

STORMY.

An old Lady's first Visit to a Fair.

PLEASE TRIP WHICH PROVED RATHER EXPENSIVE.

Yes, if you want me to tell you about it, I can. You see, for all I'm an oldish woman, near seventy-nine, I've never been to a fair afore. For when Hiram, my husband, was livin' he never approved of such things, and since I've been livin' round with children they wanted to go, mostly, and so I stayed at home to see to things. But this year Tom, my son, says, says he:

"Mother, you're getting along in years, and you've never been to a fair. I'm going with both horses and the big wagon, and you can go just as well as not. Will you?"

Well, I wavered awhile, but finally concluded to go, just to please Tom, you know. We was calculating on getting a right early start, and so had most of the things ready over night. Cynthia, Tom's wife, had a shoe-box full of cheese and bread. On the top she put six rolls of her very best butter; it was splendid, with a sheaf of wheat stamped on the top, and her monogram cut on the side. Cynthia is a master smart housekeeper, and always gets premiums for what ever she carries. She was very careful to get that butter in a good place on the top, where she was sure it would go safe.

We was already to start at half-past six in the morning. Tom put the shoe-box in the back of the wagon for the little Tommie to sit on, then some chairs for the older children. Cynthia and I, and last of all he put in a good-sized nail-keg filled with turnips and potatoes, and seated himself on the top. I told him I thought he had better have some other kind of a seat, but he said 'twas just as good as he wanted, and there wasn't room for anything else.

You see we started so early we didn't think about how hot it was going to be, and never carried a sign of an umbrella or parasol, or anything to keep off the sun, and long fore we got there it was blazin' down hot enough to blister Tom's oldest girl, Maria fidgeted round and put her handkerchief over her face (she's brown as a Malay, but she's always in a pickle for fear she'll tan) and said she wished for her part, she'd rather brought an umbrella or stayed at home.

I said I wished for my part she had. I wasn't feeling over-comfortable myself. One of my shoes pinched, and the sweat was streaming down my face; beside, I didn't have over-confidence in the horses, and Tom kept sayin' round on the nail-keg, whenever we went over a stone. I ain't been used to ridin' much lately, and I don't think it was any more than natural that I should feel a little fear.

Tom said I might just as well keep my feet in the wagon, and I don't know but I had, for I noticed since I came home that I'd ground a hole in the side of my shoe where I hit against the wheel. We all chirked up considerable when we got in sight of the ground, and after we got inside Maria looked round for Tommie, and if you'll believe it the little rascal had taken the cover off the box and laid his fat little body down comfortably on the napkins and towels Cynthia had wrapped so carefully around the butter! It was so warm it was all melted. Such a looking boy was never seen. We scraped him off and wiped him off, and at last Maria put her duster-cape around him, for he didn't look fit to be seen.

Cynthia was awful cut up about it, and I don't wonder, with Mrs. Perry Jason carryin' in her poor, pale, lardy stuff, and hintin' round that some folks didn't dare bring butter. I had a real good time in the building, looking at the vegetables, fruit, rag carpets, bed-quits, and such, but when Maria came and asked me to come out and see the race, I couldn't help thinking for the life of me of all the stories I ever heard about the spirits of departed friends hovering around us, and how Hiram didn't approve of fairs; but then, thinks I, he never used to go when he was alive, so 'taint no ways likely he'll take it up now; so I elbowed along with Maria, till she said we was in a very good place.

I think it was, for everybody seemed to want it, and kept pitting and pushing and jamming our bonnets with their parasols, till I was nigh as tired, but I made up my mind to stand my ground, and I did; but I didn't see a thing of the horses, only saw the excitement and lost my spectacles.

'Twas getting rather late when Tom went for the team, and he said we should have to be pretty sly about getting home if we got there before dark. He came back pretty soon after he went away, looking sort of mad round the eyes, and said somebody had moved his wagon up near the fence, and the prize herd of lions had chawed up the good of his harness and made a most beginning on the other. Well, we got together what straps and strings we could, and patched up the harness so Tom said he guessed we could get home.

I was afraid before, but I was pretty nigh despit now. The keg was empty, and swayed and rolled about ten times worse than it did before. Tom had it turned bottom up, and kept saying:

"I'm all right; I'm all right; won't you keep still, mother?"

But I couldn't help feeling pretty able certain something would happen fore we got home, so I told

Cynthia, but she said 'twan't any use to be borrowin' trouble. I said, says I:

"Yes, it is: 'fore-warned is fore-armed.'"

Just then we came to a pretty rough bit of road. Tom couldn't drive slow anyway, and it didn't take more than three minutes of his boncing up and down on the bottom of that keg 'fore slam through it went! Tom is a pretty heavy man, and he stuck fast in the keg, and could neither get his feet to the bottom of the wagon or move himself with his hands and he didn't dare move round much anyway, for fear he would tip over and roll out; so he just kept still, and when he got home Maria got the hammer and knocked off the hoops and Cynthia helped him out. He's been pretty lame ever since, and sars he calculates it will take \$15 to repas, the harnesses and get Tommie a new suit of clothes; but Cynthia is going to have \$2.25 premium money, beside considerable glory.

ABOUT WITNESSES.

Witnesses are sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." The way in which they observe their oath classifies them.

The "too-willing" witness tells all he knows and much more. He forgets that he has sworn to tell "nothing but the truth." In contrast with him is the "exact" witness, who is also known as the "slow" witness. He don't commit himself to an answer until he has weighed every word.

One of this class was crossed-examined as to his distance from a certain place. "I was just four yards, two feet and six inches off, he answered, peremptorily.

"How came you to be so exact in this matter, my friend?" asked the lawyer.

"Because I expected some fool would ask me, and so I measured the distance."

The "thick-headed" witness is usually evasive in his answers. He intends to tell "the truth," but his mind is so hazy that the sharpest questions fail to bring distinct answers from him.

At a trial for assault and battery, a witness was asked,—

"Did you see the prisoner throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and I see pretty sure the prisoner threw it," answered the witness, cautiously.

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it was a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer exactly as to how big it was?"

"I should say it was a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of how big it was?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it with some other object?"

"Why, if I war to compare it so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it war as large as a lump of ehalk."

"That will do," said the counsel; "you may step aside."—[Youth's Companion.

"NOT GUILTY."

A member of a church congregation in Wisconsin was last fall charged with gambling in stocks, and brought up before a committee for investigation. The trial began by a deacon asking:

"Brother Smith, the charge is gambling in stocks."

"Yes, sir."

"And you plead not guilty?"

"No, sir, I plead guilty."

"Then you do buy and sell stocks, speculate in wheat and oats, and sell futures in pork?"

"I do, sir. Didn't I give \$1000 in cash to help build this church?"

"Yes."

"Well, I scooped that in on a little deal in pork. Didn't I pay in \$500 on the organ?"

"Yes."

"That was part of my profits on a spec in oats. Didn't I foot a deficiency of \$400 in the minister's salary this year?"

"That came from a rise in stocks. Didn't I chip in \$700 toward the parsonage?"

"Yes."

"That came from a corner in oats. Haven't I whacked up on the orphan asylum, the new bridge, the park and the fire engine?"

"You have."

"Well, that means more corners and holding on till I felt my hair growing gray. Gentlemen, I will step out for a moment and let you reach a verdict."

He stepped, but it was only thirty seconds before he was called in and congratulated on the verdict of "not guilty."

Railroad and cab fares are a very important item. Second-class coaches in England are good enough for anybody, and cost about three cents a mile. In Germany the rates are the same, although the accommodations are not quite so good. In Belgium three cents a mile is charged for first-class, two cents for second class, and one and a half for third class. In Holland, the land of dykes, fares are higher, and two-thirds of the railroads are run by the government. Cabs are cheaper in Germany than in England. In France they are reasonable, but in Naples one can ride from one end of the city to the other in a cab at a three-minute pace for fourteen cents, and it will cost no more whether you put three in the cab or one. In England it will cost twenty-five cents for half the distance, and in Germany about the same.

PASSPORTS.

A Correspondent Describes the Obstacles He Encountered in Getting One.

WRITING OUT A STATEMENT OF ONE'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

A person about to visit certain foreign countries—Russia, Germany, Spain, for example—must, as is well-known, provide himself with a passport, or in other words, a credential from his own government, stating who it is, and containing a description of him personally. The paper may serve, too, as a protection for the traveler while abroad.

Such certificates are given to citizens on application at Washington. But it may happen that a person, setting off suddenly on an unexpected voyage, or from some similar reason, may find it inconvenient to apply, with proofs of citizenship, at Washington. In such cases, application can be made to the Mayor of the city in which the person chances to be, and where an accredited agent of the country which he proposes visiting is resident.

A correspondent of the *Companion*, who was recently in New Orleans and wished to go immediately to Havana, Cuba, which is under the government of Spain, procured his passport, or a paper equivalent to one, by the last-named method. He thus describes the obstacles he encountered:

At the Mayor's office I learned that the first requisite was that I should be satisfactorily identified. As I was a stranger in the city, this was attended with some difficulty. At last I thought of the cashier of the New Orleans Bank to whom I had been previously identified; I enlisted his services in my behalf.

On my way back from the bank I was fortunate enough to meet two gentlemen with whom I was somewhat acquainted. Their kindly offices, backed up by certain papers in my possession, effected my satisfactory identification in the eye of the Mayor and of the law, as (sic) "a citizen, a respectable person and one of good standing in society."

A blank was then handed me to fill out, in which I was required to state my place of birth and of residence. Also my age, height in English feet and inches, height of forehead, length of nose, color of eyes, ditto of hair, character of my chin, size of my mouth, thickness of my face (not cheek), etc., etc.

It was rather embarrassing to be asked to do all this for myself. But by aid of a pocket looking-glass and a two foot rule I attempted to do it.

More embarrassing still, I was then told to go to a Notary Public, before whom I must swear solemnly to the truth and accuracy of my above personal statement and description of myself.

The awful consequence of having made some vain mistake in the size of my mouth, or of having put my nose down as medium length, when those terrible Spaniards might chuse to consider it a long nose, now flashed upon me. But in desperation I swore it was accurate, paid the fees and proceeded.

The paper thus subscribed and sworn to by myself, was next signed and stamped by the Mayor. Then I was bidden pay fees and go in search of the Spanish Consul, who might or might not have the grace to *visa* my document.

After a hot walk and the mounting of many stairs, the black-eyed, mustachioed who represents the majesty of Spain at New Orleans was found. As he spoke shockingly bad English and I the same kind of Spanish, we did not make much progress in understanding each other for some minutes.

I was compelled to spell my manuscript out to him at length. He did not like it. In fact rejected it, and sent me back to the Mayor with it twice before he would give it his official certification and signature.

But the business was done at last, and I went to my dinner with a passport, or something which I suppose will answer for one in my pocket. It had cost me a tiresome and disagreeable forenoon's work and five dollars more or less, in fees.—[Youth's Companion.

"I AM A BORN NIGGER GENTLEMAN."

A story is going the round of the London clubs of which Luke, who was at one time Tweed's valet of a well known American in London, is the hero.

A young gentleman, fearing he might play and drink too heavily at a club he was about to visit, induced Luke to accompany him to bring him safely home. Arrived at the club, permission was obtained that Luke should remain in the card room, instead of being sent to the servants' waiting room. As the night wore on and the players became excited and boisterous, one of them, who was losing heavily, began swearing at everything in general, and at Luke in particular, and inquired several times "what business that d—d nigger had in that room?" Luke said nothing for a long time, but as the young man did not seem inclined to drop the matter, but grew more emphatic in his demand that the nigger be removed, Luke finally took a card from his pocket, and with great dignity placed it on the table, saying: "There, sir, is my card. If you want any satisfaction you can find me. You are a loafer, sir; but I am a born nigger gentleman," and while the players were recovering from their astonishment, walked coolly away.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The man who will invent a sealskin saoque which can be worn in summer time will gain the everlasting regard of thousands of American women.

When a doctor is caught digging up a corpse, they kick up an awful row and put him in prison, and all that. It seems hard to punish a man for digging where he planted.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough for us.

The long-continued use of the telephone produces an abnormal enlargement of the ear. If this is so, the evolutionist of the next century may conclude that the jackass is the missing link.

Somebody advertised in the *Herald*: "A house for a family in good repair." "In good repair means, probably, one in which none of its individual members are wholly or partially cracked.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman," etc. The man started in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Why I kummed a-puppus!"

An Atlanta youth being wanted in court on several indictments for larceny, wrote the court a letter in which he said: "I have a fever and kant imagine whats the matter unless I am taking the small-pocks."

Sedalia, Mo., has a billiard saloon for ladies only, and the proprietor already thinks of taking out the tables and allowing the fair creatures to play right on the floor, where a great deal of carroming is done now.

Wanted—A substitute for the word "holocaust," to be employed in the description of fatal fires. "Holocaust" has become weary and frayed at the edges, and should be removed to a hospital for repairs.

There is a town in Iowa which has a population of 1300 and twelve distinct church organizations. It is understood that they will join in renting an oyster for use during the present season of oyster suppers.

A little girl in a Hartford Sunday-school, unused to diplomatic ways, sidled up to her teacher and naively as could be said: "Mother wanted me to find out in a roundabout way whether you are Mrs. or Miss—"

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a lady not as young as she once was, and asked her: "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

Law Professor: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Professor: "Then if a man enters your door and takes a sovereign from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir, because that would break me."

A young woman went into an Iowa newspaper office to advertise for kitchen help. She said, with a sigh and a wring of her dainty gloved hands: Oh! I do hope we'll get one soon, for it does almost break my heart to see mother wash dishes, with her rheumatism, too."

A fairheaven five year old child, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to her mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was."

"Biddy, bring Mrs. Smith a glass of sherry." Exit Biddy. "You must be so tired from your walk." Biddy brings the glass of sherry. "Not that way, my good girl. You should always bring it on a plate or salver." Exit Biddy. "She is very willing; but really she knows so little." Biddy, re-entering with wine in a soup-plate.—"Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will the lady lap it up?"

Frank H. Norton, a young scientist of New York, claims to have discovered a number of new laws relating to planets. This is a gratifying piece of intelligence. The old laws relating to planets are well worn and frayed at the edges, and it is quite time some new ones, more in spirit with the progress of the nineteenth century, were adopted for their government. One of the new statutes, we suspect, regulates the sale of whisky in Mars on Sunday, and another probably reduces street car fare to 5 cents in Jupiter. It is hoped Mr. Norton will be able to enforce his new laws.

When Wheatley and Traynor's company was lately playing in Detroit a large dog presented itself at the door during a matinee, and would not be driven away. Finally the ticket taker observed that the beast carried in its mouth a card, and without difficulty got possession of it, the dog showing every symptom of canine gratification at being rid of its mouthful. Its joy was understood when upon the card the doorkeeper read, "Please let me see the show on account of profession. I am leading bloodhound with an Uncle Tom party."

A young girl was caught kissing her sweetheart a few nights ago. Her mother took her to task for permitting such things, but the girl silenced her by quoting this scripture: "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." The old lady thought of the time when she was a girl, and a flood of happy memories came rushing through her mind. She drew out her handkerchief, wiped her eyes and her spectacles and the girl got off lightly that time.

RICHARD WAGNER.

A Sketch of the "Great Master" Written Shortly Before His Death.

HIS SINGULAR MARRIAGE TO THE DAUGHTER OF LISZT.

Here is not only the Master's theatre, but his home, built for him by the King of Bavaria, and standing in a pleasant garden almost in the centre of the town. Here he lives during the summer months, not, it will be believed, in the seclusion of strictly local circles, but constantly surrounded by a host of friends and disciples, and visited by troops of curious pilgrims. In the winter he goes southward, of late to Sicily or Venice. But his headquarters are at Baireuth—Munich, the scene of his first complete success, having been almost entirely abandoned. His house is built in the Renaissance style, square, and with little ornament save a large *sculpto* painting by Robert Krause over the doorway, surmounted in its turn by the name of the villa, Wahnfried. This being freely translated, means "peace from illusions" or "aberrations," and typifies the rest which Wagner found when settled at last in his own home near his own theatre, his battles over and his dreams are realized. The painting typifies his art. Everything connected with Wagner's life in Baireuth has been made to suggest his work in a degree which seems odd to the people less naive than these artistic Germans, more keenly alive to the ridiculous, and less blindly wrapped in their enthusiasms. His dogs are called Wotan, Freia and Fricka. His children, even, are named for his creations, the youngest being Siegfried. If ever a man is crushed beneath the weight of a doubly suggestive patronymic, it may well be young Siegfried Wagner when he shall come to man's estate! In his garden, which stretches back of the house to the little public park, the Master may be seen taking his morning constitutional in velvet dressing-gown and cap, and passing with his own name, which he had already built. We are reminded of Schliemann's home in Athens, with its Homeric frescoes, and the children named from heroes of the *Iliad*.

Entering the house one finds a large hall running up to the roof, with a painted frieze showing scenes from the *Nibelungen*. Out of this hall opens a great square room containing the piano and many rows of book-shelves, filled for the greater part with works of Eastern philosophy, and with volumes relating to the old German themes that Wagner has adapted to new purposes. In a bay-window near the piano is the table at which he sits when working. Here during the summer season live Wagner and his strangely constituted family—his wife, who is the daughter of the Abbe Liszt, all her children by her divorced husband Hans von Bulow's, and Wagner's own younger brood. Bulow's children seem to adore the Master as much as do his own, and to glory in his fame as though they had a legal share therein. His wife—"Cosima," as she is familiarly, even affectionately, called on every hand—is a tall, striking-looking woman of Italian type with a fine face showing remains of great youthful beauty. I have rarely seen a more interesting and impressive looking woman; and while many who admire Wagner as an artist dislike him as a man, there seems to be but a single feeling of admiration for his wife. She is not only extremely clever, extremely well educated, and extremely artistic, but is endowed with social charm and business ability to a degree that has made her Wagner's right hand since the day of their union. Many believe, indeed, that without her energy and tact the passionate and rather intractable artist would not so soon have seen the realization of his dreams. Wagner excused himself for his elopement, it is said, by declaring that he could do his work without her. And the same reason seems to hold her excused in the eyes of her acquaintances. Liszt, who still retains his early enthusiasm for the artist and affection for the man, in spite of all domestic vagaries, is a frequent visitor at Wahnfried. He is still a striking and venerable figure, though his stately gallantry of manner has got a touch of senile unctuousness with advancing years. His long silvery hair was conspicuous in Wagner's *loge* the night I heard *Parsifal*, and his appearance was watched for with almost as much eagerness as that of the man who was once his protege, but is now called *Master* by Liszt as well as others.—[Harper's.

English women from their earliest have much more to do and say in things that appertain to legalized money matters than American women. With them, dowries, jointures, pin moneys, precede even active love-making—that is, in the higher classes; while among the small traders, women have a hand and a voice in all that their husbands and fathers do; among the laboring classes again, the woman is almost invariably the man's banker. This custom in the older countries has certainly proved the very reverse of loosening the marriage bond or the providing for the future of children.

A Brooklyn church has offered a preacher a salary of \$10,000 and a two month's vacation every year. He regards it as "a call to preach the gospel." Most anybody else would accept such an offer, but would call it by its right name, "a soft snap."

A FAMOUS SONG.

After lying in a foreign grave for thirty-one years, the dust of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is brought home at last.

Payne was born in New York in 1792, but his father went immediately afterward to Boston, where at a very early age the boy's taste and talent for literature and the theater appeared. Returning to New York, he was a clerk in a counting-room and a student at Union College, always with the same tastes, until in his sixteenth year, in 1809, he appeared at the old Park Theater in New York as Young Norval. He was a successful actor, and by the advice of Cooke, Payne went to London in 1813. In England and France, with varying fortune, as actor, manager and playwright, he remained for nearly twenty years. His "Brutus" was brought out by Keen with great success in 1818. And when Charles Kemble became manager of Covent Garden, and applied to Payne for aid, Payne offered him a collection of MSS. for £230. The £30 was the sum asked for "Clari; or the Maid of Milan." Kemble bought them all. Payne turned "Clari" into an opera. Miss M. Tree, the older sister of Ellen Tree, took the chief part, and sung, for the first time, "Home, Sweet Home." The play was enormously successful. Miss Tree made "a great match," and everybody made money except Payne, who lost not only £25 which was to have been paid for copyright on the twentieth night, but he was not even complimented with a copy of his song. He wrote "Charles II.," another very successful play. But still fortune refused to smile, and in 1832 he came home.

Here he had various projects, but nothing prospered. He went as consul to Tunis, then returned, and vainly sought a more congenial place, finally going back to Tunis as consul, where he died and was buried in April, 1852. There his body has rested quietly, not in a "neglected spot," but in a garden of roses and carnations and heliotropes and violets. There, too, he was kindly regarded by Europeans and the native inhabitants. On the 5th of January his body was disinterred, and, as a letter in the *Tribune* states, it was carried, attended by his old Arab dragoman and a few personal friends, to the little Protestant church where the chancel window is inscribed with his name. As the coffin was brought in an Englishman at the organ softly played "Sweet Home," which an American lady sweetly sung, and then it was left alone through the night, watched by the dragoman, and in the morning it was placed upon a French steamer, which sailed for Marseilles. At Marseilles it was transferred to a steamer for New York. The name of Payne will live in the heart of every generation by the pathetic tenderness of a single song.—[Harper's Weekly.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: "Whoever judges by the effect on dogs what would be the effect on human beings must make mistakes. There is not the least reason to suppose that the effects would be the same in the two cases. I do not fancy a diet of thistles with lumps of rock-salt would be beneficial to a man, but donkeys certainly thrive on both. It is a well-known fact that to experiment on animals with drugs for the purpose of ascertaining their effect is futile and utterly useless, the action being different on nearly all. Tobacco is harmless to a pig, lachesis (rattlesnake) to a goat, strichnine to a toucan and belladonna (deadly night-shade) to a rabbit; but all these are deadly poisons. I do not know whether salt (chloride of sodium) be good or bad; but, as a fact, I do not eat more than a tablespoonful a year and am very healthy. I have often noticed that persons who are fond of salt are generally unhealthy or half developed, but I do not know whether this is the cause or the effect."

STEALING THE LIVELY OF HEAVEN.—An Atlanta, Georgia, humorist, who has also an eye to the main chance, is practicing upon the weaknesses of his kind in a reprehensible manner. He caused to be inserted in the local papers an advertisement addressed to the newly married, which contained an offer to mail them, upon receipt of 50 cents, and "secure from observation," a volume which no newly married couple should be without. This attracted the eagle eye of a virtuous reporter, who proceeded to investigate in the interests of morality. Instead of sending his 50 cents through the Postoffice he hunted up the advertisement philanthropist and wanted to buy one of the books. They were only sent by mail, he was informed, so he went home and waited. In two or three days a neatly-wrapped package came to the reporter's address, and he went up to his room, locked the door and opened it. It was a neat little volume bound in black and with red edges. Upon the title page was the following: "The New Testament of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, New York: American Bible Society."

A bald-headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendors of the pearl.