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THE WIND AND STREAM.

A brook came stealing from the ground.
You scarce saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream—
A pretty stream, a placid stream—
A softly gliding, lowly stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whisper of a dream;
He put the overhanging grasses by,
And gently stooped to kiss the stream—
The pretty stream, the flat-road stream,
The sky, yet unobscured stream.

The water as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a dancing beam.
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream—
The flat-road stream, the shimmering stream,
This food, delighted, stilly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling streams and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream—
The flatter stream, the cheater stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back,
He wanders yet the fields, I deem.
But on its melancholy track
Complainings went that little stream—
The cheater stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-mourning, moaning stream.

The Last Sixpence.

I know, mother dear, you would not feel happy if you could not contribute your mite to the poor—
The pale-faced girl of twenty, pressing into her aged companion's hands the sixpence which constituted all the monetary wealth they possessed. "There's quite enough bread and butter and tea for breakfast in the morning, and if I get up very early, as I mean to do, I shall have finished Mrs. Smith's dress by three o'clock, and she's sure to pay me directly I take it to her."

"But we've no candle or firing in the house."
"Don't you trouble about that; when we come back from church it'll be quite time for hard-working folks like us to go to bed; so that we shan't want a light, and our landlady will lend us a shovelful of coals for to-morrow; so don't say anything more, but take the sixpence and come along, for the church bells have almost ceased."

For a few seconds the aged woman hesitated between her charitable intentions and solicitude for the orphan girl who called her "mother"; but looking earnestly into her companion's face, and finding within the same desire that predominated within her own breast, she placed the coin in her pocket.

Without a word more on either side, the two females quitted the room they occupied, and proceeded through the narrow streets teeming with human beings to the church, whither the bells had invited them.

To nearly every depth it is said there is a deeper still; and Mrs. Willis and her protegee, Lucy Marks, were certainly among the poorest in that very poor district.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange companions, and Alfred Willis, when he quitted England two years previously to seek his fortune in Australia, little dreamt that the comfortable home in which he had left his mother and betrothed wife would have been so soon broken up, and that by slow but sure degrees they would have sunk to the poverty they now experienced.

From the age of fourteen Lucy had been able to earn her own living, so that when Alfred, after losing nearly all his capital game up the grocery business he had been deluded into taking, his only anxiety was a provision for his mother. The \$2,500 he had left when he was clear of his business he, in a too confiding moment, lent to a man in whom he trusted to the utmost, with directions that the interest therefrom must be paid to his mother; but ere Alfred had reached his journey's end his friend was a bankrupt, and Mrs. Willis was penniless.

Truths seldom come singly, so just at this time Lucy was seized with rheumatic fever, and for six months was unable to touch her needle.

They were alone in the world, for Lucy was an orphan, and Mrs. Willis, whilst having no relatives of her own, knew nothing of her late husband's family, who years before had founded a home in another land.

Rapidly their few worldly possessions were disposed of, until at last they were glad to find shelter in the small—the very small—front room they now occupied.

They had heard several times from the much-loved Alfred; but owing to the uncertainty of his movements they had not been able to reply, so that he knew nothing of the misfortunes that had befallen them. His last letter was a bright, cheerful epistle, full of hope, announcing that he was now far better circumstanced than when he left England; that he intended returning home by the Juno, the next steamer leaving Melbourne.

To crown their sorrows, a month before his expected return news came that the Juno had foundered in mid-ocean—some dozen men, among whom Alfred Willis was not included, alone surviving to tell the sad tale.

What a sweet relief was it to enter the portal of God's house, and leave behind them the crowded streets and the mob of listless loiterers and frivolous pleasure-seekers! Outside all was noise, bustle and confusion; within, a peaceful calm, broken only by the silver tones of the aged minister, as in simple earnest language he pleaded a cause very dear to his heart.

The Sunday service was the one relaxation Mrs. Willis and her adopted protegee, wet or fine they were never absent; and on

occasions such as the present, when relief for certain purposes in connection with their religion was asked for, the plate was never handed to them in vain. Never, however, in their recent experiences of poverty had their circumstances been so low as now. Lucy for the past month had been unable to perform her usual quantity of work, so that the wage-fund upon which the two women solely relied had diminished to a corresponding extent, until their sole remaining coin was the sixpence the disposal of which formed the subject of discussion ere they left home.

The vicar was well acquainted with the resources of his congregation, and knew they could not contribute much to the cause he pleaded; but, as he remarked, they might at least give a portion to God's service and that the widow's mite tendered willingly was dearer in His sight than the gold grudgingly contributed by the wealthy. But even at this appeal, when Mrs. Willis observed the hectic flush upon Lucy's cheek, and noted how the exertion of even walking to the church told upon her, she felt half inclined to harden her heart in favor of her young companion, and to keep the last sixpence in her pocket. But Lucy read Mrs. Willis's thought, and whispering in her ear the words "God will provide," the money was given up in a trice, and the old lady's heart leaped for joy at the self-sacrifice which had been accomplished.

"Now, mother," said Lucy, when they got within sight of their abode, "we won't sit up in the dark talking, so as to lose the glow of our walk has produced, but go straight to bed, as I must be up early."

Lounging against the door-post, with his hands in his pockets, and surveying the outer world as well as he could through clouds of tobacco smoke he was diffusing, was the person Mrs. Willis and Lucy owned as their landlord.

"There's a gentleman been here asking for you," he observed to Mrs. Willis, with a tug at his pipe at almost every word, "and said how he wanted you particular. You see what you lose by going to church. He left a note, I think for you upstairs. I didn't speak to him myself, but my old 'oman did, and if you want to see her you'll find her at the Red Lion, in the jug-bar."

As neither Mrs. Willis nor Lucy had any wish to seek their landlady in such a place, they borrowed a candle from a lodger, who was not quite so badly off as themselves, in order to read the note said to have been left in their room.

"I'm afraid it's from Mrs. Smith, mother," said Lucy. "If so, it's a blowing up, for I told her I'd make an effort to have her dress done for her by last night, and, as you know, I did my best."

If the room in which they lived looked uninviting in the day-time it appeared far more dismal when viewed by the depressing light of a tallow candle. But the residents were pretty well used to the aspect of the place, and therefore devoted their attention to the note directly. The flickering flame revealed it lying upon the table. Lucy held the candle and took the note; but no sooner did her eyes rest upon it than she turned to an ash-pail, and leant against her companion for support.

"Mother, mother!" she gasped, "I cannot trust my eyes. Read, read, and quickly!"

Mrs. Willis seized the slip of paper, but her eyes saw the same handwriting and the same words as Lucy:

"Don't go to bed until you've seen ALFRED."

Without a word the two women wound their arms around each other, and wept tears of silent joy; for unless some villainous trick had been practiced upon them, he who had for years been the cherished darling of their hearts had been given back to them once more.

As, and was in the room even now as he quickly let them know, when he thought their agitation had somewhat abated, and that he could safely emerge from the hiding place he had sought beneath the bed. Hearing from the residents of the house in which he left his mother and his betrothed that they deemed him dead, and fearing the effect his sudden appearance might have upon them, he had left the note within their sight, in order to announce the fact of his existence as gently as he could; whilst the frequent visits made to the Red Lion by their landlady and landlady gave him opportunity for secretly returning to the house, and seeking a hiding place where he could watch the effect of his ruse.

The compassionate fellow-lodger who had lent Lucy the candle waited a long time ere it was returned; indeed, as a matter of fact, that particular illuminating medium was not returned at all, for it had nearly burnt itself out ere any one remembered that it had been borrowed; and really there was every excuse, for Alfred had so much to tell: How at first he had been unfortunate in Australia; how, in a fit of desperation, he had resolved to try the diggings, and was wonderfully successful, getting in less than six months some nuggets that realized him \$10,000; how he resolved not to take his money with him on board the Juno, but how it sent over on some future occasion; how, when the steamer foundered he had managed to secure himself to a broken spar and after forty-eight hours' exposure had been picked up by a passing vessel; and finally, the difficulty he had had in finding his mother and betrothed in their new abode.

Then, with tears in their eyes and a smile upon their lips, they told him of the disposal of their last sixpence, and of their confiding trust in Him who, after a night of

sorrow, sendeth joy in the morning. And truly their sorrow had passed away even as a tale that is told.

Recovering Lost Timber.

That timber in considerable quantity and of substantial value is daily found floating on the surface of the St. Lawrence river is well known, but that large deposits of timber lie sunken at the bottom of the river at various points adjacent to Montreal is a fact that will by no means be so readily credited. Such, nevertheless, is the case, and daily the timber is brought to the surface by gangs of inhabitants and others, who sell it to dealers. The bottom of Longueuil Bay, near the shore, would appear to be literally covered with timber, and during the past few weeks a number of men in canoes, and provided with chains and grappling hooks, have been busily engaged in bringing up the logs, floating them ashore, where they are hauled away by horses and piled for sale. The timber consists almost entirely of white oak and walnut. It has been estimated that most of it has been in the river at least from thirty to forty years, and has formed portions of the numerous timber rafts that, in transit from the West to Quebec, have been wrecked or damaged in or above the Lachine Rapids. The length of time it would require even so dense a wood as white oak to become sufficiently soaked with water as to sink to the bottom of the river and cause it there to lie as a stone, warrants the belief that it has been there at least during the period named. Our informant states that the timber is in a perfect state of preservation, the action of the water or insects having in no way impaired its texture or affected its value. Some of the logs brought up at Longueuil are two feet in diameter and from thirty to sixty feet in length. They command, when delivered in Montreal, from thirty to thirty-five cents per foot. Timber bees of similar character are stated to exist at many points along the river below the city, where logs like that of Longueuil occur; indeed, it is difficult to know the number or extent of layers of valuable wood resting on the bottom of the noble water highway that flows past that city, and which a short time only may develop.

Mules in Mines.

Colliery mules sometimes live many years without seeing daylight, as they are only taken out of the mines when work is entirely suspended. The mules are used in hauling cars of coal from the various parts of the mine to the foot or slope of the shaft from where it is hoisted to the surface by steam. The mules go to work with the miners and continue until evening. They are stabled in the mine and are carefully attended to. Strange to say, coats of mules working in collieries are singularly smooth or glossy—and miners attribute it to the coal dust that settles on the hair and polishes it. The lead mule in a team always carries a miner's lamp attached to his collar; but miners say that the lamp is unnecessary as the mules never get off the track in the dark. In some places where it is not convenient to haul the cars mules are trained to push them, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen of the animals working in that way. In pushing cars the mule is provided with a heavy breast-pad instead of the ordinary harness. The ample time the mules have for reflection does not, however, seem to improve their dispositions, as every mining report contains accounts of men and boys who have been kicked to death or severely injured by them. Owing to the constant teasing of the driver boys, mules occasionally become so savage that they cannot be approached.

How Adams Banded a Musketeer.

In 1777, John Adams was appointed commissioner to France, to take the place of Silas Deane, and embarked on board the Boston frigate. In the course of the voyage, the commander of the Boston saw a sail, which carried the flag of the enemy, and the temptation to engage with her was so strong, that, although contrary to his orders, which were limited to carrying Mr. Adams to France, he determined, if possible, to capture her. Having obtained the permission of the commissioner, he made sail in chase; and when coming up with the enemy, he represented the danger of remaining on deck, and insisted upon Mr. Adams' retiring below, out of gun shot. Having seen his charge safely deposited with the surgeon, the captain returned to the deck; the courses were clewed up, all hands beat to quarters, bulwarks down, decks sanded, matches lit, and the fight begun. In the midst of it, the captain saw, to his surprise, that Mr. Adams had escaped his confinement below, and, with musket in hand, was doing the duty of a marine with great dexterity and composure. He immediately went to him and said, "My duty, sir, is to carry you unhurt to France, and as you are unwilling to go under hatches of your own accord, it is my duty to put you there;" and seizing the future President of the republic in his arms, he had him conveyed to place of safety, and took measures to keep him there, which were effectual.

Genius is sometimes arrogant; knowledge is always diffident.

A Professor's Quickness of Retort.

Dr. B., who was for many years associated with the University of Virginia, was noted for his quickness of retort and some of his repartees, which are falling out of contemporary memory, are worthy of preservation.

Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him.

"How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder.

"My name is Hull, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "I was looking for the Colonel."

On another occasion, as he was walking, looking intently at something in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him.

The stranger drawing himself up in extreme hauteur said:

"Why did you run against me?"

With equal severity the professor answered in exact imitation of his questioner's tone and manner:

"For precisely the same reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good natured laugh.

A gentleman, coming into his office, one day said:

"Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot? It is like an oven."

"I must," he answered promptly, "for it is here that I make my bread."

Many years ago this incident was told in one of the magazines, but the point was somewhat missed, as the contributor made it *look* instead of *make*.

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into the office where one of the firm sat on a high stool, pompously shelling letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition, but no notice was taken of him. Finally the small business man twisted himself around on his perch, and said in the most supercilious of tones:

"What?"

"That," said the professor, handing the order for the money."

The business was settled without an other word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who for a joke and to rid himself of the nuisance sent him to Dr. B. with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplication of details to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just one moment, Professor one thing more." Finally his hearer's much tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said:

"I only want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable."

"My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would confer a lasting favor on the race." The engineer departed.

His Wish.

He stepped into a green grocer's with a vacant, weary, careworn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them. I can't remember exactly what I came in for."

"Perhaps you want some coffee?"

"Ain't it funny I can't remember?" remarked the stranger, as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand, and scanned everything behind the counter, in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No, that ain't it."

"Is it macaroni, mustard, chow-chow, soap or wine-jelly?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small measure of beet?"

"Indeed I do not. Then his eyes sparkled and he said:

"I have it now. I remember what I came in for; it all comes back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it's as plain as day. Wasn't it funny I didn't think of it before?"

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me, I have a prickle heat."

A Big Jam of Log.

The big jam of 16,000,000 logs, on Carratunk Falls, Maine, is broken at last, 6,000,000 logs going out at once, which was said to have been a grand sight. It took sixty-five men thirteen days to break the jam and get the rear over Carratunk Falls. A portion of the ledge was removed by blasting. Omar Clark had a crew of fifty men in charge from the time the first log started on Moose river, then on the main river, until this time, and not an accident of any kind has happened to a man, not even the jamming of a toe. This makes 85,000,000 logs that have passed down the river this season.

Grinding Tools.

Edge tools are fitted up by grinding. The sharp grit of the grindstone, being harder than the iron or steel, cuts very small channels in the surface of the metal, and the revolving disk carries away all the minute particles that are detached by the grit. If we were to examine the surface of the tool that has just been removed from the grindstone, under the lens of a powerful microscope, it would appear, as it were, like the rough surface of a field which has recently been sacrificed with some implement that had formed alternate ridges and furrows. Hence, as these ridges and furrows run together from both sides at the cutting-edge, the newly-ground edge seems to be formed of a system of minute teeth, rather than to consist of a smooth edge. For this reason a tool is first ground on a coarse stone, so as to wear the surface of the steel away rapidly; then it is polished on a wheel of much finer grit and finally, in order to reduce the serrature as much as possible, a whetstone of the finest grit must be employed. This gives a cutting-edge having the smallest possible serrature. A razor, for example, does not have a perfect cutting edge, as one may perceive by viewing it through a microscope. Grinders are sometimes instructed, when grinding edge tools, to have the stone revolve toward the cutting edge, and sometimes from it. When the first grinding is being done it is a matter of indifference whether this is done or not; but when the finishing touches are applied near and at the very edge, a grinder can always complete his task with more accuracy if the periphery of the grindstone revolves toward the cutting edge, as the steel that is worn away will be removed more easily; whereas when a stone runs in the opposite direction, the grinder cannot always tell exactly when the side of the tool is fully ground up to the edge. This is more especially true when the steel has a rather low or soft temper. The stone, when running from the edge will not sweep away every particle of the metal that hangs as a "feather" but when the stone revolves toward the edge, there will be no "feather edge" to deceive the eye of the grinder.

Street Life in Venice.

Venice's great impression is its street life—so brilliant, so highly colored, so unlike that of any other city. The common-place shows of the guide-books are flat and disappointing; the prisons, dungeons, Bridge of Sighs and so forth. The school girl glamour thrown over these places is mainly traceable to Byron's sentimental wash of verse. The unbalanced poet's judgment on the historic events of Venice is about as weak and vicious as his judgment on other matters and his ignorance of fact is appalling. The daily picture of Venice, however, is something of which one never tires and which changes ever with the hour. Gondola life is something deliciously dreamy and luxurious in the soft light of day or under the sheen of moon and starlight. Let dark night come and rain, however, and these long, narrow, deep black boats, seen mysteriously from the falat point of light on their prow take to themselves the likeness of floating coffins steered by the shades. The effect is indescribably sepulchral. You seem to be alone in the waters of Hades among the spirits. The gondolas are all of a funeral black, with black draperies over the dark cabin. Many centuries ago a Venetian law ordered this pattern and color, for what reason I do not know. The laws of Venice do not change, and the gondolas are all black and ghostly to this day. The streets are narrow and blaze with light. Their narrowness—sometimes not over three feet—makes a very little light serve to brilliantly illuminate them, and the jets in the shop windows, kept open till late at night keep them bright and blazing almost without the out-door lamps. Through them the people surge in constant streams—all nations, all classes, all colors. You study the world, but even the Venetians themselves present some strong contrasts, for they in time are made up of the blood of many people. One striking contrast, which you soon note, is that the Venetian man as a body are dark, their women blonde. The sounds, too, are polyglotta, and everything is international. It was my first sight, for instance, of Greek money which I received several times in change.

Talk Fish Stories.

"I was at the wheel," said Mr. Young, of the bark *Kentish Tar*, "some of the men being ill. It was a bright, clear day, and while I was enjoying the fresh breeze which was blowing at the time I heard some of the forecabin passengers say, 'There is a fish alongside!' Looking out on the starboard side I saw it lying on the water lazily sunning itself. Its eyes were open and its fins were going just enough to keep him at the top of the water. It was about six feet by fourteen, and was the finest specimen of that species of fish any of us had ever seen."

"Six feet by fourteen," said the reporter meditatively, trying to bring all his arithmetical knowledge to bear harmonizing this statement with that contained on the log.

"I could not see it all at once," said Mr. Thatcher, diving the reporter's thoughts, "but as near as I could make out that was about the size of it. I don't think Mr. Young's estimate at all exaggerated."

"I am a good hand with the har-

poon," Mr. Young remarked, "and I generally try to keep one on hand. On this occasion, unfortunately, my harpoon was on the main deck, or I could have had the fish on board."

"Anything we could get with the harpoon," interposed Mr. Devlin, his talk beginning to flow as freely as the exciting cause "we gathered in the interest of solaces of anybody else."

"Any sea serpents?" queried the reporter gently.

"Sea serpents! I should say so," Devlin answered confidently, "I've been all over the world since I first went to sea. I've been in Greenland, but not at all seasons of the year at the same time. I've been round the Cape of Good Hope a good many times. The Niagara saw the biggest sunfish off the Cape that ever I saw or read about."

"When was that?"

"In 1872—in 1873—before the war—when she was taking the Japanese to their own country."

"But the sea serpent?"

"Tell him about the sea serpent, Young," Devlin replied.

"We did see something very like a sea serpent," Mr. Young said.

"That was on the 20th, the day before we encountered the sunfish. It appeared on the horizon crosswise, and it was probably thirty feet in length. Other gentlemen besides Mr. Devlin saw it."

"It was in sections," Mr. Devlin remarked, impatient over the common-place description of his friend, "like a tapeworm. I couldn't see it all at once, but each section was—well, let me see—ten or fifteen feet long."

"What was its color?"

"Brown or black."

"Are you sure it wasn't the remains of a garbage scow?"

"I'm sure of it," said one of the sailors engaged in cleaning the brass work, a "Pinafore."

"Bring out the bottle of seaweed, Young," cried Devlin, and then turning to the reporter, he said, impressively:—"Remember, I'm a scientific man."

The bottle of seaweed was produced. It was really a very beautiful thing of its kind, so beautiful in fact that it would attract general attention and admiration in a cabinet of curiosities. There were ferns and sea berries and minute specimens of shrimps and crabs the size of a pea and a fish in size and shape very like a whiplash. In color it was brown, purple, variegated. It looked more like a snake than a fish.

"What kind of fish is this?" the reporter asked.

"It is like a sucker about the head but its body resembles a gar-fish," Mr. Devlin said.

"And its color is zebra-like," Mr. Young added.

The reporter rose to take his leave.

"Before you go," Mr. Devlin said, "let me tell you about the meteor we saw on this voyage. I have seen meteors in the Grecian Archipelago—everywhere—raining down all round the sky, but I never saw one shoot up before."

"That is so," said Mr. Young. It started near the horizon."

"On a line with the mainmast," interrupted Devlin.

"It started near the horizon and seemed to follow the path of the milky way, upward, upward, describing a semicircle in the heavens. I never saw anything more beautiful, and I wish that I could write, so that I might write about it."

"It is something for the astronomers to settle," Devlin answered.

"Goodby," said the reporter.

"Goodby, and be sure you give us a good report," cried a number of voices after him.

He Wouldn't Stop

He slid into the office as if he was greased. We knew the very minute, that he came through the hole that the carpenter had left that there was going to be trouble, and we were not mistaken.

He said that he was related to Adam and Eve, and he looked so, and also as if he hadn't washed himself since his ancestor died. After he had sat down on a chair and placed his feet on the desk, he informed us that he had been all his life collecting conundrums. He had about three hundred in his pocket and would like to read them to us. Then he pulled about a pint and a quart of paper out of his pocket.

"Why is a baby like an oyster?" he began.

We didn't know.

"Neither do I," said he, and then he laughed so loud that the clock stopped.

"Why is a dead baby like half-past six?" was the next one he fired at us.

We told him we didn't know, and guessed he didn't, too, but he said that had fooled us again, for he did.

"Because it's almost heaven," said he and the snort that he gave knocked the ink stand off the table and started the clock going again.

"Why is a lamp-wick like a three-dollar and a half bull-terrier pup?" was the next one that reached us.

We didn't know.

"Neither do I," said he, and he broke the press with the yell that he gave.

"By gracious! I ketch you every trip."

"Why am I like China?"

"Because you're near Hades," we shrieked.

"Fooled you again—you're—"

"No, you didn't," said we; "we guessed that one right."

He insisted that we were wrong, but unless that man's sins were forgiven before he entered our office, we were right.

An American Jockey.

There is no dispute as to who is the best English jockey. His name is Fred Archer, and his record is as follows: In 1878 he won 229 races, out of 619 in which he rode. This was the largest number of races ever won by a jockey in a single season, being in excess of the total attained by Archer in 1877, when he won 219 races, or in 1876, when he was successful 207 times. This year, up to August 1st, he had won 107 races, in a total of 313 mounts—or an average of say one-third. The extraordinary victory of the horse "Falsotto" has revealed the champion jockey of America, who happens to be a colored boy with the decidedly Celtic name of Murphy. The *New York Times* contends that he is quite the equal of Archer, and to prove this assertion give the subjoined sketch: Murphy's riding in the Travers Stakes race, July 18, and in the Kenner Stakes race, August 22, were the two finest exhibitions of skill in the saddle that have been seen in this country in many years. Murphy has a steady hand, a quick eye, a cool head and a bold heart—four qualifications absolutely necessary to the success of every jockey. That he is very observant during the progress of a race, and is quick to perceive the weak points of an adversary, prompt to take advantage of them, was signally illustrated in the run for the Travers Stakes. Asked, soon after the race, why he went up to Harold and Jericho at the half mile, only to fall away again, he replied: "Well, I did not care for Jericho, but, while I thought Spendthrift was the dangerous horse, I wanted to go up to Harold to see how he felt; so I tapped Falsotto with the spur one time, went up to them, felt Harold, found him sprawling over the course, and saw he was out of the race, I fell back to keep Fakes from thinking I was at all dangerous." He was then asked how he happened to get between Harold and the pole on the turn, "I didn't intend to go on the turn," was his reply; "but when we started toward the stretch, Harold was tired and unsteady, and he leaned away from the pole, and gave me room to go in. I thought it better to run for the position than to have to round him, so I jumped at the chance, and went between him and the rail. I steadied my horse near a moment to compel Harold to cover more ground on the turn, and beat him good; for he was very tired, and fast before we got to the stretch I left him and went after Spendthrift." No explanation could be better than that. Murphy has already had thirty-seven mounts this year and has won twenty-five, besides riding a dead heat, and this is a much better average than any English jockey can show.

A Half Breed's Revenge.

Thanks mainly to a Metis or half breed who is in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment, he received his quitance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a space of the writing table, and leveled his musket full at the half breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was sliced off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away the Indian was amazed to see his enemy still alive. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, then quietly resumed