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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII NO 5
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 45

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A TALE OF THREE LIONS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Most of you will have heard of Allan Quatermain, who was one of the party that discovered King Solomon's mines some little time ago, and who afterward came to live in England near his friend, Sir Henry Curtis. He has gone back to the wilderness now, as these old hunters almost invariably do, on one pretext or another. They cannot endure civilization for very long, its noise and racket and the omnipresence of broadclothed humanity proving more trying to their nerves than the dangers of the desert. I think that they feel lonely here, for it is a fact that is too little understood, though it has often been stated, that there is no loneliness like the loneliness of crowds, especially to those who are unaccustomed to them.

"What is there in the world," old Quatermain would say, "so desolate as to stand in the streets of a great city and listen to the footsteps falling, falling, multitudinous as the rain, and watch the white line of faces as they hurry past, you know not whence, you know not whither. They come and go, their eyes meet yours with a cold stare, for a moment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone forever. You will never see them again, they will never see you again: they come up out of the unknown, and presently they once more vanish into the unknown, taking their secrets with them. Yes, that is loneliness pure and undefiled; but to one who knows and loves it, the wilderness is not lonely, because the spirit of nature is ever there to keep the wanderer company. He finds companions in the winds—the sunny streams babble like nature's children at his feet; high above him, in the purple sunset, are domes and minarets and palaces such as no mortal man hath built, in and out of whose flaming doors the glorious angels of the sun seem to move continually. And there, too, is the wild game following its feeding grounds in great armies, with the springbok thrown out before for skirmishers, then rank upon rank of long faced blesbuck marching and wheeling like infantry, and last, the shining troops of quagga and the fierce eyed, shaggy vilder beeste to take the place of the Cossack host that hangs upon an army's flanks.

"Oh, no," he would say, "the wilderness is not lonely, for, my boy, remember that the further you get from man the nearer you grow to God," and, though this is a saying that might well be disputed, it is one I am sure that anybody will easily understand who has watched the sun rise and set on the limitless, deserted plains, and seen the thunder chariots of the clouds roll in majesty across the depths of unfathomable sky.

Well, at any rate he went back again, and now for many months I have heard nothing at all of him, and, to be frank, I greatly doubt if anybody will ever hear of him again I fear that the wilderness that has for so many years been a mother to him will now also prove his grave and the grave of those who accompanied him, for the quest upon which he and they started is a wild one indeed.

But while he was in England for those years or so between his return from the successful discovery of the wise king's buried treasures and the death of his only son, I saw a great deal of old Allan Quatermain. I had known him years before in Africa, and after he came home, whenever I had nothing better to do, I used to run up to Yorkshire and stay with him, and in this way I at one time and another heard many of the incidents of his past life, and most curious some of them were.

No one can pass all those years following the rough existence of an elephant hunter without meeting with many strange adventures, and one way and another old Quatermain has certainly seen his share. Well, the story that I am going to tell you is one of the later of these adventures, though I forget the exact year which it happened. At any rate I know that it was the only one of his trips upon which he took his son Harry (who is since dead) with him, and that Harry was then about 14. And now for the story, which I will repeat as nearly as I can in the words in which Hunter Quatermain told it to me one night in the old oak paneled vestibule of his house in Yorkshire. We were talking about gold mining.

"Gold mining!" he broke in. "Ah, yes; I once went gold mining at Pilgrim's Rest in the Transvaal, and it was before that that we had business about Jim-Jim and the lions. Do you know it? Well it is—or was—one of the queerest little places you ever saw. The town itself was pitched in a stony valley, with mountains all about it, and in the middle of such scenery as one does not often get the chance of seeing. Many and many is the time that I have thrown down my pick and shovel in disgust, clambered out of my claim and walked a couple of miles or so to the top of some hill. Then I would lie down in the grass and look out over the glorious stretch of country—the smiling valleys, the great mountains touched with gold—real gold of the sunset, and clothed in sweeping robes of bush, and stare into the depths of the perfect sky above; yes, and thank heaven I had got away from the cursing and the coarse jokes of the miners, and the voices of those Basutu Kafirs as they toiled in the sun, the memory of which is with me yet. Well, for some months I dug patiently at my claim till the very sight of a pick or of a washing trough became hateful to me. A hundred times a day I lamented my own folly in having invested £800, which was about all that I was worth at the time, in this gold mining. But, like other better people before me, I had been bitten by the gold bug, and now had to take the consequences. I had bought a claim out of which a man had made a fortune—£5,000 or £6,000 at least—as I thought, very cheap; that is, I had given him £500 down for it. It was all that I had made by a rough year's elephant hunting beyond the Zambesi, and I sighed deeply and prophetically when I saw my successful friend, who was a Yankee, sweep up the roll of Standard bank notes with the lordly air of the man who made his fortune and cram them into his breeches pockets. 'Well,' I said to him—the happy vendor—'it is a magnificent property, and I only hope that my luck will be as good as yours has been.' He smiled; to my excited nerves it seemed that he smiled ominously, as he answered me in a peculiar Yankee drawl: 'I guess, stranger, as I ain't the one to make a man quarrel with his food, more especial when there ain't no more going of the rounds; and as for that there claim, well, she's been a good nigger to me; but between you and me, stranger, speaking man to man, now that there ain't any filthy lucer between us to obsculate the feathers of the truth, I guess she's about worked out!'

"I gasped; the fellow's effrontery took my breath out of me. Only five minutes before he had been swearing by all his gods—and they appeared to be numerous and mixed—that there were half a dozen fortunes left in the claim, and that he was only giving it up because he was downright weary of shoveling the gold out.

"'Don't look so vexed, stranger,' went on my tormentor, 'perhaps there is some shine in the ole girl yet; any way you are a downright good fellow, you are; therefore you will, I guess, have a real A1, old jam, plate glass opportunity of working on the feelings of Fortune. Any way it will bring the muscle up on your arm, for the stuff is uncommon stiff, and what is more, you will in the course of a year earn a sight more than $2,000 in value of experience.'

"And he went just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"Well, I set to work on the old claim with my boy Harry and half a dozen Kafirs to help me, which, seeing that I had put nearly all my worldly wealth into it, was the least I could do. And we worked, my word we did work—early and late we went at it—but never a bit of gold did we see; no, not even a nugget large enough to make a scarf pin out of. The American gentleman had secured it all and left us the sweepings.

"For three months this went on, till at last I paid away all, or very near all, that was left of our little capital in wages and food for the Kafirs and ourselves. When I tell you that Boer meal was sometimes as high as £4 a bag, you will understand that it did not take long to run through our banking account.

"At last the crisis came. On Saturday night I had paid the men as usual, and bought a muid of mealie meal at 60s. for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the great hole that we had dug in the hill side, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado. There we sat in the moonlight with our feet hanging over the edge of the claim, and were melancholy enough for anything. Presently I pulled out my purse and emptied its contents into my hand. There was a half sovereign, two florins, ninepence in silver, no coppers—for copper practically does not circulate in South Africa, which is one of the things that make living so dear there—in all exactly fourteen and ninepence.

"'There, Harry my boy!' I said, 'that is the sum total of our worldly wealth; that hole has swallowed all the rest.'

"'By George,' said Master Harry, 'I say, father, you and I shall have to let ourselves out to work with the Kafirs and live on mealie pap,' and he sniggered at his unpleasant little joke.

"'But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like anything for months and be completely ruined in the process, especially if you happen to dislike digging, and consequently I resented Harry's lightheartedness.

"'Be quiet, boy!' I said, raising my hand as though to give him a cuff, with the result that the half sovereign slipped out of it and fell into the gulf below.

"'Oh, bother,' said I, 'it's gone.'

"'There, dad,' said Harry, 'that's what comes of letting your angry passions rise; now we are down to four and nine.'

"I made no answer to these words of wisdom, but scrambled down the deep sides of the claim, followed by Harry, to hunt for my little all. Well, we hunted and we hunted, but the moonlight is an uncertain thing to look for half sovereigns by, and there was some loose soil about it, for the Kafirs had knocked off working at the very spot a couple of hours before. I took a pick and raked away the clods of earth with it, in the hope of finding the coin, but all in vain. At last, in sheer annoyance, I struck the sharp pickaxe down into the soil, which was of a very hard nature. To my astonishment it sunk in right up to the heft.

"'Why, Harry,' I said, 'this ground must have been disturbed!'

"'I don't think so, father,' he answered, 'but we will soon see,' and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. 'Oh!' he said presently, 'it's only some old stones; the pick has gone down between them.' 'Look!' And he began to pull at one of the stones.

"'I say, dad,' he said presently, almost in a whisper, 'it's precious heavy; feel it;' and he rose and gave me a round, brownish lump about the size of a very large apple, which he was holding in both his hands. I took it curiously and held it up to the light. It was very heavy. The moonlight fell upon its rough and filth encrusted surface, and as I looked curious little thrills of excitement began to pass through me. But I could not be sure.

"'Give me your knife, Harry,' I said.

"He did so; and resting the brown stone on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great heavens, it was soft!

"Another second and the secret was out; we had found a great nugget of pure gold, four pounds of it or more. 'It's gold, lad,' I said, 'it's gold, lad, or I'm a Dutchman.'

"Harry, with his eyes starting out of his head, glared down at the long gleaming yellow scratch that I had made upon the virgin metal, and then burst out into yell upon yell of exultation, that went ringing away across the silent claims like the shrieks of somebody being murdered.

"'Be quiet,' I said, 'do you want every thief on the field after you?'

"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I heard a stealthy footstep approaching. I promptly put the big nugget down and sat on it, and uncommonly hard it was, and as I did so I saw a lean, dark face poked over the edge of the claim and a pair of beady eyes searching us out. I knew the face. It belonged to a man of very bad character known as Handspike Tom, who had, I understood, been so named at the diamond fields because he had murdered his mate with a handspike. He was now, no doubt, prowling about like a human hyena to see what he could steal.

"'Is that you, 'unter Quatermain?' he said.

"'Yes, it's I, Mr. Tom,' I answered politely.

"'And what might all that there yelling be?' he asked. 'I was walking along, a-taking of the evening air and a-thinking on the stars, when I 'ears 'owl after 'owl.'

"'Well, Mr. Tom,' I answered, 'that is not to be wondered at, seeing that, like yourself, they are nocturnal birds.'

"'Owl after 'owl!' he repeated sternly, taking no notice of my interpretation, 'and I stops and says, "That's murder," and I listens again and thinks, "No, it ain't; that 'owl is the 'owl of hexultation; some one's been and got his fingers into a gummy yeller pot, I'll swear, and gone off 'is 'ead in the sucking of them." Now, 'unter Quatermain, as I right? Is it nuggets? Oh, lor!' and he smacked his lips audibly—'great big yellow boys—is it them that you have just been and tumbled across?'

"'No,' said I boldly, 'it isn't'—the cruel gleam in his black eyes altogether overcoming my aversion to the untruth, for I knew if he once found out what it was that I [illegible]ing on—and, by the way, I have [illegible] of rolling in gold being spoken of as a pleasant process, but I certainly do not recommend anybody who values comfort to try sitting on it—I should run a very good chance of being 'handspiked' before the night was over.

"'If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom,' I went on, with politest air, although in agony from the nugget underneath—for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so ready with a handspike—'my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him; that was all.'

"'Yes, Mr. Tom,' put in Harry, beginning to weep, for Harry was a smart boy, and saw the difficulty we were in, 'that was it—I hollaed because father bent me.'

"'Well, now, did yer, my dear boy; did yer? Well, all I can say is that a played out old claim is a wonderfully queer sort of place to come to for to argify at 10 o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer'—and he leered unpleasantly at Harry—'yer won't 'oller in such a jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party. No, I ain't that sort of a man, I ain't. Good night to yer, 'unter Quatermain; good night to yer, my argifiest young one,' and Mr. Tom turned away disappointed, and prowled off elsewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"'Thank goodness!' I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold. 'Now, then, do you get up, Harry, and see if that consummate villain has gone.' Harry did so, and reported that he had vanished toward Pilgrims' Rest, and then we set to work, and very carefully, but trembling with excitement, with our hands hollowed out all the space of ground into which I had struck the pick. Yes, as I had hoped, there was a regular nest of nuggets, twelve in all, running from the size of a hazelnut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those extraordinary freaks, with stories of which, at any rate, all people acquainted with alluvial gold mining will be familiar. It turned out afterward that the American who had sold me the claim had in the same way made his pile—a much larger one than ours, by the way—out of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

"At any rate, there the nuggets were, to the value, as it turned out afterward, of about £1,250, so that after all I took out of that hole £450 more than I put into it. We got them all out and wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and then fearing to carry home so much treasure, especially as we knew that Handspike Tom was on the prowl, made up our minds to pass the night where we were—a necessity which, disagreeable as it was, was wonderfully sweetened by the presence of that handkerchief full of virgin gold, which represented the interest of my lost half sovereign.

"Slowly the night wore away, for with the fear of Handspike Tom before my eyes I did not dare to go to sleep, and at last the dawn came blushing down the somber ways of night. I got up and watched its perfect growth, till it opened like a vast celestial flower upon the eastern sky, and the sunbeams began to spring in splendor from mountain top to mountain top. I watched it, and as I did so it flashed upon me, with a complete conviction that I had not felt before, that I had had enough gold mining to last me the rest of my natural life, and I then and there made up my mind to clear out of Pilgrims' Rest and go and shoot buffalo toward Delagoa bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and, although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and set to work to see if there were any more nuggets about. As I expected, there was none. What we had got had lain together in a little pocket filled with soil that felt quite different from the stiff stuff round and outside the pocket. There was not another trace of gold. Of course, it is possible that there were more pockets somewhere about, but all I have to say is I made up my mind that, whoever found them, I should not; and, as a matter of fact, I have since heard that that claim has been the ruin of two or three people, as it very nearly was the ruin of me.

"'Harry,' I said presently, 'I am going away this week toward Delagoa to shoot buffalo. Shall I take you with me or send you down to Durban?'

"'Oh, take me with you, father,' begged Harry, 'I want to kill a buffalo.'

"'And supposing that the buffalo kills you instead?' I asked.

"'Oh, never mind,' he said, gayly, 'there are lots more where I came from.'

"I rebuked him for his flippancy, but in the end I consented to take him."

CHAPTER II.

"Something over a fortnight had passed since the night when I lost half a sovereign and found £1,250 in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole, for which, after all, El Dorado was scarcely a misnomer, a very different scene stretched away before us clad in the silver robe of the moonlight. We were camped—Harry and I, two Kafirs, a Scotch cart and six oxen—on the swelling side of a great wave of bush clad land. Just where we made our camp, however, the bush was very sparse and only grew about in clumps, while here and there were single flat topped mimosa trees. To our right a little stream, which had cut a deep channel for itself in the bosom of the slope, flowed musically on between banks green with maidenhair, wild asparagus and many beautiful grasses. The bed rock here was red granite, and in the course of centuries of patient washing the water had hollowed out some of the huge slabs in its path into great troughs and cups, and these we used for bathing places. No Roman lady, with her baths of porphyry or alabaster, could have had a more delicious spot to have herself than we had within fifty yards of our skerm or rough inclosure of mimosa thorn that we had dragged together round our cart to protect us from the attacks of lions. There were several of these about, as I knew from their spoor, though we had neither heard nor seen them.

"It was a little nook where the eddy of the stream had washed away a mass of soil, and on the edge of it there grew a most beautiful old mimosa thorn. Beneath the thorn was a large smooth slab of granite fringed all round with maidenhair and other ferns, that sloped gently down to a pool of the clearest sparkling water, which lay in a bowl of granite about ten feet wide by five feet deep in the center. Here to this slab we went every morning to bathe, and that delightful bath is among the most pleasant of my hunting reminiscences, as it is also for reasons that will presently appear among the most painful.

"It was a lovely night and Harry and I sat there to the windward of the fire, at which the two Kafirs were busily employed in cooking some impala steaks off a buck which Harry, to his great joy, had shot that morning, and were as perfectly contented with ourselves and the world at large as two people could possibly be. The night was beautiful; it would require somebody with more words on the tip of their tongue than I have to properly describe the chastened majesty of those moonlit wilds. Away forever and forever, away to the mysterious north, rolled the great bush ocean over which the silence brooded. There beneath us, a mile or more to the right, ran the wide Oliphant and mirror like flashed back the moon, whose silver spears were shivered on its breast and then tossed in twisted lines of light far and wide about the mountains and the plain. Down upon the river banks grew great timber trees that, through the stillness, pointed solemnly to heaven, and the beauty of the night lay upon them like a cloud. Everywhere was silence—silence in the starred depths, silence on the fair bosom of the sleeping earth. Now, if ever, great thoughts might rise in a man's mind, and for a space he might loose his littleness in the sense that he partook of the pure immensity about him. Almost might he seem to see the spirit of the heavens, girdled round with stars, passing down in the dead quiet to look, now that the night had covered up her sins, upon the sleeping face of his lost bride, the earth. Almost might he near the echoes of angelic voices, as the spirits poised on bent and rushing pinions swept onward from universe to universe; and distinguish the white fingers of the wind playing in the tresses of the trees.

"Hark! what was that?"

"From far away down by the river there comes a mighty rolling sound, then another and another. It is the lion seeking his meat.

"I saw Harry shiver and turn a little pale. He was a plucky boy enough, but the roar of a lion for the first time in the solemn bush veldt at night is apt to shake the nerves of any lad.

"'Lions, my boy,' I said; 'they are hunting down by the river there; but I don't think that you need make yourself uneasy. We have been here three nights now and if they were going to pay us a visit I should think that they would have done so before this. However, we will make up the fire.'

"'Here, Pharaoh, do you and Jim-Jim get some more wood before we go to sleep, else the cats will be purring round before morning.'

"Pharaoh, a great brawny Swazi, who had been working for me at Pilgrim's Rest, laughed, rose and stretched himself, and then calling to Jim-Jim to bring the ax and a reim, started off in the moonlight toward a clump of sugar bush, where we cut our fuel from some dead trees. He was a fine fellow in his way, was Pharaoh, and I think that he had been named Pharaoh because he had an Egyptian cast of countenance and a royal sort of swagger about him. But his way was a somewhat peculiar way, on account of the uncertainty of his temper, and very few people could get on with him; also, if he could get it, he would drink like a fish, and when he drank he became shockingly bloodthirsty. These were his bad points; his good ones were that, like most people of the Zulu blood, he became exceedingly attached to one if he took to you at all; he was a hard working and intelligent man, and about as dare devil and plucky a fellow at a pinch as I have ever had to do with. He was about five and thirty years of age or so, but not a 'keshla' or ringed man. I believe that he got into trouble in some way in Swaziland, and the authorities of his tribe would not allow him to assume the ring, and that is why he came to work at the gold fields. The other man, or rather lad, Jim-Jim, was a Mapoch Kafir, or Knobnose, and even in the light of subsequent events I fear that I cannot speak very well of him. He was an idle and careless young rascal, and only that very morning I had to tell Pharaoh to give him a beating for letting the oxen stray, which he did with the greatest gusto, although he was, by the way, very fond of Jim-Jim. Indeed, I saw him consoling Jim-Jim afterwards with a pinch of snuff from his own ear box whilst he explained to him that the next time it came in the way of duty to flog him he meant to thrash him with the other hand, so as to cross the old cuts and make 'a pretty pattern on his back.'

"Well, off they went, though Jim-Jim did not at all like leaving the camp at that hour, even when the moonlight was so bright, and in due course returned safely enough with a great bundle of wood. I laughed at Jim-Jim and asked him if he had seen anything, and he said yes, he had; he had seen two large, yellow eyes staring at him from behind a bush and heard something snore.

"As, however, on further investigation, the yellow eyes and the snore appeared to have existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report, but, having seen to the making up of the fire, got into the skerm and went quietly to sleep with Harry by my side.

"Some hours afterwards I woke up with a start. I don't know what woke me. The moon had gone down, or at least was almost hidden behind the soft horizon of bush, only her red rim being visible. Also a wind had sprung up and was driving long hurrying lines of cloud across the starry sky, and altogether a great change had come over the mood of the night. By the look of the sky I judged we must be about two hours from daybreak.

"The oxen, which were as usual tied to the tiesellboom of the Scotch cart, were restless—they kept snuffing and blowing and rising up and lying down again, so I at once suspected that they must wind something. Presently I knew what it was that they winded, for within fifty yards of us a lion roared, not very loud, but quite loud enough to make my heart come into my mouth.

"Pharaoh was sleeping on the other side of the cart, and beneath it I saw him raise his head and listen.

"'Lion, Inkoos,' he whispered, 'lion.'

"Jim-Jim also jumped up, and by the faint light I could see that he was in a very great fright indeed.

"Thinking that it was as well to be prepared for emergencies, I told Pharaoh to throw wood upon the fire, and woke up Harry, who I verily believe was capable of sleeping happily through the crack of doom. He was a little scared at first, but presently the excitement of the position came home to him, and he became quite anxious to see his majesty face to face. I got my rifle handy and gave Harry his—a Westly Richards falling block, which is a very useful gun for a youth, being light and yet a good killing rifle—and then we waited.

"For a long time nothing happened, and I began to think that the best thing that we could do would be to go to sleep again, when suddenly I heard a sound more like a cough than a roar within about twenty yards of the skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be developed from any quarter, or might not be developed at all; and though I was an old hand at this sort of business, I was anxious about Harry, for it is wonderful how the presence of anybody to whom one is attached unnerves a man in moments of danger, and that made me nervous. I know, although it was now chilly enough, I could feel the perspiration running down my nose, and in order to relieve the strain on my attention, employed myself in watching a beetle which appeared to be attracted by the firelight, and was sitting before it thoughtfully rubbing his antennæ against each other.

"Suddenly the beetle gave such a jump that he nearly pitched headlong into the fire, and so did we all—gave jumps, I mean, and no wonder, for from right under the skerm fence there came a most frightful roar—a roar that literally made the Scotch cart shake and shake and took the breath out of me.

"Harry made an exclamation, Jim-Jim howled outright, while the poor oxen, who were terrified almost out of their hides, shivered and lowed piteously.

"The night was almost entirely dark now, for the moon had quite set and the clouds had covered up the stars, so that the only light that we had came from the fire, which by this time was burning up brightly again. But, as you know, firelight is absolutely useless to shoot by, it is so uncertain, and besides it penetrates but a very little way into the darkness, although if one is in the dark out-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Limits of Human Senses.

The limited nature of the human senses, whereby we may fail to perceive an all pervading "second universe," has been greatly emphasized by the progress of science since Isaac Taylor reasoned from it in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" half a century ago. Improvement in spectroscopy and photography show that invisible rays extend as far beyond the violet end of the spectrum as the length of the spectrum itself, and indeed must continue until the vibrations "become infinitely rapid and infinitely small." Some of these ultra rays can be made visible by interposing a substance that lessens their refrangibility.

Professor Stokes, the physicist, found that when a tube filled with a solution of quinine sulphate was moved along the spectrum, "on arriving nearly at the violet extremity a ghostlike gleam of pale blue light shot across the tub; it did not cease until the tube had been moved far beyond the violet extremity of the spectrum visible on the screen." The wave lengths of the spectrum sun rays have been measured, and we perceive only those that are from about one forty to one sixty thousandth of an inch; to all others we are blind. So of sound; the human ear, practically, hears only those sounds that come from forty to 4,000 vibrations of the air per second, though the possible limit has been traced to near 40,000. The microphone reveals a new range of notes, and it is conceivable that this instrument, in connection with sympathetic and harmonic vibrations, may bring down to audibility still higher sources of sound. It is not affirmable that any construction of mortal eye and ear could disclose the supernal; but it is certain that there is very much visible that we don't know how to discern.—The Forum.

Rescue of the Shipwrecked.

A new plan for the rescue of shipwrecked sailors, which it is thought is a great improvement on the inventions now employed, has been proposed to Secretary Whitney by Rear Admiral Ammen. It consists of the construction of what is called a balsa, or a float. The rear admiral suggests the following method of launching them: "The head sail should be hoisted so as to bring the wind quarterly; oil bags would be thrown over from each quarter. The railing at the stern fitted for unshipping would be let down and the launching skids put in place and the balsa carried aft by eight men and lowered with four on it. Then a rough car to fit in the skids would be loaded with the helpless persons and lowered to the balsa, be received and placed, and the operation continued until the boat has her load, then she would be cast adrift, make a drag of her mast and sail, throw overboard her oil bag, and the same operation would be repeated until every one was embarked. Then they should fasten to each other in sections of fives." The balsa consists of two casks, upon which a platform is laid. In the casks are scuttles for stowing provisions. A sufficient number of them to carry a thousand people could, in the opinion of the rear admiral, be carried on a large steamer without inconvenience.—Chicago Times.

Plea for the Public Schools.

Criticise the public schools as we please, we are all obliged to own, after investigation, that they offer to every child who enters them certain advantages which no private wealth can buy. In our cities and large towns they are, to begin with, as clean as the decks and cabins of a man of war. Every child who enters them learns, so far as the school room influence goes, habits of neatness, method, decorum and punctuality—points of training hardly to be surpassed in their importance, not only for the mental, but for the moral nature. When I enter such a school room, and come upon fifty little people marching in procession to or from their seats, obedient to a wave of a finger from the resolute youth or maiden who has them in charge, and when I reflect that all across a continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this same process is going on, then that modest teacher's work rises into sublimity, and seems one among innumerable shuttles that are together weaving the vast web of a new generation.—"T. W. H." in Harper's Bazar.

Old Lady (to a boy in drug store)—I have pains runnin' up and down my back and I guess you can give me a bottle of liniment.

Boy—Wot kind will you have?

"What's the cheapest you have?

"I kin give you a good horse liniment for $1 a bottle."—Texas Siftings.

Hope for Young Men.

Who says that there is not hope for the young men of to-day? Of Amherst's ninety