ness and begins to wane and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack—I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have these great hot shot burning in a man's belly—'tis terrifying. I hate a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner—I will confess; I lied to thee yesterday—never kissed the three maids I spoke of—never kissed but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapped my face for 't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring; but this set me right in a trice. I whipped a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear; and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dismay I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way farther to go, for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, opened fire on us; and, though they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop—lean, hungry looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side; "there's work for plenty more!"—and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he screamed out, "Oh, my God!" and, flinging up his arms, leaped a foot in the air and fell on his face.

But in the midst of this skurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eased a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd formed in some order afresh and once more began to climb. This time I had a thick set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seemed to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart, that was already going hard and short with the work; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopped again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so that now I found myself no farther back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave, and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel, and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipped.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up, I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubbed to beat his brains out, whom with an effort I caught by the boot, and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes my comrade was up and had his pike loose, and in a twinkling the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening; but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded) back came our front rank a-top of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag and I following down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of this?" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turned about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropped, which I was wondering at—the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim—when I was caught by the arm and pulled behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turned tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till 4 in the afternoon, or thereabouts; and, indeed, of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope.

But at 3 o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smeared with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Twas (I have since learned) to say that the powder was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys—we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a sursum corda! to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all; and Sir Bevill tossed his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back; another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their flies.

But, good lack! What use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first red coat that encountered me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was passed; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugged my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee and carried towards me. Stretching out a hand I pulled him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another red coat by the beard and thrusting at him with shortened blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seemed caught off my feet and swept forward—and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroidered with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be praised—the day is ours for certain!"

CHAPTER XVII.

I MEET WITH A HAPPY ADVENTURE.

The rest of this signal victory—in which seventeen hundred prisoners were taken, besides the Maj. Gen. Chudleigh, and all the rebels' camp, cannon and victuals—I leave historians to tell. For very soon after the rout was assured (the plain below full of men screaming and running, and Col. John Digby's dragoons after them, chasing, cutting and killing), a wet muzzle was thrust into my hand, and, turning, I found Molly behind me, with the groom to whom I had given her in the morning. The rogue had counted on a crown for his readiness, and swore the mare was ready for anything, he having mixed half a pint of strong ale with her mash, not half an hour before.

So I determined to see the end of it, and, paying the fellow, climbed into the saddle. On the summit the Cornish captains were now met and cordially embracing. 'Tis very sad in these latter times to call back their shouts and boyish laughter, so soon to be quenched on Lansdowne slopes or by Bristol graff. Yet, O favored ones! to chase Victory, to grasp her fluttering skirt, and so, with warm, panting cheeks, kissing her, to fall, escaping evil days!

How could they laugh? For me the late passionate struggle left me shaken with sobs. And for the startling tears I saw neither moors around, nor sun, nor twinkling sea. Brushing them away, I was aware of Billy Pottery striding at my stirrup and munching at a biscuit he had found in the rebels' camp.

We, the descent being gentle, broke into a run, in hopes to catch up with Col. John Digby's dragoons, that already were far across the next vale. The slope around us was piled with dead and dying, whereof four out of every five were rebels; and cruelly they cursed us as we passed them by. Night was coming on apace; and here already we were in deep shadow, but could see the yellow sun on the hills beyond. We crossed a stream at the foot, and were climbing again. Behind us the cheering yet continued, though fainter; and fainter grew the cries and shouting in front. Soon we turned into a lane over a steep hedge, under the which two or three stout rebels were cowering. As we came tumbling almost a-top of them they ran yelling, and we let them go in peace.

The lane gradually led us to westward, out of the main line of the rout, and past a hamlet where every door was shut and all silent. And at last a slice of the sea fronted us, between two steeply shelving hills. On the crest of the road, before it plunged down towards the coast, was a wagon lying against the hedge, with the horses gone; and beside it, stretched across the road, an old woman. Stopping, we found her dead, with a sword-thrust through the left breast; and inside the wagon a young man lying, with his jaw bound up—dead also. And how this sad spectacle happened here, so far from the battle field, was more than we could guess.

I was moving away, when Billy, that was kneeling in the road, chanced to cast his eyes up towards the sea, and, dropping the dead woman's hand, scrambled on his feet and stood looking, with a puzzled face.

Following his gaze, I saw a small sloop, moving under shortened canvas, about two miles from the land. She made a pleasant sight, with the last rays of sunlight flaming on her sails; but for Billy's perturbation I could not account, so turned an inquiring glance to him.

"Suthin' i' the wind out yonder," was his answer. "What's a sloop doing on that ratch so close in by the point? Be danged! but there she goes again;" as the little vessel swung off a point or two farther from the breeze that was breathing softly up channel. "Time to sup, lad, for the both of us," he broke off, shortly.

Indeed, I was faint with hunger by this time, yet had no stomach to eat thus close to the dead. So, turning into a gate on our left hand, we crossed two or three fields, and sat down to sup off Billy's biscuits, the mare standing quietly beside us and cropping the short grass.

The field where we now found ourselves ran out along the top of a small promontory and ended, without fence of any sort, at the cliff's edge. As I sat, looking southward, I could only observe the sloop by turning my head, but Billy, who squatted over against me, hardly took his eyes off her, and between this and his meal was too busy to speak a word. For me, I had enough to do thinking over the late fight; and, being near worn out, had half a mind to spend the night there on the hard turf; for, though the sun was now down and the landscape gray, yet the air was exceeding warm; and albeit, as I have said, there breathed a light breeze now and then, 'twas hardly cool enough to dry the sweat off me. So I stretched myself out, and found it very pleasant to lie still; nor, when Billy stood up and sauntered off towards the far end of the headland, did I stir more than to turn my head and lazily watch him.

He was gone half an hour at the least, and the sky by this time was so dark that I had lost sight of him, when, rising on my elbow to look around, I noted a curious red glow at a point where the turf broke off, not three hundred yards behind me, and a thin smoke curling up in it, as it seemed, from the very face of the cliff below. In a minute or so the smoke ceased almost, but the shine against the sky continued steady, though not very strong. "Billy has lit a fire," I guessed, and was preparing to go and look, when I spied a black form crawling towards me, and presently saw 'twas Billy himself.

Coming close, he halted, put a finger to his lip and beckoned, then began to lead the way back as he had come.

Thought I, "these are queer doings," but left Molly to browse and crept after him on hands and knees. He turned his head once to make sure I was following, and then scrambled on quicker, but softly, towards the point where the red glow was shining.

Once more he pulled up—as I judged about twelve paces' distance from the edge—and, after considering for a second, began to move again, only now he worked a little to the right. And soon I saw the intention of this; for just here the cliff's lip was cleft by a fissure—very like that in Scawfell which we were used to call the Lord's Rake, only narrower—that ran back into the field and shelved out gently at the top, so that a man might easily scramble some way down it, though how far I could not then tell. And 'twas from this fissure that the glow came.

Along the right lip of this Billy led me, skirting it by a couple of yards and wriggling on his belly like a blindworm. Crawling closer now (for 'twas hard to see him against the black turf), I stopped beside him and strove to quiet the violence of my breathing. Then, after a minute's pause, together we pulled ourselves to the edge and peered over.

The descent of the gully was broken, some eight feet below us, by a small ledge, sloping outwards about six feet (as I guess), and screened by branches of the wild tamarisk. At the back, in an angle of the solid rock, was now set a pan pierced with holes, and full of burning charcoal; and over this a man in the rebels' uniform was stooping.

He had a small paper parcel in his left hand, and was blowing at the charcoal with all his might. Holding my breath, I heard him clearly, but could see nothing of his face, for his back was towards us, all sable against the glow. The charcoal fumes as they rose choked me so that I was very near a fit of coughing, when Billy laid one hand on my shoulder, and with the other pointed out to seaward.

Looking that way, I saw a small light shining on the sea, pretty close in. 'Twas a lantern hung out from the sloop, as I concluded on the instant; and now I began to have an inkling of what was toward.

But looking down again at the man with the charcoal pan, I saw a black head of hair lifted, and then a pair of red puffed cheeks, and a pimpled nose with a scar across the bridge of it—all shining in the glare of the pan.

"Powers of heaven!" I gasped; "'tis that bloody villain Luke Settle!"

And, springing to my feet, I took a jump over the edge and came sprawling on top of him. The scoundrel was stooping with his nose close to the pan, and had not time to turn before I hit with a thud on his shoulders, flattening him on the ledge and nearly sending his face on top of the live coals. 'Twas so sudden that, before he could so much as think, my fingers were about his windpipe and the both of us struggling flat on the brink of the precipice. For he had a bull's strength and heaved and kicked, so that I fully looked, next moment, to be flying over the edge into the sea; nor could I loose my grip to get out a pistol, but only held on and worked my fingers in, and thought how he had strangled the mastiff that night on the bowling green, and vowed to serve him the same if only strength held out.

But now, just as he had almost twisted his neck free, I heard a stone or two break away above us, and down came Billy Pottery flying atop of us, and pinned us to the ledge.

'Twas short work now. Within a minute, Capt. Luke Settle was turned on his back, his eyes fairly starting with Billy's clutch on his throat, his mouth wide open and gasping; till I slipped the nozzle of my pistol between his teeth; and with that he had no more chance, but gave in, and like a lamb submitted to have his arms trussed behind him with Billy's leathern belt and his legs with his own.

"Now," said I, standing over him, and putting the pistol against his temple, "you and I, Master Turncoat Settle, have some accounts that 'twould be well to square. So first tell me, what do you here, and where is Mistress Delia Killigrew?"

I think that till this moment the bully had no idea his assailants were more than a chance couple of Cornish troopers. But now, seeing the glow of the burning charcoal on my face, he ripped out a horrid blasphemous curse, and straightway fell to speaking calmly.

"Good sirs, the game is yours, with care. S'lid! but you hold a pretty hand—if only you know how to play it."

"'Tis you shall help me, captain; but let us be clear about the stakes. For you, 'tis life or death; for me, 'tis to regain Mistress Delia, failing which I shoot you here through the head and topple you into the sea. You are the knave of trumps, sir, and I play that card; as matters now stand, only the queen can save you."

"Right; but where be king and ace?"

"The king is the Cornish army yonder; the ace is my pistol here, which I hold."

"And that's a very pretty comprehension of the game, sir; I play the queen."

"Where is she?"

For answer, he pointed seaward, where the sloop's lantern lay like a floating star on the black waters.

"What!" cried I. "Mistress Delia in that sloop! And who is with her, pray?"

"Why, Black Dick, to begin with—and Reuben Gedges—and Jeremy Toy."

"All the knaves left in the pack—God help her!" I muttered, as I looked out towards the light, and my heart beat heavily. "God help her!" I said again, and, turning, spied a grin on the captain's face.

"Under Providence," answered he, "your unworthy servant may suffice. But what is my reward to be?"

"Your neck," said I, "if I can save it when you are led before the Cornish captains."

"That's fair enough; so listen. These few months the lady has been shut in Bristol Keep, whither, by the advice of our employer, we conveyed her back safe and sound. This same employer"——

"A dirty rogue, whom you may as well call by his name—Hannibal Tingcomb."

"Right, young sir; a very dirty rogue, and a niggardly; I hate a mean rascal. Well, fearing her second escape from that prison, and being hand in glove with the parliament men, he gets her on board a sloop bound for the Virginias, just at the time when he knows the Earl of Stamford is to march and crush the Cornishmen. For escort she has the three comrades of mine that I named; and the captain of the sloop (a fellow that asks no questions) has orders to cruise along the coast hereabouts till he gets news of the battle."

"Which you were just now about to give him," cried I, suddenly enlightened.

"Right again. 'Twas a pretty scheme; for—d'ye see?—if all went well with the Earl of Stamford, the king's law would be wiped out in Cornwall, and Master Tingcomb (with his claims and meritorious services) might snap his thumb thereat. So, in that case, Mistress Delia was to be brought ashore here and taken to him, to serve as he fancied. But if the day should go against us—as it has—she was to sail to the Virginias with the sloop, and there be sold as a slave. Or worse might happen; but I swear that is the worst was ever told me."

"God knows 'tis vile enough," said I, scarce able to refrain from blowing his brains out. "So you were to follow the earl's army, and work the signals? Which are they?" For a quick resolve had come into my head, and I was casting about to put it into execution.

"A green light if we won; if not, a red light, to warn the sloop away."

I picked up the packet that had dropped from his hand when first I sprang upon him. It was burst abroad, and a brown powder trickled from it about the ledge.

"This was the red light—to be sprinkled on the burning charcoal, I suppose?"

The fellow nodded. At the same moment Billy (who as yet had not spoke a word and, of course, understood nothing) thrust into my hand another packet that he had found stuck in a corner against the rock.

"Now tell me—in case the rebels won where was the landing to be made?"

"In the cove below here—where the road leads down."

"Ay, the road where the wagon stood."

Capt. Luke Settle blinked his eyes at this, but nodded after a moment.

"And how many would escort her?"

He caught my drift and laughed softly.

"Be damned, sir, but I begin to love you, for you play the game very proper and soundly. Reuben, Jeremy and Black Dick alone are in the plot; so why should more escort her? For the skipper and crew have their own business to look after."

"Then, Master Settle, though it be a sore trial to you, those three knaves you must give me, or I play my ace," and I pressed the ring of my pistol sharply against his ear as a reminder.

"With all my heart, young sir, you shall have them," says he, briskly.

"And this is 'honor among thieves,'" thought I; "you would sell your comrade as you sold your king;" but only said: "If you cry out, or speak one word to warn them"——

Before I could get my sentence out, Billy Pottery broke in with a voice like a trumpet:

"As folks go, Jack, I be a humorous man. But sittin' here an' ponderin' this way an' that, I says, in my deaf an' afflicted style, 'Why not shoot the ugly rogue, if mirth, indeed, be your object?' For to wait till an uglier comes to this untraveled spot is superfluity."

How to explain matters to Billy was more than I could tell, but in a moment he himself supplied the means. For the rocks here were of some kind of slate, very hard, but scaly; and finding two pieces, a large and a small, he handed them to me, bawling that I was to write therewith. So, giving him my pistol, I made shift to scribble a few words. Seeing his eyes twinkle as he read I stood up.

The charcoal by this time was a glowing mass of red and threw so clear a light on us that I feared the crew on board the sloop might see our forms and suspect their misadventure. But the lantern still hung steadily; so, signing to Billy to drag our prisoner behind a tamarisk bush, I opened the second packet and poured some of the powder into my hand.

It was composed of tiny crystals, yellow and flaky; and, holding it, for a moment I was possessed with a horrid fear that this might be the signal to warn the sloop away. I flung a look at the captain, who read my thoughts on the instant.

"Never fear, young sir; am no such hero as to sell my life for that tag-rag. Only make haste, for your deaf friend has a cursed ugly way of fiddling his pistol."

So, taking heart, I tore the packet wide, and shook out the powder on the coals.

Instantly there came a dense, choking vapor, and a vivid green flare that turned the rocks, the sky and our faces to a ghastly brilliance. For two minutes, at least, this unnatural light lasted. As soon as it died away and the fumes cleared, I looked seaward.

The lantern on the sloop was moving in answer to the signal. Three times it was lifted and lowered; and then in the stillness I heard voices calling, and soon after the regular splash of oars.

There was no time to be lost. Pulling the captain to his feet, we scrambled up the gully, and out at the top, and across the fields as fast as our legs would take us. Molly came to my call and trotted beside me—the captain following some paces behind, and Billy last, to keep a safe watch on his movements.

At the gate, however, where we turned into the road, I tethered the mare, lest the sound of her hoofs should betray us, and down towards the sea we pelted, till almost at the foot of the hill I pulled up and listened, the others following my example.

We could hear the sound of oars plain above the wash of waves on the beach. I looked about me. On either side the road was now banked by tall hills, with clusters of bracken and furze bushes lying darkly on their slopes. Behind one of these clusters I stationed Billy with the captain's long sword and a pistol that I by signs forbade him to fire unless in extremity. Then, retiring some forty paces up the road, I hid the captain and myself on the other side.

Hardly were we thus disposed before I heard the sound of a boat grounding on the beach below, and the murmur of voices, and then the noise of feet trampling the shingle. Upon which I ordered my prisoner to give a hail, which he did readily.

"Ahoy, Dick! Ahoy, Reuben Gedges!"

In a moment or two came the answer:

"Ahoy, there, captain—here we be!"

"Fetch along the cargo!" shouted Capt. Settle, on my prompting.

"Where be you?"

"Up the road here—waiting!"

"One minute, then—wait one minute, captain!"

I heard the boat pushed off, some good-nights called, and then (with tender anguish) the voice of my Delia lifted in entreaty. As I guessed, she was beseeching the sailors to take her back to the sloop, nor leave her to these villains. There followed an oath or two growled out, a short scrimmage, and at last, above the splash of the retreating boat, came the tramp of heavy feet on the road below.

So fired was I at the sound of Delia's voice, that 'twas with much ado I kept quiet behind the bush. Yet I had wit enough left to look to the priming of my pistol, and also bid the captain shout again. As he did so a light shone out down the road, and round the corner came a man bearing a lantern.

"Can't be quicker, captain," he called; "the jade struggles so that Dick and Jeremy ha' their hands full."

Sure enough, after him there came in view two stooping forms that bore my dear maid between them—one by the feet, the other by the shoulders. I ground my teeth to see it, for she writhed sorely. On they came, however, until not more than ten paces off; and then that traitor, Luke Settle, rose up behind our bush.

"Set her here, boys," said he, "and tie her pretty ankles."

"Well met, captain," said the fellow with the lantern—Reuben Gedges—stepping forward; "give us your hand!"

He was holding out his own, when I sprang up, set the pistol close to his chest and fired. His scream mingled with the roar of it, and, dropping the lantern, he threw up his hands and tumbled in a heap. At the same moment out went the light, and the other rascals, dropping Delia, turned to run, crying "Sold! sold!"

But behind them came now a shout from Billy, and a crashing blow that almost severed Black Dick's arm at the shoulder; and at the same instant I was on Master Toy's collar, and had him down in the dust. Kneeling on his chest, with my sword point at his throat, I had leisure to glance at Billy, who in the dark seemed to be sitting on the head of his disabled victim. And then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and a dear face peered into mine.

"Is it Jack—my sweet Jack?"

"To be sure," said I; "and if you but reach out your hand, I will kiss it, for all that I'm busy with this rogue."

"Nay, Jack, I'll kiss thee on the cheek—so! Dear lad, I am so frightened, and yet could laugh for joy!"

But now I caught the sound of galloping on the road above, and shouts, and then more galloping; and down came a troop of horsemen that were like to have ridden over us, had I not shouted lustily.

"Who in the fiend's name is here?" shouted the foremost, pulling in his horse with a scramble.

"Honest men and rebels together," I answered; "but light the lantern that you will find handy by, and you shall know one from t'other."

By the time 'twas found and lit there was a dozen of Col. John Digby's dragoons about us; and before the two villians were bound comes a half dozen men, leading in Capt. Settle, that had taken to his heels at the first blow and climbed the hill, all tied as he was about the hands, and was caught in his endevor to clamber on Molly's back. So he and Black Dick and Jeremy Toy were strapped up; but Reuben Gedges we left on the road for a corpse. Yet he did not die (though shot through the lung), but recovered—heaven knows how; and I myself had the pleasure to see him hanged at Tyburn, in the second year of his majesty's most blessed restoration, for stopping the Bishop of Salisbury's coach in Maidenhead Thicket, and robbing the bishop himself with much added contumely.

But as we were ready to start, and I was holding Delia steady on Molly's back, up comes Billy and bawls in my ear:

"There's a second horse, if wanted, that I spied tethered under a hedge yonder"—and he pointed to the field where we had first found Capt. Settle—"in color a sad black, an' harnessed like as if he came from a cart."

I looked at the captain, who in the light of the lantern blinked again. "Thou bloody villain!" muttered I, for now I read the tragedy of the wagon beside the road, and knew how Master Settle had provided a horse for his own escape.

But hereupon the word was given, and we started up the hill, I walking by Delia's stirrup and listening to her talk as if we had never been parted—yet with a tender joy, having by loss of it learned to appraise my happiness aright.

Continued next Saturday

A STATUE OF BUDDHA.

It Is Said to Be Genuine and Belongs to a New Yorker.

Moses Oppenheimer, of New York city, owns a statue of Buddha, fifteen inches high and carved from sandalwood, which has been pronounced genuine by several theosophists, and also by the secretary

THE SANDALWOOD BUDDHA.

of the Astor library and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It represents the god in an attitude of contemplation under the Bo tree on a pedestal formed by the coils of a serpent. This is said to be symbolical of the subjugation of the principle of evil. Mr. Oppenheimer gives the following as the history of the statue:

"An Alsatian traveler, while on the island of Ceylon about ten years ago, entered one of the many temples of Buddhism there and secured this statue of Buddha. It stood in a niche in a somewhat obscure corner of the temple, and at a favorable opportunity, when the attendants were not looking, the Alsatian quickly removed the statuette from its resting place and concealed it beneath the folds of his coat. The larceny was committed at the peril of the traveler's life. Had detection followed, the Alsatian would have been put to death in a cauldron of boiling oil, that being the penalty for the mutilation or surreptitious removal of Buddhist idols. The Alsatian, however, escaped, and subsequently presented the idol, together with other curiosities of Asiatic origin, to his sister, a Mrs. S. Friedemann, then living in Zurich, Switzerland. From the Friedemann family it passed into my hands. During the five years that I have had the statuette I have submitted it to a number of antiquarians, who have pronounced it a genuine bit of ancient Oriental carving, and have expressed no doubt of its Buddhist origin."

Plaster Casts of Hailstones.

Dr. David Genese, of Baltimore, has achieved something novel in the way of making plaster casts. A hail storm passed over the Monumental city the other day and the doctor determined to secure a permanent record of the size and shape of some of the larger stones. They were placed upon a slab of glass and a mixture of fine modeling plaster poured over them. Alum was mixed with the plaster to make it set quickly. Where the hailstone touched the glass a small aperture was left. As the hailstones melted the water ran out of this opening. A solution was then poured in to prevent adhesion, and freshly mixed plaster was poured into the mold thus prepared. When hardened the outer crust was broken away, leaving exact casts of the hailstones, except that the keener edges of the ice were lost slightly by rapid melting caused by the heat that was generated by the crystallization of the plaster. The models are neatly silvered. The largest is nearly two and five-eighths inches long.

Two Pool Players.

At the recent pool match between Powers, the American, and De Oro, the Cuban, it was noticed that there was a difference in the stroke of the two men. Powers is a very careful, slow player. He very seldom risks a shot that will break the bunch unless he feels pretty sure of making it, while De Oro shows unusual daring and is continually taking great risks, which, if they terminate as he wishes, make his game extremely strong. Both men have improved very much in their play since their last public appearance, and, with J. L. Malone, constitute the three strongest pyramid pool players on the western hemisphere.

WHERE RED WAR RAGED

NORTH AND SOUTH WILL MEET TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF LEE.

Description of the Statue of the Leader of the Confederate Forces to Be Unveiled at Richmond on May 29—The Recumbent Statue.

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GEN. LEE'S RESIDENCE.

The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof the world holds record.

Some such thought as this must have filled the minds of Gen. Robert E. Lee and his companions in arms on the morn when the surrender at Appomattox Court House disbanded the army of northern Virginia and concluded the existence of the Southern confederacy. But defeat has its recompenses as well as victory. Lee rode from the field of unsuccessful strife followed by the tears and blessings of his war worn veterans, and retired to private life, taking with him the respect and good will as well of those who wore the blue as of those who wore the gray. He had approved himself a soldier in the higher sense that the term soldier is synonymous with wise leader and also with gentleman and man of honor.

GEN. LEE'S STUDY.

So, when death came, soon after sunrise of an October day in 1870, at his home, glimpses of which are given in the illustrations printed herewith, the loss of Lee was looked upon not so much as a sectional as a general bereavement, and in the years succeeding many tributes have been paid to the memory of the noted leader. The first testimonial of widespread public regard took form as a recumbent statue, which was unveiled above Lee's tomb at Lexington in June, 1883. The figure is of marble and displays its subject in uniform, sleeping upon a warrior's couch. One hand crosses the bosom, the other is upon a sword. The statue, a splendid piece of work, is from the hand of an American sculptor, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, of Virginia.

THE RECUMBENT STATUE OF LEE.

This able art exponent was born at Richmond Nov. 12, 1838. He went abroad the year before the war and studied in Germany, France and Italy. When he returned to his native city his powers were matured and well earned recognition awaited him. His busts of Booth, Burns, Beethoven and Humboldt attracted much attention, but the recumbent statue of Lee is conceded generally to be his masterpiece. It is said that this, however, will at least be equaled by the statue of heroic size on which he is now engaged and which is to tower above the grave of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, at Lexington, when completed.

But the greatest honor of all is yet to be paid the memory of Lee. On the 29th of the present month there will be unveiled at Richmond an equestrian statue of large cost and unquestioned beauty. It is the work of Marius Jean Antoine

SCULPTOR VALENTINE.

Mercie, a French artist whose career is worth at least a passing mention. He was born at Toulouse in 1845, and took the prix de Rome in 1868. He became a member of the Legion of Honor in 1872, and was decorated with the officer's cross in 1879. Among the works upon the production of which his fame as a sculptor rests may be mentioned the bronze statue of the young David, now in the Luxembourg collection; the Muse of Art on Pegasus, the statue of Arago, the tomb of Michelet and the seated statue of Thiers. With these must now rank as equally meritorious the magnificent figure so soon to be the pride and ornament of Virginia's capital.

Mercie's statue of Lee well deserves study and inspection. The general's dress is simple. While there are no epaulets, an ornament of broad braid is displayed on the forearm of the coat sleeve. A sash girds his waist, and the sword of a commander of cavalry hangs by his side. In his right hand he holds his hat, while the left grasps the reins. The horse is in the act of walking slowly, and has all four feet to the ground. The representation is a faithful one of the famous Traveler, who bore his master through the campaigns of four eventful years. The sculptor's intention was to display Lee on the moment of his departure from the field of Gettysburg, and old soldiers say he has carried out the idea admirably. The statue is 40 feet high, 41 feet across and weighs eight tons. It was cast in eight sections. The pedestal is 21 feet high, making the total altitude 61 feet. Four columns of polished granite appear on either side. The

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LEE.

base is designed for the statues of six generals who served with Lee. The three already selected are Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart and A. P. Hill.

The ceremonies connected with the unveiling of Mercie's masterpiece promise to be imposing and impressive. The interest surrounding the event is clearly foreshadowed by the enthusiasm attaching to a preliminary detail. The other day the statue arrived at Richmond packed in three boxes. Each box was placed on a wagon decorated with the flags of Virginia and the Confederacy. The line moved at 5 p. m. and was an hour and a half in reaching its destination. Citizens drew one vehicle, southern veterans another and women the third. Society ladies walked in line with their humbler sisters and hundreds of enthusiastic school girls. The colored people turned out in numbers as spectators, but only one took a hand at the ropes. Several uniformed Federal veterans, however, participated in the hauling and 20,000 people viewed the spectacle.

The celebration of the 29th, it is now safe to say, will eclipse this preliminary demonstration. Comrades of the great struggle will meet to fight their battles o'er again and clasp in friendly greeting the hands of erstwhile foes. In a word, it bids fair to prove an occasion on which the bonds of sympathy between north and south will receive a fresh increment of strength. The memory of Lee is the heritage of the united nation, as well as the memory of Grant. The issues of a past generation were settled on the field of battle.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways.

FRED C. DAYTON.

COMMODORE LOOKER.

He Has Recently Been Appointed Paymaster of the Navy.

The new paymaster general of the United States navy, Commodore Thomas H. Looker, has a record of nearly forty-three years in both the line and staff of the navy to look back upon. He is 61 years old, and a native of Ohio. During the late civil war he was attached to the Gulf and North Atlantic blockading squadrons, and wherever his lines have been cast he has done good work for Uncle Sam. His connection with the navy began in 1846, when he was appointed midshipman. He served throughout the Mexican war and gained several especial mentions from his superior officers. It was this service in Mexico and subsequent trying experiences in the tropics which brought on the chronic illness that forced his resignation in 1852, when he was appointed to the coast survey. In the following year he was made a purser in the navy in consideration of his gallant services in the past. He has since filled at various times all the higher posts in his corps, and was at one time assistant to the secretary of the navy. At the time of his recent advancement he was general inspector of the naval pay corps.

COMMODORE LOOKER.

He Sang of "Home, Sweet Home."

Everybody has heard the beautiful song "Home, Sweet Home," and nearly everybody knows that it was written by John Howard Payne, an American of [illegible] who had no permanent abiding place [illegible] little of the home joys he so [illegible] celebrated in verse. For this reason [illegible] given below is of general interest. It was found [illegible] number recently found in an old cedar chest at 119 Leonard street, New York city, a house where Payne lodged for some time. The letter is dated Oct. 28, 1848, is addressed to a Baltimore lady and reads:

MY DEAR GRACIOUS LADY—Perhaps you may have forgotten me, but in that case vanity will prevail and make me venture to hope that you have not utterly lost all recollection of one to whom in other and happier days you gave so much reason to remember you most agreeably. You will not think me ungrateful when you find that I am now endeavoring to render these lines a pretext for an introduction which will aid me considerably. Circumstances must plead with you as my excuse for writing to a lady of your distinction in the world of letters. It is many years since I was in Baltimore. The grave, I realize, has swallowed up many of our friends; others have been scattered on account of marriage and business misfortunes. I forward by this post the statement of a plot to do me injury, which may expose me to danger in Baltimore unless the truth be made public. I trust to your own character and influence to spread that truth in the circle where you wield such power. Many of my friends are your friends. I hope ere long to greet you once more after so many years of separation. I am much attached to you and esteem you highly. To all my literary friends in your midst I send heartiest greetings. They are within your reach, and you are capable of answering for my innocence of certain charges which have unnecessarily exposed my life. I am grieved to acknowledge that I have been a homeless wanderer for years, and will, in all probability, continue to be one till the end of my life's journey.

I write necessarily in extreme heart pain. Allow me to hope that you will forgive this freedom and believe me, my dear, good friend and madam, faithfully and respectfully, your very obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

A Smoking Mulberry Tree.

Newton, N. C., has a curiosity in the shape of a white mulberry tree that emits puffs of smoke, sometimes from the leaves, sometimes from the bark and again from the bloom. The puffs are at irregular intervals and look like the smoke from a cigarette. The negroes are impressed unfavorably by the phenomenon. One colored woman after intently watching the puffs a few minutes started off on a run, saying: "I wouldn't lib dar fur nothin'. People better go to doin' better 'bout dis town."

A Shower of Worms.

In the "glorious climate of California" one should be surprised at nothing—large crops, large families or phenomena of nature. Therefore, although it was an unusual occurrence, the people of San Andreas went about their ordinary employments the other day with unmoved countenances although the light rain then falling bore down with it a shower of worms. They averaged an inch and a half in length, were white in color and had red eyes.

A LIVELY JUMPER

Samuel Crook, Amateur Champion of Standing Leaps.

HOW HE MAKES HIS BIG RECORDS

Malcolm W. Ford Describes His Performances—He Has Cleared a Bar 5 Feet 1-4 Inch High and Covered 10 Feet 8 Inches of Flooring.

The accompanying illustration represents the amateur champion standing high and standing broad jumper of this country, Samuel Crook, of the Manhattan Athletic club. This athlete won these honors at the recent indoor championship games at Boston. In the standing high jump he cleared 4 feet 11 inches, which was 1 inch more than the next best man did. He won the standing broad jump with 10 feet 6 inches, which was 1¾ inches better than the second man. Both of these performances are unusually high class, and in the case of the standing broad jump Crook's recent effort is only 1¾ inches behind the best amateur record. Although his standing broad jump performance is his best work in this event, his 4 feet 11 inches for the standing high jump is 1¼ inches behind what he has formerly done, and it is 2¼ inches behind the best amateur record. Crook has cleared 5 feet for a standing high jump on several occasions, and one year ago he cleared a bar 5 feet ¼ inch high. He is considered to be good for 5 feet whenever it is necessary, but he generally wins at several inches less.

Crook is 23 years old, stands 5 feet 9¼ inches in his jumping shoes and weighs 138 pounds. He is of rather a slender build and is looked on as a slow jumper. He is a student at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass., and fills the position of president of the Athletic association of that institution. He commenced jumping about four years ago when he was a member of the defunct Brooklyn Athletic association. The first jumping contest at which he displayed good form was the three standing broad jump handicap of his club in the winter of 1886. He was allowed 6 feet on the scratch man, who held the best amateur record of 34 feet 4¼ inches. Crook surprised everyone by jumping