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Make Your Mark.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand—
Moving swift or moving slow—
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade—
Make your mark;
Mark of some kind must be made—
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of truth—
Make your mark.

The Sewing Machine.

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shet?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? Say.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green—
Tell me about your sewing machine."

Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I should do without it.
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it "my dear."
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

It's none of our angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, headachy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove,
Has the merriest eyes and a dainty foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons and loops,
With any indefinite number of hoops.

None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws.

One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collar and things so nice.

What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the nicest that ever was seen?
Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! hear that, my boy!
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tares.

Tut, tut—don't talk! I see you're in thrall;
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumblings mean;
Would you like yourself a sewing machine?
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There was plenty left where I got mine.

A Mountain Daisy.

We had traveled together for many a weary mile. I was on my way to my usual summer retreat in the mountains; but even before I took the stage coach my journey by steam had exhausted me, so that I was in no humor to join in the hilarity of my fellow travelers. We jolted and plunged and crawled over the hills to the paradise beyond; and while they talked and jested, and oh'd and ah'd, as travelers will, we kept an unbroken silence—this fellow passenger and I—striving in vain to shut out the hubbub within by gazing upon the sweet solitude without; and the bond of sympathy between this straight, stern, solderly, middle aged man increased when I found that he was determined to rid himself of the good-humored confusion about him by climbing on the top of the stage.

While we were changing horses, he clambered up among luggage so considerable as to prevent the usual accomodation for deck passengers, and my face must have shone a sort of despairing envy, for he looked over and said: "There is room, if you will venture up here; but the evening air grows chill. If you are not afraid of taking cold"—

"I am afraid of nothing," I said, desperately, "but this gabble and din."

He put down his hand, and up I climbed. With his portmanteau and shawl and an old mail bag he compassed me comfortably about, and presently the stage jolted on. I was alone with my mountains, with the night, and the stars, and my fellow passenger, who counted for nothing, because he neither moved nor spoke; his side face was as rigid as if carved from one of the bowlders by the wayside.

It must have been five miles after this that this bit of bowlder startled me by a slight movement. I found that he was bending forward, gazing eagerly, with his whole soul in his eyes, upon the window of an old farmhouse on the outskirts of the village. It was one of the upper windows, half raised, and the head of a woman appeared there in a shadow so deep that not a feature could be distinguished; but as we slowly passed, an almost convulsive sigh escaped the lips of my fellow traveler. He raised his hat from his head. Then I plainly saw the woman's face, for it seemed to start forward suddenly, and even the dim starlight revealed a surprise upon it that almost partook of terror. No longer young, but still beautiful, that face was stamped with a melancholy so profound it haunted me. I looked at that of my companion. It was sunk upon his breast, and just then I saw the sweet young moon climbing up into the sky. And I thought what a pity it would be if he should look up and see the new moon over his left shoulder. The thought was so tormenting to me that I spoke on the impulse of the moment. "Don't, sir," I said—"don't look over your left shoulder at the moon. Look over your right shoulder, and wish. It is a good omen, they say."

He started, paused as if to gather the meaning of what I said, then looked over his right shoulder at the moon; his face was full of a strong emotion, and his lips moved. Then he turned to me, his face melting into one of those rare smiles that are so nice because they are so few, and stretched over his hand. "Thanks," he said, and we rolled up to the door of the hotel, where Mrs. Aiken was waiting for me, with her comfortable carry-all filled with the usual parcels and packages for the farm.

But she could not find a welcome for me, so taken up was she with my fellow passenger. Her comely, motherly face was all agape upon his straight, stiff form, as he lifted me down and said good-bye, and disappeared in the corridor beyond.

"Wa'al," she said, drawing a long breath, "that's either Major Jacques or his ghost. That does beat everything. After all these years—Lord o' mercy, if that don't go shead!"

"And who is Major Jacques?" I said at last, finding myself the prey to a devouring curiosity. "Do, please, Mrs. Aiken, tell me who is Major Jacques?"

"Well, child, he made a sight o' rouble here a good many years ago, but I can't say as it was his fault. You may blow your lungs out sometimes to boil a kettle, and then, agin, a spark from a pipe 'll set a hay rick in a blaze. Good Lord! I wonder if he's come after Daisy M'Lean? He'll find her a broken down humbly critter now, but a purteir gal than Daisy the sun never shone upon; her skin was as white as milk, and her eyes like the stars up there, and the city folks that come out here to board christened her Daisy, though her name was Hanner—Hanner Hitchner; and spite of everything she would go and throw herself away on Hugh M'Lean. They do say that love 'll go where it's sent, but it's a pity it should be so headstrong. Get up, Nig," pursued the farmer's wife, whipping up her horses, and, like the dear good body she was, never halting with her story. "She had plenty o' chances to settle, I needn't say. David Hitchner was a forehanded man, and there warn't chick nor child but Daisy. Judge Bates' son—he that went off to Indy or somewhere afterward—he'd 'a given his eyes for Hanner; and as for them painter chaps, they just went wild over her,, and she might 'a had a dozen o' 'em, though to my mind it'd take a baker's dozen o' them sillers to make one decent man.

"But she turned her back on the whole kit and boodle of 'em, and stuck to Hugh M'Lean. It was a dreadful spite to the Hitchners, for the M'Leans warn't thought much of hereabouts; they'd allers lived way up on the top o' the mountain, and Hugh grew up as wild as a young wolf. He raised a black colt up there, that, atween you and me, Mrs. Smith, was a spawn o' Satan; fire used to fly out o' its eyes and shake off its hoofs, and not a livin' soul could get on its back but Hugh M'Lean. As for harness—I'd like to see the harness that could hold Black Dan. It seemed as if Hugh and that colt was one piece o' stuff, for they was part and parcel o' one another, and I guess wherever one is t'other is now; leastways it seems to me only natural. But as much as he thought o' that colt, he used to cuff and kick it in his tantrums; and one day, when I was down to Hitchner's a-quiltin' that star-pattern patchwork for Daisy, I was lookin' out the winder, when Hugh rode up, and he got mad at suthin, and drew his whip clean across that critter's face fit to take out his eyes, and I told Mrs. Hitchner then that if it was me, I'd sooner see Hanner in her grave than belong to Hugh M'Lean. But, you see, he was as gentle as a lamb to Daisy, and allers had been since she was a little mite o' a thing, and he used to board down in the village to git his winter schoolin'—for you might as well be out o' the world as up on the mountain in winter; there's freshets there too in spring that shut 'em off, and Hugh was down here a good part of his time. And he used to just coo over little Daisy Hitchner. It was a pretty sight to see him skating along, drawin' that little apple blossom after him on the white birch sled he made for her. He was handsome enough—there warn't no fault to be found with his looks, only to my mind handsome is as handsome does, Mrs. Smith, Wa'al, he put in a claim to Hanner then, and no boy durst stand in his way. There was my poor Zekel, he came home with a black eye only for sharpenin' her slate pencil, and Hugh hadn't a knife handy to do it with; but it was allers a word and a blow with Hugh M'Lean, and he held to Daisy right along through thick and thin.

"'Why,' he says right up to David Hitchner, 'do you s'pose I'd staid around here if it hadn't been for Daisy? Don't you know I'd 'a been off to the north or the south pole afore this? It's as hard for me as it is for you, for I hate to settle down here worse than poison; but I hate worse to leave little Daisy. I can't do it, and I won't.'

"So they let 'em get married, for what else could they do? And for quite a spell there it did seem as if everything was goin' to turn out right. Old Mr. Hitchner he made him promise not to take Daisy fur away, and give him the old place by the mill, and furnished it from top to bottom. There wasn't a been nigh on to a hundred yards o' carpet in that house. I helped Mrs. Hitchner sew and color many a pound o' them rags myself. And the dimity curtains was the prettiest things, and that yaller saliker coverin' for the sofy and cheers made everything look cheery like. Then old M'Lean, not to be behindhand, he sot 'em up with no less than thirty cows; good milkers all of 'em; and I will say for Hugh that he could get through with more work in a day than any two men I ever saw. Everything went along as slick as could be, and Daisy went singin' about the house like a medler-lark.

"But the second summer after she was married poor Daisy took it into her head she'd hev some boarders from town—she was naturally thrifty, and had plenty o' help, and she felt somehow as if that big house was runnin' to waste. Hugh he let her hev her own way in everything then, and was as humorsome as if she was a baby; and I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred, the first day I laid eyes on Major Jacques, when he come down with a lot of other boarders from town. I was sittin' at Mrs. Hitchner's front window, and the stage stopped at Daisy's door, and out got that man; and if it had been the good Lord's will that he'd been tumbled out somewhere else and broken his leg, so's he couldn't get away, a deal o' trouble might have been saved.

"For Hugh M'Lean kind o' scorned most city folks that come our way, and had a fashion o' smilin' at 'em in a sort o' contempt. But this Jacques was half a Frenchman, and had a deal o' fire in him; he'd been all over the world, or pretended he had, and, if you could believe him, had as many lives as a cat to lose. And Hugh 'd sit there and drink all that nonsense in by the hour together; and, for that matter, so would poor little Daisy. The major could talk a bird off a bush, and Hugh got to comin' in and findin' his little medler-lark listenin' to some tale o' the major's, her eyes perhaps full o' silly tears and her cheeks all pale with excitement.

"Soon after that, my Mirandy was teachin' school and boardin' 'round the village, and she went to M'Lean's to stay, and she told me that Daisy had stopped goin' in the room when the major was there, and got out o' his way all she could, but Hugh was as black as a thunder cloud, and Mirandy said that Daisy and she would both be glad when the boarders all went away and never came back again.

"But this was only midsummer, and things got from bad to worse, and one night the men were out late in the hay field, and Daisy went out in the barn to help milk the cows. It was only play to her, she'd bin used to it at home, and I dare say the poor child was so sick and sad she was glad to be busy. But what must that jackanapes do but follow her out there and take the pails from her hands to bring them in! She couldn't get courage, you see, to tell him to go about his business, but if he'd had an eye in his head, he could see how things was a-goin'. Howsomever, Hugh came in at the big gate, and saw Daisy empty fingered, walkin' along by the major's side, while he had a pail in either hand; and as he set 'em down on the stone floor of the wide room, and turned with some pleasant word to Hugh, the pails went flyin' out in the stubble, the milk streamed at his feet, and Mirandy said—for she was standin' by—she never saw such a surprised look in a face before as in Major Jacques. Than he flamed up and got mad, and Hugh got madder, and if it hadn't been for Daisy there might 'a been a murder there.

"That night poor Daisy had her wish, for the city boarders were all scuttled away, and not a light was burnin' in the house at nine o'clock; but my Mirandy she couldn't sleep, and no wonder, considerin' what she'd been through, and about midnight she heard the clatter o' hoofs, and just got up in time to see Black Dan fly out the gate with Hugh on his back. Soon after that she heard a low sobbin' sound, and lookin' down, there she saw Daisy in her white gown, dippin' water out o' the pen-stock and puttin' it to her face, cryin' and sobbin' as if her heart would break.

"My Mirandy was just goin' down to her, when she heard the click of the gate, and in walked the major, and up he went to Daisy, straight as an arrer.

"And 'Madam,' said he, trembling' all over, and a blaze like lightnin' in his eye, "I've come to take you from that brute and put you under your father's protection.

"'Oh, you haven't told my father?' said Daisy, holding up her hands.

"'No; but I will,' said the major. 'Do you think I can look on and stand all this? Curse the scoundrel! I never had a thought of you till he put it into my head with his brutality. But now he'll find I care enough about you to shield you from harm. Come, Mrs. M'Lean, put a shawl about you, and come with me to your father's house. I'll deal with him when he comes back.' Then, if you'll believe me, that poor child fell to begging the major not to tell her father, and declarin' she'd rather die at Hugh's hands than live away from him.

"'Do you love him so, my poor baby?' said the major.

"'As God is my judge, I love him better than my own life,' said Daisy. 'I will stay. I am not afraid.'

"Then the major, turned upon his heel and went out the gate, and Hugh M'Lean was brought home the next day with a broken spine. He and Black Dan had rolled down a gully together, and they had to shoot the beast to get him out of his agony; and they do say that but for Major Jacques, Hugh would 'a died there, for the major was the one that found him. He was a good rider, you see, and could make his way where others would be afraid. And something he said to Hugh made him gentle as a lamb. All the way home he held his hand in his, and was with him after the doctor left. Hugh fell into a kind of faint. When he opened his eyes, they fell upon the major; and Mirandy said that Daisy was on the other side o' the bed.

"'So I'm goin' to die,' said Hugh. 'Well, I'm ready.' And then he put Daisy's hand in the major's. 'Take care of her,' he said.

"'But you're not goin' to die,' said the major. 'You're to live, the doctor says.'

"'To live!' said Hugh. 'So much the worse. In that case, major, get away, for God's sake. I think it's best.'

"'Just as you say, Hugh,' said the major.

"'I think it's best,' said Hugh; and the major went away that mornin', and from that day to this nobody has laid eyes on him.

"And the judgment of God was sore on Hugh M'Lean. He lay in that bed for seven long years, and Daisy never left him night or day, save when he'd free her to go, and, if you believe me, that girl never seemed happy out o' his sight; and my Mirandy said it used to make her cry to see the way Hugh M'Lean followed her about with his big fierce eyes, that had plenty o' fire in them yet for everybody but Daisy. Mirandy actually got to likin' Hugh; and I never durst say a word about that night nor the bruise on Daisy's cheek to Mrs. Hitchner, though I've been that burnin' to sometimes that I've had to jump up and run out o' the room. And now the old woman's dead and buried this three years, and Mr. Hitchner he went afore she did. Hugh outlived 'em all; and a queer thing when he died; he wanted to be buried by his horse Dan, and there they lie, up on the mountain together; and Mirandy says that Daisy's sworn to be put on t'other side. It's fit to make shivers creep down one's back, the hull 'o it. And there she's lived ever since, all alone in the old house, save when school is keepin' and Mirandy's there. And yonder may be the major's ghost; but if it ain't, it's Major Jacques himself. Queer, ain't it?"

"Very queer," I said; and just then we drove in at the open gate.

The very next morning, as I was gathering grasses a mile or two below, I saw a tall straight form approaching me, his eyes upon the ground. I could not step aside, for a ditch was there.

So he raised his eyes, and his face lighted up with that rare smile of his.

"God bless your womanly heart!" he said. "It was a good omen; and the next time I see a new moon over my right shoulder, I shall wish for you happiness, with, I hope, the same success that I did last night for my own."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Law and Equity.

In 1870 Charles Fox, of New York, died, leaving about fifty thousand dollars in real estate and ten thousand in personal property. His will was found to give the whole, after payment of his debts, to the government of the United States for the purpose of assisting to pay the war debt. The deceased left no children; but a niece and two nephews, infants, his brother's children and his next of kin, contested the singular will. The heirs were living in comparative poverty in Brooklyn. The surrogate decided the will invalid and void as a devise of real estate. The United States appealed first to the supreme court and next to the court of appeals, and the surrogate's decision was unanimously sustained in both courts. By writ of error the cause was then removed to the supreme court of the United States for review, and was argued at Washington, the decision being reserved. Meanwhile, the personal property has been swallowed up and neither the United States government nor the heirs have received a dollar. The general opinion will be that the man who could so dispose of his property and leave three infant children, his near relatives, in poverty, could not have been of thoroughly sound mind. At all events it seems like a very small business for the United States authorities to carry the case beyond the court of appeals of the State of New York, and it is to be hoped the State decisions will be sustained by the United States supreme court. If it should not be, Congress should at once pass an act restoring the property to the infant heirs before it is all swallowed up by the legal advisers of the general government.—*New York Herald*

Looking After their Families.

A very searching investigation was carried on a few years ago in the north of England by two families who were searching up their respective ancestry. The strife was great between them, each one determining to look back into antiquities further than the other. One of the families, whose name was Spencer, employed an artist to paint an historic scene, representing the building of the ark and the loading up of the ship by Noah and his sons with its multifarious and various cargo. On the gangplank leading to the deck of the ark two men were seen rolling up a large box, on one side of which was painted in large letters: "Relics, insignia and papers belonging to the Spencer family." This was considered a *coup d'etat* hard to beat, but the other family, determined not to be outdone in the antediluvian pretenses of their name, prepared at a great cost and research a record of their antiquity. In describing the exploits of one of their ancestors, at a very early day, who was represented as a man of some authority, this remarkable passage occurs: "During this year Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise."

A PICTURE OF POVERTY.

A Family Subsisting Two Days on a Pint of Milk.

"Want to see a picture of poverty?" said the visiting agent. "No," answered the reporter, "not a picture of it, but the real thing."

"Then come up here."

It was Mulberry street. Not a stone's toss from Prince. Tenement houses as far as you could see. "Does the Beldens live up here?" asked the agent of a crowd of urchins who were sliding down a hill of frozen swill. They all looked suspicious. Some of them put their tongues in their cheeks. They evidently suspected a sell. So the agent pushed into the grimy hallway and up the dirty dark staircase, followed by the reporter. The steps were wet with the slush that many feet had carried up, and the cinders that had been dropped there crunched under the reporter's boot. The hand rail felt greasy. One, two, three, four flights. Each one darker than the other. Finally—with a pain in the knees—at the top. One minute under the dirty sky light to be sure that the name on the card isn't Baldwin or anything but Belden, then a respectful rap in the gloom at the door. A sound of shuffling, a short wait and the door is slowly opened, and a girl with a shawl about her, looks up at the visitors wonderingly. It is the regular patent tenement den. Ten thousand of them within a few miles; a narrow carpetless room, with two windows, a water faucet and iron basin, two broken chairs, and an old woman down on her knees trying to kindle with her breath the three or four pine sticks in the little earthen furnace that is in the fireplace. Three people altogether. This old woman and two children. One of the children is a boy, and stands on a chair at the window. He turns round now, but he has been watching the flock of pigeons that wheel and flit over the roofs. The girl pulls the shawl about her in such a way that the intruder shall not see she is barefooted. She is fourteen at least.

There is a regular formula of questions. Yes, she did apply to the charities on Third avenue. It was for coal.

She is not the mother. No, she is the grandmother. The mother went away. "Went away" is vague at first. But the agent is adroit and gentle, and presently the old woman blurts it all out. Jenny went up for thirty days. She was starved, ill-treated, desperate. So the authorities said she was disorderly. Then it turns out that when Jenny was committed she thought of the two children in this den without a morsel of food or a splinter of fuel, and she fought the policeman and bit at the keeper, and altogether must have been quite unreasonable.

That was three days ago. Yes, three days ago. "Well, you see she'd always managed to keep a crust among us, and when she was taken I didn't know what to do (apologetically), so I went to the charities. Law, sir, I had no idea there'd be such a crowd there." Then the old woman stood up and smoothed down her old gown, and pushed back her white hair, grown very thin, of late, and tried to say "there were lots worse off than us, sir," but somehow it was a failure. In her heart she didn't believe that anybody could be worse off. Necessity is somehow allied to candor at bottom, and want, even when pride paralyzes its tongue, has a most miraculous organ. "You see, John and me—John's the lad at the winder—we was a sayin' only this mornin' that we ought to be thankful that we had a place to put out heads in this bad weather. His father was took with the fever last spring. It's been pretty rough for the babbies since. Did you come from the charities?"

"How are you going to support yourselves?" asked the blunt agent.

There was a look of supreme bewilderment in the grandmother's countenance. She had been all her life putting the best face on matters. She couldn't quite get over it now, even in this extremity. She thought they could keep along if—if the coal came. Her poor old blue hands betrayed how she had suffered from the cold.

"You could get along if you had coal. Have you got plenty to eat?"

The old woman stroked her dress. The two children came and buttressed her on either side, as if their instincts made them afraid of her weakness.

"Well, no, sir. As for plenty, sir, it's a long time since we've heard of it." Then she looked up in a dazed way and off into futurity, as if the old wonder at the mystery of her lot had come over her afresh.

The girl had no such wonder. All at once she broke out. "She's not had a mouthful for two days, sir. Upon my sacred honor. She's starving now."

At that the three of them fell to crying, and between the sobs and such exclamations the girl told her story. The last meal was a pint of milk. The old woman had pawned her shoes for ten cents and came back in her stocking feet. The girl had guessed it. She pulled away the old gown as she told it. "You can see for yourself, sir," she said, as she pointed to the woollen stockings.

"We drank it every drop before we knew it."

"It's God's truth, my dear," added the grandmother.

"That was day before yesterday," said the agent, sensible that this was a genuine case. "Well, what did you do yesterday?"

The girl went over to the iron water basin and lifted out a pan. In it were half a dozen crusts, hard and dirty. "She was goin' to soften 'em with water, but she couldn't git the fire to burn."

"No, I should think not,' remarked the agent, leaning over and pulling out the fuel that was slightly charred by a piece of burnt paper. There were two splinters of a cigar box and the rung of a chair. It was very absurd. "And these," he went on, shaking up the crusts and lifting his nose and eyebrows, "These came from"—

"She brought 'em in her pocket."

"A poor man's dog wouldn't eat them," said the reporter to himself.

"We're all hungry," remarked the boy. "I can't go out because I ain't got no coat."

"That's a fact. It's God's truth," added the grandmother, with resignation. After which she sat down on the range and began to draw her dress across her wrinkled face with curious imbecility.

The reporter took a good look at the children. A pair of healthy, clean, intelligent babies, that hadn't eaten anything for two days. It was pretty hard to believe it; because the reporter persisted, with the infernal self-conscious nonsense of his tribe, in fancying that he was in New York city, and that those were the flagstaffs on Broadway that he saw from the window, and that food was so plentiful over there that it was wasted by the ton.

When they were coming out the agent turned back and said: "Well, it's irregular; but you haven't got any shoes. I'll send it up."

It went up in a basket.

"To-morrow," said the agent, "I'll send a lady there, who'll do the right thing."

The reporter understood by that remark that the right thing was the immediate thing.—*New York World.*

"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

A Lightning Calculator.

A great deal has been said and written about the great mathematical prodigy, "Reub" Fields, who lives at Fayetteville, Mo., says a local exchange, and the more that is known of him the greater wonder he becomes. He does not possess the simple rudiments of a book education—does not know a single letter or figure by sight—and yet he can solve the most intricate problem in an instant, or can perform a calculation in less than a minute that would require the work of an hour by the ordinary modes. For instance: We gave him the day of the month and the year of our birth and he told, in less than half a minute, our age in seconds, minutes, days and years. Give him the day of the month and the year of any event, however remote, and he will instantly give the day of the week.

We spent two hours with him, and, notwithstanding we have often talked with him and seen him display his wonderful gifts, yet we always find something new in him.

We placed a column of figures upon a paper, equal in length to the columns of an ordinary sized ledger, and called them off to him in rapid succession, and when the last number was called he gave the sum without a moment's hesitation. He did not see the paper, and would not have known a character on it if he had. One hour later he repeated those numbers in the exact order in which we called them to him. We then began at the bottom and would call two or three numbers correctly and then one incorrectly, and he would correct us by giving the proper number.

More mysterious than this to us is the fact of his ability to give correctly the time of the day or night, whenever called upon without any reference whatever to a timepiece.

In this place the timepieces are all regulated by railroad or St. Louis time. If you ask "Reub" the time he will say: "I am fifteen and a quarter minutes past one; if you have railroad time you have so and so," giving the exact difference between sun time and railroad time.

Another remarkable fact is that he gives the exact time of his locality. If he is in Washington city he gives Washington city time, if in San Francisco, the time there. He can not possibly do these things by any method of calculating the passing time, for he will give time as accurately while taking from sleep at night as if it were daylight and the sun shining.

There seems to be nothing too great in numbers for his mind to grasp, and yet nothing too small. He can tell what the interest on one cent would be for three seconds at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, as readily and as easily as we could tell the interest on one dollar for one year at the same rate per cent.

He is indeed the wonder of wonders.

The Bee that Saved a Kingdom.

Here is a fable that has never been told in print, though it is very popular in the Bee country:

Once upon a time, there was a bad king, and the people wished him to make a certain good law. "No," said he, "I will not make that law—it is too good. It will make peace. Here is the law I wish to make. Then all my people will go to war."

The two documents lay in front of him on the table all written out, and which ever one he signed would be the law of the land. He took up a big quill pen, drew the bad law nearer to him, and dipped the pen in the ink.

Just then a bee began to buzz. It was a wise bee.

"Z-z-z-zz! No zuch zlaw zhall pazz!" buzzed the bee, over and over again; but no one noticed him. "Zign ze ozzer—ze ozzer—ze ozzer!"

The king would not listen; so the wise bee lit on his nose and stung him just a little, still buzzing: "Zign ze ozzer—zign ze ozzer—ze ozzer—ze ozzer—ze ozzer!"

"Open the window," roared the king, "and drive out this bee, or kill him!"

They opened the window. Out flew the bee, and in rushed the wind. It blew in very hard. The papers flapped and flew across the table. The bad king was so mad that he stamped his foot, seized one of the papers, and signed it in a rage. There was his name—"King Blunderbuss"—and nothing could alter it. Then he saw that in his haste and rage he had signed the good law. But he was too proud to own his mistake.

The bee hurried to the garden and whispered to the honeysuckles:

"Zome of your bezt—zome of your bezt! The good law is zinged, and all zhall be peace and happinezz!"

So the honeysuckles gave him all their best honey, and the people outside of the king's palace built great bonfires and shouted with joy:

"Long live the king! Long live the good king Blunderbuss!"

"Oho!" said the king to himself, "that is the best sound I have heard for many a year."

And after that, he was afraid to give way to anger, for fear that he might sign a bad law, by mistake. The bee did not have to light on his nose again. The king made only good laws, and to the end of his days his people shouted:

"Long live the king!"—"*Jack-in-the-Pulpit,*" *St. Nicholas for Feb.*

An Old Saying.

Celia Logan explains the origin of the phrase: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." Kirby was the leading man of the old Chatham Street Theater, New York, and although a good actor of his type and a favorite with the boys, he made no especial fame until a melodrama was produced entitled "Mike Martin," in which he played the character of "Thunderbolt." It fell to his lot to be shot on the roof of a house. When he received his death wound he leaped from the roof to the stage. In order to make a realistic effect, he concealed in his sleeve a small sponge soaked with red paint. When the shot was fired he instantly clapped this sponge to his forehead, and the red drops running over his face gave the appearance of a ghastly wound, and that, coupled with his bold leap and well-acted death, made a great sensation. He was nightly encored and compelled to die over again. The boys would often drop to sleep in the early part of the play with a request to a companion to wake them up when Kirby died.

Browbeating a Witness.

Some time ago the Legislature of Massachusetts had under consideration the question of enjoining certain chemical works as a nuisance; an eminent chemist was brought forward as a witness on the side to which Benj. F. Butler was opposed. The lawyer by turns abused, insulted and browbeat the professor, and, at last, asked him if he had not, on a certain day, and in a certain place, accepted a certain sum of money for his professional opinion? The assemblage was simply horrified. The witness was a gentleman of high social standing, unblemished life, and worldwide renown. A white haired senator ventured to interpose that the witness was Professor So-and-so of Harvard University. "Professor of Harvard!" thundered Butler, with cruel disdain. "Yes; we hanged one of those men the other day." Prof. Webster had lately been executed for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

A DEFENSE OF RUSSIA.

Mr. George Kennan on the Misrepresentations of the English Press—The Russo-Circassian War—Opinions Based on English Information.

I wish, as a lover of fair play and a friend of the Russian people, to join Mr. Burritt in begging the readers of the *Tribune* not to accept English statements of Russian motives and Russian occurrences as either fair or trustworthy. It is the misfortune of Russia to have a language which is so difficult of acquirement that few West-Europeans or Americans ever learn it. Her periodical literature, therefore, is practically to all the rest of the world a sealed book, and the scanty information which Americans get with regard to Russian affairs comes through the medium of an unsympathetic and prejudiced, if not a hostile press. No other European nation labors under this great disadvantage. American opinions upon Russian topics, such as the Polish question, Siberian exile, the Central Asian question, and the Caucasian war, are based upon information which has been obtained exclusively from English sources, and they are inaccurate and unfair, as only opinions founded on *ex parte* statements can be. Even when English journals intend to be reasonably truthful and impartial in their comments upon Russian affairs, their representations are more or less tinged with partisan prejudice. "The Smithate of truth"—to use a metaphor of Oliver Wendell Holmes—"is never the same as the Brownate of truth," and a Russian fact dissolved in the British mind seems to acquire almost inevitably new properties, so that when it crystallizes again in expression it has an entirely new set of facets and angles.

As an illustration of the great wrong which is done Russia, in accepting English accounts of her movements, and English interpretations of her motives, let me recall for a moment her famous war with the mountaineers of the Caucasus—a war whose origin, history and results, I have studied on the ground. How was that war represented in America? It was declared by English newspapers to be a cruel and unprovoked assault upon a brave, noble and independent people, whose only crime was their love of liberty.

It was prompted, they said, by that insatiate ambition and that lust of conquest which are the guiding principles of Russian policy, and it was carried on with the brutality and obstinacy which are the distinguishing traits of the Russian character. In vain the "brave but unfortunate Circassians, driven from one mountain peak took refuge upon another; they were pursued, surrounded, and exterminated with relentless ferocity." Their final subjugation was, according to the British press, a crime against which all Christendom ought to protest.

Now, what are the facts from the Russian point of view? At the beginning of the present century the Caucasian mountain range was inhabited by 2,000,000 or more hardy, brave, cruel Mohammedan brigands. They had been at war among themselves or with their neighbors for a thousand years. Feuds were their only inheritance—retaliation and blood revenge their only legal remedies, plunder their principal means of subsistence. Immediately south of this mountain range lay a series of fertile cultivated valleys, inhabited by a civilized Christian people known as the Georgians. Over the heads of these Georgians the Caucasian mountaineers hung like a living sword of Damocles, and as often as that terrible sword fell it filled the sunny valleys of Kakhetia with the smoke of burning villages, and reddened the clear Georgian streams with the best Christian blood. Almost every foot of the beautiful country lying north of the River Kur was ravaged and desolated by raiding bands of Caucasian horsemen, who came down from a height of 10,000 feet like a mountain storm, swept the green valleys of the Kur and the Alazan with fire and sword, and then vanished up some dark ravine, carrying with them scores of wretched captives, and leaving behind them nothing but the smoking ruins of Georgian farmhouses.

Hundreds of Christian families were annually carried up into the mountains of Daghestan as slaves, and the youngest and most beautiful of the women were passed along the range to the Black sea coast, where they were sold to the agents of Turkish harems. So terrible a scourge did these raids of the Caucasian mountaineers become to the inhabitants of the Georgian valleys that the last Georgian king, after repeatedly imploring the assistance and protection of the Russian empress, Catharine II., finally in 1801 abdicated his throne in favor of her successor, Paul II. He wrote to the latter a mournful letter, recounting the misfortunes and sufferings of his unhappy people, pleading the claims of Christian brotherhood, and ending with the pathetic cry: "For God's sake help us! The kingdom of Georgia has ceased to exist; it has been carried away captive into the mountains of the Caucasus."

Russia responded promptly to this call for aid. Six or seven battalions of Russian infantry moved up the Georgian valley from the Caspian sea coast, and notice was given to the Caucasian mountaineers that their raids into territory which now belonged to the emperor must cease. Not the slightest attention was paid to the warning. The highlanders continued to swoop down like mountain hawks upon the Georgian villages along the base of the range whenever the latter were left ungarrisoned, and it soon became evident that, in order to protect Georgia, Russia must attack the mountaineers in their native fastnesses. War was declared in 1801, and hostilities continued with only occasional intervals of peace for more than half a century. After the sacrifice of millions of money and tens of thousands of lives the mountaineers were finally conquered, and harassed Christians of Georgia, for the first time in a hundred years, could come out of their fortified churches and look up to the white peaks of the Caucasus without a thrill of dread.

During all this time where were the sympathies of England? With the persecuted, battle wasted, almost exterminated Christians of Georgia? Far from it. Then, as now, the guiding principle of British statesmanship seemed to be "with anybody against Russia." The spectacle of a Christian people struggling vainly for existence in the midst of hostile Mohammedan powers, and borne down at last by overwhelming odds, did not extort from England a single expression of sympathy or pity. But the "wrongs" of the "unfortunate mountaineers," who were not allowed to prove their nobility and maintain their freedom by sacking Christian churches, burning Christian villages and outraging Christian women, were trumpeted through English newspapers to all the world! Journals like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which could more easily impute selfish motives than understand noble ones, denounced the interference of Russia in the Caucasus as an unprovoked aggression of tyrannical power, and so persistently were the "wrongs" of the mountaineers magnified and the sufferings of the Georgian Christians ignored by the English press that four-fifths of intelligent American readers were made to believe that the conquest of the Caucasus was a crime against humanity.

History sometimes repeats itself, and Russia is now endeavoring to do for the oppressed Christians of Bulgaria what in the first half of this century she did for the persecuted Christians of Georgia. She is again opposed by British statesmanship, and her motives again misrepresented by the British press. Americans should not be again misled. As a Christian nation, as a fair-play loving nation, they should try to do at least justice to a great and noble people, who are maintaining the rights of Christian kinsmen, and defending as America would defend the altars of the Christian church.

GEORGE KENNAN.

The Insane.

In a lengthy article on lunatic asylums and their inmates the New York *World* says:

In New York State, and in most others, the certificate of two physicians is sufficient warrant for imprisonment in an insane asylum. It is not too much to say that in at least nine cases out of ten such a certificate can be got by any villainous husband, by any scheming wife, by any hungry heir, or by any secret enemy. It is not necessary even to suppose a corrupt or a grossly ignorant physician. Physicians get at their diagnosis in bodily ailments from the symptoms as described by the patient. In mental ailments they must take their symptoms from the description of those whom they suppose to be the patient's friends. It takes an extraordinary physician to find out from a hurried examination of a casual patient that the patient's friends have been stuffing him with lies. The ordinary physician makes out the certificate of what he has been told. In nine cases out of ten this works well, perhaps in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for the reason that ninety-nine people out of a hundred are not hated or feared by their kindred and acquaintance. But it is the hundredth case that is pitiable, in which there is no easy escape from a life of misery, and no adequate redress for it. A person accused of crime is tried by a jury, with counsel. A person accused of misfortune, of which the penalties are quite as serious, is tried only by two doctors, who get all the facts from the prosecution. In the hundredth case, where the man is said to be insane is sane, it is plain that this is an outrageous cruelty. And there is, as we say, no adequate redress for it. The doctors who certify the insanity are not answerable, if their certificates are given in good faith. The plotter himself is not liable criminally, unless his bad motive can be shown; and it is very hard to show. The result is that the easiest possible way for a villain to be rid of a disagreeable relation or an enemy, is to get out a certificate of insanity. There is none of the risk about this that goes with poisoning. We have proof enough that there are "baby farmers." We may be quite sure that the gains which tempt them will suffice to convert the owners of some private lunatic asylums to farmers of men and women. One case of false imprisonment in a mad-house should be enough to make us revise our methods of commitment. There are a score of recent cases, and no legislator has even suggested a revision of those methods. Every such case is a new incentive, also, to scoundrels, to whom it points out the easiest, the surest and the safest way of being rid of an enemy or an obstacle.

An Old Story Retold.

A woman, accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge on the steppes of Russia when they were attacked by wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove toward her home with all possible speed. It would not avail, however, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and at last were on the point of rushing into the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and those of her other children the poor frantic creature took one of her babes and threw it to the bloodthirsty pursuers. They stopped their course for a moment, but after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same terrible expedient, and threw her furious assailant another of her offspring. To cut short the melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this the wretched being, whose feelings it would be impossible to describe, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and tried to palliate her own conduct by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders and heard the recital, took up an ax, and with one blow split her head in two, saying at the same time that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life was no longer fit to live. The man was committed to prison, but the emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

Hot Water for Inj