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Destinai!
1879.

Born to the purple, lying stark and dead,
Transfixed with poisoned arrows, 'neath the sun
Of brazen Africa! Thy grave is one,
Foretated youth (on whom were visited
Follies and sins not thine), whereat the world,
Heartless howe'er it be, will pause to sing
A dirge, to breathe a sigh, a wreath to fling
Of rosemary and rue with bay-leaves curled.
Enmeshed in toils ambitious, not thine own,
Immortal, loved boy-prince, thou tak'st thy stand
With early doomed Don Carlos, hand in hand
With mild-browed Arthur, Geoffrey's murdered son.
Louis the Dauphin lifts his thorn-ringed head,
And welcomes thee, his brother, 'mongst the dead.

—*Emma Lazarus, in Scribner.*

On the Channel-Boat.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see
You come aboard at Dover.
met the Browns last week: they said
That you were coming over,
But didn't say how soon."

"Oh, yes,
I came by the Britannic;
And what a rush there were for berths!
'Twas almost like a panic.
I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will:
Where are you going?"

"Paris."

"Good! so am I. I've got to meet
My cousin, Charley Harris,
To-morrow. He and I have planned
A little trip together
Through Switzerland on foot; I hope
We'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat: it blows."

"Yes; how this steamer tosses!
I'm never seasick: Charlie is,
Though, every time he crosses.
Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm traveling with
My sister and my mother:
They're both below. I came on deck:
It's close enough to smother
Down there. These chaps don't care a snap
For ventilation, hang 'em!
Where did you stop in London? We
Were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? Why, so was I. But then
I only got there Sunday
At breakfast time, and went away
The afternoon of Monday;
And yet within that short sojourn
I lost my heart completely:
Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks!
Such lips that smiled so sweetly!
I only saw her twice, and then—
Don't laugh—'twas at a distance;
But, Will, my boy, I tell you what,
In all my blest existence
I ne'er before set eyes upon
A girl so really splendid.
But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so
My short-lived visions ended.
I don't suppose she'll ever know
How I, a stranger, love her,"

"Who was she, Fred?"

"Ah! that's just it:
I couldn't e'en discover
Her name, or anything at all
About her, Broken-hearted,
I saw it wasn't any use
To try; so off I started,
And here I am, disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer!
Your're soft, my boy. Let's stroll abait:
The sea is growing calmer;
Or forward, it you like. The view
May make your feelings rally.
We're drawing near to France, in half
An hour shall be at Calais.
See! there's the town, and, just this side
The port with shipping in it;
And, there, beyond, you see the spires,
And "

"Here, Will, stop a minute.
By Jove! look there! that girl in gray,
With red flowers in her bonnet!
I do declare—I—yes—it's she:
I'd take my oath upon it.
What luck! If I had only known!
How can it be I missed her?
Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you fool!
That girl in gray's my sister!"

—*Geo. L. Catlin, in Lippincott.*

FOUND ON THE TRACK.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter: the scene is Kirklington, on the London and Northwestern; the time 10.45; just after the night mail has flashed through without stopping, bound for Liverpool and the North. The railway officials—pointsmen, signalmen, porters, platelayers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asks one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the 10.45 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely."

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket—a common white wicker basket—with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Refreshments? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby! a child half a dozen weeks old, no more; a pink and white piece of human china as fragile as Dresden and as delicately fashioned and tinted as biscuit or Rose Pompadour.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall; perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it and got to look after it; that's enough for me. Some day maybe I'll come across them as owns it, and then they shall pay me and take it back."

"Is there nothing about him? Turn him over."

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse—a common snaplock bag-purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

"What good's half a bank note to you?"

"Half a loaf's better than no bread."

"Yes; but you can eat one, but you can't pass the other. Won't you catch it from your wife! How'll you face her, Dan? What'll she say?"

"She'll say I done quite right," replied Dan, stoutly. "She's a good sort, God bless her."

"So are you, Dan; that's a fact. God bless you, too," said more than one rough voice in softened accents. "Perhaps the child'll bring you luck after all."

* * * * * *

Winter-tide again six years later, but this season is wet and slushy. Once more we are at Kirklington, a long straggling village, which might have slumbered on in obscurity forever had not the Northwestern line been carried close by it, to give it a place in Bradshaw and a certain importance as a junction and center for goods traffic. But the activity was all about the station. All the permanent officials had houses and cottages there; in the village lived only the field laborers who worked at the neighboring estate, or sometimes lent their hand for a job of navvying on the line. These poor folk had a gruesome life of it, a hard hand-to-mouth struggle for bare existence against perpetual privation, accompanied by unremitting toil.

A new parson—Harold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington. He was an earnest, energetic young man, who had won his spurs in the East End parish, and had now accepted this country living because it seemed to open up a new field of usefulness. He had plunged bravely into the midst of his work; he was forever going up and down among his parishioners, solacing and comforting, preaching manful endurance and trustfulness to all.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending some days with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my unhappy cure.

This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year round. He has a swarm of young children, and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast, probably, at the future before him, and his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. Jack!" said the parson, stopping short suddenly, and looking straight into his companions face, "I wonder whether you could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign; to cry or laugh or take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children?—that marvelous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks; a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps, when the father sees them interested and amused, he may warm a little, speak, perhaps, approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a Wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full-grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of suave manner and the face of brass.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were skirmishing all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable, and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the mid-day meal; one other child, of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, than an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones, do you see this gentleman? he's a conjuror. Know what a conjuror is, Tommy?" cried the parson, catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jacky"—and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols, and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges, and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready to hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said—but without animation—

"It be very good of you, sir, surely; very good for to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, and it isn't much as they've had to make 'em so lately."

"It is good for all of us, now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting, and going toward him—the children gradually collecting in a far-off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do, it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat, began to turn the leaves slowly over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was, indeed, a hopeful symptom! He was roused, then, to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of long practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjuror many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully-paper from between the leaves of the Bible: "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"Now, sir, could any conjuror help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" Jack asked at once.

"I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjuror or no conjuror, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help me if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10.45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace around the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M.; and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

"And this was all?"

"'Cept the banknote. That was in a poor old purse, with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective, Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name of Hester Gorrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was made out in the same name.

"I cannot give you much hope that I shall succeed, but I will do my best. Will you trust me with the note for a time?"

"Surely, sir, with the greatest of pleasure. If you could but find the other half, it would give Harry—that's what we call him—such a grand start in life; schooling and the price of binding him to some honest trade."

Jack shook the man's hand and promised to do his best, and left the cottage.

* * * * * *

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

They were cordially received at the "Big House." Jack was handed over forthwith to his old friends, who figuratively rushed into his arms. They were London acquaintances, no more; of the sort we meet here and there and everywhere during the season, who care for us, and we for them, as much as for the South Sea Islanders, but whom we greet with rapturous effusion when we meet them in a strange place. Jack knew the lady whom he escorted into dinner as a gossipy dame, who, when his back was turned, made as much sport of him as of her other friends.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful knack in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation! With whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, its surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone out with baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulcher.

"Pleasant creature! I'd rather not meet him alone on a dark night."

"He has a terrible character, certainly. Turned his wife out of doors because she would not give him an heir. It is this want of children to inherit his title and estates which preys upon his mind, they say, and makes him so morose and melancholy."

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself for his own purposes as a clairvoyant; and when Mrs. Sitwel flagged, he plied her with questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparation that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjuror made the conventional plum-pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his *repertoire*. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dozen were offered. No; none of these would do. It must be a gold watch, a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse. With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector; all jewelled and enameled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively, then suddenly raising his eyes he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure to be risked in any conjuring trick; an ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded up into a jelly, and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room; and this trick successfully accomplished, Jack Newbiggin, who was now completely on his metal, passed on to higher flights. He had spent the vacation of the year previous in France as the pupil of a wizard of European fame, and had mastered many of the strange feats which are usually attributed to clairvoyance. There is something especially uncanny about these tricks, and Jack's reputation rapidly increased with this new exhibition of his powers. Thanks to his cross-examination of Mrs. Sitwell at dinner, he was in possession of many facts connected with the company, although mostly strangers to him; and when he his hits were so palpably happy that he raised shouts of surprise, followed by that terrified hush which not uncommonly succeeds the display of seemingly supernatural powers.

"Oh, but this is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly, to encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would tell in Jack's favor.

"I will admit that you have considerable power in this strange branch of necromancy if you will answer a few questions of mine."

"Proceed," said Jack, gravely, meeting his eyes firmly and without flinching.

"Tell me what is most on my mind at this present moment."

"The want of a male heir," Jack replied, promptly, and thanked Mrs. Sitwell in his heart.

"Pshaw! You have learned from Burke that I have no children," said Sir Lewis, boldly; but he was a little taken aback. "Anything else?"

"The memory of a harsh deed you now strive in vain to redeem."

"This borders upon impertinence," said Sir Lewis, with a hot flush on his cheek and passion in his eyes. "But let us leave abstractions and try tangible realities. Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his tail-coat.

"A pocketbook."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the bystanders, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocketbook all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the baronet haughtily to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocketbook contain?"

"Evidence."

The contest between them was now to the death.

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must sooner or later come to light. You have in that pocketbook links in a long chain of circumstances which, however carefully concealed or anxiously dreaded, time in its inexorable course must bring eventually to light. There is no bond, says the Spanish proverb, which is not some day fulfilled; no debt that in the long run is not paid."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocketbook contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds."

"Stay!" cried Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the crumpled paper from the hands of the really stupefied baronet. It was exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful *denouement* of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Gorrigan, an Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you——"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely, and so weakly fell. But I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power—unless, unhappily, unless it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips were covered with a fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself, then with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor."

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him up stairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down in the shape of a half-note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her precious charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto "I Strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. Jack drew his conclusions, and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockit, in after years, had no reason to regret the generosity which prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

Indian Stage Drivers.

A correspondent, writing from Las Vegas, New Mexico, says that he got the superintendent to tell him about his stage line, which runs from Vinita, Indian Territory, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, about 900 miles, and passes through some of the most dangerous Indian country in the world. It has 108 drivers, thirty of whom are native Indians. The line carries the United States mail daily and what passengers it can get, although the superintendent is as yet the only white man who has been over the entire route.

"Can you trust your Indian drivers?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said he. "Everybody said at first that I couldn't do anything with them; but I had to do so nothing, for the redskins had a habit of killing the white drivers in some localities. I got some of them broke in at last, however, and they do very well. They like the salary, for it enables them to put on style above their brethren, and I tell you they do like to dress. It catches the squaws, and the young men like that as well as you fellows down East. One day an Indian driver ran off after a buffalo, and was gone two or three days. I sent men to hunt him up, but he came back before they found him with a dead buffalo and Uncle Sam's mail as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. I discharged him, and it taught the others a lesson.

"You ought to see them hunt paths at night. If they can get a glimpse of a single star they can find their way the darkest night that ever blew. Some of them are great astronomers. They have an idea that there was once a great flood which covered the whole earth. Everybody was drowned but seven chiefs, who were strong enough to climb to the top of the highest mountain in the country. They would have been destroyed also had they not prayed to the Great Spirit so fervently that their supplications were answered. They lived to a great age and replenished the earth. When they died they each became a brilliant star in the heavens. These Indians know the principal stars by the names of departed chiefs. This belief is prevalent among nearly all the savage Indians in the southern part of the Indian Territory."

"Are any of your Indians desperate characters?"

"Some of them. Six of my drivers saw the Custer massacre. They probably took part in it, but they claim that they were near by herding ponies. They describe the whole bloody affair, but will not tell who killed the whites. Custer has many friends, and they are afraid of them."

"Have any of your Indians ever seen the cars?"

"Yes, seven chiefs went up to Vinita one day, and I got them to look at a locomotive. It suddenly whistled and blew off steam, and you ought to have seen those seven Indians wilt. They fell down on their knees in consternation and began to pray to the Great Spirit. I guess they thought the engine was the Great Spirit, but I don't know as to that."

He Thought it a Good Joke.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! and a farmer with solid, old-fashioned feet came into the editorial rooms of this paper to say:

"Howdy? I've walked down from the market to give ye the partickelers of a good joke."

"All right—proceed."

"You know them lightning rod fellers?" observed the old man, as he dropped into a chair.

"Yes—heard of them."

"Well, ye know they're a purty tuff set. Been after me for more'n twenty years. I've got signs out all along the road warning 'em to keep off the place, but t'other day one of the chaps driv right up to the gate, big as life."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, he did, and 'fore I could get my tongue to going he had about a thousand feet of rod out of the wagon and ready to put it up on the barn."

"What check?"

"I guess 'twas, but pretty soon I went for him. I had my mind made up to kill him right there. The old woman, she came out, and sailed right in with me, and the two hired men supported me on the flanks."

"And you jumped him all to pieces, of course?"

"That's where the hull fun comes in," answered the old man. "That 'ere feller squared off, shed his coat, and he licked the whole four of us in less'n two minutes by a wig-wag clock."

"Did, eh?"

"You bet he did, and he drunk up a whole pan of milk and drove off whistling 'Yankee Doodle Dum.' When I got out o' the catnip whar' he piled me, and saw one of the men with his nose mashed flaf, the 'tother with three teeth knocked out, and the ole woman jist crawling out from under the old bob-sled, I begun laffing and didn't stop till midnight! I—I—!"

He slapped his leg and uttered a "haw! haw! haw!" which echoed clear to Canada, and in his contortions he broke the back off his chair.

"But the joke was on you," said the perplexed journalist.

"Sartin—sartin, but I am such a dodrotted idiot that I can't laff at the way we four sailed in on him, calkerlating to mop him all over the barnyard, and laff harder yet at the way we all started in to pray afore he had fairly got the rust off his elbows! When I saw Hanner clawing up from the bottom I—!"

And he went off into another fit and choked and gasped till he went down stairs with his collar hanging by a single button.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CHOCOLATE CITY.

Interesting Details of a Model French Village.

When the son of the great chocolate manufacturer, Menier, was married in Paris the other day, the workmen of the Menier establishment sent a pillow of roses as their bridal gift, which was an improvement upon the custom which sends pillows and cushions of flowers only to funerals here. But the Menier workmen have good reasons for the graceful tribute. Their employer has not strewn their path with roses, but he has shown, on a large scale, how prosperity and comfort and good-feeling among his workmen are as much the foundation of a flourishing manufacturing village as its tons of exported goods.

The Menier chocolate, although the best in Europe, is not a whit better than our own Philadelphia Whiteman's, if as good. But the factories at Noisiel make a town of themselves on the banks of the Marne, and their active proprietor is one of the powers of France, a representative manufacturer of the solid men who supply for the republic what the great bankers used to do for the empire, confidence, and when needed, the sinews of war. The best test of the security of the French republic is found in this adhesion of merchants and manufacturers, the bourgeoise, as it was once the fashion to call them under the monarchy, and who used to be solidly Bourbon and Orleanist.

The details of this fragrant manufacture, the huge hydraulic engines on the Marne, the amount of water-power, the sugar, cacao nut and packing boxes required—this last a business of itself—with the busy women at work on the dainty envelopes of tin foil and yellow papers, although of much interest, might be in other shape, and, instead of the chocolate city, this might be an iron city, or glass, or cotton, equally on the same good basis as that of Noisiel. The town of Saltaire, in England, at the famous works of Sir Titus Salt, probably approaches it in thrifty detail, and there are American manufacturers who lend themselves to many plans for the comfort and improvement of their men. But Noisiel seems to be a pattern and to possess in itself all the modern improvements. The cottages are close to the works, each with its four rooms, its good cellar and a garden, and for which the rent is twenty-four dollars a year. Fruit trees, fruits and vegetables are cultivated in these blooming gardens, and, although the women are largely employed in the factory, there are arrangements, as will be presently seen, for lightening the household cares. The schools at Noisiel are maintained at M. Menier's expense, and they are graded from the infant school, where the children go at the age of three years, to a day nursery for the still younger ones, who are taken care of in their tiny cots in tidy, cozy rooms on the one hand, and the upper schools, where the boys and girls are taught to the age of fourteen. The branches are those of a good French education, with needlework, singing, bookkeeping and drawing. All this is conducted at M. Menier's expense and without a sou's cost to the married employees. So that one great difficulty of manufacturing towns, where the mothers have to be busy all day and their children left to themselves (and the matches) seems to be very squarely met at Noisiel, in the *Ecole Gardienne*. From the basies of a year to the time the boy or girl is ready to go into the factory, it is under care or instruction, and this last fits these children to find good positions either at Noisiel or elsewhere.

There is a library also belonging to the operatives, and a savings bank, which they are encouraged to patronize. But the most striking feature of the place, after schools, are the co-operative stores. There are no store-orders, it appears, at Noisiel, of the sort that are so hateful and oppressive to workmen in this country, although the Meniers are in position to make as good profit out of these as any Northern manufacturer or Southern planter here. The workmen at Noisiel are their own shopkeepers; they get the profits and the benefits of the low prices of the wholesale supplies. Meat, groceries and other articles of daily domestic need are sold at low prices and good quality, the membership of the association being entirely made up of the chocolate workmen, the thrifty ones who get the benefit of their savings in a double sense.

We have given some space to this little French Arcadia, because it seems to hold the solution of many vexed questions. It is the pleasure of this wealthy manufacturer to furnish schools, libraries and good living homes for his men, and to see them well into co-operative societies like the savings bank and the stores, but the workmen themselves, in this country of better wages, might, with a little forethought, have the same sort of shops, and especially the same kind of day-nursery establishments, so that all the little children too young for school would be sure of warmth, care and comfort while their mothers went out at work. Noisiel is, in fact, an answer to a sum well worth working out, for both mill owners and operatives.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Chinese Cure for Cholera.

The following letter from a Chinaman in regard to the cure of cholera is published by the Hiogo *News*. The Hiogo paper, in publishing it, says: As evidence of its genuine nature we may state that it was originally handed in as an advertisement, the physician whose skill in the cure of cholera it makes known having (we are assured by one of the most respectable Chinese residents of Kobe) made a fortune out of his practice during the brief period in which the cholera has been raging, and being therefore in a position to pay for the fame which he no doubt considers to be his due, outside of the narrow sphere in which he has been laboring. The letter itself is written in a fine, bold, clerkly hand, and we are informed is the unassisted production of a Chinese. We give it verbatim, and shall be happy to show it to the curious:

"SIR—With your permission I would beg to direct, through the medium of your valuable journal, the attention of the public to a subject which is most important and interesting to the medical world. In the general opinion of the European, as well as the Japanese, cholera is an infectious disease, a plague against which there is no certain remedy; whereas, according to the opinion of the Chinese doctor who has been curing hundreds of Japanese in Osaka, it is not at all infectious; as soon as the black blood or the poisonous matter is let out from the joints in the limbs and the middle fingers, the disease can be cured immediately. This may seem an absurdity to the European, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, since hundreds of the natives have been cured by this operation. If the medical men of the West would care to see how this disease is treated by the Chinese doctor referred to, and analyze the blood of their patients at the various stages of the disease, as a Yokohoma resident in his letter to the *Japan Daily Herald* suggested, they will, with their superior medical knowledge and skill, discover an important antidote for the disease.

"I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

"A NATIVE OF THE FLOWERY LAND."

Prof. Brun, of Geneva, has described a curious case of poisoning in a child of two years of age. It was caused by eating a combination of cabbage and figs. The cabbage he says, must have produced a great abundance of lactic acid, which, in the presence of the figs, developed enough of butyric acid to cause the death of the child.

KATE BENDER FOUND.

A Horrible Crime in New Mexico Reveals Her Whereabouts.

Sheriff Whitehill, of Grant county, New Mexico, was recently in St. Louis, en route for Indianapolis, where he was taking a bright nine-year old boy, named Josie Granger. The lad is the nephew of Bishop Granger, of Indianapolis, and the sheriff is confident that the boy's father, who was the bishop's brother, was murdered at the instigation of none other than Kate Bender, who six years ago was the most odious woman in the United States. It will require no effort on the part of the reader to call to mind the Bender family, who for several years kept a human slaughter-house in the shape of a little hostelrie on a lonely Kansas road, about sixty miles from Fort Scott. The tracing of a prominent citizen named York to their house, and the discovery of his murder, led to revelations of the most horrifying character, and the grizzly old murderer with his inhuman family fled in great haste from the wrath which must follow the discovery of the graveyard which they had made all around their home. Whether they were overtaken and all lynched, or whether they really escaped and scattered, has always been an open question. The most fiendish member of the family was Kate, then a stout young woman, whose thews had grown great in wielding the hammer that crushed travelers' skulls. The story which the sheriff of Grant county tells has reference to Kate. He says that William F. Granger, the father of the boy in his charge, married a wife in California, and when she died moved with his son William, a weak-minded, cruel sort of a boy, to Fort Smith, Ark. A second marriage took place there, and Josie was the issue. Mr. Granger took into his family as nurse and servant a young woman who had been a domestic in a hotel, and who was known by the name of Dora. The family moved to Grant county, New Mexico, and Dora went along. The second wife died, and about a year ago Granger married Dora. Just three weeks after he was enticed into the mountains by his own son, William, and a man named Young, and the boy fired a bullet from a needle gun through the man's brain. They dug a hole, jammed the body into a heap and threw it in, then covered it up and stamped the ground level. Going back home they divided the old man's possessions, amounting to about $5,000, Young taking one-third, William one-third and the bride one-third. The authorities suspected something wrong, and a sheriff went to the Granger house to arrest the trio. He found them all there, and hidden under one bed were the old man's gray clothes, which Dora had chopped into pieces. William was closely questioned and finally acknowledged that his stepmother and Young had fixed up the job on the old man and induced him to do the killing, the object being one of plunder. He led the officers to the scene of the murder, and the body was exhumed. Since then the belief has been growing that Dora is Kate Bender. She acknowledged that her name is Kate, and she knows a deal about the Benders. A young man who went to school with Kate Bender when she was about sixteen years old visited Dora in jail, and positively identified her as Kate. In her trunk was found about $500 worth of silverware, most of it marked "Galt House, Kentucky." The sheriff has the picture and it represents a woman about thirty years old, with full heavy face, large lower-jaw, very small eyes, and a mouth of a virago. The woman is still in jail, and will be tried. Meanwhile, the sheriff intends to give the little boy Josie, who is a very amiable and intelligent child, and who gives a graphic account of the murder, in charge of Bishop Granger.

Mental Effects of Physical Injuries.

Dr. Henry Maudsley, in a paper before the Royal Institute, England, said: Many instructive examples of the pervading mental effects of physical injury of the brain might be quoted, but two or three, recently recorded, will suffice. An American medical man was called one day to see a youth, aged eighteen, who had been struck down insensible by a kick of a horse. There was a depressed fracture of the skull a little above the left temple. The skull was trephined, and the loose fragments of bone that pressed upon the brain were removed, whereupon the patient came to his senses. The doctor thought it a good opportunity to make an experiment, as there was a hole in the skull through which he could easily make pressure upon the brain. He asked the boy a question, and before there was time to answer it he pressed firmly with his finger upon the exposed brain. As long as the pressure was kept up the boy was mute, but the instant it was removed he made a reply, never suspecting that he had not answered at once. The experiment was repeated several times with precisely the same result, the boy's thoughts being stopped and started again on each occasion as easily and certainly as the engineer stops and starts his locomotive.

On another occasion the same doctor was called to see a groom who had been kicked on the head by a mare called Dolly, and whom he found quite insensible. There was a fracture of the skull, with depression of bone at the upper part of the forehead. As soon as the portion of bone which was pressing upon the brain was removed the patient called out with great energy, "Whoa, Dolly!" and then stared about him in blank amazement, asking: "Where is the mare? Where am I?" Three hours had passed since the accident, during which the words which he was just going to utter when it happened had remained locked up, as they might have been locked up in the phonograph, to be let go the moment the obstructing pressure was removed. The patient did not remember, when he came to himself, that the mare had kicked him; the last thing before he was insensible which he did remember was, that she wheeled her heels round and laid back her ears viciously.

Selling Whisky to Indians.

There is not a town in Montana, says the Helena *Independent*, where an Indian cannot get all the whisky he wants, as is evinced by their drunken spress immediately after leaving the place. Whisky is the cause of all the disturbances between whites and the Indians, and no doubt the primary cause of all thefts and outrages by the Indians.

Nearly all the trouble with Indians, says the *Statesman*, of Walla Walla, Washington Territory, is occasioned by the action of a few depraved whites selling them whisky. Go where we will, we are sure to find some saucy, drunken siwash trying to get up a little war of his own. There are various dodges by which the Indians can obtain liquor. One is to sell them "skookum flour;" that is, they buy a sack of flour in which a bottle of whisky is concealed. Any white found guilty of providing the Indians with whisky, or gambling with them, is entitled to a coat of tar and feathers, after which performance he should be turned over to be dealt with by the law.

James Stewart, twelve-year-old son of James Stewart, residing near Willy's Neck, Dorchester county, Md., was sent into an out-field to make a smother, to keep the mosquitoes from the cattle. Not coming back after a reasonable time had elapsed the father went into the field to search for him. He was found lying face downward on the ground dead, his mouth, throat, nose and ears literally packed with mosquitoes.

The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, woman, and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.

FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Depth to Cover Seeds.

Rules are often laid down by writers as guides for farmers when planting the seeds of their various farm crops, as though any rule could be depended upon under all circumstances, when the fact is every one must use judgment in this as in every other operation on the farm. We have before us an account of an experiment made by some one in sowing wheat at different depths from one-fourth of an inch to three or more inches deep, also in leaving it upon the surface. That sown from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch came up soonest and grew best, while that left on the surface, and that covered three and a half inches deep, was two weeks in getting started. The writer would, therefore, recommend covering grain not less than one-half inch, nor more than one inch deep to secure the quickest germination and the most vigorous growth, which would be a good depth whenever the soil is in the best condition for planting, that is, when it is just perceptibly moist throughout, from the surface downward. But there are times, during severe droughts, when there is so little moisture in the top soil that seeds planted less than an inch deep might lie for weeks without germinating, while if covered two or three inches deep, they would find moisture enough to sprout them. Much may be done to insure germination by stirring the soil deeply just before sowing, to bring up moist soil from the bottom, and by rolling the surface after sowing with a heavy iron roller to compact the soil and render it capable of taking up moisture from below by capillary attraction, but after all it is usually good economy, in dry weather, to sow seed, grain especially, quite liberally, and endeavor to work it well down into the soil with a cultivator, disk harrow, or something of the kind. The smoothing harrow may then follow in levelling the surface, after which the land should be rolled smooth and as hard as the nature and condition of the soil will allow.

Some farmers delay sowing grass or grain in autumn when the weather is dry, and wait for rain, but we always prefer to put in the seed as soon as the ground can be prepared, after the season of sowing has arrived, and then trust the future for rain to sprout it, and suitable weather for its growth. If one could plant no more seeds than would grow to maturity, a great saving would be made in a term of years, but still we believe it is usually a better plan to seed liberally and allow something for uncertainties than to stint the quantity. In the early spring when the ground is usually quite moist, shallow covering and even surface seeding may be advisable, but in mid-summer deeper covering is demanded.—*New England Farmer.*

Carelessness as a Source of Income.

It is amazing to consider the extent to which losses are incurred on the one hand, and sales and occupation afforded, on the other hand, by the inexcusable carelessness of people who know better and ought to do better. The fastening of a well-bucket is deranged, or a hoop is loose, but the thoughtless man or woman never notices the trouble until the bucket is dropped in the well or the bottom is out. Then time is lost, the family is inconvenienced, and perhaps a neighbor gets a job of work and the pay. The gate-latch is out of order; no attention is paid to it; the hogs or cows get in; the yard is rooted up; the shrubbery is destroyed; the gardener is employed, and the nurseryman has an order. A tire is loose on the wheel; the wood is swiftly wearing away, a little care would set the matter right; no pains are taken; away on the road a wheel is crushed, and the wheelwright has some employment. A shingle is out of