Anderson Intelligencer.

A CITY COURTSHIP.

The proper place for courting
Is the story books' reporting,
Some lane or meadow pathway, out of sight of town,
With the sweet air blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover
And the skylark troaping westward as the sun goes down.

But I've met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's alley,
We walked along together towards the dome of St. Paul's,
Mid the jostling crowd of people
Beneath the glaring lamps and gases,
And the shouting of the drivers and the newsboys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally,
The faded penny bouquet that a flower girl sells;
She has never seen one growing,
And it was a joy to see her
Sniffing at it. Dreamland then is beyond Bow Bells.

Ah! it is pleasing in our walks,
Amid the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the glances they bestow,
To think that such evil things may touch her,
That we can move hand in hand, unhurt by her
Who, like the dew, lies to sweetness as a flower the mould.

Nay, it's not in country places,
Mid the fields and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows;
But, I have it in London city,
In the sin, and shame, and pity,
That the pure heart draws its purpose from the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me,
I was in the gas-lit streets of sin,
Cursing my love, and selfish, as the beast that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.

TWISTLETON, Q. C.

Many strange things have happened to me in my life, that my friends would never believe if I told them. They would never understand the manner of my introduction to Twisleton, Q. C., nor why that learned gentleman, after allowing me to devil his brains for him for a time without putting anything in my way, suddenly used his influence to put me in prison. But I am anticipating. In person he was like a badly dried mole, whose long, old fashioned whiskers resembled the antennæ of wings. It was from that fact I was originally said that he was the lineal representative of a tenant right, a species of insect supposed to be extinct; and I was consequently great surprise when Twisleton rewarded Lucy Travers, you will remember, was the belle of Bunkum Park, the Travers were not well off as they pretended to be, Twisleton, as we all know, made his 3000 a year, and had, if anything, an increasing practice in the chancery courts. Twisleton was undoubtedly a great man, a man of strong common sense, he had no two ideas. He was a believer in ghosts, and he wrote everything in his bedroom on a Remington typewriter. Twisleton and his wife were staying at Dunroe in Norfolk, at Lady Barndore's. Twisleton was due in town to argue the Jellicoe case, concerning sewing machines, Buncombe and another vs. Badger, in the court of appeals on Monday morning. I expected him down at my chambers on the Monday evening, I was reading that identical rejoicing in the Times and of the week for this would last at least three days, and Twisleton was in several other cases on Monday morning. I expected him down at my club and was astonished on reading in Twisleton's papers, that he came in with his Gladstone bag and looking as I thought, tired and out of spirits. When Twisleton was in town he always slept at his own chambers, as in his old days before he was married, and his breakfast is a stop ride of a page was sent in from the Cock. Twisleton, having heard what Foss, his clerk, had to say on the subject of recent disturbances in the chambers, had gone to the window, which I had opened to see what freak air there was in Old Square, carefully closed the door, lest his wife hear the hard chair in front of his writing table and idly leaned over the papers which were before him. At length a knock at the door was heard to close; Foss had opened and Twisleton broke the silence.

"Foss, my dear fellow, I'm uncomfortable."

Twisleton, I may here remark, was always on the best of terms with me and treated me as a friend, for I believe I was good to him. I had made great way in his affection by gently advising him to marry Miss Travers when I saw he was bent on doing so; but, since his marriage, I am not sure that this course of conduct of mine had been altogether to my advantage. I looked to him for a further explanation, which I saw was coming.

"Foss, my dear fellow, why do you think is at Lady Barndore's?"

I shook my head, being entirely in ignorance.

"Charley Colston," replied Twisleton, trying to cause his whisper, with the paper knife. "Charley Colston."

Poor Charley Colston! It was well known that he had paid his addresses to pretty Mrs. Twisleton in former days, and report said she had encouraged them. No wonder Twisleton was excited. I knew him to be of an extremely jealous nature.

"Now mark me, Penrose," said Twisleton, shaking his finger at me as he would at Lord Usher in the appeal court, "what took place yesterday when I was playing tennis! The whole time, sir, he and she were talking and chatting together, and laughing—yes, laughing! Perhaps at my expense, for I played abominably; I know it. I did not bear to see them."

Twisleton's tennis was never first rate. He had begun to play too late in life. He was an annoying partner, as he always insisted on leading, taking all the difficult strokes, and failing at them. He was a still more objectionable opponent, as he was always taking technical objections on points of practice. Still, however badly one plays, it is not pleasant to be laughed at, even by one's wife. I tried to soothe Twisleton, but he interrupted me.

"Now there is another point I desire to urge," Twisleton always spoke as though he was addressing the court of appeals. "When I asked my wife to come back today she point blank refused. What do you think of think of that?"

"Nothing whatever," I answered. "She has arranged to stay, and you are going down on Saturday again. I think you are making mountains out of molehills."

"I hope I am, Penrose, I hope I am," replied Twisleton, mournfully; "but you didn't see them—I did." and Twisleton sighed deeply.

Then the subject dropped, and we got to work on a small case. Soon, Twisleton, with a self-complacent smile on his countenance, was playing an opinion on his typewriter. "It was to him, I believe, as though each note he struck produced a deep, mellow tone, and not a capital or small roman. I can remember when Twisleton first had his typewriter. In those days he used to sit at it for hours practising, hitting first one note and then the other, at intervals varying between two seconds and two or three minutes, every now and then using the most horrible language, as he put a capital for a small roman or missed a space. Then his efforts looked as though they were the productions of six drunken printers who had each taken an absent comrade's work for the day, and they were always copied before they went to clients. Now the machine went click, click, click, evenly and merrily. Twisleton was a perfect master of it. I had seen him write it with his eyes shut. I have no doubt that if he could have stop on his head, and if it had been consonant with the dignity of a queen's counsel to do so, he could have played his instrument in that posture.

The opinion finished, Twisleton, who was a very methodical man, put a fresh sheet of paper in readiness to commence again, folded and signed what he had written and bade me good-night. His last words to me were:

"I hope you are right about Charley Colston."

"I am sure of it," I said.

"I wish I were."

To-morrow we were to have a long day at Buncombe vs. Badger. When I arrived in the morning Twisleton was at breakfast. I no sooner entered then he laid down his egg spoon, and, rushing at me with a piece of paper, thrust it into my hands.

"Read this!" he cried, excitedly—"read this!"

I noticed that Twisleton seemed unstrung. There was a wild look in his eyes. I read as follows:

Twisleton's procedure at breakfast, which was more extraordinary to me than his strange appearance. The egg he was eating was, to any one with a sense of smell, manifestly a bad one, a most portentous fact to me, who remember hearing Twisleton, who never knew any criminal law—seriously tell the boy from the Cock that he believed a bl'l of attainder would be against him for bringing him a bad egg. What did it all mean? I looked at the paper in my hand; on it were two words, neatly printed: "Charley Colston."

I stared blankly at Twisleton. What did it mean? Twisleton was shaking visibly.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked, anxiously.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Ah!" sighed Twisleton, and added, sententiously: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'" This was the only quotation I ever heard him utter that did not come from the law reports. I believe he thought it was Shakspeare he had invented in his early youth when he first began to believe in ghosts. "But you don't believe in ghosts, who wrote that message on my typewriter?"

Twisleton's manner was very impressive. I felt like a witness committing perjury.

"I tell you, I found it this morning when I went to write a letter just before breakfast. Who wrote it?" he shouted. "Who wrote it? I will know."

"Perhaps Foss," I suggested.

"He left my room here, and can't use the typewriter. I locked the door on him yesterday, but did not believe it. Foss was afraid of overworking himself, and so did not choose to learn it, but any fool could use it if he liked to learn. My opinion was that Foss could use it. He was like the monkeys, who, as the negro said, "could talk if they would, but knew if they did they would be made to work."

"How about the laundress?" I suggested.

"Ah, the laundress," repeated Twisleton thoughtfully. "The laundress! I'll ask Miss Buttick, the laundress, was sent for when Foss came in; but she denied all knowledge of the typewriter or this writing, making a new suggestion, which did not, to our thinking, much advance the solution of the mystery, but this was that the cat was the cat.

"It is a message," said Twisleton, mysteriously; "a message!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Some fellow has strolled in and written the name for him."

"Fun!" cried Twisleton, indignantly.

"Fun!" And then, more quietly, "No, I am sure of it; it is a message."

Very little of Buncombe vs. Badger could I get into Twisleton's head that day. Plans and specifications he seemed to understand, the seductive literary style of the affidavit had no charm for him. He could only gaze at the paper in his hand and murmur, ever and anon: "A message!"

I saw it was best to humor him, and at my suggestion the typewriter was locked up that night, and he took the key with him into his bedroom. We had had a rattling good dinner together, and when I left Twisleton he was in much better spirits.

"If the ghost comes to-night he won't be able to get at the typewriter, anyhow," I said, [illegible]

"Hush! I don't know," replied Twisleton, solemnly. "It is no jesting subject."

I went [illegible] how a man with Twisleton's practice could believe in ghosts, and who the fool had written Charley Colston's name on the typewriter.

The next morning I walked down to Twisleton's directly after breakfast. I found him in the wildest imaginable condition. He had taken every precaution, locking up the typewriter, placing the key under his pillow, and yet there was the message, as he called it, printed in clear, faultless style: "Charley Colston. He is with your wife, Charley Colston."

I must go, I must go. Oh! Penrose, what shall I do? Lady Barndore's party, &c." entered the room.

"Go!" I said; and who is to lead in Buncombe vs. Badger?"

He was silent, and buried all of his face, except his whiskers, in his hands. Even his hands, large and uncouth as they were, could not contain his whiskers.

"Think of Writson & Clame. What will they say?" I urged, seeing the effect that my words had on him. "They rely on you in this case."

The name of this eminent firm seemed to calm Twisleton to some extent.

"My dear Penrose," he said in a trembling voice, "this is a message; I am sure of it. But I will do my duty; I will stay by my clients."

"Twisleton, you speak like a queen's counsel and a man of honor," said I, seizing him by the hand, proud to shake it.

"If it is a message," I added to humor him, "it will come again to-night. I will tell you what we will do. We will watch the typewriter all night."

Twisleton wrung my hand with gratitude at this suggestion of mine, and calmed himself. I made him eat some of his cold chop, and sent for some brandy and water for him instead of the tea, which had already stood in the teapot for more than an hour. Then I endeavored to coach him in Buncombe against Badger, but with small success. Then we went over to the appeal court, in which I took my seat, for though I was not briefed in the case I had nothing else to do, and was interested in seeing how Twisleton got on with it. He was very able at picking up a case as he went along, and the court of appeals stood greatly in awe of him. I had never seen him as nervous as he was to-day—not even on his wedding day—and I was quite frightened for him.

Lord Usher, M. R., supported by Smugg, L. J., and Summerbosh, L. J., formed the court. Twisleton came in late, he had been at a consultation. As he entered I heard two solicitors' clerks say to each other:

"Who's that with the whiskers?"

"Twisleton, Q. C. He has the biggest practice at the bar."

"He looks like a boiled owl," suggested his companion.

"Drinks, I believe," was the reply.

This was horrible for Twisleton was a follower of Prebendary Falutin, the great teetotaler.

But certainly Twisleton had a dissipated look this morning. His eyes were red, and the lines under his eyes were very dark and hollow. His cheeks were pale and yellow. Something of the kind, I fancy, the master of the rolls remarked to Lord Justice Smugg, who nodded assent.

Twisleton rose to open the case, which was a very intricate one, and Lord Usher, according to his constant practice, interrupted him with the regularity of a piece of clockwork every two and a half minutes, and then wondered why he did not understand the case, and shook himself impatiently. Much to Lord Usher's astonishment Twisleton did not deliver any of those stinging retorts by which he was wont to keep the court of appeal in order and frighten their lordships into deciding in his favor. On noticing this, Lord Usher began to chaff and rally Twisleton in a manner that was the admiration of the junior bar, the two lords justices and, not least of all, of the master of the rolls himself. At length Twisleton, on expatiating on the merits of Buncombe's sewing machine, alluded to it as a typewriter. Whereupon Lord Usher said, with a humorous leer, that if it had been a question of typewriters no doubt Mr. Twisleton would have been called as a specialist to give evidence and would not have been arguing the case before them. At which those in the court who knew of Twisleton's fad tittered, and his lordship's namesakes who stand about the court put their hands before their faces and shook visibly for a moment or two, and then called out "hush!" and looked angry. But Twisleton lost his temper over this, and asked his lordship if his lordship meant to hint that the court did not want to hear him, and intimated his intention, if such was the case, of sitting down. And then the whole court was really quite silent for a minute or two, in anticipation of a row, and every one ceased to fidget, and paid close attention to Lord Usher, to hear him, with his blandest and most urbane of smiles, explaining how it was the great privilege of that court to listen to Mr. Twisleton, and what a high value they set upon that privilege, and how it was quite inconceivable to him (Lord Usher) that he (Mr. Twisleton) could imagine for a moment that this court or any other court should wish him to sit down. Whereupon Twisleton murmured that his lordship was very good, meaning thereby that he should like to be with his lordship in a small room where he could give him a bit of his mind. Then the case proceeded quite regularly, until Twisleton handed Lord Usher a lot of papers to explain his case; and Lord Usher coming to one, said, with a knowing side glance at Smugg, L. J., that, from the handwriting, it must be a note of Mr. Twisleton's in another case, as he did not know that any one of the name of Charles Colston was a party to this case. And what would have happened then I don't know; only the court rose for lunch.

I heard two or three people say that day that "Twisleton, poor fellow, was doing more work than he ought to;" that "Twisleton was a clever fellow, but he could not afford to burn the candle at both ends." Indeed, Twisleton's strange conduct in Buncombe vs. Badger was the general topic of conversation in the robing room.

When Twisleton came out of court I had the greatest difficulty to prevent him rushing down to Norfolk by the night train. He was sure it was true; he believed in the message. I calmed him down and we had dinner together at my club. He had to continue his speech in the morning. I tried to coach him in Buncombe vs. Badger, but it was of no avail. I do not think he ever knew for which side he was appearing.

We agreed that we would sit up in watches and so keep our eye on the typewriter all night. There was a sofa in the recess of the window, and Twisleton sent me to bed and placed himself on this. I bade him good night, and took his bed for the first half of the night. About 2 o'clock in the morning I awoke and went to Twisleton. He was wide awake, reading some papers on the sofa.

"Have you seen anything?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he replied.

"Nor heard anything?"

"Not a sound."

We took the lamp to the typewriter and opened it. There was the sheet of paper as he always left it, untouched. Twisleton locked it up again and took the key.

"Put it under your pillow."

"I will," he replied; "it's very good of you to sit up like this."

"It's nothing at all, I assure you," I answered.

"Keep strict watch, won't you?"

"I promise you," I said.

Twisleton shook me by the hand with emotion and went out; he looked very ill and wretched, I thought, and I was sorry for him. Was it a ghost's message, or what, that was making his life a burden to him? Should I solve the mystery tonight?

I waited about an hour and a half. The dawn came peeping through the painted shutters and made the lamp look dim. I was almost dozing—in fact, I had shut my eyes and lost consciousness for perhaps a minute, perhaps more. A sharp clicking sound awoke me. It was the typewriter. There, seated on a chair in front of it, playing nimbly on the queer instrument, was a white, misty figure. It closed the cover down and turned the key. It wheeled around to the door, and I saw the face and whiskers I knew so well; it was Twisleton himself.

My first impulse was to wake him, but I had heard it was dangerous to wake persons walking in their sleep. He wanted all the sleep he could get, so I decided to let him alone, to walk down to my own chambers and get some more rest myself. When I got out into Old square I could not help roaring with laughter. It was too funny. The idea of old Twisleton writing messages to himself on the typewriter and being frightened out of his wits by them. What a story to tell against him! No one would believe it—it was too good to be true.

I awoke a little late the next morning, but went straight down to Old square before breakfast. Alas! I was too late. There was Foss in misery over a hasty scrawl of Twisleton's. He had gone to Barndore by the early train; Foss was to make any excuse he though fit to Writson & Clame. There was the typewriter shattered into a thousand pieces, its intricate machinery a shapeless chaos. I shuddered to think what would happen if there was anything between Charley Colston and Mrs. Twisleton.

In town every one was asking what had become of Twisleton. The rumor went round the law courts that he was insane. I maintained a discreet silence. Mr. Clame was almost crying, as Slokoach, murmuring something about "bad news, and his learned leader," rose to continue Twisleton's opening. Lord Usher, unrestrained by the presence of Twisleton, made the court of appeal a place of fiery torment to that eminent elderly junior, Mr. Slokoach. Bustle, queen's counsel for Badger, was not even called upon to reply; Buncombe and Another were dismissed, with costs.

The early train stopped, as I knew, at every station—forty in number. I could imagine poor Twisleton's state of mind as he pottered along in a slow train to Barndore. He arrived at the house about breakfast time—I have the story from Grimbleton, who was there—he came into the breakfast room and his appearance elicited a shout of surprise.

"What has become of Buncombe vs Badger?" cried Lord Barndore. "Settled, eh!"

"Not that I know of," muttered Twisleton, sulkily; and then, looking round fiercely, asked: "Where's my wife?"

"Not down yet," replied Lord Barndore.

Twisleton looked hastily round, as though in search of some one else, and then tore up stairs to his wife's room. The whole company looked at each other in silence.

There was some explanation about bad news, but the Twisletons never went into mourning; and Mrs. Twisleton seemed very merry all that day. It is true Twisleton was moody and shut himself up a good deal. Grimbleton told me that he never understood the whole business in the least; in fact, in Twisleton's circle it was a nine days' wonder. By the bye, I almost forgot to mention that Charley Colston left Barndore to be married in Scotland the day after Twisleton came to town.

When Twisleton returned to Old square he was a sadder and a wiser man. He gave up believing in ghosts, and did not buy another typewriter. I told Twisleton that I would not let the matter go any further, and I mentioned at the time that he might get me the junior brief in Buncombe vs. Badger, which went to the house of lords, where, through Twisleton's clear arguments, Lord Usher and Lords Justices Smugg and Summerbosh were overruled.

That year, mostly through Twisleton's influence, my fee book credited me with £2,000.

I have kept my secret well, but since Twisleton succeeded Lord Usher as master of the rolls, Lady Twisleton has not called on Mrs. Penrose, and, although my wife assures me that she is rather glad of it, she is always telling me now that she does not think so good a story should be lost to the world as that of Twisleton's typewriter.—Cornhill Magazine.

French Hair Dressers.

Paris is said to contain some 4,000 hair dressers, and the corporation every year gives a "Grand Soiree de Coiffure," when awards are distributed and a ball is given. The exhibition this year has just taken place at the Tivoli Vauxhall rooms. A large round table, covered with crimson velvet and several hand mirrors, with a corresponding number of chairs, were placed on a platform at one end of the hall, and presently the seats were occupied by seven or eight ladies with blonde tresses, who held themselves in readiness to submit their flowing locks to the manipulation of competing artists.

At a signal from the president the rival coiffeurs stepped to their respective places and set to work on the heads of their victims, each one undertaking a different style of dressing. The ladies, meanwhile, make up for their tedium of the process by gazing in the mirrors. There was a coiffure Louis XV, very tasteful and free from exaggeration; then a Pompadour, worthy the head of a queen; a Marguerite de Faust and a Marguerite de Bourgogne, both very prettily contrived; a coiffure mythologique, made up of mountains of false hair; a pyramide, simulating an Egyptian monument, sprinkled with flowers, and a very effective coiffure de bal, consisting of a few thick tresses abundantly sprinkled with sparkling powder. Something, too, was allowed to the masters who excel in prompt improvision and rapid seizing of effects; for there was a prize given for a coiffure imprevue, wherein much dexterous and forcible work appeared.

The successful competitor for this prize, M. G. Moussion, received a gold medal for his pains. His comrades all assert that he was born with a caul. High thinking and plain living are, in fact, necessary for those who would obtain the highest honors in hair dressing; but the true coiffure, like the poet or the cook, is born, not made. No study or application will compensate for the divini afflatus, without which a man cannot write epic poems or successfully dress the heads of young ladies.—Paris Letter.

A boat containing fourteen persons has been successfully worked on the Seine by artificial wires acting on the air and propelled by a rotating wheel.

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

EXPERIENCE OF A CLYDE STEAMER ON THE CAPE FEAR COAST.

Trying to Pass Through the New Inlet. A Cordon of Cruisers on Guard—Beaching the Vessel and Setting Her on Fire.

Our forty-eight-hour trip was uninterrupted by Union cruisers, and we reached the Cape Fear offing about midnight. The blockading squadron, we had learned in Nassau, had been largely increased, and the captain, officers and pilot were on the qui vive. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, a contingency which had been counted upon. All was expectation not unmixed with trepidation on board the Corn Rigs. Even the beautiful lady passenger, who had not made her appearance on deck since she came on board at Nassau, came out on deck and peered through the night glass gallantly tendered by the captain.

It seemed as though every yard of space was guarded by the blockading squadron that night. Three times the Corn Rigs in trying to pass through the new inlet had to turn back when on the point of running directly into a cruiser.

The captain, heeding not the advice of the pilot, resolved on a bold dash. The cruisers had drawn near the shore and made a cordon around the mouth of the new inlet.

Boom! A long, sullen roar from an Armstrong gun at the Mound battery told the cruisers that they were too near. The fiery, screaming shell passed over the inside line of cruisers and only missed the Corn Rigs by a few feet.

"Give her more steam," was the captain's command by muffled bell to the engineer. The runner slipped between two cruisers unobserved, when the way was stopped by a third, which fired two shots in rapid succession. Away, like a fox pursued by a pack of dogs, rushed the Clyde steamer to the north. Then turning almost a complete circle, she again pluckily essayed an entrance.

In vain. Blue lights were burning on half a dozen quarter decks; a dozen rockets went up in air and the roar of a dozen guns added to the excitement of the scene. A shell struck the smokestack, tearing it half away. The frightened lady ran on deck and fainted in the captain's arms.

"Head her round the Frying Pan to the south," shouted the captain, as he conveyed the lady to her stateroom, where her colored servant lay on the floor.

It was 1 o'clock and there was not much darkness to spare. In an hour and a half afterward the Corn Rigs essayed the southern inlet, the distance being reduced by the pilots' knowledge of an intricate passage through the shoals. The captain recklessly headed for the inlet at once. The night glasses showed that he must pass a cruiser, but he steered his boat directly for it. Outside two more were bearing in from the east, and advanced behind us. Lying close to shore, but nearer the forts than the Corn Rigs, was another, quietly waiting to gobble us up. The gray dawn was breaking slowly. We were in the toils.

"Clear away the boats."

That meant that the Corn Rigs was to be beached, and I sprang to help. We were close to shore and the firing was incessant.

Bang, bang; whirr, whirr!

"D—n them!" said the captain bitterly; "they are firing grape shop at us. But they shan't capture this boat."

Two barrels of turpentine stowed forward behind the cable were smashed in with an ax, and the limpid liquid flooded the decks. Meanwhile one boat, smashed to pieces by grape shot, was cleared away and two others lowered. Officers and men crowded into them. Abner, the pilot, with blood streaming down his face from a splinter wound, worked the helm as coolly as on a pleasure excursion.

"Come!" impatiently said the captain as myself and the mate hauled the lady and her servant into the boat. The other boat was on its way to the shore.

"All right," said the pilot, jumping down.

"Crack!" The first mate had fired his pistol into the turpentine. A fierce and sudden blaze enveloped the steamer from stem to stern, as she drove head foremost on the beach. The cruisers, enraged at the loss of the rich prize almost within their grasp, commenced firing with increased rapidity.

Bang! bang! bang!

The water all around the boat was churned almost into foam by the grapeshot. A shot killed one of the men, and I took hold of his oar, with my feet on his bleeding corpse. In a few seconds we were on the beach, beside the burning vessel. Everybody jumped into the surf, and the captain and I carried the lady ashore. The servant was carried ashore, also.

"I 'clar', boss, you is on trouble."

I turned and saw a negro, seated on one of the two wheeled, one mule wagons of that region.

"You are a black angel from heaven," said I to the colored man. "I wish the lady conveyed to some house."

Two or three boats from the cruiser were already at the burning vessel. We drove hurriedly to Smithville, where a better conveyance landed us in Wilmington. Before dark I had the pleasure of handing the lady over to her husband, Maj. Sheldon, a Georgian officer of good family.—Detroit Free Press.

Cure for Sea Craze.

Boys who have a longing to go to sea should read some of the thirty-four cases in San Francisco and New York wherein captains and mates are charged with cruelty toward the men. In ten cases men and boys were beaten to death, and in thirteen others were made cripples. The average sea captain comes as near being a brute as anything molded in human form.—Detroit Free Press.

Prematurely Weary Men.

At the large evening receptions at which there is waltz and galop music the number of prematurely weary men who "don't dance" is larger than ever. When supper is announced, however, the fatigued fellow who "don't eat" cannot be found in the crowded drawing rooms.

Unspeakably Irritating.

Harper's Weekly tells of a well known novelist from New York who withdrew his account from a bank because the teller had a way of throwing down his pass book when he made a deposit that was "unspeakably irritating."—Chicago Herald.

How to Keep Your Temper.

Macklin was a man of very irritable temper and a severe taskmaster at rehearsal, but he made sturdy and habitual efforts to keep his temper down. One morning at rehearsal one of the actors got tired with over particularity, as he called it, and declared it worse than the Prussian exercise.

Macklin paused, looked at the refractory actor and quietly said: "Suppose we all go and sit down a little in the green room." He walked in and the actors followed; he sat down, and they seated themselves; he then took out his watch, looked at it and laid it on the table. "Now," said he, "we'll just sit here one hour." The performers acquiesced, but kept rather an awful silence. At the expiration of the hour Macklin took up his watch. "Now," he said, "we are all in good humor and we'll go upon the stage and begin our rehearsal."—Detroit Free Press.

When Our Generals Died.

Gen. Grant died at the age of 63. Gen. Logan died at the age of 63. Gen. Hancock died at the age of 61. Gen. McClellan died at the age of 60. Gen. Halleck died at 59. Gen. George G. Meade died at 59. Gen. George H. Thomas died at 54. Gen. W. T. Sherman is the only one of the few greatest generals of the war who has passed far beyond the fatal 63, and Farragut, its greatest naval hero, died at 69. Grant, Logan, Hancock and McClellan were men who, in the ordinary course of nature and in circumstances of peaceful life, would have lived, if not to extreme at least to advanced old age. They died years before the time naturally allotted to them. Meade and Thomas were of more fragile mold.—Frank Leslie's.

Once Was Enough.

A man who got up in his sleep the other night inadvertently placed his foot on a small spool of cotton at the head of the stairs and landed at the bottom rather emphatically without touching more than two steps. He was instantly aroused from his somnambulistic state, and caressing a large lump in the occipital region, feelingly remarked: "Well, this is the second time I've been fool enough to go down a toboggan slide, and you bet it will be the last!"—Norristown Herald.

LANGUAGE OF LEGS.

WHAT THE VARIOUS POSTURES ASSUMED IN PUBLIC INDICATE.

A Physiognomist Studies Human Nature in a Street Car—Curious Indications of Disposition and Character—Movements of the Eyelids.

"Did you notice that old man who just went past?" asked a young doctor the other day. "Well, he will sit with his right leg crossing the left,"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Nothing much. Only that any observer can tell what leg a man will cross by the way he wears his clothing."

"You don't mean to say that you know from the appearance of a person how they cross their feet?" I inquired.

"Yes, that's it. You don't believe it? Well, come with me. We'll take a short ride on a street car, and I'll prove my assertion to be true."

A few moments later saw me aboard a car, the sole occupant being a German woman with a basket.

"She don't count?" I suggested, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. You can tell women just as well as men. She will put the left foot over the right." Almost before he had finished, as if to prove the truth of his statement, the left broad shoe was slowly put over the right.

ANALYZING A SUBJECT.

"There's a subject for us," he continued, as a thin young man with an immense walking cane entered the door. "Look how neatly his coat fits; see how his silk hat shines; observe his polished boots. You will notice the height of his collar and his spotless linen. All right now. That man will pull his pantaloons gently at the knee, and then with care cross the right leg over the left."

It was getting rather interesting, and it was with delight I welcomed another passenger. He was fair and fat, but more than forty. His ruddy, over hanging cheeks rivaled his scanty locks in the fashionable tint, "town red." His weight was something remarkable, judged from the space he occupied, but, despite this fact, he dropped but one fare in the box.

"A cherub, eh?" said the physiognomist. "Now, that man is lazy. See how limp his collar is, and how unclean his cuffs. Even the age of slobbering is not past, which is responsible for those marks on his coat. Now, one glance is sufficient to show that he will use great work to get the left leg over the right. See him? It's a difficult task, but he imagines that it is as nicely crossed as any man's can be.

"You will find the majority of people are not over neat about their appearance. While they may be cleanly enough, they haven't much pride in the fit of their clothing; consequently, most people give the preference to the left foot. It is even noticeable by the hands. See our fat man; see how snugly he crosses the right hand with the left. It's the most interesting study one can have, the study of human nature. I practice at it continually. I have taught myself to read people's thoughts."

THE STUDENT CONTINUES.

The car by this time was comfortably filled. Along the opposite side, with the exception of the old man, the left leg was crossing the right. One woman out of the four female passengers crossed right, and if appearance counts for aught I could have told it would be so.

"Another thing I have studied," continued this student of human nature, "and that is the movement of the eyelids. If I want to tell a woman's temper I watch her eyelids. You can read a man in the same way, but not so readily. A woman with a fiery temper will move her eyelids with a snap, and that snap betrays her. Another who is easy going and hard to arouse moves her eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and a temper furious when aroused justly winks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly until engaged in interesting conversation. Even bright thoughts will cause her eyelids to move with rapidity and show the state of the brain as well as her temper.

"Why do I study these human points? you ask. In the first place, because it is interesting to me, and next, because it is useful for a man in public life to have an insight into human nature. When we have learned just such little things as these we can more quickly tell the men or women we come in contact with, which is always an advantage. Clothing, hats, seal sacques, even a place where a button should be, partakes of the character of the wearer and tells a student as plain as print with whom he has to deal."—New York Journal.

An Esquimau Dog Team.

"I am told that there is to be an Esquimau dog team at the carnival," said Mr. J. H. Hubbard, who had charge of the Canadian game trophy at the Colonial exhibition. "It would be a splendid attraction if they have a good team." "Is it not your team that is to be exhibited?" asked a reporter. "No," was the reply. "Mine were stuffed, and I have left them in England. It was the same team which conveyed Maj. Jarvis right through from Fort Churchill, and their reward on arriving at Winnipeg was to be poisoned by prussic acid and stuffed for exhibition. I have the harness here with me." "How many dogs do they usually have to a team?" was the next question. "There are usually four, but very often six or eight. It would not do, however, to have more than four in a team to be driven through the streets, as with the bands of music, the noise and the crowd of people they would be hard to manage.

"The best dog is a cross between a wolf and a collie slut. They are not savage, but on the contrary are very devoted to the man who feeds them. They are very peculiar in this respect. A man may drive a team five years and feed them every night, but if he sells them, the buyer feeds them, and thereupon he becomes their boss. They give implicit obedience to the man who feeds them last. Good dogs are worth from $25 to $50. They used to be employed in drawing fish from Lake Winnipeg into the town, and are often used yet by the Indians who come in on treaty days for their pay. When the Indians have their sun dance they kill and eat the oldest and most worthless of the dogs, for it would never do to have a dance without a meal of roast dog afterward. The Stonies never do this, but the Crees, the Sioux and some other tribes do."—Montreal Gazette.

Not All Satisfied.

"And so your dear Uncle David is dead? Was he sick long?" "Not a great while, but he was a great sufferer. Everything however, was done for him that was possible." "Then, of course, you are all satisfied with his medical treatment?" "Oh, yes; that is to say, all of us except Cousin John. Uncle David didn't leave John anything but the family Bible."—Boston Transcript.

New Newspaper in China.

They are going to start a new newspaper in China. It is to be a weekly journal published in English and called The Chinese Times. The Chinese Times is the result of a successful venture made with a native print, The Sheh Pao, which started last May, and has been prosperous ever since. The secret of its popularity is stated with reasonable pride in the prospectus of the forthcoming paper, and the proprietors confidently trust that by conducting their new paper on the lines of the old they will command an equally wide circulation. Their plan is simplicity itself. They will abuse everybody by turns and no one long; and they hope by rigidly adhering to this principle to be able to boast of The Chinese Times, as they boast of The Sheh Pao, that in the short space of six months "there is scarcely one nationality represented in Tien-tsin but what has more or less articulately complained of the hostility of the paper."—Chicago Times.

Behind the Footlights.

The people who are born to the sock and buskin enjoy a "camaraderie" into which no other less fortunate person enters. Those persons who, as a rule, make the best actors and actresses are those who are born in the profession. The child brought up behind the footlights is sure to know the minor duties of the stage better than the inspired genius who shall study them for years.—Mrs. John Sherwood.

Education.

Dom Pedro is looking out for the education of his subjects. He has recently established a professorship of Semetic languages in his Rio Janeiro university, and he proposes to have chairs of all modern languages as well.—New York Graphic.

Krupp's latest gun sends a ball two tons in weight through thirty-eight inches of gold iron.

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