

FROM SHOP TO COURT.

Forty years ago Eighth street, from Market to Arch, was bordered with two-story houses, most of them contemporary with 1820 and given over to small notion stores, the proprietors living in the second floors. The business done was very limited, old Mrs. Harback making more money in her little candy store than any merchant on the street. Miss Rachel Lang kept a dry goods and trimming store in the neighborhood of Eighth and Filbert. She was a kindly old Scotch lady, who would as soon have had a man behind her counter as a German band before the door.

So all her assistants were girls. Gloves were the only men's wear sold in this shop, and Miss Lang noted with satisfaction that her sales in this line were rapidly increasing, but it never occurred to her that this was due to any other cause than the excellence of her goods, although in fact her gentlemen customers cared very little for the price and quality of what they bought so long as they were waited on by Diana Blake, who was generally admitted to be the loveliest girl within the city limits.

Long noses, shallow faced ladies, with undeniable social records and pockets full of money, often visited the store and wondered by what caprice of fortune a common Irish shop girl should have had such a dower of beauty which in the fitness of things ought to be the inheritance of women having Quaker ancestors and a big bank account.

AS A SHOP GIRL.

One of them went so far as to suggest to Miss Lang that Miss Blake's good looks were too apparent for her station in life, but went away much offended when the little Scotch lady remarked "that if every one minded their own business we would all get along better."

Diana was born in Galway, Ireland, but had come to America when an infant. She was a type of that Irish beauty as scarce in these days, according to John Brougham, as hen's teeth. Dark blue eyes, like wells of living water, shaded by long, dark lashes, blue black hair, and a complexion that was simply marvelous, were added to a sweet voice, graceful form and manners at once piquant and modest. Her father was a day laborer, and the family lived in Chester street, above Race.

Although Diana fully appreciated the exigencies of her position, there was one temptation she could not forego, and that was dancing. When only 6 years old she had taken lessons from Signor Julian, who had a school at Tenth and Vine streets. The fact that he was an Irishman named McCaskey did not make him less efficient as a teacher, and when his pupil was 12 years old he secured her employment at the Walnut Street theatre in one of those elaborate ballets that so delighted our unsophisticated grandfathers. Her talent soon won recognition, and the dollar she received for each performance did much for the family income.

DANCING WINS A HUSBAND.

No whisper of this had reached her employer, and it was not until she was 18 that Manager Wood made her an offer of \$18 a week and it became necessary for her to quit Miss Lang. That lady was a good Presbyterian, and looked on the stage as the broad road to destruction, but Diana justified herself through the family necessities, and she now went on the stage as danseuse premiere and took the name as Sophia Lee.

Her success was pronounced from the first, and the jeune dame, represented in those days by gawky young gentlemen in gorgeous vest and clashes so tight that they looked as if akeword onto the wearer, paid the pretty dancer many squeaky compliments, at which she laughed good naturedly, though she discreetly kept her admirer at a distance.

About 1843 one of the Barings, a nephew of Lord Ashburton, visited this country and was welcomed by the best society with effusion. With him came a young Englishman named Richard Hardy. He saw Miss Lee at the theatre, was struck with her grace and beauty and secured an introduction. He was a thorough gentleman, and addressed her not as a professional but as a lady.

Diana fell in love with a rapidity that startled herself. After a month's quiet attention Hardy spoke out. He loved her and wished to make her his wife. She spoke to kindly Billy Wood the manager. He played the part of heavy father to perfection; pointed out the evanescent character of success on the stage, the hardships and perils of professional life and advised her not to neglect an opportunity of securing at once permanent and honorable, as he has no doubt that her avowal as a wife would be a happy one.

A RESAINTFUL WIFE.

Diana accepted Hardy, and they were married at St. Joseph's by Father Harbald. In society it was regarded as a distinct misalliance; the bride poor in both girl and a stage dancer; but Hardy and his beautiful wife cared nothing for the opinions of the broad-shouldered and Amsterdam Streets that preceded them in Philadelphia, and left them for the New York. Before the honeymoon was over the first trouble struck. Hardy's father wanted his son

that such a marriage would end all intercourse with his family, but Richard had means of his own and found no trouble in getting employment.

In less than a year old Hardy reëntered, and his son and wife left for England to find the father's wealth swept away by reverses in trade.

Sir James Hardy was Richard's uncle, and the head of the family. He was enormously wealthy, and had but one son. He also resented the union his nephew had made, and dying about this time, left him out of his will. Between the inheritance to his vast Kentish property and Richard Hardy were the lives of eight people, and yet by the caprice of fortune, all three vanished in two years and Richard became a baronet and his wife Lady Hardy.

She took her place in society with a grace and dignity that were natural gifts, and grew more beautiful as time went by. Her first sorrow was the death of her husband. She was then 30, with one son. Two years after she married Count Egmont, a Flemish nobleman of distinction connected with the Russian embassy at Paris, and when presented at the court of the emperor was regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She survived both her husband and son, dying in 1869 in Brussels.—Philadelphia Times.

The Wisdom of the Ancients.

Dr. Talmage was very vigorously inclined to believe that the nineteenth century had not absorbed all the wonders of the ages. Jerusalem was a wonderful city, with wonderful architecture—nothing like it in all the ages. The reservoirs of Jerusalem were built with cement as perfect today as it was when the trowel laid it 1,000 years before Christ. The deatistly had reached an advanced stage was shown by the filling of the teeth of the mummies at Cairo. Solomon knew all about the circulation of the blood. Job knew all about the refraction of light. Isaiah knew the world was round when he said, "The Lord is seated on the circle of the earth." Ancient art excelled the modern. Tyrian purple couldn't be made now. Pliny describes a malleable glass one could tie around his wrist. The nineteenth century couldn't produce a Damascus blade. We have great cities, but Babylon was five times larger than London. "I begin to wonder," said Dr. Talmage, "if the world hasn't forgotten more than it knows. But what this age does excel in," he continued, "is in mortality. There were never so many good men and women as now. It is the result of the influence of Christianity."—Washington Post.

Lack of Men Who Dance.

The complaint is made that the dancing men in society are scarcely beyond the age of knickerbocker, and a call has gone out for more men of years, weight and discretion who are willing to make themselves generally useful at the small dances of society. There has never been a year in the history of New York when balls occurred in private houses so frequently as this season. Two or three dances a night have been the rule. As a majority of the men in society are also in business, it is difficult to see how they can be expected to sit up until 4 o'clock in the morning every night in the week and still go to their offices at the accustomed time. Apparently there is another long felt want in society which the conditions of New York life make it impossible for men to fulfill.—New York World.

The Oak and the Oyster.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow." In the specimen shown us by Mr. George Cruikshank the little oak tree was growing right through the heart of an oyster shell. Whether the sprouting acorn had pierced the shell or some accidental hand had bored the convenient orifice through which it might sprout, the sturdy little oak had penetrated the crust of the impeding bivalve.—Cecil (Md.) Wig.

Smallpox Returns for Last Year

The most notable disclosure in the mortality returns of the last year concerns smallpox. Whether Dr. Jenner be right or not is a point upon which vaccinators and anti-vaccinators will probably never be brought to agree, but the fact remains that in the big towns only ten deaths took place from smallpox in the twelve months, of which four were among the 5,000,000 inhabitants of the metropolis.—London Tit-Bits.

Grasshoppers in Africa.

Stanley says that certain portions of Africa will always be worthless on account of the ravages of the grasshopper. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers ten miles broad by thirty long marching down a valley, and when the grass was fed against them they were thick enough to smother the flames.

Lowell Courier: A Florida paper says there are thirty-three varieties of sweet oranges. No one has ventured to count the variety of sour ones.

Judge: "Did you enjoy the play, Ethel?"
"No, I didn't cry once."

A Dog Modiste in Paris.

Lovers of pet dogs will be interested in the visit of an American lady to the store of a dog modiste in Paris. The place was not so much a store as an establishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped in and out all day long, most of the visitors having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting its turn. Many small mats and rugs were around the waxed floors, and every bit of carpeting of the kind was occupied by some pretty little creature. These dogs have various dresses. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is called a paletot, and is lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along. Sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of a dog. On very cold days the pets are clad in sealskin of the same pattern, the collar being in fur mounted in silver.—American Register.

Deaf Mutes.

F. G. Jefferson, of Toronto, Canada, thus writes to The Mail of that city: "The following case has come under my notice: A farmer married his cousin, and both possessed all their faculties, and they have nine children, of whom five daughters were born deaf mutes. Three of these daughters married speaking and hearing husbands. The first one has three deaf mute children out of five, the second one has two deaf mute children out of three and the third has one deaf mute child out of two. This proves that Professor Bell, of Washington, United States, has made a mistake by publishing largely that the intermarriages of deaf mutes brings a deaf mute race, when the fact is that deaf mute children proceed from married couples possessing all their faculties. In the Belleville deaf mute school there are 240 pupils, and not one of them have deaf mute parents. There are many other similar cases in England and the States."

Masonic Apron to Go to Jerusalem.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton received a Masonic apron from South Carolina, which he is to present to the master of the lodge at Jerusalem, the birthplace of Masonry. Some time ago the Jerusalem lodge sent a gavel made of olive wood to the South Carolina Masons, who now send the apron in return. The present, a valuable one, is of lambkin, bordered with black velvet and fringed with silver. The square and compasses and the all seeing eye are stamped in gold. Dr. Wharton is a Mason, and expects to have a pleasant time with the members in Jerusalem. He sailed with his party for Palestine Wednesday.—Baltimore Sun.

A Large Price for a Flower.

I saw a new variety of plant for parlor decoration in a florist's window the other day, the price being marked at the modest figure of \$100. In the passion for this sort of display, which is now rampant here in Boston, I am told that the money expended is out of all proportion to the intrinsic value or beauty of the product, some rare specimens being sought for in preference to one in which the attractions of form and color are conspicuous. This sort of interest recalls the Dutch tulip mania, and though there is perhaps no danger that our Yankee flower fanciers will lose their heads, as the old Hollanders did, yet it is worth remembering that the latter were hard headed matter of fact people, and it is such; by the way, who are apt to be most unsettled by a gust of excitement.—Boston Post.

Many Teeth Out Away.

A correspondent asks: How many teeth are drawn in this country every year?

The number of registered dentists in the United Kingdom is 4,804, including 1,079 licentiates. Many large dentistry establishments in London employ several assistants, and the daily average of teeth extracted by one of the best known firms is said to be 50 teeth per day. A statistical dentist has computed the weekly average "extractions" per dentist in this country to be 4550 teeth, and this would mean an annual total of over 10,000,000 cast away ivories.—London Tit-Bits.

Alaska as a Fruit Section.

Kodiak island, Alaska, is larger than some of the New England states, with a climate similar to that of Maryland, and is capable of supporting a large agricultural population. It is claimed that a part of the territory can be made a competitor of Oregon and Washington in the raising of the more hardy fruits, such as apples and cherries. The next steamer sailing for Sitka will carry in her cargo a large consignment of young apple trees.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bleeker—Mabel has refused me! I am desperate! O, for a war cloud, that I might become a soldier of fortune and have my breast to pitiless lead!
Van Lear (yawning)—You might get a job as electric light lineman.

"So the picnic hit you hard?"
"Yes, everything is gone except my humor."
"Sorry, I had no idea you were such a good wreck."

WAYLAI.

"Chip, you'd better start home at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you."

The window was high from the ground, and the disreputable looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the gravelled walk.

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half crouched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly audible.

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale, a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's receipts from the man in charge.

"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milldale to see him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been overcome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "I've instructed him in the note to turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you know."

The man at the window did not wait to here more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street.

"What kept you so long?" he growled.

"Any luck?"

"I should say so," was the response. "You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we manage things right."

And he proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's eyes glistened.

"Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes now."

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.

"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them." It was 3 o'clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and harnessed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it exceedingly.

About a mile from town, resting under a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time before.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "There are those fellows again. I wonder what they're up to now."

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, looking back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow Chip got it into his head that they were talking about him.

"They can't know about the money, of course," he said uneasily. "Such men look evil enough to do anything."

When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had gone into the country to look at a colt that he thought of purchasing.

The money was looked up in the safe and he had the key with him, so that there was nothing for Chip to do but to wait for his return, which he did with a good deal of impatience.

It was nearly 6 o'clock and the sun was far down in the west when Mr. Hanley came back, and Chip lost no time in transacting with him the business on which he had come.

"Better stay with me to supper," Chip, said Mr. Hanley. "There'll be a moon at 8 to light you back."

"No, thank you," said Chip. "I don't want to be out late with this money. I'll just take some bread and cheese with me."

He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale until the last of the straggling houses at its outskirts was left far behind.

The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," said Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money about me."

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

He selected from the roll of notes Mr. Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes.

"Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool them."

He was half way home when he came to a large tract of woods, through

which the road passed for some distance.

"The thick foliage of the ever reaching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk.

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improbability.

Suddenly the horse staid, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut.

"No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go hard with you."

"How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that was in the man's hand.

"None of that," replied the rascal angrily. "You just give it up, that's all. If you don't you'll never drive this wagon again."

Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily snatched it from him.

"You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Not much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?"

With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and submitted to a thorough search of his pockets, after which he was bound, with his arms behind him to a tree.

"There, I fancy that'll do," said the man with a chuckle. "Turn the vehicle round, Bill, and let's be off."

"Are you sure you have got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook."

The two rogues jumped into the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him.

His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain.

Helpless and exhausted he waited the outcome, turning pale at every noise that he heard in the woods.

He was as brave as any ordinary boy but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominous sound of wheels drawing near.

"Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me."

Nearer and nearer came the sound and then, as the vehicle passed by there was a sudden transition from despair to hope.

"Stop!" cried Chip wildly. "Help, help!"

"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What are you doing there?"

"It is I—Chipman Ferris," said the boy. "Two men, who tried to rob me, have tied me to a tree."

He heard some one alight, and the next moment footsteps came crashing toward him.

Chip was overjoyed to recognize Mr. Bolton, a farmer well known to him.

"How did you come to get in such a fix, Chip?" he asked, as with a few cuts of his knife he released him from his uncomfortable position.

Chip explained to Mr. Bolton how he had been waylaid, and the farmer said indignantly:

"The villains! They must have taken the road to Maiden, for I didn't pass them."

Just as they were getting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of angry voices from behind.

"Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "They are armed, and they are coming back."

The farmer needed no urging, but gave the horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit.

They emerged into the open, and, looking back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them.

The rascals shouted out for them to stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before every one in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abandoned by the roadside, and the men having feared capture and taken to the woods.

But the telegraph is effective, and the next day the robbers were arrested in another county and got the punishment they so richly deserved.—New York World.

Thanked instead of being

Sir Robert Wright, appointed to the bench of the high court of justice left vacant by the death of Baron Huddleston, on one of his visits while at Oxford, was summoned before the Dean of Balliol for the purpose of being censured. The dean, exceedingly careful of his dignity as well as of his personal appearance, Wright looked the dean well up and down while the latter was delivering his lecture, and finally interrupted in the middle of one of the most interesting periods, by remarking confidentially, "I know you will excuse me, but I think you cannot be aware that your waistcoat is unbuttoned." Completely nonplused, the dean was only stammering out: "Oh, thank you, Sir Wright. So very kind of you, I am sure. Good morning, good morning."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wonder of Wonders.

When Mr. Loughton was consul at Boston he was one day standing near where some ballast was being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from Europe. Among the ballast was a flint pebble some what larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck some of the larger stones, separated into the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves, and, to each half, in marks made by the natural growth of the stone, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, although the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female. Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex; yet in the stone they were face to face.—St. Louis Public.

Superstitions About Eggs

In olden times, in the French districts, the parish priest would, early on the Easter morning, visit house to house, and bless each in turn. In payment for his visit and blessing he always received eggs, and sometimes it was a serious question how to dispose of so large a number. Among the French royalty, in a similar period baskets trimmed with green leaves and filled with golden eggs, after the celebration of high mass on Easter morning, were brought into the king's cabinet and distributed to the court by the chaplain. Indeed it was an article of faith in Normandy that when the church bells ushered in the Easter morn, angels descended to the homes where little children dwell, and left eggs as an assurance of their visit.—Emma J. Gray in Good House-keeping.

Wonderful Memories.

Of M. de Laccpede, a well known French writer on natural history, it is recorded that he composed and collected his works from beginning to end before wrote them down. A similar practice is ascribed to Prescott, the American historian, who, it is said, used to compose and finish his narratives in his mind before a word of them was committed to paper.

That a man should be able thus to store own writings in his memory is harder to understand than that he should recall the writings of another, because in the one case every word is immutable, whereas in the other nothing is absolutely fixed. It is a significant fact that a powerful memory is more generally coveted than is either the imaginative or the ratiocinative faculty. This is apparently because strong memory can be turned to so many uses, not only in literature, but in the conduct of life.—New York Ledger.

The Blue Danube.

Among the most important rivers in Europe is the Danube; in fact, it is the second river. It has a length of 1,720 miles; it and its tributaries drain a valley having an area of over 300,000 square miles. Many nations live along its banks and those of the rivers which flow into it, and nearly thirty dialects are spoken from its source to its mouth. It rises in the Black forest to the north of Switzerland, and almost in sight of the French frontier. Though Bavaria and Austria is its course, through Hungary, past Serbia and Bulgaria, Romania and Roumelia, while tributaries flow in from Bosnia and Macedonia on the south and Poland on the north, so that practically the valley of the Danube comprises the most important portion of eastern Europe.

It runs through the battle ground of civilization and savagery. Here the Romans contended with the Scythians and the Huns; here the Greek empire strove to maintain its supremacy over the hordes of savage tribes which came down from the steppes of Russia; here, after the empire of the east faded away, Charlemagne contended with savage tribes of semi-Asiatic; here all Europe fought the Turks for generation after generation, until by a great battle fought under the walls of Vienna the flood of the Mohammedan invasion was rolled back toward Asia.—New York Ledger.

Chicago Tribune: Willis—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned?

Papa—No, my son. Why?

Willis—'cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.