THE CASKET.

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The Turned Lesson

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
"I thought I had learn'd it quite;"
But the gentle teacher drew near and bent,
With a grave, yet loving light
In the eyes that spoke the meaning of love,
As she gave the lesson
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
And a heavy tear fell down
As the corner away with bending head
Yet not for repeat or frown,
And not for the issues to part again,
Or the play-hour lost;
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words;
But her teacher understood,
As God understands the cry of the lark
In the heart of an opening wood;
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
"Now I will try you again,"
And the lesson was answered, every word;
Was it not worth the pain?
Was it not better the task to turn
Than to see it pass
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in pain,
And the Master's testing time may show
That it was not quite "by heart?"
Then he gives in his wise and patient grace
The lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by his side
Till the page is really known;
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone.
And now that he would not give us less
One lesson of love
(For he knows the loss), can we refuse?

But I ask how could we dream
That we knew it all so well,
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell?
And oh! how could we grieve once more
That patient One
Who has turned so many a task before?

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what he would teach
Line upon line
Thoroughly doing his work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
Though our task be turned to-day.
Oh! let him teach us what he will,
In his own sweet gracious way,
Till, resting only at Jesus's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet.

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER. I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the era that succeeded our honeymoon. By right I should have married no one. Yet I love her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me for ever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the grey-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By and by brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and—above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for awhile, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank? However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to say you, and your bedroom is ready—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the place. By and by I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, where farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which faced no house and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favourite place of mine. A broad waggon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little chain of water, called the Fairy's Looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft floury mantle of cloud and haze. I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunshiny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in checkered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that lell out upon the Fairy's Looking-glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half sitting, half lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looking sharply round, saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly—

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People tell me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton."

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of grey material, that fell around her in light soft folds. A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gypsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same colour. Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead; not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank, and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark grey, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them; she could not have helped it. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright-beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting with her lips half apart and a lovely colour mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the colour deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands and kissed the beauty spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" she stopped short and coloured.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in the weary world."

She sighed and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were, as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, faithful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race; I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER II.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two grey hairs showing among my black locks. I had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams,) and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fireside reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the blandest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an Æolian harp. And she sat by my chair in silence, loving me always, but loving me silently, and her name was Mary. I dare say if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled and patted Fred on the head: when she rode past the house at a hard gallop on her grey pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlour window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud; I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up into her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To New York. Well? What ails you, cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to New York before?"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will soon say it is you, Frank). They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by and by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farm house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you love me, and do you trust me?"

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you and I love you," she answered frankly. Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month, and because you could not get me there you would go to work and break my heart by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep, deep tenderness—all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice, if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, darling."

"But will it last? Oh, Frank, will it last?" "Forever," and our lips met in a long first kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Morning in Venice.

Little by little business began to take possession of the streets. Bakers' shops and butchers' shops and fish stalls were opened; the din of countless blacksmiths and coppersmiths filled the air at every turn, as though the making of locks and kettles and chimney-pots were the one unsurping industry of the world; loud-voiced women called all the people to come and partake of baked pumpkin, fresh and hot; and the melody of mingled street cries grew to a chorus of supplications.

Lately risen maidens lowered baskets from their balconies, and fished up cat-meat, or bread, or onions, or other household supplies, lowered the coppers for payment, gathered their scanty raiment about them, and withdrew. The vendor—we knew him at the opera—pocketed his money, tossed his load on his head, and yelled his noisy way down the alley.

In the Piazza beyond the Rialto, where early activity most centres, I took up a commanding position at an out-of-door table, and ordered my "white coffee" and bread and butter. What a wonderful place it was for breakfasting—just for once! What pretty but carelessly clad women in black lace head dresses [illegible] each street and went to market [illegible]; what a clatter the wooden patens made, and what a babble the news-boys; what loads of fresh fruit and vegetables the women carried past; how the urchins [illegible] bled for soldi; how unlike everything [illegible] as to what we see at home; and how [illegible] al one grows to feel himself in watching all!

The cheap dealers of the Rialto were taking down their shutters and displaying their low-priced wares. Boys sat on the broad steps munching bread and revelling in the yellow luxury of broad wedges of hot and savory pumpkin. The purveyors of the adjacent quarters were climbing the steps with whole head-loads of grapes, or fish, or vegetables. Over the hand-rail, filling the whole width of the Grand Canal, lay a fleet of barges unloading, with produce from beyond the lagoons, or stowing away assorted cargoes of white and purple grapes, peaches, figs, lettuce, chicory, radishes, shining white onions, carrots, beets, potatoes—the whole fresh-coloured assortment of green-grocery. On shore the market people filled the streets and arcades with fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit, and flowers, and the whole air with a tumult of noisy traffic. I descended among the throng where customers were importuned on every hand, and where sharp bargains were driving in sprats and snails and in fractions of the smallest fowl.

Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished facade of a time-stained church, I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley, and hastening in from every house-door, with odd-shaped copper buckets on hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well curb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood a dozen deep around it. Presently the church tower slowly struck eight, and a little old man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key through the lid, and unlocked the well. The key went jangling into it, and came slowly out again at an amazing rate, and the people trudged off home, each with a pail [illegible] swung from the shoulder. The well [illegible] deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good a chance as their neighbours of getting an unsoiled supply. It is the first instance that has come to my notice of a commendable municipal restraint upon the reprehensible practice of early rising. Few, very few, of those who came for water had had time for their toilets. Their day evidently begins with this excursion to the public reservoir.

Later in my walk I saw a cistern being replenished. A barge filled with fresh water lay in a canal near by, and a steam-pump forced the supply through a hose to the square, where a gutter carried it to the well. The water is of excellent quality. It is brought through conduits from the Euganean Hills, near Padua, but its distribution through the city is carried on in the original manner indicated. For a city where the salt sea is the scavenger, where ablutions are not *de rigueur*, and where water is not a beverage, the cost of laying distributing mains has wisely been spared.

Billy the Butter is a Savannah negro, so called because of his butting capabilities. His common feat is to break an inch board by running his head against it. Therefore, when he charged angrily at Mr. Howard with his head down, Mr. Howard naturally thought that his life was in danger, and hastily fired with a pistol. Probably his fear was well founded, for the bullet glanced off the negro's head, simply stunning him.

An Extraordinary People.

Commander Cameron's Account of the Most Civilized Race in Central Africa.

(From the London Times.)

At the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield, in August, the well-known African explorer, Commander Cameron, who was received with applause, apologized for not having his paper prepared, but he did not believe, in detailing the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa, this would be a drawback. Urua was one of the largest States in Africa. It was bounded on the east by Tanganika, on the north by independent tribes in Manguema, on the west by Ulunda, and on the south by mountains south of the lake of Bangueolo. The great chief was Kasongo, and the race was perhaps the most civilized in Central Africa. The chief claimed divine honours. On his death all his wives save one were slaughtered at the grave, and the one whose life was not taken was handed over to the chief's successor. The spirit of the deceased prince was supposed to pass into the body of the successor. The centre of the religion of the people was an idol, which was held in great reverence.

The idol was placed in the midst of a dense jungle, and it had for wife one of the sisters of the reigning sovereign. Under the principal chiefs were smaller chiefs, who collected and paid over to the sovereign tribute. He had seen this tribute come in, and some of it must have come from distant parts of the country. There was a numerous class of wizards in the country who did a large trade in idols and charms. Many of the wizards were ventriloquists, and in this way the idols were made to give answers to the questions put to them. Caste was very clearly defined in the race. No one dare sit down in the presence of the chief without permission, which was very seldom granted. In one case where, in the traveller's presence, a native had neglected etiquette, severe punishment was about to be inflicted, but the traveller saved the offender.

Authority was maintained by mutilation. Hands, feet, ears, noses, were mutilated, and the natives did not seem to mind it much. One woman had cut off her own ears. This woman was one of Kasongo's wives; he had about 1,000 of them. She asked permission to mutilate herself, and she did it at once. The body-guard of the chief was composed to a great extent of mutilated people whose affection for the chief seemed in no way decreased; indeed, it would appear that mutilation strengthened their regard for their chief. The name of the idol was Kungwe a Banza, and profound reverence was shown to it. Fire was obtained by friction from a fire block, and in one case a chief used the shin bone of one of the other chiefs who had been conquered. The dress of the people was very simple, consisting of an apron. Members of the royal family wore three large skins, and junior members of the family wore aprons of green monkey skins.

The hair-dressing of this people was curious, varying more with districts than with rank. In some cases it was worked up into four ring plaits crossed at the top of the head like a crown, and surrounded at the bottom with a band of cowries or other shells. Skewers were inserted in the hair, one end of which could be used in tattooing. The people were not a hairy race, but they managed to grow their beards long, and plaited them like a Chinaman's pigtail, usually putting at the end of each a lump of mud to weight it. Some of the beards reached to the waists. The women, not having beards to amuse themselves with, were tattooed extensively. Tattooing usually commenced at the age of seven, and might be completed about the age of twelve or fourteen, which was the time for marriage. Beautiful patterns were used, and the tattooing was done in raised cuts. Sometimes a husband, when he was displeased with his wife, cut off all these raised pieces, and the woman could not appear in public again; she was not received into society until she was retattooed.

He saw one of their weddings, which was very curious. The festivities lasted several days. A ring was formed of the natives, two men with big drums being in the middle. The drums were played and the people round danced. The bride was brought out, dressed in feathers and other finery, on the shoulders of two or three women; she was taken into the middle of the ring, and was jumped up and down on the shoulders of the women. The bride threw shells and beads about, for which there was a scramble, as the possession of them was supposed to confer luck. Ultimately the husband came into the ring, and putting the bride under his arm carried her off. The means of communication was by drum signals. They had a call on the drum for everybody's name, and they could ask questions and convey intelligence over hundreds of miles, and receive answers almost immediately. In war messages were constantly sent enormous distances to bring up reinforcements or to stop their coming. The mass of the people lived in huts on dry land, but there were one or two exceptions to this. He saw two lakes on which people were living in huts. In one case the people had covered over the long grass growing in the water with earth, and on that had built their huts; in the other the huts were built on piles. The language of the country belonged to the same broad family which stretched across the large belt of Africa traversed by him, and the grammar was on the same principles as the grammar of the Swaeli.

A party of gentlemen were playing cards a few nights ago, and the game went on smoothly until eleven o'clock, when one of the party, a young man, got up and said, hesitatingly: "Gentlemen, I must go; my wife is expecting me." "Don't go," urged another. "I'm a married man also, and if I can stay you can." The young man agreed, and the poker continued until one o'clock. At that hour he got up and said he could stay no longer. "What the [illegible] you going to tell *your* wife?" he said to his married confrere. "Nothing at all. She's in Washington."

When a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in the column headed "Pearls of Thought."

Many officials are being discharged from the public works in India by reason of low finances.

Winding up a Horse.

The Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, in a letter to the *American Missionary*, from Mudnapilly, India, gives the following singular experience he had with a balky horse:

Nineteen years ago, says the venerable divine, I bought in Madras a peculiar kind of horse. He had to be wound up to make him go. It was not a machine, but a veritable live horse.

When breaking him to go in the carriage he had been injured. An accident occurred in starting him the first time, and he was thrown and hurt and frightened. It made him timid; afraid to start. After he had once started he would never balk, until taken out of the carriage. He would start and stop and go on as many times as you pleased, but it was very difficult to get him started at first each time he was harnessed to the carriage.

He was all right under the saddle, an excellent riding horse, and would carry me long distances in my district work, so that I did not wish to dispose of him; but I could not afford to keep two; whatever I had must go in carriage as well as ride, and I determined that I would conquer.

How I worked over that horse! At first it sometimes took me an hour to get him started from my door. At last, after trying everything I had ever heard of, I hit upon an expedient that worked.

I took a strong bamboo stick two feet long and over an inch thick. A stout cord loop was passed through a hole two inches from its end. This loop we would slip over his left ear down to the roots, and turn the stick round and round and twist it up. It is said that a horse can retain but one idea at a time in its small brain. Soon the twisting would begin to hurt. His attention would be abstracted to the pain in his ear. He would forget all about a carriage being hitched to him, bend down his head, and walk off as quiet as a lamb. When he had gone a rod the horse boy would begin to untwist, soon off would come the cord, and the horse would be all right for the day. The remedy never failed. After having it on two or three times he objected to the operation, and would spring about and rear and twitch and back, anything but start ahead, to keep it from being applied. We would have, two of us, to begin to pat and rub about his neck and head. He would not know which had the key. All at once it would be on his ear and winding up. The moment that it began to tighten he would be quiet, stand and bear it as long as he could, and then off he would go. It never took thirty seconds to get him off with the key. It would take an hour without. After a little he ceased objecting to have it put on. He seemed to say to himself, "I have got to give in, and may as well do it at once," but he would not start without the key. In a few months he got so that, as soon as we got into the carriage, *he would bend down his head to have the key put on*, and one or two turns would be enough.

Then the key became unnecessary. He would bend down his head, tipping his left ear to the horse boy, who would take it in his hand and twist it, and off he would go.

My native neighbours said, "That horse must be wound up or he cannot run." And it did seem to be so. When he got so that the "winding up" was nothing but a form, I tried to break him of that, but could not succeed. I would pat him and talk to him and give him a little salt or sugar or bread, and then step quietly into the carriage and tell him to go. "No." Coax him. "No." Whip him. "No." Legs braced, every muscle tense for resistance. A genuine balk. Stop and keep quiet for an instant, and he would hold down his head, bend over his ear, and look around for the horse boy appealingly, saying very earnestly by his actions, "Do please wind me up. I *can't* go without, but I'll go gladly if you will." The moment his ear was touched, and one twist given, off he would go as happy and contented as ever a horse could be. Many hearty laughs have we and our friends had over the winding up of that horse. If I were out on a tour for a month or two and he were not hitched to the carriage, or if he stood in the stable with no work for a week or two during the monsoon, a real winding up had to take place the first time he was put in. We kept him six years. The last week I owned him I had to wind him up. I sold the patent to the man that bought the horse, and learned from him that he had to use it as long as the horse lived.

Big Washing Bills.

The monthly wash list of a Pullman palace car is about 6,000 pieces, and the bill is upwards of $70. East car has a total equipment of 100 sheets, 100 pillow slips, 30 hand-towels and 10 roller-towels. The entire equipment of the Pullman company in the matter of linen is about 50,000 sheets, 46,000 pillow-slips, 16,000 hand-towels, and 6,000 roller-towels. The company also uses about 13,000 blankets. The Pullman company wash their blankets at proper intervals in the cities in which the division headquarters are located. The Wagner company, however send theirs to be cleansed at the mills in Pittsfield, Mass. where they were made. The total equipment of the Wagner company in the matter of linen, etc., is 4,000 woollen blankets, 13,851 linen sheets, 12,202 pillow-slips, 5,740 hand-towels, and 2,347 roller-towels. The aggregate expense of keeping the bedding of the Wagner company clean amounts to between $2,000 and $3,000 per month, or $30,000 a year; that of the Pullman company to $8,000 or $10,000 per month, or considerably more than $100,000 a year. And yet the cost of the laundry work is figured down to the lowest possible figure. Sheets are washed at a cent and a half apiece, and pillow-slips and towels at one cent each.

The sexton looks upon the minister very much as the showman does upon his five-legged calf or his man with the iron jaw.

The Rev. D. T. Benjamin of McArthur, O., undertook to be a peacemaker between a husband and wife, and was killed by a blow of the club which the man had been using upon the woman.

It was a witty retort the Duchess of——gave Lord Palmerston when he exclaimed: "Your Grace, your beauty really kills time." "Not so," sighed the Duchess, after a thoughtful pause: "on the contrary, time kills beauty, but he will be, at least, powerless to mow down the record of a handsome compliment."