

"THE EYES OF ELEANORA."

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the end of our crowded domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleanora. —*Edgar A. Poe*

As the light of a star is found,
By day, in the stainless ground,
Where the river of swells lies,
So the spirit of beauty dwells,
O love, in the mimic wells
Of thy large and luminous eyes.

As out of a turbulent night,
A lost bird turns to the light,
Of a desolate dreamer's room—
So, forth from the storm of thine eyes,
A passionate splendor flies
To my soul, through the inter-gloom.

As a lily quivers and gleams,
All night, by the darkling streams,
That dream in the underlands,
So up from the haunted lakes
Of thy shadowy eyes, Love shakes
The snows of her beck'ning hands.

As clusters of new worlds dawn,
When the infinite comes on,
In the measureless, moonless skies,
So the planet of love burns high,
O sweet, when the day sweeps by,
In the dusk of thy orient eyes.

—James Newton Matthews, in *The Current*.

JOHNNY DRIVER.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY J. D. DILLENBACK.

The day before Thanksgiving, I was seated in a first-class passenger coach, speeding away at the rate of forty miles an hour, through the fertile farms of northern Ohio. It was about the middle of the afternoon when I relinquished my occupation of gazing out of the moist window upon the dull, flat, and unprofitable landscape, and placing my overcoat on the back of the seat, reclined my head against it, covered my face with my hat, and pretended to be trying to sleep. But, in point of fact, I had no intention whatever of going to sleep, and sheltered by my hat, amused myself with watching my fellow passengers, sparsely scattered through the car.

Before recording the results of my observations, it will be in place for me to introduce myself to the reader, and state how I came to be on that train at that time, from whence I came and whither I was bound. My name is Smith. (Don't laugh—a great many good people have borne the name of Smith), and I was junior member of the wealthy firm of Brown, Black & Co., furniture manufacturers, owners of one of the largest and most profitable factories in Cincinnati. A little more than a year before we had hired a new foreman, from Detroit, who proved a great acquisition, being a splendid workman, a reliable manager, and a perfect gentleman. He had not been with us a month before he and I were the warmest of friends, and I became a frequent visitor at his house, where his hospitable attentions were cordially seconded by his wife and sister.

But if my feelings for George Castle, for such was his name, were those of the warmest friendship, I was still more strongly attracted by his sister Ella, a young lady of twenty summers, ten years my junior, whose charms soon led me a willing captive. Happily the attraction was mutual, and I found no difficulty in persuading her to appoint our wedding day early in the next spring. Then, when once fairly entrapped, she became suddenly shy, and fastidiously refused to go to her father's for a long visit, and to make the necessary preparations for our marriage. She started for Detroit, where her parents resided, in September, and George and his wife followed a month later, taking advantage of a full business season to reduce our force of workmen till after New Year's. Before they left, however, it was arranged that I should come to Detroit to spend Thanksgiving with them, and make the acquaintance of the old folks. Thus it happened that I took the house from business with some difficulty, only the day before Thanksgiving, and eagerly hastened to greet my betrothed at her own home.

But to resume. I had just come to the same conclusion that a big, stoutly dressed man, four seats in front of me, was either a professional gambler, an internal revenue officer, or a detective, when two ladies, who had been seated back of me, near the stove, were inconspicuously and calmly talking to the man seated in front of me, and when they fell into a lively chat. I soon learned from their conversation that both resided in Detroit, and were returning to their homes in the city, and that they had just returned from a visit to a sick and dying man in the hospital. It did not take long to convince me that they were women of wealth and intelligence, who occupied a high position in society, and I guessed by their appearance that both were over forty years old.

I had become so much interested in their conversation that I failed to notice that the train had come to a standstill in a dense forest, till one of them addressed me in the midst of a sentence to ask the other, "What are we waiting here for? I don't see any station." This roused me, and I got up and went out upon the platform, where I soon learned the cause of our delay. It was a freight train of the track, with a disabled engine.

My disappointment was most intense, and for a few minutes I stood like a man utterly confused by some sudden change of circumstances. The evening in Mr. Castle's elegant parlors in company with my charming Ella, as I had been picturing in day dreams all that long, dismal day, there I was, anchored in the midst of the nineteenth century, and in the immediate prospect of release. Crying over spilled milk is not one of my characteristics, however, and as soon as I had ascertained from the conductor that he should not back the train to the last station some several miles distant, till he had time to send a messenger to the station four miles ahead for instructions, I started on a brisk walk along the track, resolved to find some supper, if it were possible. After a time I came to a clearing and a large farm house, not far from the railroad, where I met with a hospitable reception. On learning the situation of the train, the lady of the house, once I had seen her sewing and bustled about to a large basket with bread, dried meat, cheese, doughnuts, pies, cakes, and various other good things, all of which were found in superabundance in the pantry of a notable household, especially about Thanksgiving time. While she was filling the basket, she was at the same time making a large coffee pot full of coffee on the kitchen stove. She utterly refused to receive any money, and cut short my thanks by directing me to divide my basket full with the ladies on the train, giving what was left to the men, and to leave the basket, and a tin pail into which she poured the coffee, at the next station. Her name was Smith, and it made me proud to hear her say it. Thus armed and equipped against a famine, I hastened back to the train, which I found *in statu quo*. But others of the gentlemen had been out foraging, and the two ladies I have mentioned were the only ones not already supplied with supper.

They declared that I was a fitting herald of Thanksgiving, and a genuine knight-errant of the nineteenth century, and in the midst of their praises of the lady whose name was Smith; asserting that the contents of that basket showed plain as proof of holy writ that she was a good Christian, and a most excellent housekeeper. We grew quite sociable over our lunch basket, and I felt thankful for my good fortune in finding two such pleasant old ladies for traveling companions.

After we had done eating, I again searched out the conductor and learned that we were likely to be detained several hours longer and could not expect to reach Detroit till the next morning. My lady friends received the unwelcome tidings with a becoming show of patience, and we resumed our conversation, which naturally fell upon railroad accidents and incidents of travel. Old ladies are apt to be good story tellers, and they were no means deficient in this respect. From railroad accidents the transition was easy and natural to other casualities, and a thrilling story of a church that fell dur-

ing services and crashed more than a score of people, related with graphic force by one of the ladies, was followed by this question from the other.

"Mrs. Garland, did I ever tell you of the man that fell as he fell on Thanksgiving day, sixteen years ago?"

"No, I am sure not. Please tell us about it, Mrs. Castle."

"Mrs. Castle"—what a revelation! It must be that she was Ella's mother. Surely, if I could have had the pick of all workmen, I could have not selected a sweeter, kinder looking old lady for a mother-in-law than the one sitting before me. But possibly it might be some other Mrs. Castle, and I decided to wait and hear the story, which would doubtless settle the question of identity, after which I could declare myself, if my surmises were correct.

Mrs. Castle was afraid I would be bored with a long story, but I assured her that I should be glad to listen for a thousand and one nights, making, however, the mental reservation that I should want Ella's company, meantime.

Mrs. Castle's story.

Eighteen years ago, Mr. Castle bought a saw mill in a small village in Western Michigan, and immediately went west to take charge of it, leaving me and the children in New York. George was then about thirteen years old, and Ella, three. He remained nearly a year to build a house and get everything in readiness for our reception, and then came east and took us back with him.

Arrived in Michigan, I found my husband had provided a house near as large, and quite as comfortable, as the old homestead at 8 avenue; but I must confess that I was not a little homesick for the first few months. There was a plentiful lack of cultivated society, few church privileges, nowhere to go, and nothing to see. I made few acquaintances, and the spring after we got there, when I had a severe attack of fever. The women in the neighborhood promptly came to my assistance and nursed me with much care and kindness till I was fully recovered, after which I called upon all of them and formed some warm and lasting friendships.

Mr. Castle had a steam saw mill and shingle mill and usually kept from twelve to fifteen men in his employ. Most of them were single men, and about the roughest set I ever had the fortune to meet. Yet they were uniformly polite to me, and Mr. Castle professed to find in them a great many sterling qualities.

Our first Thanksgiving Day in Michigan came when we arrived there, and we were very fairly settled, so that we were unable to devote much pains to its observance.

The next year we talked the matter over several weeks before hand, and decided to have a Thanksgiving dinner and party, and all Mr. Castle's employes, with the families of those who were married. I believe I first proposed the plan, but there were a few of the men that I would gladly have omitted from the list.

Uncle Luke was living with us then, and both he and my husband insisted that we ought to invite all if we invited any. The subject came up one evening after tea, when we were seated in the parlor, and what Uncle Luke called quite a "council of war" over it.

"As to Mr. Jones and his wife, with their 'raft of children,' as Mrs. Jones calls them, I don't want to invite them," said I, "for Mr. Jones and his wife, though I am afraid it will be the first time she was ever invited to dine with respectable people; but there is Tom Lover, do you think it possible my dear, that he is not at least twenty-four hours when he is not at work?"

"I will answer for him," said Uncle Luke. "I will send him out hunting with George, who can manage to keep him in the woods till about dinner time."

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter," I continued, "are nice people. I am always glad to see them. John Cobb and his 'Sally Maria' and daughter Jane, are as good as gold, and will be in to watch their performance. Mr. Bell, Mr. Brown, Mr. Reed and Mr. Mason can all behave like gentlemen when they try, but John Lick and Paul Toms are so noisy and quarrelsome; I am really ashamed to have them at my table."

"I don't believe they will dare to air their profanity at my table," said Mr. Castle, "and as for their noise, we can certainly stand that for a few hours."

"Yes," said I, "let us have them all, and try to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for them. I remember that was your father's custom in Vermont. He always had from twenty to fifty people at his table Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes," said my husband, "it will seem like old times."

We were deep in our discussion of ways and means, when George, who had been playing cards with Ella, came in and handed her her new letter books, suddenly interrupting our talk with a somewhat startling inquiry:

"Mamma, are you going to ask Johnny Driver?"

Johnny Driver was a boy of nearly George's age, who sometimes packed shingles at the mill; the most troublesome boy in the State, and the scapegoat of the village. He had no parents, no guardian, and no regular home, and was first at one place and then at another till the people got tired of him and sent him away. It was reported that his father was a prominent grain dealer in Philadelphia, but he was rich man, but he died, and he was being a self-made man and an orphan educated at a charity school, left no relatives to take charge of little Johnny, his only child. His wife was a delicate woman, and she died when Johnny was but a few months old, after which the little fellow had the best of care that money could procure, but I fear not much real love and attention, save from his father, whose business cares left him little time to spend with his boy.

Johnny was eight years old when his father died and left him, a friendless waif, to the mercy of the world. He found some kind of a home, but when he was twelve years old he ran away with a circus company and never returned, though he soon became so troublesome that the manager gladly dropped him in our little village, where he seemed determined to stay for the sole reason that nobody wishes to have him. This is the story of Johnny Driver. But I had allowed Mr. Castle to manage the matter thus far, and so I replied discreetly:

"I don't know, George, I never thought of him."

"You had better detail two men and a dog, or one man and two dogs, to watch him; if you do," said Uncle Luke.

"Have you heard Johnny's last trick?" said Mr. Castle, knowing what a selfish and penny-pinching man Elder Crocker is, and how he expects every one to wait on him upon all occasions. Well, last Monday he came up to the mill to see me for something, and asked Johnny to see him, and the name was a fine story of the noise of the machinery. He stayed and bored me more than half an hour, and when he went out, instead of paying Johnny for his trouble, he said, very severely: "Hand me the horse, and cut the horse out with the whip, that started him into a run, after which he swore a fearful volley at the Elder, and walked off, breaking the whip in small pieces as he went. The consequence was that the horse never stopped till he got home, and the Elder had five miles walk in a highly excited frame of mind. I don't want to see that man again; but I told him that I had no authority over him, and did not want any."

"I fear he is incorrigible," said Uncle Luke. He went to the protracted meeting last fall, and took his place on the anxious seat, for the sake of getting near enough to the stove to take a handful of pepper in it. It took just two minutes by the watch to clear the house of over a hundred people."

"Yes," said I, "he is totally devoid of reverence, and seems to delight in abusing the young people who have joined the church. And then, whenever there are Indians in town he is always acting as a go-between to get whiskey for them. If the place is burned by them some day, I have no doubt we shall owe it to Johnny."

I think Johnny's ears must have been tingled at night for having become the subject of discussion in our little circle he was handled without gloves, and his evil deeds given a liberal airing. It was conceded that he was naturally a bright boy, and that he had some good friends, and that he was usually ragged clothes in some kind of order. But no one could deny that he was lazy, saucy, mischievous and profane; just such a boy as the vil-

lage could well afford to spare. Uncle Luke roundly asserted that he was a bad example and evil influence in the village more than three hundred counterbalancing the effect of all its three Sunday schools, and proposed to subscribe liberally to a fund to hire him to leave our village, if he would let him go.

He was not a regular employe of Mr. Castle's, and consequently we did not feel in any way bound to invite him, though we pitied his homeless condition, and would have been glad to do something for him, if he would let us. Johnny's chances of getting a Thanksgiving dinner were rapidly lessening, when George took up the cudgels in his defense and insisted that the village people were constantly picking at him, and that if the truth were known, more than half his tricks were in self-defense.

It was finally agreed to put it to vote, by ballot, whether Johnny should be invited. The counters were brought from the checker board, and it was agreed that the white ones should be for and the black against him; the color which each voted being kept secret. At the very last moment I recanted, I know not why, unless the spirit of the poor orphan and mother-lovered near and influenced me, and the hand which I extended with two counters in it, one of each color, fully intending to deposit the black one, dropped the white instead at him, and that if the truth were known, more than half his tricks were in self-defense.

Even to this day I tremble, and my heart almost ceases to beat, when I think of what might have been the result had I followed my first impulse.

"Johnny!" exclaimed Mr. Castle, who held the hat. "The ballot is a tie, and we shall have to appeal to Ella for a casting vote."

Ellis who understood nothing of our late procedure, but who seemed to consider it some kind of a new game, on hearing her name spoken raised her head and said very gravely: "I like Johnny. He brought me some nice ice cream and some maple sugar."

"Johnny is elected," said Mr. Castle.

"Ella was the best judge of human nature after all. I don't think the child could be attracted to any one who was really vicious at heart."

Johnny got up his invitation, and said he would come "if he felt hungry about that time of day."

The other invitations were all gratefully accepted, and all concerned seemed to look forward to the occasion with pleasant anticipation. Mrs. Burke, who kept the mill boarding house, said that she could tell who were invited to our Thanksgiving, by their self-satisfied look and the extra amount of starch they used in their shirts, and that they seemed to have their appetites in training.

In a country village, where everyone knows what everyone else is doing, our preparations for Thanksgiving at the mill, and the dining room, were not without their interest and dignity, and I must acknowledge that for a time I felt somewhat nervous over my undertaking.

But as the day approached and everything seemed to require to be done, our plans succeeded. The mill was decorated with bunting, and the other guests, that Thanksgiving was so near at hand.

Thanksgiving morning ushered in warm and pleasant, a beautiful Indian summer day, and "Mill Cake" at Castle's Mill," as Uncle Luke was wont to style our large but very plain house, presented an animated appearance.

Inside the house four willing women, volunteered to do the cooking, and I had prepared the various viands for the grand dinner, while I ministered into service every table cloth, napkin, knife, fork, spoon, and all the dishes of every kind in the house, even resorting to the occasional disservice of dishes of Mrs. Winslow, our minister's wife, with her husband, was among our list of guests.

Outside, half a score of men indulged in various pastimes, such as pitching quoits, or playing croquet, and the remainder of the time now and then dropping into a theological discussion with Mr. Winslow, whose thoughts never for an instant strayed from his sacred calling. He was generally regarded as a paragon of holiness, and Uncle Luke called him a theological machine.

The ladies began to arrive before noon, and I found my hands full in receiving and entertaining them.

John and George came in and devoted themselves exclusively to the children, their bit of strategy in the case of Tom Lover having proved quite unnecessary, that gentleman coming in late in the morning, cleanly dressed, dressed rather flashily in new broadcloth, and as sober as a judge.

John Lick and Paul Toms also appeared in new suits of black, in the latest Broadway style (so vouched for by the Legged Dick, the village sage, who had been in the city and seen a severe proponent of their demeanor nearly upset my gravity whenever I looked their way, albeit I greatly enjoyed my forebodings).

The children got hungry by noon, and we were constrained to just and come in, and I prevailed upon the others by a glowing description of the nice things upon the tables to wait till dinner was ready. Little Ella went to bed, and was snugly ensconced in the parlor bedroom.

At two o'clock precisely dinner was announced, and a murmur of admiration rose from the assembly as we entered the elegantly furnished dining room, where the table was wreathed with evergreens and scarlet berries and upon the long tables flashed and sparkled a bright array of silver and glassware, such as had never been seen in the village before.

The guests sat down at the table, and were seated as quickly and skillfully as possible to avoid awkwardness, as most of them were unused to the forms of table etiquette recognized in polite circles; and it was while assisting them to the table that I was struck by Johnny Driver, looking ragged and saucy as usual. I beckoned him toward me, and seated him by the side of Uncle Luke, where I thought he would be most likely to keep quiet.

Johnny seemed to be in a bad humor, and fell upon the party, which was broken by Mr. Castle rising to invite Mr. Winslow to ask a blessing. The invocation was an enthusiastic outpouring of praise for the Lord, and I saw the devil in the room, and even the presence of Johnny was visibly soother; though he explained in an undertone to Uncle Luke that his feelings were touched by the thought of the Lord, and that he would be a turkey family to offset our rejoicing.

Then the carvers set to work upon the roast turkeys, roasts of beef and roasts of bear and venison, heaping high every plate, while I poured the tea and coffee in a Chamber, and was lively, but not boisterous, and I was surprised and delighted at the general show of courtesy and good breeding in a company from most of whom I had reason to expect bad.

We lingered long at the table, laying patient siege to the bountiful store of eatables that withstood our attack, not without great loss, but at last without danger of falling sick, and I saw the devil in the room, and even the presence of Johnny was visibly soother; though he explained in an undertone to Uncle Luke that his feelings were touched by the thought of the Lord, and that he would be a turkey family to offset our rejoicing.

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air, while dense clouds of thick black smoke overhadowed and added a twilight darkness to the scene that was in turn lit up by the lurid flames.

Some of the men worked gallantly in clearing away an old shed between the mill and the mill race, and others carried water from the large tank and poured it upon the lumber. They were so near the fire that I felt seriously alarmed for their safety, and could not help wishing they would let the whole thing go, and not impede the work. I saw a few piles of lumber, which, though representing half my husband's fortune, were not to be valued when compared to a human life.

George was busy myself with these reflections, Mrs. Winslow suddenly interrupted them by calling attention to the fact that, while the mill was three stories high, there was but one stairway, and in case the fire had occurred when the men were at work, it might have been found difficult for those in the upper story to escape. I replied that the upper story was but little used, in fact Mr. Castle had never made any use of it, except a small room in the end toward us, which he had for an office till a few days previous, when he had moved his books and papers to the house. Ella used to spend half her time up there, sitting at the window and looking out toward the mill for hours at a time. The window was not very high, and commanded an extensive view.

As I spoke I directed my gaze toward the open window thus referred to, and to my astonishment thought I saw something moving inside of it. Mrs. Winslow also saw the same object, and we continued to watch the opening, when suddenly a child's face came into full view, and I recognized little Ella.

I ran forward to the door, and when I opened it, I saw the child in the office; and the hundred of villagers who had by this time assembled took up and repeated my cry: "The crowd came rushing up to that end of the mill, and stood looking upward in speechless horror. The child was seen to be almost the only part of the mill not already in flames, and there was no possible means of reaching it except from the outside, which would require a long ladder, such as we had found nearly half a mile off in the village."

My husband, when he came and saw the blessed child standing at the window, looking calmly down at the horrified assembly, started to rush into the mill, and I thought would have perished in the flames had not strong hands restrained him, while their owners urged him not to throw away his life, for a score of men were gone after ladders, and though they knew they were not likely to be all over before any ladders could arrive. I dropped upon my knees, with my eyes fixed upon the window, and prayed as I had never prayed before.

At that instant Johnny Driver appeared, with half a dozen men, carrying a large stick of timber, which they set up on end against the building, though it scarcely reached half way to the window. Johnny climbed up like a squirrel, and when he stood on top of the end of an ax was thrown into him in such a manner that he caught it by the handle. He at once began to cut a hole through the boards of the window, and in a moment disappeared, and the building, which was smoking all through the opening he had made.

A great hush of expectation fell upon the crowd. No one knew his plan, or how he was to get through the floor above the upper story, if he was not at once suffocated by the smoke, to fall a victim to it.

Soon the upper end of a board, just below the window, was seen to be giving way, moving to and fro, and the child's head and shoulders emerged above it, clinging to the side of the building by thrusting his fingers through a wide crack between the boards. My heart bounded with hope, and cheer after cheer rang from the excited crowd, which were doubled when he got his feet upon the swaying board, and reaching his hands up to the window sill, lightly drew himself up, and dropped inside. He almost instantly reappeared in his arms, and he was seen for some one to stand below and catch her.

Mr. Castle motioned the crowd away from him, on either side, and stood there with his arms extended, as coolly and quietly as if it were some play that was being enacted on the stage.

Johnny sat on the window sill and tossed Ella lightly from him. She fell with terrible velocity, but Mr. Castle caught her with that firm but elastic grasp with which a base ball player catches what he calls a "fly," and the next moment she was sobbing in my arms, unharmed, thank God!

The building was swaying to its fall when Johnny sprang from the window, and was picked up by the excited crowd, and carried to the village, where he remained in bed, and with his right arm broken.

The villagers brought a carriage, and placing Johnny in it, with two men to support him, they tied a long rope to the pole and over the shoulders of the men drew him in triumph to our house.

Then the village doctor set his arm and dressed his hands, and he was placed in the best bed, in the parlor bedroom, and the village doctor did not seem any the worse for her terrible experience, but I was so overcome that I did not leave my room for a week, and could not command my feelings to speak of the affair, and I was treated by the village doctor, and Ella must have left the bedroom unobserved while we were at dinner, and missing the family walked down to the mill and up the long flight of stairs to the office, where she was in the greatest of spirits. How the mill took fire we never learned.

You may be sure that Johnny had the best of care, and was served like a prince till he recovered, which was not till after several weeks, and I was glad to see that he was well, and that he was very unobtrusive toward the rest of the family, receiving our attentions in silence, and bearing his pains with stoic fortitude, that appeared to me that he was trying to control his mischievous propensities.

Here Mrs. Castle paused and remained silent for some time, till Mrs. Garland broke the silence by asking the remainder of the story, previously heard something about Ella having a wonderful escape from a burning building, but she had never supposed that it was anything so romantic.

"What became of Johnny?" she asked.

"That is what I don't know," said Mrs. Castle, "though I would give almost anything to learn. The fire left Mr. Castle with hardly a cent in the world, having been considerably in debt, and he and I started for California, where his brother John was in business, only about four months after the fire. He would have taken Johnny with us, but he refused to be a burthen to me, and so I showed Mr. Castle in Michigan, and so-to-speak somewhere till we came back."

Mr. Castle found a good home, where he could attend school six months in the year, and he was very happy, and I was glad to see that he was very unobtrusive toward the rest of the family, receiving our attentions in silence, and bearing his pains with stoic fortitude, that appeared to me that he was trying to control his mischievous propensities.

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HERE AND THERE.

The latest piece of slang in New York city is "foddering up."

A Philadelphia sign reads: "Teeth pulled while you wait."

New York is said to be the third German city in the world.

Watermelons are still being sold on the streets at Alturas, Cal.

The fashionable ladies of Cleveland, O., have taken to horseback riding.

Near Winterset, Canada, one day recently, was captured a 91 pound trout.

The use of bicycles and tricycles is to be regulated by law in Philadelphia.

The authorities at Tehama, Cal., offer 15 cents bounty for a jack-rabbit scalp.

A squad of soldiers now guard the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York.

One of the Florida hotels has advertised pine cone pillows for invalids as a "specialty."

It is alleged that the favorite pastime of Philadelphia society maidens is poker-playing.

The average cost per scholar of the text-books in the South Carolina schools is \$9.46 a year.

Saratoga, N. Y., has a woman bill-poster who handles the brush with the skill of an expert.

A sailors' chapel is to be built in New York by money left by W. H. Vanderbilt for that purpose.

It is said by competent authority that men spend more money for hats than women do for bonnets.

Nathan Hobbs, of Peenfield, Ga., who is 96 years old, works every day and reads without spectacles.

There are two counties in Speaker Carlisle's district that never had a railroad or a telegraph station.

In New York city a half dozen young men have resolved to not wear overcoats during the coming winter.

The cost of the gas used during a theatrical performance in New York city, one night last week, was \$50.

A citizen of Hollister, Ia., is said to have delayed his suicide until after election so as not to lose his vote.

A movement is on foot to organize a company of territorial militia at Spokane Falls, Washington territory.

Southern California will show a wine crop of 17,000,000 gallons this year, and a raisin crop of 7,000,000 boxes.

A large deposit of red marble is said to have been discovered one day last week in Lauderdale county, Alabama.

Thirty tons of coal are required to heat the greenhouses of one of the best florists in Boston during the winter.

Door-knocks of the old-fashioned kind are once more appearing on the doors of fashionable New York residences.

Iroquois, the only American horse that ever won the English Derby, is being wintered on a farm near Nashville, Tenn.

At Memphis, Tenn., Tuesday, 18,752 bales of cotton were handled, the largest one day's receipts in the history of the city.

Several Alabama papers want the state legislature to pass a law requiring every man to produce a tax receipt before voting.

According to actual count more than 9,200 persons paid the respects to the president and his wife at Hotel Vendome in Boston.

An increase of \$5,617 in the average daily receipts is noticed since the recent reduction of fares on the New York Elevated railroad.

A sea spider measuring twenty-two inches from tip-to-tip of its claws was dredged from Oyster bay harbor, Long Island, the other day.

The greatest strawberry shipping place on this continent is Norfolk, Va. A farm of 440 acres near that city is the largest one in the world.

At Atlanta, Ga., has been formed an association of young ladies who are wont to do everything in their power to abolish the "parlor-geau" fashion.

The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to survive must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a woman.

Parties will shortly engage in excavating lands at White Plains, N. Y., in search of treasures that are supposed to have been buried there years ago.

Recitation hours at Yale have been changed to favor the football players. This, says *The Norwich Bulletin*, is the first indication of the change of the college into a university.

Drinking from fountains is a dangerous thing, in Hartford, Conn., judging from a recent item in *The Courant*, which describes a two-foot long hair snake that recently came through a water-pipe in that city.

In 1880 there were 625 Indians in Maine, of whom 312 were males and 313 females. Every able-bodied Indian in the state has a dog, and every Indian who is not able-bodied has two, says *The Lewiston Journal*.

An expert visited the Metropolitan theater, New York, at its opening one night last week, and figures out the wealth represented in the parterre boxes was \$708,250,000, and in the first tier boxes \$82,250,000.

As a family man David Wright, colored, of Columbia City, Fla., can hardly be surpassed. He is the father of twenty-five children, most of them living, and his present wife is the mother of twenty-seven children, nineteen of whom are living.

At a recent dinner party in Boston, Mass., six thousand red roses ornamented the tables. There was not sufficient room for the dishes and the display savored more of vulgarity than art, but the host, says *The Journal*, was probably satisfied with his efforts to surpass all others in floral ornamentation.

While Henry Ester was chopping wood in Bethany, Va., one day last week, his 4-year-old daughter ran up playfully and put her little foot upon the log, and the next instant it was severed by the descending ax, the father not seeing his child in time to stay the blow.

SOON WILL COME THE SNOW.

White are the daisies, white as milk;
The stately corn is waving with silk;
The roses are in bloom,
Love me, beloved, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!

Up from the meadow-sedges tall
Foots music by the lark's clear call
Scarlet the lilies grow,
Love me, I pray you, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!

An islet in a shoreless sea,
This moment is for you and me,
And bliss that lovers know,
Love me, beloved, soon we die;
Joy, like swallows, quickly fly;
And love shall end, and all delight,
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!

—New York Mail-Express.