

FANCY.

Smiling Fancy, come with me! We will sit by the greenwood tree; I will hear what you will say. First, begin with green-leaved May, When the streamlet sings new songs— Late released from Winter's throng— And the robin sounds his lay. Answered back by screech of jay, As beside the half-hid brink Sings so sweet the bobolink— From his weed it sounds so clear!— While the blackbird down the mere Joyous flaps his red-marked wings As the chorus sweetly sings "May, May! Beautiful, beautiful May!"

THE COMEDY AT L—.

"I tell you what, Fred Hazelton, Cecilia Englebourm is as pretty a girl as you will find in ten counties, and don't forget it." "Oh, yes," drawled Fred. "But honestly, old fellow, don't you agree with me for once?" "Well, no, Ed, if I must say it, I don't agree with you or anybody else in saying that Miss Englebourm is a paragon of beauty, for the simple reason that I dislike her most thoroughly." "Dislike her! Why, what are you talking about? I thought you were smitten—struck—infatuated." "That is where you were mistaken." "But you must allow that she is handsome?" "No, I will not. I don't think her half as good-looking as—" "Miss Walsingham?" "Yes, Miss Walsingham, if you will have it so." "Miss Walsingham! I must say, Fred, I admire your eyes!" "That must be sarcasm, Ed. But come, tell me your objection to Miss Walsingham's style of beauty." "I will, when you've criticized Miss Englebourm." "Well, as for Miss Englebourm, I never could endure the sight of an Indian, and your black-haired, dark-skinned, snake-eye brunette always reminds me of one." "And as for Miss Walsingham, I never could endure the sight of a wax doll, and your tow-haired, pale-eyed, freckled-skin blonde always reminds me of one." "You're prejudiced, Ed." "So are you." "I am not." "Neither am I. But here comes the train; so good-bye; we never could agree." The train rolled into the depot; the bell rang; the conductor shouted "All Aboard!" The ponderous engine moved convulsively, and tugging and puffing, the iron horse laboriously pulled its heavy load of coaches from the station of L—.

Edward's attachment, and his jealousy of Fred Hazelton, was thoroughly discussed. Cecilia had surmised for some time that Eva regarded Edward with some favor, and the acknowledgment that she now received confirmed her suspicions. Meanwhile, Fred Hazelton, speeding swiftly away from L—, was also in mental torment, caused by his conversation with Edward on the railroad platform. It seems he had been playing a part, too, and that the whole intent of his part of the conversation was to discover the sentiments with which Edward regarded Cecilia Englebourm. The result was most aggravating; he felt confident he had got possession of Edward's cleverly guarded secret. He now beheld in him a rival, and a most dangerous one, too. He had often heard that Edward and Cecilia were unusually intimate, and he tortured himself by imagining his own case hopeless, and the prize in possession of his schoolfellow. He remembered how enthusiastically he had defended Cecilia, and how he had condemned the really superior beauty of Eva Walsingham. Meanwhile, that lady believed she had made a discovery. It was that the position occupied by herself and Edward was the exact counterpart of the one occupied by Cecilia and Fred; in other words, that Cupid, sly Cupid, had sent his shafts simultaneously through four hearts, and that Cecilia's and Fred's were two of them. Accordingly, when Fred returned to L—, a week after, Eva soon found a favorable opportunity, and accused him bluntly of harboring such sentiments toward her friend. Of course Fred acknowledged his fault. Men in love always make a point of making as great fools of themselves as possible on every occasion. This was all that Eva desired, and she was again closeted with her friend, whose mind she had long known on the subject. There was such hearty merriment at this secret confession of the two girls—more than the occasion would seem to warrant. "Oh, isn't it funny?" exclaimed Cecilia, laughing. "Ed jealous of Fred, and Fred jealous of Ed! It's too comical for anything!" "It's just like a novel," returned Eva. "By the way, Cecilia, have you seen my new novel?" Cecilia had not seen Eva's new novel; so it was brought, and the two girls were soon pouring over its interesting pages. They had been reading for some time when Cecilia dropped her side of the book and sprang to her feet, clapping her hands and laughing immoderately. "Oh, Eva, Eva! I've found it!" "Found what?" "Eva was surprised at her friend's enthusiasm." "Found just what we want to torment the boys with—a duel. Just think of it! A duel, in which nobody is hurt, of course. Oh, won't it be funny?" Eva expressed her convictions that it would be very funny, and then the two geniuses put their heads together, conceiving a scheme that would certainly succeed in tormenting poor, confiding Edward and his doubting rival to an almost unlimited degree. What this plan was I do not think it necessary to tell. It is sufficient to say that it was a complete success, driving the boys nearly to distraction, and resulted in Edward Logan's sending a challenge to his schoolfellow, Fred Hazelton, to meet him in mortal combat at sunrise on the following day, by the railroad bridge near the village of L—. It was afterward agreed that the weapons should be pistols, and that the principals should be unattended by seconds or doctors. Another result of the conference was a proposal by Edward to Eva to be united to him in matrimony. Eva agreed to meet him a short distance from the bridge by L—, to give him an answer personally. 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While Ed and Cecilia had been occupied in this manner, Eva had purloined the terrible weapon to be used by Fred, and replaced it by another, whose contents, as may be supposed were much less dangerous. The fatal morning arrived, dark and gloomy. A thick fog rendered objects scarcely visible at a hundred paces distant. It was a very appropriate morning for such a bloody transaction. The principals were in their places eyeing each other savagely over the glistening barrels of their harmless revolvers. Two pairs of bright eyes peered from the underbrush, a short distance behind each of the duellists, and two human beings were struggling to suppress their laughter, which was almost uncontrollable. "Are you ready?" hissed Fred. "Yes," muttered Ed. "Fire!" There was a report of two pistols; a pader wad from Fred's struck Ed upon the forehead. It was very easy, in the excitement of the moment, for him to suppose that it was a more deadly projectile. 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Here the two girls hurried the late duellists off the train, and proceeded by circuitous routes to the residence of a clergyman, who had been previously instructed in the part he was to perform in the drama then forming. They were ushered into separate rooms, connecting by large, double folding doors with a third. The curtain was ready to rise. The great doors opened; the trembling maidens led their "lords of creation" into the room, bringing them face to face with each other, and opposite the divine, who book in hand, stood waiting their approach. If a thunder-bolt had fallen at their feet the boys could not have been much more astonished. There was silence for a moment as they confusedly gazed at each other. Then the girls, and even the parson, whose equanimity we would naturally suppose would be invincible, broke down completely, convulsed with laughter. Edward and Fred were not long in understanding and appreciating the situation. They shook hands good naturedly, and joined heartily in the laughter at their expense. The ceremonies proceeded, and the boys postponed their contemplated visit to lands beyond the seas indefinitely.

MADAGASCAR.

An Interesting Country and People Being Now Brought to the Attention of the World. There are three great obstacles to the material progress of Madagascar, which are as strong and now as potent for evil as they were in the days when there were no schools and no Christianity in the island. The first is the system of forced Government service known as fanompoana, under which, from the highest down to the lowest grades, Government officials subsist by "squeezing" those underneath them. There are no paid offices; all State work and State payments are effected by fanompoana. The second is slavery, which is rampant everywhere in Madagascar; and the third is the extreme jealousy of foreigners and the suspicion with which their efforts at opening up the country are viewed. The Government is an absolute monarchy. The Queen's word is law, and the people are loyal and obedient to the Queen's authority. But all real power has for several years been secured in the family of the Prime Minister, who, of course, acts in the name of the sovereign, to whom he is married. This family is becoming to the rulers of Madagascar what the Peishwahs were to the descendants of Sivajee in the great Mahratta confederation. The last Prime Minister was the brother of the present man, and their father held the reins of authority before them. The Queen is, in fact, a puppet. Should she die at the present juncture, and she has been ailing for some time past, there might be confusion in Antananarivo, and possibly bloodshed; for there are numerous claimants to the throne. But it is generally supposed that the Prime Minister is well prepared for that event; that he has a successor ready at hand in the shape of a young Princess of the royal family; that he will proclaim her Queen, marry her, and continue to be the de facto ruler of the country. The Prime Minister has a reputation for great ability, and there is no doubt he is an astute native statesman. But with the exception of his adoption of Christianity and the freeing of imported slaves—measures which were more or less forced upon him—he has done little for the material progress of Madagascar. Forced labor, corruption in the public services, the banishment of political opponents, and an utter want of energy or attempt at improvement beyond the occasional issue of abortive decrees, still characterize the Government system. For instance, at the coast ports the customs duties are collected in kind. Of every ten bales of cotton imported, one is handed over to the Government, and it is the same with exports. Of course, under such a system, corruption is the general rule, and it is impossible that commerce can flourish. Yet the Prime Minister seems helpless to effect a reform. Then all those trained to trades by the agents of the London Missionary Society are promptly impressed into the Government service, so that there is no incentive to individuals to acquire useful accomplishments. Everyone is liable to be called upon to give his services to those above him without remuneration. In short, the Government is about as bad as it can be. It retards instead of assists the progress of the country, and must be reformed ere the Hovas can advance much further in civilization. While the missionaries are free to preach and to teach, there is one subject which they all know must be excluded from their sermons. They must not allude to the system of slavery which prevails throughout Madagascar. Should any missionary lift up his voice against that institution, he is well aware that in a short time his church would be deserted. The secret influence of the Government would be brought to bear, and he would practically find himself "boycotted." Until recently Madagascar was the chief market for slaves on the east coast of Africa. Although the importation by sea was against the law, yet the law was continually evaded, until at last the Government, urged and even threatened by England, determined to order the liberation of all the slaves not born on the island. This measure was carried into effect in 1877, and since then the foreign traffic, at least, has ceased. But every Hova continues to hold slaves, many of them in large numbers, and as a consequence no Hova will do any labor, thinking work to be beneath him. It is true that the slavery is of a somewhat mild description. Ill treatment is rare, and often the slaves are allowed to do pretty much as they like, so long as they report themselves occasionally, and pay to their masters a share of their earnings. Still, every Friday in the Hoya capital, when the great market of the week is held, there is a stand for slaves, and yesterday I saw there over one hundred and fifty individuals exposed for sale. They were chiefly boys and girls, and it was pitiable to watch the expression of hopeless misery on their young faces as the intending purchaser felt them over, examined their teeth or made them walk or run. I saw many painful scenes—mothers weeping at being parted from their children; children crying bitterly at being separated from the companions of their youth. As a missionary review recently published here says: "A Malagassy who does not own a slave is very badly off, and suffers extreme inconvenience. In all the churches and congregations there are slaves, and some of them are composed chiefly of slaves.

DUNDER-BERGH.

Elephants, the world over, are driven and controlled by a stout prod, about as unamiable as an ice pick. They are trained to it, and regard it as the emblem of authority. Mr. Bergh, whose zeal without knowledge often makes him a nuisance, undertook in New York, last month, to compel the disuse of the prods. He was assured they should only be kept in sight of the beasts, and not be used; but he was wilful and had them entirely banished. Several of the keepers left their places, not daring to trust themselves among elephants who did not see this badge of authority. Barnum's headmen had a supply of loaded rifles at hand all through the performance, so that any rebellious animal might be killed before it would do any damage. There were several signs of a charge by the elephants on the audience, and great fears were felt for the safety of the visitors. Some of the members of Bergh's society made such a stir about his ears that he finally permitted the prod to be restored, and the elephants at once became peaceable and docile. THE POSITION FOR SLEEPING.—A German, Baron Reichenbach, has occupied many years in studying the art of bed making, or rather, bed placing, and maintains that improperly placed beds will shorten a man's life. He says if a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of man. In whatever hemisphere you may be, always sleep with your feet to the equator, and let your body lie as "true as a needle to the pole." The proper direction for the proper circulation of the blood, and many disturbances in the organism have been cured by simply placing the bolster at a different point of the compass from that it had occupied. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their head where their feet ought to be take to heart the example of the late Dr. Fischewer, of Madgeburg, who died recently at the age of one hundred and nine years. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies east and west. Some observers assure us that to sleep in such a position is tantamount to committing suicide, and that diseases are often aggravated by deviations from the proper posture. John A. Logan, having fought the last war, in his mind, regards himself as the step-father of his country. He thinks the President has made a mistake in breaking with him.

ALL SORTS.

A girl of the period—A female composer. It takes some headwork to manage a "scull." A picked nine—The quart of each strawberries. It only takes a pound of muscle to make a prize-fight. The hired girl with the dust rag on the chair-rub of the family. Why are seven days like a spell of sickness? Because they make one week. It is easy to make the dull boy smart. Cut his finger and apply water. A man whose best works are always tramped under foot—A carpet manufacturer. There seems to be no call for an exhibition or grief at a circus. For the audience is always in tiers. A gray-headed employee on the Metropolitan Railroad is called "silver top," silver being a tip-top conductor. Mr. Henry Cate was arrested the other night for hammering his wife with a club. Sort of battercake, as were. "Some new picnic baskets are lined with white satin." So says a fashionable note. For color we would suggest crushed custard pie. Carmine tinted foreheads and cheeks are the latest craze among the New York belles. To this complexion have we come at last. A smart young man picked up a flower in a ball room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically "Tis the last rose of some here." "A Florida man has an alligator farm," says an exchange. By and by this item will read: "A farm alligators has a Florida man." Isn't it strange that we never hear of dynamite being used in Egypt, where there are more Nileists than anywhere else in the world. To be tried for his life—The long-peaked husband. Two cats on the back fence meet purr-chance the usual way. Brought up by hand—The coal-hod. A burglar who has climbed up a garret window on a ladder is arrested by a voice shouting, "Hallo there, what do you want?" "May I ask you for a glass of fresh water?" "Don't say 'entry,' Charles," said Mrs. Culture to her son; "shall I much more elegant." Next day the young man astonished his friends by speaking of Aid. Shaughnessy's "into office." "That which we call arose by another name would smell as sweet. If you believe that just tell a boy to sleep on at 6 a. m. instead of calling him to 'arose,' and see how much better it suits him." "I wished my hair cropped very close," remarked Charles to the barber, "and," dropping his voice, "I come in the last of the week and pay you." Charles still wears his hair long; the barber was willing to "shingle" but not "slate" him. The Woman's Club, of this city, listened to an "exhaustive paper on coal," read by one of its members. Reporters were not admitted, so that it cannot be stated whether, in the opinion of the club, coal should be brought up by the husband, with the kindling, or separately. A gentleman in Brooklyn, celebrating the birth of a daughter on the day of the opening of the bridge, proposed to call her Victoria, in honor of the Queen's birthday, whereas a friend (not an Alderman) suggested that a more appropriate name would be Bridget.—[Fourth joke of New York Post. A woman has been discovered in New York who receives babies that are not wanted and sells them at \$1 and \$10 apiece.—[Yonkers Gazette. If they are not wanted how does she manage to sell 'em.—[Detroit Free Press. If the truth of the transactions were known it would prove "give away."—[Boston Courier.] FEMALE FANCIES. A waiter—Over the garden wall. A color-bearer—The average bell. Why is there no difference between a spinster and good wine? Both are old mades. What maid is there, however fair, Who would a lover jilt, Could he as a spouse bring her a howl Like this that Vander-bilt. In a bondoir: "What lovely lady she has, I suppose it is her own." "Oh! Yes, of course it is. No doubt if you ask she will prove it, for she told me only a few days ago that she was careful to keep all her receipts." A man winks his eye an average 30,000 times per day, and a woman's tongue makes 78,000 motions every twenty-four hours. At this rate how long will it take the man to catch up with the woman? Alligator belts are very popular with the girls just now, but callous and broadcloth will resume its old-time popularity when the evening grows a little warmer, just as it will last year. "The last link is broken," the low said, when he kissed his good-bye forever at her request, because her parents wished a dissolution. A few days after he received a note saying: "Dear George—There are plenty more links. Come and break them." At the Queen's drawing room, fortnight ago, were two dresses which had the front of the petticoats and the waist entirely covered with loops and ends of narrow ribbons. On one dress these were of blue, and on the other of pink and yellow, matching the roses which brocade the train, and the flowers which make a panel at one side of the skirt.

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