A REMEMBERED TUNE.

My hand went o'er the piano keys,
And it chanced on a song that you sang, my dear,
When we roamed through the country stillnesses,
Or stood by the sea when the moon was clear,
In that other year.

I forgot the words you were wont to sing,
But the tune is a sweet and tender one,
And sad as the thought of autumn and spring
To one who dreams in the tender sun
That the sweet time's done.

As I play, the old hopes, the old sorrows move,
And it seems almost that your voice I hear,
And my spirit has gone this day to rove
Down the inland way, by the far-off sea
Of that other year.

As a bird that finds its nest
When the winds are over strong,
With quivering wings and panting breast,
Even so to-day this song,
Which your dear lips used to sing,
From the days long left behind
Enters now and folds its wing
In the still remembering mind.

Washington Shylocks.

Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Driving out to the Soldiers' Home in the evening you cannot fail to notice a fast horse driven by a fine-looking colored man. He has the neatest light turnout on the road. He is tall, broad-shouldered, soldierly. He has bushy gray whiskers, and he wears gold-bowed spectacles. Strangers take him for the Haytian or Hawaiian minister. He is neither. He is a banker, with the most profitable customers in the United States. He loans them money which he is almost certain to get back, and they pay him 15, 25, yes, 30 per cent, a month for it. Think of 360 per cent. a year! No wonder he drives a blooded horse and fattens on all the delicacies of all the seasons. There are dozens of men of the same sort in Washington. Most of them are white. But some of the most successful are black, or nearly so. Starting in with a small capital, seldom more than a few thousand dollars, they soon become rich. Their customers are the department clerks, among whose thousands there are daily some that must have money at any cost. They would sell their blood drop by drop. It is to pay for a horse, to meet the demands of a needy relative, or to satisfy some persecuting creditor. The sleek, well-fed, quiet-voiced, smooth-tongued broker, or banker as he is called here, is always just at hand. It is the easiest thing in the world to get the needed money from him. There are few formalities and no delays. A note binding the borrower to repay the loan, with interest at 5, 10, or 15 per cent a month is signed. No collateral or real estate security is required. It is all over in a moment, and the relieved clerk, paying the importunate creditor his due, turns to his work with a lighter heart. At the end of the month he pays the interest. This is not very difficult; and so several months may slip by. Now the note is due, but he cannot pay it. Well, he can renew it, and he does. Presently he wants more money. He can have it on the same terms. If he takes it he is in a tangle, and nothing short of a superhuman effort will extricate him before the leeches have sucked his veins dry. The change that comes over the manner of the banker as the customer gets deeper and deeper in the mire is one of the most interesting features in this terrible little drama. But the path downward is so well greased at the mouth that hundreds, with full knowledge of what has come to others, slide in every year. They say that the colored bankers, who prey chiefly upon the colored men and women in the departments, find it much easier to bleed their victims than do their white rivals. The colored men feel flattered by the graceful way in which they are roped in. Borrowing is made so easy that they seem to be complimented in the very operation. Then they care little about the troubles of the future if they are satisfied in the present, They would as lieve pay 30 per cent. as 3 per cent. a month, if they can have the money they want. Of course the bankers prefer the higher rates. The bankers, some of the colored ones at least, justify their exactions by claiming that they themselves have to pay exorbitant rates for the money they loan again. Of course they claim as well that they run great risks of never again seeing the money they loan. This has not been true. Clerks are held to the payment of their just debts with great strictness by their superiors. Their creditors can have their money at any time by appealing to the head of the department. Hitherto these brokers' loans have been held to be just debts, and their payment has been enforced by threatened appeals to the superior officers of the various departments, even when no such appeals are contemplated. But recently Secretary Folger, Acting Secretary of the Interior Joslyn, Commissioner of Pensions Dudley and other officials have frowned upon such usurious contracts, and have done all that they could to defeat them. The bankers have to resort to some very odd expedients to get their money. The other day a ladylike woman, dressed in rusty black and having a mournful manner, dropped in on the deputy commissioner of pensions. She said she was a poor widow, and that one of his clerks owed her $100. There were tears in her voice and want in her eyes. The deputy commissioner had the clerk up and obliged him to pay the $100. The widow dried her tears. Subsequently the hasty deputy commissioner learned that she was the widow of a banker, a departmental banker; that she was worth $100,000, and that the $100 was the face value of a note which the clerk had paid a dozen times in interest. This is a sample.

Luxurious Travel.

During the present century inventive genius has been most actively employed in conceiving and developing plans and machinery to simplify and lighten the labor of man and to give him more of the comforts and luxuries of life, and in no country has such marked improvement in this direction been made as in the United States. Patent has followed patent with most marvelous rapidity, until it would seem that perfection must be reached at last, and in no one channel have such marked and important results been attained as in the application of steam and electricity to machinery, and to the economies of life generally.

These patent forces plant and harvest our grain, grind our flour, weave our cloth, make our clothes and light and warm our houses. They carry our persons and our goods over land and sea, and our thoughts from one end of the earth to the other with incredible rapidity, and by thus annihilating time fulfill the promise of Puck—to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Genius having thus demonstrated its ability to contrive means to carry us safely at a speed of forty to sixty miles an hour, now supplements the feat by the invention of cars that combine within themselves not only all the comforts and conveniences of a beautiful home, but the luxurious appointments of a magnificent palace as well. Sitting-rooms, drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, lavatories, bed-chambers, and, in fact, every possible convenience and necessity of life are now become a matter of course while traveling at a speed which, in one day, takes us as far as full ten days' weary ride in the fastest stage line of fifty years ago. It is not miraculous; trained minds, trained hands—brain, brawn, money—have done it; it is simply marvelous; and a plain statement of the crude facts is more wonderful than the most fascinating fairy tale ever written.

We have been led into this train of thought by reading in the Chicago Tribune a notice of the opening of a new line of railroad, the Chicago and Atlantic, which in connection with the old and well known Erie, constitutes a new route from Chicago to New York.

This new line—to use metaphor—was not incubated, but came forth full fledged and with a plumage that surpasses all competitors. Accepting the fact in its efforts for business it must be prepared to compete with old and well established lines, it gave an order to the Pullman company to build solid trains of cars which should surpass anything of the kind that had ever been constructed before, and if we may believe the Tribune, the order was faithfully executed.

Think of it, ye smokers who while away hours with the fragrant weed while traveling! On this line you have cars finished in cherry and maple, inlaid with woods of darker hue; the panels, between windows of purest plate-glass, being richly embossed leather, and in this room, fit for an emperor's palace, are twenty luxuriously upholstered easy-chairs, with tables to match in style and finish, and at one end of the room a refreshment buffet connected with each seat by an electric annunciator, thus allowing a passenger to order coffee and light refreshment without leaving his seat.

The day coaches are marvels of elegance, inviting one to recline at ease, while the Pullman palace sleeping coaches combine within themselves the luxurious drawing-room by day and the elegant bed chamber by night.

What money could do—nay, more! What educated tastes, coupled with skilled hands could do with the costly woods of the tropics and the temperate zones and with the ravishing tapestries and upholsterings of all Europe, have been made to pay tribute to this royal road, to enable it to give us, while traveling, a home simply perfect in every detail.

Travel used to be the epitome of weariness and discomfort; a journey of a thousand miles meant nightmares before starting and sickness at its close. Now, the same journey over such a road as this Chicago and Atlantic is looked forward to as a holiday, as a rest, as an educator, for eye and mind and nerve are to be impressed with nothing that is not restful and enjoyable; and when the journey is ended one is loth to leave the charming rooms where everything has been conducive to joyous ease.

A thousand miles from Lake Michigan to New York Bay—from the fresh to the salted sea in thirty hours, and no necessity to set your foot upon the ground—eat, drink, sleep—all while the paper wheels are revolving beneath you at a rate of speed that would in the same time have carried Julius Cæsar from one end to the other of the land it took him so many years to conquer.

Bricks Impregnated With Asphalt.

Bricks impregnated at a high temperature with asphalt are being successfully used in Berlin for street pavement. By driving out the air and water the bricks will take up 15 or 20 per cent. of bitumen, and the porous, brittle material becomes durable and elastic under pressure. The bricks are then put endways on beton bed and with hot tar. The pavement has been laid down in a part of a thoroughfare where neither granite nor compressed asphalt had hitherto withstood the wear.

Pretty Tales Devoid of Truth.

London Times.

The good people of Coventry, who to-day celebrate the festive ceremony connected with the name of Lady Godiva, ought to be a little disturbed by a bombshell cast into their midst in the shape of a letter which we publish, mercilessly assailing their favorite tradition. The legend of Lady Godiva has already received some severe treatment at the hands of Mr. Freeman; and now "A Lineal Descendant of Leofric and Godiva" selects the occasion of the Coventry procession as an opportunity for demolishing the story. The good people of Coventry, by way of keeping green the memory of their benefactress, employ a lady to ride through their town attired "in fleshings." Whether this attire is decent or such as "would not be tolerated upon the English stage" is alien to the question of historical accuracy, although a lineal descendant of Lady Godiva may be pardoned for referring even to the subject of decorum with some warmth. Our correspondent goes through the agonizing process of showing in detail that the procession which is to take place to-day has no origin in fact, but only in the fertile brains of chroniclers. The earliest chronicles, he says, are silent about the fabulous ride; and it makes its first appearance in quite a different form from that which it has assumed in later times. The populace of Coventry, so far from being notified to keep house, as Mr. Tennyson sings and tradition now relates, were assembled to view the spectacle: so that the "low churl, compact of chankless earth," who paid for his treachery by the loss of his eyesight, must be accounted mythical.

But even these early versions, it seems, are fabulous. Our correspondent admits a Lady Godiva; but he disallows a Coventry in those days. There was no town which Lady Godiva could have ridden, or anything pertaining to a town, save, perhaps, the cluster of houses which may have grown up around the abbey completed in 1042 by her devoted husband, Earl Leofric. The beautiful and virtuous Godiva endowed this abbey with all her wealth, in such wise that she fairly "denuded herself of all her personal property." If these last words are to be taken as indicating the origin of the modern tale of Lady Godiva and the "grim Earl," her husband, a number of instances suggest themselves in which metaphor has been the parent of myth. Leaving aside familiar examples drawn from classical mythology, we may recall the story of the yacht-owning peer who was reported to have been so enraged with a presumptuous aspirant to the hand of his pretty daughter that he threw him out of his yacht; a report which proved to be a development of the perfectly true statement that he "threw him over." At all events, the legend does not appear able to stand the ponderous criticism of our correspondent, who breaks his historical butterfly upon the wheel in the true spirit of a Niebuhr flaying Livy, or a Bentley demolishing the Epistles of Phalaris.

The pretty tale of Godiva, we fear, must be added to the list of those which have fallen victims to the modern spirit of skepticism and critical investigation. One by one the romantic chapters of history, those which used to enchain childish fancy, and form the landmarks of childish knowledge, are being lost to us forever, except as by-words of credulous ignorance. Once they were long-established beliefs which no one dreamed of assailing; they were enshrined in the pages of Mangnall and revered accordingly. To those persons, be they of Coventry or any other place, who bewail an assault upon a favorite legend, the only consolation to be offered is that, in Homeric phrase, many and better traditions have died ere this one. The kings of Rome perished a long time ago by the pen of Niebuhr, and they have been killed over and over again since the great historian's time. Homer has not exactly forfeited all claim to an individual existence under the attacks of Wolf and his followers, but he has been sadly compromised. Æsop has not escaped, for it is now the fashion to maintain that there never was such a person, but that he only afforded a convenient name under which to group the composers of ancient fable in general, although, by a curious piece of irony, Sir George Cronewall Lewis, one of the greatest of historical skeptics, edited a spurious collection of Æsopic fables, palmed off on the world by an impudent modern Greek, as if Æsop were a genuine personage, and these fables were the genuine production of Æsop. To come to more modern times, the current story of Joan of Arc has been a dozen times refuted and as often reasserted. The historical career of William Tell is indeed melancholy, for he has been found out by the critics, instead of a patriot peasant, to have been an innkeeper, and a horse dealer; but perhaps these critics may be suspected of Austrian leanings. The romantic attachment of the Princess Pocahontas to Captain John Smith is demonstrated by recent historians to be indebted for much of its romance to the imagination of Captain Smith himself. What need is there to allude to the story of the Vengeur, or to the abundant parellels of that tale which are found in the annals of every country, and which have been found not altogether proof against critical investigation? Even the ten commandments themselves, thanks to the enterprise of M. Shapira, are awaiting the verdict of the learned. No wonder that a poor little local tradition should have shown itself unable to withstand the penetrating fire of modern critical artillery.

Conversation on a journey is equal to a conveyance.—[Tamul.

Outrunning Death.

Philadelphia Times.

"Think of a man getting seasick from riding on a locomotive engine," said Counseler Farley, who last week shot down from Philadelphia to Atlantic City at the rate of more than a mile a minute to reach the bedside of his dying child.

"'Seasickness' is, of course, not the term to apply to the disorder, but that expresses it better than any other name that I can think of. My ride created the same feeling of wretchedness that a few hours on the ocean always gives me, only instead of its being caused by the rolling of a vessel it was brought on by the pitching and tossing of a locomotive.

"I received a telegram telling me of my child's condition about two o'clock in the afternoon. Every moment after that seemed an hour. I realized how extreme was the danger, for I had been up several nights with the little one. There was nothing but the locomotive, and I sat in with the engineer. Dispatches were sent ahead ordering all regular trains to run for sidings and remain until the engine passed. We were about a minute getting out of the built-up part of Camden. Then we flew; but no rate of speed could be too fast for me. As we wildly rushed along we enveloped ourselves in a cloud of dust that was so thick at times that I could not see half a dozen yards ahead. The whistle screamed a note of warning almost every second. Indeed, it seemed to my excited mind that it was all one wild shriek, extending from the Delaware to the sea. After we had gone a few miles the engine began to pitch and toss, and as the speed increased the motion became more violent. Now we seemed to drop into a gulf, then to rear into the air, and again, as quick as thought, to be in the act of leaping into a creek. The trees and fields and houses were like a long, black, waving streak. I began to feel faint and dizzy, and if it had not been for the rushing wind I fear I must have swooned in that terrible cab. The engineer was perfectly cool. He afterward declared that never before had he gone at so high a rate of speed for so great a distance. I told him of my feeling of sickness. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have heard of old railroad men tell how passengers had been made seasick by fast riding, but I never saw it before.' When we struck the meadows and I got a whiff of salt air I braced up a bit, but I felt queer and unsteady on my legs, even after we reached the station and I had alighted. I felt as if I had just come in on a rough sea voyage. But I was in time. I once more saw the light of my child's eyes, fading fast, indeed, but still instinct with life, and in that every thing else was forgotten."

The Blue Grass Country.

Harper's Magazine.

The blue grass country is reached by traversing central Virginia and Kentucky along the line of the picturesque Chesapeake & Ohio railway, unless, indeed, one prefers the swift and solid Pennsylvania route to Cincinnati, and drops down to it from the north. On this particular journey, at any rate, it was reached past the battlefields and springs of Virginia, and up and down the long slopes of the Blue Ridge and gorges of the Greenbrier and Kanawha, in the wilder Alleghenies. It is found to be a little cluster of peculiarly favored counties in the center of the state. Marked out on the map, it is like the kernel, of which Kentucky is the nut: or like one of those "pockets" of precious metals happened upon by miners in their researches. The soil is of a rich fertility, the surface charmingly undulating. Poverty seems abolished. On every hand are evidences of thrift corresponding with the genial bounty of nature. A leading crop in times past has been hemp, and land that will grow hemp will grow anything. This is being more and more withdrawn in favor of stock-raising exclusively, but the tall stacks of hemp, in shape like Zulu wigwams, still plentifully dot the landscape.

One drops into horse talk immediately on alighting from the train at Lexington, and does not emerge from it again till he takes his departure. It is the one subject always in order. Each successive proprietor, as he tucks you into his wagon, if you will go with him—and if you will go with him there is no limit to the courtesy he will show you—declares that now, after having seen animals more or less well in their way, he proposes to show you a HORSE. Fortunately there are many kinds of perfection. He may have the best horse or colt of a certain age, the one which has made the best single heat, or fourth heat, or quarter of a mile, or average at all distances, or the best stallion, or brood-mare, or the one which has done some of these things at private if not public trials. Each one has, at any rate, the colt which is going to be the great horse of the world. This is an amiable vanity easily pardoned, and the enthusiasm is rather catching. A man's stock is greatly to his credit and standing in this section while he lives, and when he dies is printed prominently among the list of his virtues.

Clumsy Farming in England.

A correspondent of the Boston Commercial Bulletin thinks that English farming is decidedly shiftless. He says:

But let the times and seasons be ever so good in England her tenant farmers will not successfully compete with our own farmers, unless they adopt a style of farming different from that which I often observed there. The farmer may be the leaser of but a small farm, and yet leave the work entirely in the hands of the slow, dull hands I have elsewhere described, who do everything clumsily and most moderately, and devote his own time simply to overseeing, idleness and country sports.

But a little farming illustration from real English life will best illustrate the point I have in mind. Lingering at an old English inn, I talked of the neighborhood farming with my intelligent landlord. A couple of sturdy looking young men in hunting suits, riding whips in hand, came into the inn at 10 o'clock in the morning to guzzle beer a while. Landlord said they leased an 80-acre farm near by, on which were 40 sheep, 15 cows, and which grow more or less hay, wheat, etc. They paid £3 an acre rent. Did nothing themselves. Hired help at 15 shillings the week, and were always ready to join the hounds, if there was a meet anywhere near them. A hard morning's work for them was a walk to the pasture, to see if the sheep were all right. In the afternoon they might take a glance at the growing wheat, turnips, etc. In New England, two young farmers running a farm of eighty acres would do about all the work themselves. I have only time to hint at the clumsiness of English farming methods and machinery, as often, though of course not always exhibited. I have stopped by the roadside and looked with astonishment and amusement at the sight of three horses dragging a heavy iron plow, one man driving, another man holding plows moving at a snail's pace, turning the furrows in a field where a New England farmer would have done the same work alone with a single stout horse holding plow, and driving with reins over his neck.

So it was all round—two or three men to do a single man's work, and teams of horses out of proportion to the labor required of them.

The Missing Link Outdone.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Times.

Perhaps the greatest living curiosities now in existence in this country will pass through this city on their way to Cincinnati and Louisville next Tuesday. About two years ago Mr. Charles Lewis, of the Lewis Bros.' "Bloody Knife Combination Company," in passing through the state, discovered, about fifteen miles below St. Augustine, a family of white persons, consisting of John McDonald, his wife and five children. Two of the children he found to be half human and half alligator. He at once contracted with the parents to give him the management of the children, and agreed to pay them $25 per month to care for them until such time as he saw fit to take them away. A few weeks ago Mr. Lewis returned to the state for the purpose of taking the children north, and on Wednesday arrived in this city to arrange for their transportation. He will go to St. Augustine Monday after the children; and arrive in this city with them perhaps on Tuesday morning and will remain here about five hours before leaving for Louisville. Mr. Lewis does not intend to exhibit them here except perhaps to a few friends and acquaintances.

These children are now nine years of age and have never been to exceed ten miles from their home, and consequently have never been placed on exhibition. Their bodies, arms and heads from the hips up are perfectly formed, while from the hips down they present the identical appearance of an alligator, having a perfectly formed tail about five feet in length, together with the hind feet and legs of the 'gator. They crawl around on their hands and feet, converse intelligently, and seem to enjoy life very much. They live part of the time in the water, which they enjoy very much, using their tails while swimming, the same as the alligator, to propel their bodies. They are healthy, good-looking and well-developed children, and outside of their love for the water their general mode of living is the same as that of other human beings.

A Thrilling Ride.

A party on the Rocky Mountain division of the Northern Pacific railroad a few days ago had a thrilling adventure which they would not care to repeat. They were on an open car which was standing still on an exceedingly steep grade. Suddenly one of the gentlemen saw that a train of cars was dashing down upon them at frightful speed. It consisted of an engine weighing 80,000 pounds and eight cars heavily laden with iron. There was no time to get the party off the car, and to remain still was almost certain death. With great presence of mind one of the gentlemen loosened the brake of the car, which at once began to run down the hill. It was now a race for life, and the ladies of the party were almost wild with fright. Soon the freight train caught up with the car, but the velocity of both being almost the same little damage was done, and at last all reached the bottom of the decline in safety.

Shorthand to be Superseded.

The act of shorthand is, it appears, to be superseded by one of the queerest inventions on record. The revolution is to be effected by means of a machine called a "glossograph," which consists of six levers, forming a sort of cage, each communicating with a tracing pencil. The use to be made of the "glossograph" is rather curious. While the orator or lecturer is holding forth, the reporter is to repeat the words of the speaker with his tongue in the cage. Thus the quickest conversation, some London journals tell us, may be taken down with ease. The ludicrous aspect which this new invention assumes may be an obstacle to its adoption.

When a young man kisses a girl and calls it heaven, it shows plainly that he doesn't know any more about heaven than a gosling knows about Beethoven's sonatas.