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Invisible Battles.

h, not upon fortified hill or field,
Where foemen meet with saber and shield,
  Are mightiest battles fought!
Not amid warfare's wild alarms,
In the roar of cannon, the clash of arms,
  Are grandest victories wrought!

Look abroad into the earth's sad homes,
Where fierce temptation stealthily comes,
  Followed by wan despair;
Where souls are assailed by some merciless foe,
By sin, by hollow-eyed want or woe,
  And mark the conflicts there!

Only God and his angels pure
Ever can know what they endure
  Who cope with these unseen foe
Only Heaven, with its infinite rest,
Can control the peace of the victor's breast
  When these perilous conflicts close.

I Go to Bed.

When I have lost all faith in man,
Or failed to consummate some plan;
When women fair are cold, unkind,
And things accord not with my mind,
I do not rashly seize my pen
And in a flurry there and then
Declare this gladsome world to be
One endless round of vanity;
Ah! no, for this were mockery—
  I go to bed.

When through my head there darts a pain
And life seems an increasing bane,
When friends their patronage withhold,
And creditors become too bold,
I do not in seclusion mourn,
And curse the hour when I was born—
  I go to bed.

When some D. D. deserts his creed,
And quacks their many victims bleed;
When editors write sharp replies,
And moneyed men keep back supplies,
I do not then, in prose and verse,
Implore the gods mankind to curse—
  I go to bed.

When couples marry in great haste,
And servants pilfer, fret and waste;
When general courts their terms prolong,
In short, when things get somewhat wrong
I do not bite my lips and scowl,
And at the children snap and growl—
  I go to bed.

I go to bed and soundly sleep,
While friendly angels vigils keep;
But it, however, I awake
Before my ailments me forsake,
I do not of my life complain,
But try the remedy again—
  And back to bed.

Ye who have grieds (and who has not?)
Let past prescriptions be forgot,
My panacea for old and young
Is given in the English tongue,
It hath to untold millions wrought
Sweetest relief, nor cost them aught;
And now if you, like these, would be
From every pain and trouble free,
Light a small lamp and come with me—
  I go to bed.

The Wreck of the "Pioneer."

Ralph Keystone was one of those men who combine a talent for practical things with an active imagination. He was at the same time a most unpractical man in affairs of business. Like all imaginative men, he early found a woman whom he could clothe in ideal charms, and then fell in love with her. Jane Besant was the only daughter of Farmer Besant, who owned and operated an immense wheat farm not far from the village of Muskalontic. To Farmer Besant went Ralph in the first flush of his love for Jane.

"You wish to marry Jane?"

The young man replied, "Not immediately," for just at the time he was out of employment.

"That's just it, Keystone," said the farmer; "you are out of work for the fourth time since you came from the East. How can you marry on so uncertain a prospect? You are too unstable; you do not stick to anything."

Ralph admitted he had been unfortunate in his ventures; but he still had a little money left, and he would now go into some manufacturing business.

"Manufacturing, indeed! There's nothing but farms within fifty miles. Wheat is the only thing that pays here, unless it be lumber, and there isn't a sawmill within a hundred miles."

"Then I might start one," said Ralph, catching at this straw, for he felt himself sinking. He could make no headway against this hard, practical man, who knew nothing beyond wheat.

"Start a sawmill! Where's your power? And, if you had it, how could you compete with the mills up the river? Look here, Ralph, I don't want to be hard on you. I see you love Jane and Jane loves you—at least she seems to think so."

"That's the truth," said Ralph. "We love each other dearly."

"Now I'll make a bargain with you. If you will go into some business, and make it a success, you shall have Jane—that is, if she wants you."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man. "I'll start the sawmill at once."

The road to the village followed the river for some distance through Farmer Besant's land, and then turned east through the woods toward the village. Ralph walked along in a dazed fashion, mentally numb with his refusal, his body walking automatically, just as it will when the mind is absorbed in contemplation. At the turn of the road his feet took the right direction for home, but after going a few steps he stopped abruptly, and turned back to the river. The Muskalontic is a wide, shallow stream, winding sluggishly through the country, its banks being hereabouts heavily fringed with woods.

The young man left the road and followed the shore down stream, walking quickly, as if looking for something. Like all imaginative people, he had been given to wandering about the country, and was familiar with the land for miles around Muskalontic. He remembered having seen falling into the river, between two low hills, a slender brook, half lost in the woods.

Just as he had supposed. It was a living stream, still running, though it was August. He looked at the tiny run for a moment, and then started briskly up its winding channel, carefully noting the slope and character of the ground. After walking a short distance he found the little valley narrowed, and then spread out into a slough, a marsh, where the stream was lost in pools and sedges.

Like a prospector searching for precious metals when he finds a vein, he threw up his hat with a cheer.

"I've won her! I fancy the old gentleman will let us marry now."

Just then there came through the woods the sound of a passing steamer on the river, and the young man smiled.

"I'll beat those fellows yet. They take all this trade up the river, and leave this farming region to stagnate. We must have manufactures here, and they shall begin with a sawmill."

Keystone sat up all night over his drawing-paper and pencils. Two days after saw three woodmen felling trees by the little brook. The land belonged to Farmer Besant, and he had consented that a dam should be erected thereon. If Keystone was fool enough to sink his money in improving the bit of water-power he thought he had found, he was at liberty to do so, provided he gave half the work when finished to the landowner, with half the lumber cut on the land. If he failed, then all the lumber was to remain on the land. Pretty hard terms, but Ralph accepted them on the spot.

Axe in hand he headed the woodmen, directing the fall of each tree, so as to save labor in hauling the logs. When about a hundred trees were down he organized his force into choppers, and began to get out logs of every size. A pair of oxen were hired, and things began to assume shape. Heavy logs laid end to end in a double row stretched across the little valley, and marked the foundation of the dam. Stout stakes were driven on the low side, and shorter logs laid up stream, with the ends resting on the heavy timbers, raised the dam about one foot. The news quickly spread through the country round about. Young Keystone had found water power—in other words, wealth—in the little brook. Within three weeks the dam had been raised three feet, and the water began to back up behind it, spreading out over the marsh in a slowly widening pond. Then the people began to laugh. Keystone was a fool, after all. What could he do with only three feet fall of water?

The next day a small army of laborers appeared in the woods, and by night they had dug a long ditch or canal from the river up the bed of the brook. Two days after it reached the foot of the dam, and brought the river water close up to the logs. At the upper end it was five feet deep. Five and three make eight. Eight feet fall in the clear. Here's power in abundance. Thereupon the no-lookers said the young man was a smart fellow, a good engineer, etc., etc. Within a week the village carpenter had constructed a water-wheel from Ralph's designs. Within two weeks saws and gearing arrived, a shed was put up, and the sawmill was opened for business.

The first job was for a lot of two-inch plank for Farmer Besant. He claimed that he was half owner of the mill by their agreement, and would only pay half the bill. Keystone took the job, and soon had it finished, and even ran through a lot of logs and piled up the planks on sale. Sundry small jobs came in, and it began to look as if he had started a good business. One morning a stranger arrived, and introduced himself as a lumber dealer from a town fifty miles down the river. He was in search of a lot of small stuff, light scantling two inches wide and an inch and a half thick, in lengths of twelve feet and upward. He wanted a million feet, and he offered a good price, and gave his name and references. The offer was tempting, and Ralph took it, and agreed to have the stuff ready in two weeks. Encouraged by his success, he hired more help, and started on the new order. In ten days he wrote to the party to say that the scantling was nearly all ready, and could be put on a raft and floated down the river. No reply came, and he wrote again, and in a few days received a notification of the failure of the lumber dealer, and an account of the winding up of his affairs.

Discouraged and sick at heart, he wandered down by the river and sat down on a fallen tree alone. Everything was lost. He could never marry Jane. A large part of his lumber had been cut up into a useless and unsalable shape, and he was in debt to his men. In foolishly trusting the word of a stranger he had made a wreck of everything. When the mind is ill at ease a trifling circumstance will often absorb the whole attention, and as he sat gloomily brooding over the ruin of hopes, he saw a steamboat rounding the bend of the river about a mile up stream. She was steering dangerously near a half-sunken island in the middle of the river. He watched her with a vague curiosity as she came swiftly onward. Suddenly she turned, and with apparent purpose ran directly across the upper end of the island, struck, and grounded. He could see the wheels reversed, and in a moment after saw the wildest confusion among the passengers on board. Springing up, he ran at full speed along the bank till he came opposite the stranded boat.

It was a freight and passenger steamer—the Pioneer by name. She blew her whistle loudly, and a moment after he saw a boat lowered. For an instant there was some confusion on the steamer as if the people were demoralized, but a tall fellow interfered, and order was restored. The boat came slowly to shore, and by the time it reached the bank all his mill hands and several farming people had arrived in an excited crowd on the bank. In the boat came the captain of the steamer. As he sprang ashore he said to Ralph:

"Are there any boats or barges about here?"

"Nothing but a punt or two. Can't you bring your passengers ashore in your own boats?"

"Bother the passengers! I can land them easy enough. It's the cargo. The steamer will never come off. The tiller rope broke, and she ran nose on at full speed. The old Pioneer had laid down her bones forever. Poor old tub! I pity her."

"I'll take your cargo ashore, or down stream to any point you say, in three days, for five hundred dollars."

"Oh, you've a barge or two. Why didn't you say so?" I'll hire 'em of you."

"I have no barge, but I'll make one in twenty-four hours—for cash. I have a sawmill just back of here."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll put the cargo on a flat within three days. I can't get a steamer up here in less than two days, and it will cost almost as much, though I don't see how you're going to make a flat in that time."

"That's my look-out. I'll have a barge alongside before to-morrow night."

"It will take two barges. Heavy cargo this trip."

"If I leave a single barrel behind, I'll forfeit a hundred dollars. You can take the passengers to the village. Some of the folks will give them lodging till the boats come up on Monday."

The captain agreed to the bargain, and put off to bring his passengers ashore.

"Johnson," said Ralph to one of the young men, "go to the painter's, and tell him to send me three men and a lot of white-lead paint. Then get two kegs of sixpenny nails and bring them to the mill. Take my horse. Pick up all the men you can find. I want all the carpenters in the place to work day and night on a good job."

Ten minutes later a dozen men, with carpenters' tools, stood ready in the mill-yard waiting for orders.

"I was born next door to a Massachusetts shipyard," said Ralph, "and I know something about boat-building. I am going to make a barge big enough for a steamboat. Let every man do exactly as I tell him, and we will have her launched before to-morrow night. Every man shall have double pay while at work on the boat."

The men gave a cheer, and said they were ready for anything. It seemed as if it might be true, for in a moment after they were carrying long two-inch planks down to the river bank. Here a space was cleared next the water, and four lines of timber "ways," or slides, were laid down heading into the water, securely fastened together, and then liberally spread with grease and oil. Then, under Ralph's directions, two-inch planks were laid side by side on the ways till a platform was made one hundred and eighty feet long and about twenty feet wide in the center. More men began to arrive, and every one who could drive nails was promptly engaged, and within an hour forty men were at work on the new boat.

With chalk and line Ralph struck a line through the center of the platform, and from this struck out a curved line on each side, and then bade the men saw off the planks to the curved line. This gave a long slender platform, ten feet wide at the upper end, or stern, twenty feet wide near the center, and running off to a long slender point at the lower end, or bows, of the future boat. Then upon this platform was laid a rough coat of paint, a dozen men plying the brushes at once, and then came more planks, laid lengthwise. The two platforms were cut to the same form, and were quickly spiked together.

The men suggested that such a long and slender raft would never hold together.

"Wait and see," said Ralph. "Now for the scantling we have been getting out at the mill. Bring it down by the cart-load. Now, men, have your bits ready for boring nail-holes in the stuff. Make the holes a foot apart the whole length of the strips."

In a moment or two several pieces of scantling were ready, and taking one in hand Ralph laid it along the edge of the raft and nailed it down, then another, till a strip had been laid entirely round the raft. As the strips were long and flexible, they were easily bent to fit the curved lines of the platform. At the upper end the cross-pieces were nailed together, and at the bow end the strips were brought to a point and fitted to an upright piece set up at the end of the platform. Then through the center of the platform was laid another strip from end to end, while at intervals of about five feet cross-pieces were laid from side to side.

"Now, men, you see my idea. Lay strip over strip, and nail them firmly one to the other through the holes, till the sides are six feet high; break the joints of the strips and nail-holes; lay on the paint freely as you go, and we shall soon have a steamboat without ribs. The cross-pieces will brace her, and she'll carry a big cargo, even if she isn't very pretty."

The men, unaccustomed to marine architecture, greeted this novel system of boat-building with pleasant surprise, and went to work with a will. More men arrived, and the clatter of twenty hammers going on at once made the woods ring. The sun went down, and torches and bonfires were lighted. A boy was sent round for the men's suppers that there might be no delay. The passengers of the wrecked steamer were bestowed in sundry farmhouses, Farmer Besant taking his share at two dollars each. The news of the boat-building spread quickly, and the people flocked down to the mill-yard to see the work, and with them came all the passengers. Among them came Farmer Besant and the captain of the Pioneer. The farmer walked about the curious structure now rapidly rising, and seeing the enormous consumption of scantling, he remonstrated in no pleasant mood.

"What right have you to use up your customer's stuff in this way?"

"He's failed," said Keystone, without topping his work.

"How do you know? He may claim it, and you are spoiling thousands of feet of good stuff on a piece of folly."

"Don't know about that," said a big fellow near by. "It's about the smartest idee I ever seen. Guess you belong East, young man?"

"Massachusetts. I've seen many a boat built without ribs, though none quite so big. She'll carry your cargo, captain."

"Oh, she will when she's decked. I say, young feller, don't you want to sell her just as she stands?"

"No. She is to be a steamboat."

Farmer Besant felt confirmed in his views of young Keystone. He was a born fool—come from the very home of lunatics and visionaries.

"I'll give you three hundred dollars for her just as she stands, and finish her myself."

"The Jane is not for sale."

"Jane for sale? Don't insult the girl, Mr. Ralph."

"A little more paint—lay it on thick!" Then he turned away to drive more nails.

Farmer Besant went home, intending to tell Jane of the insult she had received. He would never speak to Keystone again, neither should Jane. Luckily Jane had gone to bed when he returned and knew nothing of the building of the boat.

Morning came and saw the sides of the boat well advanced. Some men left for home and rest, and others took their places. Even some of the passengers volunteered as painters and nail-drivers. There was no thought of the Sabbath. The excitement of the wreck, the arrival of so many strangers and the boat building brought everybody out of doors, and the yard was filled with people watching the progress of the work.

Among them came one with shining eyes and a rosy blush upon her face. The name of her lover was on every tongue. The marked approval of the captain of the steamer, and the enthusiasm of his engineer, won the confidence of the rural population. Keystone had always been considered an eccentric sort of fellow, but now, after all, there might be something in him. These things she heard and treasured in her heart. She kept out of sight in the crowd, but saw everything and heard everything with the greatest interest and pleasure. There was a man painting letters in blue on the stern of the new boat. He had made a J, an A and an N, and was at work on another letter. Ah, Jane—her name! There was quite a company of people watching the man, and when the name was finished there was a little shout of approval.

"I allers said he was dreffle sweet on Squire Besant's darter."

"Sho! That's a pretty idee, anyway."

She blushed scarlet, and slipped away and went up to the deserted sawmill, and sat down on a log by the little waterfall. Suddenly some one stood beside her.

"Oh, Jane! It's all over. I have failed, and to-morrow your father will take the mill. That lumber dealer has failed, and that brings me down."

"Can't you sell the lumber?" said Jane, with ready common sense.

"I have used a part of it in making the barge. If I get the money for saving the cargo, I shall have just enough to pay every bill, but with nothing left."

She stood up, and placing a hand on each shoulder calmly kissed him.

"Thank you, love, for the compliment."

"I heard the engineer say the—the Jane would make a good freight steamer if she were engined."

"Did he? That's not a bad idea. I had thought she would make some kind of a craft. Oh! Perhaps I could buy the engines out of the steamer. They will sell them cheap.

"I thought you had failed and lost everything."

"No. I can't fail while I have you."

What further sentiment he would have indulged in cannot be known, for some one called them.

"She's 'bout ready to slide," said the big captain. Seeing Jane, he took off his hat and said, politely, "Will the young lady name the boat?"

"The boat is named the Jane Besant. Let me present my friend Miss Besant, captain."

"Glad to meet you, miss. I called my boat the Nancy K., after my wife. It brings luck."

The built-up sides of the boat and the interior cross-work that braced her and held the hull together in every direction had been raised six feet high. Boards were laid down on top to form a deck, and she was ready to be put afloat. The captain and the engineer, Ralph and about a dozen men armed with long poles, mounted the deck. The word was given, the blocks were knocked away, and down she slid swiftly into the water amid the cheers of the people. She settled down in the water with a slight list to one side, and the rural population gave a little cry of alarm.

"The cargo will ballast her," said Ralph. "Get out your poles, men, and push her along the shore till we come to the steamer."

The Jane Besant was quickly brought round, and went up stream, followed by an enthusiastic multitude on the shore. Shortly after, the barge was secured alongside the wreck, and the men began to put the cargo on board. She did not leak a drop, and appeared to be as stiff and strong as the best ribbed boat afloat. She was very buoyant, and readily minded the rude rudder that had been hung at the stern.

"I shall be glad to consider your proposal, sir, to-morrow!"

"Come in my cabin—I guess it isn't wholly wrecked. Come, Bates, I want you too."

The young man followed the captain and his engineer into the cabin and sat down, while the captain ordered some wine and lunch. When the lunch came, the captain began to be expansive.

"She only wants a little more sheer, and a deck and house and engines. She'll not be a fast boat, but she'll go in shallower water than anything on the river. She'll be running regular trips when the big boats are laid up for low water. Tell you what I'll do, young man, I'll put engines in her, and make her a stern-wheeler. Mebbe you can raise enough to put a house on her. I'll go halves with you in the business. We can haul her ashore and sheathe her bottom to make it smooth, and make a good thing of it. What d' you say? Is it a bargain?"

"Then it would be a bargain—if it wasn't Sunday. All right. We'll go ashore this evening and hear the parson."

Two months later the purser of the new freight and passenger boat Jane Besant opened the books of the boat for business. There was a line of passengers, headed by one of the boat's servants, already waiting at the ticket-window.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Keystone—oh, yes—all right—free passes. Give them the bridal-room, John; here's the key. Next!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Original Matter.

He was a friend of mine, and used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I should run my paper.

He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote it a little more to the cause of religion and not quite so much to politics.

He said it could be made a power for good in the Western land in which we had both cast our fortunes.

He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper right up with good stuff. It seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:

"Brother, you had a glorious meeting at the schoolhouse, I hear. Suppose you write it up for me?"

He didn't seem to act as though he wanted to.

I urged.

He flushed a little and stood around awkward like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before.

I still urged.

Then he took off his gloves and his hat. Then I gave him a seat at the table, with paper and pencil.

He sat down to editorial work.

He was always talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it.

He started in.

I went about my work, and, having written up a column or two of matter for the paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it.

He was sweating awfully.

The table and floor were white with copy paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length.

I went to dinner.

When I returned he was at it yet.

The pencil was shorter and he was wetter. It was summer.

The hours dragged along into the middle of the afternoon.

Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow.

His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him and his pencil was a stub. I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space (one side was patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible and supplemented messages from heaven besides.

At last the man looked up and timidly advanced with a piece of paper in one hand, and suddenly went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out a piece of paper and boldly asked:

"Will that do?"

I looked at it.

There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure.

He was a large man, weighing over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later he weighed less than 155.

He had been sick.

The seven-line nine-hour effort was too much for him.

Neither did he compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

Seth Green's Story.

Among the interesting men of Rochester, says a correspondent, is Seth Green, the patron of fish culture in America. He is a broad-shouldered man, with square, seamanlike face, reddened by the sun and good living. He has a fine white beard flowing over his chest, and he generally wears a sort of brown velvet sacque and drives a good horse. He is worth about $55,000, accumulated as a fisherman. I said to him, in the few minutes' conversation that we had: "Mr. Green what put you in the notion of hatching fish and re-stocking our streams?" "I fished Lake Ontario," he said, "for about one generation, I had 100 miles of net and 100 hands before I was done. I kept a fish-market in Rochester, and supplied white fish, salmon, trout, pickerel, etc., all over the country. I was a good line fisherman, and went up the streams leading into the lake to get brook trout, salmon and other game fish. One day when up the stream I saw a fine female salmon weighing about six pounds, come up attended by her mate and three or four other fish. I had time to jump behind a tree and take an observation, and there I saw the salmon begin to scoop out a place in the bottom of the brook with her tail. After scooping awhile she would go off coquettishly and then come back, and the other fish seemed to help her. It occurred to me that she was putting her spawn down there beyond the reach of other kinds of fish. There is nothing in the world so delightful to brook trout as to devour salmon spawn.

"You know how salmon multiply. Put the spawn out of sight and it will multiply into little salmon; let it lie in the water and the trout will eat it. I became so interested in that incident that I got up in the tree next day, and made myself a kind of seat there among the boughs, where I could look down in the clear water at the operations of those fish to protect their spawn. I made up my mind then if I ever got a little more money than would keep me I would go at fish culture. It had been begun in England, and I began to read on it. As soon as I had $1,200 a year more income than my necessities, I went at this fish business, and took a brook, near Rochester, where I had five miles to myself, invented my hatching boxes and started in. The only money I have made in this business was by the sale of the brook. I made $11,000 on it."

Leadville Gambling Houses.

A correspondent, writing from the great Colorado mining town, says: Although there are State laws and city ordinances forbidding gambling, no effort is made to enforce either. The doors of these places stand wide open day and night, and everything is done to attract the notice of passers-by, just as if the business were a legitimate one, protected by law. There is no pretence of elegance in any of the gambling-houses which I visited in Leadville, as there is in those of Eastern watering-places or large cities. The inside of most of them is destitute of paint or plaster. The tables are plain pine ones and are surrounded by wooden chairs. The floors are covered with tobacco juice and mud, and the patrons are mostly roughly clad miners, who play a small or a large game as money is plenty or scarce with them. In a prominent place in each saloon there is a bar which is always well patronized; in the larger places there are two bars. One-half or or one-third of each gambling-house is separated from the remainder by a low railing and is set apart for keno. Around the sides of the remainder are tables upon which are played faro, high ball poker, rouge et noir, hazard, etc. In the rear of each place a private room is partitioned off for the accommodation of persons who wish to "fight the tiger" in private. In the public room the play is generally for comparatively small sums; chips are sold for from ten cents to one dollar each, and the bets rarely exceed five dollars. In the daytime the gambling saloons at Leadville are almost deserted, out at night and on Sundays they are constantly thronged.

TIMELY TOPICS.

New England has over 230 farmers' clubs, with 72,000 active members and library books to the number of 21,000, and in the United States there are nearly 2,000 agricultural societies, 58,000 volumes in their libraries, and with access to 360 different agricultural publications, all exerting a direct influence on the intelligence and future prospects of the tillers of the soil.

The California ranchman or farmer is to a certain extent demoralized by the climate, which allows him to perform outdoor work the year round. Unlike the Eastern farmer, therefore, he is incined to let things go by the board. There is a lack of thoroughness in building, in planting and in the care for animals. There is little concern for appearances; the soil of many years remains undisturbed upon the wagon wheels; no flower garden is well cared for; they mend the harnesses with bits of rope, and they trust little or nothing to the vanity of paint.

Twenty-nine years ago two boys, about a dozen years of age, were playing "tag" in Lewiston, Me. They were merry and active lads, and were frolicking with schoolboy enthusiasm and carelessness. One lad caught the other, struck his heels and playfully tipped him over. His whole weight came down upon his falling playmate, whose spine was seriously injured in consequence. He was conveyed home, and it was found that he was a physical wreck. For two years he was able to walk around a very little, and then, as the results of his injuries gradually grew more serious, he was obliged to be carried from one place to another, entirely losing the use of his lower limbs. At length his whole body became rigid, and he was powerless. For twenty-three years Mathew Rankins has sat fixed in his chair as in a vise night and day.

The New York *Herald* thus describes a horse-power: "This question is frequently asked: What is understood by a horse-power, and why came that way of reckoning to be adopted and brought into general use? Before the power of steam was generally known and applied to mechanical purposes, horses were used to raise coal and other heavy ses. Mr. Moods, in his experiments, carefully noted the relative power of the different breeds of horses, and found its average equal to raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or, what is equivalent, to raise 330 pounds 100 feet, or 100 pounds 330 feet during that space of time when attached to a lever or sweep of given length. This afterward became the standard of measuring power or force applied to mechanical purposes, and which is still retained in common use."

Major J. M. Walsh, who has become a nus in the Indian country as the officer of the Canadian Mounted Police, in charge of the camp of Sitting Bull and the Uncapapa Sioux, has contributed several columns of opinion and narrative to a Chicago paper. He thinks Sitting Bull is well disposed toward the United States, but adds this criticism of the Indian policy: "You can't make two governments—one for the Indian and one for the white man. You don't need them. Treat the Indian like a white man from the start. Show him that you recognize the fact that he has rights, and point out to him what those rights are. Teach him that the white man's rights and his are identical. Then show him that he will be protected in his rights, and that he will be punished if he infringes on the rights of others, and the business is settled." And it is by enforcing this policy, he says, that Canada has been enabled to live at peace with the savages for a generation.

The Fete of St. Fiacre.

Not the least interesting of the many curious customs of the world is the fete celebrated annually in France, in honor of St. Fiacre. The saint is the especial patron of flower dealers and gardeners, and the festival, which occurs in September, is celebrated throughout France, with great honor and beauty; no ornaments, however, being allowed, unless composed of flowers and evergreens.

On the day of St. Fiacre Paris is a wilderness of flowers, every doorpost, pillar and portico being twined with gay wreaths. The tables are loaded with bouquets, and wreaths are about all the wine cups, and pendant from the ceiling of every public room. A castle, built entirely of the most fragrant flowers, enshrines the small, mean-looking statue which is his saintship, St. Fiacre. All the gardeners contribute to this grand castle, which is a wonderful piece of architecture. There are pillars, pyramids, domes, temples and arcades, all of the most magnificent description. All the floral beauties of the flower dealers and gardeners are brought out to pay homage to the patron saint.

The saint does not always appear the same. Sometimes the insignificant statue is arrayed in rich apparel, and wears a superb crown of flowers; sometimes he is dressed as an old man, sometimes as a tonsored monk, while again he is not adorned in any way. His name always appears in letters of brilliant flowers beneath the niche where he is enshrined, and, also, the words, "*Priez pour nous!*"

It is the usual custom, on the first day of the fete, to bear the flower castle and its ugly little image to the church, at the head of a grand procession. There grand mass is celebrated, and the cure blesses the image in his most solemn manner. Upon the altar are laid offerings of beautiful flowers and rare fruits, and the church walls are festooned with flowers, while bunches of ripe and luscious grapes are twined about the altar railing. When mass is over, the castle and saint are borne from door to door, and every one is asked to contribute money. The sum thus obtained pays the expenses of a grand ball, to which all the florists and gardeners have free admittance, and this winds up the celebration of the saint's birthday.—*Portland Transcript.*

The New York Tenement Houses.

The corps of visiting physicians appointed by the Board of Health to inspect the tenement houses in this city have made a report on the results of their week's work. They have evidently lost no time, and it is presumable that their duties have been intelligently and faithfully performed. In upward of five thousand tenements, containing 25,634 families, there were found 766 cases of sickness, which were prescribed for, and besides this aid, 233 tickets were distributed for free trips in the floating hospital of St. John's Guild. The course of disease was therefore stayed by so much as these diligent medical men were able to accomplish within the space of a week. But the statistics show something else—namely, the manner in which a very large proportion of the people of this city are packed into the unwholesome hives called tenement houses. The figures quoted above give a total of 25,634 families to 5,020 houses; that is to say, rating the family at the census average of five persons, there are more than 128,000 men, women and children living in these five thousand houses—or an average of twenty-five to each. Even this calculation does not represent the full measure of the mischief; for in very many of the tenements the number of inhabitants rises to fifty or seventy-five for each, and it is these places which are the nests of disease. It is not surprising to hear that nearly eight hundred cases of sickness were discovered in a week. But for the proper sanitary precautions taken by the Health Board, the week's death-roll would have been largely augmented. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

In a Prison Hospital.

There are now in Sing Sing prison between 1,600 and 1,700 prisoners. Less than twenty of them are lying in cots in the prison hospital—one to a hundred, say. Last year seven convicts died. The youngest was nineteen years old; the oldest was forty-three. The average age of the prisoners last year was between twenty and twenty-five years. The death rate was less than one-half of one per cent. Nearly all of the deaths occur from the same cause—a disease which is called consumption, for short. The prisoner has lived a life of excesses; often he has contracted a blood disease that has passed into a third stage, and is undermining his constitution. He takes cold easily, and the cold in his system produces a waste that his impaired vitality cannot endure. He goes into the hospital and dies when the leaves come out, or lingers till the leaves fall. So said Warden Davis the other day while he and the writer were climbing the ridge to the east of the prison, where the dead convicts are buried. "These were harvested last spring," said he, pointing to a row of five or six graves over which the turf had not grown. "We shall not be likely to lose any more—by natural death—till the leaves fall; then there will be some more. There is one man whom we may not keep long; but, unless there is some casualty, or some man is shot in a desperate attempt to escape, there will be not more than one new grave before the leaves fall." Since Warden Davis took charge of the prison, nearly two years ago, there has been but one death from acute disease. The man caught cold, his lungs assumed the condition of the brain in apoplexy, and he was dead within a few hours.

All of the sick convicts lie in the same room in the hospital—a large hall with cots for perhaps sixty men. The floor is clean, the walks white, the room lighted with oil lamps. Occasionally, when a convict is sick with a disease that makes him offensive to the others, he is removed to a small room kept for the purpose elsewhere. The sick are attended chiefly by convicts, most of whom, detailed for that purpose, are themselves on the sick list. They sit by the side of the sick, attend to their wants, give them medicine according to the doctor's instructions, and call the doctor when it seems to be necessary. The sick generally appear patient, and they are well taken care of. Sometimes in the night a nervous, sleepless patient, weary of the scene around him, and perhaps thinking of the tender care he had received from his mother or a sister at home, will draw a deep sigh and gasp. "Oh, this is a horrible place to be sick in!" But they all have good attention, and even the most nervous cannot say that the condition of the sick there is any more horrible than it is made by the necessities of their situation. There is no officer of the prison that does not tiptoe through the room when he goes among the sick, lest he should give them a headache. The duties of a prison physician are strangely different from those of physicians outside. He must see that he is not imposed upon by men who want to shirk work or to be transferred to work of a different nature. They feign sickness, and he must determine whether they are really sick. The prisoners feign sickness more frequently in the hope of being transferred to a different line of work than to escape work. Nearly all of them prefer to work, and nearly all would like to be frequently changed from one kind of work to something else. Frequently the physician finds it necessary to take the prisoners at their word and apply remedies that are painful, but not injurious. Not long ago a prisoner was transferred to an easy job in consequence of an ailment common to those who lift heavy packages. In three days the same disease became epidemic among the convicts. One of the first to complain was subjected to heroic treatment, and the next day there was not a case of that ailment in the prison. The physician usually has but little difficulty in distinguishing between those that are really ill and those whose sickness is feigned.

When a convict dies word is sent to the person mentioned in the prison records, and the address there given, if such name and address were given by the prisoner at the time of his admission, and on receipt of a request to forward the body, it is sent on at the State's expense, clothed and coffined. If no such name and address are found in the records the prisoner is buried in the prison burying ground. The body is taken to the large upper room before mentioned, and orders are given for the clothes and coffin. The latter is made in the prison "jobbing shop," where the work is done by convicts, detailed for jobbing purposes—i. e., not hired out to contractors. At the same time, a small white slab of wood is gotten out, and on it are painted the name under which the convict was sentenced, his age and the date of his death. After the body is prepared for burial it is taken to the hospital reception-room, where a brief service is held by the chaplain. There are present the hospital officers and such other prison officers as choose to come in, the convicts who are acting as attendants in the hospital, and a detail of ten or twelve convicts from the prison yard. Some one of the prison officers is chosen by the warden to take charge of the funeral. The chaplain makes remarks on the disposition shown by the dead during his term in the prison, and his conduct in the hospital, if there is anything in them that he thinks would benefit the assembled convicts. Sometimes he refers to the crime that brought the man to prison. A prayer is made, and the coffin is borne to the prison burying ground. There the service is very brief.—*New York Sun.*

Unshod Horses.

It has been before stated that an experienced farrier in England was advocating the abolishment of horseshoeing, and now a writer in the London *Times* has been trying the experiment, and thus reports: When my pony's shoes were worn out I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an occasional drive of a mile or two on the high road while his hoofs were hardening. The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping away until it had worked down beyond the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed; his tread is almost noiseless; his hoofs are in no danger from the rough hand of the farrier; and the change altogether has been a clear gain, without anything to set against it. My pony, I may add, was between four and five years old—rising four, I fancy, is the correct phrase. He had been regularly shod up to the present year.

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side—it is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, were there nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance lights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right.

AN ESCAPE FROM AUSTRALIA.

The True Story of the Adventures of John Boyle O'Reilly.

In the Boston *Pilot*, John Boyle O'Reilly, its editor, gives the first correct story of his escape from the penal colony of West Australia, to which he was consigned as a Fenian some ten years ago. The story is as follows:

For several months previous to the date of my escape, I had been resolved on and in preparation for an attempt. No one knew my mind. I had before seen so many fail that I concluded it was best to make the effort alone. Fortunately, I was dissuaded from this purpose. One day I was visited at the camp of the convict road party named above by Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. One day he rode to my hut, and we walked together into the bush. I had then made all my plans for escape, and I freely told him my intention. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," he said; and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leaned from his saddle and said, "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long." I was not compelled to work with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. On my way with this report one day I came to a plain known as the "Race-Course." As I crossed it I heard a "coo-ee," or bush cry, and saw a man coming toward me. He was a big, handsome fellow, with an axe on his shoulder. He came to me with a friendly smile. "My name is Maguire," he said; "I'm a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." I said as little as possible, not knowing the man. Seeing my hesitation he drew out a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him. He told me he was clearing the race-course, and he would be at work there a month. The American whalers, he said, would touch at Bunbury for water in February (it was then December), and he was going to make all arrangements with one of the captains for my escape.

Early in February, on my return from the weekly trip with the report, I found Maguire at the relative course waiting for me. "Are you ready?" he said. One of the whalers, the bark Vigilant, of New Bedford, was to sail in four days, and Captain Baker had agreed to take me on board, if he saw me at sea outside Australian waters; and he had even promised to cruise two or three days and watch for my coming out.

Maguire had everything arranged. On the night of the 18th I was to get out of my hut at eight o'clock and strike into the bush on a line of his selection, where the native trackers would be at fault. I had previously secured a pair of freemen's shoes, as the trackers could easily discern the mark of a convict's boot. Having left the camp, I was to hold a straight road through the bush till I came to an old convict station on the Vasse road, where I was to lie till I heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." This was repeated again and again till we were sure we both had every point agreed. Then we separated.

At seven o'clock that evening the warden of the convict party visited the criminals' hut and found that all were present. He saw me sitting in my hut as he passed on his return. One of the men came soon after came into my hut to borrow tobacco and stayed a long time, making me very nervous. He went away before eight, however, and, as soon as he was gone, I changed my boots, put out the light and struck into the bush. The forest was dark, but the stars were clear. I had not gone two hundred yards when I saw a man close to me, evidently following me. I waited till he came up. It was a mahogany sawyer, named Kelly, whose pit was close to my hut. He was a good fellow—though he had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he said, in a whisper. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." I was dumb with astonishment and alarm. If this man had wished he could have put the police