A B-a-d Man.

(From the Packwan, Wash., Herald.)

This week I met a man I have heard a livin' here—
An' the godly folks an' deacons is a tryin to run him out.
He don't go to church, and I tell what I think,
There's a times when he don't make no bones in takin' of a drink.

I've heern it said he gambles, an' I know he smokes an' chews,
An' they tell me his language is a trifle plum, chock full of curses.
I don't know for certain what the truth about him is,
An' I don't want to think—assume as it's any of my biz.

But there's things I do know on him 'at I ain't afeard to tell
That he does, an' keeps 'em mighty dark an' deep as any well.
I know he gives a cripple a twenty-dollar bill,
An' I know he sent the cripple to be keepin' of it still.

I know he's got a waggin that leaves groceries
[illegible] people who is far from
An' I know his word goes furder with some business men of note
Than the bond of many another man who wears a better coat.

I know he's public spirited, an' I know he allers would
Put up his money, plentiful, for any public good.
He's got intrusts in lots or things that's makin' money fast
An' I know he'd stay with a friend as long as that an last.

I know he's got a lot or men a-working all the time,
An' I know he pays 'em mighty well an' treats 'em fair to prime.
I know his family loves him, an' his friends is stanch an' true,
An' I think, somehow, rich men as that had oughter sorter do.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER XI.

Esperance and Gaspard waited hopefully for the dean's reply, trying to persuade themselves that, now the favor had been asked, the worst was over, and that their pride would be spared further pain.

They were cruelly disappointed in their hopes.

The letter bearing the Rilchester postmark came early the next morning. Gaspard tore open the envelope eagerly; Esperance bent over his shoulder, exclaiming at the crabbed, illegible handwriting. They deciphered it slowly and with difficulty.

The opening sentiments were not unkind, the first page being almost entirely occupied with references to the siege of Paris and comments on the present state of France; but then, unluckily, came a sentence which made the olive cheeks of the two refugees flush crimson.

"It is not for me to judge how far your present poverty arises from the disturbed state of your country, or from negligence on the part of Monsieur de Mabillon—from whichever cause it arises, I feel bound, as your mother's brother, to give you assistance—"

"Gaspard, stop! do not read any more; it is too cruel! How dare he speak so of papa!"

Gaspard drew a deep breath, but refused to put down the letter.

"No, cherie, we will go to the end; for your sake I must have help, at whatever cost."

They read on:

"With regard to employment for yourself, I am afraid I cannot be of service to you, my influence, apart from the clerical world, being but small. As you put it very rightly in your letter, your sister is, doubtless, the first consideration. I regret to hear that her health has suffered from the privations of the siege, and trust that the plan I am about to offer for your approval will soon be the means of restoring her. I shall have much pleasure in receiving your sister as an inmate of our home. She will there have all the advantages of the companionship of her cousins, and of the best society of Rilchester and the neighborhood, and will, I hope find the change both beneficial and congenial. Being thus relieved from what must, I feel convinced, be a heavy responsibility to you, you will be better able to support yourself, and more free to undertake whatever suitable employment you may meet with. Awaiting your reply, I beg to remain yours faithfully,

E. J. COLLINGW."

"The Deanery, Rilchester, 28th, May, 1871."

Esperance's brain grew dizzy as she read. She could not cry—she could not exclaim vehemently, "Oh, no, no!" Her dismalmost despair escaped her: "It is impossible! Impossible!"

Gaspard did not attempt to speak, but he drew her closer to him.

A hundred thoughts were flashing through her mind; This home at Rilchester would be anything but agreeable; it would be such a relief to Gaspard! Could she possibly bear such a dreadful humiliation? She had almost made up her mind to it when, with a sudden revulsion, came the remembrance of the dean's slighting mention of her father. Then wounded love and pride could no longer keep silence.

"Gaspard, darling I cannot bear it! To go to his house, to live with him, when he has insulted papa, and still insults his memory! No, no! it is quite impossible—quite!"

She was sobbing now—writhing in that intense, mental pain of which only the most sensitively organized minds are capable. It was well she could not see Gaspard's face—the struggle between pride and selfish love, against humility and true love, was fearfully apparent. He knew that Esperance trusted implicitly in him, that whatever decision he made she would bow to it; and yet the very consciousness of his power was a check. His heart cried out passionately to keep her near him—to lose all, to suffer all rather than be separated. His pride urged him to refuse the proffered help to struggle on alone. But against these voices there arose another. Gaspard, in his misery, had prayed for guidance, and the guidance was given. His eyes fell on the carved, wooden cross hanging from Esperance's neck—poor Jovette's souvenir. His face changed. When at length he spoke his voice was firm and gentle.

"Cherie, I feel sure it is right for you to go—that even the separation will be for our good in some way we cannot yet see. Think of what our father said just before he died"

"'All things work together for good,' repeated Esperance, between her sobs. "I will try to believe it, Gaspard, indeed I But if only it were nearly over, if even this were the last! I am so tired of pain, and more pain always coming!"

"Poor little one!" said Gaspard, caressingly, hardly knowing how to answer her. "Perhaps things will grow brighter after this. We must hope still, for indeed we can echo Lamartine's sentiments, 'Il me nous reste que L'Esperance et L'Amitie.'"

They were interrupted by Bismarck, who apparently felt himself neglected, and sprung on to Esperance's shoulder with a remonstrating "meow." She could not help smiling through her tears, and thus the discussion of the dean's letter ended.

Later in the day Gaspard wrote to accept the offer of a home for Esperance, and to ask the dean to fix the time of her coming.

In reply to this Esperance received a letter from Cornelia, naming a day in the following week for her arrival. The letter in itself was certainly not unkind, and yet Esperance was thoroughly chilled by it. She showed it to Gaspard.

"I did think they would have asked you to take me there; but there is not a single word about you."

Gaspard read on in silence, trying to see the good points of the letter, but evidently much puzzled.

"It is certainly a little cold," he owned, returning it to Esperance; "but still she has evidently thought of you, and made arrangements. She speaks of meeting you, too, at the station, which is kind."

"I shall not like her," said Esperance, decidedly. "She must be as cold as ice, and as hard as a stone. You try to make the best of it, mon ami; but confess now, that you agree with me."

"Of course I should have been much happier if they had asked me to take you to Rilchester, and if there had been a little more warmth in the letter; but I think you are wrong to judge so much from this. The English are naturally more cautious and reserved than we are. Perhaps she waits to love you till she knows you."

"Then she will never love me, and I shall never love her," said Esperance, passionately. "To be watched and scrutinized, and so have one's merits and failings weighed—how unbearable it will be!"

"Nonsense, cherie; they will love you—they cannot help it; only it is but fair that you should go prepared to love them."

Esperance agreed to this in theory. She was not quite sure how it would be in practice.

The week passed very quickly, and all too soon the dreaded day arrived. To the very last Esperance hoped that something would occur to prevent it. Gaspard would hear of some work, M. Lemercier would forward an unexpected dividend, or something would happen at Rilchester—the dean might be ill, or the house burned down!

But nothing did happen. In a few hours she was walking with Gaspard to the station, feeling like one in a horrible dream, while, in advance, the baker's boy was wheeling her boxes on a truck. Perhaps he would turn them over, and so miss the train and delay her departure. But no! nothing could go out of its course. They arrived in good time, the ticket was taken, the luggage labeled. Gaspard chose a carriage for her, and put her in charge of a middle-aged lady; and then came the parting.

The English lady was quite startled by such demonstration in a public place; but Esperance did not heed her. Just as the train was going off Gaspard found voice to say:

"Courage, cherie! it will not be forever. Promise me to hope always, however dark things look."

And Esperance promised, trying bravely to check her fast-falling tears.

The whistled shrieked, the train moved slowly off. A faltering "*Au revoir*" passed between brother and sister, and Esperance was borne swiftly away to the North.

CHAPTER XII.

There can be few people who have not at some time in their life felt the utter misery of loneliness. That day Esperance experienced it in all its fullness for the first time. True, she had often been lonely and unhappy during the siege, but that had been but a passing trouble, relieved by Gaspard's return in a few hours; this, in its uncertainty, seemed never-ending. Then, too, she was so accustomed to be petted and cared for, that the very feeling of self-dependence which would have pleased some natures was misery to her; she was like an ivy plant torn down from its strong support, and left trailing on the cold earth.

It was long before she could rouse herself from her grief; a dim sense of the duty of self-management helped her, however, after a time, and she sat up with an effort and looked out of the window. The landscape was flat and not very attractive; a succession of dull-looking fields, all wonderfully alike, bounded the line, while the hedge-rows, relieved here and there by a solitary tree, looked formal and uninteresting. Instinctively she raised her eyes—fleecy white clouds were floating in a sky of the deepest blue, and as she gazed up into the bright depths comfort came to her heavy heart. She remembered that the same sky was above both London and Rilchester, and felt less lonely.

One great trouble was spared Esperance—she was not in the least shy; the *mauvaise honte*, which would have tormented an English girl in her position, never occurred to her, and if her heart beat rather quicker than usual when the train arrived at Rilchester, and she looked to see if her cousin were on the platform, it was simply from excitement.

A tall and rather ungainly lady, with classical features and small, short-sighted looking eyes, was scanning the windows of the carriages; Esperance felt instinctively that this must be Cornelia, and with a French girl's observation took in every detail of her person and attire at a glance; dress, alpaca, and very much creased; jacket, meant to be fitting, but too loose in the back, and badly cut about the neck; hat, very unbecoming face, clever-looking, though sarcastic.

By this time the train had stopped, and Esperance, who had been carried some way past the tall lady, sprung from the carriage, and pushing her way back through the crowd, revolving in her mind the most polite greeting which her English would allow.

"My cousin? I believe I am not mistaken—" she began.

Cornelia turned instantly.

"Oh, here you are, I was afraid you had not come! I hope you have had a pleasant journey?"

Esperance took the proffered hand, and responded to the formal "How do you do?" contrasting them with the warmth of the most ordinary meeting in France.

Cornelia was evidently determined to lose no time; she made prompt inquiries after the luggage, made Esperance identify it, and then led the way to the carriage. They drove off in silence, Esperance waiting for her cousin to begin the conversation, Cornelia, contemplating the little French girl, and wondering what her father would say to her very foreign appearance.

An eager exclamation from Esperance broke the ice.

"The cathedral! ah, but it is beautiful! it is magnificent! What height—what massiveness! I never dreamed that it was so exquisite!"

She had unconsciously relapsed into French. Cornelia was surprised and amused at the sudden rhapsody.

"It is very beautiful, is it not?" she replied, with much more warmth in her tone. "I am glad you appreciate such things, for Rilchester is full of architectural beauties."

"And is my uncle's house near to the cathedral?"

"Not so near as many other houses. The close is occupied chiefly by the canons. See, we are entering it now; beyond this is the Vicar's Court, and we pass through that to the deanery.

Esperance glanced curiously at the gray old houses, but deciding that they were *triste*, she turned again to the cathedral, feasting her eyes on its beauty. The gray walls of the Vicar's Court soon hid it, however, and Esperance, as they drew near their destination, began to picture in her mind the kind of welcome which awaited her. Her cousins would probably be all waiting in the hall, they would hasten forward to embrace her, the dean would bid her welcome, and compliment her on her good looks. This had always been her experience when her father took her to visit the families of his friends in Auvergne.

Her heart beat high with expectant hope when the carriage stopped, her preconceived dislike to the dean only adding a zest to her excitement. The footman rang the bell, two solemn strokes of the clapper resulting, which echoed long in the quiet court. Esperance gave a slight shiver, it sounded so like a death-knell.

The door was opened, and Cornelia led the way up the steps and into a large, square hall, dimly lighted from above. Esperance looked in vain for the dean, and seemed to have no welcome for her cousins—they were nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Bertha?" she asked of her conductor; "I am longing to see her."

"Bertha!" said Cornelia, a little surprised at Esperance question; "I don't know I am sure; perhaps we shall find her in the drawing room. You will have some tea, will you now, before you take off your things?"

Tea at such an hour seemed strange enough to Esperance; however, she assented, and was taken to a large well-proportioned room, which might have been very handsome had it not been overcrowded with solid furniture. She threaded her way between the tables, and chairs, and ottomans, feeling quite oppressed by the all-prevailing purple—carpet, curtains, furniture, even the wall-paper, were all in a shade of the same color. In the deep window-seat, at the further end of the room, sat Mrs. Mortlake and Bertha. They both rose as Cornelia and Esperance approached.

"So the traveler has arrived," said Christabel, coming forward and kissing Esperance on one cheek; "I hope you have had a pleasant journey, dear?"

Esperance's heart was warmed by the term of endearment; she answered the question in the affirmative, unconsciously telling a story; then she turned eagerly to Bertha, the cousin from whom she hoped great things. She was much disappointed, though the cold unmeaning kiss prepared her in some degree. She looked up anxiously—Bertha was pretty, fair-complexioned, and blue-eyed, but her whole aspect was listless and uninterested. The glances of the two cousins met for an instant. Bertha's indifferent, dreamy, blue eyes, and Esperance's eager, flashing, brown ones locked full at each other; then, as if by mutual consent, they both turned away without further remark.

Mrs. Mortlake made Esperance sit down, and poured her out a cup of dreadfully strong tea, which reminded her forcibly of some of Jovette's *tisanes*, and while she was still trying to drink it without betraying her disgust, the door opened and the dreaded dean entered. He was really a beautiful old man, and Esperance could not find it in her heart to dislike him; at the same time she was, for once a little embarrassed—it seemed so strange to meet him thus, to have entered his house, as it were, by stealth, to be actually drinking his most objectionable tea before he had bade her welcome. She went to meet him half timidly. Cornelia, noticing this, rose too.

"Father, our cousin have arrived"; then aside to Esperance, "speak loud, he is a little deaf."

"Welcome, my dear," said the dean, kissing her on her forehead. "You have had an agreeable journey, I hope?"

"Yes, thank you, uncle," said poor Esperance, fibbing for the third time; would these dreadful people never ask her anything else, she wondered.

"You are welcome, my dear," repeated the dean, still holding her hand in his, and shaking it gently. "welcome for your mother's sake. I loved your mother dearly, though she acted against my wishes once, but I loved her in spite of that."

"I should hope so," thought Esperance, relieving, and trying to disengage her hand; but her uncle still held it

"Let me look at you, my dear," said he, drawing her to the window and scanning her features, while Esperance took the opportunity to study his face.

"Ah! I had hoped you would be like poor Anne, but there is no resemblance—too foreign, too foreign!" And the dean sighed deeply. "The image of her father—a regular De Mabillon—so terribly French!"

Poor Esperance flushed angrily; this last sentence was doubtless intended as a soliloquy, but it could not fail to hurt her. She had not recovered herself, when the dean, relapsing into his ordinary tone, said, "And so your father was killed in the siege of Paris?"

He did not mean it unkindly, but he was a self-engrossed man, and often quite unintentionally inflicted pain on others; the remark was too sudden and unexpected, however. Esperance could not bear to speak of her father after that unlucky sentence "terribly French." The reference to his death had brought back all her sad recollections of the 30th of November, and such yearning for his presence that, do what she would, she could not restrain her tears. She faltered out something inarticulate, and then turned appealingly to Cornelia.

"You would like to come to your room, would you not? I will show you the way."

Esperance gladly followed, making no secret of her tears as her cousin led her through the hall once more, and up a dark oak staircase.

All the sympathy which Cornelia showed was in the remark, "Do not mind I don't suppose my father noticed you were crying," which, however much it might have comforted an English girl, was not the slightest consolation to Esperance.

She took her to her room, and left her with injunctions to be ready for dinner in an hour; and Esperance threw herself upon the bed, calling despairingly to her father, and crying till she could cry no longer.

When she was thoroughly exhausted, she dried her eyes, and though by no means comforted, put her grief aside, and began to survey her new room. It was large and bare, with curious old beams supporting the ceiling, which was so low that she felt quite oppressed by its nearness; an ugly Kidderminster carpet also offended her eyes, and she would greatly have preferred the uneven, red-brick floor of her room at Mabillon to the hideous combination of red, white, and yellow which Mrs. Mortlake had selected.

Wearied with her short view of her commonplace surroundings, she rose and went to the window, hungering for something fresh or beautiful. Once more an eager exclamation escaped her as she gazed again on the grand cathedral; each buttress and canopied niche, each beautifully proportioned window was a new delight, while greater distance only lent fresh beauty to the glorious tower.

The chiming of the clock recalled her to her present misery. It was certainly time to dress for dinner. She hated the thought of encountering again her most disappointing relations, and now that the first excitement of her arrival was over, began to feel very tired and ill, quite unequal to the effort of English speaking.

For the dinner she was unprepared, and therefore dreaded nothing; but her heart sunk when, the gong having sounded, and the solemn procession from drawing-room to dining-room taken place, she found herself in a hot, gaslit room, with all the windows curtained, and the beautiful sunset light shut out.

Mrs. Mortlake explained that her father disliked dining by daylight; and Esperance, though she could scarcely breathe, tried to endure it.

She was so unaccustomed to formal meals, and had for the last year lived in such extreme frugality, that the long substantial dinner was a real penance to her. Conversation did not flow, and had it not been for the slight amusement which she managed to derive from the awkward waiting of the footman, and from the many peculiarities of her cousins, she would have been both dull and unhappy. As it was, she managed to struggle her yawns till at last the ordeal was over, and the ladies returned to the purer atmosphere of the drawing-room.

Bertha at once took up a book, and retired behind it for the evening. Mrs. Mortlake sighed and Cornelia devoted themselves to a complete examination of Esperance. Their questions were not a little embarrassing, and Mrs. Mortlake's in particular were framed in such an uncomfortable way, that in spite of Esperance's readiness to talk, she found it almost impossible to edge in a word.

For at least half an hour such a catechism as the following was carried on:

"And your brother's name is—?"

"He is called Gaspard, my—"

"How old is he?"

"He is just twenty-two."

"And you are—?"

"I am sixteen, this—"

"Then you came to London in—?"

"In March."

"And the siege of Paris was over on—?"

"On the 28th of January, my cousin."

By the time Mrs. Mortlake had exhausted her material for questions, Esperance was thoroughly exasperated, and her preference for Christabel was quickly put to flight. She turned with a feeling of relief to Cornelia, but her first question, though leaving ample scope for a prolonged answer, was quite as embarrassing in its way.

"How has your education been carried on?"

Esperance was puzzled, indeed, to answer this.

"Since the war I have done scarcely anything," she faltered, by no means reassured by Cornelia's evident surprise. "It was impossible, indeed, to study at such a time."

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Cornelia, dryly. "It was a most fatal mistake to allow you to be idle at that age; no amount of after work can compensate for that lost year. Who was your teacher?"

"My father taught me everything," replied Esperance, casting down her head to hide the starting tears, "except that when we were at Mabillon I went to the convent every afternoon for lessons in music and needle-work."

"And you have really done nothing since the war?" asked Cornelia, in such a horrified tone that Esperance could not help smiling to herself, though at the same time she racked her brains for an answer.

"Gaspard and I used to study when we came to London," she said, at last. "I read several English books."

"That was very wise; I am glad to hear that. What class of books?"

"I began with 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,'" said Esperance, innocently; "it was very good, but a little *triste*, and then I read 'The Fairchild Family,' which I found very amusing."

"You could hardly have selected two more useless books. Could you not see at the time how narrow and antiquated they were?" said Cornelia, with contempt.

Poor Esperance was sadly disconcerted. She had counted a good deal on this English reading, and it was hard to have waded through two long volumes, and then to find that she had only wasted her time. Moreover to add to her discomfort, she had not the least idea what the words "narrow" and "antiquated" meant. She framed a reply, however, dexterously.

"They were the only books I could obtain, and I am afraid I was too ignorant to see their—faults. I hope you will be so kind as to advise me now, and then I shall make no more mistakes."

Cornelia promised her assistance in everything connected with literature, but there was no graciousness in her manner, and Esperance's warm thanks seemed almost to annoy her.

It was a relief when the dean returned, for it put a stop to the long string of questions, and though his advent was quickly followed by a second edition of strong tea, Esperance endure it with equanimity, so thankful was she for any interruption. An evening of desultory conversation followed, and at ten the household assembled for family prayers, and then dispersed for the night.

Esperance was not sorry to find herself in her own room, though its loneliness was more than ever noticeable and its vastness decidely unpleasant. She walked round it with some misgivings, making her candle shine into all dark corners. No ghosts were found, but as she sat down the candle on the central table, her eye caught the shadow, apparently, of a large head on the opposite wall. She was startled, but the next minute discovered that it was only caused by a large glass of wall-flowers, which some one had placed on her table since dinner. This was a piece of real kindness—the first gleam of comfort she had since her arrival. True, her adoption in itself was a kindness, but the coldness of her cousins in a great measure spoiled it, and though she was, to a certain extent, grateful for her maintenance, it was with a gratitude altogether different to that which she felt for the unexpected gift of flowers.

She was just about to put out her light, when there came a knock at her door, and a middle-aged servant entered to ask if she could be of any use.

Esperance rightly conjectured that this must be the nurse, and fancying some likeness to poor Javotte in her manner felt greatly drawn to her.

"I have finished unpacking my box, thank you," she replied. "Can you tell me who brought me these beautiful *giroflees jaunes*?"

"The wall-flowers, miss? I am glad you like them. I thought they would be kind of company for you."

"How good of you to bring them! yes, indeed, I like them so much, they remind me of our old garden in France, they grew so beautifully on the ruins"

"Indeed, miss, I didn't know such things grew in foreign parts. However, I hope that will make you feel more at home like. Shall I take your candle, miss?"

"Yes, please," said Esperance, laying down her head on the pillow—then, as a sudden rush of homesickness seized her, "and please kiss me, nurse, for I am so lonely, and you remind me of our dear old Javotte."

The nurse kissed her respectfully, arranged the bedclothes with a gentle hand, and left the room; and Esperance, though she cried herself to sleep, was comforted to know that she had at least one friend in the deanery.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Mortlake lingered for some time in her sister's room, discussing the events of the day, and arranging for the morrow.

"And what do you think of Esperance?" she asked, at length, more to continue the conversation than because she cared to know Cornelia's opinion.

"It is too soon for me to say yet," replied Cornelia, gravely.

"Ah! you are always so cautious!" said Mrs. Mortlake, laughingly. "Now, though I do not pretend to have half your penetration, and have not a single theory to go by, yet I flatter myself I can read that character already."

"Well?" asked Cornelia, a little scornfully.

"To begin with, then, she is as proud as Lucifer, and has evidently been made a great deal of; who ever saw an English girl of sixteen so easy and self-possessed; why, she might have been twenty!"

"And that is all you have discovered about her? Well, I certainly have not done much more myself, except that I noticed her hands were psychical, which is a sign of an imaginative mind. Fortunately, our father seems pleased with her."

"You think so?" said Mrs. Mortlake, doubtingly. "I cannot say I agree with you, he was so evidently disappointed with her appearance when he first saw her."

"First impressions go for very little," said Cornelia; "it will be serious, indeed, if my father does not take to her, since we have her now for better, for worse."

"She is French to a degree," said Mrs. Mortlake, "and not even pretty; did you think so?"

"Really, I am the last person to give an opinion on such points, Christabel. As far as I saw, I should say that Esperance's features were good, but that at present she is much too thin and ill to be pretty. But do let us dismiss the subject—good-night."

"Good-night," replied Mrs. Mortlake, taking up her candle to go; but most assuredly she is not pretty."

Cornelia's grave lips relaxed into a smile, as the door closed upon her sister.

"So that is it! jealousy for poor little Bella is already beginning! Oh, Christabel, how little changed you are from the days when a ball was no pleasure if you were not the belle of the night—when you preferred being queen of the dullest party at Rilchester, to being second elsewhere. Luckily, however, there are so many years between Esperance and Bella, that their interests are not likely to clash, but I forsee that Christabel will make that child's life a burden to her. What an account she gave of her education! it is absolutely dreadful! I must really devote some of my time to her, though I can ill afford it."

(To be Continued).

Around the World in 70 Days.

"Around the World in 70 days" is the title which Mr. R. J. Watson, General Passenger Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad, has utilized as the name of a unique style of ticket, which is very much sought after by educators as a means of interesting their scholars in a practical study of geography. It consists of a form of contract appended, in which are a dozen or more coupons, each of which is good for a first-class ride between the points named thereon upon complying with the terms set forth in the contract. Each coupon states the route and the fare charged, but does not state the time required for the passage. Mr. Watson, however, has figured it all out, and he finds the actual time needed, supposing close connections are always made, is even less than 70 days. It may be interesting to see the route as given, the time required in passing from point to point and the fares. It should be noted that the fares are highest first-class fares, but in many cases much lower rates can now be obtained, and some of the tourist bureaus would undoubtedly make the rates far more favorable. The following is the itinerary:

Boston to Chicago, via Hoosac Tunnel & West Shore route, 21 hours, fare $22.

Chicago to Council Bluffs, via any direct line, 10 hours, fare $10.

Council Bluffs to Ogden, via Union Pacific Railway, 35 hours, fare $60.

Ogden to San Francisco, via Southern Pacific (Pacific system), 80 hours, fare $35.

San Francisco to Yokohama, via Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, 19 days, fare $300.

Yokohama to Hong Kong, via Peninsular & Oriental Steamship Company, 7 days, fare $50.

Hong Kong to Brindisi, via Peninsular & Oriental Steamship Company, 25 days, fare $335.55.

Brindisi to Modane, via Italian Government railroad, 33 hours, fare $24.

Modane to Paris, via Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railroad, 13 hours, fare $15.75

Paris to Calais, via Northern of France Railroad, 5 hours, fare $7.20.

Calais to London (via Dover), via London, Chatham & Dover Railroad, 4 hours, fare $8.

London to Liverpool, via London & Northwestern Railway, 4½ hours, fare $7.

Liverpool to New York, via Inman Steamship Company, 6 days, fare $100.

New York to Boston, via Fall River line, 12 hours, fare $4.

It will be noted that the total time required is 65 days and 22½ hours, and the total amount of the fares is $872 10.

Yes, He is Young—What of It?

One of our contemporaries remarks in the interest of Tammany:

There is a young man in District Attorney Fellows' office named Lindsay. He is known as indictment clerk, and is said to draw up all the indictments. He is 24 years old, and less than five years ago, it is stated, was a messenger in the office of Judge Martine.

In the first place, Mr. Lindsay was never a messenger in the office of Judge Martine. It is not an important matter, but we think it better to be right than wrong, even in details. In the second place, the fact that Mr. Lindsay is a young man is neither a fault nor a crime. It is a peculiarity that he will gradually outgrow, if he lives. This is a young man's world. We old fellows are only the supernumeraries. And it is a pleasure to feel, when twinges of the gout are rampant and the frosts of age benumb our faculties, that we can be easily spared, for the crop of younglings who are coming on the stage can handle affairs just as well as we ever did, and possibly a little better. No slurs against youth, if you please.—*New York Herald.*

Failure Predicted.

Editor—I don't think the paper is going to succeed.

Manager—Why, we have a big circulation, lots of advertising and plenty of capital behind us.

Editor—Yes, I know; but we have been running now six months and we haven't yet received a single letter from 'Old Subscriber.'

In a discourse before his old congregation in Chicago, the Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, is reported by the *Inter-Ocean* as saying: "If the angel should come to me with the gift of life in his hand, and give me the opportunity to live it over again, I would not have it."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that easy crying widows take new husbands soonest. There is nothing like wet weather, he says, for transplanting.

When the editor tries to speak of one of his acquaintances as "a pretty, young woman," the compositor should be very careful not to leave that comma out.

The Chinese begin the new year by paying their debts. It will be remembered that the Chinese are heathen.

A tombstone man has sent circulars to umpires offering reduced rates to clubs o baseball men.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Captivity of John the Good, King of France, in Somerton Castle, England.

The story of the captivity of John the Good, King of France, in England, forms an interesting chapter in history. He succeeded the throne of France at the age of 35, in 1350, but his reign was troubled one. He alienated the nobles by behoeding the Count d'Eu, and became embroiled in wars. In 1356 his army was defeated by Edward III. of England, and he and his fourth son, Philip, were taken prisoners. They were brought to England, and the first year the royal captives were permitted to live in the Savoy palace in London. Then they were removed to Somerton Castle, in Lincolnshire, where they were placed in custody of William, Baron d'Eyncourt, a trusted adherent of the Black Prince. Though a captive, King John does not appear to have suffered through lack of even the luxuries of life. He had forty-two attendants, including two chaplains, a secretary, a doctor, three pages, four valets, three wardrobe men, three furriers, six grooms, two cooks, a fruiterer, a spiceman, a barber, a washer, a minstrel and a jester. He fitted up his prison in princely style, and supplied himself with plenty of good things to eat and drink. Bordeaux wines in large quantities were imported for his use, and the finest confectionery that ever tickled a royal palate was brought to him from France. The king was a dandy in the way of dress, and a tailoring establishment for his special benefit was set up in the neighborhood. One suit which he had made in Brussels, for use on Easter, was of marbled violet velvet trimmed with costly miniver furs; another for Whitsuntide was made of rosy scarlet cloth, trimmed with blue taffeta. His leisure time he spent in novel-reading, listening to music, and playing chess and backgammon. With the exception of a short time spent in the Tower of London and the Savoy Palace, King John passed his whole captivity in Somerton Castle. He died April 8th, 1364.

Twenty Thousand People Move.

Further particulars have been received here of the removal of the entire population of Shoshong, 20,000 in number, and the founding of a new town, 70 miles from the old one. Shoshong has been one of the most widely known places in South Africa ever since Livingstone wrote of it. It is the capital of Bechuanaland, and was the capital of King Khama, the most enlightened of South African rulers, who allows no wine or other liquor in his domains, and even punishes severely the brewing of Kaffir beer.

Early last year Khama decided to find another site for his capital, where there was more water and better soil. He selected a very fine location, 70 miles northeast of Shoshong, on a rich plateau about 4,000 feet above the sea. In July last every soul in Shoshong started for the site of the town they were to build, driving before them about 40,000 cattle. The journey was made in easy stages, as everybody, except the babies and the sick and infirm, had to walk. They were two weeks on the road.

All the aged and infirm were carefully borne to the new capital on litters and in a few ox carts—an interesting proceeding, for it has been the habit of African tribes on moving their towns to let the sick and helpless take care of themselves. Within a few weeks after reaching Palapye the entire people were comfortably housed in the circular huts of sun-dried bricks that are so common in South Africa. The town is about six miles long, by two miles wide, and every group of huts has its own gardens and trees. Khama has refused to permit a single tree in his new capital to be cut down.—*London Correspondence New York Sun.*

Austrian Labor Troubles.

News comes from the disturbed mining districts of Austria that the strikers attacked a party of soldiers, and in the fight, three miners were killed and many wounded. The troops in the mining districts have been reinforced. In the Ostrau and Karwin districts there are 30,000 miners on strike. The men demand an eight-hour day and the settlement of minor grievances.

Twelve thousand workmen in the Wilkovitz ironworks have struck. The troops at Carwin fired among the rioters. Several persons were wounded, one it is reported fatally.

The mine owners of Rokonitz have asked the Governor of Prague to send troops. The Ostran strikers to-night attacked at sugar factory at Kunzendorf, and a cellulose factory at Ratiman, and compelled the hands to leave work.

The mines affected by the strike belong to the richest class, including Archduke Albrecht, Baron Rothschild, Prince Salm, Count Larisch, and the Northern Railway Company. The wages of the men were fairly good The disorder is due to agitators. The fight with the troops in which three men were killed took place at Kilkowitz. Bodies of strikers are pillaging the villages in the vicinity.

Lord Beaconsfield as an Orator.

As an orator, generically speaking, he could hardly be compared with Mr. Gladstone, certainly not with John Bright or our own Phillips, perhaps not with Beecher at Beecher's best. To be sure, we have the testimony of his early friends that in youth he was very impassioned in his eloquence, but he learned to repress or prune his early style and became calm, almost cold, in "the lonesome, latter days." Except on extraordinary occasions, though, he should be deemed a great debater rather than a great orator. Yet there is nothing ever uttered by any speaker, ancient or modern, that fills one with such a sense of perfect power as Disraeli's response in the House of Commons to the nobleman who taunted him with his Hebrew origin. The taunt was mean, the reply royal. Springing to his feet, his eyes flashing like swords, he exclaimed: "Yes, I am a Jew. When the ancestors of the honorable gentleman who has flung this fact in my face as a taunt and an imputation—when the ancestors of that honorable gentleman, I repeat, were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the temple. I feel very fibre of my being thrill with the traditions of my people."—*From "Of David's House" in Arena for April.*

A Travelling Woman Dentist.

A New York dentist employs a woman assistant at a salary of $50 a week, who goes from house to house and cleans teeth. The fitness is young and pretty, attractively dressed, and while self-assertive, she lays lady in all that the name implies. She has taken a course of medical dentistry, and knows enough about the work to cap a nerve, sooth a violent toothache, put a temporary filling in a cavity requiring immediate attention, remove a child's tooth and insert wedges to loosen the little molars and incisors that need straightening. In a hand satchel she carries material for that purpose, besides a supply of drugs, pumice stone and the like for cleaning the teeth. Ordinarily, she charges 50 cents to put a set of molars in order, but the mouths of a small family are looked into for a couple of dollars. Without mentioning the dentist employing her, she is perfectly honest in advising work where it is needed, and the very modesty of her tactics secures a trade that an audacious method would never reach. The refusal of the young lady to examine into the masculine mouth gives her a standing in the family that less discrimination would deny her.—*Chicago Herald.*

How to Cook an Egg.

The best way to cook an egg is to place it in a saucepan of boiling water and then at once take it off the fire and place it on the hearth. The egg will be cooked in from five to seven minutes, according to the amount of water used. We use a three half-pint saucepan for three eggs, and the cooking process takes about six minutes. The eggs are evenly cooked into a sort of creamy consistency, and are much more pleasant to the palate and more easily digested than those boiled in the ordinary way. Albumen coagulates at a temperature of 180 degrees Fahrenheit Boiling point is much too high for the gradual and proper cooking of an egg.—*The Feathered World.*

Marriage a Success.

First Young Wife—Marriage is not a failure.

Second Young Wife.—No?

F. Y. W.—No. My husband is a poet and he makes me the subject of all his poems; praises my eyes, hair, hands and so forth. It is delightful.

S. Y. W.—Marriage is not a failure in my case either. I am happy.

F. Y. W.—Does your husband praise your beauty, then, as mine does, in the rich melody of song?

S. Y. W.—No; but he gives me all the money I need to go shopping.—*New York Herald.*

The trouble is that when a man lies out of one thing he lies into another.

ATLANTIC APPLIANCES.

Victualling an Ocean Greyhound For a Trip.

(From the London Edition of the N. Y. Herald.

One of the most intricate (as it is the principal) operations in connection with the workings of the transatlantic steamship lines, is that of victualling the vessels, and to do so with success a rigid supervision of the quality and quantity of the articles intended for food is necessary. The Board of Trade officials, of course, exercise their right in this matter, so far as the inspection of salted pork and beef is concerned, and not a single barrel of either is permitted to go on board any vessel on which there are emigrants until the head of each barrel is broached and the brine and portions of the meat examined as to their soundness. With this inspection, however, the work of the Board of Trade doctors, as far as food is concerned, is at an end.

It is now the duty of those connected with the steamship company to see that the fresh beef, mutton, lamb, veal, pork, poultry, fish, etc., are put on board in good condition. This work, however, is comparatively easy. It is a sinecure almost, for the butchers and others who provide these articles take care that nothing is supplied in the list of "requisitions" except what is in good order and condition.

THE ALASKA'S SUPPLIES.

Now, in order to give the *Herald* readers some idea of the supplies which go on board one of these large American mail steamers—the greyhounds of the Atlantic—which leave Liverpool for New York, let us take the Alaska leaving the Mersey with 1,450 people on board. Of this number 190 form the ship's company; the remaining 1,260 are saloon, intermediate and steerage passengers. The food of the latter is not so choice or so varied as that of the saloon or intermediate, but it is good, wholesome and plentiful. For this number of people there is put on board 12,950 pounds of fresh beef, 3,400 pounds of mutton, 4,080 pounds of salt beef and pork, 300 pounds of fish, and some hundreds of different sorts of poultry. For table and cooking purposes there are 5,480 pounds of butter and 488 tins of preserved soup and broth. There are also put aboard large amounts of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, meal, molasses, sago, mustard, pepper, tapioca, herrings (in pickle), tinned milk and vinegar.

Lest but not least comes that which to some Atlantic voyagers is a blessing when "the sun's over the yardarm"—when the bar is open, that vestibule to the storeroom, where lie, ready to order, 600 dozen of pint bottles of ale and porter, 200 cases champagne, 250 cases of different kinds of spirits, 100 cases of port and sherry, 2 barrels of rum (for ship's use), and lemonade, ginger ale and seltzer water *ad lib.* In this storeroom there are barrels of flour, navy biscuit, oatmeal, tinned meats, confectionery, etc.

A BREAKFAST.

In another compartment on the right, in the "eye" of the ship, is the icehouse. It is a long, oblong compartment, with a strong shelving running round it and almost air proof. Into this room there are tumbled just before the vessel leaves the dock twenty or more tons of ice in blocks and close to, but never touching them—for the *chef* of an Atlantic mail steamer maintains that fresh meat, poultry or fish lose the flavor if placed in direct connection with the ice—are the joints of beef and mutton, the veal and lamb, the poultry and the fish.

Opposite the ice house, which on the ship's leaving port contains sufficient fresh provisions for thirty days for every soul on board, is the vegetable room—full of potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc.

The actual preparations for "feeding a grey hound" commence at 3 o'clock in the morning, when the bakers commence making rolls, scones, etc., for breakfast, both for saloon and steerage, for it is very seldom now that the steerage passenger ever puts his tooth into a navy cracker. At 6 o'clock all the galley fires are blazing away, and at 8 o'clock the chief saloon, with its snowy tablecloths, its silver and its glass, only awaits its guests in order that the chief steward may give the "word" and a host of raving appetites demolish a breakfast that could not be excelled for seasonable variety in any hotel in the world.

DOG AND CAT LIFE IN LONDON.

An Avenue of Usefulness in which Adam Brown Might Walk.

The Duke of Portland pres