

the little misunderstandings which arose almost daily.

"I do not like sheep's club," Dr. Krauss remarks, at dinner time, eyeing a leg of mutton which I am about to carve; "I like better cow-flesh."

"We call it beef," says Miss Grittle, urbanely; "but this is veal before me. May I send you some?"

"No!" she repeats, in a much louder key, seeing that he looks perplexed.

"Wheel?" Ah, yes, because it is round!"

It was a fillet.

"No!" shouts Miss Grittle; "VEAL is the name of it."

"Weal!" I can hear you. I am not *taub*. But it is odd; the French call it 'weal.' 'Weal' is a better name for it as 'wee,' because it is goat."

All this time Tom, with Miss Grittle's eye upon him, keeps up a constant coughing behind his pocket-handkerchief.

"You have *schnupfen*," says Dr. Krauss, looking at him suspiciously; "you have a great cow in your throat."

Tom can stand it no longer, but bolts out of the room, uttering a little squeak as he slams the door, and George, who has been looking for something under the table, runs after him without having found it.

"We say *cough*," Miss Grittle remarks, "not *cow*. You will excuse my mentioning it, I know."

"C-o-u-g-h, cough. Ah! so then b-o-u-g-h is boff; and t-h-o-u-g-h thoff."

Miss Grittle demurs to this, and in her effort to ground the doctor in the principles of English pronunciation, gets into such a state of confusion that he takes it into his head that she is laughing at him. "You mock yourself of me!" he cries, and leaves the room in a tantrum, and my poor sister-in-law is so vexed at being thought capable of such rudeness that I find it very difficult to pacify her.

Dr. Krauss was stiff and formal with us after such scenes, and the poor boys had rather a bad time. When he had been with us about a fortnight he told me that he had resolved to give his pupils some instruction in the art of poetry; prose, he said, was nothing; everybody "could prose;" they must begin to write verse. To satisfy me of his own personal ability in this "branch," he showed me a translation into English of one of Schiller's ballads. "I have translated it," he said, "from the originals. Read you it, and fear not to tell me your meaning [opinion] of it."

My knowledge of German is not extensive, but I could see that he had treated the ballad conscientiously; the translation was literal—line for line, and nearly word for word; it must have cost him a great deal of labor with his dictionary, though he had been unfortunate in his choice of equivalents; but that, he would have said, was the fault of our language. But the reader shall judge for himself:

#### THE HANDSHOE OF SCHILLER

Overset into English, after the spirits and measures of the authentic; by Dr. Heinrich Krauss, Ph.D., and so wider.

Before his Lion-Garden,  
The Beast-Fight taking Part in,  
Sits good King Frank;  
And beside him the Princes of Crown,  
And from Balcony high, spying down,  
The Dames in a handsome Rank.

And as he winks with his Finger  
The Gate is thrown up by a Springer;  
And herein, his considerate Feet.  
A Lion puts;  
And eyes him, proud,  
The Crowd.  
And, as he stares,  
He rattles his Hairs;  
Then spreads his Limb,  
And lays down him.

And the King winks more.  
Then opens him, speedy,  
A second Door;  
And out runs, greedy,  
With savage Hop,  
A Tiger before.  
As he the Lion at-seeth,  
He pauses a Stop,  
Wags his End  
In threatening Bend,  
And mills his Teeth;  
Then sticks his Eye on  
The gruesome Lion,  
Unfar off comes,  
Fiercely hums,  
And lays down him.

And the King winks more;  
And from another out-done Door  
Two Leopards are spitted forth.  
They rush, with fight-eager Haste  
On the Tiger Beast.  
He strokes them with his grim-rude Pats;  
And the Lion, with Roar,  
Elevates him up, and waits for War.  
And round, in Loop,  
A blood-eager Group,  
Sit waiting all those grim-faced Cats.

Then falls, from the Balcony Stand,  
A Handshoe, from lady-like Hand;  
And comes, both the Tiger and Lion,  
Pretty nigh on.

And to brave Sir Delorges, in mocking Way,  
The fair Miss Kunigunde turns her Eye;  
"Mr. Sir, if you love me so warm," she say,  
"And are of the meaning to win me or die,  
So heave me the Handshoe up."

And the Sir, who knows not Fear,  
Jumps down without any Linger—  
A graceful Bound!  
And, from the perilous Ground,  
Heaves up the Handshoe with valiant Finger.

And high astound, and sore afraid is  
Every Sir, and all the Ladies.  
But coolly he brings her the Handshoe-Glove,  
(While his Praise is applauded from every neck)  
And with tenderish Look of Love,  
To fill him with blissful Expect.  
Receives him fair Miss Kunigunde.  
And he throws her the Handshoe in at her Face;  
And "Miss!" he cries, "I want none of your Grace!"  
And, in that Hour, quits her asunder.

"What you mean of that?" the doctor asked, after I had read his poem.

"It is a fine ballad," I replied, referring to the original rather than to the over-setting; "but I do not like the conclusion. It is contrary to our ideas of chivalry, or even of gentlemanly behaviour, for a knight to throw his glove in a lady's face."

"Ah!" he said, "our Schiller also, perhaps, thought so. In his first utterance of the poem he wrote,

"Und der Ritter sich tief verbeugend, spricht;  
but afterwards he ethered it. I, too, can other my upsetting, if you will." Then, after a moment's pause, he said,—

"And the knight bowed low before her face."

How like you that?"

I told him it was a great improvement.

"Then you will take the mess (ms.) to your 'Times,' and say the editor shall print it. Your 'Times' is the piggiest paper in the world; I will send him a mess every week. See you the editor face to face and tell him so."

I could not persuade Dr. Krauss that there was no "Poet's Corner" in the "Times," and he was again very much offended with me because I declined to execute his commission. He kept us at a distance for several days, and took solitary walks, coming in late for meals, and causing us all a great deal of annoyance. At length my sister-in-law came to me one morning with an air of great concern, and said, "Oh, Mr. Mellow, my dear John! We must put an end to this."

"Certainly," I said, "the sooner the better. It was very foolish of us."

"You don't know what I mean," she answered, sharply. "You don't know what has happened."

I waited meekly for an explanation.

Dr. Krauss carries a loaded pistol about with him. I have often seen the knob of it in his waistcoat pocket, and thought it was his pipe, but Jane has just found it under his pillow. She almost fainted at the sight of it, and sent for me, very properly, because she dared not touch it."

"I'll go and see about it," I said.

"Oh, but you must be very careful," she exclaimed. "It might go off. Had you not better speak to Dr. Krauss? And yet I am almost afraid of him. He has been acting so strange lately, and does such odd things."

"All the more reason for speaking to him; but I will secure the pistol first."

Just at that moment I heard the doctor's footstep, and, opening the door, saw him ascending the stairs, evidently going to his room to fetch his pistol. I called to him, and told him rather warmly of the impropriety of having such a weapon, and of the alarm which his carelessness in leaving it about had occasioned.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"Quite certainly," he replied. "What would be the use of it if it were not?"

"What use, then, do you intend to make of it?"

"I inquired, with some trepidation."

"That hangs upon conditions," he said; "it is for my protection here in this outer land."

I told him at once that I could not and would not allow him to keep such a weapon loaded in my house, and Miss Grittle exclaimed no less decidedly that it was "out of the question, and contrary to the rules of the establishment."

"You not allow!" he said, angrily. "How you not allow?"

"I must request you to draw the charge immediately," I said.

"Draw! That is *tirer*, pull, fire? Yes!" and setting his teeth together in great anger, he rushed up the stairs, while I followed him as quickly as I could.

The next moment there was a loud report, and the room when I reached it was full of smoke, and there was a hole in the ceiling. And—ah! what was that? A bump! a scream overhead!

"The nursery! the baby!" cried my poor sister-in-law. "He has shot somebody!"

We rushed upstairs breathless. Sarah, the nurse, was prostrate on the floor in one corner of the room. The baby was alive, but holding its breath, and almost black in the face. I caught it up but could not discover any wound. It had been sitting on the floor exactly over the spot which the bullet struck; if the board had been only a little thinner, the consequences must have been fatal: as it was, there was a red place visible from the concussion, and a slight scratch, which might have been caused by a splinter. Of course the poor darling was terribly frightened. So was Sarah, who gave us warning immediately, and vowed she would go away "directly minute, while she could go alive."

By the time we had quieted the baby and recovered a little from the shock, a loud ringing was heard at the door-bell, and "two gentlemen" were announced. They were strangers, Jane said, and would not give their names. I went down to them with an anxious heart, expecting some fresh complication or annoyance about the missing testimonials. One of the strangers did not seem to be

altogether strange to me. I fancied I had seen his face before, but could not tell where. He was apparently about thirty years of age, with a broad forehead and a handsome bushy beard.

"I received from you, by post, some short time ago," he said, in tolerable English, though he was evidently a foreigner, "a *carte de-visite*; it was sent to me by mistake, instead of my own."

By this time I had recognized in my visitor the original of the portrait which we had erroneously supposed to be Dr. Krauss.

"I am very sorry," I said.

"Pray don't apologise," he answered; "it is of no consequence. This is the *carte* you sent me. Do you know anything of the original Dr. Krauss?"

I told him the doctor was an inmate of my house, devoutly hoping he was come to take him out of it.

"How fortunate," he replied.

I could not agree with him, and asked him why.

"We are in search of him," he said. "His friends are anxious about him. He left them and came over to England without their knowledge, being a little affected in his mind. The *carte* which you sent me happened to be seen by an agent who had been employed to trace him, and I was able to give him your address."

Poor Dr. Krauss was soon secured, and went away arm-in-arm with one of the strangers. The other, whose *carte* was still upon my chimney-piece, then turned to me, and said, "Now you will want a tutor for your sons. I am the gentleman whom you intended to engage; that is evident. I can stay with you now."

"No, I thank you," I exclaimed. "I have changed my plans. If I had met with you at first it might have been otherwise; but no—no, thank you!"

He took his leave quietly and sadly. I was sorry to dismiss him so, but I would have no more of private tutors. The boys went back to their school the very next morning, and though fond of their home, seemed very glad to go.

Miss Grittle shook her head about it. "It is a pity," she said; "I should have been glad of the opportunity of grounding them."

"There's the baby," I said; "you can ground him."

"Yes," she answered, brightening up; "I will." And she took him in hand immediately.

"He is a very clever child," she remarked to me, not long ago. "Would you believe it? he has never been known to sit upon the floor since that day; and if nurse puts him down for a moment, he jumps again as if he had been—"

"Shot! I don't wonder at it in the least," I answered.

#### Dish Washing and Other Things.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

To keep clean, is the key to success. First the glass and then the silver. Into warm water put five drops of ammonia, twirl the glass in this and then polish dry with a crash glass-wiper. A stiff bristle brush and flannel wiping cloth are needed for the silver; brush the engraved parts briskly and polish dry with the flannel. The butter-dish cover, castor, and cake-basket need not go through this ammonia bath more than twice a week.

If the silver is brushed in this way daily, the engraved lines will not look as if done in India ink, and it will not need each week a forenoon's hard, dirty labor with silver soap, whitening and chamois polishing.

Ammonia is a standard kitchen necessity. Habit makes all things easy, and this plan once adopted will never be abandoned. Work well done each day makes the whole easier, than to slight daily and then devote hours to one of Dinah's "clarin' rubs."

After the silver is put away, add more warm water to that already in the pan, and wash and wipe on a dry cotton cloth or a crash towel, the cups, saucers, milk-pitcher, and the cleanest of the various odd dishes; next take the plates and if greasy add some fine soap, rinse well and dry quickly. One should have plenty of wiping cloths or tea towels.

Where one keeps servants the cooking vessels and iron-ware are usually done by themselves; but working house-keepers may take another dish cloth and use this same water to clean their kettles. The towels and cloths used about the table dishes should not be used for these. Dish cloths and towels should be washed out in a good suds, rinsed and hung to dry after use.

If one has a dining-room and yet has no servants, the tablecloth should be carefully brushed and the proper dishes for the next meal should be placed thereon, soon as washed and dried. A cover should be thrown over the table after it is laid, to protect it from dust in all seasons, and from flies in their season. Two breadths of thin cotton cloth madelike a sheet is the best; mosquito netting is no protection from the good house-wife's enemy—dust.—[Cottage Hearth.]