

The Pleasant Passenger.

He had evidently gone home very late the night before and found Mrs. Caudle wide awake and inclined to converse, for he was in such a state of cheerfulness that, had he found a five-dollar bill on the street, he would have grumbled because it was not ten. He waited until the street car got nearly past him before he signaled for it to stop, and then swore at the driver because the car was not brought to a stand-still at the crossing. He took a seat next the door, and threw his right knee over his left, and set about fourteen inches of muddy boot oscillating across the passage-way so that every lady who entered or left the car could help herself to wet clay.

"Ting-a-ling," went the driver's far-box.

"Ring, and be darned. If you want my fare, you'll come and get it!" growled the happy man to himself.

"Fare, sir!" said the driver, opening the front door and thrusting in his head.

"If you want it, you come and get it. I'm not paid to be a conductor of your darned bob-tail cars!"

The driver took a hasty look out ahead to see if there were any children making mud pies between the rails, and he turned his reins around the brake and came in for the nickel. The amiable gentleman deliberately thrust his right hand down into the depths of the corresponding pocket of his pantaloons, as deliberately withdrew it, and then started on an exploring expedition with his left hand.

"Hurry up, please," said the driver, glancing out forward to see if the old milk woman was going to get across the track in time to avoid a collision.

"Well, if you be in too much of a hurry to take my fare just you drive along without it," said the humorous passenger as he drew forth a handful of coin, from which he slowly selected four pennies and handed them to the driver.

"One more," said the driver. "Here's only four."

"That's all the coppers I've got," said the passenger, as he rattled the coin back in his pocket.

"Then give me a piece of silver. You've got plenty of it there," said the driver.

"That's all you'll get out of me this morning, so walk off!"

"You'll have to pay your fare, or get off the car," said the driver, firmly.

"Oh, I will, eh! Jest you put me off if you can! I'll not get off, and you can't put me off! Now what are you going to do about it?" said the pleasant gentleman in a bullying tone.

The driver evidently wasn't going to do anything about it, for he went forward, dropped the four pennies into the box, and as he resumed the reins and slammed the door behind him, muttered something about the pleasure he should feel at meeting the passenger in some out-of-the-way place on a dark night.

"None of your impudence!" yelled old mud-foot. "I'll have you discharged off the road! see if I don't. What are you giggling at, you infernal little fools?" remarked he, jocularly, to a couple of school girls near the front of the car, who were smiling at his mouthful remarks to the driver.

"Will you please take down your foot," said a lady who wished to leave the car, indicating the mud-covered cowhide monstrosity.

"No, I'll not! If you can't step over that foot, jest you walk around it!"

"Smack!"

A little fellow, weight about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, had reached across the car and left the pattern of his right hand upon the pleasant gentleman's face.

"Let me out of your infernal car!" yelled the funny man, as he jumped up and made for the door. "I'll not ride with such a gang of loafers and"—

"Plunk!"

It was the little fellow's boot this time, and it has assisted the passenger to alight.

"Thank you," said the lady as she tripped through the door.

"Quite welcome, I assure you. And so is he," said the little fellow as the car rolled along with the giggling of those "infernal little fools."—*Deloit Free Press.*

Late Fashion Items.

The new shade of blue called bleu de mer is a rival to cadet blue for street costumes.

Detachable bows of ribbon are now used for trimming night-dresses.

Some of the daintiest and lightest of straw hats have the crowns entirely covered with velvet.

Quaintly shaped carved teakwood handles are seen upon some of the most expensive parasols.

Jettied lace bonnets, stylish in shape, can be purchased untrimmed.

A pretty elegance of the season are rich colored street jackets, not matched to the toilet, made of merveilleux or moire.

Little girls wear hats, sashes, stockings and ribbons all matching each other in color, the favorite hue being a new deep shade of china red.

An old-fashioned style is revived in the mode of finishing off the pointed bodice. A thick cord is set at the very edge of the corsage, and the tunic and panniers are set just underneath the cord.

Dress cardinal "my lady" house-jackets of vivogne or basket-cloth will be much worn at the seaside this summer over pretty high-colored skirts of sateen, foulard, muslin, or white dresses of any description suitable for morning toilets.

The favor which foulard enjoys is perhaps due to the fact that a dress made of it is always bright and pretty in appearance; it is much cooler and pleas-

anter for summer wear than gros-grain silk; it lends itself to any sort of draping or trimming, being supple, yet firm in texture, and is much less liable to crumple or grow limp than lawn or muslin, and the silk is so light that it proves a happy medium in dress for our fitful climate.

White and cream-tinted Spanish net will be much employed this summer for dinner and evening dress, made wholly of lace. This net is cut in plain princess style over a foundation of white merveilleux. The skirt and bodice are then draped with ruffles, scarf and bertha of painted Spanish lace. These exquisite dresses are among the most beautiful and becoming of summer toilets.

An English novelty in collars is called the "Directoire," and is made of white Renaissance lace, with very open-work insertion bands of white chenille dotted with pearl beads. The very large capelike collar is formed of three rows of lace, which is very deep; at the head of each ruffle is a band of the insertion run through with black velvet ribbon. This is repeated with the band around the throat, which is drawn up and brought together in front with a cluster of broad velvet loops and long ends of the same, which fall far below the waist.

White China crape shawls are being utilized for polonaises, and are made up over underskirts of silk or satin. A very simple yet elegant one made up over an underskirt of peach-blossom satin had the front of the polonaise cut in a long point, thus showing the rich embroidery of the shawl corner to fine advantage. The narrower embroidery formed a border all around the polonaise. The fringe of the shawl was replaced by wide lace of the creamy tint of the crape. A portion of the embroidery upon the other half of the shawl was sacrificed to decorate the short sleeves and bodice.

An uncommon and exceedingly elegant costume for a child is made of russet brown velvet and golden-brown satin sublime, edged with English silk embroideries. A model formed of these materials showed a French redingote of the velvet, open from below the waist line, showing the lapels of a handsome embroidered sash of golden-brown satin. The fronts of the redingote were crossed and open at the foot. The deep Charles II. collar of velvet was cut in squares and faced with satin. In suit was a soft Moorish cap of russet-brown satin, trimmed with velvet, with plume and tips of the same dark hue, shading to gold. This suit was designed for a carriage dress for cool weather at the seaside.

Comparatively few women can appropriately or becomingly wear the hair in Greek style with its accompanying fillet of ribbon or silvered bands. In the first place, the hair should be very abundant; in the second place, the features should be classic in outline, and, lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of coiffure. The women of Greece, who adopted this fashion of banding down the waves of hair, did so to keep in position their overabundant locks; but when one sees a "thinly settled" wisplike head of hair tightly banded down a la Roman dame or woman of the French Directoire period, one is led to suppose that the wearer of the fillet has determined by this means to secure what few remaining locks ungenerous nature has left her.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

How a Street-Car-Driver Changed a \$100 Bill.

"Suppose you come across a good many strange customers on your daily journey?" observed the reporter.

"You bet I do. Not only strange customers but aggravating ones, also. The change system reminds me of a trick I once played on a man which cost me a year's savings. He was a tall, lank individual, looking very much like a Methodist parson. He got on a Sixth street car; (I was driving then), and offer the conductor a \$100 bill for his fare. 'Haven't you got anything smaller?' asks my mate. 'No, my friend,' says the lank individual. So he rode that time for nothing, as the conductor could not give change, and did not like to put him off; he looked so respectable, and, besides, we did not have the rule we have got now, 'conductors not forced to give beyond \$2 change.' The lank individual rode two or three times on the car, and never had any money except the \$100 bill. The conductor told me of it one night, and I got an idea in my head. 'Jack,' I says, 'if that person rides with us again and offers the \$100 bill you bring it to me.' I had a little money saved, and I got a friend to change \$100 for me into five and ten cent pieces. These I put in a bag and placed in a private locker I had under the seat of the car. In a day or two my mate came in front and says: 'Tom, gentleman's only got a \$100 bill, can you change it?' 'I gives the conductor the key of the locker. I had told him about the silver, and my mate took twenty-four cents out of the bag for four fares which were owing, and then handed the rest, bag and all, to the lank individual. He vowed and protested he wouldn't take such change, but my mate said he knewed him and that he wasn't going to play the \$100-bill game on him any longer, and so the lank individual got out, shaking his fist at my mate, with the bag of silver tucked under his arm. The next day I took off, and I went to return the \$100 to the bank. I handed over the bill. The cashier takes it up, looks at it, and says: 'Here young man, this won't do, its counterfeit.' If you had seen my actions for the next ten minutes you would most likely have suggested a straight waistcoat. I have never come across that lank individual since; if I do.—*Horse-Car Conductor, in Philadelphia Press.*

The Hungarian Plains.

At first the plains softly undulating are dimpled here and there with shady hollows; while like golden islands in an ocean of vivid green lie long stretches of yellow colza and ripening corn. On the gently rising upland yonder a dark round speck appears against the sunlit sky; gradually it elongates, and we hear a voice singing in a quivering treble some national idyl. It is a husbandman emerging from the hollow and trudging homeward along the crest of the undulation. Then all is silence and solitude once more, till coming to a standstill at one of the primitive wells by the roadside, we hear the distant rumble of a wagon as its wheels grind heavily along, the driver of it singing, as it goes, a melancholy ditty in the minor key. Then one by one the villages and solitary farms lying on the horizon die away, and we enter the boundless plains. How lonely we feel, and what tiny atoms of creation, with no objects to measure ourselves by save birds of prey, and the white clouds sailing far up in the great, blue, glorious sky! Our carriage, though imposing only in the matter of size, proved very comfortable, its ponderous hood shielding us from the heat of the sun, save where, taking mean advantage of weak places in its constitution, it shot fiery arrows in upon us, scarcely less piercing than those that pour down upon the head of the traveler in the desert. The sun reflects itself in the white and dusty road. Above the soil on either side there is a flickering motion of the air like the haze from a lime-kiln. Everything is hot and dusty; not an insect is seen hovering about the low bushes which now and then skirt our pathway. All nature is taking its siesta in the dreamy noontide, and nothing is awake but the scarlet pimperl that with wide-open, unblinking eye looks straight up at the blazing sun. We now come to a marshy district, where a lonely heron is contemplating its lovely image in a small still pool, and then away we go again—out into the broad purple patches of newly upturned soil, bands of emerald corn, and speckled streaks of tobacco, with its large red and green leaves, and on through cool labyrinths of maize, till we come to vast tracts of uncultivated land, where wild horses with flying manes go scampering across its surface with the natural grace of untamed things. As day advances and the shadows of the clouds begin to lengthen across the plains, a breeze springs up and plays about us softly, rustling the large white, surplice-like sleeves of the driver's garment, but not sufficiently strong to stir his black and flowing locks, which, weighted with some unctuous matter, rest calmly on his shoulders. Our nearest town is Veszprim, but at the pace we are at present going we are scarcely likely to reach it before night-fall, if then. But what does it matter, when we have the whole of to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after that, and our whole lives, to do the distance in if necessary? How delightful to enjoy for once the true feeling of rest in this world of hurry-scurry, where we are but too often compelled to live at high pressure! Let, oh! let us for once take life easily under the broad and peaceful canopy of heaven, and reduce the dolce far niente to a science.—*From 'Magyarland.'*

The Arctic Fascination.

There is something about the solemn fascination of Arctic voyages that none but they who have made them can comprehend. Even when those expeditions end in the disaster which almost invariably attends them, the adventurers are no sooner recovered in body and mind from their afflictions than they are ready and sometimes eager to essay once more the stern, solemn mystery which the ice barrier of the pole guard with such pitiless jealousy. A correspondent, who interviewed Danenhower immediately after his return to New York, found him in what might be called a pitiable condition. The prolonged sufferings and privations he had undergone, the remembrance of the loss of the gallant ship crushed in the ice, and of the mournful fate of his companions, and, more than all, the sudden transfer from the desolate wastes and overpowering loneliness of the Polar region to the warmth and light and life of New York civilization in the month of May, had so unsettled his mind that he was unable to control his thoughts and actions. Even memory had left a portion of its powers behind in the cold, dreary region from which he had escaped, and in the course of conversation the dazed adventurer would halt and grope for the forgotten word to express himself in. "Oh," said he, "I can't find the word I want; that Arctic nightmare is still on me." And yet when asked if he would like to join another expedition to the dismal region, he instantly answered, "yes."

We may bewail the loss of so many gallant spirits and stout vessels that have perished in the search for this yet unsolved mystery, and rebuke the daring which seeks to tear from the icy heart of the pole a secret which, when brought to view, would probably be absolutely destitute of all practical value; but lamentations and rebuke will be of no avail as long as this unaccountable fascination holds its spell upon the minds of hardy navigators. That insatiable thirst for knowledge which animates the microscopist in his search for the ultimate atom, the chemist in his pursuit of the vital force, the astronomer in his analysis of ghostly nebulae, the African traveler in his hunt for the source of the Nile, and the archaeologist in his ceaseless questionings of the dumb tumuli beneath which repose the relics of past civilizations will, no doubt, draw victims to the Arctic sepulchre as long as the mystery of the pole remains.—*St. Louis Republic.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Half a century ago Edward Stabler was appointed Postmaster of Sandy Springs, Md., by Andrew Jackson, and he is still serving in that capacity.

—Mrs. Mark Hopkins has presented to the University of California Emmanuel Leutze's historical picture, "Washington at Monmouth." The painting is insured for \$20,000.

—General John C. Fremont, now in his seventieth year, is living in New York in a very quiet, melancholy way, and is said by a correspondent to have the air of a man whose "to-morrows are all yesterdays."

—Henry Johnson, who kept General Andrew Jackson supplied with water during the battle of New Orleans, and who cleaned the warrior's sword the next day, is living at Oberlin, O., at the age of 109 years.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cadet Whittaker, in his lecture at Buffalo, N. Y., recently, said that the theory that he mutilated himself was evolved to save the Academy itself, as a storm of public indignation was preparing to shake it to its very foundation. He denied in the most positive manner possible that he had tampered with his own ears.

—Simon Cameron, in his speech before the Birthday Club, the other day, said it was as a journalist that he began taking the first steps out of obscurity, and that he could readily recall the day when he started in at \$20 a year to learn the printing business. At that time it took a day to do what can now be accomplished in a minute.

—George Jones, the magnate of the New York Times, will sail for Europe after his son Gilbert returns. His health is very frail, and he finds an ocean voyage affords relief for the asthma, from which he so constantly suffers. He is now the oldest publisher in Printing-house Square, and his income from the Times is estimated at \$80,000.

—Frederick Harrison is not pleased with the enormous increase of books. "It is," he says, "almost a matter of chance what a man reads, and still more what he remembers." He contends that the accumulation of new material is not ending in increased power to think, stronger mental grip. "When we multiply the appliances of human life," he says, "we do not multiply the years of life, nor the days in the year, nor the hours in the day; nor do we multiply the powers of thought or of endurance; much less do we multiply self-restraint, unselfishness and a good heart. What we really multiply are our difficulties and doubts."

HUMOROUS.

—Hibernian, after attentively surveying tourist's bicycle: "Arrah, now, an' sure that little wheel will never kape up with the big wan at all!"—*London Fun.*

—A large nose is a sign of character. If it has a turkey-red finish or a big knob on one side, it is a sign that character has gone on a protracted vacation.—*Lockport Union.*

—A Philadelphia youth who is learning to play the cornet cannot understand why people who shoot at cats will be so careless. Half a dozen stray bullets have already come through his window.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A preacher in Tennessee tried to establish a church in which there should be no members who used tobacco or any beverage but water, and his only congregation was an old woman who chewed slippery-elm and believed in catnip tea for measles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Count (to his servant)—"John, I have noticed that ever since your wife's death you come home drunk every evening. Why is this?" John—"I am only trying to console myself for my loss." Count—"And how long is this going to last?" John—"Oh, sir, I am inconsolable."—*Frankfurter Zeitung.*

—Johnny, aged twelve, ran into the house and exclaimed, in well-feigned astonishment: "O, ma! I saw a little baby out here with only two ears and one nose!" "Good gracious!" exclaimed the startled mother, in a single breath, throwing up her hands. "Good gracious! you don't tell me, the poor little dear! however did it happen?"—*Norristown Herald.*

—Now we are to have "inland oysters." Talk about these active bivalves being unable to climb a tree, why, bless your heart, they have scaled the Rocky Mountains and taken up their abode in the Great Salt Lake. We predict that when the Mormons can stay out nights eating "natives" on the half shell, the attractions of a home with thirteen wives will be as nothing.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

—The "Bee Association of North America" is composed of gentlemen of the learned professions and tastes of culture, so we hear. If the idea is to cultivate the disposition of the bee, to mollify it, to bring it down to that gentle state of repose that a man can hereafter associate with the bee, meet him in some ten-acre lot without feeling an inclination to run and thrash the air with a hat, just because the bee is coming "stern on" towards you, we sympathize with the association. Otherwise, not.—*New Haven Register.*

—Pharisee and Saducee.—
To church the two together went,
Both, doubtless, on devotion bent.
The parson preached with fluent ease,
On Pharisee and Saducee.
And as they homeward slowly walked,
The lovers on the sermon talked,
And he—his deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said:
"Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Saducee?"
She flashed on him her bright black eyes
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And thus he hastened to aver,
(He was her constant worshiper):
"But, darling, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair-I see;
I know you don't care much for me,
And that makes me so sad-you see."

A Warning to Huggers.

There is a "case" on the practice-book of a well-known physician of West Oakland which ought to constitute a warning, and is, besides, an interesting surgical example of "the disoeseive yieldings of the flexions in old age"—as the doctor has it. Some months ago a young man arrived in Oakland from Montana. He proceeded at once to the home of his parents. The door was opened by the young man's grandmother, then nearly seventy years of age, and for whom he entertained a most commendable affection. The young man was a great favorite with the old lady; when he was a mere child she had made much of him, had sympathized in his boyish troubles, and had furnished him the sinews of war for many a youthful frolic. He had been a good and graceful grandson, and naturally, as they had been parted for several years, the greeting was an effusive one. But the old lady failed to realize that her favorite was no longer a budding stripling. The full-grown, bearded man before her, with brown on his shapely limbs and toil-toughened muscle on his sinewy arms, was thirty pounds heavier and more than a little stronger than the boy whom she had kissed and sent to bed for the last time eight years before. And on his part the young man did not realize that "gran'ma" was no longer the vigorous lady whom he had played with rompingly as a merry school-boy in their far-off Eastern home.

To his glad, grateful, grand and filial breast he caught her aged form and hugged her tight with the warm impulsiveness of tempestuous youth. Had she been the usual sweetheart, there might have been no worse result than a fractured section of the whalebone stays, or a momentary cessation of not too necessary inspiration. As it was the old lady said, simply: "Oh, my!" and sank back upon his shoulder in a "dead faint." When she recovered from that she complained of a grievous pain in her right side. A physician was sent for, and his examination showed that three ribs had been dislocated by the "grand filial hug," and that the situation was a critical one, owing to the old lady's extreme age, and to the fact that she was rather portly, and bandaging would, therefore, be deprived of much of its effectiveness. The old lady has been under medical treatment ever since, and is not at present suffering much pain. Her disconsolate and unreasonably self-reproaching grandson is her most devoted attendant.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Lingual Slips and Misses.

A German author has made a collection of metaphors, which he calls pearls of thought. Some of them are worth quoting, if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired political orator, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly into the ocean of freedom!" Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Miller Hye, who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls!" A pan-Germanist Mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, only one Germany; such are the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye." Prof. Johannes Scherr, in a criticism on Lenau's lyrics, writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly let swarms of song dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior, and prayed fervently." The German Parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but two must suffice. Count Frankenburg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock," and, in the last session, he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace he had better resign office and "return to his paternal oxen." But none of these pearls of thought and expression in Fatherland surpass the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme, on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life."—*London Telegraph.*

Handling Horses.

Men differ greatly in the amount of work they can get out of a team of horses, and the animals know this as well as the drivers. Some will fret and sweat a team when only drawing an empty wagon, while others will drive the same horses before a heavy load and not wet a hair. This difference is more easily seen than described. Kindness in manner and in tone of voice go a great way towards making the load draw easily. The owner's handling of the reins is frequently far different from that of the hired man. We have seen teams kept poor in flesh by an almost incessant worry from an ill-fitting harness, an inhuman jerking upon the bits, or a frequent and injudicious use of the whip. Boys are not exempt from these strictures. Many teams have had their usefulness impaired by a disregard of the feelings of the horses. It is not the well-fed horse, only, that does the most work, and keeps in the best condition; he must also have a kind master, and be treated with a just regard for equine sensibility.—*American Agriculturist.*