

AN AMERICAN SONG.

Over the mountain wave,
See where they come,
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home.
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along
Deep-toned and free.
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come:
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home.
England hath sunny dales,
Deerly they bloom;
Scots hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume,
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land,
Home far away.
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.
Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God.
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song:
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along.
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.
Not theirs the glory-wreath
Torn by the blast:
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward their past,
Green be their mossy graves
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along
Ever the same.
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

THE GAMBLER'S DEATH.

Beyond the balsam thicket the gambler made his stand. Carson, the detective, was in full pursuit, and as he burst through the balsams he found himself within twenty feet of his antagonist. Both men stood for an instant, each with a pistol in his hand, each looking full at the other. Both were experts. Each knew the other. "You count," said the gambler coolly. "One, two, three," said the detective. "Fire!" One pistol alone sounded. The gambler had fallen to explode! "You've won, you needn't deal again," said the gambler. And then he dropped. The red stain on his white shirt-front showed where he was hit. "There's some lint and bandage," said the detective, and he flung a small package into the gambler's lap. "I hope you won't die, Dick Raymond." "Oh, it was all fair, Carson," said the other, carelessly. "I've held a poor hand from the start—"
He paused; for the detective had rushed on, and he was alone.
Twenty rods further on, the detective caught up with the Trapper, who was calmly recharging his piece. On the edge of the ledge above, the half-breed lay dead, the lips drawn back from his teeth and his ugly countenance distorted with hate and rage. A rifle, whose muzzle smoked, lay at his side; and the edge of the Trapper's left ear was bleeding.
"I've shot Dick Raymond by the balsam thicket," said the detective. "I'm afraid he's hard hit."
"I'll go and see the boy," answered the Trapper. "You'll find Henry furrer up. There's only two runnin'. You and he can bring 'em in."
The detective disappeared like a flash in the direction the Trapper had pointed.
"Ah me," said the old man, "I hope the boy isn't bad hit," and he turned on his trail and moved quickly down towards the balsam thicket.
The gambler was seated in a reclining attitude, his body resting on the mosses, his shoulders and head supported by a rock, which, covered thickly with other mosses itself, made for his growing weakness a natural pillow. The package of lint, which the detective had thrown to him as he dashed away, after the fatal interview; lay within reach unopened. Only a stain on the white linen showed where he was hit, for the hemorrhage was all internal. Through the trees, here and there the bright water of the lake showed clearly. The little rivulet that issued from the Trapper's spring ran with tuneful gurgling through the swale, and filtered itself into the lake through sands pure as its own limpid stream. In the pines overhead were soothing noises. The young balsams yielded their gummy sweetness to the damp air. The pistol, by whose failure to explode he had escaped the crime of murder, lay by his side, while a dozen cards, that had been flung from his pocket as he dropped, were lying scattered about—a suggestive commentary on the frivolity and sinfulness of his life. His eyes were open, gazing through the branches of the intervening trees at the bright patches of the shining water beyond, and the little rill soothed the stillness with its lapsing sound. One would hardly think that so unprincipled a life could come to its close as peacefully as the peacefulness of nature, which, because of its inanimateness, perhaps, had committed no sin, and could therefore be disturbed by no remorse. But such apparently was the case; for the look in the eyes was as placid as the lake at which they gazed, and the lines of his face were as calm and peaceful as a child's, when, just before he falls asleep, his memory is busy with the happiness of the day he has enjoyed, and to which, ere he sleeps, he would say a pleasant farewell.
The old Trapper saw, as he descended the hill, the body reclining on the mosses at the edge of the balsam thicket. The earth gave back no sound as he

advanced, and he reached the gambler, and was standing almost at his very feet, ere the young man was aware of his presence; but as the form of the Trapper passed between him and the shining water, he turned his gaze up to the Trapper's face, and, after studying the grave lines for a moment, said: "You've won the game, old man."
The Trapper for a moment made no reply. He looked steadfastly into the young man's countenance, fixed his eyes on the red stain on the left breast, and then said: "Shall I look at the hole, boy?"
The gambler smiled pleasantly and nodded his head, saying: "It's the natural thing to do in those cases, I believe." Lifting his hands, he unbuttoned the collar, and unscrewed the solitaire stud from the white bosom. The Trapper knelt by the young man's side, and laying back the linen from the chest, wiped the blood-stain with a piece of lint from the white skin, and carefully studied the edges of the wound, seeking to ascertain the direction which the bullet had taken as it penetrated the flesh. At last he drew his face back, and lifted himself to his feet, not a shade in the expression of his countenance revealing his thought. "Is it my last deal, old man?" asked the gambler carelessly.
"I have seed a good many wounds," answered the Trapper, "and I've noted the direction of a good many bullets, and I never knowed a man live who was hit where ye be hit of the lead had the slant inward, as the piece had that has gone into ye."
For a minute the young man made no reply. No change came to his countenance. He turned his eyes from the Trapper's face and looked pleasantly off towards the water. He even whistled a line or two of an old love ballad; then he paused, and, drawn perhaps by the magnetism of the steady gaze which the eyes of the Trapper fixed upon him, he looked again into the old man's face, and said: "What is it, John Norton?"
"I be sorry for ye, boy," answered the old man. "I be sorry for ye, for life be sweet to the young, and I wish that ye-years might be many on the arth."
"I fancy there's a good many who will be glad to hear I'm out of it," was the careless response.
"I don't doubt ye have yer faults, boy," answered the Trapper, "and I dare say ye have lived loosely, and did many deeds that was better unndid, but the best use of life be to learn how to live, and I feel sartin ye'd have got better as ye got older, and made the last half of yer life wipe out the fust, so that the figures for and agin ye would have balanced in the Judgment."
"You aren't fool enough to believe what the hypocritical church members talk, are you John Norton? You don't believe that there's any Judgment Day, do you?"
"I don't know much about church members," answered the Trapper. "For I've never been in the settlement; leastwise, I've never studied the habits of the creturs, and I dare say that they differ, bein' good and bad, and I've seen some that was sartinly vagabonds. No, I don't know much about church members, but I sartinly believe; yis, I know there be a day when the Lord shall judge the livin' and the dead; and the honest Trapper shall stand on one side, and the vagabond that pilfers his skins and steals his traps shall stand on the other. This is what the Book says, and it sartinly seems reasonable; for the deeds that be did on the arth be of two kinds, and folks that do 'em be of two kinds, and atween the two, the Lord, if he notes anything, must make a dividin' line."
"And when do you think this judgment is, John Norton?" asked the gambler, as if he was actually enjoying the crude but honest ideas of his companion. The Trapper hesitated a moment before he spoke, then he said: "I conceit that the judgment be always goin' on. It's a court that never adjourns, and the deserters and the knaves and the disobedient in the regiment be always on trial. But I conceit that there comes a day to every man, good and bad, when the record of his deeds be looked over from the start, and the good and the bad counted up; and in that day he gets the final judgment whether it be for or agin him. And now, boy," continued the old man solemnly, with a touch of infinite tenderness in the vibrations of his voice, "ye be nigh the Judgment Day, yerself, and the deeds, ye have did, both the good and the bad, will be passed in review."
"F reckon there isn't much chance for me if your view is sound, John Norton." And for the first time, his tone lost its cheerful recklessness.
"The court be a court of mercy; and the Judge looks upon 'em that comes up for trial as ef He was their Father."
"That ends it, old man," answered the gambler. "My father never showed me any mercy when I was a boy. If he had, I shouldn't have been here now. If I did a wrong deed, I got it to the last inch of the lash," and the words were more intensely bitter because spoken so quietly.
"The fathers of the arth, boy, be not like the Father of Heaven, for I have seed 'em correct their children beyond reason, and without mercy.

They whipped in their rage, and not in their wisdom; they whipped, because they was strong, and not because of their love; they whipped, when they should have forgiven, and got what they 'sant—the hatred of their children. But the Father of Heaven be different, boy. He knows that men be weak, as well as wicked. He knows that half of 'em haven't had a fair chance, and so he overlooks much; and when he can't overlook it, I conceit he sorter forgives in a lump. Yis, he subtracts all he can from the evil we have did, boy, and of that isn't enough to satisfy his feelin's toward a man that might have been different of he'd had a fair start, he jest wipes the whole row of figures clean out at the askin'."
"At the askin'?" said the gambler; "that's a mighty quick game. Did you ever pray, John Norton?"
"Sartin, sartin, I be a prayin' man," said the Trapper sturdily.
"At the askin'?" murmured the gambler, softly.
"Sartin, boy," answered the Trapper, "that's the line the trail takes, ye can depend on it; and it will bring ye to the end of the Great Cearnin' in peace."
"It's a quick deal," said the gambler, speaking to himself, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of his speech to his thought. "It's a quick deal, but I can see that it might end as he says, if the feeling was right."
For a moment nothing was said. The Trapper stood looking steadfastly at the young man on the moss, as he lay with his quiet face turned up to the sky, to whose color had already come the first shade of the awful whiteness.
Up the mountain a rifle cracked. Neither stirred. A red squirrel ran out upon the limb, twenty feet above the gambler's head, and shook the silence into the fragments with his chattering; then sat gazing with startled eyes at the two men underneath.
"Can you pray, old man?" asked the gambler quietly.
"Sartinly," answered the Trapper. "Can you pray in words?" asked the gambler again.
For a moment the Trapper hesitated. Then he said: "I can't say that I can. No, I sartinly can't say that I could undertake it with a reasonable chance of gittin' through; leastwise, it wouldn't be in a way to help a man any."
"Is there any way, old man, in which we can go partners?" asked the gambler, the vocabulary of whose profession still clung to him in the solemn counseling.
"I was thinkin' of that," answered the Trapper; "yis, I was thinkin' of we couldn't sorter jine works, and each help the other by doin' his own part himself. Yis," continued the old man, after a moment's reflection, "the plan's a good un—ye pray for yerself, and I'll pray for myself—and ef I can git in anything that seems likely to do ye sarvice, ye can count on it, as ye can on a grooved barrel."
"And now boy," said the Trapper, with a sweetly solemn enthusiasm, such as faith might give to a supplicating saint,—"which lighted his features until his countenance fairly shone with a light which came out of it, rather than upon it from the sun overhead—"now, boy, remember that the Lord is Lord of the woods, as well as of the cities, and that he heareth the prayin' of the poor hunter under the pines, as well as the great preachers in the pulpits, and that when sins be heavy, and death be nigh, His ear and His heart be both open. There was no use of His Son's dyin' if the Father can't be forgivin'."
The Trapper knelt on the moss at the gambler's feet. He clasped the fingers of his great hands until they interlaced, and lifted his wrinkled face upward. He said not a word; but an Eye that was watching noted that the strongly chiseled lips, seamed with age, moved and twisted now and then, and the same Eye saw, as the silent prayer went on, two great tears leave the protection of the closed lids, and roll down the rugged cheek. The gambler also closed his eyes; then his hands quietly stole one into the other, and, avoiding the bloody stain, rested on his breast; and thus, the old man who had lived beyond the limit of man's day, and the young one, cut down at the threshold of mature life—the one kneeling on the mosses, with his face lifted to Heaven, the other lying on the mosses, with his face turned toward the same sky, without word or uttered speech,—prayed to the Divine mercy which beyond Heaven and the sky saw the two men underneath the pines, and met, we may not doubt, with needed answer the silent upgoing prayer.
The two opened their eyes nearly at the same instant. They looked for a moment at each other, and then the gambler feebly lifted his hand, and put it into the broad palm of the Trapper. Not a word was said. No word was needed. Sometimes men understand each other bet'er than by talking. Then the gambler picked the diamond stud from the spot where it rested, slipped the solitaire from his finger, and said, as he handed them to the Trapper: "There's a girl in Montreal that will like these. You will find her picture inside my vest, when you bury me. Her address is inside the picture case. You will take them to her, John Norton?"

"She shall have them from my own hand," answered the Trapper, gravely. "You needn't disturb the picture, John Norton," said the gambler, "it's just as well, perhaps, to let it lie where it is; it's been there eight years. You understand what I mean, old man?"
"I understand," answered the Trapper, solemnly; "the picture shall stay where it be."
"The pistols," resumed the gambler, and he glanced at the one lying on the moss. "I give to you. You'll find them true. You will accept them?"
The Trapper bowed his head. It is doubtful if he could speak. For several minutes there was silence. The end was evidently nigh. The Trapper took the gambler's hand, as if it had been the hand of his own boy. Indeed, perhaps the young man had found his father at last; for surely it isn't flesh that makes fatherhood. Once the young man moved as if he would rise. Had he been able he would have died with his arms round the old man's neck. As it was, the strength was unequal to the impulse. He lifted his eyes to the old man's face lovingly; moved his body as if he would get a little nearer, and, as a child might speak a loving thought aloud, said, "I am glad I met you, John Norton," and with the saying of the sweet words he died.
But the water gleamed as brightly through the trees as before; the little rivulet sang as tunefully; the balsams poured their odors forth with undiminished measures, and the squirrel crept with new courage from his hiding place, and, scampered out to the limit of the branch, poured his merry chattering forth upon the quiet air. The Trapper lifted the body of the gambler in his arms and bore him to his own cabin, and laid him on his own bed; then closing the door of the cabin, he went to the bank that overlooked the lake, and sounded the two signals for the return.

How old are English Kisses?
Kissing, in England, was certainly known and practiced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and practiced with an easy familiarity which shows the custom was general. Indeed, so general was the use of the kiss that it was as usual as the bow. A gentleman taking a lady to her seat from the dance invariably kissed her, and if he had not would have been voted a very badly-bred fellow.
How much older English kisses were is not very clear. Suffice it to say that the custom has outlived to our day, though fashionable and general games, in which kissing formed a prominent part, are now becoming rarer than they were a quarter of a century ago.
The literature of kisses is curious. There is a story retailed in the "Broad Stone of Honor" of an English knight riding through France to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. His horse cast a shoe at a certain village, the seigneur whereof had departed to the same rendezvous, but the seigneur's lady hospitably entertained the traveler. She came out of her castle, attended by twelve damsels fair to see. "And," said the dame, "forasmuch as in England ye have such a custom as that a man may kiss a woman, therefore I will that ye kiss me, and ye shall also kiss all these my maidsens." Which thing the knight straightway did and rejoiced greatly thereat.
The quaintness of the last phrase undoubtedly indicates the young man's feelings at the salute with considerable exactitude.
In Africa, and other parts of the world outside the circle of civilization, kissing is as yet an unknown art.
An African traveler once offered a kiss under favorable circumstances to a young lady of King Mumbo Jumbo's Court, but she recoiled in great alarm, observing that she was "not yet worthy to be eaten."

Short Weight Coins.
A merchant on State street, Chicago, sent a boy to the wholesale department of the post office, a day or two ago, for \$5 worth of stamps. The boy tendered a \$5 gold piece in payment. The clerk refused it because he said it was under weight. The boy returned to his employer and came back with another \$5 piece. The clerk weighed that, and it was found wanting also. He again refused to accept it. The merchant visited the post office to learn what the difficulty was. He was told that both coins were below standard weight.
"But I took them to the bank from which I drew them, and the cashier assured me they were legal tender, and that the postal clerk was mistaken," protested the merchant.
"But I am not mistaken," replied the imperturbable clerk, and the merchant went to Mr. Patton, in Postmaster Palmer's office.
"That is the law," said Mr. Patton, in answer to the complaint. "The standard weight of half-eagles is 129 grains. If the actual weight of the coin is one-half of 1 per cent. less it will be 128.36 grains, and we will take it. If it does not weigh that much we will not receive it under any circumstances."
"It is on a par with the government's refusal to redeem the trade dollar," said Treasurer Beveridge to a newspaper man "and I regard it as very unjust. Since it is the law, however, there is no help, but the banks ought not to give the light-weight coin out."

Ben Nevis, Scotland.
When the Meteorological Observatory was first started on Ben Nevis, Scotland very few even among the natives of the district could give us any clear idea of what weather and conditions of life to expect during the winter. Although the hill is besieged in summer by an innumerable multitude of tourists, when it assumed its wintry covering of snow it was regarded as inaccessible. A few daring spirits might be found to brave its dangers, and bring down tales of twenty, thirty, even fifty feet of snow on its crest or lying in the ravines at the side. But no reliable information was forthcoming. Our experience up to this time has been that no very great depth of snow lies on the top—only some six to ten feet—but that when freshly fallen the strong winds prevalent here make it a disagreeable neighbor. It drifts about in blinding squalls, and piles itself up against every obstruction. Our first experience of this was the blocking up of our doorway. The snow formed a bank ten feet high against the wall of the house before three had fallen on the open ground. Cutting a passage through this drift was easy, but, unfortunately, it filled up again just as easily, and the height of the snow steadily increasing made clearing the door an ever-growing labor. This difficulty, however, is now got over by the erection of a building probably unique as far as the British Isles are concerned, though common in more northern latitudes. From the door we have made a staircase of boards, lying on steps of snow, and have roofed the whole over with an archway of blocks of snow. This effectually keeps the snow away from the door, and any that may accumulate at the mouth of the tunnel is easily thrown out. Just now the level of the snow is nearly flush with the roof of the observatory; and yet by means of this archway we can pop in and out like rabbits in a burrow in any weather.
The pleasure of life here depends on the state of the weather. On fine days when the air is clear and the snow sparkling in the brilliant sunshine a more delightful residence cannot be found in the whole country. Lately we have had remarkable weather, and have seen to great perfection the sunrises and the sunsets which have been astonishing the dwellers in low latitudes. We not merely see the colors at sunrise and sunset, but all along the sky round the horizon glows with those strange hues, which, whether due to volcanic debris, cosmic dust, or other more ordinary cause, strike the beholder with wonder. This is one side of the picture; but should a visitor climb the mountain in the hope of seeing such sights the chances are that he will meet with the more ordinary weather of the Ben. He will find everything swallowed up in mist, the particles of which, freezing as they touch him, will turn him into a gray-bearded veteran before his time and load his coat and hat with a thick layer of ice and snow crystals. But even such weather is not without its compensations. The ice forming on every exposed surface assumes the most fantastic shapes. A thin rope, not so thick as an ordinary clothes-line, will grow in less than twenty-four hours to a massive cable six or seven inches in diameter, while a stretched copper wire will before the day is over break under the weight of ice deposited on it by the mist and drizzling snow. More than once, after working outside, I have come in with my water-proof made doubly damp-resisting by a complete outer glazing of ice. But the weather that really tests the strength of the observatory building and tries the mettle of its inhabitants is when one of the westerly gales of our stormy coast comes sweeping up from the Atlantic, burying the top of Ben Nevis in mist and snow, and cutting off all communication with the lower world. Then little can be done out-of-doors save when once in an hour one of the observers makes a dash into the storm to read the instruments outside. The box containing these is only about twenty yards from the mouth of the snow porch, yet so thick sometimes is the drift and snow, that it is quite invisible, and the observer has to find his way there and back by following the guide rope stretched between them. At night he is happy, if after repeated trials, he can keep his lamp alight long enough to let him read the thermometer, etc., and struggle back to peace and quiet inside. Of course any detailed account of the observations made would be out of place here, but I may state that no very low temperature has been recorded as yet, the lowest being 16° Fahr. on December 16. The usual temperature runs from 25° to 30°, occasional interludes of thaw, when it rises above 32° and everything drips. Whether the barometric indications cannot be definitely stated until the records here are compared with those of other stations, but it is evident from the unusual character of its readings that we are in a region where it changes, properly interpreted, will give valuable results.
Animal life, though scarce, is not altogether absent. A colony of weasels have established themselves in the outer walls of the observatory. What they find to eat it is difficult to see u-

less they live on each other. But no doubt there are many smaller animals eking out a precarious existence here that supply them with food. They can get their little or nothing from the observatory, for all the food used here is of course in the form of preserved articles, the empty tins and refuse of which are thrown over the adjacent cliff, safely out of their way and ours. The other day one of these weasels, with the impudence natural to its race, came and looked in at a window in the coolest way possible. It was a beautiful object in its Arctic coat of white fur, tipped with black on ears and tail. In this, as in many other respects, living here strongly resembles an Arctic voyage, with all its pleasures, few of its dangers, and none of its privations.

Gymnastics for Girls.

H. Percy Dunn, F. R. C. S., writes as follows: The progress of education among young ladies moves apace, and along with the general advancement—noted in most respects—there is to be noted an extended development of the practice of gymnastics. The condition of things against which Mr. Wilkie Collins raised his voice some years ago in respect to young men seems in the present day to be on the verge of being realized in the case of young women. The question however, arises. With what object in view do parents permit their daughters to engage so extensively in gymnastics? Is it for the purpose of enabling them to figure as members of a muscular community, of which men of the artisan class are typical representatives? And if not this, what else is to be gained by the transaction? What else, it is asked? Of course it must be good; such exercise is beneficial to all, especially in the case of those living for the most part sedentary lives. I admit a modicum of truth in this, and I hold that gymnastics are not harmful to any person, if the practice of them is properly conducted. But here is the main point of my contention.
There are two fundamental facts, the due observance of which should regulate the question of gymnastics among girls. First, it is essential to recollect that, inasmuch as the muscular development of woman is naturally less than that of man, there are many reasons, anatomical and otherwise, for believing that any attempt to engage in severe muscular exercise is bound to produce in woman some distortion of the frame. For instance, the large mass of muscles composing the abdominal wall, owing to the complexity of movement and the situation, develops much more readily than do the muscles of the back and consequently the abdominal muscle, under the stimulus of gymnastic exercise, speedily becomes hypertrophied. This, together with the fact that the generality of movements in gymnastics imply a bending forward of the upper part of the body, causes the girl to stoop, or in common parlance, to "poke," and the back in time exhibits an ungraceful rotundity. In view of this, does it appear expedient to permit a young girl to acquire an abnormality without any concurrent advantage?
Secondly, it seems evident that many girls are allowed to "take up" gymnastics who are physically unfit for such exercise, and then to require one such girl—she may not object, but this is her weakness, not her fault—to perform a severe gymnastic feat savors of an unpardonable indiscretion, when on the completion of her task she retires to a seat breathless and deadly pale, indicating the extent to which her heart has suffered from the exertion. It is poor kindness to accord praise in such cases upon the successful performance of a feat which is purchased at such a price. But I do not condemn gymnastics for girls beyond the excessive extent to which they are practiced. Confined within limits they are even desirable; exceeding these limits they are undoubtedly harmful.
And, therefore, I say, no parallel-bar exercise, no trapeze, no horizontal bar or ladder exercise should be permitted; but dumb-bell practice at libitum, combined with as much drilling as may be desirable. Everyone should be drilled during the early period of adult age, but the physique of a woman is more adapted than that of a man to profit by this form of healthful, useful exercise. In conclusion, no girl should be allowed to enter a gymnastic class unless she can produce a medical certificate confirmatory of the fact that she does not suffer from any organic insufficiency which might be aggravated by the physical efforts indulged in.

Friendship.

Some live under the line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular. Some have only a dark day and a long night from him (the sun), snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumption, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so it is in friendship.

Only three executions for murder took place in France during 1883.