grew up around him. Some one had him indicted for holding two offices of trust and profit contrary to the law. He pleaded not guilty, because "neither office was one of profit, and the only trust that attached to either of them was in the office of postmaster, for in that capacity he had trusted every one for stamps who had asked him." He was acquitted.

Of the thousands of stories that Mergridge has told and songs he has sung during his long residence in the Delaware valley no one ever heard him tell or sing one twice, and the person is yet to befound who ever heard one of Mergridge's songs or stories before he told or sang it

Damon and Pythias.

Years ago, when the Weddell house in Cleveland, Ohio, was being built, Thomas Potter and James Henry (masons) were at work side by side on one of the upper walls. One of the men slipped and would have fallen had not the other caught him and held him until help came. From that day onward the old story of Damon and Pythias was recalled member, but the fun was not on his side in the closest meaning of the terms. two kept their accounts with us for years. When one came in we knew the standing joke, and the men enjoyed it as much as we did. They often said that when one died the other would soon follow him. It was a prophecy. The two died recently within five weeks of each other. It struck me as a unique thing that such friendship should run through so many years without a flaw, and that being headed by ex-United States Sena- Ewing. I tell the tale as it was told and the two should travel over the dark river almost in company.