

Martin's Way of Ruling Ferocious Beasts.

A curious history, and one that sheds many gleams of light upon the character of beasts in the menagerie, is that of Henri Martin, the lion tamer, who died, 90 years old, quietly at his home, "among his collections of butterflies and his books of botany." Martin, according to his own letters, began to cultivate his gift of control over animals in the days when he was connected with a circus, by acquiring an extraordinary power over horses, which he taught every trick known to the profession, and some of which have hardly been exactly paralleled. From this he went to taming wild beasts, and soon after he had started business as part proprietor of a menagerie he had labored eight months in training a royal tiger and had taught a spotted hyena to pick up his gloves. He was never seen with a whip in his hand; but he crossed his arms and gave his animals the word of command to leap on and off his shoulders, and he considered his method infinitely superior to that of the trainers who go through their business chiefly by the terrorism of a heavy whip and revolver. Their beasts obey them, but he said "they are not tamed as mine were, and when one of them rebels you can judge the tragic result from the tragical end of Lucas." One day Martin told his wife that he anticipated trouble with his lion Cobourg, who was then in a dangerous state of excitement. She begged him to put off the performance, but he said: "No; for if I should do it once I should have to do it every time the animals have caprices." The next night his forebodings were fulfilled. Instead of performing his part properly, Cobourg crouched low and dug his talons into the stage, and his eyes flared. Martin had no weapon at hand except a dagger in his belt—"I have said never a whip." Instead of obeying orders the lion leaped at Martin, and a combat occurred in the course of which the lion took Martin up in his mouth and shook him in the air.

Martin struck the animal over the nose for a second time, and then, feeling his strength exhausted, gave himself up for lost, and turned his back to the beast, so that at the next spring it might attack the back of his neck, and so "make an end of the business." "But two seconds passed—two seconds that seemed to me an eternity. I turned around. The lion's mood had changed. He looked at the audience; he looked at me. I gave the sign to go. He went away as if nothing had happened."

It was fourteen weeks before Martin could perform again, but then the lion worked as well as usual, and continued to do so for four years without any more caprices. In taming one of his tigers Martin began by taking the brute's attention off the door of the cage, and then, armed with a dagger, went rapidly into the cage and stood looking at the tiger, which for some minutes lay motionless, staring at him. Then, feeling a shiver, and knowing that if the tiger saw it all would be over with him, he went again into the cage, and this time stayed there half an hour. A third time he peyed the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. "The fourth time the tiger, trembling at first, lay down before the pigmy who braved it." To tame a hyena, Martin wrapped his legs and arms with cords and protected his head with a handkerchief, and then, walking into the cage, went straight to the animal and offered it his forearm. The hyena bit it, and the tamer looking steadily in its eyes, stood motionless. The next day he repeated the experiment, substituting a leg for an arm, "all the time Martin's black pupils were flashing into the grey eyes of the hyena. The beast gave up, cringed and smelled the feet of the master." Martin tamed his subjects by his personal influence alone, and Charles Nodder once said of him: "At the head of an army Martin might have been a Bonaparte. Chance has made a man of genius a director of a menagerie."

The Dominical Letter.

As an explanation of the meaning and use of the Dominical letter is seldom found in any book or paper, perhaps an article respecting it may not be uninteresting to many rural readers. The writer heard it explained by one of his teachers some years since, but has never seen an explanation in print, though some old arithmetic is said to contain it.

The first seven letters of the alphabet are to be used for the purpose of determining the day of the week, or month, without referring to the calendar or almanac. Let us observe, in the first place, how these letters are applied to the days of the year. The first day of the year is designated by the letter A, the second B, the third by C, and so on repeating the letter for every seven days. Now, by continuing thus through the year and noting the letters which fall on the first day of the months we shall find that they occur in the following order, A, D, D, G, B, E, G, C, F, A, D, F. These twelve (seven different) letters constitute the basis of reck-

oning for any year. A always designating the first day of January, D the first of February, D the first of March, and so on. The following couplet will assist in remembering their order.

At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
Good Carlos Fynch And David Fryer.
Let us now consider how the seven letters are applied to the day of the week. Since A always designates the first day of the year, it necessarily designates the day of the week on which it occurs; also, B the day following, and so on. If the first of January occurs on Friday, then A will designate Friday, B Saturday, &c.; if on Tuesday, then A will designate Tuesday, B Wednesday, &c. We see, then that the same letter designates different days of the week in different years, but the same day of the week throughout the same year.

By knowing the letter designating a particular day of the week, we know at once the letters for the other days of the week. The letter designating Sunday is the one fixed on from which to reckon. It is generally given in the almanac, and is called (*dies Domini*), Lord's day, or Sunday letter.

Since that day of the week on which the first of January occurs is designated by A, the day following is B, etc., we readily ascertain the Dominical letter, as it is the one falling on Sunday. Thus, when the first of January occurs on Wednesday, the letter falling on Sunday is E, which is the Sunday or Dominical letter for the year. The first of January this year occurred on Saturday, and the Sunday or Dominical letter is B. Now, on what day of the week will the 4th of July occur? By the couplet, the first of July is G. Then the 4th is C, or Monday. On what day will Christmas occur? The 1st of December is F; then the 22d is F and the 25th B, or Sunday. Again, it is the second Wednesday of May, what day of the month is it? The 1st of May is B, or Sunday, then Wednesday is the 4th, and the second Wednesday the 11th. It is the third Friday in October, what day of the month is it? The first of October is A, or Saturday, then Friday is the 7th, and the third Friday is the 21st.

The Sunday or Dominical of 1857 was D. Then the first of July being G, the 4th was C, or Saturday. The 1st of May being B, was Friday. Then the first Wednesday was the 6th, and the second the 13th. There are two Dominical letters for leap year. The first letter is used for the first two months and the second, which is the letter preceding the first in order of the alphabet, is used for the remaining ten months and compensates for the additional day in February. The Dominical letter of any year is the letter preceding, in the order of the alphabet, the Dominical letter of the pre-eding year.

English, Irish and Scotch.

Looking at the population of the three kingdoms it may easily be perceived that there is a considerable difference among them with regard to temperament. The Irish are gay, ardent; the Scotch are comparatively cool, steady and cautious; the English are, perhaps, a fair average between the two. We remember it was not inelegantly observed by a friend that an Englishman thinks and speaks; a Scotchman thinks twice before he speaks, and an Irishman peaks before he thinks. A lady presented: "A Scotchman thinks with his head, an Irishman with his heart." This allusion to impulse operating more rapidly than deliberation is akin to Miss Edgeworth's remark that an Irishman may err with his head, never with his heart; the truth, however, being that he obeys his heart, not always waiting for the dictates of his head. Some years ago there was a caricature very graphically portraying these grades of difference in the ardor of the three nations. An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at the beautiful young women serving in the shop. "Oh!" exclaims Mr. Patrick, "do let us be spending a half crown with the dear crature, that we may look at her conveniently and have a bit of chat with her." "You extravagant dog!" said Mr. George; "I'm sure half the money would do quite as well. But let us go in by all means; she is a charming girl." "Ah! wait a wee!" interposed Mr. Andrew, "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling, and inquire where's Mr. Thompson's house, and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as well save the siller."

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The total production of iron and steel rails last year was 1,683,794 net tons; a falling off as compared with 1881 of 153,306 tons. Of the entire output, 1,438,155 tons were Bessemer steel rails, 227,874 tons iron rails, and 22,765 tons pen-heat steel rails.

OLD LOVE.

I met her, she was thin and cold;
She stooped, and trod with tottering feet
The hair was gray that once was gold,
The voice was harsh that once was sweet.
Her hands were wrinkled, and her eyes,
Robbed of the girlish light of joy,
Were dim: I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.
But yet a something in her air
Restored me to the vanished time,
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine—
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy—
I kissed it with a reverent sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

"I NEED NOT HEAR."

I need not hear each night-wind loud
Go moaning down the wood;
I need not lift each bleacher shroud
From bodies white and cold.
Call not, O naked, wailing fall,
O man's unhappy race!
One drifting leaflet tells me all:
'Tis all in one pale face.

The Girl Detective.

A Police Story.

The door of Rufus Markham's counting room was scarcely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, whose face was as impressive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk with which no one had access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible for the young gentleman—"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and he is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state this matter again as briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes; will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of the bank yesterday to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning, the expected note was presented, and I unlocked the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum book that was in the small roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"Yes, my nephew certainly had the only duplicate key."

"Humph! Yes. Had you the numbers of all the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door Mr. Markham suddenly said, nervously, "I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have a report to make."

"Fred! Fred!" the old man said, in a troubled tone when he was alone. "Vogdes evidently thinks it's Fred. It cannot be. It is impossible that my nephew would rob me. I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. O, if it should be! Anna's boy that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not believe it."

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious that your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew until this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by means of false keys. Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly, "it was all in five hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T. yesterday in payment for a pearl locket!"

"Stop! Potter, let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it. Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars that I lent him some time ago,

The young man, a favorite of fortune, apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding house, receiving an affectionate farewell when he took his way to his room in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when summer twilight was fading that, returning home from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said, "and as you were not at home I thought I would wait for you here."

Something in the young man's face struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news," she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive answer.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares to say that I am a midnight burglar?" he shouted.

"O, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me to be the thief because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—great heavens!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it. I rob my uncle—I—"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk, respectfully, "I only wanted to see how you took the note to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding school, and brought you home for the holidays; and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years old—and that's twelve long years. I know you never, never took the money; but things look very ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, "I cannot understand it. Listen." And he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FREDERICK TRYON—I could not believe, without proof—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I'll never be the one to imprison or punish you; but you are no longer a nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look you in the face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting that you will endeavor to live honestly in the future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters."

"RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"O, Fred," she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I supposed," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains he so generously presents me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel? Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his face, "if all the world believes you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comfeller fast in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried, "I can defy the world if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

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Arnold—Potter—Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk. Potter, huzza! we know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred; not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this! Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my lunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me a few days—only a few days—and if I don't catch the thief you may try."

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week—give me only a week to catch Arnold. And, by the way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away like a coward!" flashed Fred.

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. He will watch, but if you are willing I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's he finally consented to leave the city for a week and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence, in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. You see, Arnold knows me and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight that I cannot get a peep into his room; and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force the door yet, and by the time Fred returns I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure the money is in his possession now; he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

"Your landlady is German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to catch the thief, and failed. I mean to try, and succeed."

"You! What can you do?"

"Come to-morrow and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed."

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself."

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes and the proper police authorities to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room and remove the pipe of the stove at elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum book and the missing notes."

"You are sure?"

"Listen. This morning, in a calico dress, sun bonnet and coarse shoes for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding house where Mr. Arnold has a room. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau drawers

wide open, the closet ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul his private depositories, though I should have done it," she added resolutely, "if I had been driven to it. I rummaged a little, when on the closet floor I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. I wondered what he would be doing at the fireplace in summer, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process—to find a roll of five hundred-dollar notes and a small note book, with the name of Rufus Markham on the first page. I carefully replaced everything and came home. Now, Mr. Potter, he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was struck by the city clocks when Mr. Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Havana between his lips strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door the nonchalant look left the handsome face of the young man and he muttered fiercely:

"I must get out of this. Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet."

He opened a small traveling satchel as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried, "Come in."

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold.

"What does this outrage mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Potter, "that your plan to throw the robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from the gentleman are now in your possession, except only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of debt."

"It's a lie!" cried the prisoner; but this white face, faltering voice and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. "Search my trunks; search everything I have!"

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter. "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe.

The Origin of the Ass.

The ancestors of the domesticated ass, according to recent authorities, must not be sought for in Asia, but in Africa. It is upon the sculptured stones by the Nile that his name and figure first occur. The wild asses or onagers of Asia belong to the species known to naturalists as *Equus hemionus*, the hemion or kiang, and are all of reddish tint, while those of Abyssinia, however, vary in depth of color. The Arabic name for the ass signifies reddish, and was doubtless first applied to the hemion, and afterwards transferred to the introduced species which the Asiatics afterwards introduced into Europe.

Down to 1859, Mr. Mulhall says, the United States used at intervals to import wheat from Europe, whereas it produces at present one-half of the world's crop. Previously to 1865 Australia was led with Chilian flour, but some of the Australian colonies now annually export twenty bushels of grain per inhabitant. Facilities for transportation have so far improved that wheat grown on the Mississippi or in New Zealand is sold as cheaply in Europe as that raised on the Don or Danube.

Bad Farming: It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe grudge and sow discord.