

A CONCEIT.

I've somewhere read in olden tales—
Such as the Persian poets sing,
That in the fragrant Eastern vales
Are birds with but a single wing;
And hooks and links of solid bone
The want of missing wings supply.
And thus, when either bird alone
Essays through boundless space to fly,
Each lacks its other, better part,
Which being by its mate supplied,
They, linked together, heart to heart,
With hopeful wings can upward glide—
Each bird, depending on its mate,
Thus feels the need of loving care,
Each bears in part the other's weight,
And thus is formed a perfect pair.
And so, I've thought, the human heart
Will silent in its prison dwell,
And languish till its counterpart
Is brought within its subtle spell.
Like those rare birds of Eastern clime,
It strives in vain to leave the earth,
Until at Fate's appointed time
It finds a mate of equal worth.
And then bound fast with bonds of love
More lasting far than hooks of bone,
The wain can soar to realms above—
Two souls in form—in love but one.

TO-DAY.

Autumn breezes
Rather cool;
Young man sneezes,
Yet plays pool.
Wears carbuncle
'Neath his throat,
While his 'uncle'
Holds his coat.

—New York Journal.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

I was a harum-scarum youth, and for a dozen years of my manhood had no settled aim. I started out as a clerk in a country store, where I learned my chemical mysteries; finally, I became a law student; and it was my knowledge of chemistry—a science of which I am passionately fond—that gave me a start as a law student.

My shingle had been hung out in vain for four or five months, and I had not a single brief to prepare. What little money I had possessed was rapidly melting away, and I could not ignore the fact if no fees should come in my way for a couple of months I should have to go on the street, or on the prairie, and labor for a living. It would be no disgrace, to be sure, but when one has spent his little all in preparing himself for a professional life, and when he has set his heart and hopes on such a life, it is sad to have to abandon it.

I was seated in my office one afternoon, indulging in certain gloomy thoughts on the subject, when the door opened and a middle-aged man in humble garb came in, and I recognized him at the first glance, as an honest and industrious machinist, named William Campbell, a former neighbor of my father's, who was now dead. He was flurried and nervous, and I saw, at once, there was something wrong.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell," said I. "How did you happen to find the office of a poor young lawyer like me?"

"By accident," he said. "I am in trouble, and if I don't get out of it I am ruined. All the savings of my life will be gone, unless I can find some lawyer smart enough to defeat the rascality of a certain man, and I was going along, intending to call on the first lawyer I should see, and it happened to be you. As I knew your father well, and used to know you when you was a boy, I thought I could not do better than to put the case in your hands; I'd at least be sure of fair treatment, I thought."

"You would be sure of that in the hands of any lawyer, to whom you would trust your case," said I. "Now, let me hear what it is, and I will see what can be done."

"Well, it is this: I've worked quite hard all my life at my trade, and accumulated some money—about six thousand dollars, in fact. I have seven children I should like to provide for, and it has been my steady aim to increase my money all I could. A year ago a friend of mine who is in the same business I am in, told me if he could take a partner in the spring, and if I should go in with him, we could make a lot of money. I looked into the matter, and found he was not mistaken about it. I saw I could, in a few years, increase my six thousand to twenty thousand, and I told him I would be ready to join him in the business when the time came. Meantime, my money was laying in the bank, where I ought to have left it, drawing five and a half per cent. interest.

"Shortly after I made this arrangement with my friend about the partnership, a man I knew well, and had great confidence in, came to me and asked me to lend him the money till I should want it at the end of the year, and he said he could readily return it by that time, and he would give me eight per cent. So I let him have it, and now it is due, and I can't get it back."

"Has he any property?"

"Yes—the amount of it; but I have since understood he's a slippery fellow, but I had not known that before."

"But you took his note, surely," said I.

"Yes, but I can't find it; that's what troubles me. I called on him yesterday and told him so, and he said he had no recollection of borrowing any money from me; if I had the note he would pay it; if I hadn't he certainly would not."

"And you can't find the note?"

"No."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it in this pocket-book, where I keep all my important papers; but when I came to look for it among some other notes and the like, I couldn't find it."

He produced a large, old-fashioned, leather pocket-book, as he spoke, and I looked through it, and examined a

lot of receipts and notes that were packed together in one of its pockets, thinking that two of the papers might be sticking together.

"There is no promissory note for that amount here," I said. "But what is this blank sheet of paper doing here?" and I took up a slip of white paper, that I found among the documents.

"I don't know."

"Who is the man that gave you the note?"

"Alexander Bolton, the druggist."

I knew Alexander Bolton well. He was wealthy and penurious, and had the name of being very tricky. I was satisfied that Mr. Campbell was telling the truth. I was as well convinced that Alexander Bolton was not a man who would be likely to forget having borrowed such a large sum as six thousand dollars, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had played some cunning trick, to wrong the confiding mechanic out of the fruits of many years of labor. But what was the trick? That was the question that puzzled me.

"Have you had this pocket-book in a secure place ever since he gave you the note?" I asked.

"Yes; under lock and key, where no one could touch it but myself."

"Are you sure that it has been ever since impossible for any one to find or purloin the note?"

"I am perfectly sure of that. The lock of my desk in which I have kept it is one I made myself. There is but one key in the world that will open it, and here it is," he said, producing from his pocket a bright steel key, of very odd outline. "Not a thing has been disturbed in that desk."

I mused a few minutes as I again casually overhauled the papers, then said:

"Mr. Campbell, I don't mean to say that Mr. Bolton is dishonest, but might he not have handed you this blank sheet of paper, and slipped the note into his pocket-book with the money you lent him?"

"No, that is out of the question. I examined the note again, after I reached home, before I put the pocket-book away, to see that no mistake had been made; found it all right, plain as day in every letter and figure, and I remember as well as though it had been yesterday; I even remember noticing how bright the ink was; it had quite a reddish tinge."

I was in the act of handing the pocket-book back to him, as he said this, but a thought suddenly struck me, and I opened it again.

"Mr. Campbell," I said carelessly, "do you remember whether the note was filled out on a blank form, or not?"

"It was not; he wrote it in full himself, on the top of a piece of foolscap, and cut it off with a pair of scissors. I remember everything about it very clearly, for it was about all I had in the world, and to me it was a very essential affair."

I examined the strip of white paper, for a startling idea had already taken shape in my mind, and I perceived it had been cut from the top of foolscap, evidently with a pair of scissors.

"Do you remember how you happened to place this slip of white paper in here?"

"No, I don't remember placing it there; I might have done so thinking it would come handy to figure on."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly," he replied, somewhat surprised at my modest request.

"Well," I said, as I laid the paper on the table, and set the inkstand on it, "I am going to make an effort to recover your money for you; I shall bring suit against Bolton at once, and have him summoned to appear before Judge—. You can, of course, swear that you have lent him the money, and the note he gave you is missing."

"Yes, with a clear conscience; I could not be mistaken about it."

"Then call on me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"I will."

He left me and I took the slip of paper and examined it closely.

It seemed to be nothing but a stray fragment of foolscap, but it occurred to me that it might have a history; it was here that my chemical knowledge came into play.

I remembered that Alexander Bolton was a chemist; and I also remembered that an ink could be made with aniline, iodide of ammonia and chloride of zinc, in certain proportions, which had a fresh reddish tinge, and that it would fade out entirely in four days, leaving no mark on the paper. Bolton, no doubt, knew this secret, that he used to swindle the mechanic out of his earnings.

The more I considered this subject, the more I became convinced that such was the case. The note had been written in fading ink.

But there was another chemical secret which probably Bolton did not know, as I had discovered it myself by accident. This treacherous ink, on fading out, leaves the zinc in invisible atoms in the paper, so that every line traced may be restored by the application of a certain solution of sulphate of iron and hydrate of calcium. So, no sooner had Mr. Campbell left my office, than I hurried to a drug store, where I obtained the solution.

Returning to my office, I saturated a piece of blotting paper with a drop of it, and applied it to a corner of the blank slip of paper. The result made me jump up, clap my hands and yell with delight, for fresh and clear the dollar came out. I knew not what hidden words the paper contained, and I placed it in my pocket-book, corked up the vial—which was destined to be a vial of wrath to Mr. Bolton—and went immediately, and brought suit against him for the recovery of the amount of the note, with interest and costs.

A few days later Alexander Bolton

stood at the bar of justice, to answer in his own behalf. It seemed so easy to him, that he did not deem it necessary to employ any counsel.

Mr. Campbell swore to the facts he had related to me concerning the loan. Mr. Bolton answered, on oath, that he had no recollection of ever borrowing any money from the plaintiff. If he did, where was the note? He would thank anybody to produce it.

"Your honor," said I, addressing the judge, "I think I can produce the note in question."

"I understood you that it was not to be found," said Judge D—, somewhat surprised.

"It has never been lost," I said, as I took from my pocket the blank slip of paper, and passed to him. "This is it."

"I hope you are not trifling with the court," he said, as he glanced at both sides and perceived that it was blank.

"I am not, your honor," said I, as I proceeded at once to explain to him the chemical fact I have already described.

I watched Alexander Bolton as I did so, and noticed that he turned very pale. When I had concluded, I took from my pocket the vial containing the solution, saturated a piece of blotting paper with it, and pressed it upon the blank slip of paper that lay upon the judge's desk.

A few seconds I left it so, then lifted it up, confident of the result; and I was not disappointed.

The blank slip of paper was suddenly transformed into a promissory note, every word, letter, and figure, as clear as sunshine.

It was a note of six thousand dollars, with a year's interest just due, drawn in favor of William Campbell, and the signature of Alexander Bolton was at the bottom of it.

The judge gazed with amazement, from the note toward Alexander Bolton, just in time to discover that that tricky gentleman was skulking away toward the door.

At the judge's order he was brought back by an officer, and informed that he would have something more to answer for than the amount of the loan, interests and costs.

And so he had. Abashed and terrified, at the discovery of his unscrupulous swindle, and in hopes of propitiating the court, he at once gave his check for the amount due Mr. Campbell, and paid the costs.

In view of his confession he was let off with two years' imprisonment, and I don't suppose he will ever dabble in invisible ink again.

This, my first case, attracted considerable notice, and I have never since had to lounge in my office and yearn for clients.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN SWEDEN.—Before the extensive use of steam-boats on the waterways around Stockholm the Dalecarlian girls were accustomed to come to the capital in great numbers each season to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighborhood of the city. This custom still exists to some extent, and the visitor may be rowed by a buxom peasant girl to an island restaurant, or across an arm of the lake.

The girls have lost none of the moral independence and the remarkable physical strength which have since the beginning of Swedish history distinguished their ancestors. In the large cities they are found to-day mixing mortar, carrying burdens, and rowing boats quite as easily as the men, and quite as acceptably to the employers. The most famous boatwomen are the girls of the parish of Rattvik, whither he had rambled in the search of the mythical midsummer dance.

A woman asks for a divorce in Milwaukee, on the ground that she married the wrong twin. She was engaged to one and the other put himself in the other one's place, and she found when it was everlastingly too late, that her supposed brother-in-law was her husband, and she won't fooling around twins. Whichever one you get you will think you have the other one, and there is no certainty about which one is which, and it keeps a wife in a state of nervousness half the time for fear the other one is the one which ought to be the other one entirely.

BABY'S PIE.—The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfather, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, she waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly set before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her Majesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eyes dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of this pie!"—[Editor Drawer, in Harpe's.

Nine hundred cigars and four hundred cigarettes were shaken out of a trunk full of clothes belonging to a passenger by the Havana steamship Saratoga, at New York recently, by a Customs Inspector, who refused to believe they had been put there to keep moths out of the garments. The owner paid the duties.

A woman who is one of the heirs of an estate of two millions has been arrested in New York for shoplifting. Beyond this habit and a coarser one of tipping, her behavior is quite proper. Much more so, in fact, than that of the man formerly her husband, who is a dealer in a gambling house.

WEAKNESSES.

Shabby Gentility—How New York Women Seek to Hide Their Poverty—Their Fondness for Coach Riding.

"One-half the people in New York live," said a philosopher the other day, "and the other half pretend to live." This is truer than most people suspect. The number of persons who give their lives to making an appearance is astonishing, and the devices to which they resort to be thought genteel and to avoid working for a living would astonish the world if fully exposed.

One of the most interesting cases of shabby gentility will be found at the Family Hotel. Every one of these establishments has one or more lodgers who live in the top of the house in the cheapest apartments, next to the servants; who take their meals at cheap restaurants or beer saloons, but who dress well, and use monogram note paper, and receive their company in the hotel parlor, and generally assume the style and airs of retired well-to-do people.

In one case recently brought to the attention of the writer a lady and her two daughters occupied rooms at one of the most fashionable hotels in the city for two years. Her daughters furnished the income by very hard work—one of them as a copyist, and the other in a large telegraphic house. But no one in the hotel ever suspected that they depended upon their labor for their income. The young ladies made together about \$25 or \$30 a week, and on this sum they managed by the most pinching economy in eating to dress well and move in a certain circle. But the air of disdain with which they spoke of people who were compelled to work and the poetic references they constantly made of their blood and ancestry produced the most respectful treatment from all who came in contact with them.

A young lady and her father, who lived at the Westminster for some time and passed as a belle in certain sets, worked in a book-binder's establishment in Nassau street, and actually supported her father in his genteel airs. In this case it came to the knowledge of the writer that this young lady, on more than one occasion, went suppers to bed because she had to pay for a couple.

Another form of pretentious gentility is found in those families that hire houses, and then sublet all but a couple of rooms, retaining the use of the parlor to make a show, and always turning up their noses at people who are compelled to live in flats. "Oh, we," they always say, "couldn't be restricted to a flat, you know. It may do for people who have never had the freedom of a whole house, but we must have our own establishment." If they live in a basement house they have to put up sometimes with a doctor or a dentist, but they compromise by calling his room the library, when they have a party.

There are hundreds of genteel people living on Lexington avenue who, for the sake of making it appear that they occupy a whole house to themselves, are content to bunk in the garret and cook with the oil-stove. But they make enough off their wages to dress well and have a coach and livery take them to the park in the afternoon.

It is said by those who know that the gay cavalcade to be seen on a pleasant afternoon on the avenue is made up in unequal proportions of millinaires and beggars, who, so far as dress is concerned, cannot be distinguished from each other.

In the ranks of the operatives who live on the East Side it is curious to know that a coach is the sign of gentility. To be able to hire a coach is the weakness of hundreds of girls who work by the week downtown, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that in the poorer classes funerals have become a sort of evidence of gentility, the condition of the family being rated by the number of coaches. There are scores of girls who give music lessons who spend nearly all they make at the livery-stable. They are driven to their pupils' house in cabs, and they are very particular about the livery.

The Superintendent of a large envelope factory in this city said that some years ago a fainting epidemic broke out among his girls. Without any premonition whatever an operator would suddenly fall over as if dead, and he was in the habit sometimes of calling a carriage and sending the invalid home. But when the thing grew to affect the whole factory he turned one of his rooms into a hospital, and he hired a doctor to apply restoratives, from which moment not a girl fainted. It was not till some time after that he discovered by accident that it was the ride home in the coach that had brought on the epidemic.

There is nothing that will rouse all the eloquence in a man as the laughing eyes and bewitching smile of a handsome woman. In closing a notice of the arrival of two St. Louis belles, the editor of the Tom Green County (Texas) Times says: "Rude I am of speech, but if you want a heart with generous valves, fit to run a hydraulic pump, coral me, and you'll find it beneath my shirt." It's seldom an editor gets it as bad as this Texas brother, but when they do get 'em, something has got to be done, and done at once. This one "done it."

Lightning bugs would be a lively and suggestive name for telegraph operators.

THE CINDER IN THE EYE.

There is something about getting a cinder in one's eye, while on a railroad train, that is most laughable to those who do not get cinders in their eyes, though terribly painful to those whose ticks draw cinders. A railroad car is a splendid place to study character, and the cinder that always strikes some one's eye is the means of showing the character of the afflicted person better than a biography of the individual would do. There is a general feeling that one who has traveled much enjoys an immunity from cinders, that the traveled person has a way of avoiding cinders, that he closes his eyes at the right moment, and while his hair and eye-winkers, and the wrinkles of his face may be full of cinders, his eyes escape. A man may think he is exempt from cinders, and he will talk big, and passengers will think he is one of the world's great ones, brave and noble, but the moment a cinder gets into his eye he becomes a helpless creature, a cross, irritable, unpleasant companion. The bully weakens when he gets a cinder in his eye, and will accept assistance from the most no-account person on the train, and will stand like a trembling coward while someone probes for it, with a corner of a handkerchief, and turns up the eyelid to find the wicked little piece of three-cornered burned coal. A man who can stand up and fight a prize fighter without weakening, who can have a bullet probed for without wincing, or who can have a leg taken off without inhaling chloroform, will be as weak as a cat when a cinder strikes his eyeball, and he almost faints away when the eyelid is turned wrong side out by a person looking for the poor little cinder. There is something singular about a cinder. A boy will stick his head out of a car window and ride a hundred miles, with cinders flying all around his head, and he will never get a cinder in his eye, while a quiet lady, with a veil on, in a seat remote from an open window, will have a cinder in her half-closed eye before she has rode a mile, and she is all broke up. It beats all what a difference there are in people about cinders. A homely woman might get a cinder in her eye and nobody would pay any attention to her, any more than to tell her not to rub her eye very much, but let a handsome young woman catch a cinder in one of her beautiful eyes, and the first tear that comes to the eye softens the heart of every man in the car, and they all want to probe for it, and offer some assistance. The bald-headed man will feel down in his coat tail pocket and bring up a silk handkerchief and offer it to her, to use in place of her linen handkerchief, the granger will tell her to blow her nose real hard and the cinder will come out, the drummer will go to the water tank and wet the corner of his handkerchief with ice water, and offer to wipe out the cinder, while the beautiful young man with the linen ulster and center-board hair will take a lead pencil and tell her he can get the cinder out in a jiffy, and all the time the other ladies in the car will look on as though the men were making a terrible fuss over a small cinder in a pretty eye. A mean man, traveling with his wife, will show his meanness more in five minutes, when he gets a cinder in his eye, than he would otherwise in all day. He will act as though his wife was to blame for the cinder, and if she tries to help him get it out he will appear to think she wants to murder him, and if she does not invade his eye with her handkerchief he acts as though she didn't care if he lost his eye. Most persons, when they get a cinder in the eye, feel like putting a handkerchief to their face, and being let alone while they think, but occasionally one will seem to wonder why everybody does not stop all conversation, reading or amusement and try to do something for the afflicted. One little cinder will often break up the enjoyment of a party of tourists, if it strikes the eye of the disagreeable member of the party, who grumbles and kicks at everything, and so the railroads should abolish cinders. The President of the United States, with a cinder in his eye, is a mournful spectacle, and he feels that the power of his position is very small indeed, when it cannot successfully cope with so small an enemy as a cinder.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It looks as though Captain Rhodes, the man who was going to swim Niagara by the aid of a fleet of boats and a deck load of armor, has taken water. But not at Niagara, oh no!

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. F., as she caught sight of the camelopard, "just look at that beast! what a long neck!" "Yes," replied Fogg, "the most remarkable case of long throat I ever saw."

A Beaufort bachelor so greatly admired the way in which his housekeeper prepared his coffee that he proposed and was accepted. This is a pointer for a woman with ambition in that direction.

"Were you in the late war?" asked a veteran of a badly-demoralized citizen who came hobbling down the street on a crutch. "I don't know how late you mean," was the sad reply; "she gave me this one last night before tea."

Several brilliant intellects are now engaged in inventing new names for old colors in ladies dress materials for next season. One man, after working sixteen hours a day for two weeks, has succeeded in evolving new names for two tints—viz: "toper's nose" and "kicked dog." The latter is yellor, of course.

RAT CATCHING.

"The Great and Only Professional" Challenges the World—Killing 100 Rats in Eight Minutes.

There are only two "great American rat-catchers" in the world, and these two are the lineal descendants of the late "great and only" rat-catcher and "world's champion" rat-killer of the United States. Rat-catching and rat-killing, be it understood, are two distinct occupations, or rather two branches of the same profession. Both branches are combined in one bulldog, terrier, ferret, Thomas cat, and other animals. The superiority of man over the lower animal—sometimes so difficult to discern—is seen right here: The human rat-catcher catches the rats alive and kills them at his leisure. Moreover, he does not kill them with his mouth from choice, except when put upon his mettle in a rat-killing competition with a bulldog, or in any attempt to beat the record of some celebrated terror. In this way, also, the man rat-killer gets noticed in the papers, usually under the head of "A Disgusting Exhibition." Hitherto these rat matinees have been confined to the more cultured Eastern cities—Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York—but now that the great etc. has arrived, Chicago is promised some man-versus-dog rat-killing exhibitions, which will no doubt be much patronized by the sporting fraternity.

The rat man was called on yesterday by a reporter. He is a pleasant-spoken young fellow of about 15 years. His outfit consists of two ferrets, a terrier dog, buckskin gloves, a large cage, a quantity of twine netting, and a set of carpenter's tools. In reply to several questions he said:

"I am very glad to see a reporter. The Baltimore reporters attended all our exhibitions. I belong to Baltimore. The last exhibition I gave there I killed ten rats with my mouth. My father killed 100 that way at his exhibitions. He challenged the world for rat-killing. He was known all over America as the great professional rat-catcher. I have been at the business since I was six years old. I have challenged Arthur Chambers, the Philadelphia pugilist, to a rat-killing competition. Chambers used to profess to be the greatest rat-killer in America. He won't take me up. My brother and I work at the business. We are the only two rat-catchers in America who catch rats alive, except a fellow in Boston whom we taught. There's a catcher in Philadelphia who professes to catch by some magical system. I went to work for him for 25 cents a day, without letting him know who I was, just to find out his system. His magic was simple rat poison. I heard Chicago was pestered with rats. I intend to settle here if things turn out as I expect. My plan of work is I start my trained terror through the building and he lets me know where the rats are located, and points out the paths they follow. I then raise whatever flooring is necessary for operations. I fix the nets to intercept the rats in the chase, and have a man standing ready with the cage. The I start the ferrets. As the rats are driven out of their holes I catch them in my hands and stick them in the cage. I can clean every rat out of a building, and will guarantee to keep them out for a year. I fix up the holes with tin so they cannot come again. I shall give an exhibition here as soon as I get enough rats, and will take care to let the reporter know. I know you will like to see it, as it is a new thing here. I have already been promised assistance in getting one up. My brother and I took 1,300 rats out of a stable in Baltimore in four days. We took 700 out of a little grocery store. I have worked in most Eastern cities. We cleared the Patent Office in Washington, and got \$150 for the job. They have had no rats there since. I have a bulldog whose record is 50 rats in eight minutes, fifty-eight seconds. One I get started here and have given exhibitions, so people will know what I can do, I have no doubt of my success."

SEX IN WORK

With that charming inconsequence which distinguishes so much respecting upon this general subject, some salaried defender of "the natural sphere of woman" may perhaps conclude that an employment which is of no sex is not "womanly" or "feminine." He is a little late. George Herbert's familiar line disposes of the matter:

"Who sweeps a room as for thy love
Makes that and the action fine."

Or the old adage, what man has done man may do, may be paraphrased: what woman can do women may do. Exceptional acts, like Mrs. Patten's steering the ship, will be infrequent. But all the employments developed by modern invention and by the greater perfection of machinery will be more and more open to women, not, however, as women, but as skilled and diligent laborers.—[Easy Chat in Harper's.

A Pullman car porter was found dead in the smoking room of his car last week. The investigation by the corner's jury revealed the fact that the president of the road had given the man a quarter, and the astonished porter died of the shock.

Rhyme is an experiment and a passion; poetry an inspiration.