

LITERARY BUDGET

EASTER MORN.

Ere yet the shadowy mountain-tops
Were silvered with the light,
Or off the hills slipped the drops
Won from the dewy night;
Ere yet the morning's incense curled
O'er the glimmering Gailles,
The grave had yielded to the world
Its awful mystery.
Through all the night the pallid stars
Watched trembling o'er the tomb,
And Olivet wrapped all its scars
Deep in the fragrant gloom;
The world one instant held its breath,
When from the flashing Heaven
God's angel swept, more strong than death,
And death's dark bonds were riven.
Forth from the sepulchre's embrace
Behold the Conqueror come!
O morning sun, unvail thy face!
O earth, no more be dumb!
From century to century
The pean now shall ring—
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?
—James B. Kenyon, in Current.

A NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

An Harmonious Combination of Nature's Beauty and Utility.

A Search After the Mysteries of "Schabziger Cheese."—Gretchen and the "Brown Switzer."—The Secret Found in the Native Clover.

I was an officer of our Government in Switzerland for many years, and an inclination for snow-fields and mountain-heights led me to spend my vacations in the higher Alps. I was, besides, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and this in itself led to many mountain excursions, in company with half a dozen members of the club, rigged out with heavy shoes, knickerbockers, a knapsack and canteen, not forgetting the never-to-be-neglected Alpine-stick. With what joyous spirits we left the crowded city, and climbed up into the beautiful mountains! What songs we sang, what tales we told, and what ruddy cheeks and stout lungs we carried home with the wreaths of Alpine roses about our hats!

Our Government sometimes requires queer work of its consuls abroad. The duty becomes the more interesting when the circumstances also are novel or unusual. I was once directed to learn, if possible, how "Schabziger cheese" was made. Some dairymen, probably, wishing the information, had requested the Department of State at Washington to write me on the subject. Now, the proper making of this very peculiar and little known cheese is a secret of a few peasants in the high Swiss Alps.

This was an interesting command for me, who liked nothing better than a climb above the clouds.
On an August afternoon I set out from Zurich, and crossing the lake, took a mountain railway train for one of the green valleys of the Glarus Alps.

The little mountain village where the train stopped is two thousand feet above sea level, but before me was a climb of four thousand feet up the sides of a mountain I had never seen. It was still early, and the sun was reflected from snow-covered peaks in the neighborhood, that were ten to twelve thousand feet in height. The weather was perfect, and it would not be dark before eight or nine o'clock.
After considerable searching about the village, whose log houses were the color of well-smoked hams, I found the home of a mountain guide. A good guide would be a necessity.

How very unfortunate, I thought, on hearing from the woman that opened the door for me that her husband was not at home. What was I to do? It would be dangerous to attempt the climb alone.

"Why, mamma, I'll go with the gentleman!" I heard a pleasant voice say. "I've been up there a hundred times, you know," and just then a pretty, roguish, coquetish-looking girl, with coal-black eyes and a sweet laugh, came to the door.

"But can you?" I said.
"Why, certainly. Why not? I'm a better climber than the gentleman is," replied the bright-faced girl, who must have been sixteen, spite of her diminutive size.

"Good!" I said. "Very well; and the five-franc fee shall be yours."
Gretchen was, in fact, as good a mountain-climber as I, and I had prided myself on being a not unworthy member of the Alpine Club. For the first half-hour we trudged gaily along up smooth, steep slopes, covered with the greenest grass, and where herded hundreds of cattle known as the "Brown Switzer." Beautiful cattle they were, too, with their moss-colored skins, their soft hair, and their great eyes! They are as good-natured as kittens, and are usually fat. It was an Arcadian scene to see Gretchen, as we passed up a path on the green hillside, call to half-a-dozen mouse-colored heifers that were grazing near us.

"Come, Ren! Come, Cherry, Vetti! Don't you know me?" spoke Gretchen, kindly; and the household pets sprang over a little brook, and came to her little flock of doves.
The steep ascent began, and became steeper and steeper. Soon the little brown village seemed far below us, and the green pastures and Gretchen's pet heifers, being nearer the foot of the forest-covered mountain, were now out of sight. Once we stopped to rest, and walked out on a ledge of rock that overhung a precipice two thousand feet in height.

We could look over the little brown

villages for forty miles up and down the valley, and could trace the white roads, that looked almost like chalk-lines, stretching now on one side the rapid river, and now on the other. Our path lay by many a rugged and dangerous spot; here among clusters of heavy beech trees, there among rocks and gnarled pines, that clung to the edge of some abyss. As we were above the snow-line, though there was little or no snow on the mountain, the air, hot as the day was in the valley, was bracing and delicious. It was an intoxicating pleasure simply to open the mouth wide, and let the delicious draughts blow in.

"In five minutes we are up!" cried Gretchen, as we rounded a very steep point in the path that had almost broken our knees and used up our breath.

Sure enough, one little steep climb of a couple of hundred feet, and we stood on a beautiful plateau covered with grass. It was a mile long, and half a mile wide, and seemed like a fairy meadow hung among the clouds. This is what the Swiss call an "alp," and the shepherds, when talking of the alps, refer to these little green meadows above the clouds. Gretchen got her supper from a herdsman whom she knew, and who seemed much to like her. From me she had the five-franc piece for a new gown, and an American's sincere thanks. In ten minutes she was bounding, like a scared roe, down the steep sides of the mountain.

The fact that I was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club soon brought me acquaintances among the half-dozen dairymen, or "senns," as they call them in the Alps. There were sixty of the beautiful brown Switzer cows on the little alp, and six senns to herd them, and make their milk into "Schabziger cheese."

"Yes," said one of the senns, "I have been on this alp all the summers for seventeen years, and one of my comrades has been here nine summers. The other young fellows are here for their first season. We will get the cows in and milked, and after supper I will tell you something about the cheese."

"It is no great secret then, after all," I thought, "if I am to learn it so easily."

The chief senn stepped up on a great boulder that served as a wind-break for the little hut, and gave a Swiss "jodel," that peculiar and difficult song of the mountaineers.

"Ho ali! ho ali! ho ali! ho! ho-hu-lli ho!"
None but the strong, practised voice of the mountaineer, and then only in the air of the high alps, can safely venture on the weird melody, which the rocks take up and reverberate, and far-off shepherds hear and answer back. Every cow of the drove, though half a mile away, knew the senn's jodel, and slowly marched into the low stone shed or milked. One side of the hut was boarded off, and there stood a dozen of the soft-eyed, mouse-colored cows, tied all in a row, their heads looking over the manager toward us, seemingly listening to what we were saying, while their bells tinkled a curious accompaniment. It became a little duller, later, and one of the senns brought in an enormous armful of dried Alpine roses. What a romantic sort of fire it was!

"We must dig them up by the tens of twelve-loads," said the senn, "or they overrun our meadows and spoil them."
It seemed wasteful to be burning such rare and beautiful things, and I recalled that down in the valleys, and in the cities, a single little *boutonnier* of them sold for a quarter, and that a fine bouquet of Alpine roses was worth two dollars when quite fresh.

"It is bed-time, so let us turn in," was the command, "for we are up in the morning at four o'clock."
There was but one bed for seven men. It was made of a number of rude poles, laid together, side by side, resembling a corduroy bridge. Our bedding was hay, pulverized to fineness from much use. Our covering a heavy canvas tarpaulin. Seven men, on seven poles, sleeping under one tarpaulin! As I tried and tried to sleep that night, the cow-bells that had seemed to tinkle so sweetly the night before, became a great annoyance. Would they never stop their rattle? In spite of them, I did sleep, at last, a little, and then other things conspired to wake me.

One was the deep snoring of my six comrades under the tarpaulin. Another was an army of what Mark Twain once described as the "Swiss chamois." They were, in fact, simply mountain fleas; but most superior in size, and numerous in quantity. What with the snores, the fleas, the hard poles, and the cow-bells, real sleep, even rest, became out of the question. It was after midnight, and the full moon was up. Without taking the trouble to make a toilet, I went out of the cabin.

What a sight! Never in my life had I seen such perfect, such glorious moonlight. It was like stepping suddenly into a brighter world. The perfect atmosphere made the shining of the moon a light almost beyond description. Great snow-fields and ice-gorges, lying on other mountain slopes far across the valley, reflected the light with a marvelous beauty. Far up to the right and left stood snow-peaks more dazzling and beautiful than the minarets of Oriental palaces. Here and there a gray mountain, bald of snow, held up its granite breast like some cathedral. The stars shone with a perfect splendor. Every constellation, every group, every star, stood out in startling detail.

It was a night only possible in certain seasons in the higher altitudes

and perfect atmosphere of the Alps. I could see far down into the valley, thousands of feet below me, and I thought at times in the stillness I heard the flowing of the rapid river. I soon forgot the annoyances of the cabin, the rattling cow-bells, and the hard poles, in admiration of a scene such as I may never see again!

At four o'clock the herdsman rose; the stone hut containing the little dairy was opened, and by daylight I had been initiated into the mysteries of making the "Schabziger cheese." The process was not greatly different from that used in making other Swiss cheese. It differed in detail, but the great secret lay in the use of a certain herb, which gives the cheese its delicious flavor and peculiar color. This herb does not grow in America, nor is it to be found anywhere outside of the little district of Laachen, on the Glarus Alps. It is called cheese clover, or *melilotus coerulescens*.

These cheeses are little bits of green things, the shape of teacups, and they are shipped from Glarus as great delicacies to many quarters of the earth. Our common sage cheese is an imitation of them. When the autumn comes, these senns and their herd of cows will go down the mountain for the winter. The men will wear wreaths of roses, and the pretty cows will have festoons of roses around their horns, and all the villagers will turn out to welcome them, with song and dance.

It is the harvest of the dairy. The cows do not belong to the six senns on the mountain only; they are the property of all the villagers, and the cow that is reported as having produced the most milk while on the Alps, will be rewarded with a new bell, and will be called the queen cow of the village for a year.—S. H. M. Byers, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Importance of the Proposed British-American and Hong-Kong Cable Line.

The time is not distant when the whole globe will be covered with a network of telegraph wires. Nearly all commercial ports on every continent are now in communication with the centers of trade in Europe and America. The last great gap is about to be filled up by the laying of cables under the Pacific ocean. A company of British capitalists has been organized to lay a cable from Vancouver, B. C., to Hong Kong, China. There will be branches and connections with Japan and the principal islands of the Pacific ocean. The importance of this multiplication of verbal communication between different parts of the world can not be overestimated. For one thing, it will probably lay the basis for a universal language—a telegraphic code will be established that can be read by operators the world over. Then, as has been frequently pointed out, mercantile profits are reduced to a minimum when a knowledge of prices in the various markets is flashed instantaneously from the buying to the selling marts of trade. The enormous profits of former periods was simply an insurance against the risks of sending cargoes to distant ports in ignorance of the prices that might prevail when the vessels reached their destinations. There are also those who dream that this instantaneous communication between two ends of the earth and the other may bring about a single government for the whole globe, and thus usher in the era when peace will prevail, and industry be the one material pursuit of mankind. The labor question can never be settled until there is an agreement all over the world as to what the workmen's share of the aggregate production shall be.—*Demorest's Magazine*.

A Hideous Museum.

Among the numerous collectors of curiosities of every kind who abound in Paris, there is one wealthy virtuoso who amuses himself by collecting deaths' heads and skeletons fantastically carved or modeled in marble, earthenware, wood or precious stones. These he has gathered together in a kind of museum of death, which at first sight seems hideous and "macabre," but on closer inspection proves highly interesting. Some of the heads have been detached from those old mediaeval rosary beads which were usually ornamented on one side, with the profile of a king or a saint, and on the other with the grinning face of a skeleton. One of the most hideous, yet at the same time most artistically executed, of the figures is that of a skeleton engaged in taking from off his bones the "conqueror worms" which have been claiming him as their own. The collector has given a lugubrious reality to the objects in his museum by placing here and there among the skulls of lead women.—*Paris Cor. London Telegraph*.

Value of a Good Name.

A Chinaman, who wished to secure work on a railroad where most of the excavators were Irish, presented himself to the superintendent of the works and asked for a job. "You heap like me word," said he.
"What do you want to do?"
"I make laiload. I keepee wash-house allee same. I no care."
"What's your name?"
"My name Patrick O'Laffaty!"
"Patrick O'Rafferty! Now, that is stealing a name."
"Welly goot name!"
"Oh, come, Hop Key, or whatever your name is, what did you give me an Irish name for?"
"If I no hab Patrick O'Laffaty faw my name, I no kechee contact! You see?"—*Youth's Companion*.

RELIABLE WORKERS.

What Mrs. John A. Logan Knows About Female Government Clerks.

Says one of the secretaries: "Give me women for good clerical work. We can depend upon them. They do not come into their offices unfitted for the duties before them by a night's carousal, as has sometimes happened with men when most important matters were in their hands." Such cases are of course exceptional, and are overlooked and forgotten in men, the offender alone being held responsible; his exemplary brother clerks are not adjudged culpable on account of his offenses. But let one woman go wrong, do poor work, be tardy, and the whole class reap the calamity. Women are not allowed individual responsibility, but all are held for the misdeeds of one. On the other hand if one woman has superior talent, does better work, is in truth an expert in any special line, her fame is not heralded, but accepted as a matter of course. If a man sits beside her doing the same work, he probably gets \$1,800, while she receives only \$900—or about in that proportion.

No lady is allowed the same salary in the higher grades of clerkships, no matter how well she fills the higher salaried desks, and how many of them are to-day in those positions but do not receive the pay. As an illustration, it has happened that in cases of illness or disability of men clerks, their wives performed the duty of their husbands, drawing in their name the salary as if they had performed the work. In one case the wife kept up her husband's desk for three long weary years, during his illness receiving the \$2,800 per annum, and thereby supporting the family; but from the day of his death, though she continued the same work, her salary was \$900.

In almost every branch of the civil service, women have been employed. Many of them become experts in the various departments to which they are long. This is especially true of them as rapid and accurate counters, as counterfeit detectors and restorers of mutilated currency. The redemption and counting division is one of the most interesting in the Treasury Department. Here, worn and mutilated bank notes that are no longer in service are counted previous to being destroyed. The counting is done by women, many of whom acquire great skill, and seldom make a mistake in manipulating the dilapidated packages.

A great deal of delicate work is done in verifying currency which has been partially destroyed by fire or other causes, and which has been sent to the treasury to be exchanged for new notes. The women who are expert in this business take the mass of burned, or otherwise injured currency after unpacking it from the raw cotton in which it traveled, and with long thin knives and powerful magnifying glasses, slowly and cautiously separate the pieces and decide the value and nature of each note alleged to be in the collection. Sometimes the entire amount has thus to be verified, but usually there is a loss from ten to thirty per cent. Such is the record of these women that they have been allowed to go long distances to restore burnt money belonging to the Adams Express Company, because it was known there was no one else in the land who could perform this service.—*Mrs. John A. Logan, in Chautauquan*.

SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

Why They Are Able to Fill Their Chairs With Exceptionally Able Men.

Each of the Scottish universities comprises four "Faculties"—Arts, Medicine, Divinity and Law. Edinburgh still maintains her old reputation as one of the best medical schools in the United Kingdom, and the law lectures are believed to be also exceptionally good at Edinburgh. Only those students who are intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland attend the divinity classes at any of the four universities, the dissenting Presbyterian bodies having divinity halls of their own. Divinity students always attend four years at the "arts" classes, unless they pass a preliminary examination, and so escape the first year. Medical and law students, as a rule, spend only two years at Latin, Greek and logic before they proceed to their special studies. It must be understood that "a year" means at a Scotch university a "session" of barely six months, from the beginning of November till the end of April: There, as it is true, short "summer sessions"; but these exist only for medical students. This arrangement of the year is necessary on account of the poverty of a large number of the students. And an incidental benefit of considerable importance arises from what seems at first sight a very bad arrangement of the academic year. The work of a Scotch university professor is, while it lasts, exceedingly arduous; and while some of the chairs at Edinburgh and Glasgow are supposed to be worth £2,000 or £3,000 a year, many of them are but poorly endowed. To be absolutely master of one's own time for six months of the year is a great boon, and constitutes an attraction which helps the Northern universities to fill their chairs with exceptionally able men.—*National Review*.

—We will always have more or less of the mushy and cayenne pepper fiction, because it has its constituency, but it will never again dominate the great middle class of readers as it did many years ago. The taste for the good, if not slightly enlivened, destroys that for the bad, and the tendency of the literary instinct when once aroused is steadily upward.—*Omaha Republican*.

CRAZED BY A LAWYER.

A Cross-Examination Which Made a Witness Reason Totter on Its Throne.

What ruined me and got me into a lunatic asylum was this: I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long cross-examinations were brainless dialogues for no purpose. Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and commenced examining me.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," he began, how much wood do you say was cut by Mr. Hall?"

"Just ten cords, sir," I answered, boldly. "I measured it."

"That's your impression?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury—f-a-c-t-s, sir, facts!"

"The witness will please state facts hereafter," said the judge, while the crimson came to my face.

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, pointing his finger at me, "will you swear it was more than nine cords?"

"Yes, sir. It was ten cords—just—"

"There! never mind," interrupted Johnson. "Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?"

"Two cords, sir."

"How do you know there were just two cords less, sir? Did you measure those two cords, sir?" asked Johnson, savagely.

"No, sir, I—"

"There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected. All guess-work. Now, didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Stop, sir! The jury will notice this discrepancy."

"Now, sir," continued Johnson, slowly, as he pointed his finger almost down my throat. "Now, sir, on your oath, will you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, meekly.

"Well, now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer—a truthful answer, sir."

"T—t—ten c-c-ords," I answered, hesitatingly.

"You swear it?"

"I—I—d—d—do."

"Now," continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, "do you know the penalty of perjury, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I think—"

"On your oath, on your solemn oath, with no evasion, are you willing to perjure yourself by solemnly swearing that there was more than nine cords of wood?"

"Yes, sir, I—"

"Aha! Yes, sir. You are willing to perjure yourself, then? Just as I thought (turning to the judge); you see, your Honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such testimony as this. The jury nodded assent and smiled sarcastically at me.

"Now," said Johnson, "I will ask this perjured witness just one more question. I will ask you, sir—do you know—do you realize, sir, what an awful—a-w-f-u-l thing it is to tell a lie?"

"Yes, sir," I said, my voice trembling.

"And knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath that there were about nine cords of wood?"

"No, sir, I don't do anything of—"

"Hold on, sir! How do you know there were just nine cords?"

"I don't know any such thing, sir!"

"Aha! you don't know, then? Just as I expected. And you swore you did know. Swore you measured it. Infamous! Gentlemen of the jury, what shall we do with this perjurer?"

"But I—"

"Not a word, sir—hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer."

"Call the next witness!"

This is why I am keeping books in a lunatic asylum.—*Buffalo Express*.

To Keep Away Creditors.

Creditors are a species of parasite, infesting the human race, usually, brought on by luxurious living. Persons who are troubled with them may free themselves by the bankruptcy treatment; but this always leaves an unpleasant irritation behind, and spots that are never effaced. Take water instead of beer; toss the cigar-case into the fire-place; eat nut instead of venison, and nut-broth instead of turtle soup; if needs be clean your own boots and shoes, and brush your own clothes. Employ time profitably. Never borrow, seldom lend. Avoid betting and gaming. Keep regular accounts, and examine your position from day to day, determining to eat nothing that is unpaid for, nor to allow your tailor or dressmaker to say that the garments you wear are not your own. By this process you will soon get rid of the annoyance, and your mental and bodily health will wonderfully improve.—*London Leader*.

The New Style of Jersey.

A new style of jersey has a round yoke, extending to the shoulders, to which the back is attached in three box-plaits, which extend to the bottom of the short basque and are laid in so that they touch at the waist making a jaunty postilion below the belt. In front, there are two box-plaits on each side. The jersey is dark blue; the yoke is red, and is trimmed with coarse black soutache, the rows placed quite closely together at the top of the standing collar, and spreading apart toward the bottom of the yoke showing the red between. The sleeves are trimmed with red jersey cloth and black braid, to match.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

WITTY LABOUCHERE.

Two Anecdotes Regarding the Diplomat Career of the Famous Editor.

Henry Labouche, M. P., editor of *London Truth*, was, for many years after the war, secretary of the English legation in Washington. He is remembered here as a very wild young man. He knew everybody and figured in society of all grades.

His abounding humor frequently developed into practical jokes.

One day a rather green member of Congress called at the legation and asked if he could see the Minister.

"You can see me, I am his secretary," said Labouche.

"But I want to see the Minister," said the Congressman.

"The Minister is not in."

"All right, I'll wait for him."

"Certainly, sir; have a seat."

The Congressman took a chair and a newspaper, lighted a cigar and settled down for a comfortable time of it. He turned to Labouche, who sat reading a novel and asked:

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"I do not," was the curt reply. The Congressman lighted another cigar and strolled about the office until another hour was gone.

"Do you think he will be back this evening?"

"Hardly."

"To-morrow?"

"I guess not."

"Well, when will he probably be here?"

"Really, sir, I can not tell you. The Minister sailed for England yesterday and did not indicate when he intended to return," replied Labouche, without lifting his eyes from his book.

Labouche was promoted from the secretaryship of the legation in Washington to a similar position with the English legation at Vienna. There he was known as the liveliest Briton at the court, and many are the tales that are told of his reckless escapades. Once, on his way to London on leave of absence, he stopped at Monaco and lost his last penny at roulette. He did not blow his brains out, as the victims of that famous establishment so often do, but retired to his elegant rooms and entertained like a lord until he could get a remittance from some friends in England. As soon as it came he threw it down on the gaming table, doubled five or six times, paid his bills and set out for home.—*Toile's Blade*.

THE FRANCS TIREURS.

Hands of Guerrillas Who Flourished During the Franco-German War.

Between Laon and Rheims, I passed through Chalons and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the Francs Tireurs, or free-shooters, a corps to which I must devote a few lines by way of description. The corps was, in the most comprehensible possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in every thing they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest. When at Epernay I witnessed a skirmish between a battalion of regular infantry and a small party of German Uhlans, who were evidently feeling their way, and trying to find out what was the strength of the French troops there. The officer commanding the French outpost behaved with great judgment, trying by retiring his men to draw on the Uhlans, and find out their numbers. He had almost succeeded in enticing the enemy to advance, and had managed to hide the strength of his detachment, when all at once a body of Francs Tireurs came up, and without waiting, or even asking for orders, they began at once to blaze away at the Germans, causing the latter to retreat. The officer commanding was very angry, and sent orders to the irregulars that they were to cease firing forthwith; but they took no notice of what was said, many of them declaring in a loud voice that the regulars were playing the game of the enemy, and did not want any of the latter to be defeated or killed. When an attempt was made to find out who was in command of the Francs Tireurs no such person could be found, and on an order being given that the commanding officer would cause an official inquiry to be made into the conduct of the irregulars the whole corps, not less than five hundred strong, vanished and dispersed, so that they could no more be found.—*All the Year Round*.

Microcosm of a Lunatic.

Some lunatics seem to live in a world of their own. An old lady once astonished and amused us by exclaiming, without any warning or provocation. Two cats and the bird of paradise are waiting to convey you to your heavenly home, and you are to sit for nine days between the cats and the bird of paradise." Then she stopped and forgot that she had said any thing. It was like an alarm clock suddenly going off, startling every one going on, and ceasing just as quietly and surprisingly. A patient lived in the bath-room and made friends with the rats, for whom she had a great affection. They would actually do what they were told. Some one else thought she was the wife of President Buchanan, and had the hallucination that her husband frequently ran a locomotive through Washington avenue, Philadelphia, with a big bonnet in front of it, to remind her of the annoying fact that in her young days she had been a milliner.—*North American Review*.