Thoughts at a Railway Station.

BY C. S. CALVERLEY.

'Tis but a box of modest deal,
Directed to no matter where;
et, down my cheek the tear-drops steal—
es, I am blubbering like a seal;
or on it is this mute appeal,
"With care."

am a stern cold man, and range
Apart; but those vague words, "With care,"
Wake yearnings in me sweet and strange,
Drawn from my moral mooted grange,
I feel I rather like the change
Of air.

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy
So me simple English phrase—"With care,"
Or "This side uppermost"—and cry
Like children? No? No more have I.
Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry
A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath
That lid, so much the worse for wear?
A ring perhaps—a rosy wreath—
A photograph by Vernon Heath—
Some matron's temporary teeth
Or hair.

Perhaps some seaman, in Peru
Or Ind, hath stowed herein a rare
Cargo of birds' eggs for his Sue;
With many a vow that he'll be true,
And many a hint that she is too—
Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry
Into the page that's folded there;
I shall be better by and by;
The porters—as I sit and sich—
Pass and repass—I wonder why
They stare.

THE QUEEN'S SON MARRIED.

His Bride the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia.

A Notable Royal Wedding Procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel—Wedding Ceremonies—The Service, the Music, the Costumes, and the Nuptial Gifts.

LONDON, March 13.—The weather for the last ten days has been bright and fine for the preparation at Windsor for the celebration to-day in St. George's Chapel of the nuptials of the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria, and the Princess Louise Margaret, daughter of the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia. To-day the sky is cloudless and the weather beautiful.

The procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel was divided into three parts. The first, conveying the members of the royal household, left the state entrance the castle, conducted by the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Horse, and escorted by a detachment of Royal Horse Guards, at a quarter to 12 o'clock. The Lord Steward and other members of the household, who did not take part in the procession, assembled in the chapel at half past 11 o'clock. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Oxford, and other prelates who officiated at the ceremony at the same time took places within the rails of the altar. The first five carriages in the procession of the royal family and the royal guests were occupied by suites in attendance. The sixth contained the Duke of Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and the Maharanee. The seventh contained the Duchess of Teck, the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Prince Leininger. The eighth contained Prince Christian, Prince Philip, and the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Coburg. The ninth contained the Duchess of Edinburgh the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince William of Prussia. The tenth contained Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and the Princess Christian. The eleventh contained four children of the Prince of Wales. The twelfth contained the Crown Prince of Germany, and the King and Queen of Belgium. On their arrival at the west entrance they were received by the Lord Steward and the Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted to the chapel in processional order to the seats prepared for them upon a dais. Her Majesty's trumpeters, stationed at the west entrance, announced her arrival by a flourish of their trumpets. The Queen's procession left her Majesty's entrance to the castle at noon. It comprised three carriages, in the last of which (a landau drawn by four ponies) were her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The two other carriages were devoted to members of the royal suite.

A field officer's escort of the Royal Horse Guards attended the procession.

The Clerk of the Royal Chapel, the Marshal, the equerries of the bridegroom, and the maids of honour met the Queen at the chapel, where her Majesty was received by the great officers, and was conducted to the dais by the Lord Chamberlain, Mendelssohn's march in "Athalie," being played on the organ as the procession moved up the chapel. A quarter of an hour after the departure of her Majesty from the castle, the bridegroom, accompanied by his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, proceeded with their respective suites in the Queen's carriages fram the state entrance of the castle to St. George's Chapel, attended by a captain's escort of the Guards. The bridegroom was received at the west entrance by the Lord Chamberlain in full ceremonial, and conducted to a seat on the right of the dais leading to the altar, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh occupying seats near by.

The bride left the Queen's entrance to the castle at 12:30, accompanied by her father and the Crown Prince of Germany, with a numerous suite. She was received at the west door by the Lord Chamberlain.

The bridal procession was immediately formed, and moved up the nave to the choir, train of her Royal Highness being borne by eight unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls. These were: Lady Ela Sackville Russell, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Spencer-Churchill, fith daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; Lady Blanche Conyngham, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Conyngham; Lady Adelaide Louisa Jane Taylor, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Headfort; Lady Louisa Elizabeth Bruce, sister of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Mabel Selina Bridgman, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford; Lady Cecilia Lelia Hay, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erroll; and Lady Victoria Frederica Carolina Edgcumbe, eldest daughter of the Earl of Edgcumbe.

As the procession passed up the chapel, Handel's "Occasional Overture" was given on the organ. The bride was conducted to a seat in the choir on the left of the dais, and her supporters to seats near her, while the bridesmaids stood behind, and the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain next to them. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the service. The bride was given away by her father.

Within the altar rails at the ceremony were the officiating clergy and the bride and bridegroom. Next to them, behind, their respective supporters, the Crown Prince of Germany and Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia for the bride, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh for the bridegroom. The Queen was on the right, close by the Prince of Wales. The Princess Beatrice and Prince Albert Victor of Wales were behind her Majesty. Next behind them were the Princess of Wales, Prince George, and the Princesses of Wales. The bridesmaids were on the western part of the dais, with the Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Chamberlain on each side. The other royal personages were seated on each side of the altar. The body of the chapel was occupied by about 150 ambassadors and foreign Ministers with their families, Cabinet Ministers, members of the nobility and distinguished soldiers and sailors.

At the conclusion of the service the choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" pealed forth as the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, while in the long walk a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremony. The royal family and guests left the chapel in the reversed order in which they entered it. All the royal personages returned to the Queen's entrance to the castle, where the registry of the marriage was signed in the green drawing-room, and duly attested by the Queen and the other distinguished personages invited to attend for that purpose. In the quadrangle opposite the principal entrance of the castle a guard of honour of the Second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards was mounted.

The costume prescribed for those attending the wedding was: For the ladies invited to the chapel, full dress with plumes; for those in the procession, full dress with plumes and trains. The gentlemen wore uniforms, or full dress coats and trousers. The knights of the several orders wore their respective collars but not their robes.

The route for all the carriage processions was through George IV.'s Gate, down Castle Hill, and through Henry VIII.'s Gate, and return by the same route.

The following is the programme of the music performed: For the procession of the royal family and the royal guests, the march from "Hercules," by Handel; for the Queen's procession, the march from "Athalie," by Mendelssohn; for the bridegroom's procession, the march of "Albert Edward," by Sir George J. Elvey, the organist of St. George's Chapel; for the bride's procession, the "March Occasional," of Handel; for the united procession, the "Wedding March," of Mendelssohn. The chant was Psalms 128 and 67, by Sir George J. Elvey, in A. At the close of the ceremony, the "Hallelujah Chorus," of Handel.

The marriage presents were displayed in the white drawing-room of the castle, and were coming in up to the last moment. The officers of the Royal Artillery, in which the Duke of Connaught held a commission, after leaving Woolwich Academy, yesterday presented him with a handsome silver centrepiece, representing a squad of artillery serving a gun. Later in the day the presents were viewed by many members of the royal family and party staying at the castle. Some of the most valuable jewellery presented had no cards attached. The room was filled with costly and splendid gifts and works of art. Diamonds blazed in one corner, on a special table reserved for them. A centre table was occupied by plate and candelabra. Conches ahd guerdons had furs, cloaks, lacd, and embroidery disposed upon them. An excellent portrait of Princess Louise Margaret, by Von Angell, dated 1879, stood close by the table of jewels.

The Queen gave a magnificent diamond tiara, the brilliants hanging down in sparkling peaks from a central wreath of brilliants of pure water; also a pearl and diamond pendant, the jewel of the royal order of Victoria and Albert, a medallion of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and the jewel of the Imperial order of the Crown of India, her Majesty's royal and imperial cipher, "V.R. and I.," in diamonds, pearls, and turquoises, encircled by a border set with pearls, and surmounted by the imperial crown, jewelled and enamelled in heraldic colours, attached to a light blue worsted ribbon, edged with white.

The King and Queen of Belgium gave valuable Belgian lace and specimens of the finest products of the looms of Flanders in sufficient quantities to be made up into several dresses. The Princess of Wales gave a ring set with a stone known as cat's-eye. The Prince of Wales gave a great mixing-bowl, fifteen inches across, silver gilt, standing on an ebony plinth, and having a suitable inscripition. The Crown Princess of Germany gave a fine oil paintiig, done by her own hand, and signed "Victoria, 1879," representing fruit and flowers. The Princess Beatrice's gift was a lamp lacquered in the highest style of Japanese art. The Duke of Edinburgh gave sapphire and ruby solitaires. The Duchess of Cambridge presented six handsome antique silver spoons.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz gave a fish slice and fork in a size and elaboration of workmanship to fit them for a royal table. The hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz gave a glass claret jug with gilt mounts, a lion and a shield. Prince Christian contributes a pair of modern English candlesticks. Princesse Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are remembered in their absence by two silver candlesticks of an old design in exquisite taste. The Duke of Teck sends candelabra and a clock in lapis lasuli and ormolo. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh gave a silver-gilt tea service of the time of George III. The household gave a plateau of silver, with a centre for flowers.

Earl Beaconsfield gave a silver gilt *repousse plateau* with a sea horse; the Marquis of Salisbury, a massive silver tankard; Col. Stanley, two silver-gilt dessert bowls—one of them older than the Hall-mark of the King's Head, and the other made to match in 1786. Lord Napier of Magdala sends a tea service in silver, richly chased. Lady Breadalbane sends a large album with the monogram of the Princess and Duke upon the cover. There is a fine screen with places for photographs. Major-Gen. Dillon sends a bottle *repousse* and parcel-gilt, made in India, for pouring libations of water to idols, but in England to be filled with claret.

The London Irish Rifles present an appropriate centre-piece, with spiked helmeted riflemen skirmishing at the base. Lord Cipnmell sends a silver box, on which he has engraved his signature inside the lid. Col. Stannesley sends a breastpin with a sapphire set in diamonds. The gentlemen of Prince Leopold's household send a mirror in a silver frame. Lieut.-Gen. Parke presents a clock hung on a tripod of three elephants' tusks.

These are a few of the most noteworthy in a long list of curious and beautiful things presented to the young pair.

Mr. Sidney Hall received the Queen's command to sketch the brilliant scene in St. George's Chapel to-day.

The bridal dress of the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia is of heavy white satin, and the low bodice is embroidered with lace four inches in width. The skirt is ornamented with lace twelve inches in width, and there is attached in front, a little toward the right, a small bouquet of myrtle. The train is thirteen feet long, and is covered by a rich lace flounce, the width of which is three feet and a half, and upon which is laid a branch of myrtle. The bridal vail is a square of lace blossoms, about ten feet and a half square, which will be fastened to the top of the crown, enveloping the Princess. All the lace is of the finest point d'Alencon; the design is modern in style, representing a fantastic combination of oranges, myrtle, and roses. The bridal handkerchief is made on the same pattern, and has in one corner the interlaced name of the bride, and in the other the Prussian eagle. The bridal wreath, the orange blossoms and leaves, will be added in England. The recent bereavements in the two royal and imperiolt families have rendered several black *robes de cour* for the Princess indispensable. Among these are a velvet dress, bodice, and skirt richly embroidered with pearl lace, and a dress of rep, the satin insertion of which is adorned with rich lace embridery. The travelling costume is gray, braided with soutache. The dresses of the bridesmaids are most costly and rich.

The bride and bridegroom's residence is an entirely new one, built expressly for their occupation, and the location is one well known to the residents of Berkshire and Surrey. On the same site formerly stood the old family mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, being built in the central part of Bagshot Park. The new building is of gothic architecture, being erected in red brick and Portland stone, a few hundred yards from the site of the original dwelling, and commands some splendid views across the Surrey hills, and the greounds are very extensive and well laid out. It is within an hour's drive from Windsor, and about nine miles from Aldershot camp.

The Princess was born July 25, 1860, and is the daughter of Friedrich Karl, the "Red Prince," brother of Emperor William. In form she has tall, has gray eyes, and a profusion of fair hair; though not considered beautiful, is very attractive, and has numerous accomplishments, being particularly skilful with her pencil.

The groom, Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, was born on May 1, 1850, and is the sixth son of Queen Victoria. He was educated in the Woolwich Military Academy, and ten years ago was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, subsequently receiving commissions in the Royal Artillery and in the Rifle Brigade. In May, 1874, he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex. The match is said to be one of love on both sides.

At the close of last year Peele's coffee house in Fleet Street, London, a famous place of resort for more than a century, came to an end. Up to a recent date it was the only place where persons could consult the files of the provincial and London press. Among its treasures were complete sets of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, which is now extinct. When it was resolved to close the place these were offered at the price of old paper to the British Museum, but declined. Efforts to dispose of them elsewhere likewise failed, and the whole of the enormous accumulations of paper were ultimately sold to a waste paper merchant. They weighed altogether forty tons and fetched $1,000, and are now, no doubt, being printed as new newspapers.

IN Russia taxes are collected in this way: A peasant, representative of a district, comprising several villages, is charged with the duty of collecting a certain amount of money, and it is the business of the people to distribute the taxes among themselves as they like the best. For the prompt collection, in the first place, the representative is responsible, and in case of tardiness he is imprisoned for a week with common criminals, and furnished with food at the cost of three cents a day. A district is obliged to pay for all its members, whether they are actual residents, or have gone elsewhere, or are in the army. In case a tax collector is unable to do his duty, he reports to the authorities; then the police appear armed with rods, and if the rods do not secure the desired result, the property of delinquents is sold at auction.

WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

We propose to offer to our readers a few instances of hair-breadth escapes, by which various human beings have been saved from death.

Colonel Gilmour relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says in his *Four Years in the Saddle*: "Turning half-round in my saddle to call on my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deadly sick, and at the same instant saw a man trai his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left-side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broke open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades."

Such another literal illustration of the phrase "Within an ace of death" is not upon record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Laon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider; the fragments of the shell being projected on all sides, while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt.—During the Crimean war, Colonel Wyndham, despatched to find out how matters were going in the first attack on the Redan, saw a soldier walking along the trench two or three yards ahead of him. Presently a round-shot came flying over the parapet, and the man was hidden from sight by dust. When it subsided, the colonel was astonished to find himself beside a living man, whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy, as scratching his head, he exclaimed? "Why, dash my buttons, but that was amazing nigh!" 'Ay, ay, my boy," responded the Colonel; "we'd much better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk!" To which his fellow-countyman only replied: "What! Are yew tew from Norfolk?"

Amazingly nigh death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff-officer marked down by a Northerner's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognize in him a client of the insurance office of which he was secretary; and striking up the levelled weapon with: "Don't shoot; we've got a policy on him!"—Dr. Brydon, the sole English survivor of the retreat from Cabul, during the last Afghanistan war, was quite aware of the narrowness of his escape, but could never understaud how it came about. After a long and terrible ride, he was just congratulating himself upon having at last got clear of the enemy, when he found himself pursued by a solitary horseman. He had but a broken sword wherewith to defend himself, and with this he managed to intercept a cut at his head, directed with such a force that that it cleft through the base of his blade and left only the hilt, which the doctor hurled in his assailant's face; and the next moment the Afghan cut through Brydon's head-piece and the magazine he had that morning placed inside it. Unharmed, half-stunned, and hopeless, he mechanically stooped to recover his fallen rein; when to his surprise and relief, his foe turned away and galloped off, leaving the Doctor to drag himself to Jelalabad.

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes comes near perpetrating murder. A young New-Yorker named Wells went one evening to Booth's Theatre. Taken with a fit of coughing, he left the theatre intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he stroke along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up, and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge, covered with blood. "Is this the man who stabbed you?" asked the officer. 'It is," said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again. Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been, if a fortnight before the day fixed for his execution, a prisoner in Sing-Sing had not confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and run off, afterward dropping the watch as he ran.

Among the Communists tried at Versailles was Jean Baptiste Pigerre, charged with commanding the firing-party who shot the hostages at La Roquette. He protested he knew nothing of the dreadful business, and was not aware that the hostages had been shot until after his arrest. His denial went for nought. He had been denounced by members of his own party; three of them on trial with him declared he was at La Roquette. M. Chevrien, a prisoner there at the time, said he saw Pigerre from his cell dressed as a National Guard, trailing a scabbard after him; his face was fixed in his memory; and Soisson, a police-officer, asserted emphatically: "That's the man." Only one voice was raised in Pigerre's behalf, that of the Communist judge Genton. 'You can shoot *me* if you like," exclaimed he; "but Pigerre is innocent; he had nothing to do with it." The prosecutor summed up, insisting upon Pigerre's conviction with the rest; the advocates for the accused said theri effectual say; and then came an interruption. A man named Jarraud, whom everybody agreed was implicated in the murder of the hostages, and who was supposed to have been killed by the soldiers, was bought into court. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. "*That's* not the man who commanded," said Jarraud. "O no; the leader of the band was Sicard." The proceedings were suspended, and that same evening Sicard was found in one of the prisons. It was evident he had not long to live; but they carried him to Versailles, to testify Pigerre's innocence, and convince all the witnesses, save the three Communists, that they had been misled by the extraordinary resemblance between the two men. The prosecutor at once demanded that the accusation he had formulated against Pigerre should be withdrawn; and so determinated what might have proved a fatal case of mistaken identity.

Yet more singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from on ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the Reign of Terror, she was dragged with other unfortunate "aristocrats" before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an Englishwoman; but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting trumbril, when one of the judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed "Salop;" a reply greeted by a general shout and clapping of hands, followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of "Salope! Salope!" the dazed girl was hustled into the street, to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word "Salop," she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to "Salope" being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex.

Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. de Chateaubrun, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed foward to see what was going on; and as it began to grow dark M. de Chateaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put shimself beyond the reach of his executioner.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale. In 1837, the Christino general Escalera was murdered at Miranda by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later, Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October, the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and told the men he had come to ask for his old friend and commander, their chief Escalera. "Where is he?" he cried. Then pointing to the dead commander's resting place, went on: "He is there, foully murdered! I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the names of his assassins." Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the only answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched off and placed in a line with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged to the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired, he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall and ran along the front of the troops; but was recaptured, and taken back to his alloted place. A voice from the ranks cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts. Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake of course being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station at Hurdui, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half-a-dozen miles on their way, the driver pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewellery; and upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then bethinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from the cheap, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife; and as he clutched it, a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers, and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police coming on the scene, removed the body to the police station.

Of all the wonderful canons or gorges of Colorado, the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, with almost perpendicular walls, in some places several thousand feet high, is the most wonderful. The gorge of this canon used to be impassable except in winter, until railway operations were commenced and paths of a sort cut in the sides of the precipices. Wishing to see how the said operations were progressing, Professor Mallet and party of friends set out one afternoon for Canon City. As long as they kept up to the horse-trail, all went well; but upon reaching a point just beyond it, Mrs. Mallet's horse stumbled and fell. The lady contrived to disentangle herself from the animal, and dropping some ten feet, caught with her fingers the end of a narrow shelf of rock, and there held on, dangling in the air above the rapid rolling Arkansas; and to make matters worse, the horse, following its mistress, had fallen or slipped on the same ledge, where it stood close to the wall and almost as motionless as the rock itself. The horrified party hastened to the rescue; and the Professor, after some anxious minutes, had his wife safe and sound by his side. To help the horse was a more difficult matter; and an hour elapsed before men and ropes could be got from the the nearest camp; and all that time the poor creature, seemingly aware that he was not to be left to his own resources, stood quietly on the narrow shelf, hardly appearing to draw breath; nor did he attempt to use his limbs until he found himself upon the sure footing of the pathway above.

On the 14th of October, 1877, Miss Lizzie Wise made her twentieth balloon ascent at St. Louis. She had no companion, and soon after starting found it advisable to throw out ballast. The balloon shot up half a mile, but only to descend as quickly again; and the aeronaut determined to make a dart for earth. "Now," says she, 'came the most trying of all my balloon experiences. I could not see a thing on earth, and the balloon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and cracking the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was lifted up several feet above the tree-tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, where the balloon became hedged in, and I partly made up my mind to have a night's lodging there. In another moment I heard voices, and called out for help, to which came the pleasant response: 'Where are you?' I cried: 'Up here in the tree-top; help me down, p'ease!' Mr. Sheva asked how he should do it; and I threw him a rope, and he pulled and pulled, but could not get the balloon low enough. My car was now partly bottom up, when he bade me slide down into his arms. He was big and strong. I slid down head foremost into his arms, and thus reached the earth unhurt."

Astonished as the deliverer of the distressed damsel must have been at coming upon a lady up a tree, his surprise was not greater than that of the wheel-examiner at Rugby when he saw a man's leg protruding from under one of the carriages of an express train, and found that it belonged to a sailor coiled round the break-rod, who had adopted that risky mode of travelling for want of the wherewithal to pay his fare; and was quite uninjured, after a journey from Euston, a distance of eighty-two miles, accomplished in a couple of hours; although when the engine while at full speed took in water from the between-rails tank, there were only six inches between him and the trough—a striking example of the foolhardiness of Jack. Not but what railway servants are just as reckless as sailors, putting their limbs and lives in jeopardy without the slightest necessity, and so swelling the tale of railway disaster; for they are not always so lucky as the Etingshall signalman who, attempting to cross the line in front of the "Flying Scotchman," was caught by the buffer of the engine and sent whirling over the embankment—nearly twenty yards deep—to come down on his feet unharmed.

Mr. Briarley in the Bosom of his Family.

The April installment of "Haworth's," Mrs. Burnett's new novel in *Scribner*, contains a description of Haworth's fashion of dealing with strikers. By shrewd management he succeeds in retaining all except a few of his men, among whom is Mr. Briarley whose greeting at home after the failure of the strike is thus related:—The lot of Mr. Briarley was melancholy indeed. Among the malecontents his portion was derision and contumely; at home he was received with bewailings and scathing severity.

"An' that theer was what thee wur up to, was it?" cried Mrs. Briarley, the day he found himself compelled by circumstances to reveal the true state of affairs. "Tha'rt jined the strikers, has tha?"

"Aye, Sararann, I've jined 'em—an'—an' we're goin' to set things straight, bless yo'—that's what we're goin' to do. We—we're goin' to bring the mesters down a bit, an'—an' get our dues. That's what we're goin' to do, Sararann."

It was dinner-time, and in the yard and about the street at the front the young members of the family disported themselves with vigour. Without Janey and the baby, who were in the house, there were ten of them. Mrs. Briarley went to the door and called them. Roused to frantic demonstrations of joy by the immediate prospect of dinner, they appeared in a body, tumbling over one another, shrieking, filling the room to overflowing.

Generally they were disposed of in relays, for convenience' sake. It was some time since Mr. Briarley had beheld the whole array. He sat upright and stared at them. Mrs. Briarley sat down confronting him.

"What art tha goin' to do wi' *them* while tha bring the mesters down?" she inquired.

Mr. Briarley regarded the assembly with *naïve* bewilderment. A natural depression of spirit set in.

"Theer—theer seems a good many on 'em, Sararann," he said, with an air of meek protestation. "Tney seem to ha'—to ha cumylated."

"Ther's twelve on 'em," answered Mrs. Briarley, drily, "an' they've all getten mouths, as tha sees. An' their feyther's goin' to bring the mester's down a bit!"

Twelve pairs of eyes stolidly regarded their immediate progenitor, as if desirous of discovering his intentions. Mr. Briarley was embarrassed.

"Sararann," he faltered, "send 'em out to play 'em. Send 'em out into th' open air. It's good for 'em, th' open air is, an' they set a mon back."

Mrs. Briarley burst into lamentations, covering her face with her apron and rocking to and fro.

"Aye," cried she, "send 'em out in th' air—happen they'll fatten on it. It's aw they'll get, poor childer. Let 'em mak' th' most on it."

Good for Warts.

(From All the Year Round.)

The popular cures for warts, and other like excrescences, are very numerous, and vary in almost every county. One mode of charming them away is to take an elder shoot and rub it on the part; then cut as many notches on the twig as you have warts, bury it in a place where it will soon decay, and, as it rots away, the warts will disappear. This is a southern charm. In Yorkshire, and throughout the north generally, the cure for warts is to take a black snail and rub the excrescences with it, then impale it on a thorn, and leave it to perish. As it dries up and disappears, the warts will vanish. According to another form of the charm, the warts must be rubbed with a fresh snail for nine successive nights. Still another wart charm is to take the shell of a broad bean, and rub the affected part with the inside thereof; bury the shell, and tell no one about it, and, as it withers away, so will the warts.

GENERAL.

THE army hospital corps in Zululand will carry revolvers, Zulus knowing nothing about the Red Cross.

HARD times in Germany are shown in nothing more than in the consumption of 6,000,000 gallons less beer in 1878 than in 1877.

A BEAUTIFUL poniard by Cellina and other nice things have been abstracted from the royal palace at Lisbon, and it is thought taken to Paris.

A GREAT East African Company is to be formed in London on the model of the extinguished East India Company. Sir John Lubbock and Capt. Burton are among its promoters.

THE excavations at the supposed site of the hanging gardens at Babylon are said to have terminated. They have yielded many tablets from the time of Nabonidus to the Parthian era.

ABOVE all things, avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

PALESTINE is looking up commercially. Besides asphaltum, lignite has been found in quantities, which will enable a fuel trade to be done with Egypt and Syria, which now pay $12 a ton for coal.

A WOMAN started to carry her twin babies five miles through the woods, in Sand Hill, S.C., but lost her way, and was found almost dead at the end of ten days, with the infants lying lifeless beside her.

A LARGE mushroom is said to have forced its way through twelve inches of concrete, covered with a thick layer of asphalt, in the floor of the savings bank department of the general Post Office in London.

THE debt of the city of Paris is now nearly $400,000,000, and the interest about $20,000,000 a year. The credit of the city, however, is, if possible, even higher than that of the country. The municipal taxation is nearly $22.50 per head of population.

THE London *Queen* chronicles a splendid ball given in Paris by Mrs. Hungerford, a rich American lady, at which Mrs. Mackey wore white satin, trimmed in front with a profusion of red flowers. The sleeves were fastened up with diamond and sapphire agraffes, and her shoes were ornamented with buckles set with large diamonds.

AL. SMITH of Elko, Nev., is a tough man. In a fight his antagonist chopped three chips out of his skull with an axe, and the chips were afterwards picked up on the field of battle. The axe penetrated to the brain, partly paralyzing him, but none of his wounds have inflamed, and it is thought that Smith will get well.

Two hundred clerks of the Bank of France have petitioned the President of that institution for permission to wear their beards, a privilege now denied them. The petition speaks of the interdiction as humiliating, and promises that discipline will be in no wise affected by the wearing of hair with which nature has endowed them.

THE *personnel* of the Paris Street Sweeping Department consits of 2,500 labourers who work by the day and 2,000 auxiliaries who work by the half day, but when there is a heavy snow storm the Scavengering Department may take on as many hands as it thinks proper, and does so to the number of a thousand at a time. The sweepers are enrolled in brigades of 115 each.

THERE are 69 places in France called St., Etienne. This curious fact was ascertained in consequence of a libel committed by a Paris newspaper, which stated that the receiver of St. Etienne had embezzled $20,000. The tax receiver of every town of the name brought an action, and the paper has been ordered to pay $20 damages to each of them, besides a fine of $40.

A CURIOUS display of folly and stubbornness on the part of a Russian nobleman is reported. This man owns 40,500 acres of arable land, which he will not cultivate himself nor lease to anybody else; and he will not permit the extirpation from his acres of the Siberian marmots or of the beetles, which spread over the country, destroying a large portion of the crops every year, and for whose extirpation many thousands of people are elsewhere employed by the authorities.

THE first Chinaman who settled in San Francisco is said to have arrived there in 1847, and the news which he sent home as to gold discovery speedily brought a number of his friends. By 1852, 3,000 to 4,000 had arrived. A company was then formed by Chinamen to aid emigration, and was followed by the establishment of several other companies. The Chinese population in San Francisco is about 30,000, of which 2,000 are women, 7,000 are servants, and 5,000 cigar makers. The rest are divided up among various occupations.

UNUSUAL distinctions have been conferred by the French Government upon the Royal society of Murano, under whose auspices a flourishing school in the art of glass making is conducted on the Venetian island of that name. Within the last two years the secrets so vainly sought for of the glass-blowers of antiquity have been found out, and are reproduced (not imitated) by the deft and learned workmen of the Venetian Isles. So great is the gain to science that the heads of the most famous glass manufactories in Europe (as well as most of the different *musees*) have bought at very high prices samples of these revivified arts of the ancients.

THE conductor of a train east from Portland, Me., had a curious experience several nights ago. Passing through a car, he noticed a passenger asleep, and poked him in the leg to awake him and get his ticket. The passenger did not respond. Then the conductor pinched his leg. Still no signs. The conductor pinched harder. Still the slumberer dreamed on. The conductor then concluded to go through the car, collect the rest of the tickets, and make a job of this man after he had finished the collection. Having returned, he seized the fellow by the leg and gave it a tremendous pull, when, to his horror and surprise, the leg—a wooden one—came off in his hands.

THE deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adalbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,252 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,847 feet. Yiviers has sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but, no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridge in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in this country is the Yellow Jacket of the Comstock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface at the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,933 below the Gould & Curry croppings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A FAMINE next year in Russia is predicted in Russian journals. Last year about one-third of the crop was detroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed has been deficient; and the cattle plague took off nearly ninety per cent. of the cattle in many places. To these things must be added the extraordinary drought of the past half year. Then in Russia there are too many holidays (about one hundred in the year); drunkenness also is a widespread vice, whose wastefulness is greatly felt. Most of the land in Russia is under mortgage to bankers, the proprietors are hardly able to pay their interests, and the arrears are everywhere about twenty per cent. The grain, which is the chief article of expert, and which furnishes taxes and all supplies, is devoured by parasites while growing, after being gathered, and on railroads.

CONCERNING the project for restocking the Swiss mountains with ibex from the herd of the King of Italy, Dr. A. Gertanner, an eminent naturalist, who has made a special study of the subject, publishes some interesting observations. So far back as the end of the sixteenth century ibex had almost disappeared from the Swiss Alps, and although a few lingered a few years longer in the Valais, they have been practically extinct in the United States for nearly two hundred years. In the Alps of Piedmont there is still some 500, whose survival is due to the solicitude of the late Victor Emanuel and the assiduity of the forty-five Royal Guards whom he appointed to keep watch and ward over them. It has been attempted to naturalize ibex to the Tyrol, but the attempt was a failure. Late in the seventeenth century the bishops of Salzburg, desiring to preserve the ibex, which at that time made their homes in the Zillerthal, from the depredations of poachers, caused them all to be removed to the Lammerthal, where they could be more easily watched; but as they did not survive the change, the bishops only succeded in destroying the herd which they were so anxious to preserve. The ibex can be readily crossed with the common goat, and though the offspring are not sterile, they are so inferior to the original stock as not to be worth the trouble of keeping.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Wonderful Candle.

Did you ever wonder who first invented or used artificial light? and what kind of light it was? To tell you the truth, I never thought about it all; but it happened that one evening not long ago I was made very much ashamed of my stupidity.

I received an invitation to spend the evening with a learned professor and his beautiful wife, who live in a large house on Madison avenue in New York, and to witness some electrical experiments.

What a delightful and sensible invitation! I knew I should meet not only the best, but the most cultivated people; and I anticipated far greater enjoyment than it it had been an ordinary evening party. In this pleasant expectation I was not disappointed.

After the company had assembled they were invited to go to the top of the house. We marched up the stairs in procession, the ladies having taken the arms of the learned men. We were ushered into a large room, from which all the furniture had been removed. Camp-chairs were arranged in rows, and were quickly filled. This room opened into another, which also was filled with camp-chairs. Between the rooms was high table, on which were mysterious, scientific-looking jars, out of which came small copper wires in fine coils. The tops of these seemed to be connected together by finer wires. On the table, besides these, were a gas drop light, a common tallow candle, a little bronze boat containing oil, with a wick at one end, a rather shabby-looking dark candlestick, or what looked like one, and some other things, the uses of which I did not know.

Fastened against the wall was a large square, made of three colours of silk, broad stripes of blue, red, and green, surrounded by a wide yellow border, and I wondered to myself if it were a banner, and to what nation it belonged.

After we were seated there was a momentary silence of expectation, and I faintly heard something that sounded like the muffled beating of a steam-engine. I saw it afterward in the back room, a pretty little engine, hard at work—not boiling water, to generate or make steam—but a petro