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Tansy.

In the fields I met a maiden,
Both her arms with tansy laden.
Ah, how could a girl prevent it,
Or a merry boy avoid it?
Just one kiss I took, and spent it
For another close beside it.

Oh, but how she frowned and pouted!
Much my boldness then I scouted;
But another day I met her.
Proffered then a fresh plucked pansy,
And she laughed: "No, I like better
Just the simple, wild grown tansy!"
—*Bazar.*

The Well Digger.

Come, listen all, while I relate
What recently befell
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seams
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye.

For by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from the station,
All suddenly his hopes were dashed
Of future liquidation.

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt,
But that just when the earth caved in
He happened to be out!

"Alas! I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man—
"To dig away this cursed well
I see a pretty plan.

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And eke the neighbors know
What's happened to the digging here,
They'll think that I'm below!

"And so, to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than it was at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To bide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befell
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan.

The neighbors all, with one accord,
Unto each other said:
"With such a weight with earth above,
The man is surely dead!"

And the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said: "Since the Lord has willed it,
E'en let it be his grave!"

—*John G. Saxe.*

The Baggage Master's Wife's Story.

"Dinner ready!" said the baggage master to his wife.

"Of course!" said the wife, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes, yes," said the baggage master, "you're afraid of your glass."

And then they laughed together.

"You don't know what he means," said the rosy little woman to me.

"Why, when I'm in a temper I smash things," said the husband, and went his way.

"In a temper," said the wife. "Why, Tom couldn't be in a temper if he tried. Tom in a temper! Good gracious! But I'll tell you what he means, if you like—for you couldn't get it out of him. And as I've half an hour before me, and my darning in my hand, and you're waiting for the stage, it won't waste time for either of us. There was a time when I didn't think much about that, but that was a good while ago.

"My husband was baggage master on this very line when I married him, and they said he was the most careful one ever known. No forgetfulness in him. Never drank a drop and never snubbed the poor, bewildered people who asked questions. Good natured he was as could be, and as firm as if he hadn't been good natured, and I was a silly, irresponsible girl, who had been at school a month before that of my wedding, and knew as much of housekeeping as a mouse.

"He had saved a good deal of money, and had built a pretty house with only four rooms in it, besides the kitchen, but each as pretty as a picture, and a big bow window in the parlor that had cost ever so much. In the window plants were set, and an aquarium. No one had a prettier parlor anywhere. It was the pride of my heart.

"The great road ran just past the corner; it was at Lilliput Junction that we lived—and down below was the depot, and the train slacked up going through the town. When Tom ate breakfast at home, which wasn't often, he kept ten minutes to get to the cars before they started, and so was never in a hurry.

"Well, one morning he had had breakfast at home, and had fifteen minutes to spare, when some one came rushing past the house on horseback, and cried out to Tom that old Hill, a brakeman on the road, had just been very much hurt by a train and he was going for a doctor. Tom liked old Hill, and he started to his feet at once. 'Bessie,' said he, 'I must see the poor old fellow. I have ten minutes or more for it. I can run to the depot in three. Now, take my keys, my dear, and have them at the door for me when I pass. Remember how important it is.'

"You see the great bunch of keys was heavy, and he didn't care to carry them all with him down to where old Hill was and back. And I didn't wonder at it as I lifted them from the table, checks and chains and all. And I meant to stand at the door as he came up; but there was time to spare. So I just ran into the back yard to tell Mrs. Jones, next door, over the fence, about the accident to poor Hill—and got talking, and the time passed as time will in chat; and ten minutes is nothing, you know.

"And our house was on the street, one of a row. There was no getting to the back door without going around the whole of them. And the door had a patent lock and the big bow window was fastened down; and while I was chattering like a magpie I didn't see my husband flying up the road, with good three minutes before him, to get his keys and run to the depot in. 'Bessie,' he cried at the gate; but I didn't hear him. 'Bessie,' he shouted, as he shook the door—and there were my ears filled with the story my neighbor was telling me about the tipsy woman she'd seen run over, and you see Tom had tried the window by this time and found it down, and he had two minutes and a half left; and a man that misses his duty on a railroad pays for it, I tell you; and it wasn't temper, mark that; it wasn't because he felt like smashing my window, because I kept him waiting; it was to do his duty, come what might of it; and it was grand of him, I say. The next second Tom was through that plate glass window with a crash, and the bits lay scattered on the floor and on the ground, and some were in his flesh, but he had his checks and his keys, and was off flying.

"There never was a man that ran a race that ran so before; and a minute after, when I, without my bonnet, and not caring a bit what any one thought of me, stood staring down the road, I saw the up train rush by, and my Tom standing on the platform of the last baggage car, with his keys and checks in a belt about his waist, tying up his bleeding hand in his pocket handkerchief; and, in the midst of it, hurt as he was, much as he had lost in that great window, angry as he should have been at me—for I had been the cause of it all—my Tom nods his head to me and shouts at the top of his voice, so that I heard him above all the sounds of the train: 'All right, Bessie!'

"But, oh! it wasn't all right with me until I saw him again, and I would have gone down on my knees to him to beg and pray him to forgive me, only he wouldn't let me, but took me in his arms instead. He's that kind of great, strong, splendid man, is Tom, that he couldn't get angry at a woman.

"But it was a lesson to me, and, as Tom says, 'I'm always on time, whatever I have to do.'

"There's no delay. There's no putting off in my house, and I gossip when there's nothing else to do.

"'You see, you're anxious about your glass,' says Tom, when he's in a joking mood, as you heard him just now. But I've got to feel that I've my duty to do as well as Tom has, and that one of the duties we all have on the train of life, that flies on whether we want it to or not, is always to be on time."

The Struggle in Cuba.

The following is an extract from a private letter addressed by a member of the Cuban congress to a friend in New York:

CAMP NEAR HOLGUIN, September 29, 1876.—Here we are, rejoicing over the capture of Las Tunas by General Vicente Garcia on the night of the 23d inst. This is unquestionably the most glorious feat of the war. General Garcia, in a dispatch to the government, proved the importance of the capture of the place by reason of the heavy booty he took. As soon as he had taken the powder magazine (El Polverin) and the church, which latter was fortified with three guns, it was easy for him to compel the surrender of those who had sought refuge in the forts and in some of the neighboring houses. We are hourly expecting the official dispatch giving the details of the action.

Las Tunas, to which the Spaniards had given the surname of "La Victoria," was garrisoned by over two hundred Spanish regulars, and about an equal number of volunteers. The latter have joined our forces; of the former we have as yet heard nothing, but it is likely that not one of them is alive. A very important affair detains us in this department, which prevents us from rushing to congratulate our brothers in arms. General Garcia also states that his losses were quite insignificant.

We have considerably anticipated the coming winter campaign; witness the attack on Villa Clara by General Calvar on July 21, when he captured forty rifles and left thirty-six Spaniards killed, without even being pursued, as the Spaniards falsely assert; the attack on Morava of July 20 by Brig.-Gen. M. Suarez, under orders of Gen. Maximo Gomez, and where an enormous booty of clothing, money, ammunition and provisions were captured; the charge under Lieut.-Col. Jose Gomez upon a body of Spanish cavalry at Los Pasos, in the jurisdiction of Sancti-Espiritus, in which ninety horses and thirty-three rifles fell into our hands and the Spaniards left forty killed upon the field; the at ack upon Las Minas, in Camaguey, by Brig.-Gen. Benitez, where he rescued fifteen prisoners and took twenty-six rifles, in which action with the machete alone our men captured two forts, with a loss of only three killed and one wounded; the charge of Col. L. Vidal up to the gates of Holguin, so close up to them that the families on the roofs of the city inside the walls could plainly see the Spanish cavalry turn to the right about face, leaving twenty-six killed, forty-seven horses, and twenty-seven rifles in our hands.

Besides the foregoing we have for the past six months kept the enemy busy all over the country, by skirmishes, by ambushes, by unexpected attacks, which, although individually unimportant, have helped to decimate their ranks, and disgust their ill-paid, ill-fed, and overtasked men with the service.

The death of Brig.-Gen. H. M. Reeve was due to an imprudence on his part; he led a charge against a body of the enemy, of whose force he was misinformed. He fell badly wounded in the thick of the Spaniards, and preferred to blow his brains out than fall alive into the hands of the enemy.

We have likewise experienced a great loss in the death of Lieut.-Col. Tidel Cespedes, who also was led to his death by an excess of bravery. The corpse of poor Cespedes was taken into Pueblo Principe, and there dragged through the streets at a horse's tail. Ah! these Spaniards are always the same.

War Trappings of a Chief.

The Smithsonian Institute received a short time ago a valuable and interesting addition to its museum in the shape of a complete and very fine outfit of the war trappings of an Indian chief. The contribution comes from west of the Rocky mountains, but no letter of transmission or description has been as yet received. The suit consists of a very fine headdress of red flannel, trimmed and decorated with beadwork and eagle's feathers. The long train which descends from the head and over the shoulders is also fringed with eagle's feathers. There is an undershirt which is worn next the skin. It is of red flannel also, with a black and white border, and is sewn over with elk teeth. The suit includes a pair of war leggings of red cloth, highly decorated with thick beadwork in alternate squares of dark blue and light blue beads, and with fringes of buckskin down the sides. The war shirt, worn outside, is of buckskin, ornamented with beads and human hair, and is painted on the breast and shoulder. In addition to these articles there is a complete flowing shabraque, which is worn over the shoulders with the ends falling on each side of the wearer. It is worn only when the chief is mounted, as a chief is not fond of carrying much weighty apparel or accoutrement, and is of flannel, faced with otter skin. To this is attached the bow case and quiver case, which are both heavily ornamented with beadwork in various colors. There came with the suit a pair of squaw's leggings of red flannel, very thickly and tastefully sewn with beadwork. These articles could not have cost less than some two hundred dollars in the aggregate, and the thick ornamental beadwork is very costly.

Easily Done.

The circular of a Chicago divorce lawyer is before us. He offers to get a divorce in six weeks for $100, and there need be no greater cause of complaint than that "the parties cannot live in peace and union together, and that their welfare demands separation." The applicant has simply to sign an affidavit, pay the fee and receive the document. The lawyer does not require the presence of his client, as he does his court business in "a Territory where there is no State organization to interfere. In this case, residence anywhere in the United States is all that is required, and affidavit of plaintiff is sufficient proof."

VALUABLE ESTATES.—A number of well known estates in the James river section of Virginia have been sold lately to Northern and Western capitalists. The "Grove," near the historic Jamestown, brought $50 an acre; "Arina," at Aikins' Landing, $30,000; Ruffins' homestead, near Port Walthall, $30,000; the beautiful "Ellerslie," in Chesterfield county, $23,000; and an elegant possession just above Aikens' Landing, on the river, $35,000.

A TEMPERANCE MESSAGE.

A Letter from John B. Gough to the Young People of the Country.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been requested to send a message to the Sabbath-schools in behalf of the total abstinence cause. I wish I could write to you all that is in my heart on this great question, but my time and ability are limited, and my message must be short.

We are sometimes told that total abstinence is not temperance. What is temperance? Let me give you a short reply. Temperance is a lawful gratification of a natural appetite. Is the appetite for intoxicating liquors a natural appetite? No. Therefore temperance is total abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

This principle is a sensible principle. When you are as old as I am, you will regret many things you have learned in the past; but you will never regret that you did not learn to use intoxicating liquors. I have never met a person, nor do I believe that you can find a person in the world, who would say: "I am fifty years of age, and I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I regret that I did not learn to drink it when I was young." No. When you meet one who has never drank, he tells you: "I am glad of it," or "I am proud of it." A man once called on me, and said: "Mr. Gough, I want to tell you something. I am not a reformer. I care little for reforms, or missions, or Sunday-schools. They are all very well in their way, but they are not in my line. I have been an actor since I was eighteen, and I am now forty-three, and I never drank a glass of ale, wine, or spirits in my life. What do you think of that? I am proud of it!"

Dear children, you would be shocked if you could read some of the letters that lie in my desk, that have been written to me by persons in all grades of society—young men, old men, lawyers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, teachers, mechanics, clerks, and some ladies—who have acquired the appetite for strong drink. One says: "Dives in hell never longed for a drop of water as, with all the power there is in me, I long for a drink." Another says: "Is there any hope for me on this side of the grave?" Another says: "God knows how near I have been to self destruction through drink," and so on.

One poor man, actually holding my feet, cried out: "Oh, Mr. Gough! help me out of this hell. Drink is my curse." Yes, dear children, the cry comes from the inmates of lunatic asylums: "Drink is my curse;" from the State prisons, "Drink is my curse;" innocent victims—wives, mothers, children—"Drink is my curse;" from the burning lips of the dying drunkard comes the despairing cry: "Drink is my curse." There are broken hearts, blighted hopes, blackened characters, crushed intellects, and lost souls as the result of strong drink, and not a single individual but rejoices in his escape from it.

Is not the total abstinence principle sensible? "But all who drink do not become drunkards." I know that; but if fifty young men begin to drink, some will assuredly be ruined by it. Then, there is a risk. Now we all desire safety and security. Suppose you desired to travel from New York to Chicago, and there were two lines of road—one on which there were accidents constantly occurring; on every train some disaster, passengers killed and wounded; in short, a very risky road; and on the other, never since its opening had there been the slightest accident. Which road would you take? If you are sensible, and regard your own welfare, you would take the safe one. Suppose some one should tempt you to take the risky road, by telling you how much more beautiful the cars were and what a jolly company you would find on board the train. You would say: "I care not so much for gaudy cars and jolly company as for my safety. I want to be safe." Now, it is your safety we seek, when we urge you to abstain entirely from strong drink. There is no certainty that you will become victims if you begin to indulge, but there is a risk.

Some say: "I can govern myself; I have a mind of my own." What would you think of a captain of a steam vessel who would put on a full head of steam, and then knock down the man at the wheel? Or of the conductor on a railroad, who would let on the steam and then disable the engineer? You would say he was a reckless man. The steamer or the engine might get through without accident, but it might go crashing to destruction. So when a person, using that which weakens the power of his will, depends on his weakened will to serve him—using that which warps his judgment, and then depends on his warped judgment to guide him—using that which affects his self-control, and then trust his derang d self-control to keep him from danger—he is reckless. Simply because some men drink and do not become drunkards, can you? I once saw a man stand on a small platform outside the spire of a church, and look down on the pavement one hundred and fifty feet below. Because he did it, can you? Think of these things before you run the risk and remember what the risk is.

Our principle is lawful. We have been told it is contrary to the Scriptures. One gentleman said to me: "If you can find a command in the Bible, 'Thou shalt abstain from intoxicating liquors as a beverage,' I will abstain; but not till then." Dear children, we want you to love the Bible, to obey the precepts of the Bible; but in view of the evils of intemperance, and in view of its cause, we ask of the Bible only a permission to let liquor alone. We lay our hand on this blessed book and ask: May we abstain? You do not search the Bible for a command: Thou shalt abstain from gambling; from dog fighting; from horse racing; just in proportion to your love for the Bible will you abstain from these things, because they are detrimental to the best interests of society according to Bible principles. Therefore, since intemperance is caused by the use of intoxicating drink; since in proportion to the use of such drink drunkenness increases or diminishes; and since the most that can be said for this drink is that it is a needless luxury, and that the world would be better and purer without it—therefore, you say, I will abstain, and give the weight of my influence, as long as I live, on the side of abstinence, sobriety and purity. This is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible.

How many of us, who are growing old, wish we could be boys again! Why? Because we see so many things to regret, so many wrong turns we have taken. To be a boy, with life before you, with the clean page on which to write your record, with opportunities coming that you can improve—what a position, what a privilege! To be an old man, with a record all stained and blotted, knowing that no mortal hand can clean the page; with opportunities unimproved, and lost never to return—this is dreadful!

A wicked man, who had been a stage driver, was, during the last few days of his life, very uneasy, and lon his deathbed he constantly moved his feet, and looked distressed. When asked by his wife: "Harry, what is the matter?" he said: "Oh, I'm on an awful down grade, and I can't find the brake." Dear young friends, your feet are on the brake. Keep them there. You have, under God, the future in your power; your destiny in your own control. Remember there is no one evil in the world before which so many fall, as the evil of intemperance.

I most earnestly desire that the youth of our country, especially our Sabbath-school scholars, shall give all their influence against this great evil. May God help you to avoid the perils in life's journey, and the traps that are set for your feet, so that from your place of safety you may reach out your hand to help the tempted who are struggling in their chains, and may by self-denial be enabled to "fulfill the law of Christ," by helping some poor burdened souls into the higher life of purity and freedom.

The Prevention of Suicide.

It has often been said of people slightly insane who commit or attempt suicide, that they are moved by unreasoning selfishness or vanity. Even vanity might, and we venture to think would, be in many cases overborne by the recollection that suicide is murder, and that the person who commits it will be treated after death as a felon—his body buried without Christian rites, his family disgraced and his property lost to them. The man who could make and sign a disposition of his property with the intention of suicide clearly in his mind would be more determined on self-destruction than certainly a half of the persons who at present commit the dreadful act.

It has not, we believe, been denied by medical men that the homicidal mania is frequently restrained by the fear of punishment. But, as the law is at present worked, many cases occur in which the maniac coolly acts upon the impunity which will attend his crime. The same feeling may work upon suicides. They may, and often do, know and believe that under no circumstances will the old law be brought to bear upon their case. Among recent examples there is a large proportion in which the suicide, however insane upon the one point, was perfectly sane upon everything else, and, there being no restraining thought in the fear of legal consequences, has been left to commit self-murder as an act affecting himself alone. There are many men to whom disgrace appears worse than death. Such a feeling is not uncommon even among those whose intellects are considerably disordered. Stealing, adultery, blasphemy are quite impossible to many men who will yet commit suicide. The idea of hurting another is often more repugnant than that of hurting oneself.

There are many with whom a consideration of the injury done to their families would operate powerfully as a deterrent, even more powerfully than the desire to gratify the suicidal impulse. Passion is thus controlled, and the man who would stick at no crime to attain an end where his own longings are concerned is yet held back by the consequences his rashness may bring upon those whom he loves, or even those with whom he wishes to stand well. It is not possible to believe that if every intelligent suicide—that is, every suicide whose intellect has only failed on the one point—could be shown, whether by argument or by witnessing the experience of others, that his crime would be punished by social disgrace, he might not be induced to hesitate, and, as in all diseases, time gained would be life saved.

The impulse is often transient. Restrained for a sufficient period it dies out, and every consideration, legal and moral, which can be used for its restraint should be diligently sought out and employed. Half a dozen verdicts of *felo-de-se* would have a stronger influence, we are convinced, upon intending suicides, and would have a greater effect upon the annual number of cases than any medical treatment whatever.

Birds and Lighthouses.

The Hartford *Times* says: April and October witness a great destruction of migrating birds that flying at night are dashed to death against the heavy plate glass lanterns of the lighthouses on our Atlantic coast. Well authenticated facts seem to render it probable that this destruction of bird life is far greater than most persons have supposed. In April the havoc is among returning birds, along our northern coast from Cape May to the shores of Maine. On the southern coast, and especially along the shores of Florida, the destruction is greatest among the southward flying birds in October. The number and variety of these misguided night travelers is surprising. The keeper of the new and lofty light on Anastasia island, at St. Augustine, Fla., informed the writer that there is scarcely any dark night in the year that does not witness the destruction of numbers of birds that dash themselves against the light, and that often the number found in the morning ranges from twenty to fifty. Ducks, however, are the most notable victims. These heavy birds are noted for their velocity of flight. The keeper found it impossible to protect the lantern from the shattering shock of their onset, and had to have an iron network erected around the light. Even this fails to prevent mischief, for the ducks strike the iron netting with such force as to break through it and break the heavy outer plate glass of the lantern. It is not improbable that the destruction of birds by this cause is tenfold greater than any one who has not made the subject an especial study has ever suspected. At each of the forty or fifty more prominent lights along the Atlantic coast of the United States the number of birds thus slaughtered must amount to nearly 2,000 annually—or say 100,000 a year. It all shows at least (what was already understood by those who have given attention to the subject) that the flight of our migrating birds is accomplished in the night.

A Frightened Officer.

There is big medicine at Changchow. The officials arrested eight magicians, or paper men, and threw them into prison. There was a female accomplice, and inasmuch as the social theory that a woman cannot keep a secret is one of the oldest axioms of Chinese philosophy, the mandarian determined to treat her leniently, in the hope of coaxing her to confess. The lady was searched, and an enormous Chinese blister was found upon her ribs. Concealed elsewhere on her person were sprites of paper and brass, and these, it seems, were the instruments wherewith she conjured. "Make me a full confession," said the mandarin, "and I pledge you my word that you shall escape unhurt." "You shall know all about it to-night," replied the maiden. She tied a string to a paper sprite and muttered an incantation; in about fifteen minutes the thing of paper became a thing of life, moving, fluttering, growing, flying, until it was an enormous kite. Then she took one of the brass men; lo! it moved and snorted; there was a dreadful sound, like the tramp and clangor of an armed host marching in mid air. The poor mandarian saw and heard it all, but he understood nothing. The woman kept the secret. The mandarin was scared.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Did you ever," asks the Cincinnati *Times*, "watch the noiseless movements of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to do the situation justice in so quiet a manner? A dozen fonts of type wouldn't furnish dashes enough to represent the remarks of the average man under like incitement."

The British Arctic Expedition.

The British Arctic expedition under Captain Nares, comprising the steamers Alert and Discovery, has returned, the Alert having arrived at Valentia, Newfoundland, on October 27. The ships left England on May 30, 1875, and entered the ice off Cape Sable on July 29. After a severe struggle, the north side of Lady Franklin bay was reached, and here the Discovery was left in winter quarters. The Alert pushed on up to latitude eighty-two deg. and twenty-seven min., and there wintered. At this point the sun was invisible for 142 days, and the lowest temperature ever recorded was experienced. The mercury fell to fifty-nine deg. below zero, and remained so for a fortnight, and at one period reached 104 deg. below zero. Sledge parties were fitted out, one of which traveled 200 miles to the eastward, and the other went to the north, proceeding on land up to eighty-three deg. seven min., and thence on the ice to eighty-three deg. twenty-one min. Further on nothing but ice could be seen, which was so rugged that scarcely a mile of advance could be accomplished daily. The floes in some places measured 150 feet in thickness. Four men died from the effects of the cold. Finally, convinced that it was impossible to get any nearer to the pole, and seeing that his men were succumbing under the hardships, while the Alert herself had been much damaged by the ice, Captain Nares started homeward, leaving Smith sound on September 9 last.

This expedition, it will be remembered, was fitted out with every aid to polar exploration which science could devise or the experience of the oldest Arctic explorers could suggest. That it has failed to reach the pole is proof of the enormous difficulties to be overcome in that undertaking, rather than of any inadequacy to the task of those who attempted it. Indeed, we may believe that, after latitude eighty-two deg. is reached, the obstacles augment in some compound ratio. The results which have been obtained are, however, of considerable importance. Captain Nares has reached the highest northern point ever attained, latitude eighty-three deg. twenty-one min. The American expedition, which sailed in 1872, toward Spitzbergen, only reached Cape Fligely in eighty-two deg. five min., and sighted Cape Vienna in eighty-three deg. It is remarkable, however, that the Polaris, ill equipped as she was, reached eighty-two deg. sixteen min., and wintered in eighty-one deg. thirty-eight min., while Hall, with a sleighing party, pushed onward to eighty-two deg. thirty min. Captain Nares has, therefore, advanced fifty-one geographical miles further north than the American explorer, and has approached within four hundred miles of the pole.

President Land, usually marked on Arctic maps, has no existence. Lady Franklin's strait is really a bay; and from the fact that travel was conducted on the ice to the highest point reached, it would seem that no open polar sea was encountered. The northernmost point seen in Greenland was in latitude eighty-two deg. fifty-seven min. Excellent coal was found near the place where the Discovery wintered, and a number of valuable scientific collections and observations were made. The Pandora is still in the ice, and was met by the Alert on October 16, when she signaled "all well."

A Champion Better.

The following story is going around in French military circles. An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been victorious, and at last no one cared to enter a bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival, and when the champagne made its appearance, General B. called out: "Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"

"So it is, general."

"But how, the deuce do you do it?"

"Oh, very simple. I am a physiognomist, and bet only when I am quite sure."

"You are a physiognomist. Well, then, what, for instance, can you read, now in my face?"

"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that your old wound on the upper and back part of your leg is broken out again."

"Nonsense," thundered out the general, "I never had a wound there!"

"I beg pardon, my general, but"—

"No but! after I assure you, sir."

"Perhaps you do not like to speak of it; perhaps a duel"—

"*Le diable!*—you won't believe me. What will you bet?"

"Anything you please, general."

"Five hundred francs."

"All right, five hundred francs."

"The gentlemen present are witnesses." With these words the general at once proceeded to divest himself, *sans gene a la* Suwarow, of his pantaloons, and a scrutinous inspection by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by sword or ball.

"You lost the bet, Verdier!" shouted the general, packing himself up again.

"I have lost, indeed, this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are your five hundred francs."

The general put the money with a chuckle into his pocket. After he arrived home he at once wrote to his old chum, the general in command of Verdier's former regiment: "Dear friend—The story about Verdier's luck is all humbug! He just made a bet that I had a wound on my back, for five hundred francs, and of course lost it." The answer came back: "Your naivete is truly charming! Your winning of the five hundred francs cost me two thousand, which Verdier bet me on the day of his leaving that he will make you, on the first evening of meeting, take off your inexpressibles in the presence of your officers, and that you yourself will inform me of it."

Relics of Burgoyne's Army.

The Charlottesville (Va.) *Jeffersonian* says: George Carr, Esq., informed us that one of his farm hands, in plowing a field on the farm, brought to the surface a gold coin, coined more than one hundred years ago. This farm of Mr. Carr's is situated seven miles nearly north from Charlottesville, and is the place where the army surrendered by Gen. Burgoyne in the Revolution were located as prisoners of war, and the coin was undoubtedly lost by one of the prisoners. The foundations of the cabins in which these prisoners lived can be seen at this day, and in the forests are seen the graves of those who died while they were quartered there. We believe the fields retain the names given them at that time, as "headquarters," etc. When the prisoners were removed from the county the place was purchased by the late Garland Garth, Esq., and he said there was not a tree left on the place. The forests in the vicinity had all been cut down and used for fuel. The forests that are now to be found on this farm have grown up since the prisoners left. Quite a number of the prisoners remained and married, and their descendants are among our most industrious citizens.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Life on a Desert Rock.

This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led, says one who was cast away on a desert rock: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs we fried them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do little at a time; my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water; it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing.

My wash over, I would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or mollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I stored about seven hundred or eight hundred, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day.

I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamed of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, etc. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday; then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner.

Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we awoke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our existence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

Explorations in Palestine.

In these days when every spot of ground made interesting by the secular history of mankind is undergoing the most careful survey and study, it will be far from creditable either to the Christians or the Jews of Europe and America if the explorations in Palestine, of which an attractive account was given at the meeting of the American Geographical Society, should be feebly and inadequately prosecuted. The German government has appropriated, as a report informs us, a sum of 340,000 marks, in addition to the 120,000 marks already expended, for the prosecution of the great excavations making at Olympia; and it is not brilliantly satisfactory to be told, as we are, that while England is spending only $15,000 a year on the explorations in Palestine, the American investigations upon that sacred soil have been practically brought to a standstill for the lack of funds. The impression of the sweet singer of Israel, "If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning," would seem to be chanted in vain by the believers alike in the old and in the new dispensation. Not to theologians only nor to devout persons, nor yet to archæologists and historians, should the prosecution of those enterprises be a matter of lively interest. The artist and the student of architecture are deeply concerned in them. A great deal has been done for our knowledge of Palestine as a land of Scripture and of story, by such writers in our mother tongue as Robinson and Stanley, Prime, Porter, Kitto and Thompson; but the magnificent work of the Count De Vogue, and the more recent monograph of another admirable French savant and traveler on the French castles in the Holy Land, open fields quite untouched by English and American explorers. Of these a glimpse, though but a slight glimpse, was afforded us by the gentlemen who addressed the Geographical Society, and we trust that practical steps may be taken to bring American science and enterprise fully abreast with European investigation in this arena, so crowded with lofty recollections and the scene of incidents of such transcendent importance.—*New York World.*

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older! Never again young; always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back, Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these too shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

Do you ever read the newspapers? No! Have you any opinion upon anything? No! Do you know your right hand from your left? No! Do you consider yourself a species of born idiot? Yes! Then you are fit for a juryman.

DEATH IN A SCHOOLROOM.

What Came of Punishing a Sensitive Little Boy in a School.

Herbert Booth, son of Mr. George Booth, of Milwaukee, Wis., a lad seven years of age, came to school rather late, and was hurried back home to get his slate, having forgotten it in his haste to get to school. Nothing unusual occurred after this until about eleven o'clock, a little over an hour from his return to his desk. Then his teacher, Miss Sarah W. Chapman, observed that he was making a noise, and that it diverted the attention of the children from their studies. She called him up on disobedience of an order to keep quiet, and had given him four or five blows with a light rattan, when he fell into a fit and died.

Mr. Booth, the father of the child, said he was of a tender, sensitive nature, and it was the general opinion that his death was the result of the excitement incident to his attendance at school during the forenoon. Herbert had risen as usual, partaken of breakfast with the family, and had assisted in dressing a younger brother or sister before going to school. His race for his slate and the nervous disturbance consequent upon punishment by the teacher had resulted in an apoplectic fit and death. The family had no fault to find with Miss Chapman, and viewed the occurrence as one that might have happened in the home circle under no greater provocation than that at school. Mr. Booth had carefully examined the hands of the deceased, and had failed to discover any marks upon them. There was a slight abrasion of the skin on the upper side of one of his thumbs, but this might have been caused at some time previous to his death.

Miss Chapman said she had detected the little fellow in the act of making noises with his mouth, to the annoyance of those about him, and had called him to account. He laughed, and, very carelessly, it seemed to her, repeated the noises. Thinking it necessary to punish him for his disobedience, she summoned him out into the hall and administered four or five light blows upon the inside of one of his hands. He made no resistance, but cried more out of mortification than of pain. On his release he walked to his seat, sobbing all the way, and the teacher observed that he settled down into a seat near the one he occupied and assumed a recumbent position. She hurried to his side and found he was ill. A boy near by expressed an opinion that the child had fainted, and word was immediately sent up to the principal, who appeared and assisted in bathing the boy's temples with cold water and applying ammonia. A physician was sent for but arrived too late to be of service. The little one died in a few moments after he reached the seat. The parents were sent for, but as Mrs. Booth was too ill to come, the remains of her poor boy were taken home in a hack. The pupils of the grade under the care of Miss Chapman were dismissed and the room closed for the day. Miss Chapman thought the boy's death was the result of great nervous excitement and his effort to restrain his grief. He gave one or two sobs at the close and fell back dead. He was quite heated when he returned from his chase after his slate, and was very restless up to the time that he was called. His actions of the forenoon were in strange contrast with his usually quiet deportment, and this leads to the supposition that he was subject to some functional derangement.

War as a Missionary.

And now, we are told, the barbarous Turk is to be subdued; a Christian missionary is to be sent to take possession of his territory; that missionary is war! Pious people rejoice that all things are to work together for good: as if red-handed carnage were the meet handmaid of the cross!

The Turk may be barbarous; no doubt he is. Nothing can be more barbarous than war. The civilized world has experienced a great shock at the cruelties of the Turks toward the captured Servians. A little different, perhaps, but essentially the same, we apprehend, is too apt to be true history of every conquering army. Wherever shooting, killing and destroying are in order, wrongs, which still spare the life of the victim, almost inevitably follow in their train.

We recall to mind a letter written many years ago by a brave and dashing young officer on the staff of Gen. Zachary Taylor, during the conquest of Mexico. It was addressed to his wife, and gave an account of a battle in which he had been engaged shortly before. He referred to the outrages perpetrated by the soldiers, and concluded with the exclamation: "If this be war, God deliver me from war!"

Gen. Winfield Scott, whose proudest title was that of "Apostle of Peace," conferred upon him by the Rev. William Henry Channing, although he had been pronounced by the Duke of Wellington the greatest captain of the age, once remarked: "I hope never to see another battlefield." He then described, with deep emotion, the horrors of war, as he had witnessed them. We trust the day will come, in the history of the human race, when there will be no more wars, and peace will reign throughout the earth.—*Ledger.*

How They Manage in China.

A paper in China says: We learn that one of the mandarins here, who had swindled the government of a large sum of money when making purchases of warlike materials at Hong Kong during the Formosan affair, was brought up for trial before the redoubtable Ting and the Fantai. This degraded official was subjected, as an introduction of something severe in store for him, to a flogging of one hundred blows on the palms of his hands. He was to have been bamboozed in the usual way as other criminals on the breech, but for his bitter crying and vehement entreaties, coupled with the fact of his not being in very good health. The defaulting official is surnamed Man, and is related to a Taoutai of that name who was degraded at the same time with the Viceroy Ying Han in the Waising affair.

A Long Search.

A young man named Collins went to Cherokee county, Ala., and after making love to the sixteen-year-old bride of a sixty-year resident, eloped with her. The old man procured a carte de visite of Collins, saddled his horse, and for two years tracked the couple over the States of Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina, and into Georgia, where he met Collins at Jonesboro and had him arrested. Collins refused to say where the wife was, and was sentenced to the chain gang for twelve months. The old man is still scouring the country in search of his "poor Mary."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a very red faced youth, with the cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket. The editor, with much dignity, took the man's intellect in, and said: "An opening? yes, sir; a kind and considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

**A Terrible Acc