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GROWING OLD.

A little faltering here and there,
A little less of brave intent;
Specks on the things that once were fair,
As day by day the years are spent—

A little lingering 'twixt the lights,
To muse on things that once were dear,
Or mayhap from the hard-won heights
To hide a sad, regretful tear.

A quickened vision sharp to see
In every sweet a hidden sting—
A something of grim prophecy,
With heart-sick doubt and questioning.

The path behind lies steeped in sun,
Such magic hath a backward glance;
But when with hopes and wishes done,
Tossed on the wave of circumstance,

We take the devious way alone,
Comes haunting fear of dangers hid;
The shadow of the great unknown
Falls dark across the coffin-lid.

—*Elizabeth A. Davis, in Youth's Companion.*

THE TWO MISS SMITHS.

In a certain town in the west of England, which shall be nameless, there dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith; each possessing a small independence, each residing with a single maid-servant, in a small house, the drawing-room floor of which was let, whenever lodgers could be found; each hovering somewhere about the age of fifty, and each hating the other with a restless and implacable enmity. The origin of this aversion was the similarity of their names; each was Miss C. Smith, the one being called Miss Cecilla, the other Charlotte—a circumstance which gave rise to such innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings as were sufficient to maintain these ladies to a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, bills, were daily missent and opened by the wrong person, thus exposing the private affairs of one to the other, and as their aversion had long ago extinguished everything like delicacy on either side, any information so acquired was used without scruple to their mutual annoyance. Presents, too, of fruit, vegetables, or other delicacies from the neighboring gentry not infrequently found their way to the wrong house; and if unaccompanied by a letter, which took away all excuse for mistake, they were appropriated without remorse, even when the appropriating party felt confident in her heart that the article was not intended for her; and this not from greediness or rapacity, but from the absolute delight they took in vexing each other.

It must be admitted, also, that this well-known enmity was occasionally played upon by the frolic-loving part of the community, both high and low; so that over and above the genuine mistakes, which were of themselves quite enough to keep the poor ladies in hot water, every now and then some little hoax was got up and practiced upon them, such as fictitious love letters, anonymous communications, and so forth. It might have been imagined, as they were not answerable for their names, and as they were mutual sufferers by the similarity—one having as much right to complain of this freak of fortune as the other—that they might have entered into a compact of forbearance, which would have been equally advantageous to either party; but their naturally acrimonious dispositions prevented this, and each continued as angry with the other as she could have been if she had a sole and indefeasible right to the appellation of C. Smith, and her rival had usurped it in a pure spirit of annoyance and opposition. To be quite just, however, we must observe that Miss Cecelia was much the worse of the two; by judicious management Miss Charlotte might have been tamed, but the malice of Miss Cecilia was altogether inexorable.

By the passing of the Refrom bill the little town wherein dwelt these belligerent powers received a very considerable accession of importance. It was elevated into a borough, and had a whole live member to itself, which, with infinite pride and gratification, it sent to Parliament, after having extracted from him all manner of pledges and loaded him with all manner of instructions as to how he should conduct himself under every conceivable circumstances: not to mention a variety of bills for the improvements of the roads and markets, the erection of a town hall, and the reform of the systems of watching, paving, lighting, etc., the important and consequential little town of B——.

A short time previous to the first election—an event which was anticipated by the inhabitants with the most vivid interest—one of the candidates, a country gentleman who resided some twenty miles off, took a lodging in the town, and came there with his wife and family, in order, by a little courtesy and a few entertainments, to win the hearts of the electors and their friends; and his first move was to send out invitations for a tea and card party, which in due time, when the preparations were completed, was to be followed by a ball. There was but one milliner and dressmaker of any consideration in the town of B——, and it may be imagined that on so brilliant an occasion her services were in great request—so much so that, in the matter of head-dresses, she not only found that it would be impossible, in so short a period, to fulfill the commands of her customers, but also that she had neither the material nor the skill to give them satisfaction. It was therefore settled that she should send off an order to a house in Exeter, which was the country town, for a cargo of caps, toquets, turbans, etc., fit for all ages and faces—"such as were not disposed of to be returned;" and the ladies consented to wait, with the best patience they could, for this interesting consignment, which was to arrive without fail on the Wednesday, Thursday being the day fixed for the party. But the last coach arrived on Wednesday night without the expected boxes; however, the coachman brought a message for Miss Gibbs, the milliner, assuring her that they would be there the next morning without fail.

Accordingly, when the first Exeter coach rattled through the little street of B——, which was about half-past eleven, every head that was interested in the freight was to be seen anxiously looking out for the deal boxes; and, sure enough, there they were—three of them—large enough to contain caps for the whole town. Then there was a rush up stairs for their bonnets and shawls, and in a few minutes troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying toward the market-place, where dwelt Miss Gibbs—the young in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such like adornments, the elderly in search of a more mature order of decoration.

Among the candidates for finery nobody was more eager than the two Miss Smiths; and they had reason to be so, not only because they had neither of them anything fit to be worn at Mrs. Hanaway's party, which was in a style much above the entertainments they were usually invited to, but also because they both wore turbans, and each was afraid that the other might carry off the identical turban that might be most desirable for herself. Urged by this feeling, so alert were they that they were each standing at their several windows when the coach passed, with their bonnets and cloaks actually on—ready to start for the place—determined to reach Miss Gibbs' in time to witness the opening of the boxes. But "who shall control his fate?" Just as Miss Cecilia was stepping off her threshold she was accosted by a very gentlemanly-looking person, who, taking off his hat with an air really irrestible, begged to know if he had "the honor of seeing Miss Smith," a question which was, of course, answered in the affirmative.

"I was not quite sure," said he, "whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number; but I thought it was sixty," and he looked at the figures on the door.

"This is sixty, sir," said Miss Cecilia, adding to herself, "I wonder if it was sixteen he was sent to?" for at number sixteen lived Miss Charlotte.

"I was informed, madam," pursued the gentleman, "that I could be accommodated with apartments here—that you had a first floor to let."

"That is quite true, sir," replied Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, which had been some time vacant, and doubly gratified when the stranger added: "I come from Bath, and was recommended by a friend of yours; indeed, probably a relation, as she bears the same name—Miss Joanna Smith."

"I know Miss Joanna very well, sir," replied Miss Cecilia; "pray walk up stairs and I'll show you the apartments directly." ("For," thought she, "I must not let him go out of the house till he has taken them, for fear he should find out his mistake.") "Very nice rooms, sir, you see; everything clean and comfortable; a pretty view of the canal in front, just between the baker's and the shoemaker's; you'll get a peep, sir, if you step to this window. Then it's uncommonly lively; the Exeter and Plymouth coaches, up and down, rattling through all day long, and indeed, all night, too, for the matter of that. A beautiful little bedroom, back, too, sir; yes, as you observe, it certainly does look over a brick-kiln: but there's no dust, not the least in the world, for I never allow the windows to be opened. Altogether, there can't be a pleasanter situation than it is."

The stranger, it must be owned, seemed less sensible of all these advantages than he ought to have been; however, he engaged the apartments; it was but for a short time, as he had come there about some business connected with the election; and, as Miss Joanna had so particularly recommended him to the lodging, he did not like to dislodge her. So the bargain was struck; the maid received orders to provision the garrison with bread, butter, tea, sugar, etc., whilst the gentleman returned to the inn to dispatch Boots with his portmanteau and carpet-bag.

"You were only just in time, sir," observed Miss Cecilia, as they descended the stairs, "for I expected a gentleman to call at 12 o'clock to-day. who, I am sure, would have taken the lodgings."

"I should be sorry to stand in the way," responded the stranger, who would not have been at all sorry for an opportunity of backing out of the bargain. "Perhaps you had better let him have them—I can easily get accommodations elsewhere."

"Oh! dear, no, sir; dear me! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world!" exclaimed Miss Cecilia, who had only thrown out this little inuendo by way of binding her lodger to his bargain, lest, an discovering his mistake, he should think himself at liberty to annul the agreement. For well she knew it was a mistake; Miss Joanna, of Bath, was Miss Charlotte's first cousin, and hating Miss Cecilia, as she was in duty bound to do, would rather have sent her a dose of arsenic than a lodger any day. She had used every precaution to avoid the accident that had happened by writing on a card "Miss Charlotte Smith, No. 16 High street, B——, opposite the linen-draper's shop;" but the thoughtless traveler never dreaming of the danger in which he stood, lost the card, and, trusting to his memory, fell into the snare.

Miss Cecilia had been so engrossed by her anxiety to hook this fish before her rival could have a chance of throwing out a bait for him that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but now that her point was gained, and she felt sure of her man, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along the street toward the market place in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. The matter certainly looked ill; for, as she arrived breathless at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and among the rest the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than anybody.

"Odious creature!" thought Miss Cecilia; "as if she supposed that any turban in the world could make her look tolerable!" But Miss Charlotte did not suppose it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very identical turban that of the all turbans that were ever made was most likely to accomplish this desideratum—at least so she opined.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up-stairs she rushed, bouncing into Miss Gibbs' little room, now strewn with finery. "Well, Miss Gibbs. I hope you have something that will suit me?"

"Dear me, mem," responded Miss Gibbs, "what a pity you did not come a little sooner. The only two turbans we had are just gone—Mrs. Gosling took one and Miss Charlotte Smith the other—two of the beautifullest—here they are, indeed you shall see them;" and she opened the boxes in which they were deposited, and presented them to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast. The turbans were very respectable turbans indeed; but to her disappointed and eager desires they appeared worthy of Mohammed the Prophet, or the grand Sultana, or any other body, mortal or immortal, that has ever been reputed to wear turbans. And this consummation of perfection she had lost! lost by a neck! missed it by an accident, that, however, gratifying she had thought it at the time, she now felt was but an inadequate compensation for her present disappointment. But there was no remedy. Miss Gibbs had nothing fit to make a turban of; besides, Miss Cecilia would have scorned to appear in any turban that Miss Gibbs could have compiled when her rival was to be adorned with a construction of such superhuman excellence. No! the only consolation she had was to scold Miss Gibbs for not having kept the turbans till she had seen them, and for not having sent for a greater number of turbans. To which objurations Miss Gibbs could answer: "That she had been extremely sorry, indeed, when she saw the ladies were bent upon having the turbans, as she had ordered two entirely with a view to Miss Cecilia's accommodation; and, moreover, that she was never more surprised in her life than when Mrs. Gosling desired that one of them might be sent to her, because Mrs. Gosling never wore turbans; and if Miss Gibbs had only foreseen that she would have pounced upon it in that way, she, Miss Gibbs, would have taken care that she should never have seen it at all," etc., etc., etc.—all of which the reader may believe, if he or she choose.

As for Miss Cecilia, she was implacable, and she flounced out of the house, and through the streets to her own door, in a temper of mind that rendered it fortunate, as far as the peace of the town of B—— was concerned, that no accident brought her in contact with Miss Charlotte on the way.

As soon as she got into her parlor she threw off her bonnet and shawl, and plunging into her arm-chair she tried to compose her mind sufficiently to take a calm view of the dilemma, and determine on what line of conduct to pursue—whether to send an excuse to Mrs. Hanaway, or whether to go to the party in one of her old head-dresses. Either alternative was insupportable. To lose the party, the game at Loo, the distinction of being seen in such good society—it was too provoking; besides, very likely people would suppose she had not been invited; Miss Charlotte, she had no doubt, would try to make them believe so. But then, on the other hand, to wear one of her old turbans was so mortifyinfi—they were so very shabby, so unfashionable—on an occasion, too, when everybody would be so well-dressed. O, it was aggravating—vexatious in the extreme! She passed the day in reflection—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies; recalling to herself how well she looked in the turban—for she had tried it on; figuring what would have been Miss Charlotte's mortification if she had been the disappointed person, how triumphantly she, Miss Cecilia, would have marched into the room with the turban on her head; how crestfallen the other would have looked; and then she varied her occupation by resuscitating all her old turbans, buried in antique bandboxes deep in dust, and trying whether it were possible, out of their united materials, to concoct one of the present fashionable shape and dimensions. But the thing was impracticable; the new turban was composed of crimson satin and gold lace, hers of pieces of muslin and gauze.

When the mind is very much engrossed, whether the subject of contemplation be pleasant or unpleasant, time flies with inconceivable rapidity; and Miss Cecilia was roused from her meditations by hearing the clock in the passage strike four, warning her that it was necessary to come to some decision, as the hour fixed for the party, according to the primitive customs of B——, was half past seven, when the knell of the clock was followed by a single knock at the door, and the next moment her maid walked into the room with—what do you think?—the identical crimson and gold turban in her hand!

"What a beauty!" cried Susan turning it round that she might get a complete view of it in all its phases.

"Was there any message?" inquired Miss Cecelia, gasping with agitation, for her heart was in her throat.

"No ma'am," replied Sue, "Miss Gibbs' girl just left it; she said it should have come earlier, but she had so many places to go to."

"And she's gone, is she, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am, she went directly—she said she hadn't got half through yet."

"Very well, Susan, you may go; and remember, I'm not at home if anybody calls; and if any message comes from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I'm gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And, I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about that turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away."

"Very well, ma'am," said Susan, and down she dived to the regions below.

Instead of 4 o'clock, how ardently did Miss Cecilia wish it was 7, for the danger of the next three hours was imminent. Well, she understood how the turban got there—it was a mistake of the girl—but the chance was great that before 7 o'clock arrived Miss Charlotte would take fright at not receiving her head-dress, and would send to Miss Gibbs to demand it, when the whole thing would be found out. However, no message came: at 5 o'clock, when the milk-boy rang, Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At 6 she began to dress, and at 7 she stood before the glass in full array, with the turban on her head. She thought she had never looked so well; indeed, she was sure she had not. The magnitude of the thing gave her an air and indeed a feeling of importance that she had never been sensible of before. The gold lace looked brilliant even by the light of her single tallow candle; what would it do in a well illuminated drawing-room! Then the color was strikingly becoming and suited her exactly—Miss Cecilia, we must here observe, was quite gray; but she wore a frontlet of dark curls and a little black silk skull-cap, fitted close to her head, which kept all neat and tight under the turban.

She had not far to go; nevertheless, she thought it would be as well to set off at once, for fear of accidents, even though she lingered on the way to fill up the time, for every moment the danger augmented; so she called to Susan to bring her cloak, and her calash, and her overalls, and being well packed up by the admiring Sue, who declared that the turban was, "without exception, the beautifulest thing she ever saw," she started, determined, however, not to take the direct way, but to make a little circuit by a back street, lest, by ill luck, she should fall foul of the enemy.

"Susan," said she, pausing as she was stepping off the threshold, "if anybody calls you'll say I have been gone to Mrs. Hanaway's some time; and, Susan, just put a pin in this calash to keep it back; it falls over my eyes so that I can't see." And Susan pinned a fold in the calash, and away went the triumphant Miss Cecelia. She did not wish to be guilty of the vulgarity of arriving first at the party, so she lingered about till it wanted a quarter to eight, and then she knocked at Mrs. Hanaway's door, which a smart footman immediately opened, and, with the alertness for which so many of his order are remarkable, proceeded to disengage the lady from her external coverings—the cloak, the overalls, the calash; and then, without giving her time to breathe, he rushed up the stairs, calling out, "Miss Cecilia Smith," while the butler, who stood at the drawing-room door, threw it open, reiterating, "Miss Smith," and in she went. But, oh, reader, little do you think, and little did she think, where the turban was that she immagined to be upon her head, and under the supposed shadow of which she walked into the room with so much dignity and complacence. It was below in the hall, lying on the floor, fast in the calash, to which Susan, ill-starred wench, had pinned it; and the footman in his cruel haste had dragged them both off together.

With only some under-trappings on her cranium, and altogether unconscious of her calamity, smiling and bowing, Miss Cecilia advanced toward her host and hostess, who received her in the most gracious manner, thinking, certainly, that her taste in a head-dress was peculiar, and that she was about the most extraordinary figure they had ever beheld, but supposing that such was the fashion she chose to adopt—the less astonished or inclined to suspect the truth, from having heard a good deal of the eccentricities of the two spinsters of B——. But to the rest of the company the appearance she made was inexplicable; they had been accustomed to see her ill-dressed and oddly-dressed, but such a flight as this they were not prepared for. Some whispered that she had gone mad; others suspected that it must be accident—that somehow or other she had forfotten to put on her head-dress; but even if it were so the joke was an excellent one, and nobody cared enough for her to sacrifice their amusement by setting her right. So Miss Cecilia, blessed in her delusion, triumphant and happy, took her place at the whist table, anxiously selecting a position which gave her a full view of the door, in order that she might have the indescribable satisfaction of seeing the expression of Miss Charlotte's countenance when she entered the room—that is, if she came; the probability was that mortification would keep her away.

But no such thing—Miss Charlotte

had too much spirit to be beaten out of the field in that manner. She had waited in patience for her turban, because Miss Gibbs had told her that, having many things to send out, it might be late before she got it; but when half-past six arrived she became impatient, and dispatched her maid to fetch it. The maid returned with "Miss Gibbs' respects, and the girl was still out with the things; she would be sure to call at Miss Charlotte's before she came back." At half-past seven there was another message to say that the turban had not arrived. By this time the girl had done her errands, and Miss Gibbs, on questioning her, discovered the truth. But it was too late—the mischief was irreparable—Susan averring the truth, that her mistress had gone to Mrs. Hanaway's party some time with the turban on her head.

We will not attempt to paint Miss Charlott's feelings; that would be a vain endeavor. Rage took possession of her soul; her attire was already complete, all but the head-dress, for which she was waiting. She selected the best turban she had, threw on her cloak and calash, and in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy, she rushed forth, determined, be the consequences what they might, to claim her turban and expose Miss Cecilia's dishonorable conduct before the whole company.

By the time she arrived at Mrs. Hanaway's door, owing to the delays that had intervened, it was nearly half-past eight; the company had all arrived, and, while the butler and footmen were carrying up the refreshments, one of the female servants of the establishment had come into the hall, and was endeavoring to introduce some sort of order and classification among the mass of external coverings that had been hastily thrown off by the ladies; so when Miss Charlotte knocked she opened the door and let her in and proceeded to relieve her of her wraps.

"I suppose I'm very late," said Miss Charlotte, dropping into a chair to seize a moment's rest, while the woman drew off her boots; for she was out of breath with haste and heated with fury.

"I believe everybody's come, ma'am," said the woman.

"I should have been here some time since," proceeded Miss Charlotte," but the most shameful trick has been played me about my—my—why—I—declare—I really believe ——" and she bent forward and picked up the turban—the identical turban, which, disturbed by the maid-servant's maneuvers, was lying upon the floor, still attached to the calash by Sukey's unlucky pin.

"Was there ever such a triumph? Quick as lighting the old turban was off and the new one on, the maid, with bursting sides, assisting in the operation; and then, with a light step and proud heart, up walked Miss Charlotte and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise. "Then she has got a turban, too! How could she have got it" —and she was vexed that her triumph was not so complete as she had expected. But Miss Charlotte was in ecstasies. It may be supposed that she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew around the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. Miss Cecilia alone was not in the secret; and as she was successful at cards, and therefor in good humor, she added to their mirth by saying that she was glad to see everybody so merry, and by assuring Mrs. Hanaway, when she took her leave, that she had spent a delightful evening, and that her party was the gayest she had ever seen in B——.

"I am really ashamed," said Mrs. Hanaway, "at allowing the poor woman to be the jest of my company; but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, from the apprehension of what might have followed her discovery of the truth."

"And it must be admitted," said her husband, "that she well deserves the mortification that awaits her when she discovers the truth."

Poor Miss Cecilia did discover the truth, and never was herself again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken, and after going through all the stages of a discontented old age—ill-temper, peevishness, and fatuity—she closed her existence, as usual with persons of her class, unloved and unlamented.—*English Magazine.*

The Newhaven Fishwives.

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big, long-sleeved, cloaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded, the married women with white caps, standing up stiff and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, one above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather strap passing around their foreheads, they pull along at a steady striding gait, up hill and down, carrying weights that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immemorial habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folk are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them,—a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, so I stopped three fishwives one day, and, without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young women laughed saucily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all the money.

"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfish,—"it's a' spent i' the hoos. The men, they cam home an' tak their sleep, an' then they'll be aff agen."

"It 'ud never do for the husbands to stoop in the city, an' be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with severe emphasis.

Whoever would see the Newhaven fishwives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by seven o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself; skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick; hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women—an army in blue, two hundred, three hundred, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for.—*H. H., in Atlantic Monthly.*

A Moribund Mania.

A few days ago a tall and nervous man attracted considerable attention among Montgomery-street stock-brokers. He spent fully an hour in the street and entered in that time a majority of the brokers' offices. In each office he remained only a few minutes. After staring all about the walls and without inquiring for any one, he would in each instance start out suddenly and for the purpose of a new visit. An inquisitive reporter found him in the Pacific Stock Exchange building, where he was apparently transacting business. Non-communicative at first concerning his strange conduct, he eventually confessed to a weak superstition in the efficacy of horseshoes. In his cravat he wore a large and handsome gold horseshoe, and his general appearance and manner indicated comfortable circumstances.

"There may be nothing in it," he said, "and I have been ridiculed more than a little for my superstition; but I cannot shake it off more than a gambler can resist superstitious belief in dreams. I don't know of any particular difference in the ability of the stock-brokers whom I have to-day visited, so far as the placing of money goes, but all other things being equal, I prefer to add luck."

A bystander smiled, overhearing the conversation, at which the superstitious stranger seemed a little nettled, but he controlled his temper, while the reporter glanced around and detected four horseshoes, three well worn in service and one a fancy design, hanging in various parts of the room. A visit to the broker's office revealed the fact that notwithstanding the "timely warning" given in a once-popular song to "never take the horseshoe from the door," horseshoe ornaments are becoming less and less popular in San Francisco places of business. More horseshoes were seen displayed in three offices in the Pacific Exchange building than in all the rest of Montgomery Street. There is no horseshoe in the chamber of either the San Francisco or Pacific Stock Exchange; none, so far as the reporter could detect, in any leading banking institution; none in any fire or marine insurance office in California Street. Considering how numerous horseshoes were as a supposedly potent charm against or bribe to ill-luck a very few years ago, this general lack of them was sufficiently striking to prosecute his inquiries farther.

Several jewelers concurred in saying that horsehoe jewelry in San Francisco is becoming antiquated, and is considered almost a by-gone style. Turquoises are still the rage, and they will carry almost any design, but the manufacturers are wary about putting them into horseshoes. In one entire stock of jewelry the reporter could find only two very small horseshoes, and these were on comparatively cheap turquoises. "I'll bet two to one," said a jeweler, "that I shall lose on what horseshoe jewelry I have."

"Why?"

"Because it has gone out of style practically. It has not been whistled out as speedily as the Kate Castleton bonnets have from San Francisco with 'For goodness sake, don't say I told you.' Horseshoe jewelry had a run up to about a year ago, and it had enjoyed a considerable period of popularity, but people have really tired of it, as they do of everything; yes, just the same as they will of turquoises later."

The florists who were next seen would not express any opinion as to the present or prospective popularity of floral horseshoes. It is understood that the horseshoe shape can be made up quite profitable, more so than some other popular designs. Horseshoes still seem to hold their popularity at weddings. A singular freak was that reported by one florist who saw at a funeral not far distant not long ago, a floral horseshoe of white pinks and immortelles stained perfectly black. The effect he described as at once novel and striking.

"I could not keep my eyes from that piece even during the sermon," he said. "I did not know what to think of it. The departed had been a lover of fast horses and a good judge of blood stock, and I presume that the gift came from some man to whom the rapid rattle of hoofs on the track had been as much music as to the ears of his dead friend. I noticed also that even the clergyman looked at the horseshoe more than once. But what was the harm in wishing the poor fellow good luck? Everyone did that when he was alive and why not when he was dead?

When stocks were booming and the Stock Exchange localities were daily crowded, horseshoes were just in their glory. The question was, so an informant told the reporter, just what kind of horse ought to have worn the shoe to give it luck. It was from the outset considered by the superstitious unlucky to hang up the shoes of racers. Still, one invester tried to get a shoe from Maud S. and sent letters to eastern friends to persuade them to try to get him one. The shoes from that dainty beast were too precious. They were kept as momentoes in the East, or as the eastern college men would say, as "memorabil." They were gilded and preserved with records painted on them. Cinderella's slipper was never more coveted. But the majority of those few superstitious enough to listen to the horseshoe myth preferred the shoes of slow steppers, "because slow steppers are more sure." Shoes that had plodded through San Francisco streets until they were worn thin in the service of helping to propel horse cars were hung up in richly furnished offices. Some were decorated with ribbons. The most were left plain. Now the decorated and plain horseshoes have mostly gone the same way—to the rubbish pile. They are ruled "out of style." What comes next?—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Turkey Charmed by a Snake.

A correspondent writes from Agua Limpia to The Los Angeles Times as follows: Last week in my cow corral was a little snake four feet long, and in his mouth was a cotton-tail rabbit. The rabbit was a common-sized one, and its head was down the snake's throat to the shoulders. It was a fearful sight and frightened the cows, also the boy who shot it with a Winchester rifle. Two days after I heard a turkey making an alarm. I went to it, and a turkey, half-grown, had its feathers all the wrong way, and its head near the ground, and was within fifteen or twenty inches of a black rattlesnake and was getting nearer. Neither of them noticed me until I disturbed the snake with a stone, taking him by surprise. The turkey seemed to be relieved. What the snake would have done I do not know, but it seemed to me that he had the turkey under his control, and would, in a very short time, have struck it.

◆

—A rather singular accident happened to Mr. Keeny, at Moscow, Idaho, recently. While riding horseback he observed lying on the ground a small package, and, dismounting, picked it up and got into the saddle again. He proceeded to examine his find, when a revolver exploded in the package, the bullet narrowly missing Keeny, and lodged in the horse's head, killing the animal instantly.

◆

—A band of sheep in the mountains near the head of Tukannon River, Washington Territory, was attacked by a cougar recently, and nine sheep and a fifty-dollar buck killed. The mountains in the vicinity are said to be full of cougars.—*Chicago Tribune*

Schlausenheimer's Alarming-Glock.

There has been considerable excitement in Harlem concerning the arrest of Schlausenheimer upon the charge of assaulting Officer Dyonisious O'Brien. Bender, the butcher, a relative of Schlausenheimer, has furnished me the following account of the affair. I transmit it *verbatim*:

Now I glaim dot bluck vas simbly sooccessful shtubbornness, und shtubbornness vas unsooccessful bluck. But Pointer, de assurance achent, und mineself ve get a arguments up on dot vonce.

"A tisopedient moole," says Pointer, "vot vill not shtir a shtep, he vas *shtubborn*, but a prafe man vat will nefer gif up de sheep, he vas *blucky*."

"Yes," says I, "he vas blucky—if he soocceeds. If he don't soocceeds, den he vas as pig-headet as a moole; und dot's vot's de matter mit Schlausenheimer."

Now bluck vas a fery goot ting to haf, if it vas mixed mit a leedle gommon senses—about halef und halef. Gommon senses mitout bluck don't nefer aggomblishes only chust a leetle; but bluck mitout gommon senses aggomblishes a goot teal doo much, und ought to pe locked up mit a lunadics asylum.

Vell, Schlausenheimer, you know, he chust geeps eferytings mit himself yet. He don't nefer told his vife someting aboud notings already.

Von day I says:

"Schlausenheimer, maype it vas petter if you told your vife *eferyting* about sometings und someting about eferyting. Your vife vas your *bartner*."

"Vell, she's got to pe a *silent* bartner," says he.

"Not *doo* silent," says I. "Vomens has some rights dot a man vas pound to exbect."

"I don't believe no such nonsense," says Schlausenheimer, "not a pit. Dot vas vomen's-riots, dot vas, und of all kinds of riots—visky riots, election riots, under efery oder kind of riots—dem vomen's riots was de vorstest of dem all."

"Look here," says I, "dot's not a fair arguments, pecause you tidn't bronounce dot right. It vasn't ri-*ots*—it vas ri-*ets*.

Den Schlausenheimer gets mad.

"Ri-ots or ri-ets," says he, "I vouldn't haf it in mine house. I vas pound to haf eferytings harmoniousness if I haf to preak de proomshtick, und dot settles it."

Vell, I didn't said noting more mit him, but I said mit mineself, as I valks avay:

"It vas gwite efitent nadure intented dot Schlausenheimer should pecome a ferst-glass itiot, und Schlausenheimer he don't got no opchections."

Vell, he puyed himself von of dose alarming-glocks, you know, vot vakes you out at fife o'glock in de mornings. He puts him mit de mandel-bieces dereon, und he goes mit de pedt derein.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer she gets in de mittle of de night up, und dot glock vent off—vay off de mandel-pieces—vhile Mrs. Schlausenheimer vas py de next room looking for a matches.

Schlausenheimer chumps up und he knocked Mrs. Schlausenheimer town in de mittle of his sleep.

He hit her on de headt of de shtairs, und dey bot' rolled to de pottom togedder town heels over packvards.

Mrs. Schlausenheimer, you know, grabbed him py de tark, mit de hair from his headt, pecause Schlausenheimer, he tinks, you see, dot she vas all de times de bugular vot he vas chust treaming about coming to shteal his glock at five a. m. in de morning.

Ven they got mit de pottom of the shtairs de glock struck von und Schlausenheimer he shtruck de odder von.

It vas de polices vot runs mit his glub in to put de fire out back! he hits Schlausenheimer pack again mit his headt. If he had any prains dot times dey vouldt come out. It vas a good ting somedimes to pe apsentminded; und Schlausenheimer's mindt has been apsent ofer since he is porn.

Vell, he shust hit him vonce; but it vas sufficient und enough was as goot as a briest.

He knocked Schlausenheimer into de mittle of last veek. He losed a whole veek's vork py it und he is sick more as a mon't apout a year aftervards.

Dot bolices vouldn't took no oxcooses; but he took Schlausenheimer. He took him so gwick you can say Chack Ropison mit de shtation-houses.

Vell, de chudge of de shtation-house he say: "Vot's de sharge?"

Dot bolicemans vas aggrafatet, so he says: "Salt on a bolices."

De chudge vas exaggerated, und he says: "Fine, fife tollars."

Schlausenheimer vas indignatet, und he says: "Dat's a fraudt, und I vouldn't put up mit it."

So de chudge gifs him fife tollars more fine, for content mid de court.

Now, I don't plame de chudge mineself, because he called him a superanimatet olt shpringheister, und he ought to toldt his vife all apout it pefore he puts him mit de mandel-bieces, und dot's de vorse tings you couldt call de chudge, anyway. You know vot dot shpringheister vas in Inklish? Vell, dot means a monkey chumping-chack-up-a-shtick, ven you bulls him mit a shtring.

Now, dot's de vay mit Schlausenheimer. He didn't vant to lose his money, so he loses his demper, und de chudge found it—fife tollars abiece.

But if dot chudge couldt only find Schlausenheimer fife tollars efery times vot he loses his demper, in less as a year dot chudge vouldt pe a millionaire—und Schlausenheimer he vould pe a boor-house.—*The Continent.*

The Bottom of Lake Winnipiseogee.

Captain Eugene Sullivan, a sub marine diver, from Boston, who recently made an unsuccessful search for the body of E. L. Dunklee, drowned in Lake Winnipiseogee, saw some things of an interesting character while under water. What is known as Eagle Island, he says, is really the top of a hill, which rises some one hundred feet from the bottom of the lake, with just the brow of the hill protruding from the water. This hill is very steep, and is covered with cliffs and ledges, many of which are from thirty to forty feet high. At some distance from Eagle Island is a vast plain thickly covered with eel-grass and literally alive with eels of all sizes. Captain Sullivan also encountered large shoals of horn-pouts near this plain, and, in fact, reports fish of all kinds to be very numerous, and in some cases very large. The "finny denizens of the deep" seemed to take kindly to the human intruder on their domains, and swarmed around him in large numbers, nibbling at his armor and carefully inspecting every portion of "the rare curiosity from up above." The diver also discovered a spring of very cold water bubbling up from the bottom of the lake, and surrounded with quicksands, into which he walked and commenced sinking, but was promptly pulled out by his men above when the proper signal was given. Of course, if the body of a person who has been drowned should rest on the quicksands surrounding one of these springs, it would speedily be engulfed never to appear again, and perhaps this will stand for one reason why bodies of many persons lost in the lake have never been recovered.

◆

—Nearly two hundred persons have been saved from drowning by Charles Shanon, a watchman on a Philadelphia dock, during his present employment. He has saved as many as eighteen in one day.—*Philadelphia Press.*

◆

—The Boston *Traveller* says the only thing bangs are good for is to conceal mosquito bites.

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