

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"Not particularly; I mean, not at all. How dreadfully absent I am growing! Do you know, it's positively half-past ten. I had no idea it was so late!"

"It doesn't matter as far as I am concerned. Are you going to see the dog now?"

"Yes," and Grace is gone.

Mrs. Danger picks up Tootoo, thereby threatening that pithoric demon with instant asphyxia, and strolls off to the drawing-room, wondering whether she does really look so very ugly in *vert du Nyl* after all.

Now there is a good deal to be done for the strange guest Grace finds, when she gets out to the stables, under shelter of a huge umbrella and her waterproof; and by the time she has supplied him with fresh rations and a new bed, and is padding back up the miry road to the kitchen-door, half-past eleven is chiming from the church-steeple hard by. Vigorously she scrapes her boots before invading cook's snug sanctum. As she administers one final searching rub on the mat to her muddy toes, a sharp double rap salutes her ears.

"Whoever can that be, at this time of the morning?" thinks she, pausing; while Susan dashes out of the pantry and opens the hall-door.

Grumble, grumble. Their early visitor is a man, then. Away rustles Susan to the drawing-room. Back she comes again, more grumbling, the sound of masculine feet in the hall, the closing of a door, and—silence!

Miss Baird betakes herself to the pantry, wherein the clink of cups and saucers denote that Susan has resumed her occupation of washing up the breakfast-things.

"Who is in the drawing-room?" she inquires, unbuttoning her waterproof and pulling it off.

"That there gentleman as I went after last night, miss."

"What, Captain Tewel, the dog's master?"

"Yes, miss; that were the name on the card; and missus said as I were to ask you to go to her directly you come in."

"H'm!" ejaculates Grace. "A pretty spectacle I am, too, for men and angels, after fishing about in the rain after that animal. Do put me to rights a little. Thanks. What's Captain Tewel like?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, miss, but 'e's not much to look at in my opinion, beyond bein' as big as a 'ouse! 'E ain't got no color, nor nothin' of that sort!"

"O!" and with a final pat at her plaits, Grace forthwith obediently hastens away to undergo the ceremony of introduction to this huge and colorless person.

"It is eight years since I was last in England," remarks he most sedately, as she reaches the drawing-room door.

An old Indian officer evidently, with a moustache as gray as a badger, and a liver the size of a pea.

A moment's hesitation, and she enters the room. Alas for the fatuity of her speculations! No old "Indian officer" is Captain Tewel; rather a remarkably handsome well-bred looking young man, with the very grayest eyes Grace has ever seen, she thinks.

"You see you are fated to lose your pet, dear!" smiles Louie, after all the functionary bowing and commonplaces are disposed of.—"I can assure you, Captain Tewel, Miss Baird has regarded your dog as her own especial property for the last twenty-four hours," turning graciously to that gentleman.

"Since when have you made that discovery?" laughs Grace, trying hard to feel at her ease, and coloring with the effort.

"I'm afraid he isn't handsome enough to incite any one to break the tenth commandment," says Captain Tewel. "His virtues lie below the surface."

"So I should imagine," replies Grace, somewhat dryly, looking straight at him for the first time.

Louie wonders whether she sees how well favored he is, with his bronzed, clean-outlined face, his crisp bright-brown hair, his acute dark eyebrows, his keen deep-set eyes, his rarely symmetrical figure, moulded grandly from head to heel.

"A man among men," thinks Mrs. Danger dogmatically, and she is right; but Grace indulges in no such critical reflections. She only begins to find it exceedingly possible that this individual, with the head of the immortal "quoit thrower," may turn out to be, verily and indeed, the Rae Tewel of her childish memories; for Rae had, as far as she can recollect, just such eyes and hair, and just such a sunny look all over his face, when his world wagged to his liking.

It is not her place, however, to be the first to broach the subject of his identity with her whilom playmate; if he cares to remember old days, he will remember them without her aid. So they all three talk on about the dog, whose name is "Mick," his adventures, his talents, and general characteristics, with the happiest accord, as though the universe were Mick, and Mick the universe.

"We must have him up, and let him go through his performances," says Louie presently. "He will prove quite a blessing in disguise if he's amusing. A rainy day is such a fearful infliction!"

"What would you say to our rainy seasons in India? No sun, no books, no anything but the deluge for weeks at a time!"

(To be continued.)

An Odessa paper publishes a deplorable account of Southern Russia. The wheat in many places has been actually burnt up, and will not yield more than enough to pay the cost of sowing. Streams and wells have become exhausted over a wide tract of country, and cattle are selling very cheap because people cannot afford to feed them. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and in the matter of the wheat crop Russia's scarcity is America's opportunity.

COFFEE drinkers may feel an interest in knowing the average consumption of that article per head, in various parts of the world. It is said to be as follows: England, 1½ pounds to each person; France, 2½; Germany, 4; Denmark, 5½; Switzerland, 6; Belgium, 8½; Holland, 10½; United States, 7 pounds; but in California, which appears to "beat all creation" in this as in so many other things, it amounts to 16 3-5 pounds, or excluding Chinese and Indians, who do not drink coffee, to 20½ pounds.

A MASSACHUSETTS woman has recently patented a self-fastening button which needs no button-hole, holds fast, and yet unbuttons at a touch. Another woman out in Iowa has invented a machine for making lace, which runs one hundred bobbins, and makes collars, handkerchiefs and all the other fanciful articles of feminine wear, said to be equal to the best importations of the kind. If things go on at this rate we shall have women besieging the patent office as persistently as men. There will be no masculine retreat safe from the advances of the coming woman.

It is calculated that there are in France 22 children in every 100 short-sighted. This is not as a journal hints, to be set down to raticatum, but to the defective lighting and fitting up of the public schools, the wretched paper employed for copy and class books, and above all to the execrable type. The desks are so low, and the seats out of all proportion with them, that spinal affections are traced to this cause. Indeed a medical authority, a Legitimist—because it is essential to mark the political inclinations of savants—attributes the diminutive stature of his countrymen to the same circumstances.

BULWER says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt is the happier man of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

It appears from the "Congressional Directory" of the last Congress that of 317 senators and representatives only about eighty-seven were graduates of a college; but this number is not to be taken as absolutely correct, for the biographical notices of the directory in a few instances say nothing about education, and in others are suspiciously ambiguous. Of the real colleges in the United States there are altogether about fifty real graduates in the two Houses of Congress, who represent the educated material in that body. The truth is, that the present political system in the United States does not bring into the public service the truly self-educated and self-cultured men of the country, but merely those whose self-making rises no higher than the very low levels of money and party machinery.

ONE of the celebrities of the Quartier Latin, a Bohemian of long standing, who went by the nickname of Button d'Or, died the other day in the deepest poverty. He was in reality the Vicomte Boutonnet de Saint-Vallère, and had graduated in letters and in law. At the beginning of his Bohemian career Bouton d'Or was famous for his generosity; his purse was always open, and the wild youth of the Quartier Latin did not scruple to help themselves from it. Latterly, however, he made a livelihood by helping the students of law and medicine to write their theses, and was considered an excellent hand at eliminating the solecisms and barbarisms which occasionally disfigure such productions. He was to be seen every morning and evening at establishments noted for the best absinthe, where he held forth to the students while partaking of his favorite beverage. His death, which occurred when he was but forty years of age, was, in fact, caused by absinthe, the first glass of which, he used to relate, was given him by Alfred de Musset, the day after a distribution of prizes, at which he had obtained some success.

THE preservation of Moses in the bulrushes was not more miraculous than that of a little boy in Illinois, who was lately saved from death under the following circumstances. It seems that a Mrs. King and her infant son were passengers the other day on board a steamer, the *Jennie Fourth*, that struck a snag and sank in the Ohio river. Several passengers were drowned, among whom were several children. Mrs. King was rescued and brought to Shawneetown without her baby, whom she gave up as lost. The next morning a party of men went out to the vessel to recover the bodies of the lost. Soon after daylight a mattress was discovered floating in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling. Upon examination a little boy was found on the mattress sleeping as

peacefully as though nothing unusual had happened. His bed was not dry, but still it floated bravely with its living freight. The child was at once sent to Shawneetown, where the other passengers were landed the evening before, and a crowd of mothers who had lost their children at once gathered round it in a state of painful excitement. Great was the joy of Mrs. King when she recognized her own baby, who had been tossing about on the waste of waters all night.

EUROPE has got rid of another pretender since the decease of the ex-Duke of Brunswick. An old man of eighty has just died in a shabby house of the Rue Vaugraud, at Paris, who was known to his friends by the title of the Prince of Crouy-Chanel, in Hungary, and as claimant to the throne of that kingdom. These titles he had inherited from his father, one of the emigrant noblesse who fled before the Reign of Terror, and whose son, now deceased, was born at Coblenz, the chief seat of the emigration, in 1793. How the family had originally got into France is not stated; but it is certain that for some generations the prince's ancestors had used the title by which he called himself, and maintained the royal claim just ended by his death, which they affected to derive by direct descent from Arpad, the last native King of Hungary. Taken into Louis XVIII.'s service after the restoration, the late prince left it after a few years to take part in the Greek revolution. He is said to have been concerned later in Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt at Strasbourg, and was probably a dependant on his bounty during the Second Empire, since the fall of which he had lived in almost abject poverty. His pretended claims extended to the formerly independent Duchy of Modena, and the present Pope conferred on him the order of St. Gregory.

LEARNING LIVING LANGUAGES.—Children learn their vernacular language inductively. They understand many words before they are able to utter them distinctly. From those notorious facts it is manifest, that the practical way of learning a living language, is to associate familiarly with those who speak it. By this means, not only the meaning of the words, but the most salient of the grammatical rules, are habitually though imperceptibly impressed on the mind. The next best way of getting a practical knowledge of a language is to read newspapers published in it. For business purposes, a more than sufficient knowledge of German or French, can be easily learned from a few newspapers published in those languages, provided that the student is already somewhat acquainted with the elementary portion of the grammar of either of them. Experience seems to be conclusive on the fact, that it is impossible for any person, who learns a language out of books, to ever speak it like natives do. Therefore, our young ladies, who learn French at the rate of about twenty-five dollars a word, must not imagine that they can successfully counterfeited the Parisian accent. They can do no such thing. And if they doubt what we say, let them bear in mind, that many persons of French and German origin, speak English more grammatically than these young ladies themselves do, and yet their foreign accent is an invariable concomitant of their use of our language. We recommend these considerations to the attention of all concerned.

HOW TO CATCH A CANARY.—"The real way to catch a loose canary," says a writer in *Scribner's*, "is to collect all your friends and family and post them around the tree or fence where the canary is at bay. Let them all furnish themselves with plenty of bits of kindling wood, sods of grass, lumps of dirt, hunks of brick, curry-combs, boot jacks, porter bottles, and other handy missiles, and let them fire away boldly at the canary. If the bird cowardly turns tail and flies off, let everybody follow and slam-bang at him with their utmost vigor. It will be hard to confine this entertainment to your immediate circle. No boy whose heart is in the right place and who has any legs will refrain from the pursuit, and there are men who would leave a dentist's chair to mingle in the fray. There are cases, too, where a funeral would hang by a thread, as it were, in the vicinity of a canary hunt. Even from the windows of upper rooms, where sickness or dishabille may detain unfortunate enthusiasts, there will come, ever and anon, a frantic wash-bowl or a whizzing lampchimney to testify the universality of the public interest. Of course, in this rapid free distribution of firewood and paving materials, it will not be long before several of your relations will wish they had brought a tin umbrella along. But considerations of mere personal comfort must not be allowed to interfere. If you keep this thing up long enough, and you all fire pretty straight, you'll be sure to get your canary. And then you can have him stuffed."

ONE ghost at least has been accounted for. The story is that a wakeful man in Halifax, looking from his window at midnight, saw several unscrupulous cows foraging in his cabbage-garden. Accoutred as he was, a man in white, albeit the wind was high and the rain was heavy, he rushed to the rescue of his beloved esculents. Two sentries stationed near by, beholding this spectral figure wildly flitting about the field, believed it to be a sepulchral visitant, and called out the guard to witness the phenomenon. With fixed bayonets the guard advanced unseen by the enthusiastic cow-chaser, so that when he did discover the soldiers he was as much frightened as they were, and retired to his house wet and disgusted. The cows seem to have got rather the best of it.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a corn field. "Well, work away," said the industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe, every one that thirsteth.'"

A FACETIOUS young lady wickedly remarks that the reason that the peculiar equipages seen at watering places are called dog-carts is that puppies always ride in them.

A NEGRO held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?" "Ye!" "Dea," said Cuffee, "hold de cow your self."

A CLEVELAND copper speculator fell asleep in church, from which he was awakened by the pastor's reading, "Surely there is a vein for silver and a place for gold, where they find it." Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying, "I'll take five hundred shares."

A FARMER lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, Minnesota, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron-wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found—not a gimlet, but a three-quarter inch auger! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a two-inch auger was just what he wanted.

A NOTED horse-jockey, "down East," was awakened one night by a violent thunder-storm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with, "Wife! wife! do you suppose the Day of Judgment has come?" "Stut up, you fool!" was the affectionate reply: "how can the Day of Judgment come in the night?"

A MINISTER who had a negro servant in his family happened one Sunday when preaching to see the negro, who was at church, and who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Takin' notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought the notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all de time dat you was preachin' it."

ANDY JOHNSON is as big a demagogue as ever. A countryman came into town last week with a bundle of jeans to have a suit of clothes made for his negro. He saw Andy standing on the corner, and said, "Well, Andy, you used to be the best tailor in these parts, and I wish you'd cut out this suit of clothes for my boy Jim here." "All right," says Andy, and they stepped into a shop near by, and in five minutes an ex-President might have been seen swinging round the circle of a negro, taking his latitude, longitude and bearings for a suit of clothes. Andy is very ambitious, but whether such tomfoolery as this will get him into the Senate is more than any one can tell.

HERE is a pleasant story of the Rev. Dr. Stone, the immediate predecessor in the pulpit of the Rev. Adirondack Murray. Dr. Stone, whose church was in Boston, resided in the beautiful suburb known as Brookline. Fond of a good horse, and owning a fine turn-out, he was accustomed to drive into town every Sunday, and used to maintain that the ride gave freshness and life to his ministrations in the pulpit. One stormy winter Sabbath morning he overlooked a respectably dressed young woman slowly plodding through the snowy street, carefully holding under her closely wrapped cloak what seemed to be a baby. The doctor, always gallant, stopped his horse, and politely offered to give her a place in his comfortable sleigh, at the same time mentioning his name and profession, and adding that he admired the courage and zeal which impelled her to walk to church with her baby on such a stormy day. Slightly embarrassed, she still accepted the invitation. "Let me take the child till you get in," said the courteous doctor. "Thank you, sir," said the young woman, with a blush and a laugh, "but—it's a pot of baked beans!" The doctor accepted the situation, joined in the laugh, and drove the good housewife to her own door.

LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.—Little Nellie, whom we all see every day dancing around the parlors, won her mother's permission to sit up in the ball-room every night for a week, by proving that she had four fathers.

How did she do it? This was the way: "Now, ma, I have one more father than no little girl, haven't I?" "Yes, pet."

"Well, no little girl has three fathers; and, if I have one more father than no little girl, then I must have four fathers."

Alas! we've all got forefathers, but little Nellie went a step farther than us all in her logic.

Another little girl toddled up to a venerable "mother in Israel" here, yesterday, who was leaning over engaged in reading, and, smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful silver hair, she said: "Why, ou has dot such funny hair—ou has." Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?" "O, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady. "Didn't it hurt you?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement. It was the first time she had ever seen gray hair.

MARSHAL O'Donnell, when on his dying bed being asked by the priest if he forgave his enemies, faintly replied, "I haven't any; shot them all."