

across the stern, and the tiller is attached directly to the rear runner, instead of to the rudder post, in which position it did not stand the strain. The speed of this yacht is given by its builder as from ten to forty miles an hour; but this must be with the wind on the beam, as she will not gain much with the wind at a right angle, and hence cannot beat up the windward. When going about, it is done by wearing.

THE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

The ice-bridge generally extends from the Horseshoe Fall to a point near the railway bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot-passengers during the Winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick, rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters, from the dark green of Summer is changed to a muddy yellow; huge icicles, formed by an accumulation of frozen spray, hang perpendicularly from the rocks; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stand in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice.

CHATEAUNEUF DE RANDON.

As I turned the dusty pages of the chronicles of old,
Slowly, idly, hardly noting what the stories that were told,

All at once the sombre writing in resplendent glow was lost,
And I saw a thousand pennons on the Summer breezes toss'd;

And a thousand shields were gleaming in the Summer sunshine fair,
While above the clang of armor sounded forth the trumpet's blare.

Long the distant hills resounded, till, it seemed, the castle-wall,
Gathering up the dying echoes, answered once again the call.

Then the gates swing slowly open, and a war-like form disclose,
Armed and mounted as for battle with his sovereign's deadly foes.

When he speaks, the hosts around him and before seem stricken dumb:
"Lo, the term of days is ended, and my succor is not come!"

"Which among you lily pennons knows Du Guesclin for its lord?
Unto him would I surrender castle-keys and knightly sword."

At a bowshot from the turrets he has checked his steed's advance,
Listening to the voice replying for the leaguering hosts of France:

"Island knight, give up the castle and thy sword as thou hast said,
Though you fared and cyressed banner droops above our hero, dead.

"Each of these is lily-blazoned, each of these for France is borne,
And the laurels of the leader by the nation shall be worn."

"Sir of France," the Britton answered, "by no hope of victory stirred
At the tidings that thou bringest, would I break my knightly word.

"It shall be redeemed in honor; but whatever fate may chance,
Unto none I yield the castle but the Constable of France."

To their midst he rides unhindered; then he makes his riddle clear;
Leaping lightly from his saddle, kneeling by the leader's bier.

With a muttered prayer for blessings on the spirit that has fled,
Lays the symbols of surrender on the bosom of the dead.

From the pages fades the glory, and the sheen of arms is gone,
Yellow grows the ancient parchment, shadowed dark the words thereon.

And the glow and gleam and glitter of this legend of the past
Leave me nothing but the shadow by its Summer sunshine cast.

For the spectral hosts before me in a vision ever rise,
Though no bugle sounds a challenge, and no trumpet's blast defies.

Crowned the ghastly heads with laurel, and the fleshless fingers hold
Symbol palms, that long have withered in the Winter's blighting cold.

They, like Randon's hero, labored, till the cruelty of fate
Mocked them with a show of triumph, with success that came too late.

O the longing for the beauty that the eye may never see!
O the patient, heart-sick waitings for the joys that may not be!

What is hope's most fair fruition after pleasure shall have fled?
What avail the signs of triumph on the bosom of the dead?

MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

ON A BROADWAY CAR.

Three ladies are standing at the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth Street, waiting for a car. Two of them are going up-town; the other has not finished her shopping yet. They have been talking without intermission for three consecutive hours, but have lots of things to say yet before they part, and the car is only a few rods distant. They are blocking the way, so that every one who crosses the street has to walk around them, but they don't mind that. The car nears them, and all three make frantic gesticulations, which the driver feigns not to see. The following dialogue ensues:

No. 1: Why, he won't look at us!
No. 2: The mean thing!
No. 3: Well, upon my word!
No. 1: Yes, he is going to stop. Come, Carrie.

No. 2 (to No. 3, who is not going to take the car): Oh, Fannie, when you are at Grosgrin's don't forget to look at that lovely—

Conductor: Step lively, ladies, please.

No. 2 (continuing her remarks): dolman that I told you about.

No. 1: Oh, yes, do, Nannie, it's perfectly magnificent, and only two hundred dollars—marked down, because it's so late in the season, you know. Well, good-by.

No. 3, Good-by. (They kiss.) I shall certainly look at it, and if I like it I'm going to make Will buy it for me.

Conductor: Are you going up-town ladies?

Ns. 2 and 3 (in unison): Well, good-by!

No. 1: And oh, Fan, do give my love to your ma and tell her that just as soon as I can I'm coming round to spend an afternoon with her. And tell Will that—Well, upon my word, the car has started!

No. 2: I wish I had that conductor's number. I'd have paw go down to the office and make a complaint against him.

No. 3: Never mind, here is another car. Good-by.

Nos. 2 and 3: Good-by. (Car stops.)

No. 3: Say, Carrie, give my love to all the folks.

No. 2: Yes, I will. Good-by.

No. 2: Good-by.

No. 1: Good-by.

Then they get on board the car, and the care-worn conductor wearily pulls the bell strap. There are no vacant seats, but a gentleman gets up and offers them his. Then this altercation follows:

No. 1: You sit down, Carrie.

No. 2: No, you.

No. 1: No, I'm not a bit tired.

No. 2: Neither am I.

No. 1: Now, Carrie, I insist!

No. 2: No, Lulu, I want you to take it.

At this point the matter is settled by a second gentleman, who rises and offers them his seat. They reward him, as they did the other man, with a frigid stare, and sit down. Then the conductor comes in for his fare. He stands on one foot, a far-away expression in his eyes, and listens to this dialogue. He knows from long experience that it is the regular thing on such occasions and cannot be dispensed with.

No. 1: Now, Carrie, you really must let me pay this time.

No. 2: No, indeed, I sha'n't. You paid yesterday.

No. 1: Yes, but you paid for the luncheon.

No. 2: No matter, Lulu. (Has great difficulty in opening her purse, and by a singular coincidence so does her friend.)

The little dialogue continues about two minutes longer, and culminates in the sacrifice of a dime by Lulu, to the secret joy and outward chagrin of Carrie.

Presently Lulu stops in the midst of an animated conversation to exclaim: "Why, he's taken me past my street, the mean thing! He knows just as well as I do where I want to get out. Well, good-by, dear."

She signals the conductor to stop the car and he does so. But she lingers to tell Carrie about Mamie Magruder's *trousseau* and how it didn't come from Worth at all, but was made at home by Mamie's cross-eyed aunt. The tired-looking conductor, to whom this sort of thing is an old story, starts the car again. Then Lulu kisses Carrie and makes a frantic rush for the door, heaping reproaches upon the conductor, who only says: "Can't stand waitin' all day, Miss." And when she has alighted and the car is on its way again, he says to a sympathizing male passenger on the rear platform: "Talk about biles! Job orter had a job as hoss-car conductor, he had."

F. A. STEARNS.

BURIAL ALIVE.

In the year 1400 Ginevra de Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart, that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward, the plague broke out in Florence; Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady and being pronounced dead, was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride woke out of her trance, and badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company, upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging ceremonies allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day, cautiously opened an upper window and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below; in whose upturned face he recognised the lineaments of his dear departed, he cried, "go in peace, blessed spirit," and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle's where the door was indeed opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man who in his hurry forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer made her tremble and shiver as she thought she had waked to life only to

die again in the cruel streets. "Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would not have proved so unkind."

This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage; it would be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renewed her limbs and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly enquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face Ginevra exclaimed, "I am not a spirit, Antonio, I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathising family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her and shut his door against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointments. They however had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife, appeared in public together at the Cathedral to the confusion of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued which satisfied every body except the lady's first husband who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the Bishop who, having no precedent to guide his decision, rose superior to technicalities and declared the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her.

A decree at which we may be sure all the true lover's of Florence heartily rejoiced.

O.

MISTAKEN FOR A PRINCE.

When Theodore Hook was travelling along the south coast, he arrived in the course of his journey at Dover, and alighting at the Ship Hotel, changed his boots, ordered a slight dinner, and went out for a stroll through the town. Returning at the appointed time, he was surprised to find the whole establishment in confusion. A crowd had collected outside the door, the master of the house was standing at the foot of the stairs with two candles in his hands, and on Theodore's entrance he walked backwards before him and conducted him into the principal saloon, where all the wasters were standing, and a magnificent repast had been provided. The wit was much amused at the dignity to which he had been promoted, but being an easy-going fellow, made no scruples, and sitting down, did full justice to what was set before him. Next day he signified his intention of departing, and ordered a coach, when, to his astonishment, a carriage-and-four drove up to convey him to his destination. He inquired with some apprehension what he was to pay for all the grandeur and was no less astonished than gratified on receiving the answer, "Nothing whatever, your Royal Highness."

He was never more thoroughly mystified; but the next night, on taking off his boots, which he had bought ready-made just before he went to Dover, he found "H. R. H. the Prince of Orange," written inside them. They had been originally made for the prince, who was then in England, suing for the hand of Princess Charlotte, and notice had been given that all his expenses while in the country should be set down to the charge of the Government