

THE STAG.

(From the Swedish of Carl Sonilsky.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Panting, through the foliage rushes  
Fleet of foot, the forest chief:  
At every bound his life blood gushes  
Red'ning the gold September leaf.

Through hunter ranks he burst, death stricken:  
Past deadly barrels' dazzling glare,  
Sounds of pursuit his pulses quicken  
Till they die in the frosty air.

Deep lurks the coward bullet, stealing  
From stalwart chest his ebbing life;  
Yet he escapes the pain of feeling  
Dishonour of the cruel knife.

Where the underwood interlaces  
Closest, he seeks a place to die;  
Where the sun's falst shimmering traces  
The lake that seems asleep to lie.

He yearns, ere his last breath he gives  
To see the spot where, in the spring,  
The deadly champion strife was striven  
For the queen of the forest king.

Whence cry of victor claiming booty  
Told to the warriors ears, ere long,  
Of the vaguely expectant beauty  
She was now the bride of the strong.

Mid memories of conquest gory  
Before the eye of the dying hart  
Pass the scenes of his youthful story,  
Pleasures whence he must ever part.

With stiffening limbs his couch he presses,  
Couch of mosses that fringe the lake,  
And the last leaf the wood peevasses  
Is shed his dying bed to make.

HOW FAR TWENTY CENTS WILL GO.

The wife of The Man Next Door has a fertile brain, which is kept actively employed in a variety of directions. Among her household goods are a dozen plants in pots, and a variety of these in a box mounted on a pedestal. The box she got at the store; the pedestal she and the boy together made. After it was done, she wanted it painted.

She might have sent it to the painter for that purpose, but he would charge more than it was worth. To save the extra cost she determined to do the work herself. She could get a pound of paint, all mixed in a pot, with a brush, for twenty cents,—the pot and brush to be returned after the work was done. It was a simple thing to paint, and she could put it on as easily and nicely as a trained hand could do it. The Man Next Door didn't think much about it. It was not in his line, but he got the paint.

The paint was green, and when the box and pedestal took that colour, and the vines got to growing, the effect was going to be real nice. He brought up the pot of paint on coming to dinner, and she did the painting in the afternoon. It was a great surprise to the wife of The Man Next Door to see how little of the paint was required to colour the box and pedestal, and how much was left after the work was done. What should she do with it? Not return it, of course, for she would not be allowed anything for it. Now that she had it she might as well use it. There was undoubtedly something it could be used on.

She looked around for the object in question, and was not long in finding it. There are more or less dingy, battered articles about a house which a coat of paint would improve. Her house was no exception. Her eye lighted on a box holding her scouring-sand. In a few moments it was a delightful green.

Then she looked around for other fields to conquer, and presently found them, and continued to find them as long as the presence of paint made it necessary to search for them. She was nearly the whole afternoon using up that pot of paint, but it was time well employed.

And it was amazing, as she admitted to herself, how far twenty cents worth of paint would go, judiciously applied. She knew her husband would be surprised when he came home at night at all she had done.

And he was. When he observed the green clock-case, and looked at the green paper-rack, and found he had a green writing-desk, and contemplated the green footstool, and saw the green coal-scuttle, and got against the green clothes-horse, he was too full to say a word.

Then he picked up his green bootjack, and when he did that he gave a wild, scared look about the room, sank down in a chair, and found his voice.

He said, "Holy fish-hooks!"

MISCELLANY.

A WOMAN admires a handsome man until she meets a woman whom he admires, and then she thinks he isn't so handsome as he was and that the woman is a deceitful, jealous, conniving hussy.—Floating Filosofies.

THE anticipated interview between the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and the King Humbert of Italy cannot take place before the end of October, as the Emperor will be engaged up till that time in superintending the autumn manoeuvres.

THE experiment of male clerks and female clerks is being tried in the London Post Office. The editor of *Truth* declares that the ladies serve the public better than the men. The men treat you as if you were their servants; the women as if they were servants of the public.

SUCH a round of comets has occurred this season as has never been known before. The second comet now visible, will give place shortly to a third that has just been exhibiting at Alexandria, and may be expected about the 4th of September in this aqueous portion of Europe.

M. GOT, the excellent professor of the Conservatoire, and the admirable comedian of the Comédie-Française, does not think it necessary for a woman to have loved in order to make a first-class *amoureuse*. Women, he says, are like certain animals who discover truffles without having ever been taught.

THE French ladies have taken to handling the ribbons. At Paris, driving is a fashion; in the country it is a mania; at the seaside and at the watering-places it is all the rage. The ladies drive by choice pony-chaises, basket-carriages, or little village-carts, which they graphically and inelegantly call *tape-culs*.

THERE has been a good deal of talk as to who wrote the article in *Macmillan* last month on the acting of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth. It was attributed to Matthew Arnold. The people who always know said his style was not to be mistaken. It was said that if the dramatic critics could write such matter they would be more respected than they are at present. It will be rather annoying to people who have talked in this way to find that the article was written by a dramatic critic—Mr. Morris, of the *Times*.

A SINGULAR tournament took place last week at one of the popular beer-gardens in Vienna in honour of the prestidigitator, Swobodo, who celebrated his jubilee, having for twenty-five years been one of the favourite performers in the black art. Six of his brother artists from Berlin, Trieste, Moscow, and Paris engaged with him in a contest for three valuable prizes, consisting in not inconsiderable sums of money for the first and second and a splendid silver goblet for the third one. The first prize was awarded to Georg Heubock, of Vienna, the second to Moretti, of Trieste, while the goblet went to the jubilee-contestant.

AN Englishman has written to the *Figaro* to protest against a spectacle which has recently enlivened the boulevards. Some ingenious person conceived the idea of costuming the men whose occupation it is to distribute the hand-bills and prospectuses to the passers. The costume chosen was that of an English admiral. The correspondent of the *Figaro* complains of this want of respect to the British navy, and the *Figaro* thinks that he is right. *Pour faire pendant* a Frenchman has written to the *Figaro*, appealing to the *amour propre* of the English tourist and asking him why he will persist in going to the Opera and other theatres in loud check suits.

FOR nearly three hours they sat in the secret trusting-place conjuring up the familiar images of love's young dream. At the expiration of that time her father appeared upon the scene with anger in his eye and a pitchfork in his hand. "Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "or you are lost!" But he had been on an ounce of chewing gum that had treacherously slipped from her pocket, and he couldn't have flown if he had been a bald-headed eagle. Two years later she was wooed and won by another young man, but she always preserved the stripes of Alfonso's pantaloons that her father bore home in triumph upon the prongs of the pitchfork. True love can never die.

THE following "good one" is told at the expense of a dentist located not far from Ovid. A young lady, while under the influence of an anæsthetic, had four teeth extracted. As she was a very handsome "subject" the dentist, who was an unmarried man, could not resist the temptation of stealing a kiss for every tooth he extracted. The young girl was not so much under the influence, however, as he thought, and decided to be even with him, and on arising from her chair she said she forgot her purse but would send the amount, \$2, the next day by a friend. The following day the friend went to the office and presented the dentist with a bill from his chair customer, in which she gave him credit for extracting four teeth, \$2, and charged \$1 each for the four kisses, and added: "Please remit the balance, \$2." He paid the bill. There's a business girl for you.

MAJOR WINGFIELD, the inventor of the popular game of lawn-tennis, recommends the following costume: "A tunic of white flannel, with a roll collar, a kerchief of yellow silk tied round the throat, the loose ends showing from under the white collar, a skirt of eighteen inches long, a cherry-coloured band round the waist, and a pair of 'continuations' of white flannel, such as men wear, only looser." Major Wingfield is a courageous man; he asks, "What will ladies say to such a costume?" To this, as to all other matters which concern the sex, but one answer can be given, and that is a very old one—"If they will, they will you may depend on't, but if they won't, they won't, and there's an end on't."

THE GROWTH OF BASS.—As a burlesque on the many fabulous fish stories "floating on the lines" of the various newspapers, the *Norristown Herald* has the following incident: "A Charlestown (Va.) paper tells this story. A bass weighing one pound in 1880 was returned to the Potomac with a small sleigh bell attached to its tail with a wire. A few days ago it was caught with the bell still attached, the fish weighing six pounds." This may sound like a fish story,

but some of our readers may remember that a one pound bass caught in the Schuylkill five years ago was returned to the water with a penny tin whistle attached to its tail. Three years later the bass was caught near the same spot. It still weighed a pound, but the whistle had grown into a fog horn.

QUEER MARRIAGES.—The proceedings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children bring out some odd facts. Thus: an Italian boy of 12, arrested for rag picking and sent to the Protectory, is shown to have a sister of 13 who has been married for some time. So it seems that a boy of twelve is too young to get his living by picking rags, though a girl of 13 is old enough to marry and be married some time too. It seems that one of the things of future should be a law prohibiting the marriage of such minors altogether. An appalling amount of suffering and wrong is known to be caused by this practice. I know of a boy of 17, earning \$7 a week, who has lately married a baby like himself. Another of 19 has already two children and a sick wife; he gets \$9 a week. Such precocity should be cured by law, and the boy of 17 who wants to marry should be spanked by his parents and guardians as the unwritten law provides.

GRIS AS WOOD ENGRAVERS.—A contemporary asked a wood engraver why he did not employ girls. His reply was:

"I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that, when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is life's business. He is not out his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, and all are to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labour, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so; but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

GIVE THE BABY A DRINK OF WATER.—A city physician attributes a large part of the excessive mortality of children in hot weather to the failure of nurses and mothers to give them water; indeed more children are said to die (directly and indirectly) from deprivation of water than from any other cause. Infants, he says, are always too much wrapped up, and in any case would perspire very freely. The water lost by perspiration must be supplied. As Dr. Murdoch stated in his paper on cholera infantum, "The child is thirsty, not hungry; but not getting the water, which it does want, it drinks the milk, which it does not want." The consequence is that the stomach is overloaded with food which it cannot digest, and which soon ferments and becomes a source of severe irritation. Then follow vomiting, purging, and cholera infantum." To prevent this, the principal source of infancy, the doctor says: "Have water—without ice—always accessible to the child, who will then refuse sour milk and will eat only when hungry. Water is the great indispensable article for the preventive treatment of children in hot weather. It is important enough to nursing children, but is life itself to those reared on the bottle."

A MERMAID IN SPECTACLES!—Much interest has lately been excited at Richmond, in the United States, by the adventures of a young coloured woman, named Rosa Brooks, who has recently returned to that city from Cuba after an absence of several years. According to the account she gives of herself, she fled from the service of a Mr. Grandison, of Havana, having got into trouble owing to an altercation with one of his children, whose face she slapped in a fit of temper. Being destitute and driven to despair, she plunged into the sea, and would have been drowned but for a band of mermaids who rescued her and took her to their home in a rocky cavern on the sea-shore. Here she remained for some time a complete invalid, incapable of moving one limb before the other, and would certainly have died but for the kind attention of the mermaids, who nursed her most tenderly and ministered to all her wants. When she was sufficiently recovered to be moved they took her out to sea and placed her on board a vessel bound to Galveston, where she arrived safely, and thence made her way to Richmond in search of her mother, Sarah Brooks, for whom she is now advertising. If not successful in discovering her mother she proposes to return to the mermaids, provided she can find charitably disposed persons who will provide funds for her journey back to the "rocky cavern." One old mermaid belonging to the band she declares always wears spectacles.

JUNG, THE POINTER.—My grandfather possessed a magnificent pointer dog called Jung, a keen hunter and a splendid watch. She had been carefully trained when a pup, and hence grew up a really noble and useful animal. She could be trusted either in dining or in drawing-room without breaking vases, knocking down jars, &c., which other dogs seem to take a pleasure in doing. If the family went out to any party, Jung was sure to be there, and her presence never seemed intrusive. She would lie quietly

on the rug outside the door, sound asleep, until the family were going away, when she would make herself generally useful by carrying any little articles home. On one occasion a pair of slippers were left behind. All were in consternation. The friend's house was a long way back. Who was to go for them? Jung seemed thoroughly to understand how affairs stood, and away she scampered back to the house, got the slippers in her mouth, and brought them safely home. Jung had conceived a great liking for my uncle, and on all possible occasions was to be found near him. But a parting took place. The shooting season was over, and Jung was sent to the kennel, while my uncle went to reside at Glasgow. She whined incessantly, took little food, and, on the first day when she was out with the ga neekeepers, slipped from the leash, and was seen flying "over the hills and far away." Nothing detained her, and she soon reached my uncle's door, having run nine miles through mud and rain. When the brave dog reached the gate it was locked, and the wall being too high for her to leap, she scraped a hole under the door and got in. She then barked at the front door till it was opened, and when it was so, sprang right upstairs to my uncle's room, and leaped on to the bed beside him. A parcel of my uncle's clothes came home to be sorted and arranged, but when the time came to send them away, not one was to be found, and Jung was likewise missing. At last she was discovered sitting with all the clothes under her, hugging them fast with her two paws, and evidently in a state of supreme happiness and delight. The clothes were taken, neatly arranged, and replaced in the box. In the evening, while all were at tea, a strange whine was heard outside the door. On going out, there was Jung, with all the clothes beside her.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE new turret ship *Conqueror* has been launched at Chatham.

THE loss of life by the steamer *Toutou* off the Cape is now set down at 236.

THE Toronto regatta was postponed on account of the rough water and the smoke and fog.

ACCORDING to the census just completed, the population of India reaches 252,005.

PREPARATIONS are being made for holding an exhibition of Irish manufactures in Dublin.

THE President has been safely removed to Long Branch, and at last accounts is doing favourably.

AN unsuccessful attempt has been made to blow up the barracks at Castlebar.

PROF. Goldwin Smith is spoken of as Dr. Bradley's successor at University College, Oxford.

A LONDON despatch says it is intended to confer the order of St. Michael and St. George upon Sir John A. Macdonald.

AYOUB KHAN has proclaimed a holy war against the English. The feeling in Afghanistan is said to be against the rebel.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

(From the Swedish of Carl Swilsky.)

BY NED P. MAH.

A little beggar orphan exhausted by the way—  
A little worn-out pilgrim—upon the stone step lay.  
Upon the warm, brown granite he wearily sank down  
And not a thing was stirring in all the mighty town.

For commerce flourishes and folk are rich and godly too;  
Their patron saint must have a shrine that is both fair and new.

Bishop with crook and mitre beneath his canopy:  
Magnates of the city with their robes of high degree;  
Pages, limping painfully in many a pair of shoes;  
Ladies, who peep coquettish their gawdy faces through.

All slowly moving onward in a seeming endless train  
Into the dim, dim twilight 'neath the organ's solemn strain  
Still on the sunny stairway reclined the beggar boy:  
Let those, the rich, rejoice—what has he to do with joy.

The brown hand's easy captive, for its giddy sense  
A fall.  
A little bird came duttering from the steeple's gilded rail:  
Black and white its plumage, sun scorched, in grateful rest.

The tired bird gladly nestled in the beggar's ragged breast.

Little swallow, said the stripling, how I envy you,  
That with your rushing pinions can cleave the clouds in two.

In the beautiful, far country whence you last have sped  
Surely hunger is not and tears are never shed.

On these shores of sordid want, why—why did you descend?  
Oh! return I pray you, and to me your swift art lend  
(Give me leave to follow throughout the long, long day  
Where the green and the stately palms wave o'er the silent way.

Close to his throbbing bosom with tender care he pressed  
The bird, which soon rose soaring on wings relieved by rest.

Amid the jubilee of hymns, the organ's swelling scale,  
The beggar boy sank backward, very cold and pale.

The sun arose and thousands cried out as in one breath:  
The plague is here in Florence—the black plague—the  
people's death!  
The pest, whose victims countless are as is the desert sand  
Come over with the swallow from Egypt's distant land.

THE OLD RELIABLE.—The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's Extract is Wild Strawberry. Almost infallible to cure dysentery, cholera morbus, and all manner of fluxes, cholera cramps, cholera infantum, and every form of summer complaints.