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THE WILD SOWER

Up and down the land I go,
Through the valley, over hill;
Many a pleasant ground I sow,
Never one I reap or till;
Fan and flail I never wield,
Leave no hayrick in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip,
Fills the harrowed earth with seed;
In the selfsame score I slip
Germs of many a lusty weed;
Though I scatter in his track,
I possess nor bin nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare,
Rain and sunshine second toil;
Tame and wild these acres share,
Wrestling for the right of soil.
I stand by and clap my hands,
Cheering on my urchin bands.

Mine the cockle in the rye,
Thorned thistle, large and fine,
And the daisy's white-fringed eye,
And the dodder's endless twine;
Mine those fingers five that bind
Every blade and stalk they find.

Mine the lilies, hot and bright,
Setting summer meads on fire;
Mine the silkweed's spindles white,
Spinning autumn's soft attire.
Goldenrod and aster then
I bring up by bank and glen.

Whoso fleeth to the woods,
Whoso buildeth on the plains,
I, too, seek those solitudes,
Leading on my hardy trains;
Thorn and brier, still man's lot,
Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me, unaware—
Shaggy herds that ceaseless roam,
And the rovers of the air
Passing to their winter home;
More than these upon me wait—
Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go,
Trafficking with every clime,
Still the fruitful germs I sow
That shall vex your harvest-time;
Otherwise, ye toil-stooped men,
Eden's ease were come again!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Journal of Education.

A DEEP-WATER GHOST.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

We were four bronzed, jolly sportsmen, who happened to meet during the partridge shooting season at a little hostelry in the southern part of Virginia. There was a real old-fashioned fireplace in the waiting room of the hotel, and here we used to gather every evening to smoke our cigars, compare notes on the sport of the day, and "swap yarns."

I remember in particular the story that Lloyd told us, the night before we parted. It was unique and weird. Lloyd was a tremendously big, athletic fellow, and he had a way of saying things in that deep bass voice of his that made them doubly impressive.

He had been sitting for some time with his chin on his hand, looking steadily into the open fire. Benson had been telling a rather commonplace ghost story, and the rest of us had dutifully oh-ed and ah-ed and pretended to shiver at the proper laces, but Lloyd said never a word. When silence settled upon the little group once more, however, Lloyd sat up in his chair, uncrossed his feet, and remarked:

"Now, boys, I am going to tell you a ghost story the like of which you never heard before, and the best of it is it's all true, for it happened to me exactly as I shall tell it.

"When I was in Sweden, some 15 years ago, I had an opportunity to do considerable gunning, as my friend and host was a landed proprietor and controlled the hunting and fishing rights of a large and valuable territory. In this tract was one large lake, called Lake Fryksdal, which abounded in fine fish, particularly pike of a remarkable size. Hovering over this lake almost constantly were a few pairs of whitish-gray birds which the Swedes call sea-eagles — great, magnificent, broad-winged creatures, whose food consisted of the large fish that were so plentiful in the waters of their habitat.

"I had a strong desire to shoot one of these birds, although I knew them to be held in almost sacred esteem by the inhabitants, who believed that if anyone should kill one of them, he would be haunted by the sprite of the bird as long as he lived. But not being the least bit superstitious, my passion for obtaining a specimen of each new bird or animal I came across in my travels easily overcame all scruples, and I forthwith laid my plans to secure one of the sea-eagles.

"I shall never forget the circumstances connected with the shooting of this bird. It was a bright, still afternoon. I had been lying for hours behind a large rock on the shore of the lake waiting for one of the birds to come within range of my fowling-piece. A pair of them were sailing hither and thither above the surface of the lake, waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon some pike or other fish that might be sunning itself at the top of the water. At length I saw one of the eagles drop like a shot from a height of more than 100 feet, and strike the water in a cloud of foam and spray. The next moment he rose, bearing a good-sized fish in his talons, and flew heavily toward the shore. My heart began to thump against my ribs, as I saw that, if the eagle held to his course, he would pass almost directly over the place where I lay concealed. Crouching down, I waited for the shadow which I knew must precede the bird, as he was flying between me and the sun.

"At length it came—a big, slowly-traveling blot of darkness—and the moment it passed me on the shingle of the beach, I leaped up, with both barrels of my gun cocked and ready. There, scarcely 40 yards away, and a little to the left, the eagle loomed in the clear, sun-lit air. The gun sprang to my shoulder, and a quick, loud report rang out on the silence. With an almost human scream, the bird dropped the fish from his talons, and came sailing down with outspread, quivering wings, graceful even unto death. Slowly he settled upon the beach, wings extended. I dashed towards him. The great wings were vibrating silently on the stones. The head and neck had fallen prone in the weakness and stupor of death. But as I stood over my victim, the eyes of the great bird met mine with a glance which I shall never forget—reproachful, pleading, accusing, condemning. I fairly shivered and turned away my eyes. It was a look to haunt a man his life long. But when I turned again the eyes had glazed, and the magnificent white eagle was stretched out in the motionless beauty of death.

"When I took my prize home, my host said, sadly, and more than half seriously: 'I am sorry you killed the bird. He will haunt you to the day of your death.' I laughed carelessly, yet somehow my heart misgave me, and it was weeks before I could get over a certain apprehensive uneasiness that pursued me even in my dreams.

"I spent the ensuing winter and spring in Stockholm; but with the return of another summer my friend in the country invited me most cordially to repeat my visit at his fine old estate, and as I knew he really wanted me to come, I had neither heart nor reason to decline.

"The weather during July was exceedingly warm, and during our frequent fishing trips to Lake Fryksdal my friends and I often refreshed ourselves by taking a dip in the clear waters. One afternoon, as we were fishing off shore near the place where I had shot my eagle, I said to my host with bantering triumph: 'Well, a year has passed, and I haven't seen the ghost of that sacred eagle yet!'

"'Never mind,' was the reply, 'you will see it yet. Mark my words. It will come to you some time when you least expect it.'

"I laughed and proposed that we take a swim, as the sun was getting up very warm, and the fish were not biting at all. My friends assented, so we undressed and plunged into the lake. I dove straight down, and, catching hold of the jagged end of a large rock, opened my eyes to look about me for a moment.

"Never, if I live to be a hundred, will the sight that met my eyes at that instant be effaced from memory. Coming toward me, silently, and yet with incredible swiftness, was the bleached and snowy skeleton of a gigantic bird, with wings outstretched! It made no ripple, no pulsation of the water. It seemed to have no means of propulsion, for the ghostly wings were rigid and motionless. Yet on it came, swift and still; and, to my horrified imagination, in the whited sockets of the skull gleamed those same reproachful, condemning eyes which the dying eagle had turned upon me a year ago.

"To say that I was fairly paralyzed with fear but inadequately describes my condition. Though beginninig to suffer for lack of air, I could not to save me have let go my grasp of the rock. I was fascinated, enchained. Every muscle in my body was rigid and beyond control of the brain. And still that horrible, mysterious specter was coming toward me, and I could neither avoid it or ward it off.

"How long I clung there, suffocating and helpless, I know not. I only know that, just as the water-ghost was about to strike me in the face, a lithe, white form flashed in between, a strong hand seized my arm and I was dragged forcibly up to the surface of the water. Then I lost consciousness, and the next thing I remember was being rolled over and over on the back and punched in the ribs, and then opening my eyes on the pale, anxious face of my friend, who had dived down and saved me.

"When, an hour or two later, I told him the story of my deep-water apparition, he smiled incredulously, even as he said: 'Did I not tell you you would see it some time?'

"But the mystery was solved a few days later, when, picking up a Stockholm paper, I read the following paragraph:

"'A GHASTLY TROPHY.

"'A recent writer tells what may be truly regarded as one of the most curious incidents of natural history. In some of the Swedish lakes, he says, large birds of prey are in the habit of swooping down on the pike basking at the surface of the water. In these cases, if the pike be more powerful than the bird, the latter, unable to extricate his talons, is borne to the bottom and drowned. Incredible as the story seems, Eckstrom, Rev. Mr. Moller, and other writers, state that the flesh of the pike heals with the talons of the bird in its back, while the bird becomes converted into a skeleton, which is carried about by the pike. One skeleton, which had long been exhibited by a pike in Lake Wetter, had acquired a greenish tinge, and was regarded by the fishermen as a harbinger of misfortune.'"

—Detroit Free Press.

SILENCED THE "MASHER."

How a New Woman Saved Herself from Unwelcome Attention.

He had a smile as bright as his gayly-colored trap as he rode up alongside a demure young woman who was walking in Central park the other morning, upon one of the asphalt paths, reports the New York Herald. She heard the rattle of wheels at her side, yet she turned neither to the right nor to the left.

"Good morning," said the handsome young man as he raised his straw hat with the dizzy band, "wouldn't you like to take a ride with me this morning?"

The girl didn't say "Sir-r-r-r!" or "What means this intrusion?" She slowly turned around and looked the young man over from head to foot. He bore her gaze without flinching, and started to get down from his seat as if to assist her into the trap.

The girl looked at him and then at the pocketbook which she held in her hand.

"I don't know," she said, half aloud. "I don't know, I'm sure. How much would you charge to take me to the art museum?"

There was a whirl of yellow trap, of bright red hat band and flying wheels.

"You'll do," the young man said, as he drove rapidly away.

A Blind Student's Examination.

Among the students who went up for the classical examinations for foreign languages, held before the professor of the University of Paris, figured a blind youth, who is a day scholar at the Lycee Buffon. Some curiosity was aroused among the other competitors as to the method by which this sightless rival would contrive to translate his paper. The young man, who was accompanied by a small boy, was given a private room. Here one of the masters read out the passages, which the student took down on paper with a pointed instrument. The dictation terminated, the pupil reread the subject, marking the punctuation. He then set about the translation, which was into the English language. Words he did not know the meaning of were looked for in the dictionary by his companion, who, however, afforded him no further help. When the translation had been written in his own curious characters the young man transcribed it for the examiner on a typewriter, working the instrument with remarkable speed, and he concluded his task within the time prescribed for the other competitors.—London Telegraph.

RECEIVES IN HER BATH.

Sovereign of Madagascar Transacts State Affairs in Her Tub.

Persons who pride themselves upon what they call their sturdy common sense affect to despise elaborate civilities under the expressive term of "starch." None the less, says the Denver Republican, do such sacrifices to exacting graces flourish, and certainly not less than in countries nearer home among the Hovas of Madagascar, who were, even before their annexation, nothing if not Parisian. Starch is, however, at the court of Antananarivo no mere matter of form; rather, if anyone may say so, a form of matter, for it is the starch so indispensable in our laundries that, like Shakespeare's divinity, doth hedge around the Queen Ranavalo. She, like Marie Antoinette, is accustomed to receive state visitors in her morning tub, and quite seeing the disadvantages of having her bath water like her state policy, too clear, the starch is thrown into it to dissolve as a white veil around the queen. Among the dignitaries thus received by her was, according to the Paris correspondent of the Times, a French ambassador, M. Le Myre de Vilers, who, after a plentiful use of diplomatic "soft soap," retired highly confident. An old Hova, however, more experienced in Madagascar etiquette, took a different view of the results of M. de Vilers' mission. "Oh, he will not obtain anything," he said; "there was too much starch." Excessive starch would seem to make queens and collars alike "stuck up."

SHE KILLED THE BEAR.

Her Method Was Original But None the Less Effective.

Some Philadelphia sportsmen hunting the deer in the wild portion of Clearfield county, in the center of the mountains of Pennsylvania, were hurriedly called out one morning by the guide, who had discovered two bucks a few miles away, says the New York World. Hastily starting, the men did not carry a large supply of ammunition and what they had was all used or wasted in bagging the deer. Starting back to camp, they encountered a bear and as they could not shoot they ran, each going in a different direction.

The bear chased the guide and he took the direct course toward the camp log house, where his wife was preparing a meal. With a yell he dashed into the house and up into the loft. His wife ran out of the back door, closed it, and as the bear had gone inside she hurried around, closed the front door and made the bear a prisoner.

The intrepid woman then tied a dog to a pole, thrust the howling canine through the door and thus coaxed the bear out. As bruin appeared she struck him with an ax and killed him at the first blow.

One of the hunters commented on her manner of fishing for a $50 bear with a dog worth $150, but the woman retorted:

"We generally shoots 'em, but we never runs from 'em."

SPANISH MINES IN TEXAS.

There Is Talk of Reopening Some of the Old Ones.

The earliest settlers of Bell county, Tex., found along the mountains northeast of Belton and near Nolan's creek what appeared to be old mines that had probably been worked by the Spaniards, Indians or Aztecs. Since then every once in awhile there has been talk of trying to open the mines and see what was in them, says the Galveston News. They presented the appearance of deep holes in the ground, some of which had been partially and others almost entirely filled with dirt. In some instances bushes had grown in these places. In one or two cases large cedar logs had been placed over these mine-holes and dirt thrown on them. Some people have always contended that it would pay to reopen and work these old mines, but until now no one who desired to put time or money in them.

The recent discovery of gold four or five miles from Belton has given a new interest in these old mines. In one of these mines some men have begun work in earnest, and are keeping at it from day to day. They are not very communicative about their prospects for success, but this much they tell, that in a short time they are going to ship some of what they think is their best-paying ore to the smelter at eagle Pass. After it has been smelted they will know more. Meanwhile there is a good deal of interest about it around town.

FOREIGN PICKINGS.

Brussels contains a clock which is wound up by the wind, and never by human hands.

Soil was brought up from the depth of 326 feet, from a coal mine in Belgium, and from it sprouted weeds of a species unknown to the botanists.

Foreign Jews without distinction of calling will be admitted into Russia until further notice, after having their passports vised by Russian consuls.

A Buda-Pesth journal notes the fact that 32,000 season tickets were sold for the millennium exposition in that city, while at the last Paris exposition only 19,000 were sold.

The citizens of Weisbaden intend to buy the neighboring hunting seat of Platte and present it to the German emperor, who recently expressed great admiration of the forests that clothe the Taunus mountains, and intimated a desire to spend some time there every year.

Absent-Minded.

The story is told of a famous mathematician that he was frequently guilty during his courtship of walking the greater part of a mile with the young lady of his choice without speaking. One evening she took advantage of his absent-mindedness to play him a trick. She slipped her hand from his arm and hurried home a nearer way. He continued to hold his arm in the same position, walked up the steps of her father's house and rang the bell, when, to his astonishment, she herself opened the door. He stared in an incredulous manner and exclaimed: "Why, S——, how in the world did you get on that side of the door?"

Royal Relics.

A cambric shirt worn by Louis XVI. on the day before his death realized $570, and the napkin used at mass on the morning of his execution $390, at a recent London sale.

AN ASSAYING-ROOM PUZZLE.

One morning, early in June, I was sent for by my employer, the head of a detective agency, and found a visitor with him. The latter rose when I entered, and the chief formally introduced us.

"Mr. Vincent," he said, addressing the gentleman, "this is Mr. Borland, the detective whom I had been speaking to you about."

Mr. Vincent bowed and I returned the salutation. "That is my card, sir," he said, handing me the piece of pasteboard as he spoke.

I looked at the card; it bore the name: "Mr. Horace Vincent," and in the corner the name of Mr. Vincent's firm, "Leggit & Vincent, Assayers to the Bank of Great Britain."

"We are in great trouble," said Mr. Vincent, after a short pause; "we have reason to believe that one of our assistants is robbing us daily of the gold dust which passes through his hands."

"Indeed," I returned; "then why not have the gentleman arrested at once?"

"That is impossible," he said—"quite impossible."

"May I ask why?" I said, briskly.

"We cannot do so because there is not one jot of proof to justify such an arrest. Every man is searched nightly on leaving the premises, and this man whom we suspect has undergone the same treatment. Not a tenth of an ounce of the dust has been found on his person on any occasion."

"Then why suspect him?" I asked, somewhat impatiently.

"There is no one else to suspect. At our establishment we have some 20 assaying rooms, and each room has made up its accounts perfectly with the exception of the room in which young Renshaw is employed. Month after month a considerable deficit occurs there.

"If it is your wish that I should take the case in hand, I will come and have a look at your place and employes without delay."

Mr. Vincent shook hands with the chief, and I, having made a few necessary preparations, set out with the assayer for the scene of the trouble.

As we walked along, I said:

"How much of the dust has been missed altogether?" I asked, after a short pause.

"Close on 150 ounces. You see, the robberies have been extending over some time now, and we are determined to either find the thief or discharge every man in our employ."

"I hope that there will be no need for such an extreme measure," I remarked; "doubtless, we shall be able to bring home the crime to the culprit."

No more was said until we reached the assaying-rooms. Mr. Vincent opened the door, and, bidding me follow him, passed rapidly into the room, No. 15, where the robberies had been committed.

A young fellow was bending over a pair of hair scales as we entered.

"That is Renshaw," whispered Mr. Vincent; "quite a youngster, as you see."

Renshaw, becoming aware of my presence, looked up. I am something of a reader of physiognomy, and reading that face, I distrusted it at once.

Mr. Vincent was the first to speak.

"Renshaw," he said, in a low voice, "I am indeed grieved that I should have to speak to you as I am going to speak, but there is no alternative. This gentleman is a private detective. He has come to inquire into the mysterious disappearance of the gold dust from this room."

"Well," said Renshaw, sulkily, "what has that to do with me, sir?"

"I only hope for your sake and your dead father's sake that it has indeed nothing to do with you," returned Mr. Vincent, sadly; "but the facts are so black against you that I have determined to take up the matter now and pierce the heart of the mystery. Renshaw, it is not too late to confess. I will not be hard on you, nor will Mr. Leggett."

"I have nothing to confess," he returned, moodily; "I have never taken anything out of this room that was not my own property."

"If you are speaking the truth," said Mr. Vincent, not unkindly, "how do you explain that there is such a remarkable deficit at the end of each month in the accounts connected with Room 15? Nobody besides yourself is allowed in here—to whom else can we look for an explanation?

"I cannot help you, sir," he said, quietly. "I am very sorry, of course, for what has occurred, but it is out of my power to do anything in the matter."

He paused, and then broke out, almost passionately:

"Haven't you searched me night after night, as if I were a dock laborer?" he said. "Surely, if I had stolen anything, it would have been found on me then. What more do you want?"

"We want to find the culprit, my boy, that's all. There is some great puzzle here—some strange mystery, black as night. Renshaw, if you will take a last chance, I offer it to you now. If you are connected with this business, speak out, and I promise you that the law shall not touch you. Lose this opportunity, and then the law shall go to work, and if it, indeed, can convict you, then we shall have no mercy on you. What is your answer?"

"My answer is as before," he said, slowly. "I know nothing whatever of the affair. If I did I would say so; as I don't, I can't."

We left him alone, and I went to Mr. Vincent's private room, where we spent half an hour in earnest consultation.

"My opinion," I said, "is certainly that the youth is guilty, and that he has discovered some method of hiding his spoils from the searchers night after night."

"But what method could he possibly use?" asked Mr. Vincent, putting his hand to his forehead in despair; "nothing escapes the searchers—absolutely nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," I returned, slowly; "searchers are only human, after all, and possibly a most simple trick has deceived them. Is there any means by which Renshaw could be watched from a room above?"

"Curiously enough," replied Mr. Vincent, "there happens to be a skylight in room 15. Perhaps you noticed it when you were there? Through that skylight you would have ample opportunity of seeing how he employs himself."

"Very well," I said, "it is no use of my watching him now, as he will, of course, be on his guard. In a week's time I will return. Meantime, you will, of course, keep your own counsel, and let no inkling as to my visit leak out in the place."

He reassured me heartily on this point, and then we shook hands and parted.

A week later, I took up my position above the skylight, and watched the young assayer closely.

I must confess that he did nothing whatever of a suspicious nature. He pursued his work calmly and methodically, showing himself to be a very industrious workman.

He had a habit or mannerism which seemed to me rather strange in so young a man. It might be natural, or it might be affected, but every now and again he would pause in his work, and pass his long, nervous hands through his bushy, auburn hair, as though trying to collect his thoughts. It reminded me very forcibly of a mannerism of Henry Irving, and I thought it possible that Renshaw might be a bit stage-struck, and had consciously or unconsciously adopted the mannerism of the great actor.

Throughout the day I stood in my uncomfortable position, eliciting nothing. At five o'clock the establishment closed, and I came down from my perch, and went straight to Mr. Vincent's room.

"Mr. Vincent," I said, "my search has been useless so far. I am now going round to Renshaw's place of residence, and I want you to give me his address and invent some pretext for keeping him here for, say, half an hour while I pursue my investigations."

"Very well," he replied, promptly; and then, ringing a bell, he told the messenger who answered it to detain Renshaw and not let him go until he had seen him. The messenger having departed, Mr. Vincent wrote the address of the young man on a slip of paper.

Jumping into a hansom, I drove as fast as the cab would take me to 22, Acacia Villas, Brixton, where Renshaw lodged. Arrived there I presented my card, and having sufficiently overawed the landlady by the magic name of "detective," I was ushered up into Renshaw's room and left alone. I had, of course, cautioned the woman against giving him the slightest hint when he came in of my visit.

Then I examined the room closely. In one of the drawers I found a collection of tradesmen's bills, which proved clearly that my "bird" had been going it for some time past. One of the bills rather astonished me, for it was for a bottle of aniline hair-dye.

"What on earth should he want to dye his hair for?" I pondered—and then it flashed upon me like a lightning stroke that Renshaw's auburn hair had never seemed to me to be quite genuine. But why should he desire to change its color?

As I stood thinking, I heard his step on the stairs. In a moment I had darted behind a screen, which, fortunately, happened to be standing in a corner of the room, and waited for his entry.

He came in hurriedly and sat down on the bed. Then he looked in his water can and found it empty.

He went to the door and called out: "Mrs. Martin. I wish you would send up some water at once. You know I always like to have a wash directly I get back."

"Funny thing, this desire for cleanliness," I thought. "I saw him wash his hands at five o'clock to-night before leaving the assaying-room. He is quite fanatical on the subject of soap and water."

Up came the servant in a moment carrying with her a huge can. Renshaw thanked her, and having set the can down, he locked the door, and made preparations for washing.

He filled the basin, and then put his head under water for about 40 seconds, slowly raising it at the end of that time.

He repeated the process again and again, to my intense amazement and astonishment. Of course, there was nothing strange in a man's bathing his head, but when the process was gone through a dozen times, surprise was perfectly natural.

But, feeling that if the secret was ever to be discovered, it must be discovered now, I seized the opportunity, when Renshaw's head was turned towards the window, of stealing out from my hiding-place behind the screen and examining the basin and its contents.

Good heavens! In an instant the truth flashed on me; the water was full of gold dust washed from his head. Our suspicions had been correct, and Renshaw was indeed the thief.

In a moment I had him firmly in my grip.

"I arrest you, Mark Renshaw," I cried, "on a charge of theft. I've had a nice hunt to run you down, but I reckon I've done the trick at last."

He turned as white as death.

"The game's up," he said, hoarsely; "but it was a good game while it lasted. You can take me now whenever you like."

I could not help admiring his self-possession. I saw the reason for the hair-dye and the reason for his passing his hands frequently through his hair. The dye had been used to make his hair of similar color to the gold dust, and when he put his hands to his head, he quietly left a pinch of dust in the hair. It was a very clever device, but it was played out now.—Tit-Bits.

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but this fact has lately been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and through an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence, a breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of the pleasure we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.—Youth's Companion.

TOBACCO IN WILLS.

Curious Directions Left by the King of Smokers.

Klaes, the merchant of Rotterdam, was called the king of the smokers, from his devotion to the gentle weed, and he had a right regal funeral. By the terms of his will, every smoker who chose to attend it was presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes, on which were engraved the name, arms and date of the decease of the testator. All his guests were invited to be careful to keep their pipes alight during the funeral ceremonies, and to empty their ashes into his grave. His oak coffin was lined with the cedar of his old Havana cigar boxes, and a packet of old Dutch tobacco was placed at the foot of his coffin. His favorite pipe was laid by his side along with a box of matches, as well as flint and steel and some tinder, as he had expressed an opinion that "there was no knowing what might happen." Some anti-tobacconists of the period seem to have wickedly remarked that these precautions about procuring a light would be found superfluous.

The courts recently set aside a clause in the will of an anti-tobacco leaguer in Ireland. This gentleman had a prejudice against smoking, perhaps because it made him sick, and inserted this paragraph in his last testament: "I have told my sons, John, Richard and Samuel, that if they indulge in the habit they would forfeit £500 each, to be divided among their sisters, and should they at any time begin this habit, their sisters may sue them each for £500."

LONGS TO BE A SLAVE.

Southern Negro Who Wants to Go Into Bondage Again.

Some of the letters that Mayor Thacher gets are curiosities in their way. People from out of town who wish to find out anything in the city of Albany invariably write letters to the mayor. It doesn't make any difference what the information desired relates to, the mayor, they think, ought to know, says the Albany Argus.

A letter was received from a negro away down south, who, Mr. Monahan says, has been dead for 30 years—not literally a corpse, but deceased so far as his grip on hustling, progressive nineteenth century life was concerned. This man believes that slavery is still an institution in this great land, and is ignorant of the glorious fact that the master's whip hasn't cracked for 30 years. He never heard of the president's proclamation, never knew that the north had whipped the south, and that a million lives had been sacrificed to free the slave. In his letter to the mayor this colored man asked to be brought north and sold back into slavery. There is no question that he found it impossible to live in the south, and longed again for the irresponsibility from self-support of slavery days, which he thought still flourished in the south.

A REMARKABLE TOOTH.

Wonderful Relic in the Temple at Yakadama, Japan.

The temple at Yakadama, Japan, contains a wonderful relic in the shape of a tooth which, tradition says, one of the gods pulled from his jaw in order to have a weapon with which to dispatch an immense cobra, says the St. Louis Republic. Years ago, according to the tradition, after the tooth had been worshiped by heathen devotees for centuries, a change of sentiment took place in regard to the relic. It was declared to be a fraud and was, accordingly, ground to a powder and then thrown into the river. But the particles came together, so the priests say, and again formed themselves into a perfect tooth, which was found as perfect as before the ordeal, quietly reposing in the bed of the river. After this miracle, the "Temple of the Sacred Tooth," which had also been destroyed by the unbelievers, was rebuilt and the tooth again enshrined as an object of adoration. At present it is kept in a gold box wrapped in films from the sacred white spider's web.

Non-believers in the power of the Sacred Indestructible