

## STORY OF A SATCHEL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Nothing is so pleasant as to relate a misadventure. On our way to Amsterdam, where we intended spending a day, I bought a little oil-cloth satchel, very ugly and half broken up, but as it was destined only to twenty-four hours' use, and cost merely a florin, we made no scruple about being seen with it.

On leaving Amsterdam for Paris, we left the satchel in our room, and made our way to the railroad station. At the moment when the train began to move, we beheld a young commissaire running up to us, all in a sweat, and holding the famous satchel in his hand.

"You have forgotten this," said he. "I took a cab to bring it to you."

We paid the cab and we rewarded the boy with ten sous, leaving the satchel in his hands. Had he misunderstood us, or was he also disgusted with the satchel? It were hard to say. But anyhow, on stepping down at Rotterdam a traveller who followed us cried out:

"Gentleman, you have forgotten something in the carriage."

It was the satchel. We took it up with rage and thanked the obliging traveller.

The satchel was a fearful eye-sore to us. Scarcely had we reached the boat than we resolved upon pitching it into the Meuse.

Holding the unfortunate satchel in one hand, we went aside a little, and without effort, without regret, without remorse, we precipitated it into the waters.

The crime had just been committed when we heard a loud cry. The captain shouted an order in Dutch, the boat stopped, and a young sailor, seizing a long pole, fished up the satchel. He returned it to us with an odious smile which cost a half florin.

This time we were transported with rage. What could be done with the accursed satchel? We enter the train and find ourselves alone a moment. We raise the cushion of the carriage and shove the satchel between wood and leather. Then we sit down upon it and feel triumphant. After a while we thought no more about it.

The train pulled up at Eschen, on the Belgian frontier.

"Everybody gets out to be examined," cries the customs officer.

The examination is made. Thanks to our genteel appearance, our baggage is scarcely opened, and receives the official chalk mark. Being very hungry, we adjourn to breakfast.

Hardly had we tasted the first mouthful of cold roast beef, than a customs inspector rushes into the dining-room. He holds our satchel in his hand. It is covered with wrinkles which recall the smiles of Mephisto.

"Whose satchel is this?" cried the officer. "Who has hidden the satchel?"

We hold our tongues; we close our eyes; we do not want to see. All we ask is that the satchel may be confiscated.

Unfortunately the Rotterdam traveller has recognized the satchel. He points us out to the man of customs.

"Why did you hide this satchel?"

"Because we wanted to get rid of it."

"Bah! you hid it because it contains something contraband. Open it."

"But it is open, good inspector, and, as you see, there is nothing in it."

"Come along with me. You must explain this to the collector."

The suspicious collector made us open all our baggage, and visited it down to its lowest depths.

"All right," he grunted with disappointment. "Take your satchel and go."

Time passed. My companion made up the luggage and hurried to the train. I ran to the refreshment room and selected some eatables for our breakfast on the way. I stove the provisions into the satchel.

"At least this time," I muttered, "it will be of some use."

With satchel in one hand, and a bottle in the other, I hurriedly reached the train just as the door was being closed.

"Did you bring something to eat?" asked my friend in a hungry tone.

"Yes, yes. Be easy."

I ascend the carriage, the train starts. I place the satchel on the cushion and set about uncorking the bottle.

"I have an idea," said my friend, "we must throw the satchel out of the window. Then it will be sure not to return."

"That is an idea," said I, tugging at the recalcitrant cork.

Suddenly I uttered a cry. My friend, before I could prevent him, and not knowing what the satchel contained, had seized it, and in a transport of rage, which I can understand, but which I cannot approve, had executed his threat and flung our enemy out of the window.

"Unfortunate man," I exclaimed, "you have precipitated our breakfast on the rail."

It was too late.

But we never saw that satchel again.

J. L.

## A GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

The appearance in London of the ghost who styled herself "Katie Kinz" has caused a raking up of all the ghost stories of the past hundred years, and the Rev. Boucher Wray Saville, M. A. has published a book called "Apparitions: A Narrative of Facts," in which a great many remarkable stories of this kind are given. Perhaps the most wonderful of all of them is the following, which was narrated by Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, who was saved from being murdered by a ghostly horseman. Mr. Jones was riding from Bala to Machynlleth on missionary business, and this is the account he gave of what happened in the journey:

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he drew near I recognized a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llan-whellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting he touched his hat, and asked if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at

the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on my part, so, wishing him a 'good afternoon,' I continued my journey. When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered by certain depressions in the hedge that it was a man running in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognized the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the strawband which sheathed his sickle. He hurried on until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack—perhaps murder—me for the sake of my watch, and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be seen, so, reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possibility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse and endeavour to dash at the man at full speed? No: for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not, for I was hedged in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of risking a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I—weak and unarmed—have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off; I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a horseman in a dark dress mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound; it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feelings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion. I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and on looking at his face he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his gaze and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, reseathing his sickle as he hurried along. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone and had relinquished his intended attempt. All cause for alarm being gone I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on our way towards the gate, though I confess feeling both surprised and hurt at my companion's mysterious silence. Once, however, and only once did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighbouring hill, I turned to my companion and said, 'Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?' Then it was that I thought I heard the horseman speak, and that he uttered the simple word, 'Amen.' Not another word did he give utterance to, though I tried to elicit from him replies to my questions both in English and Welsh. We were now approaching the gate, which I hastened to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the road for him to pass through; but he came not; I turned my head to look—the mysterious horseman was gone! I was dumfounded; I looked back in the direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

## A SPELLING LESSON.

The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a malignant cobbler, armed with a poniard and a ferule, who drove a pedler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of cackinnation at seeing him measure out a bushel of peas, taking up two peas at a time, and try to separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making awkward courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, a mignonnette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciuszko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipocasantha, a tea-spoonful of naphtha, for delebe purposes, a ferule for a cane, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woollen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this apothegm: "Life is checked; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished." The sibyl apologetically answered: "There is a ratable and alleageable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a triyllabic dieresis." We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion, nor haranguing the audience. Thus "Gypsy" remained in the ascendant. Her ascendancy can never again be queried by any queasy vulgar quean.

## A POPULAR SOVEREIGN.

A London correspondent writes: "While the Empress of Austria is enjoying one of England's pleasanter resorts, (the Isle of Wight) celebrating her daughter's birthday, presenting silver vases to champion racers, and taking a keen interest in the organization of a stag hunt, her imperial spouse has also been absent from his gay capital on a somewhat different errand. Amid the general stagnation of affairs in Europe, the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Prague has a romantic as well as a political interest. It is always pleasant to hear of the Austrian sovereign, who is in many respects the most to be respected and liked crowned head in Europe. His career has been so replete with misfortune, his crown has sat so uneasily on his head from the time of his accession when a beardless youth almost till now, his character is so amiable, his mind so intelligent, his ideas so reasonable and liberal, his bearing so gracious and engaging, that, personally, no man is more popular, either with his brother sovereigns or with the people at large. He has shown himself, it seems to me, the very wisest of all reigning sovereigns. Think of it: He was born and nourished a Hapsburg, the pet and hope of a family as much prouder than the Bourbons as the Bourbons are prouder than the Orleanses. Divine right and imperialism he may be said to have absorbed with his mother's milk. He was taught that there was no blood so entirely royal as his. With such a birth and bringing up, he was suddenly thrust upon one of the greatest thrones in Europe when he was yet in his teens, and from that moment was beset by flatterers and courtiers, by priests and diplomats. His haughty mother, the Archduchess Sophia, held over him a stern influence, which was all used to confirm him as a despot and as a blind defender of the Pope. There seemed to be no crevice by which any liberal idea could reach him. Misfortune, however, undid his early education and humbled his Hapsburg pride. It is to his praise that he was taught by the calamities which overtook him. He was able to learn a lesson which the Bourbons never learned; the Bourbons are all exiles, and Francis Joseph still sits on the throne of Rudolph and Maria Theresa. He has shown the very rare wisdom to yield to the inevitable, to frankly accept liberal principles, to refuse to ruin himself by crusading for the Pope, and to exchange an absolute crown, descended to him through centuries, for that of a constitutional state. Austria is now as free as Prussia or France, and this is most due to Francis Joseph, who called Count von Beust from Saxony to take the helm in Austria at the critical moment, though Von Beust was not only a liberal, but a Protestant and a foreigner."

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**Marrow Toast.**—Boil the marrow bones, having previously covered the aperture with a dough of flour and water, laid thickly upon them. If the bones are not large, they will take a couple of hours to boil. Make some slices of dry toast; scoop out the marrow, and lay it upon the toast; sprinkle plentifully with salt and pepper, and place the marrow in the oven for a few minutes before serving, that it may be thoroughly hot.

**Tea Cakes.**—Put one pint of warm milk into a pan with one quarter pint of yeast and sufficient flour (about 2 lb.) to make a good thick paste. Knead it well, and leave it to rise for a couple of hours; sweeten with 2oz. of powdered sugar, add four eggs well beaten up, and mix with it 1 lb. of butter. Let it stand for half an hour, then divide it into cakes and put them in tins, stand them to rise again near the fire, and bake in a quick oven.

**A Savoury Breakfast Dish.**—Hard-boiled eggs, cut in half, the yolks removed and well mixed with butter and anchovy paste, are very nice for breakfast. The whites should be refilled with the mixture, also the outsides must be covered with it; they are then egged, bread-crumbed, and fried a nice brown. Care must be taken to preserve the shape of the half pieces of egg, or the appearance of the dish will be spoiled; they may be served on toast or not, as preferred.

**Fine Onion Sauce.**—Peel some nice mild onions, and boil them in plenty of milk, skimming them well. When done, take them out of the milk (saving it), and slice them very thin, cutting the slices across, so as to make the pieces of onion very small. Return them to the saucepan of milk (adding some fresh butter dredged with flour) season them with powdered mace or nutmeg, and give the onions another boil, till they are soft enough to mash, and to thicken the milk all through. Eat this sauce with steaks, cutlets, rabbits, or chickens.

**Speed Fish.**—Cold fish that has been left at dinner is very nice to put away for the supper table. It should be fresh salmon, fresh cod, halibut, or the remains of any other large fine fish. Take out the back-bone, and cut the flesh into moderate sized pieces. Lay it in a deep dish that has a cover. Season the fish with cayenne pepper, a little salt, some grated nutmeg, and some blades of mace; also some whole black peppercorns, and pour over it plenty of good vinegar. Tarragon vinegar will be an improvement. Cover it closely, and set it in a cold place till wanted. We do not recommend cloves or allspice. Nutmeg, mace, and ginger will be found much better.

**French Sour Crou.**—This may be made fresh every day, and has none of the objections generally alleged against the German saur-kraut. Having taken out the stalks or cores, split into quarters four large white-heart cabbages. Shred them fine with a cabbage-cutter. Wash them well in two waters, and drain them in a cullender. Next lay the shredded cabbages in a large earthen pan, add a tablespoonful of salt, and a pint of the best vinegar. Stir and toss the cabbage in this, and let it steep for three hours. Then wash and drain it, and put it into a large stew-pan, with half a pound of nice sweet butter, of a quarter of a pound of lard. Season it with a little black pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of French mustard, or a gill of tarragon vinegar. Cover the whole with a buttered white paper, and stew it slowly for two hours longer. Take off the paper, and send the sour crou to table in a covered dish. You may lay on the top of the stew a pound of sausage meat or of sausage cakes.

**Kabobbed Mutton.**—This is an Asiatic dish, much approved by those who have eaten it in Turkey or India, and it is certainly very good. Remove the skin from a loin of mutton, and also the whole of the fat. Divide it at every joint, cutting all the steaks apart, and making separate steaks of the whole loin. Make a mixture of grated bread-crumbs, minced sweet-herbs, a little salt and pepper, and some powdered nutmeg. Have ready some beaten yolk of egg. Dip each steak into the egg, then twice into the seasoning. Roll up each steak round a wooden skewer, and tie them on a spit with packthread. Roast them before a clear fire, with a dripping-pan under them to catch the gravy, which must be skimmed frequently. They must be roasted slowly and carefully, taking care to have them thoroughly cooked even to the innermost of every roll. Baste them with just batter enough to keep them moist. When done, carefully take the kabobs from the skewers, and send them to table hot. Eat with them potatoes, split, boiled, and cut into short pieces. Pour the gravy into the dish under the kabobs.