

## II.

If skies were bluer,  
And fogs were fewer,  
And fewer the storms on land and sea;  
Were shyness  
Perpetual comers—  
What a Utopia this would be!

If life were longer,  
And faith were stronger,  
If pleasure would bide—if care would flee;  
If each were brother  
To all the other—  
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were greed abolished,  
And gain demolished,  
Were slavery chaced, and freedom free  
If all earth's troubles  
Collapsed like bubbles—  
What an Elysium this would be!

—Leigh.

## CONDEMNED BY A CLOCK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

On a summer evening, years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town, in the west of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into the road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as Mr. Dubourg.

They passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being a half hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the further side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle shed, in a remote part of the enclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at 8:30. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, was left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry, the stoppage of the watch at 8:30 was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was, if any one had been near the body at 8:30? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At 8:30 he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At 8:30 the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness had been discovered who had seen anybody else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man? It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known in and out of the town as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that he had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly 8:15. Five minutes later, that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was 8:45.

Here was what the defence called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. To satisfy justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the meantime another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know anything of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced by a friend to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts:

That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an infernal scoundrel (being in a passion at the time) and threatened to "thresh him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect); if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his own self-possession; and lastly, that on his oath (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man since.

As the matter there stood, these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubourg—nothing more. He had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result.

The lady appeared as witness. Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantelpiece. In substance, her evidence was simply this: She looked at her clock when Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side, and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days. No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister of the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court; everybody said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon, and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the people was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defence.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of the new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and barristers on either side, the court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the housemaid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock:

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantelpiece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offence, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantelpiece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock by guess. She was startled at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly a quarter of an hour too fast.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again, had occurred until the last thing at night. She had moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not

found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew anything about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

The evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relative to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried everybody with his incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the housemaid after the trial had begun and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me anything about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his deathbed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy.

## Poisoned by Chloride of Sodium.

Early this morning a tremendous commotion was created in a lodging-house on H street by an inveterate wag who ought to be taken care of at once. The man was lodging in the house, and about eight o'clock came down from his room and told the landlady that her little boy had found a box of chloride of sodium in his washstand and had taken some.

"If you can get a stomach-pump into him inside of an hour, he'll live. Now, don't get excited. Keep cool. Put a mustard-plaster on his stomach at once, and send for all the doctors in reach. You'll be sure to find one at home."

By this time the frantic mother had the boy stretched out on the bed, and was getting a square yard of mustard-plaster ready. At the same time she dispatched three boys and a little girl for medical aid.

"Here," said the wag, coolly, "I'll leave you the name of the chemical on a piece of paper—chloride of sodium. Make no mistake; any doctor will know what to do the minute he sees the name. It's all right; now don't cry. It won't have the slightest effect under an hour. Keep cool; don't frighten the child. I'll go down and send up some doctors myself." And here the young man started at a brisk pace down town, and soon had several doctors routed out of their offices.

Meanwhile the boy, who was about nine years old, was bawling at the top of his voice, and some of the ladies from neighboring houses came in to help hold him on the bed while the mustard-plaster was spread on his stomach. Every woman who came in was shown the name of the poison written on the paper, and they ejaculated, "Mercy on us!" "Gracious me!" "Oh, my!" and "Merciful heaven!" in concert.

Presently the doctors began to arrive. Dr. Harris came tearing up the alley with a stomach-pump, followed by Webber, Anderson, Conn, Pritchard, Grant, Heath, Bergstein, and, indeed, almost the entire medical faculty of the city, with medicine-cases, instruments and stomach pumps. At the sight of so formidable an array the patient (on whom the plaster was drawing like a ten-mile team) set up a howl of despair.

"What has he taken, madam?" asked Dr. Harris.

"Here's the paper!" cried the mother, sobbing. "That's the stuff he took."

The doctor read the inscription, passed it to the next man, with a laugh, and it went around the group. Presently some one remarked:

"Salt, by gracious!"

They explained to the weeping mother that she had been made the victim, as well as themselves, of a cruel hoax.

There was a big laugh; but when that wag gets home to his lodgings to-night, salt won't save him.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

## Words of Wisdom.

Absence is the greatest of evils when it isn't the best of remedies.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who is obliged to laugh.

When fortune caresses a man too much she is apt to make a fool of him.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

The most convenient habit you can acquire is that of letting your habits sit loose upon you.

People who fish for compliments do not need long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, but the world would not shame him.

How few realize that the stratum of love and hate lie so close together that it takes but little to bring the latter uppermost, when under the pressure of unkindness or injustice.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.

Things are great or small according to the end of the microscope through which you look. Some people manage to look at their troubles the upper end, and so incontinently magnify them, and at their good fortune through the lower end, and so minimize them.

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the bedclothes had tumbled off.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### A Curious Pet.

A little more than half way across the dreary Tartar steppes, that extend unbroken for eight hundred miles, from the Russian frontier town of Orsk to the great inland lake marked on Asiatic maps as the sea of Aral, the endless level is broken by a deep rocky gully several hundred yards in length, on the brink of which stands a long low building of sun-dried clay, surrounded by a thick wall of the same material.

The whole affair has such a primitive look that it might easily pass for a huge cattle-pen, but for the two guns which peer watchfully over its irregular sides, and the glittering bayonet of a white-frocked Cossack, who is standing sentry on an angle of the wall. This little nest is "Fort Karabutak," one of Russia's Central-Asian outposts—a spot so remote and desolate that one might well suppose its garrison to have been sent hither as a punishment for some unheard-of crime.

At this delectable place do I halt about four o'clock one glorious June morning. Lhammer lustily at the door of a little mud-plastered log hut, which has nothing but the black and white stripes on its door-posts to show that it is a post-house.

My Tartar servant, meanwhile, assisted my efforts by yelling at the top of his voice, "O! O!" (hoarse).

At length, just as we are beginning to lose patience altogether—for in the Asiatic deserts every minute of the cool morning hours is worth its weight in gold—a low yawn from within, followed by a drowsy "set-tehass" (directly), announces that the master of the house is beginning to bestir himself.

Just at this moment, my attention is attracted to a "swinging cradle" of genuine Eastern fashion, suspended from the projecting eaves, in which lie a brace of sturdy little children, brown as hazel-nuts, and round as plums.

Both are fast asleep, in those extraordinary positions which none but children can contrive to assume. I am still admiring the picturesqueness of the group, when I suddenly perceive that I have overlooked one of its most important features.

Snuggly curled up between the two sleeping children, in the warmest place of all, lies a round yellowish mass, topped with a pair of pointed ears.

At first sight, its size and color might make one take it for a large cat; but a cat it certainly is not. Nor, as I look again, does it seem like a dog.

The outstretched fore paws on which it rests, indeed, are sufficiently canine, and when I begin to caress it, it responds by licking my hand in genuine dog fashion; but that narrow head, that sharp muzzle, that slanting greenish-yellow eye, surely never belonged to any dog since the world began.

It is this peculiarity of the eye which, recalling my winter experiences in European Russia, at length lets me into the secret. The bedfellow of the postmaster's children is a young wolf.

Just as I have made this discovery the door of the hut opens, and out come, a big trowzy, shock-headed fellow, with a huge red beard, who laughs loudly at my look of amazement.

"Aha, larin!" (master) "you haven't seen many children like that, I fancy!"

"Where on earth did you pick it up?"

ask I, looking wonderingly at the two children, who are awake at last, and beginning to pull their four-footed playmate in the most unceremonious fashion.

"Well, you see, last winter, a wolf came prowling round here, and I had to give him a taste of my hatchet. So, when I'd settled him, I thought myself, that the she wolf might be fer off, and I followed the trail through the snow till it brought me to the hole, and there was the old lady, sure enough, and another top of the axe quieted her, too."

"But when I saw this poor little brat whimpering over the body, I felt sorry for it, somehow, and I concluded not to kill it but to take it home for the children to play with, and now it gets a share of their bread and milk in the morning and of their blanket at night, just like one of themselves."

"But you surely don't mean to keep it?"

"No, I'm afraid that won't do," said the giant, with a regretful shrug of his huge shoulders. "When it gets bigger, and begins to find its teeth, then—a significant flourish of the great brown hand completes the unfinished phrase."

When I return from Samara, three months later, I find the sentence already executed.—*David Ker.*

### Step by Step.

No matter whether the steps be "one hundred and eighty," or less, or more, the safe rule for a boy to attain eminence in the world is always the same. Said a father to his young son, who was complaining that he had nothing to begin with, and shrinking from the "low" position of errand-boy in a store:

"Were you with me last summer, when we visited Baltimore and went up to the top of Washington's monument?"

"Yes, father; you recollect we all went up, and little Fred was so tired he could hardly gain the top."

"Do you recollect how we ascended? Were we lifted from the street by an elevator?"

"No, father. Don't you remember that a man let us in by the door, and we went up by the winding steps? We had no light only that of a smoky lantern, and it was a long time before we reached the top."

"And we got up at last," said his father, "after patiently stepping one hundred and eighty times, one after the other; and were we not repaid at the top with the magnificent view which we enjoyed?"

"It was perfectly grand!" said Thomas.

"Now, Thomas, as you ascended that monument, so you must rise in business. You are now standing on the lower steps—you are on the steps—and there is nothing to hinder you, if your health is good, from standing on the top."

The origin of electing members by ballot came from the Grecians. When a member was to be elected, each member threw a small crumb of bread into a basket, carried by a servant on his head, and whoever differed, flattened the pellet at one side.

## Restoring Drowned Persons by Heat.

First—Know that a person recently drowned is not dead, and will not be for a long time. If not lively he is yet lifeless, but let "faith, hope and charity" inspire confidence and a cool judgment to aid with deliberate haste in taking the drowned out of the water and in restoring him.

Secondly—When he is taken out of the water turn his face down for a moment only, to allow any water in his nose or throat to run out; then place him, out of currents of air, upon his back, with his head very slightly raised. Do not roll him upon a barrel, nor do anything else to "get the water out of his lungs," since there is none in them; nor out of his stomach, since what he has swallowed will not do any harm.

Thirdly—Quickly determine whether he must be carried to where heat is, or if it can better be brought to or produced near him. If the former, take him gently, quickly and as near as possible in the above said posture.

Fourthly—If there must be delay in applying heat, and dry prospectives can be had, take off his wet clothes and wrap the dry articles about him to prevent loss of heat, covering the head particularly. The warm underclothing of bystanders can be contributed. Several thicknesses of almost anything attainable is better than one.

Fifthly—As soon as heat is at hand apply it as ingeniously and circumstances suggest to be most likely to quickly and thoroughly warm the body. When that is accomplished theory and fact agree in assuring us that, if life yet persists, the heart will begin to beat, happily soon followed by breathing, both feebly and infrequently at first, but more strongly and faster until they become natural, when consciousness will return. If the heart gives one beat, or the lungs one gasp, no more need to be done; keep the person warm and he will soon be "all right."

Sixthly—Suffocation in any other manner should be treated in the same way, except that in choking and in strangling the substances causing these conditions should be first removed, and in case of breathing poisonous gas, or smoke, artificial respiration should first be tried until the gas or smoke has been changed for good air in the lungs.—*Dr. T. S. Lambert.*

### Smoking Out a Tiger.

The outer cave was quite open in front, and seven feet high at the outside. From the cave the hill sloped sharply down, covered with trees and bushes.

Some of the Rheels advanced to the mouth of the inner cave, and looking in, saw one eye of the creature, like a ball of fire, at the far end of the den.

We endeavored to get a shot, but owing, I suppose, to some projecting piece of rock, we never could see both eyes at once, and two shots which I fired were without effect.

Meanwhile the Rheels had collected a large bundle of grass and sticks, which we rolled up to the entrance of the inner cave; and having set fire to it, we all withdrew to the mouth of the outer to watch the result. There was a most thorough draught into the cave, but the beast made no sign, and at length the fire died down.

We then had another large bundle of dry grass made up; but this time we mixed it with green leaves. On this being fired, a dense black smoke arose, and was carried into the cave. It was such that we thought no beast could live in it. But again the fire died out; and, though the inner cave was filled with smoke, its tenant made no attempt to come out.

We had just made up our minds that he had died in the hole, when from the inner cave came a sudden rush of smoke, as if driven out by something advancing rapidly. We stood ready, and the next instant, through the embers of the fire, came—not a hyena—but a large tiger, charging blindly with savage growls.

Hayward carried a short rifle, with a ball of some three ounces in weight, and I had a double rifle of fourteen bore.

In the instant that elapsed between the tiger's emerging from the smoke and his reaching the entrance of the outer cave, he was struck by the three balls. Two had taken him through the shoulder, and one through his loins, disabling his hind-quarters.

As he fell we could have placed our guns on his head—too near, in fact, to be pleasant. Our followers behaved with great steadiness, and at once handed us our second guns.

The tiger, though disabled, was very savage, and had plenty of life in him, and crunched the underwood savagely. After some time we gave him his quietus, and carried him home to the camp.—*Sport in India.*

### The Cause of a Mine Explosion.

Some peculiar features of mining casualties were developed at a coroner's inquest on the bodies of William Crane and Thomas Tiernay, who died from injuries received by an explosion of fire-damp at the Lower Runach Creek colliery, near Pottsville, Pa. These men were working with safety-lamps on the bottom level of the mine, 1,900 feet below the surface. The vein in which they worked made no gas, but another beneath it, with about nine feet of slate between, gave forth gas in quantities so great as to force up the solid slate-covering in the centre of the breast, the pressure of the strata above, of course, helping. The movement caused a rumbling and cracking, which the men thought came from the roof, and they, together with the fire boss, James O'Neill, and a miner named Jacob Imsheweller, were watching that part, when the noise became so violent that they ran into the heading, fearing that the roof would fall. The roof, however, remained undisturbed. The men had scarcely left the breast when the floor heaved up, opened, and a volume of gas poured forth, which at once filled the whole place. O'Neill and Imsheweller, fortunately for them, darted into the passage leading inward from the breast; but Crane and Tiernay entered the "intake" passage. Crane, knowing that a strong current of air would force the flame through the meshes of his lamp and set fire to the gas, shielded his lamp as he ran, but Tiernay neglected this precaution. The gas ignited from his lamp, and a terrible explosion followed. Crane and Tiernay were so badly burned that they died in

a few hours, while the others, being behind the explosion, which always takes an outward course, were only slightly injured by being dashed against the coal. The wood work of the mine was shattered for a distance of 100 yards, and a boy named Grady received fatal injuries from a door which fell on him. The mine was then being inspected for the third time that day (the explosion occurred at noon), and 16,576 cubic feet of air per minute was then passing through that portion of it. The jury returned a verdict that "the deceased came to their deaths from the effects of an explosion caused by running through the gas with their safety lamps against, instead of with, the air current."

### The War in South Africa.

The character of the country in Zululand is thus described by the London News:

Mountain-sides are furrowed by dark gleens and gloomy "kloofs" or fissures. These merge downward into deep ravines, forming at their base sometimes the beds of small streams, sometimes those of roaring torrents. These are generally overhung by luxuriant vegetation in tropical profusion. The woods through which these rivers run are formed frequently of tall and noble trees, among which are met apes and baboons. Here and there may be observed the bare and leafless branches of the euphorbia, the cactus, the aloe and the mimosa. On reaching the mountain-side, we are still surrounded by impenetrable bush, though of a different kind from that just described. Here the thicket is chiefly composed of the mimosa and portulaca tribes, high and thorny. This kind of bush is even more impenetrable than the ordinary jungle of India, and cannot be fired, owing to the number of succulent plants and parasites which it contains. Such is the Caffre's never-falling place of refuge in time of peace or war. "In his naked hardihood" (we again quote from Colonel Napier's excellent book), "he either, snake-like, twines through and creeps beneath its densest mazes, or, shielded with the kaross, securely defies their most thorny and abraded opposition. Under cover of the bush in war, he, panther-like, steals upon his foe; in peace, upon the farmer's flock. Secure in both instances from pursuit, he can, in the bush, set European power, European skill and European discipline at naught; and hitherto vain has been every effort to destroy this impenetrable stronghold." Happily for us, the Caffre cannot permanently occupy the bush. He can only betake himself there occasionally and for a short space of time. The bush supplies no means of support for a single man, much less for a number of men; and the Caffre is compelled to spend most of his time on those vast plains which support the staple element of his wealth—his cattle.

As to the military performances of the Zulus, this is said:

The Zulus form in the impenetrable bush a kind of semi-circle, with the flanks pushed forward, around the straggling column; and if the unwary column advances sufficiently far into this fatal circle its doom is sealed. It is attacked at once in front and on both flanks, and the men from the rear are shot as they gradually come up, without any hope of resistance.

While in the bush, or forming an ambuscade, the Caffres and Zulus are fed and supplied with all necessaries for war by their women, who perform all the drudgery of the most harsh and cruel servitude. These women, when possible, hover about the enemy, and have frequently gained most important information for their masters—one can hardly say husbands. To such an extent was this system carried in the last Caffre war that Colonel Napier proposed to capture all women found lurking about the line of march and remove them into the interior of the country, where they could be appreciated as domestic servants to the farmers and other inhabitants until the end of the war.

To avoid falling into the ambuscades laid by these savages, there is one, and one only way—the constant and careful use of outposts, vedettes and spies. It is mere madness to engage a naked savage on his own chosen ground, the bush, through which English soldiers, clothed, and with knapsacks, cannot clamber. He must be enticed by whatever means, or driven through hunger (by the capture of his women) to take to the open, and then his defeat is inevitable.

### Catching Cold.

"Colds" are among the unsolved medical problems. They used to be thought due to the suppression of the excretions of the skin; but this takes place whenever the surface is exposed to cold, and often without harm; and colds are sometimes taken when only a few square inches of surface are exposed. It is a fact, too, that men and animals may be varnished without producing the symptoms of a cold.

Still, the ordinary medical view is that the passing off of effete matter from the skin being checked, the blood is altered in character. The corrupted blood then in its turn affects the heat-regulating apparatus.

A cold is a slight fever. It begins with a chilly sensation, followed by heat. The fever runs its course in a day or two. Like other fevers, however, it may have various complications. Hence, rheumatic pains, headache, nasal catarrh, sore throat, catarrh of the intestines, herpes labialis (eruptions around the mouth).

Sweating, whether by medicines administered internally or otherwise, is the main reliance for hastening a cure. But the pores should be kept somewhat open by warm clothing, or the heat of a warm room for several days, during which there should be no exposure.—*Youth's Companion.*

The American *Agriculturist*, in an interesting article on the Texas cattle drive, says: "The cattle go to the river, for water at noon, with the exception of a few, which remain behind to take care of the calves. One cow may often be seen watching twelve or fifteen calves, while their mothers have gone with the remainder of the herd to drink. After the return of the herd the 'watchers' take their turn. This interesting fact is vouched for by several old ranchmen."