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BY JAMES C. HASSON.

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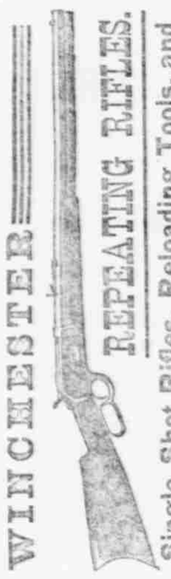

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A BOY KING.

A Historical Sketch for Boys.

In striking contrast to the present Emperor of Germany, who did not reach the throne till past middle life, stands Louis XV., of France, who had the cares of royalty thrust upon him at the age of five.

There is much in the youth of "the boy king," as he is called, that is both pleasing and instructive, and he is one of the few monarchs whose names have come down to us linked to the fame of their tutors.

Louis' teacher was the great Fenelon, but more of him by-and-by.

The boy king was the great-grandson of Louis XIV., surnamed Le Grand. His father was Louis, Duke of Burgundy, and the grandson of the famous Maria Theresa.

During his last days the old king, Louis XIV., bestowed much attention on the little boy destined to succeed him, and the two were often together.

Once the boy was presented to an assembly of the clergy by the failing monarch, with words which at the time struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the French people:

"Here is a prince who will succeed me before long. By his virtue and piety he will render the church still more flourishing and the kingdom more happy."

Such was the wish of all, and for a few years it was religiously cherished; but the time was to come when the boy king, lying on his death-bed, was to wish in vain for the sympathy of his people.

The French court in those days (Louis XIV died in 1715) was dark with intrigue and infected with corruption. There were different political parties at constant war with one another, and little Louis found himself in anything but a pure atmosphere.

The Duke of Orleans had been appointed regent. He was a crafty man, whose sole ambition seems to have been greed for power, and he naturally drew about him men of his own stamp.

The young king thought more of a child's playthings than of the affairs of state. He was fonder of romping through the palace than of hearing the nobles discuss diplomacy in the ministers' apartments. He would sometimes break in upon an august council with a toy cannon at his heels, and shock the ladies of the court by an outburst of boyish laughter.

I wish I could say that Louis was a model boy in every respect, but I cannot. The chronicles of the times accord to him a violent temper, which he sometimes indulged without restraint. He was a boy king, and had to be humored.

There were two very important events in the life of the young monarch. One time he fell ill, and the physicians startled Paris by pronouncing him dangerously so.

His sickness lasted some days before he began to mend, and when he was convalescent, *Te Deums* were chanted in honor of the event. All Paris swarmed in front of the palace, and the day was made one of great rejoicing.

The overjoyed people threw up their hats and called for the boy king. He was asked to come forth on the balcony, but, having little care for the people he was soon to govern in earnest, he hid himself.

Old Marshal Villeroy, who had been one of his great-grandfather's soldiers, drew him from his retreat, and brought him before the cheering crowds in the court.

"Look at this company of people," said the soldier. "All are yours; they all belong to you. You are their master."

Think of a self-willed boy being told that the people of Paris belonged to him!

Is it a wonder that the boy king laid the foundations of the Reign of Terror before he died?

The boy king was about seven years of age when one of the most distinguished sovereigns of the world arrived in France. This was Peter the Great, of Russia.

The renowned Czar was a "singular admixture of military and barbaric roughness, with the natural grandeur of a conqueror and the creator of an empire;" and as such he aroused great excitement wherever he went.

Louis had heard a great deal about this crowned giant of the North, and, boylike, burned to see him.

When the long-looked-for meeting took place, Peter advanced toward little Louis, who looked like a real king in ruffles, lace and sword, picked him up in his arms and kissed him over and over again.

One of the old historians says that Peter did this "with an air of tenderness and politeness which was full of nature, and nevertheless intermixed with a something of grandeur, equality of rank and slightly superiority of age, for all that was distinctly perceptible."

More than once afterward the Czar and the boy king met, and Louis is said to have shed tears when the time came for the Russian to return to his empire.

It is probable that Peter soon forgot his youngest royal brother, but Louis kept the visit as a pleasant memory.

The school-days of the boy king of France link his name to that of the greatest teacher of the age—Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.

He was noted for his gentle life and pure literary productions, and was the proper person to fit a young king to be a just and pure minded ruler.

In 1689, Fenelon was chosen tutor of the young king, and for six years he made his task a labor of love. Louis had his faults, one of which was an ungovernable temper, which at times the charming Fenelon could not curb.

As the relations of teacher and pupil progressed, the boy gradually lost this wild temper. Several times he broke the clocks which summoned him to the school-room, and when the rain interfered with some outdoor pleasure, he flew into a rage that bordered on madness.

Many pleasant stories are related of this period of the boy king's life.

His title was Duke of Burgundy.

At one time, when Fenelon reproved him for a bad breach of decorum, he exclaimed, petulantly, to his teacher:

"I know what I am, and I also know what you are!"

These "mad fits," as they are called, gave way under the mild sway of the schoolmaster.

Fenelon wrote his famous "*Telemaque*," now a French text-book, with a view to training his little pupil's mind in the principles of virtue.

Sometimes, after one of his outbursts of temper, Louis would exclaim in tears to Fenelon:

"I will leave the Duke of Burgundy behind the door when I am with you, and will be only your little Louis!"

There is no telling what would have been the final results of Fenelon's teaching if he had been permitted to remain longer with the boy king.

[illegible] against the teacher, and he was driven from the court. Louis then fell into the hands of those incompetent to train him. The precepts of Fenelon were thrown aside, and in a short time the boy king lost all he had gained.

While he was still a boy the royal match-makers of France married him to Marie Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislaus, the dispossessed King of Poland.

The princess is described as being "a good, simple creature, without wit or beauty," and it is doubtful whether Louis ever had any affection for her.

When he reached his majority he was crowned with great ceremony, and for fifty years reigned over the French people.

We cannot follow him beyond his boyhood days further than to say that his reign was not a happy one—that it was filled with war, intrigue and all manner of evil.

His grandson Louis became the celebrated Louis XVI, who recognized the independence of the United States during the Revolution, and who afterward, with his queen, Marie Antoinette, suffered death by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

The boy king, for this name clung to Louis XV to the last, died of smallpox May 10, 1774; and the same France which saw him promise so well under the wise teachings of Fenelon, shed not a tear at his death.

J. C. HARBAUGH.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* writes: I was a mechanic. I am a farmer now, and have been for many years. I was a good workman, and had constant employment except when work was slack. I one day said to my young wife,—

"I never shall be anything but another man's servant unless we accumulate some capital."

Quick came the response,—

"Well, accumulate some then; I will help you."

That response was the making of our fortune. After talking the matter over we agreed not to stint ourselves in food, clothing, books and news-papers, but to avoid all waste, to make no foolish purchases, to shun balls, parties and excursions, and buy no rum, tobacco, or cigars. It did not take a long argument to convince me that to set fire to a ten cent piece and burn it up was not the way to have it in my pocket. And from that day to this, I have never spent a cent in tobacco in any form. The money I did not spend would buy a span of good horses.

My wife laughingly said she had heard of people putting their savings into an old stocking, and we would have a stocking to put ours in. I drew my wages weekly, and on the Saturday she following she dropped a silver dollar into it. It fell down silently. On the following Saturday another went in, it clinked; my wife looked up and smiled at the sound. Week after week in went the dollar, sometimes two. At length she had lost the count, and after the children were put to bed and the door fastened to insure secrecy, she emptied the contents and we counted seventeen dollars; three dollars were added to make twenty. The same plan was followed until we had forty dollars. Then my wife said,—

"If you will let me manage this thing I will show you what I can do."

I consented, and she bade me go to the grocery man and ask what discount he would make on a bill of thirty dollars for family groceries.

"Ten per cent," the grocer replied.

She made out a list to the amount, and when I handed it to him and the money, he gave me back three dollars, and sent the goods. That was a great event in our lives.

"You'll find," said she, "that I shall not use them more freely than if they were bought in driblets at a higher price."

She turned the three silver dollars over in her hand and a smile overspread her face that was worth more than three dollars to see. She had justified herself to herself and proved to me that she had a business capacity. From that time she made all of our purchases, and I never had cause to regret having trusted her. In a short time the old stocking was replaced, for the whole of several weeks' wages went into it.

We were very careful now to draw the blinds closely, fasten the doors and speak in whispers, so that our neighbors should not suspect how rich we were. The old stocking grew to be quite heavy and went down with a thud that was very pleasant to hear. Soon we had sixty—seventy—eighty dollars. How rich we were! And duty as the weeks came round the counting was renewed. Our happiest hours, now, were those in which we lingered over our treasure. My wife, I think, liked to finger the shining metal, and truly I was nothing loath. The nearer the end the more anxious we were to attain it; we grew feverish—pinched a little, I think, and we counted ninety-five dollars. At the end of the next week, in went the other five and the work was done. We counted it over two or three times—yes, it was all there. To prolong the pleasure my wife pretended that she had made a mistake, or might have made one, and it would never do to find it short when counted again. So we lingered over the last counting. Then her eyes met mine, and "Thank God!" she exclaimed; and I, as thankful, added "Amen." You smile! Well, perhaps you came into property without effort, but just think of a poor fellow who had never owned one hundred dollars clear in his whole life sitting before a pile of silver—his own earnings, and across the table a lovely woman, the cause of it all, wouldn't he smile?

I jumped up and kissed her dear lips. They are silent now, and I am growing old. But that night we were the happiest couple in New England. We counted our savings by thousands afterward, but never again could we taste the delicious joy of that hour in which we counted our first hundred.

The Jews of Russia.

There are three millions of Jews in the southern and western sections of Russia. They are most numerous in Lithuania and White Russia. They prefer to live in villages or towns that are not seats of government, and in Wilna they form ninety-two per cent. of the population. They purchase or lease large areas of land. These lands they do not cultivate themselves, but sublet them in small lots to the peasants. Their profits as middlemen have hitherto been very large. In Bessarabia they have obtained long leases of agricultural land belonging to some foreign convents which they have sublet at high rates. In Podolia almost all the large estates situated in the basins of the affluents of the Dniester, are held by Jews at long terms. The soil is exhausted after five or ten years' cropping, and within the last decade there has been a fall of thirty per cent. in the value of landed property.

Slaughter of Song Birds.

Statistics are rolling up to a frightful extent in regard to the wholesale slaughter of our song birds. A single village, we are told, shipped from 50,000 to 80,000 birds during the last summer. A woman agent way down in Maryland has been known to collect 50,000 birds, many of them the charming Baltimore oriole, to send to Paris in a single season. At times when the market is active, from 5000 to 10,000 slaughtered birds are received in New York City daily. The breeding places of large numbers of birds, the sea island along the coast, are almost depopulated of songsters.

THE NEST IN THE GROVE.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might."
—*Tennyson.*

I do not know why I should call it a nest, for it is only a little bit of a cottage with a red roof and narrow windows, a modern Queen Anne, and a very modern and wholly anomalous edition at that. But there are two young birds who have gone to live there, and such a billing and cooing as they have kept up, since they came, reminds me of a pair of thrushes that always nest in my orchard, so I call them the "honey birds" and the cottage "the Nest."

The grove is not exactly a grove, but a lawn with a great many elms, and maples and birches scattered over it. In summer time it looks like a perfect wood, and the red roof and the little stained glass windows are almost hidden under a canopy of green.

"My lovely birds" are married, of course,—married so short a time ago that they have not yet forgotten the fact, as most married folks do. Jack—that is, "he"—is a teller in a bank, and Bessie—that is, "she"—never was anything in particular, except a spoiled darling; and now that she is married she is worse spoiled than ever.

I ought not to be watching them, I suppose, but I can't help it. When I sit at my window, in the evening, I cannot help looking right down into the grove, and, of course, I can't help seeing the happy young people, as they walk up and down on the grass under the trees, and, inasmuch as I have no natural closets to my ears, it is impossible that, now and then, I should not hear what the honey birds say. Watching without meaning to, and listening without being able to help it, I have come to certain conclusions about young married love. And they are such as follow:

The bliss of the honeymoon is something altogether different from the bliss of the lover, which precedes it, and from the bliss of settled married life, which follows it. It is a period of revelation. Before it begins—unless the engagement has been a phenomenally long one—neither of the young people knows the other, except in the most superficial sense. It could not be otherwise. But now each has taken the golden key of marriage, and unlocked the other's heart, and is peering in. Everything, everything depends upon what is seen just in this little time, when the moral panorama is unfolding. Is it any wonder that the bliss of the honeymoon should be something perilously fascinating? Everybody knows the pleasure of discovery, and here is a voyage into the most beautiful and marvellous region known to man, the region of the soul!

From observing the honey birds I know that they have met with some strange surprises, in their mutual voyage. Jack has said, "Oh!" a great many times, with a great many inflections, and sometimes he has been strangely silent. All the time he was learning new things about Bessie. And Bessie on her part, has looked up with such surprise, and has looked down with so much of reflection! She has laughed so strangely, and sometimes so wonderfully hopefully; and then again—shall I say it?—she has cried!

They are learning each other. God grant they may learn nothing amiss! They are feeling the wonderful charm of a wonderful voyage into a wonderful region. God grant neither of the little silken-sailed barques may overset!

Again, I have concluded that young married people must quarrel some—or be forever miserable. Jack and Bessie quarrel,—indeed, they do. Jack don't like Bessie's way of dressing her hair. Bessie wants Jack to cut off his whiskers. Neither will yield the point. There are a thousand other little things that set them at swords' points. But I have always noticed that after a quarrel they are as happy as two birds after a shower. I can always tell the smack of Jack's kiss when they are "making up." It is a rapturous sound. There is some motive and purpose to it. 'Tis not a kiss for kissing's sake. And if it must be repeated (as is often the case), to kiss a tear from Bessie's cheek, it is enough to thrill the nerves of the most mummified old heathen that ever frowned on youthful lovers. Tell me there is not grace in lover's quarrels! I tell you there is grace and necessity, too.

I have been impressed with the fact that young married people are not silly as lovers are. The common impression of a honeymoon is that it is a period of unlimited saccharine foolishness, which must disgust an impartial observer. False, false—utterly false! There is something so sacred about this season of mutual revelation that the "ducky" and "pootsey-wootsey" characteristics given it by old bachelor writers, who love to make fun of what they have foolishly thrown away, are wholly irrelevant and are seldom met with in real life. It is holy confidence, it is sweet communion, between man and wife. It is "dearest" instead of "ducky," "my love" instead of "pootsey-wootsey,"—at least, so it is with Jack and Bessie. I do not hear Jack paying silly compliments; I do not hear Bessie acknowledging them with senseless giggling. These are the things of the days long ago. True romance takes the foolishness out of the most foolish heart. One peep into another's soul, and you do not have to play with the eyes for secret meanings.

I do not know as I ought to have said what I have about the proprietors of the Nest in the Grove. I almost hope that the reader, seeing the non-communicative title of this paper, will pass it over, not knowing the breach of confidence it discloses. And I particularly beseech the editor not to send a marked copy to Jack and Bessie, they might, being very much engaged with other things, skip an article that purported to tell only about birds.

Feed Fastnor.

What the Volunteer Does.

All accounts agree that General Paine's new yacht, the Volunteer, is a wonder. She stands up "like a church," "like a house," and like various other things that are supposed to be particularly erect. She cuts the water like a knife, leaves no more wake than a match, and sails dead into the wind's eye. We can tell better about all these things when she—if one may call a thing "she" that has such a name—gets alongside the Mayflower. Whether she is a better boat than last year's champion or not, everybody will be glad to hear that she has proved capable of giving the best of our present boats a hard tussle. The cup race promises, when it comes, to be even more interesting than the Puritan-Genesta contest.

The White House at Washington, D. C.

The White House at Washington, D. C., is 170 feet long by 86 feet wide. The largest apartment, known as the east room, is 80 by 40 feet in dimensions and 22 feet high. The adjoining blue room, finished in blue and gold, is devoted to receptions, diplomatic and social. The green and red rooms, so called from their finishing, are each 30 by 20 feet. The rooms on the second floor are occupied by the executive office and the apartments of the President's family.

FISHING IN GALVESTON BAY.

Towed by a Grandduquois.—An Old Fisherman's Tales.

"Many a time," said a solitary fisherman on a barge moored to the wharf, "have I pulled up anchor when fishing in a small skiff near the quarantine station to allow the boat to be pulled along by some huge fish that I had hooked. I remember well the surprise I created one time by calmly sitting back in the stern of my boat and waiting to see where his fishship was going to take me. It happened to be what they call a grandduquois—a rascally pirate that always gets away with your line—and I think that fish was pretty well disgusted. We ran all over the bay—sometimes toward Bolivar, then toward Pelican—and once or twice the grandduquois got mad and tried to pull the boat under, but that was a little too much for him. Then he got so mad that he jumped clean out of the water and furiously lashed his tail.

That settled it, for he broke the line, and I spent exactly ten minutes in cursing the fish, for it left me nearly two miles away from the quarantine station, and it was not so pleasant to row in here in the hot sun for a fat man like myself. (The speaker weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.)

"At that time," continued the fisherman, "the grandduquois was as dangerous as it was piratical. I say 'at that time' for I haven't seen or heard of one in the past four years. Several serious mishaps occurred during one of these fishing seasons.

A party rigged up a line for the express purpose of landing a grandduquois in the boat. Well, it was one of the mistakes in life that people will frequently make, and I guess they thought so, too. I was out fishing that morning as usual in my skiff, loading my reel-pool and conjuring up visions of trout and other game fish when the grandduquois party came along. They yelled out to me that they meant to show the grandduquois that he wasn't boss of the waters, and I told them that I hoped they'd succeed—while I knew they would not.

Pretty soon a violent yell told me that something had transpired, and looking around I saw the boat that had just passed me skimming through the water at a lively rate, and a grandduquois was pulling it. The man in the boat were shouting and wildly gesticulating, and I was wondering what caused so much excitement, for hooking a grandduquois was quite common. But I soon had the reward of patience. The man who had been holding the line had rolled it to his wrist, and the fish had pulled his arm way down into the water. But instead of cutting the line they tried to pull in the fish to the very natural discomfiture of the man who, from the expression of his face, was wishing the fish in Halifax, or some other hotter place.

Perseverance was ultimately rewarded, however, and, with superhuman odds, they landed the fish in the boat and, quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, the fish flopped about with his tail and the men went flying over it sideand the other. Soon at a distance, the sight was enough to convulse any one with laughter, for it was extremely funny to see the men flopping out of the boat so unceremoniously, and to see fishing tackle and baskets follow in the manner. That was an unusually large grandduquois, being about six feet in length, and it was fortunate the men were but on the lower portion of the body, or they might have been stunned into unconsciousness. The grandduquois upset the boat in trying to flop himself out, and I pulled up and took in the hapless fisherman. They let grandduquois severely alone after that. What is it like? Well, in general appearance, it resembles the alligator gar, with the exception of the mouth, which is not as sharp as that of the gar. The grandduquois, however, is just as voracious and ugly a customer as one would care to meet in Galveston Bay if he took a sudden desire to attack you.

"There are very few Spanish mackerel caught now. I believe that more genuine Spanish mackerel than any other game fish. I tell you it is simply glorious! You fish them by either trolling or letting the line sink to a certain depth beneath the surface—say about four feet. Fresh bait is absolutely essential in fishing for Spanish mackerel, and you must have a live minnow or a live shrimp. You let the bait sink four feet and gradually allow the line to slip away an inch at a time. A piece of wood or a cork from a bottle will suffice for a float, upon which you must keep your eyes riveted all the time. Spanish mackerel, like most of the trout family, always bite when on the run, and when your float shoots under the blue water a school of mackerel has just sped by. They don't stop at all—just scoop in the bait and keep right on. Your line suddenly grows taut and you begin to pull in, gently at first, but quickly and firmly afterward. While you're drawing him toward the boat he jumps up out of the water repeatedly, performing the beautiful and graceful curves for which they are noted. Every sportsman will play with the Spanish mackerel as long as possible if he has him firmly hooked, and thus derive one of the keenest thrills of pleasure known to seekers after the finny tribe. Spanish mackerel are found in all Southern waters, and derive their name, I think, from having been first seen in the Mediterranean, off the Spanish coast."

Story of Abdel Kader.

Some of the imposing figures among the Moors involuntarily recall the Ideal of Othello or the traditionally enormous stature of Abdel Kader, the chief of the Maures at the time Louis Philippe invaded Algiers. The following incident told me by a gentleman that had seen the great Moor, is worthy of preserving, although it bears reference to the large size of Abdel Kader's fortune rather than his figure. When the French under Louis Philipp were besieging Algiers, Abdel Kader, being hard pressed for funds to continue the war, is said to have resorted to the following expedient: Having converted his entire fortune into small coin, he secretly carried it with the assistance of two of his servants to a remote spot in the desert. His fortune being piled up formed an immense heap of small coin. He thereupon with the promptness truly characteristic of Oriental manners, killed his servants in order to guard his secret; and on returning to his home withdrew into seclusion under the pretense, that an inspiration necessitated his communion with the Holy Prophet. After a few days he came forth and proclaimed that Mohammet had indicated to him the existence of an immense treasure in the desert, composed of blessed coin of which the people should each have one piece and give in return therefor as large a contribution as possible to the war-fund. Accompanied by a large cortege he then ostensibly corroborated his divination by going to the spot where he had deposited his fortune. He thus gained the confidence of the people through their superstition, and was enabled by the liberal contributions which poured in from all sides, to carry on a vigorous though futile campaign against the French.

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

Why Trainmen Stick to a Hard and Dangerous Life.

"We see many strange things in our life and many strange people. But for that existence would be a burden, and you could not get a man to run on the road at all, for the pay is not great and the danger is not a little."

He was a trainman on one of the many roads that run out of Buffalo, and had just finished his supper and was quietly enjoying a cigar. The girl next door was trying to strike up a flirtation with him, but in vain. Nor did she show poor taste. He was young, tall, fair-looking, with an athletic frame and a pair of honest, fearless blue eyes that compelled respect from men and won the hearts of women. He was in a talkative mood and went on, pausing now and then to keep his cigar going.

"I don't know why it is, but I am never contented except when I am on the move. I may be dull and depressed when down town, but the moment the conductor calls out 'All aboard!' and the engine pulls out I forget every thing except the jostle, rumble, roar and the swaying of the train. The rapid motion has an exhilarating effect, and as the trees and fields whiz by my blood begins to tingle.

"Then a man makes friends at every stopping place, and there is always some one to say 'good-day' and 'good-by' at every station. You are always on the go, and there are always old friends and new faces at every turn. I like the life, and it is the excitement in it that keeps so many men fast bound to it. You must not think we could not do better. Why, I have quit two or three times, and I did well, but I could not stand it, so I returned to the life again. Promotion is slow but sure, and each of us knows that a conductor's punch will surely come in time if we do our duty. It is all very well to talk of soulless corporations, but a railroad appreciates an honest employe just as much, if not more, than a bank president does an efficient clerk."

FLIRTATIONS AND FREE TRIPS.

"'I don't know why it is,' he went on, after a few vigorous puffs, 'but the brakeman—or trainman, as he is now called—is a greater favorite than the conductor. The shy country lass or the village maid and the gushing city lady all take to us. Our region is the most obliging. We have lots of the cares that annoy the conductor taken off our hands by people who are trying to beat us, and we have no quarrels with the passengers. I suppose it is necessary to put upon the conductors, but I think even they are honest. Now and then one yields to a genial temptation to do a good a piece of human nature, but he deceived often. I often think that if the railroads had to be tried and tempted as the conductors are they would make as many mistakes in the head and heart. I will give you one pointer—if you wish to get a free ride, you talk to the conductor before you board the train. He will do just as much for you then as he will when you strike him on board. A man who is honest never gets aboard and tries to beat his way, and no one knows this better than the conductor."

PETS AND FAVORS.

"No, we seldom get tips," he continued, "and a great many of us never take them. Of course, we can pick up many cigars, but they are more in the line of smoking than any thing else. We have so many friends along the road that they are always doing something of the kind. I know one day I returned a book to an old gentlemen who had left it in his seat as he changed cars here; he offered me half a dollar, which I refused. He then thanked me very gracefully, with a marked English accent. I found out afterward he was Herbert Spencer. I was glad then I refused the 'tip.'"

A DYING SCHOOL GIRL.

"I can give you another instance," he said, after another struggle with his cigar, and that happened between here and Syracuse. We pulled out one night, and as I walked through the car I saw a young girl with a pinched face, dark sad eyes and a hacking cough. I saw that she was a consumptive and I made up my mind that she was hurrying home to die. I was all sympathy at once and made up my mind that I would keep track of her and see that her journey was as pleasant as possible. We whirled along and as I went by her I saw that she was suffering. I proffered my services and she said she wanted a cup of water. I got it and then I fixed the seats and made her a bed. I gave her all the help I could and she finally told me her story. She said she had been a student at the Normal School at Albany, but she had broken down during the course of study. Now, I had a cousin there and I told her so, and she knew her. She became more confidential and told me she was going home to die, and that the doctors had told her she could live six months. When we parted I turned her over to the conductor on the next run who had at one time been a trainsman with me. I never saw her again."

REWARD.

"It was a good six months afterward," he said, as he lighted his cigar, which had gone out, "when I heard that there was a reward offered to the trainman who had been kind to a sick lady on his train. I thought of my adventure, but I made up my mind that I was not the lucky man. Now, all the boys had a sick passenger, but none got the reward. One day, in Syracuse, a man came up and began to talk with me about my sick passenger, and wanted a description. I am a good hand at remembering names and faces, and I told him about her pinched face and her eyes and cough, as I have told you. He told me that I was the man he was looking for, but wanted me to tell how she was dressed, and I did not miss that. Then he informed me that she had requested on her death-bed that I should be well rewarded for my kindness. He told me that she had a little money, but that her mother was in rather poor circumstances. I am not very saving anyway, but I have enough for my ordinary expenses. I thought of my own mother, and then I made up my mind that I did not want any reward, and I told them so. I knew that she was grateful, and I told them I did not value the reward half as much as I did her remembrance of me. "I never got the reward," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "and these are the only tips that I ever received. But I must report for this train, so that if the other man can't go I may take his run. If you ever take a run down our road go on our train. I will try and make it pleasant for you."

A New Game.

Since the Wild West show has captured London a new and deadly game has been introduced among the youth of that city called "buffalo bill." The facts were brought out at the inquest held on the body of a boy named Grant, who died from injuries received in playing it. Inspector Bryan testified that in this "game" the boy who was the "buffalo" had to allow the other boys to butt him in the stomach after which all ran down an away and the "buffalo" gave chase, and the boy whom he caught had to be buffalo next.

A PRETTY TOUGH YARN.

The Truthful Mariner of the Lakes Outdone Himself.

"Talking about life-preservers," said the truthful mariner as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you remember the old steamer Roustabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago. I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles out from Chicago when Mike Lanagan, who was doing something up on the roof, fell, struck on his head on the roof of the cabin, and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain he seen him fall and stopped and backed the old Roustabout quicker'n you could say 'scat.' Mike went down like a plummet, for he was knocked insensible and I know'd there was no use to have a life preserver for him, so I jest hurried on the boys in getting the boat down, although I didn't expect it 'ud do much good. We had Jim King on board. Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do, replied a bystander.

"Well, Jim was champion quoit-thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a boss on throwing quoits. I tell you quoits were a great game in them days. Every village had a quoit club, and the boys on the farms used to throw horseshoes. It was somethin' like base-ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base-ball as I could see in a good game of quoits."

"O, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do any thing? Did the man drown?"

"Now, don't be too fly. Who's tellin' this yarn?"

"Well, you don't seem to be."

"Go on! Go on!" said the crowd.

"Well, you know, in quoits a 'ringer' was when you put the quoit round the stake. It counted double. Well, Jim, he packs up the round life-preserver—it's like a great big quoit, you know—and as the Cap'n came running aft, Jim he sings out, Cap'n, I'll bet you $5 I'll make a ringer on that man if he comes up within the length of this line."

"Bet you $20 you can't" said the Cap'n.

"Take you," said Jim, and just at that minute I hove Mike's head about sixty feet astern, Jim threw, and I'll be durned if that life-preserver didn't go clean over Mike's head! Come down on the deck and wasn't we mad! We went to work and didn't take the back's name to yet and didn't have it to this day, but I reckon a goner as it is, I'll lay for that ringer, although it took the skin off'n his nose."

"And the Captain pay the $20?"

"Pay it? You bet he did. And Jim he handed it over to Mike, and Mike he blew it all in when we got