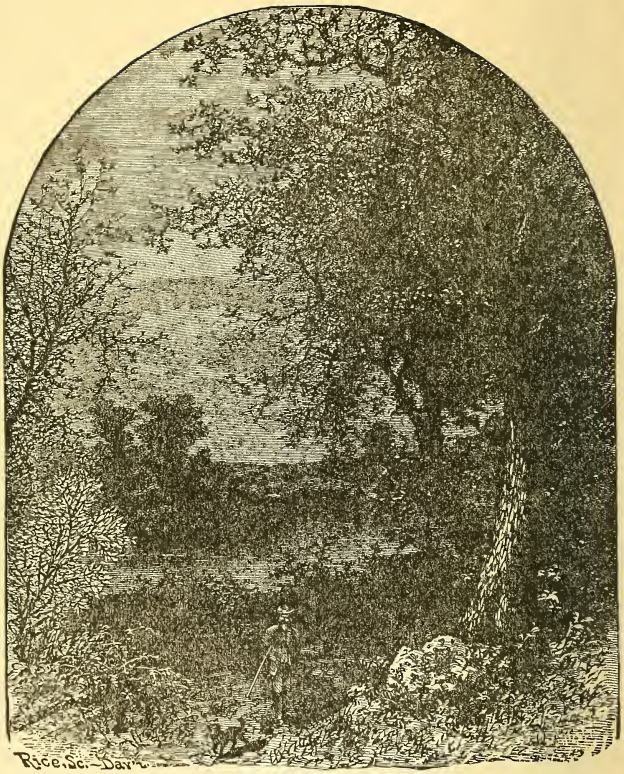
Popular Anecdotes.

J. B. McCLURE.

POPULAR ANECDOTES.



The Huntsman

POPULAR

ANECDOTES,

INCLUDING

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTES OF NOTED PERSONS; STARTLING INCIDENTS; AND STORIES ILLUSTRATING THE HABITS, INSTINCTS, INTELLIGENCE AND MARVELOUS FEATS OF ANIMALS, ETC., ETC.

Edited by J. B. McCLURE,

Compiler of "Moody's Anecdotes," "Edison and his Inventions," "Lincoln Stories," "Heart World," "Origin of Familiar Things," Etc., Etc.

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MISCELLANY.

POPULAR ANECDOTES

Anecdotes of Noted Persons.

Lincoln and the Troublesome Politician.—A Laughable Story.

Mr. James S. Brisbin gives the following interesting and amusing reminiscence of the great war President:

One day not long after Mr. Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Wade came in, laughing all over his face, and said:

"Well, Old Abe has just done the sharpest thing you ever heard of. He has given out he has the small-pox, to keep the politicians and office-seekers away from the White House."

The story ran thus: Mr. Wade went to the White House to see Lincoln, who had been ill. He found the President a little pale, but jolly as he could be.

"Sit down, Wade. I am glad to see you. Oh, I have the funniest thing to tell you. It will make you laugh. I never did such a thing before in my life, and never will again." Then the President laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Now, Wade," he said, "you are not to repeat this out-

side, for it would give offense, and it by no manner of means comports with the dignity which is supposed to hedge a President about. The doctor put me up to it to rid myself of a bore. I ought not to have done it, but I couldn't help it, it was so funny. You know I have been ill, and a great many people have wondered what ailed me, but none of them could find out. The truth is, I was worried to death and talked sick pretty much by one man, the most everlasting bore you ever saw, who wanted an office. I knew he would come again as soon as I was able to sit up, and the doctor put me up to get rid of him by saying I had the small-pox. I only got out yesterday, and sure enough this morning he called on me. I had determined to be polite to him, but he staid so long the humor seized me and I sent for the doctor. Giving him the wink, I held out my hand, and inquired:

"Doctor, what marks are those on my hand?"

"That's varioloid or mild small-pox," said the doctor.

"Well," said I. "it's all over me. It's contagious, is it not, doctor?"

"Very contagious indeed," he replied, "and you should see no one."

"My visitor, who had been getting more and more nervous every moment, now could stand it no longer, and, rising, said:

"'Well, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stop any longer. I just called to see how you were," and then he started to hurry out.'

"'Stop a minute. I want to talk to you," said Lincoln, "about that office."

"'Excuse me, Mr. President. You are not well this morning and I won't bother you," said he, shoving toward the door'.

"Never mind," said I, "don't be in a hurry. It's all

right, and if you are going to get the varioloid you will get it now anyhow. So you might as well sit down."

" 'Thank you, sir, but I'll call again," he replied, fairly turning livid and executing a masterly retreat from the fearful contagion with which he supposed me to be afflicted'.

"Now," said Uncle Abe, "it will be all over the city in an hour that I have the small-pox, and you contradict the story, but I want you to promise you won't repeat what I have just told you."

Wade laughed until he was weak, and when he could get his breath sufficiently to speak he looked at the clock, as was his custom, and said:

"Now for a little business, and then I will go."

"Don't go," cried Uncle Abe, and laying his head in his hands on the desk in front of him he laughed until he shook all over. Presently raising up his face from between his hands he wiped his eyes and blew his nose until the report sounded like the blowing of a horn. After another fit of laughing he said:

"Wade, you should have seen him, and how scared he was. I'll bet that fellow never comes back here while I am President."

As might have been expected, hardly had Mr. Wade quitted the White House when he heard the President had the small-pox, and was very sick. Wade promptly contradicted the story, but that night it was telegraphed all over the country, and many people will yet remember the story of Mr. Lincoln having the varioloid during the war.

Commenting on the report, Uncle Abe said to Wade:

"Some people said they could not take my proclamation very well, but when I get the small-pox, Wade, I shall then be happy to say I have something *everybody* can take."

Gen. Grant's Narrow Escape at Holly Springs.

Col. C. E. Bowman, Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Kentucky, tells this unwritten story concerning Gen. Grant:

At the time of VanDorn's raid on Holly Springs, Grant had his headquarters in the house of a relation of the Colonel's, a Mr. Heber Craft, now living in McComb City, Louisiana.

One day at the dinner table a remark was made concerning the permanent occupancy of the town by the Federals, when Mrs. Craft, in a woman's characteristic earnestness, said, "Don't be too sure of that. Our boys will be along shortly, and then we will see about the permanent occupancy."

She had no knowledge of VanDorn's intended raid, but made the remark in a bantering style only. Great was her surprise to hear, in less than fifteen minutes afterward, that the rebels were in town and after the man on horseback. In his haste to elude them and get away on the train Grant left his uniform and sword at Mrs. Craft's house.

The train was barely out of sight, having on board Grant and his staff, when VanDorn rode up to Mrs. Craft's house in the hope of bagging the federal commander and the whole party. He found Mrs. Grant, but not the General. Mrs. Craft, who was not only a true Southern woman, but a true, high-minded lady, hid the General's sword and uniform for fear their capture, after what she said at the dinner table, would make Grant suspect she had violated the rules of hospitality in attempting to betray him to VanDorn.

She said that Grant, on his return to Holly Springs, was surprised and greatly rejoiced to find his trappings safe, but

he nor the chronicler of that raid never knew why they were not captured.

Gen. Jackson and His Old Horse.

Rev. H. M. Cryer, in his "Reminiccences," tells the following story of Andrew Jackson and his old horse "Duke:"

Though Duke grew feeble and almost helpless in his latter day, he was not forgotten or suffered to be neglected. I have, in a walk with the General, more than once, gone to the lot which contained this living wreck of martial valor, and, while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wistfully at his master, the General would sighingly say: "Ah, poor fellow, we have seen hard times together; we must shortly separate; your days of suffering and toil are well-nigh ended."

On one occasion, to try the General on a tender point, the writer of this article suggested the idea of putting an end to the sufferings of Duke, by having him shot or knocked on the head. "No," said his generous master, "never, never; let him live, and, while there is anything to grow upon this farm, Duke shall have a part."

Why a King Objected to Being Bled.

A singular story is told, apropos of the stay of Prince Oscar of Sweden in Paris, concerning the objection his ancestor, Bernadotte, always had of being bled. His medical adviser, who was a disciple of Dr. Sangrado, insisted in vain, that it was necessary for his health; the King was obstinate. At last a crisis came, and when Bernadotte heard that the doctor declined to answer for his life, if he would not consent to bleeding, he gave way. But before baring his arm, he made the operator promise

that he would never devulge what was to be seen on it, and the doctor made a solemn vow, which he broke. A Phrygian cap, with the motto, "Death to Kings," was elaborately tattooed above the elbow. The dashing soldier, when he pricked this regicide maxim into his skin, never dreamed that one day he would come to be a King himself.

Ole Bull's Debut--A Thrilling Story.

Professor Anderson gives in the preface to the "Spell-Bound Fiddler," a Norse romance, a translation from the Danish of the following graphic account of the entrance of the late veteran of the violin, Ole Bull, before the public:

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is dear to us—we listen to it with willingness, and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1834. The poor Norseman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland, some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but most people, as is generally the case, predicted that Ole Bull would amount to nothing. He himself felt, that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything seemed at first to indicate that the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was spent, and there was no place where there was any prospect of getting more—no friend, not a countryman held forth a helping hand toward him; he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets.

It was already the second day that he had been there and he had scarcely tasted food. The water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cheered the young and

suffering artist. He began to doubt whether he really were in possession of that talent with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner—those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theater. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—Monsieur de Beriot had taken umbrage and refused to play.

All was trouble and confusion on the stage, when, in this dilemma, the wife of Rossini, the composer, entered, and, in the midst of the manager's distress, related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of an instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might, perhaps, supply the place of Monsieur de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be wanting in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from Heaven. Now or

never, thought he, and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theater. Two minutes after his arrival, the manager informed the assembled audience, that a young Norwegian, consequently a "young savage," would give a specimen of skill on the violin, instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared: the theater was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera-glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra. He was, consequently, obliged to play without accompaniment; but what should he play? I will give them the fantasias which at this moment cross my mind! And he played improvisory remembrances of his own life—melodies from his soul; it was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again. They still desired a new improvisation.

He then addressed himself to that lady whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked for a theme to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Othello" and one from "Moses." Now, thought he, if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps the composition will produce an effect. He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the

strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes; he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who meanwhile crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent, the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theater was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed, and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull.

Stuart's Artistic Treatment of the Eyes.

The late Henry Shaw, the father of "Josh Billings," of Lanesboro, when a young lawyer in New York City, was very intimate with Gilbert Stuart, and used to pass much time with him. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Shaw can easily imagine how a gentleman with the painter's gifts would become attached to Mr. Shaw, who was a man of rare genius and one of the most accomplished and fascinating conversationalists that this or any other country ever produced. Stuart painted the portrait of a lady in New York, who was fussy, critical, overexacting, and nice to a degree that tried in the extreme his rather excitable temperament. The portrait was changed again and again,

the shade of the hair, the color of the eyes, the expression of the mouth, the pose of the head, the arrangement of the drapery, etc., were repeatedly altered at the suggestion of the lady.

One day madam came in with several friends to see the portrait, and, as usual, she began to criticise, and said: "I do not think, Mr. Stuart, you have given my eyes the right expression." The patience of the artist was exhausted—he could stand no more. Walking up to the portrait, and drawing back his fist, he thrust it through the canvas, and exclaimed in blunt but vigorous Anglo-Saxon: "Madam, darn your eyes!" Throwing the canvas aside, the portrait was finished. He had given it the last touch.

Agassiz and the Snake.

Of Prof. Agassiz, Miss A. C. Brackett, recalling a day in the Farmingham school, says: When one of the pupils one day produced a little field-snake from her desk, amid the confusion that ensued in the group around, Agassiz walked quickly up to us, instantly detached the little, brown, terrified thing, and took it at once gently into his hand, calling it by its own name, and thereby, as it were, giving it a welcoming right into the one great family to live and enjoy itself. As Mr. Whipple says, the dumb creation recognize their friend, for even the little snake curled itself at once contentedly round his strong right hand.

The Czar Nicholas and the Artisan.

Of the Emperor Nicholas, who died about a quarter of a century ago, a characteristic anecdote is told in the diaries of the Privy Councilor Boguslovskie, recently published in St. Petersburg. As he was walking one day, he heard a German artizan declare, that he would not quit

the spot until he had seen the Emperor. The latter went toward him, and demanded who he was and what he wished. The German, who did not know the Czar, answered that he was an artisan from Hamburg, and desired to submit a paper describing a new and cheap method of making shoe-soles for the army.

"Why do you apply direct to the Emperor?" inquired the Czar; "why have you not first addressed yourself to some one about him?"

"I wished to do so, and called on the Chief of Police for that purpose," returned the man, "but his clerk asked me to pay 300 roubles, which is impossible, as I have no money."

"Well, my fine fellow," said the Czar, "if you will transact your business with the Emperor in person, speak up, for I am he."

At this unexpected revelation, the honest Hamburger was so terrified that, trembling from head to foot, he fell on his knees. In doing so, his hat dropped from his hand. The Emperor's dog, his almost constant companion, seizing the hat, began playing with it. The Emperor contemplated the scene with characteristic pride, hugely relishing the fright of the poor artizan. At last he pulled the hat from between the dog's teeth, and handing it, smiling, to the still kneeling Hamburger, said:

"Do not be alarmed, my friend; give me your paper, I will have it examined. Meanwhile, come to the Palace, where you shall have a pecuniary indemnity for the fright you have suffered."

The Hamburger himself went mad from fright, but his family received a regular pension.

Anecdote of an English Admiral.

When Sir James Anderson, of the Great Eastern, first went to sea, his mother made him promise to say his prayers on shipboard, no matter what opposition or ridicule he might meet with. One sailor boxed the boys ears and affected to regard him as a hypocrite, whereupon another one of the saddest scapegraces on board, championed the boy, invited the bully on deck and gave him a tremendous thrashing, adding a grim warning that he would serve any one else in the same way who presumed to prevent the boy from saying his prayers. Next night the gentle-hearted boy, to avoid strife, undertook to say his prayers in his hammock, whereon his protector lugged him out by the back of the neck and gave him plainly to understand that he was not to shirk his duty; that when his companion did the fighting, his protege would have to do the praying, and he kept him daily to the task.

The Cabin Boy and the Admiral.

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flagship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the main-mast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else."

Narborough hesitated. His men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on, defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral, that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own!"

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the King.

Collosal Fortunes.

A CALIFORNIA paper says: During the magnificent reign of Louis XIV. there was more extreme poverty in France than there is now in all Europe—Ireland included. The condition of the emancipated Russian serf is far better than that of the French or German peasant two centuries ago; and within the historical era there is no record of a time when fifty millions of the common people and poor were so comfortably situated as the fifty millions who now inhabit the United States.

But if the condition of the poor has improved, the private fortunes of the rich have so increased as to utterly confound all attempts at comparison with the rich men of past ages. "As rich as Crœsus" has stood for an adage these twenty-three centuries. Yet Crœsus was a King who devoted his whole energies to the acquisition of gold; and there is good reason to believe, that we have not less than

half a dozen men and women in this State, who are richer in gold and its equivalents, than this Lydian monarch. The richest man in Rome at the time of Cæsar, was Crassus. His fortune has been carefully estimated by several historians, but never above $8,500,000 of our money. This is not much more than William H. Vanderbilt's yearly income, and it is more than $1,000,000 below the appraisement of the fortune of the late William S. O'Brien, of San Francisco. The Astor estate was valued ten years ago at $40,000,000. At a moderate rate of accretion—say 5 per cent—it must now amount to $60,000,000. The yearly income at the same rate is $3,000,000. This is a third more than the entire income of the monarch of the British Empire, and a good deal more than the entire revenues of the English Government 250 years ago. It is asserted, that there are eight or ten English Peers whose incomes each exceed the allowances of Parliament to the Queen, and yet the richest men in England are commoners. Half a century ago, the reputed wealthiest man in America was old Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. His estate was appraised below $15,000,000. There are probably now a hundred private fortunes in the United States, each greater than Girard's, and half a dozen more than twice as great. In the purchasing power of money the ancients had the advantage. A dollar would buy more a thousand years ago than five will now. Forty years back, a man who had $100,000 was rated as quite rich, and one of $500,000 phenomenal. The latter class were not as numerous in this country as those of $500,000 are now.

Of course, there is not gold and silver enough in the world to represent the aggregate of these little private fortunes, nor a tithe of them. They are invested in lands, houses, government, railway, bank, mining, and other stocks. The national bonds of England, France and the

United States, cover nearly ten thousand millions, and the railway securities of the United States alone cover nearly five thousand millions. The largest private landed estates are held in Spanish America, Mexico, Russia, England and the United States, but the largest of all in the latter country, and by corporations. It is thought—and justly—a great hardship to the common people of England and Scotland, that the Duke of Sutherland should own over 1,200,000 acres, and many other prominent nobles more than 100,000 each. But there is one corporation in this country that has been granted 49,000,000 acres, and then 48,000,000; and two others, represented by less than ten men, 25,000,000 acres. At the time that Henry VIII. confiscated the estates of the Roman Catholic Church in his dominions, they did not amount to a tenth as many acres as the grant of Congress to the Northern Pacific Railroad; but they were enough to lay the foundations of the richest nobility in the world, and their revenues to-day can hardly be less than $120,000,000. Reasoning from history and analogy, the most stupendous private fortunes in the United States during the next fifty years will be realized from the enormous land grants, now hardly worth $2.50 an acre, but hereafter as surely to be worth from $50 to $100 as a dollar is worth 100 cents. A corporation whose land grant covers, say 20,000,000 acres, and whose stock is to the extent of 90 per cent in the hands of, say ten persons, if it can hold on to its lands for twenty or thirty years free from taxes, will have a property in land worth anywhere from $400,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, or $36,000,000 to $360,000,000 for each of its principal stockholders. These figures, though they at first thought seem to run into the region of fable, are not much more astounding than the exploits of the Vanderbilts, Astors, and Packards already realized. The great landed estates of England are pro-

tected by laws of entail and primogeniture, forbidden in the United States.

Huxley to the Boys.

In his address before the students of University College, London, among other good things Professor Huxley said:

Upon whatever career you may enter, intellectual quickness, industry and the power of bearing fatigue, are three great advantages. But I want to impress upon you, and through you upon those who will direct your future course, the conviction which I entertain, that, as a general rule, the relative importance of these three qualifications is not rightly estimated, and that there are other qualities of no less value which are not directly tested by school competition. A somewhat varied experience of men, has led me, the longer I live, to set the less value upon mere cleverness; to attach more and more importance to industry and to physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think, that endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry, as the desire to work hard, does not come to much if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire. Everybody who has had to make his way in the world, must know that, while the occasion for intellectual effort of a high order is rare, it constantly happens that a man's future turns upon his being able to stand a sudden and heavy strain upon his powers of endurance.

To a lawyer, physician or a merchant, it may be everything to be able to work sixteen hours a day for as long as is needful, without knocking up. Moreover, the patience, tenacity and good humor which are among the most important qualifications for dealing with men, are incompatible with an irritable brain, a weak stomach or a defective circulation. If any one of you prize-winners were a son of

mine (as might have been the case, I am glad to think, on former occasions), and a good fairy were to offer to equip him according to my wishes for the battle of practical life, I should say: "I do not care to trouble you for any more cleverness; put in as much industry as you can instead; and oh! if you please, a broad, deep chest and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know anything." I should be well content with the prospects of a fellow so endowed

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The Last Words of Distinguished Persons.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and many difficulties, that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming: "All my possessions for a moment of time!" George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Waltren Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, by boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried: "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII., who had altered the whole course of monastic life, in England, exclaims: "Monks! Monks! Monks!" Edward VI., the wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes, commended his soul to God: "Lord, take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said: "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last word of Charles I. on the scaffold, to Archbishop Juxon, was, "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers. Ann Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small;" and Sir Thomas

More, as he yielded himself to the executioner, said, with sorry wit, "For my coming down, let me shift for myself." Joan of Arc, at the stake, ended her eventful, stormy life with our Savior's name upon her lips, as brave as General Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearing of the enemy's retreat, cried, "What, do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Philip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to a humbler comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round to die, saying, "Let be behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness. Mozart's last words were: "Let me hear once more those notes, so long my solace and delight;" but Haydn, forgetful of his art, cried: "God preserve my Emperor." Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in the words "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die;" Goethe cries "Light, more light;" Tasso, "*In tuos manus, Domine*;" Byron, "Come, come, no weakness: let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And those who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missolonghi in the Florida and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapped in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples; the profile of exceeding beauty. Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying: "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die, that he has never written anything injurious to

virtue;" and Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end so near, said: "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear." Washington, dying at Mount Vernon, cried, "It is well." Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily." Mme. de Stael, whose sorest trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my father, and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were "Patty—joy;" Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat;" Adams, "Independence forever;" Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country;" Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bedfellows are cramp and cough; we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words are "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharp, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done;" Farrar, Cranmer, Hooper, and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit," and these are but a few of many such utterances. The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails, that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts" were the last words of a most noble life.

Napoleon I. and Talma.

Under the Consulate, Talma used to go once a week to the Tuileries, to be present at the breakfast of Bonaparte. He thought it proper to discontinue his visits when the First Consul became Emperor. The latter did not fail to perceive his absence, and spoke of it to Regnault de Saint-

Jean-d'Angely. "I no longer see Talma," he said to him. "Is he, too, sulking? Does he mean to play *Brutus?* It is one of his best parts on the stage, it is true." These words were repeated to Talma, who knew that the desire of Napoleon was equivalent to an order. Accordingly, one morning he went to the Tuileries, irreproachably clad in the new court costume: brown cloth coat lined with white satin, black silk breeches, shoes with small gold buckle, a hat and feather, and a sword with a finely-chiseled steel hilt. Just as they were sitting down to the table, Napoleon openly showed his satisfaction at seeing Talma; and, when breakfast was over, he made a sign to him to follow him into his cabinet. "I recognize your habitual tact," said Napoleon, "and I am obliged to you. You have understood that it was your duty to present yourself before the Emperor. Be assured that you will always find in me the man of the past. I shall have even greater pleasure in returning to those chats in which you spoke to me of my destinies. You were the first, Talma, I remember, to discover my star. I did not know you were such a good astronomer."

Another time Napoleon said laughingly to Talma, who henceforth did not discontinue his visits: "Do you know what I have just been told? People say that you are giving me lessons in deportment; yes, that you are teaching me my trade of Emperor." "I, sire?" said Talma, disconcerted. "I confess that I could not have a better professor." "Sire, you are joking." "No," replied Napoleon; "but let us talk of something else. Yesterday you played 'La Mort de Pompee.' I was in my box." "And I redoubled my efforts to satisfy your Majesty." "Well, you only half-succeeded, my dear Talma!" "What, sire?" "Yes, since you pass for giving me lessons in Royalty, I want in return to give you

a lesson in tragedy. You fatigue your arms too much. The leaders of Empires are less prodigal of their movements; they know that a gesture, a glance, is an order; thenceforward, they spare both gestures and glances. There is also a verse, the sense of which has escaped you." Talma became all attention. "It is this one:

'Pour moi qui tiens le trone egal a l'infamie.'

Cæsar there does not say all that he thinks. The great battles that he fought did not give him the sovereign power to make him despise it. But he needs to flatter the old idea of Republican Rome, and not to wound the feelings of the soldiers who are listening to him. Do not make *Cæsar* talk like *Brutus*. When *Brutus* says that he has a horror of Kings, he is sincere; but the other is not. Mark this difference." Talma's reply is not recorded. But it is intelligible, that Voltaire's verse was a hard morsel for the Emperor.

A Chat with Gustav Dore.

A PARIS correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* gives the following interesting interview with the celebrated Gustav Dore: He was eleven years old, he told me, when he made his first drawing for publication, but his first actual work, a set of caricatures of the "Labors of Hercules," was produced when he was thirteen. At the age of fifteen he was a regular contributor to a host of cheap illustrated publications "in France, Germany, Russia, Poland, and I know not where else beside," he added, laughingly. Two years later he issued his "Wandering Jew," probably the most remarkable series of illustrations ever conceived and executed by a boy of seventeen. In those early days he used to make sometimes as many as three or four drawings a day, for each of which he charged

5 francs. It was the period of cheap novels, issued in numbers, in newspaper form, at 10 and 12 cents the number, and his facile pencil was called into play to illustrate the works of writers long ago forgotten, such as Alphonse Brot, the bibliophile Jacob, etc. Sometimes he was not paid for his work—often it was not even signed. Then again he would execute a series of drawings for some publication that would perish before reaching half a dozen numbers, and so his work would be lost. I told him of an American admirer who once tried to form a collection of these earlier efforts of his genius. He laughed at the idea, and said that to form anything like a complete one would be impossible, as he did not possess one himself, nor would it be possible to find many of the light, ephemeral publications in which they had appeared. "Moreover," he said, "there are too many of them. In the first eleven years of my artistic career, I must have produced, not hundreds, but thousands of illustrations."

He then spoke of one of his earliest works, a "Comic History of Russia," namely, a series of caricatures published during the Crimean war, and afterward prohibited by the Government. This work has become extremely rare, so much so that Dore only possesses one copy of it himself, and that is in a very bad condition. "I wish," said I, "M. Dore, that you would make an exhibition of your collected works." "Madam," he replied, laughing, "they would reach from here to Vincennes if they were set side by side; I would have to engage the Palais de l'Industrie to hold my exhibition in." He then told me that he had, in his possession, whole boxes full of unpublished illustrations and completed drawings that have never yet been shown to the public.

Some joking remark was made respecting tke great artist's persistent celibacy. "Ah," he replied, "I have

been too lazy to marry, and now I am too old—I am forty. Besides, I have been so happy in my family relations that I have had no inclination for matrimony." He alluded, I believe, to his mother, who is still living and to whom he has always been tenderly devoted. From something that he let fall, I was led to imagine that he has a vague idea of visiting the United States at no very distant date, and that a series of illustrations of American life would be the result of his journey did he ever undertake it. Niagara and the wonderful scenery of the Yellowstone would afford congenial subjects for his pencil.

Thurlow Weed's Stories of Horace Greeley.

Thurlow Weed narrates the following concerning himself and Horace Greeley:—"We were the best of friends for fourteen or fifteen years. How well I remember when I first met him. I should think it was in 1839, perhaps. He had been printing the *New Yorker* for a year or two, and I had read it with great interest. It was bright, aggressive, and able, and a strong tariff paper. We in Albany wanted a campaign paper, and I came down to see if I couldn't get this *New Yorker* man to run it. I found the office, and went in and inquired for the editor, of a tall, verdant-looking fellow who was setting type at a case. 'I am the editor,' he said. I was a little surprised, but I introduced myself, and told him I wanted to speak with him about State politics. He wore no coat, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up; and I well remember how he leaned one elbow on the case, half-turned around and said, 'All right—go ahead.' I told him I would like to see him alone; when he laid down his composing-stick, and we went around and sat on some boxes while I revealed my plan. The upshot of it was, that we hired him to go to Albany

two days in every week, to edit the new *Jeffersonian* as a campaign paper, while he continued to run his *New Yorker*.

He was one of the most faithful, honest, industrious men I ever met in my life. We became very much attached to each other. He always stayed at my house when he came to Albany, every week through all that year or more. I respected and esteemed him so highly that my regard grew into a real affection for him. We continued warm and confidential friends for many years."

"He possessed political ambition, and it ruined him. None of his friends suspected him of it at that time. He concealed it wonderfully, or else it had not then developed. I was drawn so strongly to him because I thought he was like myself, only a great deal better. I never had any ambition to hold office. I had an ambition to be influential, and to help the State to improve the quality of its public servants, but not to hold office myself.

"Greeley was a powerful man—one of the most talented men this country ever produced; he was, also, one of the purest. His extraordinary ability, purity, and industry made him invincible against every foe but ambition. We had often talked of office-holding, and warned each other against it. But, just before the State Convention of 1853, he came to Albany and said to me: 'Weed, I'd like to be Governor.' I told him I was sorry, for I doubted if he could be nominated. He said, 'You don't think the Whig party can afford to ignore the temperance question this year, do you?' I said no,—I thought we should have to nominate some temperance man.

"'Then why not me?' he asked. 'Because you will be thought too ultra,' I answered. 'You have beaten the bush, and Myron Clark will catch the hare.' He looked disappointed, but he thought he could be nominated.

"In a few days, when it was pretty certain that Clark

would get the place, he came again and said: 'Weed, I'd like to be Lieutenant-Governor.' I told him that I didn't believe he could get that, either. It would be overloading the ticket,—too much temperance. Besides, I told him that Raymond would get the place. That was the last feather that broke the camel's back. It was a terrible blow to him. To be beaten by Raymond, whom he had nourished and warmed into life, and taught the business of newspaper-making,—he couldn't stand that. He was greatly grieved. And he laid it to me,—wrongfully. He hardly ever spoke to me after that. We were strangers for years. Then, when I was sick in '59, Greeley came to see me, and we resumed somewhat our former relations. In his last sickness I called to see him, but I was some time in finding him, and, when I at last ascertained where he was, they refused me admission. I was sorry. I wanted to see him once more very much. He was one of the purest, most generous, and kindest men I had ever met.''

An Anecdote of Gladstone.

The man is more interesting, says a writer, than any of the parts he has been called to play, but we come to understand the man better by seeing how he shapes and molds these parts. As an orator, his conspicuous merits, besides his striking countenance, dignified action, and a voice full, rich, and admirably modulated, are fertility and readiness. He seems to have always at command an inexhaustible store of ideas, reasons, illustrations, whatever be the subject which he is required to deal with. Of all great English speakers, probably no one, not even William Pitt, has been so independent of preparation. Even Fox, swift and rushing as he was, was great only in reply, when his

feelings were heated by the atmosphere of battle, whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as animated and forcible in an opening, or in a purely ornamental and uncontentious harangue, as in the midst of parliamentary strife.

Of the many anecdotes that are current, illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one may be given which has the merit of being true: On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the House of Commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three o'clock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech. He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the House before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eye-glasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among his finest efforts.

Stories of the German Emperor.

We well remember, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, the first time we saw the German Emperor. Returning one day from a walk, we observed a crowd of people in the promenade, standing at a short distance from, and watching an elderly gentleman talking to a pretty girl. The girl kept courtesying backwards, retreating a step each time. The Emperor William—for he it was—followed her up, making believe to bore a hole at her with his walking-stick.

Another day, a large party of school-boys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade, which forms one side of the Restaurant Gardens, and which is itself lined with stalls belonging to the larger shops in the town. The Emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying:

"What brought you here, my lads?"

"We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman.

"To see the Emperor! Then have a good look at him," rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor!" And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

One morning, there was considerable excitement at the *Vier Zeitung*, waiters rushing in all directions, and Herr Huyn, our little host, looking fussy and all-important. We inquired the cause, and were told that the Emperor was expected in the afternoon to call upon some ladies of high rank, who were staying at the hotel. A huge roll of new carpet, which had just been brought in, was to be laid down on the grand staircase, and flowers were to be scattered in profusion everywhere. All the forenoon, poor little Herr was in a pitiable state. He did not like to lay down his beautiful carpet, and have its freshness sullied by the numerous feet passing continually up and down the grand staircase; and yet he was in considerable fright lest he might not have all ready in time when the Emperor should be seen approaching. Waiters, acting as scouts, were continually running in and out, and peering up and down the street. It was a never-ending refrain of "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

At last, a horror-stricken waiter came rushing from the corridor above us, exclaiming:

"The Emperor is here! He is at this moment in the *salon* of Madame la Princesse!"

Herr Huyn stood aghast. "How did he get there? When did he come?"

Alas! it was discovered that the Emperor, coming quietly and unattended, had turned in at the entry to the baths, gone up an uncarpeted back staircase leading from the court, inquired his way from the astonished servant to the Princess' rooms, and so stolen a march on our poor crestfallen little host.

There was nothing now to be done but carry carpet and flowers to the back staircase, and spread the one and scatter the other as rapidly as possible. This done, Herr Huyn kept guard at the foot of the stairs, still uneasy lest, through a combination of untoward circumstances, the Emperor might now make his exit by the front entrance, and so, after all, never know of the preparations made to do him honor. However, at last he was heard approaching, accompanied by the Princess. At once noticing the change, he inquired:

"For whom has all this trouble been gone to?"

"For you, sir!" returned little Herr Huyn, reverently.

"Alas!" said the Emperor, "it is a pity to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me." And stooping, he selected some of the most beautiful, and presented them to the Princess, and then fastened a blossom in his own coat. Such was the graceful acknowledgement he made to Herr Huyn, and by such simple acts did he daily endear himself to his people.

Col. Ingersoll on Intemperance.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal love, blots filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, arouses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riot. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffolds. It is the boon of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of a midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence—incites the father to butcher his helpless off-spring, and the child to grind the parental age. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and hates heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury box and judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers government. It degrades the citizens, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatisfied with havoc, it kills peace, poisons felicity, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses

the world and laughs at its ruin. It does that and more —it murders the soul.

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening during the early days of our "late unpleasantness" there was to be an exhibition of Grammar School No. 44, in New York City. I arrived late at the school building and found several distinguished-looking visitors on the platform of the hall. Among them there was one whom I at once recognized by the portraits I had seen of him—it was Major-General Scott, the hero of the Mexican war. He was in full regimentals, and sat in an arm-chair a little to the right of the center of the stage—a very grand, large man, with snowy hair and whiskers. He gave the most flattering, the most rapt attention to the reading of every composition, to all the singing, declamation—every exhibition of skill, however perfectly or imperfectly done. The presence of so distinguished a visitor stimulated some to do their best, while it scared others into doing their very worst. It was on the whole, however, a brilliant success.

After the exercises, the President of our local board of school officers approached the General's chair and said something to him. We know he was asked to make a "few remarks," and wondered if he would consent. To our great delight there were evident signs of compliance; the old hero commenced to rise. One of the school officers, approaching his chair on the opposite side, offered to assist him. He declined assistance, but when the gentleman persisted and made an attempt to take hold of his arm, General Scott impatiently and imperatively put him aside. Those near the platform heard him say, "I need no assistance—no assistance—only give me a little time." The

process of getting straightened up on the part of the General was very slow, but not a jerky or a trembling one, and suggested rather a rheumatic infirmity than the stiffness of age, though he must have been over seventy. How immensely tall he seemed as he stretched his majestic figure higher and higher until he towered half a foot or more above the men around him. Then he was introduced to the children, and the tumultuous applause of hundreds of small hands greeted him from every part of the immense hall. The applause continued until the principal touched the bell. The General waited until the silence was perfect, and then he said in a clear, ringing voice: "Youths and maidens," and for over a half hour he held forth in a majestic simplicity of style never to be forgotten by any boy or girl who heard him, though there was nothing very remarkable or very original about anything he said. He praised and encouraged the pupils and aroused them to new effort. He compared their educational advantages to those of other lands and with those of this country fifty years ago. It was, in short, the prince of what children call "goody speeches."

Governor Andrew's Prayer.

The memoir of Governor Andrew which has recently been prepared by his friend, Peleg W. Chandler, for the Massachusetts Historical Society, contains the following account of a memorable scene in the official life of the great War Governor, which has a flavor of Cromwell and the English Commonwealth:

"Among the Governor's friends was a young merchant of Boston, and I will let him tell the story in his own way: 'It was in the summer of 1862, when emancipation was being talked a great deal. We had not had any great

successes, and everybody had a notion that emancipation ought to come. One day the Governor sent for me to come up to the State House. I went up to his room, and I shall never forget how I met him. He was signing some kind of bonds, standing at a tall desk in the Council Chamber, in his shirt-sleeves, his fingers all covered with ink. He said "How do you do? I want you to go to Washington." "Why, Governor," said I, "I can't go to Washington on any such notice as this. I am busy, and it is impossible for me to go." "All my folks are serving their country," said he, and he mentioned the various services the members of his staff were engaged in, and said with emphasis, "Somebody must go to Washington." "Well, Governor, I don't see how I can." Said he, "I command you to go." "Well," said I, "Governor, put it in that way, and I shall go, of course." "There is something going on," he remarked. "This is a momentous time." He turned suddenly towards me and said, "You believe in prayer, don't you?" I said, "Why, of course." "Then let us pray," and he knelt right down at the chair that was placed there; we both knelt down, and I never heard such a prayer in all my life. I never was so near the throne of God, except when my mother died, as I was then. I said to the Governor, "I am profoundly impressed and I will start this afternoon for Washington."

I soon found out that emancipation was in everybody's mouth, and when I got to Washington and called upon Sumner, he began to talk emancipation. He asked me to go and see the President, and tell him how the people of Boston and New England regarded it. I went to the White House that evening and met the President. He first talked about everything but emancipation, and finally he asked me what I thought about emancipation. I told him what I thought about it, and said that Governor Andrew

was so far interested in it that I had no doubt he had sent me on there to post the President in regard to what the class of people I met in Boston and New York thought of it, and then I repeated to him, as I had previously to Sumner, this prayer of the Governor, as well as I could remember it. The President said: "When we have the Governor of Massachusetts to send us troops in the way he has, and when we have him to utter such prayers for us, I have no doubt that we shall succeed." In September the Governor sent for me. He had a dispatch that emancipation would be proclaimed, and it was done the next day. You remember the President made proclamation in September, to take effect in January. Well, he and I were together alone again in the Council Chamber. Said he, "You remember when I wanted you to go on to Washington?" I said, "Yes, I remember it very well." "Well," said he, "I didn't know exactly what I wanted you to go for then. Now I will tell you what let's do; you sing 'Coronation,' and I will join with you." So we sang together the old tune, and also "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then I sang "Old John Brown," he marching around and joining in the chorus after each verse.' "

Anecdote of General Lee.

The following is from the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* It was in the summer of 1864, while the armies of the United States and Confederate States were confronting each other on the James, below Richmond. On a certain day a Federal attack, which was thought to be a decoy, was made on the south side of the river. We thought we saw evidences of a real attack on our side. Occasionally the whole picket-line would open fire. The gunboats at

Deep Bottom would send three hundred pounds crashing through the timbers in the rear of what had been Libby's residence, but was then General Lee's head-quartters. At about two o'clock P. M., the artillery opened on our left. A few minutes afterward, we heard the unmistakable roar of infantry firing. We then knew that the lines of battle were engaged on our left. The pickets opened and kept up a rapid firing in our front, the gunboats sending their infernal machines more frequently. We, the Rockbridge Battery, were ordered to double-quick into position on Libby's Hill. On our way up, everything looked as though we were on the eve of terrible conflict,—the roar of artillery and infantry, the rapid movement of troops into line, and the solemnity that seemed to have impregnated the whole atmosphere. As we passed the Libby house, we saw General Lee in the yard. He was standing just under a low tree, with one arm extended, as if reaching for something on the limb. As we got nearer to him, we could see what he was engaged in doing at such a time. A little bird, whose mother was just teaching it to use its wings, had, in its first effort, fallen to the ground. Its dumb mother, regardless of the death and carnage that intelligent man was dealing to his fellow, was uttering pitiful cries for her fallen offspring. General Lee reached down and picked up this little creature, and, when we passed, was in the act of placing it where its mother could care for it.

Bismarck at Home—How He Wanted to Be a Parson.

Five o'clock is Bismarck's dinner hour, and this is not departed from even in Berlin when he gives the diplomatic dinner on the Emperor's birthday. Four plain courses are served. Bismarck was once a lover of light

clarets; lately he has taken nothing but old, heavy wines and whisky. Beer and champagne he eschews altogether, but his guests can select from a large and varied wine cellar. The Princess does the honors of the table. The Prince leads the conversation, and is particularly animated when strangers are present. Should he, on graver thoughts intent, wander from the subject, the Princess recalls him by a word or look, although she, for her part, is so busied with the cares of the household, that she has been known to drop her knife and run into the kitchen to scold the servants. When she returns, the thread of the story is taken up where she left it. The Prince is never weary of descanting on the exploits of his youth, of which the neighborhood of Varzin was the scene. Touching upon this subject one evening when he had taken his long, patriarchal porcelain pipe to smoke upon the veranda, he said: "I sometimes wish my father had carried out his idea of making a parson of me. It was very nearly done, too. One of his relatives had already a place in sight where I should, at the end of the first year, have had an income of at least £150 a year." Something unexpected, however, occurred, and the plan was frustrated; "but," said the Chancellor, "I would have been a much better man had I turned parson." To this the Princess refused to agree, and the Prince went off into a laudation of England, which he said was like a garden, where he could have lived quietly and happily.

How Cromwell Managed the Musket.

THE FOLLOWING ordinance was issued by Oliver Cromwell, in 1641, regulating the exercises of the musketry. The manual of arms will be of interest to military men of the present day:

The Lord General Cromwell.—His ordinance for the righthe observation of ye platoon exercise amonst ye mosqueteers of ye armie, to be heedfully acquitted by ye soulders:

1. Balance youre mousquet.
2. Find out youre charge.
3. Open youre charge.
4. Charge with bullet.
5. Put youre scouring sticke in youre mousquet.
6. Ram home youre charge.
7. Draw fourth youre scouring sticke.
8. Turn and shorten him to a handful.
9. Return youre scouring sticke.
10. Bring forward youre mousquet and poise.
11. Balance your mousquet in left hand with barrell upwards.
12. Draw forth youre match.
13. Blow the ashes from youre coal.
14. Present youre left hand.
15. Give fire, breast high.

Lotta's First Experience—Interesting Incidents.

"When I first went on the stage," Lotta has been telling an interviewer, "in the summer of 1858,—twenty years ago, by the way,—I determined to originate an entirely new school of acting. You may laugh, but my first idea was tragedy, and I actually had the part of *Lady Macbeth* committed to memory. The successful lady stars at that time were Lucille Western and Kate Bateman, and I felt that if there was any money to be made, it must be in the same line they were in. On Christmas Day, 1863, I was stopping with a friend in St. Louis, when Lucille Western visited that city and played 'East Lynne' at one

of the theaters. I went to see her for the first time. At the conclusion of the performance, I concluded that tragedy or emotional acting was not my forte, for I was ashamed of puny efforts, as witnessed before the mirror in my dressing-case, after having seen what Lucille Western could do in the same line. I was thoroughly disheartened, and sat down and had a real good cry. The friend at whose house I was stopping," continued Lotta, "was a prominent newspaper man, and had a penchant for entertaining members of the theatrical profession. Go there when you would, you were always certain to find some actor at his table. Well, on this Christmas Day I was telling you of, when I came down to tea, my eyes still red with weeping, I found an elderly, good-natured, good-looking gentleman there. I was not a little flurried on his being introduced to me as John Brougham, the celebrated actor and play-writer, for I was not then so well used to meeting celebrities as I am now. I am sure Mr Brougham must have thought me a little goose, for I had not spoken to him two minutes before the recollection of my disappointment again welled up in my mind, and the tears came to my eyes. I can never forget how he questioned me as to what was the matter, and how kindly and fatherly he wormed out of me my secret.

"'The truth is, dear sis,' said he, after learning the full extent of my affliction, 'you have chosen the wrong branch of the profession. This rage for weeping and wailing will soon run out, and the people will demand a more cheerful performance. Take to the soubrets, my girl—there is more money in that. What you want, is to hit on something odd and peculiar. Give the people something new. The American people are great for novelty, and will put a fortune into the purse of the one who pleases them.'

"I did not soon forget what he had told me. I am a

great girl for action, and when I take anything into my head, instead of dreaming over it, I get energetically to work. But, for the life of me, I couldn't think what school of acting to choose, until one day in Chicago, at a hotel where I was stopping, I came across the counterpart of the mischievous creature known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Lotta. She was a little miss of ten summers, and as provoking a little imp as was ever born. She was up to all sorts of tricks and comicalities, and yet, in spite of her mischief, one could not help loving her. In a word, she was at once the terror and delight of the house. I saw in an instant where an original character could be found, and began to study the oddities of the little elf. Then I would go to my room and practice what she had done.

"In the farce of 'Nan, the Good-for-Nothing,' there occurs a splendid opportunity for introducing the vagaries of a spoilt, wayward child. How well I succeeded in that farce, and in other kindred plays written especially with a view to introducing these oddities, my career for the last fifteen years will attest. I had no trouble. I swam at once into public favor, partly by good luck, partly by the oddity of the thing, but chiefly by the wisdom and enterprise of good managers, to whom successful stars owe more than they have often the candor to acknowledge."

Thurlow Weed and the Reporter--An Interesting Interview.

The following interview took place recently at Thurlow Weed's residence in New York City:

"What part of your life do you look back to with most satisfaction?" I asked.

"To my persistent refusal of office," he answered

quickly, "and to that"—and he pointed to an old brown document, framed, hanging on the wall, which, on examination, proved to be a Government warrant for 160 acres of land for his services as a soldier in the war of 1812.

Observing that he had not located his warrant, and that it was still a sight draft for 160 acres of wild land, I asked him why he didn't use it.

"Oh! I don't want to bother with it," he said. "I'll put it in my will."

"But you said you had held office?" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes; I let the boys send me to the Legislature when I was a journeyman printer, fifty-five years ago. But I never had a thirst for office. A great many offices have been within my reach. Perhaps I am the only man who ever declined three first-class foreign missions, offered by three Presidents—Taylor, Fillmore and Lincoln."

"They say you have been Governor a good deal?" I suggested.

The old gentleman laughed heartily.

"Yes, that's what they say; but I was never elected to that office anyhow, and never drew a cent of salary. Yes," he added, after a pause, "of several Governors I have been the confidential friend, and perhaps I may say adviser."

"You may, indeed," I assented. "No other American has ever held such influential relations with high officials."

"And the oddest of it is, said he, eagerly, rising and walking the room, as if to walk off superfluous energy, "that I have been a confidential friend of at least two Democratic Governors when I was a leading Whig. The first was Silas Wright."

"And they took your advice?" I asked.

"Yes, very often. When Marcy was Governor, he took me intimately into his confidence and his counsels; and,

when he was Buchanan's Secretary of State, I occupied the same relation to him."

"You are so old, and have been so active, that you seem to have been a part of almost everything that has happened in this country," I said.

"Up there, somewhere," he answered, pointing indefinitely toward the wall, "is a silhouette of the first railroad in this country, and the first train of cars, running between Albany and Schenectady." He paused and found it,—the black line of coaches drawn by a queer-looking iron-horse, with copies of which most people are familiar. "About there—that's me," said he, putting his finger on one of the stove-pipe hats in the rear coach.

"May I ask, What is the greatest misfortune that ever happened to you?"

"The greatest distress I ever suffered?" he inquired. "Oh! you must know what that was. Cruel, cruel! The vilest slander that ever was framed,—that I was a monster of brutality, and had mutilated a corpse, for the purpose of helping the fortunes of a party."

"I don't exactly remember what you mean," I said.

"Why, Morgan! Morgan!" he exclaimed, and his face assumed a pained expression. "I suffered untold distress, and was more or less under ban, for twenty-five years. Old acquaintances avoided me; even my family was made to feel the disgrace, as if I were a felon. It was cruel!"

"How was it?" I said. "Or, perhaps you prefer not to talk about it?"

"I have no objection. It's an old story now, and belongs to the past. I was living at Rochester at the time Morgan, who had exposed Masonry, was missing. It was believed that he had been drowned by members of the Order, in Lake Ontario. A body was found which answered the description of his. It was exhibited in public, and

was recognized as being him by his family and friends. It was buried by them. Afterward, it was claimed by the friends of another man, disinterred, and another inquest held. There was great excitement over the murder of Morgan, and I was prominent as an anti-Mason. When this last inquest was pending, the lawyer engaged by the Masons said to me, one day: 'What are you going to do for a Morgan now?' 'This man is a good enough Morgan,' I retorted, 'till you produce the man that was killed.' He went off and reported that I said the deceased was a good enough Morgan *till after election.*' This lie was first published by Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester *Daily Advertiser;* and it made such an excitement, that he stuck to it and elaborated it. Finally, the lie took this form, that I had pulled out the beard, cut the hair, and otherwise defaced or mutilated the features of the Ontario corpse, so as to make them resemble Morgan! This was in the winter of 1826–27."

"Did people believe such a thing?"

"Yes, a good many did. It was a thing I could not disprove to their satisfaction. I was abhorred by tens of thousands. Old acquaintances cut me. I was pointed at on the street. Strangers would look askance at me. I saw them. Friends gave me the cold shoulder. I received threatening anonymous letters. I was made to feel everywhere and every hour that I was a marked man. And my poor family, sir," said he, lifting his hand with a pathetic gesture, "were made to feel the cruel thrusts in ways I cannot mention."

"How long did this ostracism last?"

"Fifteen or twenty years actively, and in some directions a much longer time."

"It seems strange that injustice should thrive so." said I.

"Well, it did thrive. O'Reilly became rich, and that lie was the foundation of his fortune. I drifted to Albany, and at last lived the shocking calumny down. Finally, O'Reilly, who might have been worth millions if he had stuck to the telegraphs, which he manipulated at first, speculated in other things and lost money. He kept losing. He lost everything he had at last."

"Were you glad?"

"I was grateful that the Lord didn't allow such villainy to thrive forever," the old gentleman confessed; "and then I felt sorry for him."

"Where is he now,—dead?"

"Oh, no," said he; "O'Reilly is alive enough. Four years ago he wrote me a letter, saying that he was penniless, and asking me to send him one hundred dollars."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I sent it to him."

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. And a few weeks later he wrote me a very grateful letter, which wound up by saying that he was completely out of money and out of business, and he didn't know what in the world he should do to keep alive if I didn't get him a place in the New York Custom House."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I went and reflected on how much pain he had caused me through a quarter of a century; on the grief and distress my family had suffered on his account; on the mortification and humiliation he had heaped upon my party and my friends; and then—then I went down and got him a place in the Custom House."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Where is he now?"

"In the Custom House, unless he has left since I heard from there. I believe he is there yet."

"Well, Mr. Weed, that beats all the revenges I ever heard of. Mr. Weed, you have put thousands of men in office; have you met with grateful returns of your friendly services?"

"Oh, yes, generally. Generous gratitude has been the rule!"

"I have heard," I said, "that to do a service for a man is the way to make him an enemy."

"That is not my observation," he answered.

"Then you believe in human nature and friendships after all these years of sharp party warfare and personal hostilities?"

"Oh heavens, yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "my life has been full of delightful friendships. The poet who said friendship was but a name didn't deserve to have a friend. Notwithstanding all the setbacks, I have found the world full of sunshine, generosity, good deeds, gratitude, self-denial, for the benefit of others. Heavens! yes! I do believe in human nature and the general excellence of men."

Here Mr. Weed called his servant, and had his now cold cup of tea changed for a hot one, while I withdrew, leaving him to finish his repast.

Gorringe Removing the Great Obelisk.

When I arrived in Alexandria, says George Wright, the needle had been taken down, and Commander Gorringe was building a caisson or flat-boat on which to launch it into the water and carry it to the dry-dock where it was to

be shipped. Previously, when the machinery for taking it down was arranged, evil-disposed persons in the city were confident that the trunnions and towers, which, they sarcastically said, were built by people in America who knew nothing about removing obelisks, would not bear so great a weight, and up to the moment when the obelisk turned easily on its axis, they predicted a crash. In this they were disappointed, so their next hope of a failure was placed on the launching. The obelisk stood on a plot of land, which had formerly been a stone yard, between the Boulevard de Ramleh and the Great harbor, a little to the northwest of the Ramleh railway station and almost in the center of the business portion of the city. At this point the land is between ten and fifteen feet above tide-water mark. Here Commander Gorringe excavated a slip similar to a ship builder's yard, and on it built the caisson. When this was completed, the obelisk was rolled on, and together they were launched into the harbor. There were a great number of people present, the majority of whom came to witness an accident to the stone—the general opinion being that the caisson would not carry the weight from the land to the water.

When they got off the ways, there was great cheering and rejoicing and a general revulsion of feeling. And after that, everybody expressed a hope that the obelisk might get to America in safety, because Commander Gorringe had overcome all obstacles so successfully.

It was towed to a floating dry dock situated on the other side of the promontory, which constitutes a part of Alexandria and divides the two harbors. The dock was sunk and the caisson admitted. When the dock was raised again, the caisson was taken to pieces and the obelisk was jacked up to about five or ten feet. After this was accomplished, the dock was sunk again, and the Dessouk was

admitted and placed with her bow alongside the monolith. A section of the starboard side of the steamer, beginning about twenty feet aft of the bow, and extending for about seventy-five feet, and about ten feet deep, was taken out, and through this aperture the obelisk was shipped."

The Alexandrians did not like the removal at first, and a great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed, as it was one of the very best obelisks in the country—a great feature in Alexandria." The feeling was, that an old landmark and ornament to the city was being taken away. They would rather have it go to America, however, than to any place in Europe.

Anecdotes of the Emperor Napoleon.---Only a Cape and a Sword.

Napoleon I. never forgot anything—least of all, the days of his poverty and the slights he then received. When he first paid court to Madam de Beauharnais, neither was rich enough to keep a carriage, and the young hero, who was deeply in love, often gave the charming widow his arm when she went to visit her man of business, a notary named Raguideau. Madam, who had great confidence in this legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after engagement to Bonaparte, who, as usual, accompanied her, but, from motives of delicacy, did not enter the notary's cabinet, but remained in an adjoining room, where several clerks were writing. The door being imperfectly closed, he here heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Raguideau to deter Madam de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself she was about to contract.

"Mark my words, madam," said the notary earnestly,

"you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why, this man you are about to espouse, has nothing in the world but a cape and a sword!"

Eight years after, Napoleon, on the day of his coronation, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, said:

"Let them seek Raguideau. Have him come instantly. I have something to say to him."

The notary was brought, and stood much astonished efore the Emperor, who, with his peculiar sardonic smile, said to him:

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, have I nothing in the world but a cape and a sword?"

Joaquin Miller's Experience on Wall Street—What he Made and Lost.

Wall street? How did I come out? Oh! Well, I was short of St. Paul and long of Pacific Mail. I expected Pacific Mail to go up and St. Paul to go down. They did, and I had twenty-one thousand dollars. But that was not enough to build a city with. I held on.

One day it was rumored that the rust was not so bad in St. Paul after all. It began to start up! Pacific Mail began to shoot down. It was said the Chinese had established an opposition line. I tell you it takes a big man to sit on two benches at a time. Ten to one he will spill himself between the two just as sure as he attempts it.

I sold some St. Paul and bought more Pacific Mail; but all to no purpose. They kept right on. Then I got out of Pacific Mail at the lowest figure it touched, and bought Wabash. I began to flounder, and got frightened. I sold and bought, and bought and sold. I frequently saw in the papers, that I was getting rich in Wall street, and kept on

working like a beaver. The end was only a question of time.

One day my broker took me by the sleeve, and led me, like a lamb as I was, aside. My fun was over. And Utopia is indeed Utopia.

No one with so little money ever entered Wall street under better advantages. All men were kind and good. I think no man there ever attempted to mislead me. But it is simply impossible to make money there and keep it. Let me mention here, that during my six months there, I paid my brokers, in commissions, $11,425! These commissions alone, will devour my possible profits.

Of course, it is not a pleasant thing to admit oneself beaten. But if this brief history of my venture in the dangerous land will diminish at all that tired and anxious army of tape-holders, who waste their shekels, their days, their strength in vain waiting—why, I willingly bear the reproach.

And, after all, I lost but little, having but little to lose. And I learned so much, having so much to learn.

Czar Nicholas and his Doctor.

On the 2d of March, 1855, when it was known that the Czar Nicholas had died, a wild excitement, increasing from day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the more readily suspected because he was a German. Busy calumniators spread the news abroad in all circles, that the guilt of the Emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Frankfort, were in the greatest terror, when their fear was removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that the present Czar, Alexander, had taken up the defence of the calumniated man, having called him into

his presence, thanked him before the court for his care of his father, and presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The Doctor, it appears, left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his imperial patient. Almost his only friends at court, besides the Czar himself, were the heir to the throne and the Grand Duchess Helena. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand Duke Michael. When the Czar was taken ill, Mandt's meaner foes whispered about, that he would poison their master. The Grand Duchess Helena warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room. "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself by shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming, 'Traitor!'" An excited conversation passed between them, and the Prince ended by saying: "On the day upon which the precious health of the Czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread."

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the Czar said: "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sire," replied the Doctor. Then do not forget," observed the Emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 2d of March, Mandt had to tell the Czar the fateful news, that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the Empress, his children and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name

with a firm, clear voice. To the Empress he said: "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."

General Jackson's Death.

THERE is still living in Tennessee, a colored woman, "Old Hannah," in whose arms the wife of General Jackson died, and who was present at the General's death-bed. She is now eighty-nine years old, and still does service as a nurse. To a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* who visited her, she gave the following account of General Jackson's death:

"Ole Master was sick when he came home from Washington last time. He had a bad cough, but I never saw him bleed at the lungs, as they say he did, and I was with him or about him all the time. His feet would swell, sometimes, but he said it was from sittin' so much. He used to smoke and chew more than any one I ever saw, and it gave him headache, he said. About three years before he died, he was at breakfast one morning, and was taken sick and left the table. We thought he had swallowed a fish-bone. He never ate in the dining-room after that. I always toted his meals to him. He had a little table he could eat off when sick, as it could be swung round to him.

"During the last year of his life, his breakfast was a raw egg beaten up with brown sugar, and milk right from the cow. About eleven o'clock, hot corn griddle-cakes, and a glass of fresh buttermilk, which he liked very much, was taken to him. On Friday morning before he died, he ate as common. On Saturday, when I fetched him his egg and milk, he was lying on the bed with his eyes closed, and did not move. I asked George if he was asleep. Ole Master then opened his eyes, and I handed him the

glass. He held it in his hand a little while looking at me, and said: 'Well, Hannah, you will soon be done bringing this to your old master.' He spoke very feeble. When I got back to the kitchen, I tole Betty and Dick, the cooks, that ole Master would not last long. Dick spoke up in his sassy way and says: 'Oh, you think you are a prophet. Ole Master will see the goose that will raise the goslin' that will eat the grass off of your grave.'

"On Sunday, the day of his death, when I brought his egg and milk, he could not drink it. His eyes looked so curious that I went out and told Mistus Sarah. She ran to the store room, got some brandy, loaf sugar and spice, burned the brandy and carried it to him. He took one or two teaspoonfuls and it revived him, but he didn't speak the whole day. The doctor said to Mistus Sarah to send the servants out of the room, but we refused to go. One of the servants went on so, cryin' and lamentin', she had to be carried out.

"About an hour before he died, he come to. We had all thought he was gone before that. Young Master Andrew leaned over him and said, 'Father, do you know me?' 'Oh, yes, my son, I know you.' Then Dick, the cook, asked if he knew him. He nodded that he did, and said, 'Richard, hand me my specs.' He always called him Richard. They were handed to him from the bureau. Ole Master wet them with his tongue, wiped them with the sheet, and put them on. He looked around at us all and said: 'Where's poor George and Hannah? I have it that you shall be taken care of.' He saw Mrs. Adams, young Mistress' sister, who lived in the family. She was standing by, crying. He said to her: 'Mrs. Adams, while a bit of my property is left, you may call it yours.' He then turned to us all again and said: 'I want you all to meet me in heaven. My words are for you all. God is no

respecter of color. I hope to be saved through the blood of Christ. I am in God and God is in me. He dwelleth in me and I in Him.' I shall never forget it. I have often tried to say it myself when near death's door, but shrank back for fear I was unworthy. Yes, he's up yonder, he's up yonder," continued the old creature excitedly; "he's met my husband, and I shall soon meet them both."

"While saying these words, he was propped up on pillows. He asked to have them drawn out. Young Mistus cried, 'No, don't, George, don't!' but Master gave George a look which showed he meant it should be done. George took two out. Old Master sighed, hunched up his shoulders, drew just one breath, and all was over. There was no struggle. Young Mistus fainted and was carried to her room. The darkies could not be driven out. Our master, our father was gone. We looked upon him as though we had as much right there as Master Andrew."

One of Anna Dickinson's Southern Experiences.

A Cincinnati reporter, interviewing Anna Dickinson, reports her as saying she had been lecturing on "Joan of Arc" in Savannah, and was requested by a committee of gentlemen, residents of that city, to let the people here her on some topic on which she had lectured in the North. She agreed to do so, and chose "Compulsory Education" for her topic.

In her lecture, she gave some statistics concerning the State she was lecturing in, and, she says, her audience became impatient and angry, and some of them (among others, several of the gentlemen who had requested her to deliver the lecture) were leaving the room, when she interrupted the lecture, and addressing several by name, called their attention to the fact that she had only yielded to them

in delivering the lecture. Said she: "I told them that, hearing me give the statistics of crime and misery in their State, their feelings were aroused against me because I was from the North, and that, though they had sat calmly while one of their own number gave the same facts, they rebelled against them as given by me, because I was a Northern woman. I told them to forget this; to think of me as an American, and one of themselves, not as Georgians, but as Americans, and they would feel none of this resentment. I reminded them that we were all Americans, and, calling one by name, I asked: 'General ——, if a British hostile fleet appeared off our coast, or a French army was marching across Mexico to attack our frontier, who would be the first man to leave Savannah to prevent the invasion?' I had hardly asked the question when my audience burst forth into a cheer, and I never saw more enthusiasm."

Horace Greeley Bathing in a Horse Trough.

Horace Greeley at one time owned 2,500 acres of land in Pike County, Pa. In 1843 he formed the Sylvanian Society, and established a community on the property after the plan of Fourier, the French social economist. Large buildings were erected, and at one time 125 persons were active members of the Society. Mr. Greeley invested $10,000 in the enterprise, but it was a disastrous failure. He believed that he had been made the victim of land-sharks and the ultra Democratic views of the Pike County natives. This inspired him to publish in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*, several bitter articles against that county, in one of which occurred two expressions that the Pike Countians never forgave. "Pike County," said Mr. Greeley, "is noted only for its scrub oaks, its locofoco

majorities, and its rattlesnakes. There are five gallons of whisky to one spelling-book in Pike County."

Once, before the Fourierite Society had failed, Mr. Greeley paid a visit to the spot. On his way back to New York, the stage-coach broke down several miles from Milford. Mr. Greeley walked the rest of the way to this village. He arrived here in the condition of a confirmed tramp. "Uncle Sammy" Dimmick kept hotel there then. He was one of the dozen or so of Whigs that dared the Democratic forces in the place. He was a bluff, curt man, but kind and generous. Horace Greeley was his idol. He had never seen him, but often declared that he would consider it the proudest moment of his life to meet the great Whig editor. When Mr. Greeley entered the village after his long and dusty tramp, he chanced to stop at Dimmick's tavern. Uncle Sammy was in the bar-room, and in one of his worst humors. Mr. Greeley walked up to him, and, in his peculiar falsetto voice, said:

"I am very tired and dusty, sir. I would like to have a room where I can wash my feet."

Uncle Sammy looked the seedy and dirty stranger from head to foot. Believing him to be an impudent tramp, he bellowed out in a voice that could be heard over half the town:

"A room to wash your feet in! Why, you impudent scoundrel, go out to the horse-trough and wash your feet!"

A large public trough stood in the street at the corner of the hotel. Mr. Greeley walked quietly out to it, took off his boots, and began washing his feet in the trough. Cornelius W. De Witt, father of John E. De Witt, the well-known New York insurance President, at that time kept a store opposite Dimmick's tavern. He was also a Whig, and knew Mr. Greeley. He saw the man at the trough washing his feet, and Uncle Sammy standing

on the hotel piazza looking at him with intense disgust. De Witt walked over, recognized Mr. Greeley, and at once gave words to his surprise. He beckoned Uncle Sammy to the spot.

"Mr. Dimmick," he said, "I want to introduce you to Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York *Tribune.*"

Uncle Sammy never recovered from the mortification he felt over his treatment of the man he would have gone a hundred miles to do honor to. Mr. Greeley took the matter good-naturedly, and spent several days with his Whig admirer.

How Sam Houston Happened to Go to Texas.

An Arkansas paper says: "During Sam Houston's residence in the Cherokee Nation, west of Arkansas, he lived with a daughter of old Captain John Rogers, an Indian, about two and a half miles west of Fort Gibson. He was a merchant, but tried to conform to the ways and habits of the Indians, and in dress wore the hunting-shirt, buckskin leggings and breech-clout of the Indians. For the greater part of his stay here, he was under the influence of liquor when it could be had, and he was seldom without it. He seemed, after a residence of two years, to tire of the part he was acting, and during short periods of soberness became morose and sullen. He was evidently comparing in his mind his present mode of life with the past, or a worthless drunken white Indian with the proud Governor of Tennessee.

It was directly after one of his long drunken sprees, that some of the Texas Cherokees brought news of the war between Texas and Mexico. Houston, although not yet sober, walked out on the banks of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself down on the

ground, he was silent for some time. At length, starting up quickly, he said:

"Henry, let us go to Texas. I am tired of this country and this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for us both. You a merchant! I a merchant! We are no more fit for merchants than h—l is for a powder house. I am going. In that new State, I will make a man of myself again."

He began at once making preparation for the (at that time) long journey. Casting at once aside all his Indian attire, he came out dressed as a white man, and, at once refusing the use of liquor offered him frequently, as if by the stroke of the magician's wand, he looked the man and hero he very soon became after his arrival in Texas.

Great Men Testing Their Wits.

An anecdote is told at the expense of the late Violet-le-Duc, who, after having been an attache of the imperial court, became a republican municipal councilor, which has been told of other people before him.

One of the amusements at Compiegne, was writing a lot of questions on cards, which were then shuffled together and drawn one at a time to tax the wits of the company in provoking off-hand witty answers.

The Emperor happened while playing at this game to draw the question, "How would you distinguish between truth and falsehood?"

"Make them go through the same door," said Napoleon; "the lie would be first through."

At that moment the door opened and in came M. Violet-le-Duc, followed by Napoleon's faithful friend, D. Conneau.

Some Strange Things which Great Men Have Disliked.

Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, had so great an aversion to fish, that he could not even smell it without being in a fever. If we may credit Ambrose Pare, a man of some celebrity, he says he could never sit at a table where eels were served up, without fainting. Joseph Scaliger never drank milk, Carden could not bear eggs, Julius Cæsar Scaliger had an antipathy to cresses; Uladistas Jagelon, a Polish King, hated apples; and when Du Chesne, Secretary to Francis I., smelt them, they occasioned his nose to bleed. Henry III. could not remain in a room where there was a cat; the same aversion was observed in Marshal Shomberg, Governor of Languedoc.

The Emperor Ferdinand introduced a gentleman to the Cardinal de Lorraine at Innspruck, whose fear of cats was so powerful, that when he heard them mew at a distance, blood spurted from his nose. M. de Laucre says, that he knew a gentleman whose fear of the hedgehog was excessive, and who believed that that animal had actually been preying on his entrails for more than two years. He also relates another story, equally singular, of a gentleman whose bravery none disputed, but who was so nervous when a mouse appeared, that he could not take out his sword to destroy it. M. Vaughneim, the King's huntsman in Hanover, fainted when he saw a roasted pig. The philosopher Chrysippas hated bows so much, that when he was saluted he fell down.

There are persons who cannot tolerate the sight of spiders, and there are those who eat them for amusement. A friend of mine, a gentleman brave as the best, fainted when vaccinated a few months ago. He could not account for it, he said, as of course there was no pain, neither did he feel any repugnance.

A Zach Chandler Story.

The recent anniversary of the birth of Lincoln prompts a resident of Washington to relate in a newspaper of that city a striking incident of the civil war, in which the late Zachary Chandler played a prominent part.

The Washingtonian was walking in the avenue, just after the first battle of Bull Run had filled the town with dismay and despondency, and chanced to encounter Chandler, greatly excited over the disastrous defeat, and swearing like a Templar.

The Senator seized him by the arm—the two had been friends for years,—and said: "Let's go right up and see Lincoln. Something's got to be done, or the country's gone sure."

In a few minutes they entered the White House, and found Lincoln—he had evidently been weeping—with his wife, in the blue room, in a state of agitation. The President held out his hand, exclaiming:

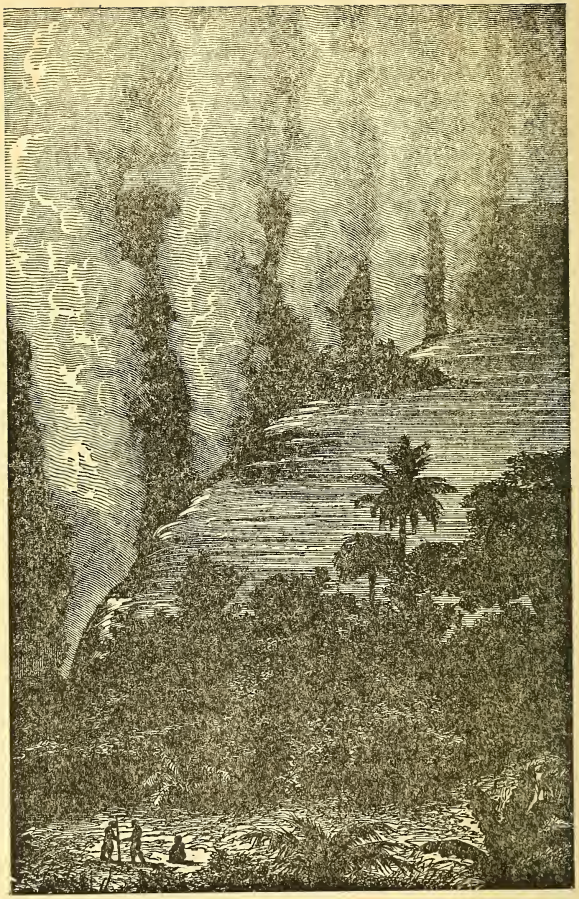
"My God, Chandler, I'm glad to see you. We are ruined, ruined. What shall be done?"

"Done?" echoed the Senator. "What must be done is this: You must write out a proclamation at once, calling for three hundred thousand men."

Lincoln expostulated. He had not yet had a cabinet meeting, but he was to have one that evening.

"We can't wait," argued Chandler; "we must have the proclamation immediately. It will give confidence to the nation. Without it we'll be in anarchy before a week. Come, Mr. President, there's not a minute to lose," and he urged Lincoln to a desk on which writing materials lay. "I'll wait for the document and take it to the Associated Press, and to-morrow it will be over the country."

The proclamation was hurriedly written out and carried off by Chandler.



STARTLING STORIES.

The Falls of Niagara Dry for a Whole Day.

The Right Rev. Bishop Fuller gives the following remarkable story of Niagara Falls: "The Falls of Niagara were once dry for a whole day. That day was the 31st of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Thomas C. Street, Esq., M. P.

"Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he has a grist mill on the rapids above the falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day, and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill-race, and no water in the great river outside of the race.

"He said he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river, on the edge of which he had been born thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast, he said his youngest daughter (then married) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from Table Rock and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss

Street having tied her pocket-handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said he then turned his view toward the river below the falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I often have done.)

"He then turned toward home and drove toward the Canada shore one-half mile above the Falls toward Goat Island. When he told me this he reproached himself very much for not having sent out for me about eight miles distant, but he said that though he had several times intended doing so, he each time concluded not to do it lest, before we could reach the wonderful scene, the waters should have returned to their old courses. Of course, everybody was speaking of the wonderful event when I was out there next day, and I have heard others who witnessed it speak of it since that time.

"So far can I testify to the evidence of the fact at the time of its occurrence.

"Mr. Street's theory was this: that the winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only about thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of the water from it over the falls, and suddenly changed and blew this little water (comparatively speaking) up to the western portion of the lake; and at this juncture the ice on Lake Erie, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and Canada side and formed a dam which kept back the water of Lake Erie a whole day."

When this remarkable story was first told by the Bishop, it was almost too startling for human credulity and was doubted, whereupon the Bishop secured the following sworn testimony, taken before J. F. Macklan, notary public, May, 17, 1880:

"I, Henry Bond, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, blacksmith, do solemnly declare that I well remember the occurrence of there having been a day during which so little water was running in the Niagara River that but a small stream was flowing over the Falls of Niagara during that day. It happened on or about the 31st day of March, A. D. 1848; and I remember riding on horseback from below the flouring mills and cloth factory of the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., out into the bed of the river, and so on down outside of Cedar Island to Table Rock. Farther up the Niagara River, at the village of Chippewa, where the Welland River empties into the Niagara, there was so little water running that the Welland was nearly dry, only a very little stream running in the centre. I recollect a number of old gun-barrels having been found in the bed of the Welland River at its junction with the Niagara River, supposed to have been thrown into the river during the war of 1812. HENRY BOND."

A Singular Duel with Pianos.

The *Imparcial*, of Madrid, publishes the following startling account of a terrible duel at Valparaiso. A quarrel between two rival professors of music led to a challenge, the instrument selected being neither pen nor sword, but the piano. The conditions of the "encounter" were that neither party should eat or drink until honor should be declared duly satisfied, and that no waltzes or other lively airs should be indulged in.

Seconds were appointed, and the duel proceeded without intermission for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time one of the musicians, after playing a "Miserere" for the one hundred and fiftieth time, fell forward and sank exhausted to the floor.

He was taken up a corpse. His adversary had been literally transformed into an "enraged musician," and was in that state transferred to the hospital. The seconds themselves gave signs of being seriously "touched," and each of the pianos was found to be in a hopelessly crazy condition. Such at least is the result of the medical examination.

A Dive for Life.

Just below the Kanawha Falls, in West Virginia, writes a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about one hundred feet over the seething whirlpool and about the same height above. This was once the scene of a remarkable adventure.

The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and a man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river—saw his friends—his wife with her babe in her arms, all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice:

"Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass she seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons.

"Wife, wife!" he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down

a little lower." With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost.

The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her; would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat further down the stream. He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended on her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This they did just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crowing and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly rose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then, seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day.

Strange Dreams.

Gustave Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill-fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand.

"So you are really off to-morrow?—but not for long, I imagine?"

"Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I am afraid I may never return."

"Nonsense! What makes you have such a gloomy idea as that?"

"I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange dream last night. It was this. I dreamed that some fellow—an author—came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the first act the title. It was 'The Wreck.' I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableaux, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking vessel was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of that man was a perfect reproduction of my own features. The sight of that agonized face, so perfect a picture of myself, frightened me out of my sleep. Greeves, I tell you that dream means something serious."

"Pshaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners."

Brooke went his way, and met the verification of the vision of his slumber.

"I am going, my boy," said N. B. Clarke to a brother professional who entered the dying man's apartment just as the physician departed: "I am going."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "You're good for many years yet."

"Am I? You think so, do you? Last night my wife had three lights burning in this room,—three lights," he repeated faintly, "and that means—death.'

A few hours after that, surely enough, death rang down his life-curtain upon the last scene of all.

Edmund Kean once wrote from London to a friend in Dublin: "I am glad you do not believe in such omens. For my part, I scarcely know whether I should or not, were I the victim of such nightmares. I never had but one such dream, and that was on the night poor B. died. It

seemed not unnatural that he should come to me in my sleep, attired in his grave-clothes, the more readily when you know that I had been thinking of his deplorable condition an hour before I slept. I had fallen asleep at 11 o'clock, on my mantel shelf, and I awoke half an hour after. In that brief space I had the dream, and in that hour, almost to the moment, B., as I next day learned, died. Was that his spirit—that shrouded form—or my imagination? I leave you to solve the question."

To Macready the sight of the toad in his dreams gave him more nervous anxiety for hours after than could "the substance of ten thousand men armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond.*" One day, at a Drury Lane rehearsal, Mr. Ryder said to the great tragedian:

"Mr. Macready, I had a queer dream last night—very queer—I saw sitting on a huge rock a——"

"Great God!—ah—a—a toad?" exclaimed Macready, paling at the very thought of it.

"Toad—no, a pair of gigantic bull-frogs doing the fencing-scene in 'Hamlet.'"

The great interpreter of *Lear* turned away in disgust at the overtopping of his toad omen.

David Garrick regarded the appearance of a sword or knives in a dream, as an omen of impending danger.

A week or two before his death, George Frederick Cooke had a "distempered vision" of a scene in "Richard III.,"—the scene in which the coffin of the dead king is brought on. He thought, as he in the dream uttered the lines, "Stay, you that bear the corpse," etc., that there suddenly appeared on the black velvet pall, in white letters, his own name. It is possible, however, that Cooke's vision may have been the result of an over-feasting and a superfluity of "great draughts of Rhenish" or other equally potent spirit at the old Shades, in Thames street, which, in

his time, was the resort of all "good fellows and true" of the town. Poor Cooke. He lies quiet enough now in the old churchyard on Vesey street and Broadway.

Lucille Western had something of faith in the weird signs and forerunners that come when least expected "from out the vague and boundless dreamland." She once informed an intimate friend that she knew, a month before the sad event occurred, that her sister Helen, when playing in Philadelphia, was soon to die, or meet with some fearful accident.

"I saw the whole scene of her death—the room, the persons at the bedside, the very color of the walls, the position of the windows, and her face as she lifted up her head for the last time—I saw it all, and I shall never forget that dream and its fearful realization as long as I live."

"If you ever stumble the first time you enter the theatre in which you are engaged, you can make up your mind either your stay will be short or you'll have trouble," said a veteran comedian, the other evening. "You may laugh as much as you like at it, but it's so; and a trip on the carpet while you're on the stage means—well, it means more than a fall or a bruised knee in trying to save yourself. You remember Amy Fawcett? She stumbled on her first entrance the first night she played at the Fifth Avenue, and in three months she died almost friendless and forsaken.

Goose-Bone Weather Predictions.

The goose-bone is more closely watched in Kentucky, says the Louisville *Commercial*, than in any other part of the country. It has been handed down among the early traditions of the State, and may be called the Kentucky weather-prophet. It is to be found in nearly every Kentucky country-home, and in many parts of the State the

farmers consult it, and prepare for handling their crops in accordance with its readings. The prophecy of the goose-bone does not extend beyond the year in which the goose was hatched, and the prediction is for the three winter months only. Take the breast-bone of a last spring's goose and divide it into three equal parts, and the different divisions will represent December, January and February. The breast-bone of a goose is translucent, and, if clear when held up to the light, the weather will be mild and pleasant; but, if covered with cloud-like blots, it will be gloomy and cold; the heavier the blots, the colder will be the weather.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

James Goodsell, of Burlington, says the Waterbury *American*, from his birth, during a life of nearly 90 years, had been totally blind. In early childhood, however, Mr. Goodsell had said that the darkness was in a few instances broken by faint glimmerings of light. Of four children, he and a sister were blind, the others could see. The sister, though at first possessed of ordinary vision, soon by a mysterious change, became wholly deprived of sight.

In absolute darkness, the ordinary employment of work-a-day life would seem impracticable, but this blind man would swing an ax with the dexterity of a woodsman, and actually felled trees; he was an accomplished grain-thresher, and would frequently go alone a distance of two miles to thresh for the Burlington farmers, climbing the mows to throw down the grain; he could hoe corn or garden stuff as well as anybody, having no trouble to distinguish the weeds; he would set a hundred bean poles with more accuracy than most people who can see, would load hay beautifully, and was so good a mechanic that he manufac-

tured yokes and other farm articles with success. He had an excellent memory and was an authority on facts and dates. He could generally tell the time of day or night within a few minutes.

One instance is given when he slept over one day and awoke at evening, thinking it was morning. For once he ate supper for breakfast, but when informed of his mistake slept another twelve hours in order to get straight again. He was familiar with forest trees, and knew just where to go for any timber desired. He could direct men where to find a chestnut, a maple or an oak, and the children where to go for berries. He was a good mathematician, and could compute accurately and rapidly. In olden days he was quite musically inclined, and like most blind people, he had a genius in that direction. He was at one time leader of the Presbyterian choir in that place. For two years he and the blind sister kept house together, though she and the other members of the family have long since passed away.

Singular Ideas of the Cross.

In the west of England, says *All the Year Round*, there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The Gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. The nails used at the crucifixion, said to have been found by Helena, are reported to have worked many miracles. One of them was thrown by her into the Adriatic during a storm, and produced a perfect calm. Another, placed in the crown or helm of Constantine, was found in a mutilated state in the Church of Santa Croce. The third is said to be in the possession of the Duemo of Milan, while that of

Treves claims the fourth. In the time of Charlemagne a new relic was discovered in the shape of a sponge soaked in the blood of Christ. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane" because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its petals. The dirpe of Mamre died at the crucifixion! "Christ's thorn" is a very common tree in Palestine. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it. These are the popular ideas of the material of the cross, some of which will, perhaps, never be entirely obliterated until the last great day, when "all things shall be made plain."

A Singular Congregation in an Old Church.

It is four o'clock, and the sun begins to lower, so that its slant rays peer in through the windows of the old church in a quiet hamlet of Old Virginia, broken by the shadows of the cottonwood trees beside it, that have stood there half a century.

There is still a lazy chirp and busy whirr of bird and insect, mingled with the sound of the tiny stream that tinkles over the stones, telling in its garrulous way a long, long tale to all the flowers adown the valley.

But inside the widely opened door one sees no orderly congregation of worshipers, no man of God in the high, old-fashioned pulpit, nor hears the sound of solemn psalm or holy chant. In the square pew where the De Lacys were wont to sit for generations gone, are boards and blankets laid across, supporting wounded—nay, dying men. In yonder slip, where the bright eyes of Lily Mason used to wander sadly from the speaker, lies a lonely German,

muttering in his troubled dreams the visions of his fatherland, which he shall never see again.

In the pew where General Vyse was wont to sit a restless hour or two on Sabbath days, lies his college chum with a bullet in his shoulder from General Vyse's gun; but he does not know, thank Heaven, whose hand among the Confederates sent it there. Within the altar railing lie moaning men with aching limbs and fevered wounds. In the pulpit sit the surgeons, preparing draught and lotion, knife and bandage, for their work. On the steps loiter one or two who have walked through the shadow of the valley, and wear its solemn grayness on their faces still.

Startling Freaks of Figures.

In its facetious manner the Norristown *Herald* says:

"Figures won't lie," says the poet—whose name has slipped our memory. Perhaps not; but sometimes they make most remarkable statements and stand up to their work in such a shaky manner that our confidence in their veracity is greatly shaken.

A good multiplication-table-wrestler will pile up column after column of figures to prove that the defeat of his political candidate this year by 15,000 majority against 8,000 last year is a gain for his side of 7,000 votes.

If such curious ciphering doesn't create a strong suspicion that the figures lie like the annual statement of a New York life-insurance company, it at least leaves an impression that they are weak in the limbs,—and often cut a pretty figure, figuratively speaking.

The man who has the multiplication table at his fingers' ends, and can foot up a column of figures six inches high and two broad as quick as you could pronounce half of a

name of a Russian General, is a serpent in the social circle, —a sort of a boa, or bore, or,—well, he's an adder anyhow. He is as great a nuisance as the indefatigable bore who propounds such questions as this: "Suppose your mother's daughter married your grandfather's nephew on your uncle's side, what relation would their children be to your aunt's step-mother?"—or somehow that way. You probably have met such bores.

The multiplication-table man, at the risk of his life, will tell you 9 multiplied 387,420,489 times by itself would require 389,693,100 ciphers, and to count it, working ten hours daily, would take 15 years and 230 days. And then you heave a sigh a mile long and wish with all your might that he would go off somewhere by himself and work out the problem. If to perform this arithmetical task required only five years and no days, we don't suppose one of the adder's hearer's would go to work at the job.

The inventor of the game of chess was bade by the King of India to name his own reward, upon which he asked to receive the number of grains of wheat that would be produced if one grain were paid him for the first square of the chess, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on doubled up for every square of the sixty-four. When these amounts were added the sum was found to be 18,446,744,073,909,551,615 of grains, "enough to cover all the continents of the earth with a layer one-third of an inch in thickness."

The name of the party who counted the grains is not given, but it is highly probable that he stopped counting at the expiration of the ninety-seventh year, and wearily exclaiming, "'Tis wheat to be remembered," guessed at the number remaining. History doesn't say so, but it must have gone against the grain of the King to fulfill his promise. The whole story, however, sounds

like a campaign lie, invented by the inventor for some sinister purpose.

Light, according to Prof. Somebody, travels 192,000 miles a second. This is much faster than the defaulting President of a saving-bank travels. He prefers darkness when he goes, and travels at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but regrets that he can't make as good time as light.

Another figure-twister says that if one cent were set out at compound interest in the year 1 at 4 per cent., the 1st of January, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion 201,458 quadrillions 392 trillions of millions.

A cent is a very small sum, and we all might set out that amount at compound interest for the benefit of our posterity eighteen hundred and sixty years hence. But some persons persistently refuse to do anything for posterity, simply because posterity has never done anything for them!

The same authority further declares that if we paid the Tax Collector the amount above mentioned in silver he would need 3,003,445,000,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation.

When you owe that much taxes, therefore, you had better pay the collector in greenbacks or checks, for—to quote the Professor aforesaid—"a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon which would not be discovered till the 24,780th generation of tax collectors."

Hence the tax gleaner, to save his reputation and money, and prevent being removed to make room for a man belonging to the opposite political party, would be compelled to employ a force larger than the United States army before it was cut down to 10,000 men to please Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun*, to travel along with the wagon train to protect it from the depredations of road agents—especially if he was going in the direction of the Black Hills.

This sum of money, we are also informed, distributed

among the people of the earth, would give each of its 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants about 1,200 trillions of dollars, and he or she could every second use $2,000,000 for 38,096,000 years without reaching the bottom of his or her purse?

But who wants to spend that much money in that many years? Better give some of it to the poor—though, by the way, come to think of it, there would be no poor to receive it. Such a distribution, moreover, would not make things as pleasant for us as at first sight appears. If everybody had an endless purse for 38,096,000 years, nobody could be induced to do any work, and we should all be obliged to make our own shirts, and trousers, and things. The only alternative would be to go without clothes and join the Lydia Thompson ballet troupe.

Let us remark, parenthetically, that while writing of these colossal sums of money we become totally oblivious to the hard, sad fact that our own salary is under $28,000 a year.

Twenty-four letters of the alphabet can be changed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 of times, all of which changes could not be written by the population of the whole world in 1,000 years.

A party named Euler says so.

How he discovered the remarkable fact is not stated.

We rather surmise that Mr. Euler would feel deeply chagrined if the entire population of the earth were to set to work and write out all these changes in one-half the time he says it would require to perform the task, and thus knock over his astounding calculations.

Again, we are told that twelve persons can interchange their respective positions 499,001,600 times; but it would take them not less than 1,848 years to accomplish this number of changes, if they moved once every minute for

twelve consecutive hours daily. If any twelve of our readers doubt the correctness of this statement, they should get together and try the experiment. If they perform the task in less time than 1,848 years they will please notify us by postal card.

Card-players who have a run of poor cards may be interested to know that the fifty-two cards, with thirteen to each of the four players, can be distributed in 53,644,737,756,488,792,839,237,440,000 different ways. So if the player doesn't get a good hand the first deal, he may be more successful on the forty-seventh quintillion shuffle, if not sooner. This should encourage him to keep his spirits up.

The Future of the Republic.

ONE THOUSAND MILLION POPULATION IN 1980.

Says the London *Telegraph:* When, in 1776, the thirteen North American colonies put forth that Declaration of Independence which preluded the birth of a nation, the combined white population inhabiting them did not exceed 2,500,000. Yet they had the courage to throw down the gage of battle to a power "with which," in Daniel Webster's words, "for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, was not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England." Fourteen years later came, in 1790, the first census of population taken in the United States, and it was found that within the borders of the young nation there were not quite 4,000,000 souls. At the expiration of ten years it appeared,

upon taking the second census, that the population was a little more than 5,250,000, having increased between 1790 and 1800 at the rate of 35 per cent. In a short time the tenth census of what has long been a mighty people will be taken, and we risk little in saying that, in Joseph Hume's phrase, "the tottle of the whole" will show a population of at least 50,000,000, especially if the immigrants who are now pouring into the United States in vast numbers are not omitted from the calculation. In other words, the population of the great Republic in 1880 will be their population in 1776 multiplied by twenty, and were it likely that the same ratio of increase could be maintained for another century, the mind of man would sink before the effort of imagining what it is possible for the monster Republic to be in 1980. However boundless the resources of the North American continent may be, it can hardly be expected that the second century of the United States will be celebrated by a thousand million human beings, and yet such would be the result of multiplying fifty millions by twenty. Anyhow it is certain that a century hence no such assemblage of men speaking the same language and amenable to the same general traditions of feeling, habit and education, will ever have been gathered together upon earth as will then propably occupy the great Western Continent.

A Shower of Lightning.

A STRANGE ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.

A remarkable electrical phenomenon, says the London *Times*, occurred recently at Clarens. Heavy masses of rain-cloud hid from view the mountains which separate Fribourg from Montreaux, but their summits were from time to time lit up with vivid flashes of lightning, and a heavy thunder-storm seemed to be raging in the valleys of the

Avants and the Allizal. No rain was falling near the lake, and the storm still appeared far off, when a tremendous peal of thunder shook the houses of Clarens and Tavel to their foundations. At the same instant a magnificent cherry tree near the cemetery, measuring a meter in circumference, was struck by lightning. Some people who were working in a vineyard close by saw the electric fluid play about a little girl who had been gathering cherries, and was already thirty paces from the tree. She was literally folded in a sheet of fire. The vine-dressers fled in terror from the spot. In the cemetery six persons separated into three groups, none of them within two hundred and fifty paces of the cherry tree, were enveloped in a luminous cloud. They felt as if they were being struck in the face with hailstones or fine gravel, and when they touched each other sparks of electricity passed from their finger-ends. At the same time a column of fire was seen to descend in the direction of Chatelard, and it is averred that the electric fluid could be distinctly heard as it ran from point to point of the iron railing of a vault in the cemetery.

The strangest part of the story is, that neither the little girl, the people in the cemetery, nor the vine-dressers appear to have been hurt; the only inconvenience complained of being an unpleasant sensation in the joints, as if they had been violently twisted, a sensation which was felt with more or less acuteness for a few hours after. The explanation of this phenomenon is probably to be found in Prof. Colladon's theory of the way in which lightning descends, as described in a letter on the effect of lightning on trees, printed in the London *Times*. The professor contends that it falls in a shower, not in a perpendicular flash, and that it runs along branches of trees until it is all gathered in the trunk, which it bursts or tears open in its effort to

reach the ground. In the instance in question, the trunk of the cherry tree is as completely shivered as if it had been exploded by a charge of dynamite. A part of the shower which destroyed the tree fell where the little girl was standing, but, distributed over the grass, left her unharmed, and was so disseminated in the cemetery that the six persons upon whom the electric rain descended escaped without serious injury.

A Funeral Without a Corpse.

"Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, with the part of *Hamlet* omitted by particular desire," would scarcely be a more remarkable performance than a burial from which the corpse had been "left out" by mistake. Such inattention to detail on the part of all concerned in the ceremony of sepulture, as is involved in the latter omission, appears almost incredible. Nevertheless, a strange story, published in the leading Italian newspapers, gives an example of this singular anomaly.

It is stated that a native of Bossito, Lombardy, lately suffered bereavement by the death of his wife, and his grief for the departed was so poignant that his relatives deemed it expedient to prevent him from being present at the final preparations for the funeral ceremony, and from assisting in person at its celebration. Returning to his house late in the evening after the burial, and entering his bed-room, he found to his horror and consternation the lifeless form of his wife, robed in its death cerements, reclining on the bier, and still awaiting interment. The widower rushed into the street, and lost no time in notifying what he had seen to the police authorities, who at first inclined to the opinion that sorrow had turned his brain. On accompanying him home, however, they soon convinced

themselves that his extraordinary statement was in every particular correct. Inquiries were forthwith instituted, and resulted in the amazing discovery that the village undertaker had "forgotten all about the corpse," and had nailed up an empty coffin, which had been subsequently conveyed and consigned to the grave with due religious ceremony and sorrowful observance.

A Peruvian Experience.—What a Baby Letter Did.

A San Francisco gentleman, who was some time since in South America, having occasion to go from Valparaiso to Tacna, Peru, on legitimate private business, was arrested upon suspicion of being a Chilian spy. Being anxious to penetrate into Bolivia, and unable to obtain a passport, he ran the Chilian blockade from Iquique, and arrived in Tacna with little baggage, carrying in his pockets some business and family correspondence and family photographs. One of these home letters contained the painted head of a paper doll, sent to him by his two-year-old boy, and a funny letter, scrawled in unmeaning hieroglyphics by the same baby hands. These mementoes were viewed with great suspicion by the officials, and deemed quite sufficient to justify his being shot.

He was incarcerated in a dungeon, guarded by two sentinals, and kept for the first three days without food. In the course of a few days every Chilian in the province was arrested, and as the families of the prisoners were allowed to visit them, the American managed to smuggle a letter to a prominent merchant of the place, a Mr. Camerery, of the firm of Camerery & Koch, to whom he had brought letters of introduction. This gentleman finally succeeded, at the expiration of three weeks, in obtaining his release. His

confiscated possessions were returned to him, with the exception of the mementoes described, which will probably occupy important places in Peruvian annals, to the surprise of the little fellow who sent them.

The prisoner was discharged by the authorities with considerable reluctance, a fact perhaps in part due to his manner of reception of their courtesies. Even the three days' starving did not tame him, for when they sounded him, at the end of that time, to see whether he was ready to come to terms, and yield the key to the mysterious cipher, he told them he would acknowledge he was hungry, and informed them that if they would roast their Prefect or General Montero, he would gladly eat them, and the act might make him a civilized Peruano.

"The Avenger of Mankind."

A GENUINE TRAGEDY ON THE STAGE.

A terrible scene took place in the Teatro del Circo at Madrid. During the performance a madman forced his way into the house, armed with a hatchet, and contrived to climb from the auditorium upon the stage, where, brandishing his weapon furiously, he announced himself to the terrified audience as "the avenger of mankind." Upon one of the attendants approaching him with the object of persuading him to withdraw from the stage, he smote the unfortunate man to the earth with one deadly blow; and he managed to keep the police off, when they attempted to arrest him, by whirling his hatchet round his head with such force and swiftness that none of the "agents of authority" dared to rush in upon him. Presently, however, a party of soldiers made their appearance in the theatre, under the command of an officer, who summoned the raging maniac to give up

his weapon and surrender himself, but in vain; whereupon the detachment received orders to fire at him with blank cartridge, in the hope of frightening him into submission. All this while he was yelling at the top of his voice, flourishing his hatchet, and threatening to kill anybody who should approach him. Recognizing the impossibility of overpowering him without risking the soldiers' lives, the officer in command gave the order to load with ball and fire upon him. A minute later the wretched man lay a corpse upon the stage, three bullets having passed through his head; and this highly sensational dramatic episode having been thus brought to a close, the audience returned to their places, from which they had fled in terror when the madman made his first and last appearance upon the stage, and the evening's performances were resumed at the point at which they had been interrupted by "mankind's avenger."

Superstition Among German Soldiers.

Dr. Russ tells a story of an Hungarian officer who was severely, though by no means fatally, wounded on the field of Sadowa. He was fast bleeding to death, however, when the surgeon came to him, but might have been saved had he not obstinately refused all aid. The surgeon noticed that he held something very tightly in his hand, which he pressed convulsively to his breast.

Presently he began to tremble very violently, and crying out, "It has done me no good!" threw away a piece of paper, and then expired.

The paper was found to be a talisman, bearing some written characters which were quite unintelligible. The poor fellow trusted in its supernatural power until aid by

natural means was out of the question, and then cast it away with a pang of despair.

Many a similar agonizing discovery was made during the war of 1870-71, too late for the learner to profit by the experience. After the battle of Worth in particular, a great number of talismans, charms, and the like, were picked up close to the corpses of those who had clung to them until, in their last agony, they had lost faith in their healing virtue, and had flung them away. It must not be supposed, however, that the German soldier as a class is given to this kind of superstition. It was found on investigation that there was a close relation between education and the existence of these beliefs. The provinces which were in the lowest state as regards education, gave the largest contingent of those who were thus credulous. Talismans, charms, letters of exemptions, etc., were found in the largest proportion among recruits from the Polish provinces, and in those provinces education is at the lowest point.—*All the Year Round.*

How the White Man Gained Everything.

The Kaffir cosmogony says that three nations were created—the Whites, the Amacosa and the Amalouw. They assembled before Teco, the Creator, to receive his bounty. A honey-bird drew off the Hottentots in full cry. Teco, in wrath, condemned them to exist on wild roots and honey-bees, and possess no stock whatever. The Kaffirs eagerly claimed this one and that one from out of the herds of cattle. Teco, indignant at their greediness, said they should have no better gifts. The Whites, patiently waited till they had received land, cattle and all other property. Such is the narrative of the Cape.

How to Spell Isaac.

Mr. Isaac Staples, of Stillwater, Minn., is a lumber dealer who has had an extensive correspondence. His bookkeeper has made a memorandum of the fact every time the given name of Mr. Staples has been misspelled in a letter addressed to him. The correspondence has already yielded the following fifty erroneous spellings, which will be read with delight by the spelling reformers:

Isiac,	Isic,	Iceic,	Isick,	Icaac,
Iisac,	Isiaac,	Isaas,	Issacc,	Icaace,
Icaack,	Isaacce,	Isica,	Isaace,	I Sick,
Iseac,	Icaas,	Iaac,	Iseke,	Isich,
Isac,	Icks,	Iassac,	Issick,	Jsaac,
Isaag,	Iaasic,	Izk,	Isaak,	Issac,
Izic,	Aisec,	I Sic,	Iisace,	Isace,
Isiace,	Isaar,	Issach,	Isic,	Isoac,
Icac,	Iaasac,	Isaack,	Isak,	Isice,
Isach,	Isaach,	Isac,	Isaack,	Isaic.

Extemporizing in the Pulpit.

AMUSING INCIDENTS WHERE GREAT PREACHERS FAILED.

They make a great mistake who suppose that extempore preaching has been the law with all great preachers; in fact, we may almost go so far as to say the reverse has been the case. Extemporizing will often be exposed to difficulties which only a very honest mind can overcome and make the best of. When Father Taylor, the American preacher, once lost himself and became bewildered in the course of his sermon, he extricated himself by the exclamation: "I have lost the track of the nominative case, my brethren, but one thing I know, I am bound for the kingdom!" and

the frankness of such a confession would be sure to save him from suffering in the esteem of his audience. But the more stately and dignified masters, it is very obvious, can not deliver themselves in that way.

The most singular instance of this kind in our memory is the case of a very distinguished man to whom we loved to listen in our boyhood, a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy or beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into divisions; but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having traveled through, so far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself up and said, "I—I forget the third division!" He turned around to the organist. "Organist, strike up a verse." He gave out a line of a hymn, and while the organ was playing and the people singing, he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "is not that singular?" and he proceeded to show how it was that he had lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way, to talk upon the law of association of ideas and the mystery and marvels of retentiveness and memory as proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all.

A similar anecdote has often been told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was urged, "Oh, come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!" And so Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly

—thirdly—I've forgotten what was thirdly!" he said; and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting. "Brother Harris, what was thirdly?" Harris looked up and said: "So and so." "Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

A Couple of Eggs which Sold for a Thousand Dollars.

If the sale of curiosities, says the London *Telegraph*, which took place in London recently be any criterion, the great auk has been very badly advised in ceasing its periodical visits to the North of Scotland. As a foreign traveler that gentle bird was at one time somewhat of a celebrity. When tired of diving for lump-fish in the northern seas, or possibly precluded from doing so by the phenomenon known as ice, he would make a trip to such southern latitudes as Greenland, Norway, Spitzbergen, and the extreme north of Great Britain, occasionally accompanied by his spouse, who, by way of a souvenir, would lay an egg in some cleft above high water. Two such memorials of visits have, indeed, just passed under the auctioneer's hammer, one selling for £100, while the other actually fetched 102 guineas, the fortunate buyer being Lord Lilford. Why, with these facts before him, the great auk stays away, it might, indeed, be hard to understand. A bird that can lay such golden eggs as these, should lose no time in swimming—for it cannot fly—to the best markets. One difficulty only presents itself in the matter, and that certainly is formidable. The great auk has, it is feared, suddenly become extinct. If that be so, its eggs are certainly worth all that they have fetched, as no more will be found in Scotland or elsewhere.

Strange Verification of a Dream.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mainwaring lives at Sandusky, O. Her husband who is a large manufacturer and dealer in tin and japanned ware, not long since started on a collecting tour among his country customers, accompanied by his son Enoch, a young man of twenty, in delicate health. They were in a spring-wagon, as most of their custom lay among the small towns and villages off the line of the railroads.

On the third night after their departure, Mrs. Mainwaring awoke her eldest daughter, who was sleeping with her, as well as her mother, Mrs. Dougherty, who occupied an adjoining room, and told them of a terrible dream she had just had, and which she feared was a mysterious reflection on her mind of an actual occurrence. At the same time she directed their attention to the fact that she had awakened out of her dream at precisely five minutes past eleven, when the clock over the mantel-piece had suddenly stopped at that point. She dreamed that she saw her husband and son driving over a wild and wood-bordered road in the night, and she somehow received the impression that it was in the neighborhood of Toledo, O. She could hear them talking of a large sum of money they had with them, as the result of successful collections, and at the same time she could see ahead four men lurking at the roadside for the purpose of waylaying them The dreamer tried to warn the dear ones of their danger, but was restrained by the strange inability to move or speak—that is a characteristic of the nightmare. She could only look and see, and that with terrible distinctness. And she presently saw them halted and attacked by the four villains. Many shots were exchanged, and she saw her son fall in the bed of the wagon at the first fire; but her husband, who was a very powerful and fearless man, made such a stout resistance with his revolver that one of his assailants was killed, and

the others fled into the woods, two of them badly wounded. She then saw her husband whip his horses into a gallop until he reached the open, moonlit prairie, where he made a halt, raised the body of his son in his arms, and, after feeling of the heart, he exclaimed in a voice of bitter distress: "My God! he is dead. What will his poor mother say?"

Then she awoke. Mrs. Mainwaring was so excited over her dream that she could not sleep any more during the night, though her mother and daughter laughed at her fears, and did their utmost to reassure her.

On the following morning she received a telegram from her husband, at Toledo, conveying the sad intelligence that Enoch had been killed in an attack that was made upon the pair by robber-tramps on the previous night, four miles out of Toledo. Mr. Mainwaring returned home on the evening of the same day, with the body of his son, and his subsequent detailed account of the fatal encounter verified his wife's dream in every particular. More than this, his watch had received such injury during the struggle that the main-spring had broken and the works came to a stop at precisely five minutes past eleven, the exact moment that the clock had stopped over the mantel-piece.

One Man Killed Four Panthers in Two Hours.

Mr. Haugh, says an Oregon paper, who lives near Scott's mills, started for Beaver lake to get some cedar timber. He had along a large-bored rifle, a little rat-terrier and a rather large dog of part Newfoundland breed. After leaving the main road and getting to an almost blind road, he saw a panther cross the road ahead of him. He stopped the team, tied them to a small tree and followed the dogs, who

had succeeded in treeing the panther in a very short time. It was on a large oak tree, about thirty feet from the ground, and growling savagely. Mr. Haugh fell back a short distance in order to get a rest shot, fired, and the beast fell dead to the ground, having made a spring which brought him about fifteen or twenty feet from the tree. On going back to the wagon the children pointed out another panther, back on the road over which they had passed. On approaching it to get a shot it darted into the brush, followed by the dogs, who succeeded in treeing that one without any difficulty. On following the dogs, Mr. Haugh found it on the large limb of a fir tree, about twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. Getting a rest on the side of a tree some distance away, he shot this one. At the crack of the gun the panther jumped from the tree and was followed by the dogs. On following them it was found dead, about one hundred yards from where it was shot. On approaching the ranch where Mr. S. Huelet once embarked in the cattle business, he found that the little dog had succeeded in treeing a panther about two-thirds grown. This one was shot dead. Before Mr. Haugh had time to load he heard the big dog barking at something about two hundred yards off down the hillside. On going to where it was, he saw the biggest panther he ever saw—a very large female. She was growling and snapping her teeth at the dogs so much that she formed the most savage picture he had ever seen. It was difficult to get a good shot, but on firing she came down and the limb on which she was with her. As she ran off the dogs followed her, and on coming up with them he saw her on a stump, about twenty-five feet from the ground. Mr. Haugh shot again, but, as no vital spot was struck, it only succeeded in making her growl and lash her tail fiercer than ever. On looking for a bullet Mr. Haugh found that he had only half a bullet

left, with which he had to make a successful shot or lose his game. His patching was all gone as well, so, tearing off part of the lining of his coat, he put it round the bullet and rammed it home. Taking a careful aim he fired. This time he saw the huge beast tumble to the ground to be seized by the dogs. She seized the big dog by the scalp with one paw, and had succeeded in tearing the scalp nearly off when death put an end to her struggle. The last one, on being measured, was over nine feet long from tip to tip. All the panthers were full-grown, except one, which was only about two-thirds grown. They were all killed within two hours.

Some Curious Statistics.

The Boston *Transcript* says: Allowing two square feet to each person, the entire population of Boston could stand on the Public Garden, with a good deal of room to spare. The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston proper (not including Brighton, Dorchester and West Roxbury.) The entire population of the world (now estimated at (1,440,000,000) could stand on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, or in the space occupied by the towns of Boston, Brookline, Newton, Needham, Dedham, Hyde Park and Milton. The State of Massachusetts could in this way accommodate seventy times the present population of the world. The entire population of the world, placed side by side, and allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the earth twenty times. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England. Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina are as large as England. Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together. Ireland is about the size of Maine. France is more than

twice as large as England, Wales and Scotland together. Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.

A Dream Realized.

About fifteen German miles from Posen there is a town named Reichberg, situated on the River Warte, in which there is a considerable Jewish population, and among these a family of the name of Isaac is one of the most opulent. The foundation of their wealth was owing to the following circumstance, which is authenticated, and a matter of public notoriety there.

The head of the family was, many years ago, in a state bordering on absolute poverty, and dreamed several nights consecutively that if he made a journey to Hamburg, he should there learn something of great consequence. This made such an impression on his imagination that he could not drive it out of his mind. He realized some funds and proceeded to Hamburg, where he took up his residence in the house of the reader of the Synagogue, who was in the habit of letting lodgings. After a stay of some weeks, the reader, seeing that his guest had no occupation, and did not seem to have any definite object in view, while his appearance and demeanor indicated that his means could be but scanty, inquired what was his object at Hamburg, when

Isaac related to him the circumstances of his dream. The reader naturally turned it into ridicule, and added that no sensible man would pay any attention to dreams, much less undertake a long journey on such a wild-goose chase from such a motive.

"If I paid attention to dreams," said the reader, "I should have long since made a journey to Reichberg-am-Warte, for I have dreamed that in a house there, there is buried in the kitchen a dough-trough containing a large sum of money."

He then proceeded to describe minutely the situation and appearance of the house and kitchen, and even the furniture in the place. The astonishment of Isaac was great at finding it to entirely correspond in every respect with his own residence. He said nothing, but seeming to take the rebuke, he immediately returned home, and on digging in the spot indicated by the reader, he found a trough containing a comparatively large sum of money. Every Friday, to the present day, the Sabbath bread for the family is kneaded in that trough, which is kept as a precious memento.

Naming Children in China.

In China the names of children are given according to circumstances associated with the time of their birth. If a child is born at midnight its name may be Midnight; if the season be rainy, the child's name may be Rain; if birth occurs on the birthday of some relative, that relative's age may be the name of the new-born, and so there are names of Thirty, Five, Fifty, One and other numbers. But there are even more curious names. If the parents desired a boy and a girl is born, her name may be Ought-to-be-a-boy.

Never Whistle in a Coal Shaft.

A CURIOUS MINING SUPERSTITION.

A gentleman in Carbondale, Pa., says: "Miners, especially those who have come from foreign countries, and represent a past generation of their class, are given to many superstitious fears. The younger miners—those born in this country, and who have grown up under the influence of its enlightening institutions—do not, as a general thing, share in this superstitious belief, although some of them place as much importance on 'signs' and 'omens' of good and evil, as do their more ignorant ancestors. Among the superstitions cherished by miners, is that of whistling in a mine. To whistle in a mine is considered an evil omen. Miners never whistle while at work. Sometimes they sing while toiling in the dark, damp, narrow chamber of the mines, hundreds of feet below the surface, but never loudly, and only plaintive folk songs and ballads that have been crooned over the cradles of generations of their class. It is a singular fact that, despite the peril that constantly besets him in the mine, the coal-miner is always cheerful amid it all. Let one who may visit a mine but whistle among the workmen, and the cheerfulness he has noticed as characterizing them will be gone at once. Most all old miners believe that a 'good luck spirit' lurks in every mine, and that at a sound of whistling it flies and leaves the miners at the mercy of the spirit of evil. If ill befalls any of the workmen that day the believers in the superstition ascribe its cause entirely to the frightening away of the good luck spirit by the fatal whistle.

"In 1840 there was a great mine disaster at this place. Several miners were buried in one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines by a sudden caving-in of the roof. Although the cause of the caving was known to have been a lack of proper support by pillars and timbers,

at least one old miner, a survivor of the disaster, still living here, has always maintained, and still maintains that it was caused by a 'dare-devil miner,' named Jack Richards, whistling in the mine while working with his gang, against the protests of his comrades. Richards was a skeptical young Welshman, who ridiculed all the superstitions of his fellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he was working in the mine, a mile from the entrance, on the day of the catastrophe. The mine was well-known to be scantily propped, and the miners were 'robbing' it preparatory to its abandonment. He is described as having been a merry fellow, fond of teasing his companions. On this occasion he suddenly laid down his pick and announced to his fellow-workmen that he intended to 'whistle them up the "Rigs o' Barley."' The miners were aghast at the thought of Richards thus flying in the face of mine luck, and they begged of him not to chase the good-luck spirit away. He laughed at their fears, and with clear loud notes made the chamber ring with the lively Scotch air. Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman, he rattled off a jig known by the miners as 'The Devil Among the Tailors," and ended by telling the good-luck spirit to 'take a dance to that, and be blowed to it.' None of the miners could speak for some time. Some of them tried to work again, but the fear of disaster was so strong upon them that they all made preparations to quit the mine. The old miner who recalls this incident, says he had a brother and a son working in another part of the mine, and he made up his mind to go to them, tell them of Jack Richards' foolhardiness, warn them of its consequences and escape from the mine. Jack Richards could not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

"Suddenly, while they were gathering up their tools, a noise like the sound of distant thunder came to the ears of the agitated miners. They knew too well what the sound presaged. The roof was 'working,' and a cave-in threatened. The miners turned to Jack and charged him with bringing disaster upon them by his defiance of the good-luck spirit of the mine. Jack replied that if the roof was falling it was because of insufficient support, and not because of his whistling, and knowing the danger that encompassed them all, he counseled his comrades to lose no time in 'getting atop.' But before they could take the first step toward reaching the surface, a second shock ran through the mine. This time it was like a clap of thunder near the earth. It was followed by a crash that could be made only by the falling masses of rock and coal from the roof, and by a gust of wind that hurled the miners against the jagged walls of their chamber. Then the mine fell in all about them, and the seventeen miners and the car horse were imprisoned behind a wall of fallen coal, in a space not more than forty feet square. Their lights were extinguished, and there was not a match in the party.

"With death waiting them in one of its worst forms, they cursed Jack Richards, and one of the miners tried to find him in the dark to brain him with a pick. To ascertain whether any of the gang had been killed by the falling coal, the name of each one was called by one of the miners. All responded but Jack Richards. He was found dead, half-buried beneath the wall of rock and coal.

"The men worked for hours, many of them working the flesh from their fingers in the sharp coal. Some of them lost all heart, and threw themselves upon the damp floor of their underground prison, and bewailed their fate. Suddenly a ray of light broke through a small opening in the wall. Then a lantern was pushed through, followed

by a man's head. The man cried out: 'Is there a man here that is alive?' A glad shout from the miners was the reply. The man pulled himself through the opening into the chamber. It was Alexander Boyden, the superintend ent. He took the dead body of Jack Richards on his back and led the way, and two hours afterward the miners were in the arms of wives, parents and sweethearts on top. Richards had no relatives but a crippled sister, who was dying with consumption. She died the next day. The brother and son of the narrator of this tragic incident and twelve other miners were never found. Three days after the fall, Mine Boss Hosie, who had been in a distant part of the mine when the roof caved in, emerged from its depths, worn to a skeleton. With his pick he had dug his way for more than a mile through an almost solid wall, without a taste of food or a drop of water to sustain him. This mine tragedy forms one of the favorite narratives of the old miners of this region, and after relating it to inquiring visitors they never fail to warn them not to whistle if they intend going down in a mine."

Lofty Towers.

The crown of William Penn's hat which is to adorn his thirty-six-foot statue surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings will be just 535 feet from the pavement. This is higher than any other tower yet constructed. Trinity steeple in New York city, which seems so imposing with its height of 284 feet, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the lofty spire which is intended to be the crowning glory of Penn square. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne Cathedral, which have at present a height

of 524 feet 11 inches, or 10 feet 1 inch below Mr. Penn's proposed hat. As, however, the Cologne towers are still unfinished, and aim at an ultimate altitude of 576 feet 9 inches, the Penn Square towers may never enjoy the distinction of being the highest in the world.

The following are the heights of some of the chief lofty buildings: Tower of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Frieburg, 410 feet 1 inch; Cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; Cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathhaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; and the towers of Notre Dame at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

A Walk Half-Way to the Moon.

In these days of great pedestrian feats it is worth while to record the doings of an old Yorkshireman who has just died at the ripe age of 84 years, at Masham, in Yorkshire. James Heap was a schoolmaster, and carried on his calling in a wild and bleak part of the country, walking every day a distance of eight miles. He lived at a cotton-mill just below the village of Healey, which is in the western part of that portion of Yorkshire called Mashamshire. His school-house was four miles distant, at Coltersdale, which is still further west, and among the bleak moors and wild hills leading away to Westmoreland.

A storm of wind and rain is no trifling matter in these

parts, and during a snow-storm the snow very often drifts so thickly as to make the roads almost impassable; but no condition of the weather or the atmosphere could shake James Heap's steadfast purpose, and he never had any ailment or accident which kept him from going his daily round to the school and home again. Many a time had he to wade through snow-drifts to find that his pupils were not able to reach the school, and he was constantly subjected to a drenching rain in the winter months. Yet from December, 1822, to January 1867, he never missed a single day, and during 2,292 consecutive weeks he walked more than 110,000 miles, or nearly five times around the world.

Nor was he altogether idle on Sundays, for during forty-two years of this period he shared with others the teaching of a Sunday-school at a place called Summerside, about the same distance from his home, and in an equally dreary and wild district on the moors with Coltersdale; seventeen Sundays in each year, during these forty-two years, did he walk eight miles to teach, which adds an aggregate of 5,712 miles to the former sum, so that, taking Sundays and week days into the reckoning, he would, if he had continued his work for rather more than another year, have covared a distance equal to half the space between the earth and the moon.

Col. Synge's Dream.

A friend told me the other day that he met Col. Synge at a club here, and that the latter remarked, in a joking way, that he was "sure the brigands would 'nab' him some day." Some time later the Colonel called on a lawyer here and expressed his intention of making his last will and

testament, adding that perhaps the lawyer would think it a trifle foolish in him, a man still in his prime and in the flush of health, to be concerned about such a matter. Naturally the gentleman of the bar professionally thought, on the contrary, no such thing; on the contrary, it was always well to be prepared, etc., etc. "Well," said the Colonel, "I will tell my reason, and I don't know that it will strike you as a good one. Last night I had a most vivid and distinct dream, in which my farm was attacked and I carried off by a mob. The impression on me was so strong that I have come here to get my affairs in order." The will was made, signed and completed, and Col. Synge left for Salonica. Only a few months later the attack took place with which the whole world has been ringing.

This is rather a strong point in favor of the dream enthusiasts.

Strange Story of the Plague in Memphis.

A reliable gentleman says that in 1877, when the first yellow fever appeared in the city of Memphis, he was there on business. He had been there for several weeks, and then first experienced a drowsy sensation. This was followed in a week or ten days by the fever in all its fury, which rendered him unconscious. He lay for some time in this condition, his life being in a precarious state. After a time he seemed to be overcome by the disease, and gradually grew weaker, until at last all pulsation had stopped, and breathing was no longer apparent. At that time it was the custom to hurry the corpse to the graveyard without ceremony. He was placed in a rude box and hurried away to the cemetery, followed by a single friend. On the way to the grave, however, this friend felt a conviction that he was not dead, and ordered the little procession to stop. The box was taken back to the place of starting, and his

body again placed on a cot. After a few hours of patient watching, a slight movement of the face and upper portions of the body was observed. An examination was made of the pulse, which was found to be faintly beating, while respiration was apparent. In a few hours more the gentleman was aroused, and in less than thirty-six hours he was sitting up. He recovered rapidly, and in the course of a few hours he was able to get up and move around. Meanwhile the Associated Press dispatches had contained an account of his death from the fever, and his family in New York city, and one son, working on the Bee Line road, had mourned for him as one gone from the face of the earth.

After his recovery he went to Texas, and from there he crossed over into New Mexico. He was gone on his trip about two months, during which time he wrote to his relatives, announcing his restoration to health. He soon after came north, as the quarantine against Southern traffic and travel was raised, and eventually landed in Indianapolis, where he met his son, who was as much rejoiced at the meeting as if his father had been raised from the dead. It was learned that his letters had miscarried, and he wrote at once to New York, again announcing his recovery.

The Bottom of the Sea.

"The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean," says Dr. Carpenter, the English physicist, "is rather to be likened to that of a flat waiter or tea tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply-sloping rim, than to that of the 'basin' with which it is commonly compared;" and he adds: "The great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas.

"The average depth of the ocean floors is now ascertained to be about 13,000 feet. As the average height of the entire land mass of the globe above sea level is about 1,000 feet, and the sea area about two and three-fourths times that of the land, it follows that the total volume of ocean water is thirty-six times that of the land above the sea level. These deductions, seemingly unimportant except to the votary of science, are destined, perhaps, to serve the highest practical purposes of deep-sea telegraphy. The intelligence now carried out of the enormous collection of later ocean researches shows the modern engineer and capitalist the feasibility of depositing a telegraphic cable over almost any part of the ocean's floor.

"Not less interesting is a deduction Dr. Carpenter makes from the deep sea temperature observations in the North Atlantic. In consequence of the evaporation produced by the long exposure of the equatorial Atlantic currents, its waters contain such an excess of salt as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder underflows which reach the equator from the opposite Arctic and Antarctic basins; and, consequently, it substitutes itself by gravitation for the colder water to a depth of several hundred fathoms. Thus it conveys the solar heat downward in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of 20° and 40° a great reservoir of warmth. The climatic effect of this vertical transfer of equatorial heat is obvious. If the great heat-bearing currents which enter the North Atlantic traversed its bosom as surface currents, they would expend their warmth largely in the high latitudes. But, as their heavy and highly-heated volumes in large measure descend to the deeper strata south of the fortieth parallel, their stores of tropical temperature are permanently arrested off our eastern coast, and ultimately made subservient to our climate."

Mark Twain's Visit to Niagara.

HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURES—HE IS PITCHED OVER THE CATARACT BY THE INDIANS.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the falls, that the falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and, whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medical. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must not do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most con-

venient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door they will be blackened, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blackened unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel wherever you wander you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services."

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales, legends and romances; I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement—especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was fillled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to

come face to face with the noble red man. A la y clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array was made by the Indians, and that they were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work upon a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baleful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawho-Wang-Wang of the Whack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, I'll eat ye!"

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the Paleface from the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you,

Bully Boy with a Glass Eye—the Paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once-proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless. Trading for forty-rod whisky, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag-and-bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead baskets and moccasins—single flash and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the

remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the fall, whose ceiled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missed it every time by a hair's breadth. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you please explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the Coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place and I'll go and get you one.'

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition Coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of

him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a critical condition. At least, I am lying, anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

The Marvelous Power of a Cyclone.

In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclonean forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Bengal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," said Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft 45,000 cubit feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transports it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian Gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yes, it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm.

Strange Dreams.

Some years ago, says the *Temple Bar*, it is related, a peddler was murdered in the north of Scotland, and the crime remained for a long time a mystery. At length a man came forward, and declared that he had had a dream in which there was shown to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house, where was buried the pack of the murdered man; and, on search being made, the pack was actually found near the spot. At first it was thought that the dreamer was himself the murderer, but the man who had been accused, confessed the crime, and said that the dreamer knew nothing about it. It turned out afterward that the murderer and the dreamer had been drinking together for several days a short time after the murder. It has been suggested, as a possible solution, that the murderer allowed statements to escape him whilst under the influence of drink, which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had not the slightest remembrance of them in his sober hours.

A gentleman dreamt his house was on fire; and the dream made so vivid an impression that he immediately returned, saw it on fire, indeed, and was just in time to save one of his children from the flames.

A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and this dream was repeated so often that she repaired to the old lady's house, and set a gentleman to watch in the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the black servant was discovered going to his mistress' room, as he said, with coals to mend the fire—a sufficiently absurd excuse at such an hour and in the middle of summer. The truth was apparent when a strong knife was found buried beneath the coals.

The case of the gentleman from Cornwall who dreamt eight days before the event that he saw Mr. Perceval mur-

dered in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, and distinctly recognized from prints, after the murder, both the assassin and his victim, whom he had never seen previously, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation, especially when it is remembered that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn Mr. Perceval (known to him in his dream as Chancellor of the Exchequer). He urged that it had occurred three times in the same night, but his friends thinking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the murder rudely resuscitated it.

A gentleman from Yorkshire formed one of a party for visiting the Exhibition of 1862. A few days before leaving for London, he had a most vivid dream of the Tower, the armory, and more especially the room in which the regalia and crown jewels are kept. He heard the old woman who showed the room address the audience, and treasured up carefully her very peculiarities of voice, dress, manner, and features, and created considerable amusement among his friends by mimicking the phantom show-woman when he awoke. He went to London at the proper time, and, of course, visited the Tower, where he was astounded and somewhat sobered by the phantom's counterpart, which was identical in every respect.

The mother of a medical student dreamt that her son had got into some serious trouble in London, and could not rest till she had left her home in the Midland counties and sought him out. To her sorrow the dream was painfully verified, and the consequences might have been serious if she had not arrived in time.

Several years ago the newspapers were filled with details of a horrible murder, of which the facts, related from memory, seem to be these: Mrs. Martin, the wife of a farmer, was in terrible distress of mind because her daughter

Maria was missing. It was feared she had been murdered by her sweetheart, in a fit of jealousy, and hidden somewhere. For a long time no trace of the body could be found. At length the mother had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that the corpse of her child was buried under the barn floor. This proved to be the case, the body was recovered, and the murderer detected.

A barrister of great penetration relates the story of a lady who dreamt that a railroad guard was killed in a collision. She described the man and circumstances so faithfully that there was no difficulty in identifying the guard (who was actually killed the same night in a lamentable accident) as the man she saw in the dream. The lady rarely left home, and the guard was quite unknown to her.

Archdeacon Squire, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1748, tells the story of a certain Henry Axford, of Devizes, who caught a violent cold when he was 28 years of age, which rendered him speechless, and he remained dumb for four years. In July, 1741, in his sleep he dreamt that "he had fallen into a furnace of boiling wort, which put him into such an agony of fright that he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever."

Horace Bushnell, D. D., in his "Nature and the Supernatural," recounts a case which he thinks cannot be explained by natural causes. Sitting by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor in the Napa valley of California, there entered a venerable-looking person named Captain Yount, who had come to California as a trapper more than forty years before. There he lived, had acquired a large estate, and was highly respected. The Captain said that "six or seven years previous he had a dream in which he saw what appeared to him to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and

perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. The whole scene appeared vividly before him; he noted a huge cliff and the very features of the persons, and their looks of agonizing despair. He awoke, but shortly after fell asleep again, and dreamt precisely the same thing. Being now impressed with the truth of the story, he told it to an old hunter shortly afterward, who declared that he knew the spot which exactly answered to his description. This decided him, and taking a company of men, with mules, blankets, etc., they hurried to the Carson Valley Pass, 150 miles distant, where they found the emigrants in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive."

Strange Avocations.

SINGULAR WAYS IN WHICH SOME PEOPLE EARN A LIVING.

Said a witness under cross-examination: "I am an early-caller. I calls different tradesmen at early hours, from 1 till 5:30 in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between 12 and 1; I goes to bed at 6 and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between 1 and 2—the bakers are the earliest of all." What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we would say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well-earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time.

Not so deserving of encouragement are the "tup-pennies," carrying on their vocations in those quarters of London where pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, rather

than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay two-pence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's "uncle," or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favor with their patronage; and so, one way and another, contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbors' necessities.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed poultices that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterward pressing the oil from the linseed, and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which, being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred.

A lady resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third *marchand d'asticots* boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock; for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over £300 a year.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tailed brandlings, and other

worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a warm, moist night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in they are placed in properly selected moss—field-moss for choice—to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly-caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while "when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india-rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook." When this condition is attained the worms are packed in moss and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden—the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Terrific Balloon Adventure.

The French æronauts, Messrs. Gasta, Pommariol, Gauthier and Perron, narrowly escaped destruction while making a scientific excursion in the clouds recently. They left Angers at 6 o'clock in the evening, duly equipped. They were in high spirits, and for a time all went well. As night came on, and they made preparations to descend, a terrific storm arose. The balloon swept on with resistless force over miles and miles of country, until, to their horror, the æronauts suddenly saw the lights of Nantes in the distance. Beyond lay the immense, somber ocean. They at once saw that they must descend at all hazards or perish. Opening the valve they came down with a tremendous run, and in one minute they actually struck the earth no less than six

times. Each time the balloon rebounded like an india-rubber ball to the tremendous height of over two hundred feet. The travelers clung tenaciously to the ropes, uttered not a single word, but grimly prepared for death. At last the silence was broken by M. Gauthier, who exclaimed, "My legs are broken!" The balloon swept on, dragging over the ground, which it regularly plowed up wherever it passed. At last the æronauts were seen by some peasants, who hastened to their assistance, and with great difficulty extricated them from the wreck. The balloon, thus lightened, rose, and once more dashed into the forest of La Rocheservieres, where it went to pieces.

MM. Gasta and Pommariol were no sooner on terra firma than they fainted. All of the four travelers were more or less injured.

Terrible Adventure with a Rattlesnake in a Mine.

Dr. Bartleson, of Arizona, had quite a thrilling experience recently. While at Socorro on business he thought he would take a look at the mines near town. The object of interest is the old mine—we have forgotten the name—worked ages ago, for aught any one now living knows, and which has two shafts, one recently reopened to a depth of forty-five feet, where drifts indicate the first level. No explorations beyond a few feet from the depth named have been made, though it is evident that the two shafts mentioned are connected at this level. Desirous of a jaunt under ground, and at the same time expressing astonishment that none of the miners of the camp or owners of the mine had worked up sufficient curiosity to extend the discovery, the doctor was lowered into the shaft. Emerging from the bucket, a taper was lighted and the drift along the vein entered upon.

A chamber ten by twelve by eight was soon entered by crawling a distance on all fours, after an examination of which and a selection of some ores, the tour of discovery was continued. To proceed it was again necessary to crawl, and the doctor once more assumed the infantile position of locomotion. An advance of a few feet had been made when a cold, clammy substance was touched by the hand, and two bright, glistening orbs gradually rose in air and flashed back with intensified brightness the feeble rays of the taper. Almost instantly a hissing, rattling sound startled the hearing, and the doctor realized that he had encountered a rattlesnake. To retreat was the work of a second, and the chamber just left was soon regained. Assuming an upright position, the doctor cast a hasty glance at the aperture from whence he had emerged, and lo and behold, there approached his adversary, which, when seeing the disturber of his peace, coiled himself for a spring.

A look was sufficient to satisfy the doctor that the snake was one of the largest of his species and a determined foe. Immediate action was necessary. To retreat was to invite and hasten the attack, with the chances in favor of the snake. To take the aggressive, then, was the work of another second, and picking up a chunk of ore, the doctor hurled it with all his might at the protruded, vibrating head of the snake, just as he was in the act of springing. The exertion of throwing the ore extinguished the taper, and the horror of the then situation can well be imagined, but never accurately described—the darkness, the dread uncertainty of the locality of the reptile, the torturing ignorance of the success or failure of the blow, the fear to move, all combined to intensify the hair-raising, chilling terror of the situation.

To relight the taper was determined upon, though not without the realization of the dread fact that the snake

would take advantage of the first ray of light and spring upon its foe. With fear and trembling the doctor eagerly followed the advancing rays of the taper as they lit up the chamber, and his feelings of relief and joy can well be imagined as he saw stretched before him, not three feet distant, the stunned body of the snake—the aim with the rock had been a success. At this time the doctor bethought himself of his revolver, and, placing it near the reptile's head, effectually dispatched him. The snake was six feet in length, very large around, and numbered nineteen rattles. The doctor had explored sufficiently, and regained the surface as soon as possible.

An Executioner's Revenge.

The Paris *Figaro* tells a terrible story of a headman's revenge. Fourteen years ago the murderer Avinain was condemned to death. When, on the morning of his execution, "Mons. de Paris" entered his cell for the purpose of making his usual preparations for conveying him to the scaffold, the culprit received him with an outburst of abuse, couched in the foulest imaginable language, to which the "executioner of high works" listened impassively, apparently paying no attention to the torrent of insults and imprecations that flowed from Avinain's lips. Arrived upon the scaffold, however, he bound his "patient" to the plank, and then deliberately lowered the death-dealing knife to within a few inches of the murderer's neck, examined its edge, raised it again to its usual height, and finally loosened the catch, with the customary result. As the remains of the decapitated assassin were being removed from the scaffold, one of the officials present observed to the executioner that he had not performed his task as quickly as usual.

"No," replied the latter, with an indescribable smile, "I let him wait a little." Experience had taught the practical headsman how dire is the agony of the last few moments preceding the dreadful passage from life to death; so, mindful of the wrong inflicted upon him by the doomed man's insults, he avenged the outrage with hideous completeness by "letting him wait a little."

A Curious Story.

As John B. Conyer, a farmer residing at Palestine, Ind., was watering nine cows at a pump-trough recently, they made a stampede down the lane as fast as their legs would carry them. The cause of this sudden freak was a mystery to the hired man, but it was not long before he was let into what appeared to be the secret of the stampede. Suddenly, although the sky was clear and the atmosphere still, a young cyclone, not over twenty feet in breadth, darted down from the sky, and, striking the earth near the pump, twisted off five large beech trees as though they were weeds.

A Strange Vision.

About midnight, just after the accident in the Consolidated Imperial Mine, Nevada, the wife of Matthew Winnie was found on her way to the works. She said she had been awakened just befere by her husband, who came all mangled to her and told her he had been killed in the mine. She got up, dressed herself and started to ascertain the truth of what she was only too well convinced was true. There had in reality been a fearful accident. Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and the trembling women went back to her children and her desolate home.

Bedstead Superstition in Germany.

Having ordered a neatly constructed single bedstead, says a correspondent of London *Notes and Queries*, with somewhat high and ornamental sides, I was surprised when it was brought home to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposite side, it being, in fact, quite plain. I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker, saying that when a bedstead was placed with its head against the wall of a room, the sides, then showing, will appear quite unlike—one ornamented and the other plain. At this the maker expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a Germon custom and prejudice; "for," says he, "in Germany single bedsteads are only placed sidewise against a wall or partition, and only removed from this position and placed with the head against the wall to receive a dead body." And the worthy maker assured me that nowhere in Germany could a native be induced to sleep on a single bedstead which had not its side placed against a wall or partition. The same objection does not hold against placing two single bedsteads side by side, with their heads against the wall.

How He Lost His Wagon Wheel.

In Lincoln County, Nevada, there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen inches deep, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest, and no bottom has ever been found. It is said that a teamster,

on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He took it off and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again.

A Monster Clock.

The large clock at the English House of Parliament is the largest one in the world. The four dials in this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half-minute the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight days and a half, and will only strike for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter hours and by its striking the short-hand reporters regulate their labors. At every strike a new reporter takes the place of the old one, while the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

A Singular Passenger Train.

An event probably without precedent in railroad annals has just happened at Provins. A passenger train leaving Paris at 8:20 p. m. arrived safely at its destination, but on getting down to let the passengers out of the cars, the guard was astounded to find neither passengers nor passenger cars. They had forgotten to hook the cars on at Paris.

Josh Billings' Philosofee.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to a klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man ain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part hiz hair in the middle. Don't you?

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front ov him and do mi weeping.

Thare is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I hav seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the ritch people in this world, make the most of your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success when I see a rattle-snaix's ed sticking out of a hole; I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chaned to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't git loose from the post, I notiss. Not much.

I thank the Lord that thare is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the wag ov a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond ov argument, that they would dispute with a guide-board at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

Thare are but fu sights in this life more sublime and pathetick than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach. It iz thus.

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

I notiss one thing, the man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but he who rides once a year wants 4. That's so.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth until you git him haff drunk, ain't worth the investment.

Whenever I see a real handsum woman engaged in the wimmin's rights bizzness, I am going to take off mi hat and jine the processhun. See if I don't.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Two Little Pictures.

I.

Miss Minnie Doyle is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you."

"This is only corn silk," muttered the boy penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II.

It is evening. Miss Doyle is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckles and syringa waft bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Doyle; "I like cigarettes. They are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

He lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half.

Red-Hot Ice.

When, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Lord Chamberlain presents the ingenious play-bill of Bully *Bottom's* very tragical comedy to *Theseus*, the King exclaims, "Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief! Hot ice and wondrous strange snow! How shall we find the concord of this discord?" Such, however, is the advance of science that the poet's puzzle has been solved, and the concord of hot ice been recently discovered by Mr. Thomas Carnelley, of Firth College, Sheffield. This diligent experimentalist has found out that any solid can be heated to a considerable temperature if the precaution be taken to keep it under a pressure less than a certain "critical pressure," which is different for different substances. Under this condition the solid heats and sublimes away into a vapor without first melting into a liquid. There is no intermediate state between its solid and its gaseous condition. Acting upon the hint which this general principle gave him, Mr. Carnelley put a lump of ice under an air-pump and reduced the ordinary atmospheric pressure on it to something less than the "critical pressure" for ice, and he was then able to heat the solid block of crystal ice so hot that it burned the fingers on being touched. Nor was this all—he actually succeeded in freezing a quantity of water in a red-hot crucible!—*London Globe.*

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Dog that was Pensioned by a Legislature.—A Remarkable Story.

In the Territory of New Mexico the Legislature, by joint action, recently pensioned a dog for noble services. In that country there are many sheep farms, and shepherd dogs are so well trained in caring for the flocks of their masters, that it is their daily practice to take out the flocks in the morning to pasture, guard them all day, and, at night, return them to the fold or coral. This work of the Mexican dogs is so common and so faithfully performed that it is looked upon as a matter of course, and nothing more than should be expected from a well-trained dog. This being the case, it would appear that the dog worthy of a pension in that Territory, must have performed some very marvelous feat indeed, and something out of the common line of canine achievement. And he did. He did not save his mistress' life from the murderous fury of the savage, nor her child from being brained against a door-post or being choked by a huge black snake, for his master was not married, and had no wife or babe, but led a solitary life in his solitary ranch in a very solitary part of New Mexico.

It chanced that the dog in question, on returning of an evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his mas-

ter was not stirring about, but remained inside the shanty and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. The dog, when he penned up the sheep, repaired to the shanty, smelled through a crack in the door his master's presence, but the master was still quiet and did not breathe. The dog scratched, barked, and even howled, but no response came from within. The door remained closed; no smoke arose from the chimney to greet the early morn. But the dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, and cared for them while they cropped the herbage on the hillsides. But he was getting hungry, and that night when he drove the flock into their pen, the last one to attempt to go in became the victim of his appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a portion of the faithful dog's daily duty. Occasionally the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him and served for supper and for breakfast and dinner the following day. As stated before, the ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the Territory, and out of the track of travel and social intercourse or visitation.

For two years from the time of the master's death—as ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock committed to his charge, and had fresh mutton for supper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased its numbers, and when, at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor the ranch was visited and the remains of the poor fellow found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day, and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a civil distance. Such fidelity excited admiration wherever the story was told, and the

Arcadian legislators of the Territory, in a fit of generosity and enthusiasm, at their session two years ago (they have biennial sessions in that happy country) granted a pension for life to that dog, to be paid from the State Treasury as a reward for his fidelity, and no doubt as an encouragement to all other shepherd dogs in that Territory to be good dogs and faithful.

A Duck as a Trout-Fisher.

As a gentleman was fishing in a mill-dam below Winchester, Va., he accidentally threw his line over a strong white duck, which, suddenly turning round, twisted the leader around her own neck, and fixed the hook of the dropper-fly in her breast. Thus entangled and hooked, she soon broke off the leader above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the fly trailing behind her. She had not proceeded far before a trout of about a pound and a half took the fly effectually. Then began a struggle as extraordinary as was ever witnessed—a duck at the dropper and a large trout at the end of the fly. Whenever the trout exerted itself, the terror of the duck was very conspicuous; it fluttered its wings and dragged the fish. When the trout was more quiet the duck evidently gave way, and suffered herself to be drawn under some bushes, where the shortness of the leader did not allow the trout to shelter itself. The duck's head was frequently drawn under water. By chance, however, the leader got across a branch which hung downward into the water; and the duck, taking advantage of the purchase which this gave her, dragged her opponent from the hole, and obliged him to show his head above water. Then it became a contest of life and death. The trout was in its last agonies, and the duck in a very weak state, when the leader broke and suffered them to depart their own way.

An Elephant's Gratitude.

A story comes from Tenbury, England, where a menagerie had been paying a visit, which illustrates the well-known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the animals was a very fine female elephant called Lizzie, which was attacked with a violent fit of colic and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, treated Lizzie and saved the animal's life. On the procession passing the chemist's shop one day, the elephant immediately recognized her benefactor, who was standing at the door of his shop, and, going up to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but Lizzie had no such intention, and, after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task.

A Dog's Joke on His Master.

A gentleman connected with the United States Lake Survey was engaged one day on the skirt of a wood in Indiana. Near him, sleeping lazily in the sun, lay his faithful dog, Tiger. Thinking to have some fun with the dog, he gave a shout and a jump into the thicket as if all the game ever protected by game laws from marauding hunter was dashing through the bushes. As he expected, Tiger came bounding and barking to the fray, and soon detecting the trick that was played upon him, sneaked back to his lair

and laid down again. The Surveyor resumed his duties, and was hard at work for two or three hours, when, all at once, the dog rose from his sleep, set his ears and eyes in the direction of the wood, gave a bark, and made a rush for the forest depths. The Surveyor followed the noble brute to a tree, up which he was sending canine congratulations to the prey; but when the Surveyor came, and began anxiously to scan the boughs for the hiding game, Tiger gave a satisfied "ah wooh!" bestowed a glance of contempt at the Surveyor, and, striking a dignified gait, stalked back to his couch with the appearance of a dog that had squared up all accounts with the Lake Survey, and had left nothing due on either side.

The Crows in Convention.

James Hillman, a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living between Orwigsburg and Landingville, Pa., is the authority for the following remarkable story: Mr. Hillman has on his farm fifteen acres of timber, which is joined by two other pieces of woodland of about the same size. One morning, during the early part of the week, Mr. Hillman's attention was attracted by large flocks of crows which came from the south, and, as if by common consent, settled in the woods mentioned above. During the ensuing three days the crows in the woods were reinforced by new arrivals, until several thousands were present, and the noise they made attracted the attention of people for miles around. Sentinel crows were posted on the defences around the woods, and through them the approach of a man or boy was quickly communicated to the body of crows. The crows remained in this patch of woods until Monday morning, when they all left about the same time, taking their course of flight in a northwesterly direction. They left the

woods in flocks containing 200 or 300 each, at intervals of five or ten minutes, and the departure of one of these flocks was the signal for loud and prolonged cawing on the part of those remaining behind. They all departed in the same direction, and the last flock took to wing about an hour after the first started. Since then there has not been a crow seen in the neighborhood. Mr. Hillman says that during their stay in the woods, the crows did not commit any depredations on the neighboring cornfields, and but few of them ever ventured beyond the confines of the timber.

Superstition and a Black Cat.

The steel works of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company at Scranton, Pa., have the reputation of being well managed, and as free from accident as any similar establishment in the United States, but for all that the mill is not free from superstitions. While visiting the works on a certain occasion, and watching the glow of the gleaming steel as it passed through the various processes from the river of fire flowing into the converters to the white, snake-like bar that ran, a finished rail, under the saw, an incident occurred which at once startled and amused me. A group of perspiring workmen, with weapons of various kinds in their hands, and their faces wearing an expression of awe, rushed past me, exclaiming:

"There she goes!"

Some of them flung pieces of iron and slag at a retreating object that ran rapidly through the mill and out at a distant door. At first I thought some great accident had occurred. The men seemed very much frightened, and seemed disappointed when the object of their attention had escaped. I asked the cause of their commotion.

"Why, didn't you see it?" said one. "It was that black cat again!"

My curiosity being excited, I asked one of the foremen for an explanation.

"It seems odd," he said, "and I know some persons will laugh at us, but I tell you that black cat is an omen of evil for this establishment. Every time we are about to have a big accident she enters that door and runs from one end of the works to the other. At first we took no notice of her, but finally her visits became as regular as clock work whenever anything serious was about to occur, and the men began to take warning from her and neglected their work when she came. They noticed that she never halted in the mill, but ran from end to end of it like a streak of lightning. That's why you saw us so anxious to kill her. The foremen wish to get her out of the way, as her visits are so demoralizing to the workmen, and the fact that she seems to lead a charmed life and get away every time unhurt, rather strengthens the superstition concerning her."

A Famous Goose.—The Companion Bird to the One that Saved Rome.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on duty."

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the citadal of Quebec,

and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farm-yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists, and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry, whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm, had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him, closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed his head between his legs and made other equally curious demomstrations of joy, nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down, day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there, until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course forever remain a problem; but

it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange, rustling sound, and, bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: "Who goes there?" Not a sound, save the echo of his own voice in the distance and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which sood in the deserted farm yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its

tactics and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob became the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

Upon the arrival of the regiment in London, the bird resumed its duties with the sentinels posted on the barrack gates; it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were his especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty after a "sentry-go" of not less than twelve years.

Lynching a Sparrow.

Many singular and almost incredible stories, says the Syracuse *Herald*, have been told concerning the little English sparrows that infest our parks and highways, but an instance that recently came under notice can be vouched for. A few days since an unusual commotion was noticed among a large number of sparrows in the vicinity of H. C. Brower's house, at the corner of West Jefferson and Clin-

ton streets. The attention of a member was obnoxious the others, and a continued effort was made to drive it from the nest which it made in the cornice. After a time two of the sparrows left the others, and soon returned with a string, which was, in some indescribable manner, attached to the neck of their obnoxious mate and the other end attached to the cornice, from which the little fellow was suspended till life was extinct. During this time great commotion prevailed among those who witnessed the "execution." Any of our readers who may take the trouble to visit Mr. Brower's house may see the sparrow still suspended by the neck where he was left by his mates.

A similar execution, says the Oswego *Times*, took place in this city, not long since, and was noticed in the *Times*. The victim still hangs, or did until recently, on a tree on the south side of East Park.

Anaconda Stories.

A Paris paper says: "A singular accident occurred recently at the Museum. In an attack of indigestion, superinduced by over-indulgence in greased rabbits, one of the boa-constrictors was taken with an attack of vomiting so violent that he turned himself wrong-side out, head and all, as one would a stocking! The savants at the Museum are at their wits' end, having never before encountered a case of the sort." This case (says the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*) is indeed an unusual one, but by no means unprecedented. A few years ago there was a boa-constrictor owned by the late Mr. Van Amburgh, whose performances were even far more extraordinary than those recorded above. Some of the feats of this accomplished serpent were commemorated in the following lines, written by the

poet Longfellow in return for a free admission to the show:

"Next comes the Anaconda-Boa-Constrictor,
Called Anaconda for brevity:
Can swallow an elephant as well as a toad,
And noted for great longevity.
He can swallow himself, crawl through himself,
Come out with much facility,
Tie himself in a bow-knot, snap his tail,
And wink with great agility."

Thus it will be seen that, even in the somewhat repulsive department of educated reptiles, our free and glorious Republic is immeasurably in advance of the vain but torpid Europeans.

Miss Clinton's Crickets.

Miss Lucille Clinton, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, a handsome young artist, who leads a kind of hermit life in her studio, at Broadway and Eighteenth street, is in love with crickets and cats. About ten years ago Miss Clinton, being then a young—very young—school-girl, read Dickens' story of "The Cricket on the Hearth." Miss Clinton was so affected by the story that she determined to have a cricket at any cost. She hunted the fields for days and weeks before she even heard a cricket, and it was a long time after she did hear the first cricket that she was able to find and capture one, so deceptive is the voice and so shy are the movements of the cricket. Then it was a long time again before the young admirer of crickets learned enough about the wants and habits of those sprightly creatures to be able to carry them through the winter alive and bring up the young in the spring. She was very patient, though, and now what Miss Clinton doesn't know about crickets isn't worth knowing. She has a large "fernery" full of crickets, and a large quantity of eggs, that are ex-

pected to produce a good many more crickets, if no misfortune happens.

Last evening Miss Clinton gave a sort of cricket soiree, having invited a number of persons in to hear the crickets "sing." The concert was given by about 100 stalwart crickets. The listeners, all but Miss Clinton, were ready to make affidavit that all the crickets sang exactly alike and dreadfully out of tune. But Miss Clinton was equally positive that each cricket had a voice that differed from the voices of all other crickets; and she ought to know.

"Every time I go to the country," said the interesting young artist, "I spend most of the time cricketing. I'm glad I wasn't in the country yesterday and day before, for I would surely have been sun struck while looking for crickets. I have already been prostrated twice while cricketing. When I am riding through the country, whether it is in my own conveyance or in a stage, I always have to stop if I hear a cricket. Sometimes I make the other passengers awful angry by making the driver wait while I go off into a field to look for a cricket. They will say I am crazy, and that there is no cricket there at all. But I always find him, and when I bring him back they say I was right, and then they all begin to like crickets from that time. I often tame then so that they will creep up my arm to the shoulder—I mean outside you know. My cat likes the crickets almost as well as I do. I couldn't go to sleep if I couldn't hear them singing."

A Remarkable Dog Story,—"The Sixth Sense."

In an article on "The Sixth Sense," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Felix L. Oswald tells the following strange story:

"We often hear of the wondrous sagacity—generally ascribed to memory or acuteness of scent—which enables a dog to find his way home by unknown roads, even from a considerable distance. I think it can be practically demonstrated that this faculty has nothing to do with memory, and very little with scent, except in a quite novel sense of the word.

"Last fall, my neighbor, Dr. L. G——, of Cincinnati, Ohio, exchanged some suburban property for a house and office near the City Hospital, and at the same time discharged a number of his four-footed retainers. A litter of poodle puppies were banished to Covington, Kentucky, across the river, and two English pointers were adopted by a venatorial ruralist in the eastern part of Ohio. The puppies submitted to exile, but one of the pointers, like the black friar in the halls of Amundeville, declined to be driven away. He returned, by ways and means known to himself alone, once from Portsmouth and twice from Lucasville in Scioto county, the last time in a blinding snow storm and under circumstances which led his owner to believe that he must have steered by memory rather than by scent. But how had he managed it the first time? The matter was discussed at a reunion of amateur sportsmen and naturalists, and one opponent of the doctor's theory proposed as a crucial test that the dog be chloroformed and sent by a night train to a certain farm near Somerset, Kentucky (one hundred and sixty miles from Cincinnati); if he found his way back he could not have done it by memory.

The doctor objected to chloroform, remembering that dogs and cats often forget to awake from anæsthetic slumbers; but finally Hector was drugged with a dose of Becker's elixir (an alcoholic solution of morphine), and sent to Somerset in charge of a freight-train conductor. The conductor reports that his passenger groaned in his

stupor 'Like a Christian in a whiskey fit,' at length relieved himself by stretching and went to sleep again. But in the twilight of the next morning, while the train was taking in wood at King' Mountain, eighteen miles north of Somerset, the dog escaped from the caboose and staggered toward the depot in a dazed sort of way. Two brakemen started in pursuit, but seeing them, the dog gathered himself up, bolted across a pasture and disappeared in the mist. At 10 a.m. on the following day he turned up in Cincinnati, having run a distance of one hundred and forty-two miles in about twenty-eight hours.

Still the test was not decisive. The dog might have recovered from his lethargy in time to ascertain the general direction of his journey, and returned to the northern terminus by simply following the railroad track backward. The projector of the experiment, therefore, proposed a new test, with different amendments, to be tried on his next hunting trip to Central Kentucky. On the last day of January the dog was sent across the river, and, *nem. con.*, the experimenter fuddled him with ether and put him in a wicker basket, after bandaging his nose with a rag that had been scented with a musky perfume. Starting with an evening train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, he took his patient south-west to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally north-east to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison County. Here the much-traveled quadruped was treated to a handsome supper, but had to pass the night in a dark tool-shed.

"The next morning they lugged him out to a clearing behind the farm, and slipped his leash on top of a grassy knob, at some distance from the next larger wood. The dog cringed and fawned at the feet of his traveling companion, as if to conciliate his consent to the meditated enterprise, and then slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the

opposite bank, and scampered away at a trot first, and by and by at a gallop—not toward Crab Orchard, *i. e.*, southeast, but due north toward Morgan's Ridge and Boonsboro—in a bee-line to Cincinnati, O. They saw him cross a stubble field, not a bit like an animal that has lost its way and has to turn right and left to look for landmarks, but, 'like a horse on a tramway,' straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air-line toward a visible gaol. He made a short *detour* to the left, to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaping a rail fence, and went headlong into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him.

A report to the above effect, duly countersigned by the Berea witnesses, reached the dog's owner on February 4th, and on the afternoon of the following day Hector met his master on the street, wet and full of burrs and remorse, evidently ashamed of his tardiness. That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the full influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory, was a misleading fact, namely, that they had brought him from a southwesterly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, the centers of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The inclination of the water-shed might have guided him to the Kentucky River, and by and by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati, and by an exhaustively circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind, on that morning, varied from west to north-west; and, if it wafted

a taint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky River Mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?

Wiped Out—A Story of the Plains.

The *Detroit Free Press* gives the following graphic illustration of a stampede among a herd of buffaloes:

What is that?

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods, towards a buffalo calf gamboling around its mother.

Raise your eyes a little more, and you will see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly sweep on. Afar out to right and left—mere specks on the plain—are the flankers; brave old buffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well can they be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer!

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll—now drawing himself over the grass—now raising his head above a thistle to mark the locality of his victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame, and spiteful, and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left alone to get on

as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him, and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs.

Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short, sharp bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush, and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away—again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front who wait to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see, and the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall, the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns, and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed—here and there

older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, where the herd was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt, and dust, and ruts, and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the banks of the winding, growling river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles,—men, women and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains, and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily in the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and afar off comes a din which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnee dared ride down where these long-barreled rifles could speak a defense of the peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance-guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon-wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rifles, and a shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-browned body, rushed

through the camp. Then another, and another. The men shout and wave their arms; the women and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half-a-dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of Heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd had passed, the keenest hunter could find nothing on that spot, of wood, or iron, or cloth, or bone, or flesh, to prove that a dozen men, women and children were there wiped out of existence, and reduced to shred and dust.

Peculiarities of a Massachusetts Swan.

Visitors to Pine Grove Cemetery, Milford, Mass., are much surprised to see a swan standing on a grave near a child's rocking-horse. The swan utters a shriek if any one attempts to approach the grave. Some years ago the male to the swan died, and soon after the rocking-horse was placed on the newly-made grave, when the surviving swan immediately stationed himself as protector over the horse. If the father of the little boy who is buried there approaches, the swan makes no outcry, but no one else is allowed to approach the spot. Recently the horse was taken away and painted, and while it was absent the swan took no notice of the grave, but passed its time on the pond or in its house; but when the horse was replaced, the swan took up its position by its side, thus showing that it was the rocking-

horse and not the grave that was the object of its vigil. It is rumored that the trustees ordered the horse removed, but the owner of the lot refused to comply with the command, because his son had requested that it be placed above his grave.

Snakes Catching Fish.

One day, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*, while catching minnows as usual, I noticed a number of snakes, the common water moccasin, approaching the dam or footway of stones. The water yet lacked several inches of reaching the top of the stoneway, although it was rushing in quite rapidly, and carrying with it many bull-minnows and small white perch which were unable to resist it. Watching the snakes, I saw one after another reach the dam and take their station upon it, submerging themselves all but their heads, which were raised about an inch above the water, and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this position I counted seventeen snakes, arranged in uneven intervals, in a space of less than sixty feet. I came to the conclusion at once that they were fishing, and watched them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon I saw one head strike forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large bull-minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes, having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there. Now, how is this for reason or instinct? How do these snakes know where to locate themselves, and the particular stage of the tide at

which to start on their fishing excursion? How do they know that a number of minnows will be swept over the miniature falls made by the rocks? These are questions that go beyond my comprehension, and I leave them for others to answer. But the facts remain, and any one who will take the trouble may verify them at any time during the summer by a visit to Gravelly Creek.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

The kangaroo, as is well known, is found only in Australia and Tasmania. Its means of locomotion and defense are so peculiar, and its swiftness so great, that the chase of it is attended with excitement and dangers wholly unique. The following interesting chase is from a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

At 9 o'clock this morning ten men, including myself, started on horseback, with four dogs, on a chase. All were experienced in the business except a young Englishman and myself. We took no firearms, a large stick being the only weapon to be used. We had no difficulty in finding the animals. It was disdained to avoid such fences as we found, and we jumped several of a height of four to five feet, always approaching them at full run. We divided the party, half going to each side of a partly open plain. I soon saw a large kangaroo and two small ones coming toward our party. We waited until they were near enough to see us, when they made a right angle and went off at an astonishing pace, in jumps of fifteen to twenty feet in length, going from eight to ten feet in the air at each jump. We "went for" the big one, but he quickly got beyond our sight, the three having already distanced the dogs.

The kangaroo dogs hunt by sight, like the grayhound.

These three were all lost, we learned as we met at the point agreed upon. We next surrounded another large tract of forest, plain and meadow, this time dividing the dogs. In a few moments a hundred or more kangaroos came bounding toward the party with me. The dog with me started for them, and all the dogs and men were at once in pursuit. The kangaroos divided into several parties, each dog selecting one to follow, and each man following some of the dogs. My dog went for a boomer, and I also, in company with two others of the party. The boomer stood up, took a long look at us, and then flew. We followed him among the trees and branches, jumping logs and debris of all kinds, and across plains at a fearful rate. The horses needed no urging; their blood was up now. The dog "laid to it," but made no sound. When he would get near the kangaroo the animal would jump at right angles, and change his course, while the dog would shoot on a distance before turning.

After a run of this kind for some distance the kangaroo started for a swamp. After reaching that, and going in a distance, he turned his face toward us, standing on his hind paws to a height of seven feet, and prepared for battle. The dog went for him, and the fight commenced. The dog succeeded in getting hold of his tail, and was carried in the air some distance by repeated jumps. The dog then lost his hold, and was seized and put under the water. Owing to my having the best horse, I was first to come to the dog's aid. I was warned by shouts not to approach the animal, but disregarded them and showed myself a good kangaroo hunter. The animal proved to be eight feet long. The rest of the party killed two smaller ones, and later in the day, at another chase, another large one was killed. The females do not fight, but run so swiftly that they are rarely overtaken.

Rivalries and Jealousies of Birds.

John Burroughs, under the head of "Spring Notes," in the *Christian Union*, writes the following interesting paragraph concerning the rivalries and jealousies of birds: "I notice that during the mating season of the birds, the rivalries and the jealousies are not all confined to the males. Indeed, the most spiteful and furious battles, as among the domestic fowls, are frequently between females. I have seen two hen robins scratch and pull hair in a manner that contrasted strongly with the courtly and dignified sparring usual between the males. The past March a pair of bluebirds decided to set up housekeeping in the trunk of an old apple tree near my house. One day an unwedded female appeared and probably tried to supplant the lawful wife. I did not see what arts she used, but I saw her being very roughly handled by the jealous bride. The battle continued nearly all day about the orchard and grounds, and was a battle at very close quarters. The two birds would clinch in the air or on a tree, and fall to the ground with beaks and claws locked. The male followed them about, but whether deprecatingly or encouragingly I could not tell. Occasionally he would take a hand in, but whether to separate them or whether to fan the flames, I could not tell. So far as I could see he was highly amused and culpably indifferent to the issue of the battle."

A Pretty Little Pet.

Several days ago, says a writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, a lady living on Browne Street heard a bird cry as if in pain, in the yard outside the door, and upon investigation found a young humming-bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and found it to be but little hurt, though enough to warrant her taking an

interest in its convalescence. She took it into the house and kept it till the next day, when, on taking it to the door to let it go, the bird flew up into a tree and refused to go further away, finally returning to her hand. Charmed with the confidence displayed by the pretty creature, the lady took it fully in charge, and since then has fed and cared for it as for any other pet. The bird is of a beautiful russet gold in color, seems to know its benefactress, and has charmingly coquettish ways. It permits its mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked and being petted. When it gets hungry it makes a plaintive call, and is then fed from a fresh petunia, into whose depths have been sprinkled sugar moistened with water, in imitation of the honey that is the natural food of the bird in freedom. The bird enjoys its meal with gusto, and calls for about twenty of them daily. It is very seldom that one of these dainty birds is caught, and still more rarely is one kept alive, to say nothing of becoming a pet, as is the case with the one spoken of.

A Hen's Curious Hatch.

A gentleman of Raleigh, of unquestionable veracity, relates a story whose truth he asserts to be above par. For some time past a hen of his had been conspicuous by her absence from the premises, and there were fears that she had been lost. These fears were very agreeably dispelled, however, on Friday, when she made her appearance, sing ing in her gayest manner, and stepping along in her sprightliest style. Just behind her were some diminutive objects to which she ever and anon gave her undivided attention. The slowness of their progress caused the hen's owner to rush out and see what the brood was this time. He was astonished to see the hen cover with her wings twelve little

terrapins. Soon she was reassured, and allowed him to get a good look at her treasures. The family were called out to see the wonder. The owner of the hen then went back the way she had come, and found out how the eggs were hatched. A terrapin which had laid the eggs had deserted them, and the motherly fowl concluded to sit on them. This she had done, and the result was the twelve young terrapins.

The Fox, Crow and Rooster.

W. P. Levis, proprietor of the "Gem City" paper-mills, Dayton, O., has a miniature zoological garden at his mills on East Water street, and among the collection of birds and beasts, is a diminutive bantam rooster. A few days since a tame crow, while taking a meditative walk, came in too close proximity to a sly old fox that was feigning sleep near his den, where he is confined by a light chain. Reynard was apparently oblivious to all passing things, but that crow has now learned that appearances are very deceitful, and so are foxes. Before the crow was aware of the danger the fox had seized it. Then there was a loud "caw, caw," and a flapping of wings, which attracted the attention of the little bantam rooster. He took in the situation at a glance, and at once rushed to the rescue of his feathered companion. The plucky little rooster flew into the face of the fox, struck hard with wing and spur, and so worried the fox that he dropped the crow and gave his attention to the rooster, but his feathered antagonist proved as agile as he is brave, and so soon as he saw the poor crow, minus a few feathers, hop off safely beyond the limits of Reynard's chain, he concluded the law of self-preservation was the next best thing in order, so carried it into effect. The fox then skulked into his den.

Apparent Reasoning Power in Animals.

During a recent discussion in the columns of *Nature*, a large number of hitherto unrecorded instances of supposed reasoning in animals have come to light, and these have been subjected to a criticism which in only a few cases can be said to have proved wholly destructive. This fate, however, undoubtedly befel the instance the publication of which led to the present discussion. On a certain window-sill, thirteen feet above the ground, the birds during the late frosts were regularly supplied with crumbs. One day a water-rat was found regaling itself on the sill, which it had reached by climbing up a wall-plant, and, as it could not possibly have seen the crumbs, the narrator supposed that it must have been led there by a process of reasoning based on its observation of the birds flocking together, and the inference that food must have been the attraction. This, however, was afterward shown to be unnecessarily far-fetched, as, looking to the acute sense of smell possessed by those creatures, the rat was much more likely to have been led to the food by its nose than by any little reasoning power it might possess. The brown rat, which in spite of incessant persecution contrives to increase and multiply in the busiest haunts of men, affords the next example. The water-pipes in several houses were found to be leaking, and an examiuation proved the leakage to proceed from holes gnawed in the lead pipes by rats for the purpose of obtaining water, there being plenty of evidence about that such spots formed their regular drinking places. The question thus arose how the rats came to know that the lead pipes contained the desired fluid. To this Darwin, on being interrogated, replied: "Do not they hear the water trickling?" If this be the correct explanation, it certainly indicates considerable power of practical reasoning on the part of rats.

Many other explanations have, however, been tendered, such as the possible cracking of the pipes through frost, thus giving the rat a clue to the water within; or that the pipes might have been gnawed, as they often are, because of their obstructing the creature's tunneling operations; or that the rats did it to sharpen their teeth, or simply because, like children, they must do something to work off the energy within them, just as cats enjoy scratching the legs of a table. The weightiest of these were shown to be inapplicable in this instance, so that the rats may meanwhile be allowed the benefit of a reasonable doubt. In discussing this instance, the Rev. G. Henslow raised a somewhat new issue by granting that brutes reason, but that their reasoning is always practical, never abstract, explaining his meaning by an example. A dog that had been left alone in a room rang the bell to fetch the servant. It had, however, been taught to do so; had it rung the bell without previous instruction, the reasoning which led it to do so would have been in his opinion abstract; as it was, it was only practical. Dr. Rae, the famous Arctic traveler, attempts to supply the desideratum by recounting an experiment made to find out whether a terrier which had been taught to ring the bell really understood the purpose of the action. It was told by its mistress to ring the bell while the maid was in the room; it looked first at its mistress, then at the maid, but took no notice whatever of the order, although it was given more than once. On the girl leaving the room the order was repeated, and at once obeyed.

This does not, however, satisfy Mr. Henslow, who thinks that had the dog possessed abstract reasoning it would, on seeing the girl in the room, have supposed that it had been told to ring the bell for some one else. What Mr. Henslow desiderates would seem, however, to have been sup-

plied in the case of a cat, 12 years old, which, although never taught to knock at the door, is and has been for three years past in the regular habit of making use of a knocker just within his reach, as he stands on his hind legs, in order to gain admission. He begins with a single knock, which, if not attended to, is followed by the well-known "postman's knock." If this should prove unsuccessful, "trial is then made of a scientific rat-tat that would not disgrace a West-End footman." The same cat has still further shown his appreciation of human ways by developing a fondness for brandy and water.

The elephant generally figures in discussions of this sort, and in the present instance a singular example of its reasoning powers is sent all the way from New York. In the central part of that city an elephant was observed, during a very hot day, taking up great trunkfuls of new-mown hay and spreading them over its back, until that part had been completely thatched. It then stood motionless, enjoying the coolness its own ingenuity had produced. Instinct would have prompted it to eat the grass; the utilizing it for the purpose of screening itself from the sun's rays looks altogether like a reasonable act. To find the donkey among the number of reasoning animals is probably more surprising. The appearance, however, which it makes in the columns of *Nature* is highly creditable to it. A donkey, which, when not employed by its master's children, used to graze in a field with some cows, was in the habit, when milking-time arrived, of lifting the field-gate and holding it back until all the cows had passed out, when it allowed the gate to swing close again, and went home with them. This bit of gallantry and intellect it owed entirely to nature's teaching. As might have been expected from the greater opportunity man has of observing them, from the training which their faculties undergo, and their exemp-

tion from that struggle for a mere subsistence, which is supposed to hinder the development even of man's intellectual powers, the domesticated animals afford most of the examples of animal reasoning.

Many of the fur-bearing animals of North America, however, have long been known for their cuteness in circumventing the trapper, and Dr. Rae testifies to this in the case of the arctic foxes. Wishing to capture some of these he tried various traps, but as they were all familiar to the foxes they were of no use; he accordingly tried a form of trap new to that country, consisting of a loaded gun fixed on a stand, and pointing to the bait, which was connected to the trigger by a string thirty yards in length, and for most of its length concealed under the snow. The bait, on being seized, caused the gun to go off, and the fox thus committed involuntary suicide. By this new stratagem Dr. Rae secured one fox, but no more. The survivors set themselves to unravel the mystery, and that they succeeded was soon shown by the methods they adopted to secure the bait without losing their lives. They either cut the string connecting the bait with the trigger, or, burrowing up to it beneath the snow at right angles to the string, they pulled it down beneath the line of fire. These are only a few examples of the many which have lately been made public, and they will probably suffice to show that, however great may be the difference between the animal mind and that of man, animals are at least not destitute of reasoning power. The ultimate source of this difference is believed by many to be in the possession by man of the faculty of speech, by which he can deal with abstract ideas too complex to be capable of development without the aid of language. If this be so, the question whether human intelligence differs from that of brutes in kind, or merely in degree, "hinges entirely," as Mr. Romanes expressed it lately before the

British Association, "on the question whether the faculty of speech has an origin natural or supernatural."

Music and Mice.

Though the great naturalist, Linnæus, in speaking of the common mouse, said "delectatur musica," yet so little was it credited, that Gmelin omitted mentioning this feature in his edition of Linnæus' *Systema Naturæ*. Subsequently, however, the assertion has been satisfactorily confirmed. Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in the United States, says: "On a rainy evening in the winter of 1877, as I was alone in my chamber, I took my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole; I began again shortly afterward, and was much surprised to see it reappear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it couched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy; I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. The experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive, to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in the Philadelphia *Medical and Physical Journal*, in the year 1817. It was communicated by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson county, on the credit of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states that one evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plantive air on the violin. He had scarce-

ly performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the center of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment—it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that, in proportion to the graduation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa.* After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain.

A Wily Poodle.

A blind beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Perez, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 20,000 franks in bonds of the Orleans Railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

A Fight with a Rattlesnake, and a Remedy for its Bite.

Peter O'Neill, who lives in the town of Cornwall, seven miles south of Newburg, N. Y., after listening to several rattlesnake stories one day, told the following:

"But now I want to tell you something maybe you won't believe. I've heard of one thing and another to cure the bite of a rattlesnake, but if you pay attention, you'll hear of a wonderful cure which always succeeded. 'Twas over thirty years ago, and the man, an old friend, told me about it himself. He lived in the mountains near Port Jervis. His name was Lambert. He was in the woods doing something one day, and he run across a big rattlesnake. He and the snake had a hard fight, and the old man was struck on the leg by the venomous reptile. He killed the snake, and then in some way got home while suffering intense pain. One of his sons jumped on a horse and rode five miles for a doctor. A few hours after another doctor was sent for, and the two of them could do him no good. There they stood over the old man, who lay on his cot senseless and speechless, and dying in great agony. Every minute they expected the old man to breathe his last. Who it was that spoke of the cure that brought him to life I don't know, but it was done at the last minute, when all hope had gone.

They took a lot of the 'touch-me-not weed,' that weed, you know, that when you squeeze the top of it it flies all over. It was pounded up fine in a pan or kettle that was perfectly clean, for if there was any grease about it it won't do. Then it was boiled in milk until the stems began to bubble up, when it was applied. The old man lay there on one side, twitching and jerking, and with every twitch and jerk blood would spurt out of a vein near his eye way across the room. The poison had gone way up there

through his body, and the sight was a terrible one. The preparation was rubbed all over him and in five minutes he was relieved. In half an hour he began to talk. In three-quarters of an hour he was sitting up in his cot talking, and in an hour he was about the room. He soon recovered, and was as good as ever. It was a hopeless case, and the old man would certainly have died if the weed had not been applied. I know this remedy to be a certain cure, for I've had cases to try it myself. I never think of snakes but my old friend Lambert comes into my mind."

The Dog and the Picture.

A writer in *Nature* says: In 1843 a young and self-taught artist asked me to allow him to paint my likeness in oil colors, and I consented. His studio was in the next town, three miles distant, and, as often as required, I went over; I, however, did not take my dog with me. It was done in kit-cat size, and he succeeded so well in the likeness and artistic work that when exhibited at the annual meeting of the Polytechnic society at Falmouth a medal was awarded to it.

When it was brought to my house my old dog was present with the family at the "unveiling;" nothing was said to him nor invitation given him to notice it. We saw that his gaze was steadily fixed on it, and he soon became excited, and whined, and tried to lick and scratch it, and was so much taken up with it that we—although so well knowing his intelligence—were all quite surprised; in fact, could scarcely believe that he should know it was my likeness. We, however, had sufficient proof after it was hung up in our parlor; the room was rather low, and under the picture stood a chair; the door was left open without any thought about the dog; he, however, soon found it out,

when a low whining and scratching was heard by the family, and, on search being made, he was in the chair trying to get at the picture.

After this I put it up higher, so as to prevent it being injured by him. This did not prevent him from paying attention to it, for whenever I was away from home, whether for a short or long time—sometimes for several days—he spent most of his time gazing on it, and as it appeared to give him comfort, the door was always left open for him. When I was long away, he made a low whining, as if to draw attention to it. This lasted for years, in fact as long as he lived and was able to see it. I have never kept a dog since he died; in fact I dare not, his loss so much affected me. I might tell of many of his wonderful actions; he could do most of such things as are related of other dogs. I am now only anxious to notice this recognition of my likeness, from never having heard of another such fact being recorded of any other dog.

The Wrong Pig.

A tame bear recently had an immense amount of fun in a country village of France. Its owner, a strolling showman, prevailed upon a farmer, whose house he reached at evening, to provide lodgings for the night, and the farmer, in an accommodating spirit, removed a fine pig from a stall in his barn to make room for the bear. In the middle of the night three men, who had arranged to steal the pig, broke into the stall, and in the darkness began to kick the occupant in the head, to arouse its sluggish energies. When the farmer and his guest arrived, the bear had killed one of the thieves, fatally injured another, and driven the other stark mad with fear.

How a Deer Lived Over 3,000 Years.

This is the "Old Settler's" story, which was suggested by the death of Bill Long, a famous hunter of the Susquehanna Valley, who died at the age of eighty-three. Said his friend:

"I never think o' Bill Long without havin' to laugh about a yarn he told me oncet, when I was campin' with him over on the Tionesta, long in '30. The woods was jest a humpin' theirselves with game then. There was so many deer that the settlers usety have to watch their grain fields to keep the deer from eatin' up their rye and oats; and I've heerd that two old bucks made up their minds oncet to paster on a farmer's rye out there, an' jest waltzed inter two men that was watchin' the field, and made 'em take to the top o' a ches'nut tree. Then the bucks fed 'round ez cool ez if they'd sowed that rye theirselves, and it wasn't nobody's business if they wanted to cut it 'fore 'twas ripe. Every time the men 'd make a move to git from their roost, one or t'other o' the bucks 'd make for 'em with a blat that 'd skeer the fellers out'n their wits almost, and 'd send 'em back to the top o' the tree like jumpin' jacks on a stick. The deer kep' the men on the tree durn nigh half a day, an' then walked off to the woods ez innercent ez lambs.

"One night Bill and me was a tellin' stories in the cabin, an' he axed me if I know'd how long a deer would live, purvided him nor me wan't a huntin' in the woods where the deer was puttin' up. I said no, I didn't, and he said he didn't neither. 'But,' says Bill, 'I know a feller that b'lieves that deer lives to be more'n three thousand year old.' Course we had to laugh at this, and then Bill tells me what made this feller think so.

"'The feller's name,' says he, 'is Joel Price, and he's

a bark-peeler in the Siskyhanner. I was in camp over there in 1820. There was a good many deer, and the year afore, Bill Carpenter and me hung up more'n a hundred. Bill wasn't no hunter. He was allus a losin' suthin' or other, and was so durn nervous in the woods that 'bout all he was good fur was to cook and to tend to the camp. One day I took him out to stand on the runway, and I know'd I'd put a big buck right down to him from the ridge. But I never heerd nuthin' from him, and when I got back to camp, behold ye, there was the wuthless rooster settin' by the fire smokin' his pipe, ez if he hadn't come out fur to do anything else. I axed him what he left the runway fur, and whether he got a shot. He said he'd lost his ramrod, and couldn't do nothin', so he came in. Well, the next year, ez I said afore, I camped in the same woods. Every night, most, some o' the bark-peelers 'd come to my cabin to hear me tell huntin' stories.

"'Well, this Joel Price come to my cabin every night. He was one o' these arguin' fellers that knows everything and don't know nothin' after all. He was great on gettin' relics, and takin' 'bout ancient hist'ry. He talked by the yard 'bout old Nimrod, and how he hunted, and said he b'lieved the hunters o' that time know'd 'bout guns and powder. One day he wanted to stand on a runway, and I took him out. I druv a buck right to him, and I heerd him shoot. I went over to where he was to see what he'd done. When I got there I saw he was as white as a sheet, and was a hoppin' up and down by the side o' a thunderin' big buck he had knocked dead in his tracks by some accident or other. When he saw me he more'n hollered. He had a ramrod in his hand.

"'Great hemlock, he hollered. I've killed the father o' all deer, Bill! Here's an animal that they ain't no doubt was hunted by the hunters that lived more'n three thousand

years ago. This ramrod was in his hide. See what it says.'

"I took the ramrod. On one side, near the big end, was cut the letters, B. C., 1819.

"'"B. C., 1819!' hollered Joel. 'More'n three thousand years ago! Mebbe ole Nimrod hisself sent that inter this yer buck!'

"'I know'd now how Bill Carpenter had lost his ramrod the year before. He'd been loadin' when he heerd the deer a-comin', and got so nervous that he forget to take the ramrod out, and had fired it at the buck. It plugged inter the buck under the skin, which had healed up. Bill allus cut his 'nitials on every thing he had, and the year he done it in. This buck was the same one he had shot at. I told Joel how it was, but the durn fool wouldn't have it, and he b'lieves to this day that a deer 'll live to be more'n 3,000 year old if you leave it alone.'"

The Old Mastiff's Revenge.

The mastiff in question was old and toothless, but had been a good fighting dog in his day, and still loved a fight. He was dozing on his master's front porch one day when he saw a vigorous, saucy-looking yellow dog prowling about outside of the gate. The venerable mastiff made a sortie, as it were, and after several minutes' fighting got badly licked. He was too old and feeble, and had evidently lost his grip. Defeated, he skipped off to the backyard of his master's next door neighbor, who had a fine large dog in the fighting prime of his existence. A brief conversation was held in dog, and the neighboring dog accompanied the aged mastiff to the street. That big country dog was looking around for another old dog to whip, and the mastiff's healthy neighbor just went for him. The defeated yellow dog seemed pretty soon to have important business in the rural districts, judging by the way he scooted out of town.

Battling with Lions.

Mr. F. Falkner Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives the following exciting account of a sudden encounter which he had with lions at Kerima, Central Africa, at which place he and his caravan of one hundred and eighty men had arrived. In a letter received from him by the last mail, dated from that station, he mentions the difficulties he had experienced in procuring animal food for his men. "Our only food," he says, "consists of Indian corn, pounded between two stones, with a good share of sand, and only salt with it. It is well to have even this, but still, men accustomed all their lives to good animal food cannot live on such poor fare, and so I go out every second or third day with my gun and kill a zebra, eland, water-buck, etc. One of any of these enables us to live in clover for a single day. A recent expedition of this kind, however, nearly cost me my life. I felt that I must go in search of food, as there was not at the time a morsel in our camp, and so forth I sallied. My first shot was at a giraffe, into whom I put two bullets, and then followed him over hill and dale until noon, when heat, thirst, and want of food obliged me to give up the chase. After smoking a pipe and taking some rest, I was off again; got a shot at a zebra, but missed him. The zebra, I should mention, is the best meat in Africa. Rather disheartened, and grieving for the poor hollow-eyed fellows I should meet on my return, for whom I had nothing in the shape of food, I turned toward camp, and just at 3:30 P. M. a fine boar dashed past me. I sent a bullet through him at once, but on he went. I knew, however, we should find him dead a few hundred yards ahead, by the quantity of blood in the long grass; so I followed, but just then sighted three zebras—so dropped piggie's trail and went off to try and stalk the zebras. In

about ten minutes after I heard a fearful row, and my two gun-bearers said it was a rhinoceros. I laid hold of my No. 10 bore, handing my 'express' to my bearer, telling him and the man carrying the smooth-bore to keep close to me. I glided silently through the grass, over six feet high, until close to the spot; then I knew that if it were a rhinoceros that he was lying down, as I could not see a sign of him, so I decided it must be two wild boars fighting. Something told me they could not make such a horrible noise, which actually seemed to shake the ground and rend the very air around me. Strange to say, it never struck me that the noise might have proceeded from lions, although the place is full of them, so I advanced boldly, dividing the grass with my rifle. I then discovered three lions devouring the pig I had shot, and in that short time had finished half of it. The two nearest were within two feet of me, and the furthest three and a half feet. The brutes' beards, chests and claws were covered with blood. Though startled at first, I was perfectly cool, and yet felt perfectly certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite caught sight of me at once, curled his lips, lashed his sides with his tail, but what the others were doing I cannot say, as my friend was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eye off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel at one of the remaining two, determined to sell my life dearly, but to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a sort of sigh of relief, looked around for my gun-bearers, and there they were, fifty yards off, trembling with fear and blue with fright. The rascals had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion."

A Novel Use for the Cat.

So engrossing is the partiality of the domestic cat for its home—so vehement its yearning to return thither when circumstances over which it has no control have resulted in its transfer to unfamiliar localities—that certain Dutch naturalists have come to the conclusion that Grimalkin may be utilized as a letter-carrier with considerable advantage to public interests. These worthies propose to organize a service of post-cats, and are at present engaged, by a series of ingenious experiments, in testing pussy's capabilities for delivering the mails. Selecting Luik for their headquarters, they thence dispatch a number of cats, securely tied up in woolen bags, to the neighboring villages, where they are freed from confinement and turned loose, with neat packages of letters firmly strapped to their backs. At once their domestic instincts come into full play, and they swiftly flee homeward with answering directness. Of thirty-seven cats, thus constrained to serve their country, not one has hitherto failed to fulfill its postal function with excellent punctuality.

It is feared, however, that when a double service shall be arranged, difficulties and delays may arise from the meeting of post-cats on the high road. If the feline postman can be inspired with a high sense of duty, overriding personal impulse, all will be well. Failing in this, we apprehend that irrrgularities in delivery will take place.

A Boy's Fight with a Panther.

Two little boys—the oldest fourteen—followed a dog to a big tree, up which a panther had gone about sixty-five feet. When the eldest lad saw the animal crouched and glaring above, he felt that it was either to be a dead pan-

ther or a death-struggle between it and himself and little brother. He was a good shot generally, but here was to be the severest test his young eye and nerves had ever been put to, and one that might well have tried an older and stouter hunter. He drew the bead and fired, feeling as he did so, he says, as if he had been lifted clear off his feet. But there was the hungry brute yet, crouching on the limb, its eyes fairly fit to burst in their malignant glare. Bang went the gun of our brave young hunter, just as the panther sprang. It seemed, said the lad, as though the animal sprang out from the tree about twenty-five feet, then came straight down, lighting on the dog, about sixteen feet from the boys. The young hunter again thought he had missed. Clubbing his gun, he advanced on the brute to strike it, but it rolled over dead before he could do so. Examination proved that his first shot had struck about four inches back of the heart, the last one in the heart. It was bravely and well done, and, but for the steady nerve and true aim of the lad, he and his little brother would doubtless have fallen victims to the animal's ravenous hunger.

His First Tiger.

Mr. Hornaday, the Rochester naturalist, gives the following description of his first shot at a tiger in the wilds of India:

"After tracking the beast for half a mile, I looked through the clump of bamboos, and sure enough there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away. The sun happened to be shining full upon him, and he was simply gorgeous to behold. He looked perfectly immense. I was determined to have a shot at him, hit or miss. When

I first sighted him he was walking across the bed of the stream, going from us. I raised my rifle and waited. He reached the other bank, snuffed it a moment, and then turned and paced back. Just as he got to the middle of the stream he stopped short, raised his head and looked full at us. It was then or never. Taking a very steady, careful aim at his left eye, I fired, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot, proceeded to reload with all haste. In fact, I fully expected to see the great brute come bounding round that clump of bamboos and upon one of us, but I thought it might not be us he would attack, and while he would be clawing the scalp off one of my men I could send a ball into his brain. I expected that my men would bolt as soon as they saw me getting ready to fire. I should have done so had I been in their place, but they stood at my elbow like brave men, although totally unarmed. When I had reloaded I looked again for Mr. Stripes, and, sure enough, he was there. He was turning round and round where he stood, with his head bent round to the left, as though there was something the matter with his left eye. I waited until his neck was fairly presented, then fired again, aiming to hit the neck low. He instantly dropped. I reloaded, waited a moment to see if he was going to get up, then, with rifle at full-cock, and with the tiger carefully covered, we advanced slowly and respectfully. He was done for, and lay there kicking and foaming at the mouth, but soon became motionless, and I tried to realize that my first tiger lay dead at my feet. I tell you, you will never be able to fully realize the immense proportions of a full-grown tiger until one springs upon you in the jungle, or else lies dead at your feet. Up to that time I had had terrible doubts about a tiger being able to pick up a man in his mouth and run away with him as a fox does with a goose, but when I measured the great brute I under-

stood how it was done. Just fancy a striped tomcat 9 feet 8½ inches in length, 3 feet 7 inches high at the shoulders, 3 feet around the jaws, with teeth and claws to match, weighing 495 pounds, and you will have an idea of the size of that tiger."

A Cat's Sorrow and Gratitude.

It was apparent that it was either a cat or a dog, and an effort was made to frighten it away from the shadow so that curiosity might be satisfied; but it refused to move until actually driven, and then only a foot or two with great reluctance. This was sufficient, however, and the question was settled. It was a cat, but why did it seem loath to retreat?

By stooping close to the ground the dead body of a gray kitten about half-grown was discovered. The cat, which had been driven away, seemed alarmed by the investigation, and uttered several half-plaintive and defiant cries. The gentleman says that he then walked several steps toward the south and stopped to see what the old cat was going to do. She immediately returned to the dead body, and after walking around it for some time, she suddenly raised her head and gave another cry.

This seemed to have been caused by another intruder, and by following the direction of the cat's eyes it was seen that another cat was the cause of the distress. The latter animal was hidden in a cellar door, with the exception of its head. The light fell upon it, and there was something interrogatory about the face. This cat's object seemed to be to learn what the other was doing, whilst the guardian of the dead seemed to misunderstand the cause of the intrusion.

A well-aimed brickbat started the inquisitive cat on a

double quick, which doubtless carried him out of the neighborhood. Immediately after his departure, the mourning mother came away from the little corpse and rubbed herself against the legs of him who had routed her enemy. She also looked up into his face and mewed as if to ask pardon for her former unkindness and to give him to understand the true condition of her feline heart. Having received a little kindness in return, she resumed her lonely watch beside the dead.

Sagacity of the Canine.

"I once witnessed," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "a very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in Ashiesteel. A neighbor came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog Chieftain would find her that night. On that they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house, went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man losing his ewe, and at length he pointed out a place to John by the side of the water where he had lost her. 'Chief tain, fetch that,' said John; 'bring her back, sir.' The dog jumped around and around, and reared himself upon an end; but not being able to see anything, evidently misapprehended his master, on which John fell to scolding his dog, calling it a great many hard names. He at last told the man that he must point out the very track that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The

man led him to a gray stone, and said he was sure she took the brae (hill side) within a yard of that. 'Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb'd whelp,' said John. Chieftain came. John pointed with his finger to the ground: 'Fetch that, I say—bring that back, away!' The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds, but soon began to mend his pace, and vanished in the darkness. 'Bring her back—away, you great calf!' vociferated John, with a voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill; and, as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more of him for a long time. I think, if I remember right, we waited there about half an hour, during which time all the conversation was about the small chance which the dog had to find the ewe, for it was agreed on all hands that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will ever be able to decide. John, however, still persisted in waiting until his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her; and at last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back, and went on his way rejoicing."

An Odd Fish.

In the waters of British North America, as we are informed, there is a fish, an odd fish, as surprising in its way as the sea serpent, and infinitely more useful. It is a species of smelt, and may be poetically described as an aquatic glow-worm. We are told it may be literally used in the same way as a candle, by simply setting a light to the tail, when it will burn with a flame as steady as that of the 'dips' which our grandfathers used to have to put up with before gas was invented. It is a small, silvery fish, aver-

aging about fourteen inches long, is excessively fat, and affords an excellent and valuable oil, which is so inflammable that the dried carcass will serve as a torch. Among the natives the fish is known as the colahan, and by them, as by others who have tasted it, is considered one of the most delicious products of the sea, being far more delicate in flavor than the herring. The fish are caught in wicker baskets, and are smoked as much as their oily nature will allow.

Capturing Orangs in Borneo.

Mr. W. H. Hornaday, a celebrated traveler, describes one of his orang hunts as follows:

"I got one orang alive during my stay in Borneo. He was a young one—not larger than an 8 or 10 year-old boy. When we discovered him he was in a tree which stood out alone by itself. The darkies cut the tree down, and there he was. We had forked sticks all ready for him, and we put one of these over his neck, thus pinning him down to the ground. I would rather have put my hand against a buzz-saw than into his mouth. He was as mad as a tiger, and he took no pains to conceal his ferocity. On the contrary, he displayed it to the very best advantage. After we had secured him safely, we tantalized him just to see how far he would go in his anger. He actually became so enraged that he took one of his own fingers between his teeth and bit it through to the solid bone!

Then, when we got him into the boat, he managed to get hold of one of the fingers of his dead mother, lying beside him, and bit that quite as fiercely as he had his own. I tied a rope around his neck and took him to headquarters. There I assigned him to a bath-room, where he could have everything his own way. But he was surly, and wouldn't

eat much of anything, though I did my level best to keep him supplied with the delicacies of the season, and especially with boiled rice, which is deemed good for the orangoutang when in captivity. But he only hung upon the rafters with those long arms of his, and wouldn't eat, except when he tried to eat me. I couldn't induce him to become an admirer of mine, and he pined away, as orangoutangs always do in captivity. Their disposition seems to be such that they prefer death to bondage, and this is probably the reason they are so seldom seen even in the best of menageries. One night we heard a heavy thud in the bath-room, and when we went in to see what was the matter, there lay the little mias, whose own obstinacy had been the death of him."

Extraordinary Affection.

The mutual love of a rooster and a dog in Avon is recorded by *The Rochester Union* as follows: The rooster is known by the name of "Dick," to which he responds very readily when called by his owner. The dog's name is "Sandy." He is a mongrel with considerable of the terrier in him, and endowed with more than usual intelligence. It seems that when the rooster "Dick" was a very young chicken he took to the dog "Sandy," who returned the affection warmly, and cared for the little fowl with all the tenderness possible. When the dog went to sleep at night, "Dick" would snug up to him, and thus obtain the warmth of his body. Since then they have been constant associates and playmates, the rooster not seeming to care a particle for the company of other roosters or hens, while the dog preferred to play with "Dick" rather than with animals of his own kind. "Sandy" allows "Dick" to perch on his back, while he lays stretched between two chairs, and the rooster succeeds in sticking on while the dog leaps from one chair to another.

Hounds Outrun by a Hare.

The London *Telegraph* says: It has often been debated whether the fleetness and stoutness of a good hare are greater than those of a first-class greyhound. The best hares in England are said to be those on the wolds of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and here it was that the celebrated Maj. Topham, of Wold cottage, near Malton, loved to maintain that he could find a hare any morning capable of showing her heels to the best pair of greyhounds that were ever slipped, even though his own champion dog, Snowball, were in the leash. Not long before Maj. Topham's death, in 1820, a boastful lover of the leash came to Malton to pass a few days with the owner of Wold cottage. The visitor talked loudly of the marvelous superiority of two greyhounds which he had brought with him, and when Maj. Topham expressed his opinion that on the morrow he would find a hare which his friend's greyhounds could not touch, a bet of 20 guineas to 1 was laid by the backer of the dogs against a hare whose form was well known to the major, seeing that he had often slipped Snowball in pursuit of her, and always without success. On the morrow the hare was found in her usual seat in a fallow field, and away she went, keeping to the top of the ridge, while the two dogs in pursuit ran in the furrows, one to the right and the other to the left of the ridge, along which the quarry held her flying course. At first it seemed that the dogs were gaining upon her, since the hare is the most cunning of all animals which trust to their speed for safety. Shortly, she ran through a hedge which bounded the fallow field, and which the two dogs flew in their stride. But having left the hedge behind her, the hare knew well that the moment had arrived for putting on the speed. A broad down, with crisp grass, and sloping gently upward for three miles, was before her, and here it was that upon many previous occa-

sions she had left Maj. Topham's best dogs far in the lurch. Carefully watching her pursuers, she then began to increase her speed, and before a mile was traversed the two dogs were beaten off two hundred yards. As it is the peculiarity of greyhounds, or gazehounds, that they abandon the pursuit when they can no longer see the animal they are chasing, Maj. Topham was inexpressibly entertained when his friend's dogs were observed to stop and raise themselves on their long hind-legs, as is their fashion when unsighted. When the major and the friend came up with them, they were standing with their tongues out and looking at each other, while the flying hare was at the top of the hill. Not long afterward she was shot by a neighbor from behind a hedge, to the great mortification of the major, who vowed that no dog that was ever born could live with her upon the Yorkshire wolds. She was carefully weighed after death, and was found to weigh ten and a half pounds. Such was her fame that a well-known sporting writer of the past, who, under the nom de plume of Martingale, was a constant contributor some forty years since to *The Doncaster Gazette*, openly avowed his belief that, "on a comparison of the speed of the hare with that of the greyhound, the fleetest hare will defeat the fleetest dog."

Saw the Elephant and Died.

That there is a limit to elephantine endurance was proved long ago by the dismal drenching administered to a certain tailor of Delhi, whose excessive hardiness with the needle prompted him to offer gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a huge pachyderm which obtruded the tip of its trunk upon his notice as he sat in his shop-window. A still more terrible reprisal than this has recently been exercised by a vexed elephant upon an imprudent person who trifled with

the colossal beast's appetite until he provoked it to ungovernable fury. The elephant in question constituted the "great attraction" of a traveling menagerie that arrived in Amsterdam and was permitted to camp out in one of the public gardens there. An old gentleman, inspired by the elephant's amiable expression of countenance, with the conviction that "Maharajah" would stand any amount of teasing, proceeded to offer a tempting lump of bread to the animal, deftly withdrawing it, however, beyond the reach of Maharajah's trunk each time that receptacle was thrust forth to grasp it. This jocular performance having been repeated several times, the elephant suddenly stepped forward close to the side of the railing, seized his tormentor's body in his trunk, lifted him clean over the barrier interposing between them, and hurled him to the ground. Having got his enemy down, Maharajah trod upon him with such vindictive vehemence that, when the "much too merry" old gentleman was finally got out of the enclosure, he was dead.

Poisonous Fishes.

Poisonous fishes are often alluded to in ancient works, and it is but due to their authors to say that their statements have been fully confirmed by subsequent inquiry into results. There is no doubt that congers, pike, and barbel have been long, and still are, recognized in Europe as poisonous at certain seasons, and the roe of the barbel especially so.

The symptoms usually observed in cases of poisoning of this kind are nausea, colic, great heat and itching of the skin, quick pulse, giddiness, loss of vision, cold clammy perspiration, and finally death under convulsions. The exact nature of the poison has yet been but little ascer-

tained. It has been ascribed by some to the feeding of the fish on poisonous mollusca, by some to the disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen, and by others again to a particular specific venom not yet discovered by chemical analysis. Whether the fish possesses that poisonous quality at all seasons is not sufficiently known; but it seems that most species belonging to the tribe are equally noxious, for P. Osbeck, in his "Voyage to China and the East Indies," gives the following startling account of the Tetraodon ocelatus of Linnæus: "This fish is one of the finest I ever saw, but so poisonous that whoever eats of it generally dies in two hours time. The Chinese who affirmed the fact, seeing me take the fish into my hands, earnestly desired me to wash myself, adding that it is forbidden under some great penalty to be sold among other fish."

Dr. Stuart Eldridge states that the salmon is doubtless the most common toxic fish of Japan. From the spring onward this fish is out of season, and if eaten after that period of the year occasions such accidents as the eating of tainted meat. In Japan the like dangers follow the eating of the kateuo (bonito) and the maguro. The Lethrinus nambo can be eaten with impunity until it attains a certain size—say a length of five to five and a half inches—after which it becomes poisonous. Here then it would appear that the age of the fish has something to do with its injurious qualities. Pappenheim gives a list of more than forty poisonous species, principally inhabitants of the torrid zone. Among these we find mackerels, perches, herrings, and sea pikes.

A Spider Story.

To put the ingenuity of the spider to the test, a gentleman frequently placed one on a small upright stick, and surrounded the base with water. After having discovered

that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and, standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects its escape, not, however, until it has ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the other end.

A Struggle with a Devil-Fish.

Mr. Smale, the Government diver, who was attacked by a large octopus, or devil fish, while at work recently on the bed of the Moyne River, at Belfast, in the Colony of Victoria, gives this account of the affair: "Having thrust my arm into a hole, I found it was held by something, and the action of the water was stirring up the loose clay, and, therefore, I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away, I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around mine like a boa-constrictor, and just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to take it away the greater the pain became. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should soon have become insensible held in such a position; and, also if I had given the signal to be pulled up, the brute would have held on, and the chances would have been that I should have had a broken arm. I had a hammer with me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight com-

menced, and the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed. After a while I found the grip to relax a little, but he held on till I had almost cut him to pieces, and then he relaxed his hold from the rock and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position for over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather, a part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."

Bismarck's Big Dog.

One of the most important and generally respected members of Prince Bismarck's household is a large hound, popularly designated the "Realm-Dog." This animal—his mighty master's inseparable companion—is stern of aspect and wrathful in disposition. He inspires fear, rather than love, in all men save one, and has acquired a somewhat formidable renown for having "collared" several eminent personages,—among them Prince Gortschakoff,—whose appearance inspired him with distrust, or in whom his instincts revealed to him the entertainment of hostile purpose toward his lord. For his extraordinary intelligence in this respect he is highly prized by the Chancellor, who is known to entertain considerable faith in the accuracy of the Realm-Dog's judgment of human character. Two delegates from Altona, charged with the presentation of a petition from that town to his Highness, were received by Prince Bismarck in special audience. The Chancellor sat in his comfortable rocking chair, the Realm-Dog stretched on the carpet by his side, while the delegates, Messrs. Nothnagel and Semple, took their seats on a leathern couch facing his Highness. Messrs. Nothnagel held a roll of

paper in his right hand, and, being an energetic speaker, accustomed to emphasize his argument by gesticulation, he waved his scroll about while addressing the Chancellor, disregardful of the fact that his movements elicited several disapproving utterances from the watchful hound. Presently the dog rose with a fierce growl, whereupon Prince Bismarck, hastily interrupting his interlocutor's remarks, exclaimed: "Do put down that scroll, I beg you. My dog, like myself, entertains a profound aversion to every kind of paper. He believes it to be a weapon." It is needless to add that Mr. Nothnagel promptly complied with the request, obviously to the satisfaction of the Realm-Dog, who forthwith subsided into his former peaceful attitude.

An Encounter with a Shark.

An adventure had by Captain David L. Longstreet of Seabright, N. J., has made him quite a hero. Captain Longstreet didn't catch the sea-serpent; far from it, for he was caught very nearly himself, as the following account of his experience will show. Accompanied by a fellow-fisherman, Longstreet cast anchor off the rocks, in ten fathoms of water, at dawn on Thursday, and for five or six hours hauled in bluefish and sea bass without noteworthy interruption. The day was fine, the sea was right, and the trail was strong. Suddenly the fish stopped biting. Longstreet was unable to account for the phenomenon, but while thinking it over he felt the strong pull of a bluefish at his hook. At the same instant he saw the dorsal fin of a shark close by the boat. The shark's tail churned the water into foam twelve feet behind the fin.

When the shark snapped at the bluefish which Longstreet was pulling to the boat, he could see that it was not

the common shark, but the black shark, or dreaded man-eater. Longstreet continues: "I let go of my line, but the bluefish darted straight for the boat, slipping under it and escaping. The shark following closely with open mouth, plunged his nose through the 'tuck' of the boat, about a foot forward of the stern, and his under jaw closed on the keel with a crash like the cut of an ax in a dry tree trunk. Water spurted into the boat. The shock threw me headforemost out of the boat. I sank, and as I rose I felt that I was being kept under by the agitation of the water by the shark's tail, which stirred the water like the propeller of a tug. But I struck out vigorously, and, to my horror, came to the surface alongside the tail of the shark. I put out my hand before I fully realized where I was, and touched his cold body, and I remember I thought, 'How hard and strong this is!'

"As I turned to swim towards the boat my right foot struck his long tail, and here is the mark of the contact. As soon as I got to swimming I felt at ease. I didn't seem to realize, as I do now, the horrible fate that awaited me if the struggling monster alongside of me got his head clear of the hole in the boat. But I expected every moment to see him turn and snap me up as he would a weak fish. I climbed into the boat, helping myself by putting my knee on the shark's back." Meanwhile the other fisherman had been shouting for help, and a relief boat soon approached, the struggling shark freeing itself and escaping."

A Snake Fight.

While the Rev. J. H. McGahen was driving on his way one day to Fulton, N. Y., as he reached a small stream of water which crosses the road, he was permitted to witness

a scene both novel and interesting. Mr. McGahen thus describes the contest:

Two large water-snakes were contending for the possession of a small fish which had been captured (the fish being about eight inches in length), while two smaller snakes, one on each side of the contestants, with heads slightly raised above the water, were apparently interested spectators to the struggle, but neither interfered. One of the larger snakes had seized the fish by the head, while the other grasped him by the tail, the former of course having much the better hold, owing to the tapering form of the fish; but it was a long pull and a strong pull; the water was lashed into quite a fury; the snake with the tail-hold wound himself twice around a small stick fastened near him, giving him quite an advantage over his antagonist.

After a desperate struggle of about five minutes, the snake with the head-hold wrested the contested prey from his opponent, and bore it rapidly away up the stream in triumph, while his vanquished snakeship, crestfallen, supperless and subdued, slunk away out of sight. It was an intensely exciting performance, but probably not a very pleasing one to the poor fish.

A Parrot Scattering Railroad Passengers.

At the Henry House, Meadville, Pa., there is a parrot which is a source of great annoyance to train men. When it sees a freight train coming it will yell at the top of its voice: "Switch off! Switch off!" The enunciation is so distinct that it not unfrequently happens that the train will be switched to avoid a supposed danger. The same bird, when it sees a passenger train, will yell, "All aboard!" and thereby cause a scattering among the passengers, who, after sitting in the cars for ten or fifteen minutes, will discover that they have been sold.

The Pigeons of Venice.

Everybody has heard of the pigeons which flock daily to the famous Square of St. Mark's, in Venice, to be fed, and many Americans have, no doubt, seen them resting upon the shoulders and arms of the woman who dispenses their daily bread to them. Many are the stories told of their origin; how their ancestors served the republic by bringing back news from its fleets, and so on; but none of them are very well established, except that the birds have always been regarded as town property, and have been fed out of a fund set apart for that purpose, which is now said to have been a donation from the Countess Policrasto. Until lately it would have been thought little less than sacrilege to touch a feather of them, but recently a Venetian boy was discovered carrying off a pigeon, evidently with a view to pie. The case was carried into court, where it was decided that the pigeons had never been legally conveyed to the town, consequently they were nobody's property, but, so to speak, wild fowl, and that boy was only following his natural instincts in catching them, and must be acquitted.

The Boss Snake.

Says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:* A gentleman who is ordinarily truthful sends us the following extraordinary snake story from Lebanon, Mo., the reader being left to judge of its accuracy:

"Last Friday terrible havoc was done on the farm of Henry Miller, in the vicinity of Lebanon. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Miller, who was conversing with the Rev. James Albery, a Methodist minister, heard a tremendous uproar in the direction of a hog-pen in which was confined a sow with a litter of ten young ones. The preacher and farmer rushed out to the pen, when they were thunder-

struck with amazement. A gigantic snake, apparently fifty feet long, had raised itself erect and was looking down on the terror-stricken hogs. Presently several young snakes, ranging from a foot to a foot and a half in length, sprang from the snake's mouth and began attacking the litter. The monster, with a continuous hissing roar, stretched out three frightful-looking fangs, which were from four to five feet in length, and advanced toward the hog, which stood in a corner trembling in every limb, unable to move, as if fascinated by the immense snake.

"Meanwhile Mr. Miller had rushed to his house, seized his shot-gun, and just as the gigantic beast was about to dart on his prey, fired. The shot did not appear to have any effect, but the monster quickly raised itself, turned in the direction of the shot, stretched forth his formidable fangs, and emitted a noxious vapor almost as nauseating as asafœtida. Then it give a low, hissing wail, upon which signal the several young snakes leaped into the maternal maw, and the huge serpent took to flight. Mr. Miller fired again. The snake trailed itself with immense rapidity. The two men followed the trail and called for assistance, but when they got to the wood they lost all trace of it. A body of men surrounded the wood an hour later with guns and revolvers, and beat the bush thoroughly. The snake had disappeared. Great alarm is felt in the vicinity. Four of the litter were killed by the young snakes.

"Mr. Albery, the Methodist preacher, was in town yesterday, and was interviewed by your correspondent. He affirmed the correctness of the above story. He described the monster as between forty and fifty feet in length, with a flattened head, the size of a large beer keg, two lustrous, flaming eyes, and three terrible-looking fangs. The body was all covered with a sort of scales, resembling those of a fish, which glistened like silver. The tail was about nine

feet long, was divided into two parts, and apparently was extremely flexible. When the snake was agitated it gave forth a hissing roar. But the most striking feature was two mammoth wings which lay along the sides of the serpent like a very long umbrella, about fifteen feet in length. Neither Mr. Albery nor Mr. Miller knew there were wings until in making its escape the animal suddenly extended them. They were something similar to the wings of a bat and were almost transparent. Each wing, when extended, must have had a surface of at least 140 feet. With their aid the animal leaped over a fence seven feet high. It was at this point that the snake became lost to view, and only its trail was discernible in the tall reeds. Both the Rev. Mr. Albery and farmer Miller are reputable, honest, and truth-loving persons, who stand high in the community, and both vouch for the truth of this story. Indeed, Mr. Miller has made an affidavit thereto."

A Teasing Parrot.

A lady on Seneca street, says a Utica paper, is the owner of a small, frisky dog and a very talkative parrot. Occasionally Polly gets demoralized, and, instead of behaving herself like a good lady bird should, she gives vent to terrible shrieks, and endeavors to be as bad as she possibly can. When she takes these spells, the dog, knowing that a reprimand is needed, goes to the cage and administers several severe rebukes in the shape of a savage little bark. Recently Poll sat upon her perch with all the dignity possible. The dog was taking a nap in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, Poll let loose two or three unearthly screeches. The dog was awakened, of course, and immediately started for the cage at a full run, barking as he went. After he had scolded, as he thought,

enough he adjourned to the other room and snugged himself for another snooze. He had no more than closed his eyes before Poll shrieked again, longer and louder than before. Up jumped the dog, and out he went barking furiously. When he reached the cage, Poll, who had stopped her noise to give the dog a chance, began to bark just as loud as her four-legged associate. Penny choked himself off and gazed on in holy horror. He stood looking at the cage for several minutes. Finally his tail dropped between his legs and he turned round and left the spot. Just as he was going out of the room Poll stopped barking, a sort of pleased expression crept down her jagged beak, and as the dog faded from view she yelled after him, "Good-by, Penny," and without further ado resumed her meditations upon her perch.

The Prophecy of a Greyhound.

Richard II., of England, had a greyhound called Mach, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice or follow any one but the King. Whenever the King rode abroad the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore feet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the King and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied, but instead of running as usual to the King, he left him and leaped to the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he used to caress the King. The Duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the King the meaning of his goodness, saying:

"What does this mean?"

"Cousin," replied the King, "It means a great deal for you and very little for me."

"How?" said the Duke. "Pray explain it."

"I understand by it," answered the King, "that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day, as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed; for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you."

The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the King said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would nevermore follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men.—*Chronicles of Froissart.*

A Cat Story.

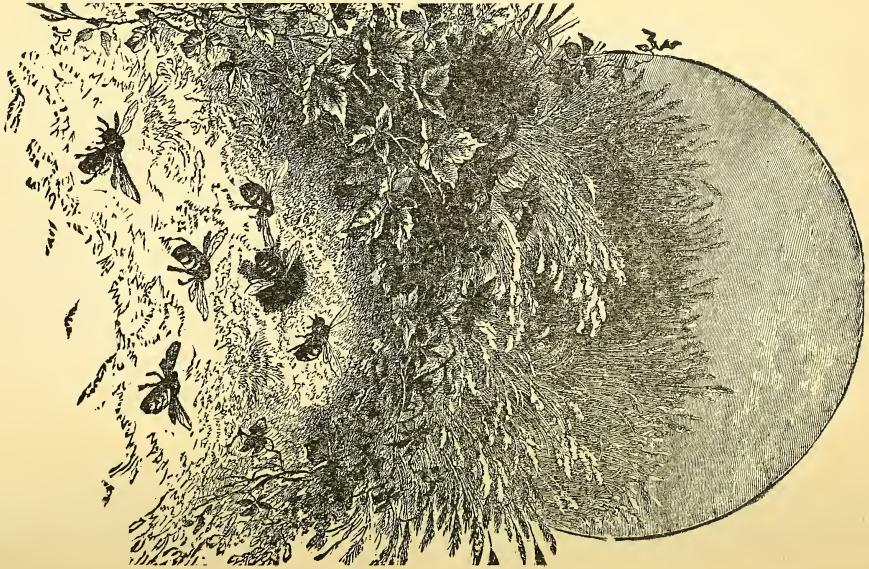
Joel D. Havans, living north of Battle Creek, in Barry county, Mich., has in his possession a most remarkable cat. A short time ago it had a litter of kittens, which were all drowned except one. The bereaved feline mother, coming across a nest of young rats that day, took the young rodents by the neck, deposited them in her own nest, and nursed and fondled them as affectionately as though they were her own flesh and blood. Another cat on the place, in the absence of this adopted mother, caught and killed two of these young rats, but the remaining one is as sleek and fat, and takes as kindly to the old cat as though there were ties of relationship. The cat will fight as quickly to protect this young rat as it will for its remaining kitten.

Henry Clay's Dog.

Mr. Clay had a fine Newfoundland dog that was presented by an admiring friend who lived in Nova Scotia. The dog was very intelligent, and the "Sage of Ashland" trained him with his own hand to perform a number of wonderful tricks, one of which is as follows: In one of the pastures in which Mr. Clay allowed his finest stock to run was a fine well, with a large trough attached, by means of which the cattle were supplied with water. The water was drawn from the well by the bucket-and-spindle system, but it required a great deal of manual labor to keep it in operation.

To avoid this Mr. Clay constructed a small treadmill, attached it to the spindle of the well with an iron crank, and then trained the dog to walk the treadmill. In this manner the trough was kept constantly filled with water, and the clever dog became so accustomed to the performance that, without the necessity of being bid, he made it his duty to watch the well constantly and see that the trough always had in it a sufficient supply of water to keep the coppers of the blooded stock cool.

Mr. Clay loved the dog, and was fond of watching him go through the performance. He would always have the performance exhibited to his visitors, and when the good old canine finally gave up the ghost he had him respectfully buried, and erected at the head of his grave an elegant marble slab.



MISCELLANY.

Curiosities of Animal Life.

The distinguished Leibnitz relates an instance of animal education which is quite exceptional. A countryman, living near Zecta, in Misnia, owned a dog of medium size in which was discovered a disposition to speak—at least, he uttered sounds which so far resembled words in the German tongue that one of the children of the family conceived the extraordinary idea of teaching him to talk. In two years time the young teacher was so far successful as to have taught the dog to correctly pronounce thirty words.

M. Delafond speaks of a German who had educated six rats to a surprising degree. They answered to their names with promptitude, and saluting their spectators with arch grace, executed a score of exercises with much cleverness and quick obedience.

An Englishman by the name of Wildham, in 1774, had the patience to educate several hives of bees and wasps. He displayed a comb full of these insects, and in the space of two minutes caused them to settle upon the hat of one of the spectators. Thence he caused them to alight upon his naked arm and form a muff. They next settled upon his head and face, on which they made a kind of mask. They then marched upon a table according to his orders. That which was most extraordinary in the talents of this singular man was that he could make the same experiments with

whatever swarm was offered to him, and even with wasps and flies, and that he himself was never in any danger of being stung.

Both the mocking-bird and the parrot reproduce with amazing fidelity not only spoken language, with its many-syllabled words and complex sentences, but also the multitudinous sounds and voices of other animals, strains of music, the blowing of whistles, and the various ringing of bells. More than this, there is observable a distinct and unmistakable language among the lower animals. Birds chirp and twitter slower or faster in the communication of their desires to one another; the horse neighs variously, and the dog expresses by twenty different snarls, and growls, and barks, as many shades of feeling, which ideas are understood and responded to by those of his kind to whom they are addressed.

It may be said of the lower animals that, unlike their masters, their virtues are somewhat in excess of their vices. Says Mr. Darwin:

"There can be no doubt that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and sometimes very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the barking of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity."

As to love, it seems with most of our dumb companions to be all of a passion, as is instanced by every-day experience, and the record of attachments that were strong and enduring as life. The maternal affection is cherished by the brute world to a degree of heroism. There are instances where the dumb parent has starved herself to death in her desperate efforts to supply her offspring with food; others, where she has fought for them until killed; and others, where she has died of grief because of the destruction or disappearance of her infant family.

Gratitude is a leading and very remarkable principle in

the brute, especially expressed by the elephant and the dog. Constancy and devotion follow, and with real magnanimity they will receive good and evil of the same hand, and fulfill every duty with the same unswerving fidelity. These animals have been known to defend their masters directly after being abused by them, and from a sense of duty, a greyhound, after having broken his thigh, has run on till the course was concluded.

Courage and fear are exhibited by animals with singular variation, and while some are brave by inheritance, others are by example. Like human cowards, some animals will shamefully run when they can, and only fight when they must. Animals exhibit both dignity and pride, and often express profound displeasure at insults and uncleanliness. Patience under restraint, industry and moderation, are distinctive animal virtues. Most species will not only refuse to eat a bite more than nature requires, but it is mentioned of a dog, that having once been made intoxicated, he ever afterward snarled when a pewter-pot was even brought into his presence.

The principle of perseverance finds many illustrations in brute life. Robert Bruce is said to have observed a spider make repeated efforts to reach, with his web, a given point on one of the rafters of a barn, the thirteenth and last time succeeding. An ant was once remarked to fail in sixty-nine consecutive attempts to round a sharp corner of a cornice with a burden, but in making the seventieth effort the persevering little creature achieved his end.

A singular sensitiveness is expressed by many animals. Monkeys decidedly dislike being laughed at, and dogs and horses are conscious of much slighter injuries than, at first thought, is conceived. A baboon in the London Zoological Garden is insulted to the extent of a rage, when his keeper reads aloud a letter or book in his presence, and at one

time, so violent was his fit, he bit his own leg until the blood flowed.

The faculty of memory seems to be possessed by all animals, and by some to an astonishing extent. Three years after the perpetration of a certain crime, a Newfoundland dog singled out the murderer of his master from a vast concourse of people, and grasping him by the throat, with terrible vengence, would have shortly killed him. The conduct of the dog resulted in bringing the criminal to a justice which else might have escaped him.

Upon the occasion of a visit of a menagerie to a village, one of the elephants was given, fresh from the mouth of one of the bystanders, a quid of tobacco. The brute spat it upon the ground with evident disgust, and looked ruefully at its donor, who stepped out of his reach. Two years afterward the exhibition revisited the same place, when the tobacco man, passing sufficiently near the elephant, was struck a very severe blow by the trunk of the offended beast.

Animals never forget even general acquaintances, much less their masters, and some bear a grudge for an incredibly long period.

Our dumb friends very generally profit by experience, as is proven by the fact that when once deceived by a trap, ever after avoid such. For this reason young animals are more frequently caught by trappers than old ones. All of the brute creation feel wonder and curiosity, and most of them are expert imatators.

Though monkeys are perhaps the representatives of the latter class, it is largely found also among canary birds, parrots, dogs, horses, and even rats. It is not an uncommon practice for a dog to jump up at the handle of a door as if to open it. A chimpanzee will use a stone to crack a nut, and these and baboons will fight one another with

sticks in hand-to-hand encounters, and exercise the strategy or rolling stones upon the heads of the enemy from heights above. Puppies have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the manner of their foster mothers.

The brute creation feel and express anger as distinctly as humans, and are susceptible to the bitterest hatred, if not revenge. Elephants, and especially dogs, are also jealous, sometimes to a degree of envy, and until they are a burden to themselves. All animals are more or less selfish, very generally looking out for number one, and though they rarely become gluttons, they have been known to eat what they did not want only to prevent any other animal from possessing it.

Some Singular Aversions.

Gretry, the composer, could not endure the scent of the rose, neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bed-chamber woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheeks became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lamballe; tansy was abominable to an Earl of Barrymore; Scaliger grew pale before the water-cress; and a soldier, who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe, fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

The Secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding at the nose. A Polish King had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by an uncom-

fortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk, and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of fresh meat of any kind, and Nature thus condemed him to vegetarianism, a sorer affliction than that suffered by Guianerius, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste of beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the Doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish; and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of a dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attatched to lobster salad in the case of a lady, for, if she ventured to taste it at a dinner-party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he looked upon a woman; and another authority was seized with a cold palsy under similar provocation. Weinrichur talks of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for being called from the supper-table by some mischievous friends to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hater, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escaro, Bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the com-

mencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm an eclipse took place. The good Bishop went off as usual, and never came to again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinately, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of aqua vitæ were to be provided, "in the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something toward lessening the race ."—*Chamber's Jovrnal.*

Some Very Remarkable Statistics!

A Detroiter has been for the last two years collecting and arranging statistics of an odd nature, and if his book is ever published readers will find nothing dry about it. He goes right to business on page 1 by estimating that the number of lickings received by the average boy up to his 14th year is 125. This includes the spanking process during infancy.

Out of every 100,000 people in this country, 19,000 get up cross in the morning, but only a hundred or so remain in that condition very long after breakfast.

Out of 50,000 men only 600 will put up money on a bet. The rest will crawfish around and finally back water on their assertions.

Only 10 women out of every 500 who start out on a journey by railroad consult a railroad-map or have the least idea of the direction they take. Four hundred and ninety-eight worry about their baggage; 497 are certain they took the wrong train; 494 wish they never had started.

The risk of being bitten by a dog is greatly overestimated. Out of every 1,000 big and little dogs only two care to get

up a row with the human race, and those two are ready and willing to die.

The number of men who can put in a more pleasant evening down-town than at their own fireside is on the decrease, and the number of wives who are taking a little extra pains to make home more pleasant than a concert-saloon is on the increase.

Out of every 1,000 men who get mad and swear they will see a lawyer about it, only fifteen carry out their intentions.

Out of every 1,000 women who ride on street-cars, only twelve will move along to offer another woman a chance to sit down. Nine hundred and ninety-eight of them argue that it is a man's duty to stand up, even if there is plenty of room; and the other two are supremely indifferent.

Only one woman in 5,000 pays the first price asked for a bonnet, and only one milliner in 1,000,000 expects her to.

The time occupied by the average man in buying a full suit of clothes is just one-fourth the time occupied by the average woman in buying a single pair of stockings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ✱ END.

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