

"To me, mother?" laughed the girl. "Ah, no! But there are many more serious objections to me: I am poor; I am not pretty; I am not accomplished. So fine a gentleman would never give me a thought, nor should I be bold enough to think of him except as of anything else beautiful the good God hath made. I view him with my father's eyes—the eyes of an artist. Did the apple blossoms ever prove false, mother? It seems hard to believe that such innocent, lovely things could. But in my case I fear—"

A sharp rap at the kitchen door broke in upon her speech, and stepping to it, with the flask holding the apple bough still in her hand, she opened it wide. In one instant her whole face glowed with the crimson of her cheeks and lips, for there stood he of the "lovely eyes" and "the smile of a saint."

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I have been knocking for some ten minutes at the front door, and because of the wind, I suppose—which sound more like a March than an April wind—could not make myself heard. So I ventured around this way. You are Mrs. Odea?" addressing the widow, who was vainly trying to brush the flour from her hands with her gingham apron.

"I am. Won't you come in, sir?" she answered.

"No, thank you, not now. I have called to request your presence at Mr. Stahl's to-morrow morning at ten. You will be needed as a witness in his suit against his neighbor Abel Stowe, in which I am retained." And replacing his hat, he handed her a card, and disappeared almost as suddenly as he came.

"Sylvester Parmenter, Counsellor-at-Law," read Celestine. "Perhaps he's not her lover, after all. But oh, mother, how long do you think he has been at that door?"

But that she never found out until the morning of her wedding day, when Sylvester said to her: "The apple blossoms did not prove false, darling; but they might have done so, if in my case the adage, 'Listeners hear no good of themselves,' had proved true."

SMUGGLERS' DOGS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

"Shocking thing, this telegram," said a friend yesterday, as he put down the *Herald*, "about these dogs in Mexico."

"Dogs in Mexico?" I asked. "What is the matter with the dogs in Mexico?"

"Why," said my friend, "they are training them to carry contraband goods over the customs line, and to evade the frontier duties; that's what's the matter with the dogs in Mexico. In my opinion it's shocking."

"Well," I replied, "I agree with you that it is immoral, in a general way, to evade lawful demands, but I think that if I ever felt a sneaking kind of sympathy for any class of criminals, it is smugglers. Now only last trip my wife managed to—"

"Oh," broke in my friend, "never mind your wife. Why, I admire smuggling just as much as you do, and it's only six months ago that my wife did the same. It is not that that is shocking; it is the immorality of teaching dogs to be as dishonest as men, that I object to. Just listen to this: and he took up the paper again and began to read. "The dogs that are taught to run the blockade have the contraband goods strapped on to their backs, and are then told to 'go home.' Having been carefully shown the way once or twice before, the dog goes off at once, and displays the utmost sagacity in eluding the customs men. He recognizes them at any distance, and rather than risk passing within gunshot of a suspicious-looking person, will travel to his destination by a circuitous route. But the extraordinary thing is this, that when the dog is coming back empty-handed, so to speak, he comes straight through the town, and doesn't even mind calling in by the way on his canine acquaintances who live in the custom-house yard." Now sir—and he put down the *Herald* again—"I call that shocking. Here are these poor dogs being hopelessly demoralized to the level of a Mexican. Why, you see they have already learned to distinguish between right and wrong, and understand the meaning of 'being dishonest'! What right, I want to know, have we men and women got to deprave dumb animals, to educate them in wrong-doing, or to corrupt their original natures? When it is done by accident, I don't mind so much, as the other day with those geese over at Apfel."

"The geese over at Apfel?" I put in. "I didn't hear of that."

"Didn't you? It's a sad story, all the same. Why, an old farmer's wife was preserving some peaches in spirits, and finding the mess had gone wrong, she emptied the pan out of the window into the yard. As it happened, her geese were going by at the time, and seeing her throw something out to them, as they thought, they ate up all the brandy-peaches on the spot. In about five minutes they were all as drunk as Noah, and the old lady, hearing the noise, looked out to see what was the matter, and there, to her astonishment, she saw her misguided poultry behaving as if they were mad. The old gander, usually as solemn and grand as a sergeant-major, was balancing himself on his beak, and spinning round all the time as if he was a mop-head trying to dry itself. And the old goose, as a rule, the discreetest of birds, was lying stomach upward in the gutter, feebly gesticulating with her legs. For the rest of the geese, they were all lying in a heap out by the

pig-sty in a helpless confusion of feathers. The old lady could not think what to make of it; so she called in the neighbors, and they, good souls, told her straight out of hand that the birds had died of poison. So they all set to, then and there, as next day was market-day, and plucked the whole lot as bare as the palm of your hand. Early next morning the dame comes down, intending to take the feathers to market to sell, but meaning before she went to bury the bodies. So she takes the shovel, and out she goes. And there on the door-step, with headaches like so many Christians, but not a feather between them all, stood all her plucked geese! Not a word did they say; but they just stood and looked at her. It was a painful situation, wasn't it?"

I assented, and he proceeded. "She knew she had done wrong in judging so hastily. Here were geese shivering on the door-step. There in the corner was the bag full of their feathers. But what could she do? She tried to stick some of the feathers on with paste, but they clammed up, and would not lie flat. And then she tried glue, but what with the tears running out of her eyes, and the goose jumping every time she dropped a drop of hot glue on it, she made no way at all. And the rest stood round all the time waiting for their feathers, thinking the dame was sure to put them on again soon. But they never said a word, and this only made her cry the more. If they had abused her, it would have been a kind of relief. Or even if they had asked for a lemonade, it would have given her a chance of doing something. But as it was, she could do nothing but go on crying and dropping the hot glue on to the goose in hand. But after a bit the goose would not stand it any longer, and went off with just the few feathers which the dame had got to stick on, and the rest all followed. They were disgusted; that's what they were—disgusted. She made them flannel jackets afterward; but that did not calm them. They had been used to trust in her, to eat whatever she gave them without any suspicions, to come round her on an evening to be stroked and let into their roosting place, to look upon her as a friend. But now they would not trust her for a cent. Hadn't she made them drunk, and then taken advantage of their condition to pluck them, and hadn't she refused to give them back their feathers again? After that there was no confidence to be placed in her, or in any other human. And though their feathers grew again, those geese are the wildest, scariest, uncatchablest geese in all Apfel."

"That is indeed," I said, when he came to a stop, "a very deplorable episode."

"And then," continued my friend, warming to the subject, "what right have we to go grumbling at lions that eat up their keepers? Just see what we men do. In Belgium, for instance, they harness a dog to a cart, and try to make him believe that he is a donkey. The dog can't do that—not altogether; at any rate not a first-class donkey. But he does forget that he was once a first-class dog. He gets sulky and sulkily, and ends up by being neither dog nor donkey. Again, have you ever seen those performing cats that let canaries go hopping about their heads as if they didn't know that canaries were cats' meat? I don't like it. It isn't good for little birds to think nothing of cats, nor for cats to respect little birds. They ought to eat them straight off; not fool about in a show with them. And yet we expect lions not to eat keepers when they get the chance! Now suppose you get a well-grown, healthy boy, and shut him up in a cage, and let him get ravenous, and then put a pie into his cage. What would you expect him to do? Would you expect to see him hand it you back through the bars, or pretend not to notice it, or to sit upon it, or play foot-ball with it? No, you wouldn't. You would expect to see him go for the pie like mad, and begin to eat it. Well, then, when a hungry old lion happens to look round, and sees a whole man inside his cage, why should you be vexed if he doesn't understand the situation, and helps himself to the man? It's all very well for you to say that the keeper wasn't put inside the cage to be eaten, but only to clean out the cage, or do something or other. But the lion was not told that. Things were not explained to him properly. And the construction he puts on the circumstance is not the least discreditable to him; and I only hope keepers don't disagree with lions when they do eat them. I hate to see the natures of animals corrupted, or the animals abused for being natural either."

"Perhaps you are right," said I; "but I am not sure that it is quite fair to 'the animals' for men and women to monopolize all the vicees."

PHIL ROBINSON.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

AT SEA.

The steamer has passed the Narrows; the sky is blue, the sea bluer; the long, lazy swell scarcely raises the bows of the huge hulk, and the faint, sweet June wind scarce ripples St. George's cross at the masthead. The docks are crowded with pretty toilets, donned for the embarkation, and the last looks of friends and admirers; steamer-chairs, brand-new rugs, cushions, paper-novels and parasols are brought into play for the first—and some, alas!—for the last time. Every soul is on deck—the Italian opera singers, the British tourists, the New York family with the four pretty daughters, the California millionaire with his wife, the clergyman whose flock have granted him a change of

air—all are here, and all are smiling and congratulatory, as the chances are that few of them will continue to be for very long. Two cages of canaries, brought by the sons of Italy, are trilling lustily in a shady corner of the deck; the morose pug, tugged in a leash by the British matron, barks madly at the birds, at the matron, at the legs of the passers-by, at the sea, and the universe in general—uttering, it may be supposed, a Cassandra-like prophecy of ill-to-come, whereof this Summer-sea as yet gives us no warning hint. Everything is delightful, and everybody has assured the hopful voyagers that they are to have uninterrupted balmy weather and favorable gales for the entire run.

Below, the aspect of things is less sunny. Who has not felt a cold and awful sinking of the heart at the first descent of those dark and melancholy stairs, into the bowels of the vessel which is to be one's prison for—let us put it mildly, and say nine days? Everything is solid and sombre and frightfully secure. In your seven-by-nine stateroom, everything that can be made fast is fixed immovably; only your wrap on the hook in the corner is beginning to sway with a slight and regular motion. Can one sleep in those little, boxed-up shelves, like the niches of the Catacombs? and what do fat men, and tall men, do at night? for surely they can never compress themselves into these limits! Such questionings float through one's soul at the first inspection; and the later query, at least, has never, to me, been satisfactorily answered.

The first evening in this darksome cell is one of presentiment and gloomy foreboding, but the morning following is fraught with fulfillment and certainty. All night long there has been a vague sensation of *bouleversement*, and a gradually increasing consciousness of that long ocean swell which sounds so fine in verse, but which, on intimate acquaintance, proves so peculiarly uncomfortable. With the gray dawn of day through the porthole, we are aware that the vessel has begun to perform those gymnastic feats known as the "pitch" and the "roll"—that is to say, she is going in every possible direction all at once, and all the movables in the stateroom—to wit, our dresses, bags, umbrellas, shoes and stockings, bottles of liquid blacking, books, portfolios, hats and rugs, are going with her. F—, invisible in her lower berth, remarks: "It has begun!" It has, and could one but foresee that "it" was to go on for eleven days! But I anticipate.

It is not the easy to perform one's toilet under these conditions, and the wise woman will never attempt it. She will remain in her berth until the crisis within herself has come and past, and not tempt Providence by struggling with closed eyes and wildly clawing hands through the intricacies of buttons, laces, etc. The act of washing the face is nearly fatal under the circumstances—the use of the toothbrush in any other than a recumbent posture, is almost sure to be fatal. That first toilet at sea was to me a revelation, and stands out in memory as a landmark of awful experience—an experience indescribable and incommunicable by the words of any mortal language. To it the phrase dear to the novelist can only fitly be applied—"Over what ensued we will draw a veil!"

It becomes of the first importance to the female voyager to know how to dispose of her "things." In all human probability, she has brought with her at least three times as much *impedimenta* as she requires, in which case the sofa under the porthole is buried under a mound of wraps, parasols, shawls, baskets, books, etc., and the hooks are freighted with changes of raiment which swing like mutineers at the yard arm. If there be any reader of these lines who has not "been in Europe," and who perchance is going, let me give a few brief hints out of the depths of personal experience, and the first and most important shall be—a wall-bag.

The inestimable *compagnon du voyage* is a square of hotiand, divided into pockets of varying size, two at least being large enough to hold night dress and flannel wrapper, while the rest contain slippers, toilet articles, soiled linen, and all the odds and ends for which—in a stateroom—there is literally no place. The stateroom trunk under the berth is frequently as inaccessible as though in the bottom of the hold, for when the floor is alternately flying in your face and swooning sickeningly away under your feet, and the walls slanting miraculously right and left, the going down on one's knees and wrestling with lock and key is a thing not to be thought of. Everything, therefore, that is likely to be wanted should be arranged in the bag at starting; the crocneted slippers, the supply of handkerchiefs and collars, the hand-glass, combs and brushes, and the little personal indispensables which are to each woman an *idiosyncrasy*. Finally, provide yourself with a rubber bag for hot water, which has a wonderfully soothing effect in aggravated cases of the prevailing malady; put in no specifics against this scourge to those who travel by water, but, on the contrary, if fond friends have given you any prescriptions, throw them overboard at once. When the universal doom has seized you, succumb without a struggle; get into your flannel wrapper and into your berth, and there lie quietly until the agony is over and past.

Above all things, make unto yourself a friend of the bedroom steward. He is the mainstay and support of the seakick female, who is apt to find the stewardess wanting, and who is sure to crave little soothing drinks and edibles at unholy hours of the morning when that functionary is asleep. The steward apparently never sleeps, and is never tired. He will bring you tea at early dawn, cracked ice at all hours,

beef tea when the stewardess swears there is nothing but chicken broth, and *vice versa*; he will feed you deftly in your berth, or carry you up on deck, and his respectful devotion will never flag. Shall I ever forget the smiling vision that was wont to appear in our stateroom door at seven bells, A.M., bearing the tea for F—and the bowl of cracked ice and orange for me? He was generally all aslant, and describing right angles with the stateroom door, but invariably smiling. "Good-morning, ladies! A little fresh this morning, isn't it? Was his salutation while the seas were thundering over the decks above us, and the dishes flying across the saloon beyond, and the water, pouring down the scuppers, resembled a young Niagara. Blessed be the shade of Olmsted! and may the "young lady," whom he modestly confessed to having "in his eye," find him ever as devoted to her well-being as did the passengers of that good ship to theirs!

Descriptive writing upon a sea voyage is never complete without some allusion to starlight and moonlight nights, sunrises and sets, flirtations on deck, indissoluble friendships formed there, etc. Mine, however, must come to a lame conclusion, for I am entirely oblivious to any of these blissful concomitants of an ocean trip. I never saw the sun rise or set—in fact, I rarely saw it shine at all between the "Banks" and the Goodwins. I never made any friendships at sea, for the deep misanthropy consequent upon *mal de mer* inclined me rather to trample on my fellow creatures (had I been able) than to converse with them. As to flirtations, I was quite ready to leave that to the four pretty New York girls and the little curly-headed purser, who put on a different coat every day, smoked cigarettes all day long, and fed all the ladies once a day with Everton taffy. My voyages in these respects have been failures. Let me hope that the reader of these words will have a fuller and more complete experience when she tempts the dangers of the deep.

FOOT NOTES.

SOME of the London papers are discussing the advisability of a club for ladies exclusively being formed, as a convenience to shoppers, etc. The only ladies' club at present in the city, also admits gentlemen to membership.

AN ancient Byzantine reliquary has recently been found at the bottom of a long unopened shrine at Poitiers. It is said to be the reliquary of the true cross that was sent by the Emperor Justinian to St. Radegonda. If so, it dates back to the sixth century. Its form is that of a small tablet of gold, covered with cloisonné enamel.

THE professors of the University of France have often expressed their regret that nowhere could they find complete sets of the German academical dissertations. The Minister of Public Instruction has therefore made arrangements with thirty German, Swiss, Dutch and Scandinavian universities, by which he will receive eighteen sets of each of these publications for distribution to as many university libraries. They are already coming in at the rate of at least a thousand dissertations a year. A great deal of valuable matter appears in this most inconvenient form, and the German libraries are full of the little quartos; some even have a separate department for them, and the proper method of cataloguing and cheapest way of binding them are the subject of discussion in all the treatises on library economy.

REMEMBER THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitter will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney Disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have a rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short, they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

CONSUMPTION GUARDED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.