

## L'Enfant Terrible.

It was in the cars. The ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in conversation. On the seat facing them sat a little five year-old boy. He had been looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the moving panorama of the outside world. Suddenly he turned from the window; he began searching about the car, exclaiming, in a high, piping voice, "Mamma, which man is it that looks so funny?" "Sh!" cautioned his mother. But the boy was not to be hushed. "I don't see the man with the bald head, mamma, and the funny red nose." "The "Sh!" was repeated.

By this time the car was in a titter, save and excepting an elderly gentleman with a very bald head and a very red nose. His eyes were riveted upon his paper with a fixedness that was quite frightful. Again the boy: "O, now I see him! He! what a bright nose! What makes it so red, mamma?" "Georgie!" shouted his mother, in a stage whisper. But George was not to be stopped. "Mamma," he continued, "what made you say he had a light-house on his face? I don't see any light-house." Again: "Georgie!" and this time with a slight shake. Once more the piping voice, the bald-headed passenger gazing at his paper more fiercely than ever, and growing redder every moment: "Mamma, I don't think his head looks like the State-house dome. It's shiny like it, but it isn't so yaller."

While the titter went around again, George's mother whispered rapidly to the boy, and gave her hopeful a box on each ear, which seemed to partly divert his attention from the bald-headed passenger, but not entirely. He cried once more, through his tears, "You said his nose was red as a beet, mamma; I didn't say nothing." Strange to say, the bald-headed passenger didn't take part in the suppressed laughter that followed, but he put on his hat, and hid his nose in the paper, over which he glared at the boy as though he wanted to eat him. And yet wherein was the boy to blame?

## The Girl for Him.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the lah-de-lah young man of the day he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He managed, by not paying his washerwoman and tailor, to go to operas and theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her, and save the expense of boarding. By some process of reasoning known to the genus, he declared that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith he concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fears of a trial. When the time came, and he found himself in the company of Laura, in her papa's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her little dimpled hand, used only to tickle the piano with, and said, in a bronze voice, "Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed, grandiloquently, "I want a dear little girl, about your size, with a great big heart, just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Madison Avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No, dearest; but what are localities to hearts that love? Darling, do you know of such an one?"

Laura, faintly, "Yes, O, yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, who would rise early, and sit up late for my sake?"

"O, how beautiful!" murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing man!"

"Do you know such an one, my angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fervently; "but you must not call her your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now, washing the dishes, and she told mother this morning she'd just as lieve get married this winter as live out, if she felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want, and she'll love you within an inch of your life."

But Augustus Smythe has fled into the outer darkness; the too-muchness of the occasion overcame him like a summer-cloud.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## The Solo.

I gaze on the blazoned windows,  
The columns ashy and cold,  
The fretted groings and arches,  
The ceiling of azure and gold.

The organ shudders and mutters,  
Like a monster dying in pain;  
The chorus has wailed its parting,  
Lamenting, repenting in vain.

Then out of the sadness rises  
An angel whose wings are furled:  
You lift your voice in the solo,  
And I fly from a stricken world.

I traverse the shining oceans  
Where melody rims the skies,  
And I pass the islands of glory,  
And the headland of Paradise.

You hear me, I care not whither,  
So long as I hear you sing,  
For toil and grief are forgotten,  
And life is a heavenly thing.

The music ends, and I shiver,  
For my soul is returned to earth,  
And the silence falls like a sorrow  
Which blanches the face of mirth.

—Harper's Mag.

W. De Forest.

## A Curious Legend.

This curious Hessian legend is recorded by the Brothers Grimm: A man kills his brother while they are out hunting, and buries the corpse under the arch of a bridge. Years pass. One day a shepherd, crossing the bridge with his flock, sees below a little white bone, shining like ivory. He goes down, picks it up, and carves it into a mouth-piece for his bagpipes. When he began to play the mouth-piece, to his horror, began to sing of its own accord:

"O, my dear shepherd! you are playing on one of my bones; my brother assassinated me and buried me under the bridge."

The shepherd, terrified, took his bagpipes to the king, who put the mouth-piece to his lips, when straightway the refrain began:

"O, my dear king you are playing on one of my bones; my brother assassinated me and buried me under the bridge."

The king ordered all his subjects to try in turn the bagpipes. From mouth to mouth the instrument passed to that of the fratricide, and then it sang:

"O, my dear brother! you are playing on one of my bones; it was you who assassinated me!"

And the king ordered the murderer to be executed.

## Shaving in Old Times.

Shaving, in the olden days, was a lengthy operation, and English barbers devised various methods of amusing their customers while awaiting their turn. They generally provided some musical instrument, such as a guitar or zither. In old pictures the shaving basin fitted into the chin; until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed a patient, and even extract teeth. In London the familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of color, is a reminiscence of the staff the surgeon gave his customer to grasp while he was being bled. The tape, or bandage, was twisted round the pole, which, when not in use, was placed outside the door. This staff was by order left outside a surgeon's door, as a sign of his profession, and for convenience the painted pole was substituted as a sign, and the right to use it was extended to barbers about the year 1790.

In 1818 Joseph Walker, of Hopkinton, Mass., invented shoe-pegs. Nothing but sewed work had been used previous to this invention.