

how the adventure could have been more terrible."

"Yes, it might," returned he in a hushed voice, "I have had dreams—nightmare dreams—since I was witness, to that occurrence, wherein the infliction took a form even yet more aggravated. Suppose that this Divine, so young and enthusiastic, and with such excellent lungs, had had the gift of preaching extempore? What would have stopped him? certainly not a congregation enfeebled by bran and milk; he might have gone on for ever!"

And there is no doubt he might.

ECONOMICAL GOVERNMENT.

OR THE SCIENCE OF "REPAIRS."

The following outlines for a new play are submitted to the writers of American comedy:

SCENE 1.—The Treasury Department workshop. Enter a messenger, with spoke of a carriage-wheel.

Messenger (to Foreman).—Mr. Saville [Chief Clerk] wants this spoke repaired.

Foreman.—All right. Single or double team? Messenger.—Double, of course, stupid! Do you suppose the Head Clerks of our Department drive their wives or sweethearts around in one-horse drays?

Foreman.—Do I look like a fool? Don't some of 'em have both kinds? and when only a spoke is sent down, how's a fellow to know which kind they are out of?

Messenger.—Oh, I see, your head's level. Hurry the thing up. It's wanted before the holidays, when there's nothing to do, and plenty of time to spurge around on the avenue bright afternoons. And then their New Year's calls, you know.

Foreman.—Tell Mr. Saville we'll do the best we can; but there's a great press for repairing just now. We've got a pair of shafts to repair, double team; and a lynchpin, single dray; and a set of wheels, landaulet, silk upholstery, to outshine Department of Justice; so, you see, we're pressed, but I think with the extra force of "temporary clerks" just put on in the blacksmith-shop, we can come in time.

Messenger.—Well, I'll tell the boss you'll be on time for him.

Foreman (looking at the spoke).—Double, you say; best Spanish goat cushions, brown rep upholstery and linings, silk curtains, circular glass front, silver trimmings, monogram on doors? All right; will be on time.

SCENE 2.—Same messenger at a saddler's on Seventeenth-st.

Messenger.—Here is a buckle that the Treasury Department wants repaired.

Saddler.—Can't undertake it for two months.

Messenger.—Two months! The panic don't seem to have affected your business.

Saddler.—No, indeed! There will be no panic for us as long as the Treasury reserve holds out; but that's got down to \$17,000,000, I hear.

Messenger.—That's so; but I hear 'em talk up there about getting in enough more from taxes before that's gone to keep things moving lively.

Saddler.—But I can't repair your buckle this time, because you see I've got a hitch-strap to mend up into a double set for one department, and a girth to repair—single set, gold-mounted, you know—for another, and three sets, one single, but splendid, and two double, same sort, for some of the bureaus, and all to be done by New Year.

Messenger.—Who can do it? Somehow, this buckle has got to be fixed, and, since every one else is going to shine out New Year's, my boss shan't look dim by the side of any one of 'em. Where can I take it?

Saddler.—There ain't a place in town can do it for a month. Every man in the business has got more mending than he can possibly do. You see, this new-fangled law about unexpended balances keeps the harness and carriage business brisk. If they don't spend it all, they have to turn what's left in; and you know nothing goes so hard here in Washington as turning anything into the Treasury—turning out is popular enough; and, by the way, that reminds me, just let me change that buckle of yours into this splendid ready-made double set, and I can send the whole thing up at once.

Messenger.—But this buckle is silver, and your set is gold mounted.

Saddler.—What of that? How long have you been a messenger or a temporary clerk? What use do you suppose I have for the gold buckle I am taking out? Just take this with you, and when you get the harness and the bill for repairs, why charge it both; you see?

Messenger.—Surely. Make out your bill for repairs of harness, and send to the chief clerk direct. Good day, Sir.

SCENE 3.—A fashionable tailor's on the avenue.

Enter driver and footman in livery.

Driver.—Here is some cloth and silk Missus the Secretary sent down, and won't you please measure me and the footman here, and repair Missus's two liveries—long, double-breasted, high gold buttons, broad collar, deep cuffs, lined with this here blue silk, quilted in, you know, and Missus says be sure and have it beat the turn-out of the Attorney-General all hollow. And repair us both a pair of tight breeches, with bottoms down the legs, and Missus says, while you are at it, just get a couple of cockades for our hats, and get all this mending done as soon as you

can and before New Year's, without any fail, because we've got to stand around among the other Secretaries' teams at the President's reception.

Tailor.—All right. We's mighty hard pushed with our repair—ten sets, as I'm alive—but tell Mrs. Secretary we never failed her before, and we won't this time. Those temporary clerks they send us are pretty spry with their needles.

Footman.—Fix 'em up bully, boss.

Driver.—Send your bill up to the Disbursing Clerk; and make it out for repairs, do you understand?

Tailor.—Of course I do. That's the usual way. There is precious few of 'em has it done any other way.

SCENE 4.—Norfolk Navy-Yard. Enter messenger with a small piece of live-oak in his hand.

Messenger (saluting Commandant, and handing him the block of oak).—Secretary Robeson wants this ship repaired.

Commandant (to marine on guard).—Take lunatic out of the yard.

Messenger.—Here is a letter from the Secretary which I forgot.

Commandant (reads).—Confidential.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR: The block the messenger will hand you is, or it is not no matter, a piece of the sloop-of-war Galena. Congress is stinger than ever, and I couldn't get new sloops authorized, but I did get \$3,500,000 for "repairs," and so am going to "repair" six of our old sloops, and you can fix up the Galena. Take the piece I send and spike it on somewhere. Make the new ship—when repaired, I mean—900 tons, and employ lots of men while the Congressional election is going on, so that Platt will be sure to get back. I've got a quarter of the two Houses fixed up with this sort of thing.—Maine and New-Hampshire at Portsmouth, Hooper and Twitchell at Boston, and so on round to Sargent and his set at San Francisco.

(To the marine).—Never mind taking this man off.

(To an orderly).—Give my compliments to the Chief of Construction and Repairs.

(Enter Chief Constructor).

Commandant.—The Secretary wants this piece of the Galena repaired.

Chief Constructor.—Aye, aye, Sir. Steam or sail? How many tons? Please send down length of keel, breadth of beam, and displacement, and I'll tell the foreman to call all hands and clear out the yard ready to begin.

Commandant.—You seem to understand this sort of thing.

Constructor.—Aye, aye, Sir. When Robeson makes an appointment he selects men who understand his ways. This is a good thing. It will keep us busy repairing for two years at least, and when a ship is once launched she'll have to be finished, no matter who is Secretary.

Whoever concludes to write the play can add to the number of scenes by following the messengers around to gas-fitters, where single burners can be repaired into parlor chandeliers, and to furniture establishments, where a set of casters can be made over into elegant drawing-room sets, and then, if the whole play is written upon the theory that exaggeration is almost if not quite impossible, it will reflect one side of Washington "Court" life with very considerable accuracy.—*Chm. Gaz.*

Karl Weiss's Treasure.

Karl Weiss—so at least the story goes—a student of Göttingen, paid a visit to the ruins of Plesse, situated at a short distance from the town. After wandering about alone he sat down and read until a deep sleep came over him, from which, after some hours, he was awakened by a heavy clap of thunder. By so thick a darkness was he surrounded that he at first believed that he was blind, till a vivid flash of lightning convinced him to the contrary, and while the heavy rain fell densely upon him, he felt that his condition was nearly as desperate as possible. After a while he observed a light, which the storm had not been able to extinguish, advancing toward him, and soon perceived that this was carried by a little old man with a long beard. Seeing that he was somewhat alarmed, the little man bade him not to be terrified, but to follow in his footsteps; and they went on until they came to a deep well, covered by a sort of scaffolding, which, when they had taken their station upon it, gradually sank till it brought them to a level with the water.

"Would you like to remain where you are, or would you rather go down further and see the wonders of the inner earth?"

Though Karl was sheltered from the rain, the situation in which he was placed was not very desirable, and he naturally expressed his preference for a visit to the inner earth. He only asked how, in case he met a race of people to whom he was unaccustomed, he had best conduct himself. The advice given was simple. He was to adhere to the maxim which teaches us to see, hear, and say nothing, as closely as possible, and rigidly to avoid impertinent questions. The people whom he was about to visit were remarkable for their taciturnity; they had but little to do with the upper world, which they only visited at night, and though they were rather well disposed than otherwise toward mankind, they were certainly tetchy, and were very likely to avenge an insult by damaging somebody's cattle.

Thus advised, Karl Weiss followed his leader through a narrow passage, being compelled to bow down his head all the way, while the guide thanks to his short stature, strode on as briskly as possible; and so uncomfortable was this position, and so oppressive was the air, that Karl felt on the point of fainting. Just, however, as his feelings were at the worst, he suddenly found himself on a broad plain, in the open air, dotted about with a number of small villages, which gave signs of rich cultivation, and the darkness which he had hitherto endured was now exchanged for a sort of twilight. After resting awhile by a flowing stream, they proceeded till they came to an exceedingly well-paved street, bordered by small houses, remarkable for brilliancy of colors, resembling those which we see in Chinese pictures. One of the handsomest they entered; it was the residence of the guide; and Karl, conducted into a beautifully-furnished room, was introduced to two very aged men and three very aged women, who, with great state, occupied five chairs, but received him graciously on hearing that he was a well-behaved, docile young man, who had followed his guide without grumbling, and requested him to seat himself beside them. The company was presently increased by the appearance of a young lady, who, though not taller than a child of six, had evidently attained her full growth, and who, with the most winning air, invited them all to supper. Karl, somewhat doubtful as to the nature of his new friends, had resolved, though he was devoured by hunger, not to let a morsel pass his lips; but, at a tact sign given by his guide, he not unwillingly altered his mind, and entered the supper-room with the others.

The meal was not on a large scale. Three dishes only had been served, but the table was most tastefully decorated, the dishes, plates, knives and forks were all of polished silver, and by every cover stood a richly-chased golden goblet. When the meal was finished, the eldest of the company raised his goblet and said what you would call grace, thanking Providence for the good things afforded. Karl, who had consented to eat, felt reluctant to drink; for the liquor in his goblet was of a suspicious color, and he did not like the look of it, but so earnestly was he pressed by his munificent hosts that he could not persist in a refusal without a breach of courtesy. He raised the goblet to his lips, and so thoroughly delighted was he with the exquisite flavor of the draught that he not only expressed his admiration aloud but begged a recipe, which would enable the less fortunate inhabitants of the outer world to enjoy a beverage so delicious. He was informed by the little woman that it was not a manufactured article, but flowed naturally from the earth, and when he asked his hosts why they were so especially blessed, the eldest man looked somewhat serious, and spoke thus:

"Your brethren above, and you among the rest, have all one fault. You do not sufficiently appreciate the gifts which Heaven has bestowed upon you. While you envy us because our wine comes to us naturally, and without trouble, you forget that you have the privilege of beholding the sun in the daytime, the moon and stars by night, which is denied to us, who are obliged to content ourselves with a fainter light."

When those words were concluded a sound like that of a horn was heard, and all the company, falling on their knees, prayed in a low voice. The evening was approaching in this strange country just at the moment when day was breaking in the other world, and candles in silver stands having been brought in, all retired into the room into which Karl Weiss had been first introduced. The eldest man told the student that the storm was now over, and that now he must return to the upper world, assuring him that his hosts could not let him go without a little keepsake.

By this delicate hint Karl was decidedly upset. His visit had proved so agreeable that he had hoped to remain with his new friends for at least a fortnight and further pursue his subterranean studies; however, he found himself compelled to take leave without further ado, and followed, in very sour mood, the little man who had previously been his guide. Soon a sunbeam of joy lit up his dismal features, for he unexpectedly entered a large vault, where grains of gold and silver as large as beans, had been collected in large heaps, and precious stones of incalculable value sparkled in every direction. All his feeling of disappointment was utterly obliterated as he surveyed the glittering treasure, and mentally calculated how much of it his pockets would hold. His brow was indeed a little clouded when his guide made him a present of a dozen precious stones, but the cloud at once passed away when he was informed that he might take as much gold and silver as he could carry. He did not wait to receive that information twice, but in the twinkling of an eye, not only his pockets, but his hat, his handkerchief, and even his boots were full. So generous, too, was the little man, where only metal was concerned, that he made him a present of a small box filled with golden grain.

Having returned to the earth by the way of the well, and taken leave of his munificent guide, he rested himself after a while on a craggy part of the mountain, walking, under the circumstances, being a somewhat painful exercise. Lumps of gold as big as beans in a boot though affording matter for agreeable reflection, are apt to cause a sensation less pleasant. Nor were the reflections of Karl altogether of an unmixed kind. True, he had not unlawfully come by his unexpected wealth; it had been given to him by one who was, to all appearance, its

rightful owner; but then, what was the character of the donor? The discourse and the demeanor of the small subterranean had been decorous and even pious; but, whereas some people are not so black as they are painted, others are a great deal worse. Had he possibly been tempted to sign some compact, after the fashion of Faust, and forgotten all about it? Somehow he felt inclined to wish that he was just as poor as he had been on the day before, when who should come up to him but his fellow-student, young Baron Franz, who had also been indulging in a mountain stroll, and who, in spite of his high lineage, appeared to be in very shabby condition. Now this same Franz, while in the receipt of handsome remittances from his friends, had been remarkable for his insolence toward his more needy comrades, and Karl could not help teasing him a little by making him acquainted with his own good fortune, so completely had the sight of threadbare clothes banished all his scruples on the subject of strangely acquired wealth. So he gave, in full detail, an account of his visit to the little people and its valuable results, and was answered by a shout of incredulity on the part of his hearer, who refused to believe one word of the narrative. Thus challenged, Karl took off his boots with a triumphant smile, showed their contents, produced and untied the pocket handkerchief, unlocked and opened the little box, and suddenly—fell off the crag to the path below.

It is possible that a slight push administered by Franz had something to do with this accident. At all events the fall was mortal, and the first proceeding on the part of Franz was to secure the box and the handkerchief, and to retreat as fast as his load would permit him, leaving in his haste the boots behind him. About an hour or so afterwards they were discovered by Count von Stutterheim, also a student of Göttingen, whom chance had brought to the very spot where what we will call the accident occurred. Boots containing gold are not to be seen every day, even by the rich, and the Count was turning over his treasure trove with much curiosity, when the lifeless body of Karl was discovered on the path below by a number of laborers. The Count was arrested, booty in hand; suspicion that he had caused the death of his fellow-student fell heavily upon him; and though, on the ground that evidence against him was not sufficiently conclusive, he was acquitted by the magistrates, a slur was upon his character which could not be removed.

How, as a matter-of-fact, Karl Weiss obtained the gold which was the cause of his untimely end I never knew. As to the inner-earth story, I did not, of course, believe one word of it, nor indeed, did many other people. I need not, however, trouble you with all the speculations and theories which gradually grew up round Karl Weiss and his gold. It is enough that he undoubtedly had the property. Were not his boots and nether garments stuffed with gold, preserved for years in the town museum?

HATS AS LIFE-PRESERVERS.

In the absence of the proper appliances for preventing accidents by drowning, it may be the means of saving a few lives if we call attention to some suggestions printed in 1868. "On means of assisting persons in danger of drowning," by Mr. Lawson. It seems that this gentleman had taken some trouble to ascertain what articles were most readily and universally to be found at hand in all cases with could be converted into a floating apparatus, either for the use of the person in danger, or of those who might venture to his assistance. Mr. Lawson came to the conclusion that the buoyancy afforded by a common hat reversed on the water, answered in great measure those conditions. A hat thus reversed will admit of being loaded with nearly ten pounds' weight before it will sink, and will bear seven pounds with safety; and as the body of a man is about the same weight as the water, a buoyancy of seven pounds will effectually prevent his sinking. To render the hat more manageable for this purpose, and less liable to fill with water from accidents, Mr. Lawson recommended that it should be covered with a pocket handkerchief laid over its aperture, and tied firmly on the crown; a single hat prepared in this manner, held by the tied part, would, he asserted, enable a man who did not know how to swim, safely to assist any man in danger. When two hats can be had, a stick should be run through the tied parts of the handkerchiefs which cover them, and if more hats can be got, so much the better. Four hats thus fastened to a common walking stick will sustain at least twenty-eight pounds. When a stick is not at hand, another pocket-handkerchief tied to the lower parts of those which covered two hats, would thus unite them like a pair of swimming corks, and make them equally convenient. If a man happens to fall out of a ship or boat, he may support himself till he can get assistance by turning his hat on its crown, and holding by its brim with both hands so as to keep the hat level on the water.

DRIPPING.—An eminent physician recommended a person, who was in delicate health to eat beef dripping on bread or toast instead of butter, as being more nutritious. He did so, and found benefit from it. It is very good and more wholesome for children than butter, and if they only have it twice or three times a week they prefer it to butter.