Life's Early Day.

A SONG.

Oh, who has not welcomed in life's early day
The first gleam of spring-time, the morning of May,
When life was all sunshine, and gladness, and glee,
And storms were but zephers just wing'd from the sea,
Which, stealing along over perfum'd parterres
Awoke every feeling save sadness and tears.

Then the freshness of life was all warm on the cheek,
No object seemed cold, and no prospect look'd bleak,
No fear of the future to sadden the heart,
Or sorrow, unkindness, or grief to impart—
While the newness of life to each moment gave zest—
Oh, 'tis pity we cannot be always so blest.

But youth, like the dream that our fancy beguiles,
Ne'er heeds the illusion lain hid in its wiles,
Till time comes to tell us its beauty is flown,
Its tinting, its perfume, its brilliancy gone—
And the glow of the past but adds gloom to the scene,
Render'd dark by the mem'ry of what it has been.

—*C. D. Stuart.*

TWEED'S STRANGE LIFE ON A SCHOONER.

A STORY OF HIS ESCAPE.

The escape of William M. Tweed from Ludlow street jail, the mystery of his long and successful concealment from the sleuth hounds of justice who were put upon his search, his vicissitudinous wanderings and his final recapture and restoration to his old prison, which he never left again until he took the last, long journey which puts all human beings out of the reach of bolts and bars, is a romance rarely paralleled, never surpassed. A portion of it has been told with average correctness. There has been a missing chapter, though, whose absence left the tale unfinished and the plot incomplete. The *Sunday News* now presents the last link for the first time to the public.

Wm. M. Tweed escaped from the custody of the sheriff of the county of New York on the evening of December 5, 1875. He was at the time in charge of two deputies of Sheriff Conner. According to their statements, as embodied in the published reports, his evasion of their watchfulness occurred in his own house, where he was visiting his wife.

It was thought impossible that so well known a man could effectually conceal himself from the search which followed with a rigor never equaled in the criminal annals of the country. But days grew into weeks and weeks melted into months, and the whereabouts of the fugitive remained still unknown. Wm. M. Tweed had vanished as completely from official eyes as if the earth had devoured him. No definite information of his hiding place was obtained until, after many months the excitement of his escape was revived by the news of his capture at Vigo, Spain, on board of a merchant ship which was bringing him from Cuba.

What followed is well known. His previous adventures in the Ever-Faithful Isle are also part of history. But there remains a blank between his escape and his landing on Cuban soil. That blank the *Sunday News* now fills from information afforded by the man in whose care the dethroned and flying magnate left this country and the perils which menaced him here behind him.

The schooner Frank Atwood was, a couple of years ago, the best known vessel engaged in the West India fruit trade from the port of New York. She had been built by Donald McKay, the famous Boston builder of clipper ships, for his son. The old shipwright had expended all his knowledge and skill on her to render her a marvel of symmetry and speed. He had succeeded. The Frank Atwood, for model and sailing qualities, was more a yacht that a common-place trader. Her voyages were called the best on record.

Young McKay, after a voyage or two, fell into extravagance and sold his schooner. She became the property of Mike Murray, the gambler of Ann street and Clinton place, and the partner of Senator Mike Norton.

Murray placed in command of the Frank Atwood a Newburyport, Mass., skipper, named Bryant, under whom the vessel was sailed regularly in the fruit trade with the West Indies. Captain Bryant was a poor man, devoted to the interests of his employer, who, on his part, was a good paymaster and an easy chief. What follows is Captain Bryant's story, as told to a *Sunday News* reporter:

"In the middle of April, 1876, the Frank Atwood lay at the foot of Dover street, loaded with a general cargo and cleared for Port Maria, Jamaica. A messenger from Mr. Murray brought me a note asking me to see him at once. I went with the messenger to 11 Ann street, where I found him in the private room.

"'Captain,' he said, 'I want to send two passengers out to Cuba with you. They will be on board to-night. You will want some fancy stores to vary your ordinary sea fare. Here are $50. Lay in your stock at once. You are ready for sea now?'

"'Yes, sir.''

"'One of the passengers will assume charge of the schooner. You will do whatever he desires, as if he was myself. By-the-by, I will send down to the schooner this afternoon. Give my messenger some token or other that the messengers can bring to you as proof that they are the proper parties; and you needn't put yourself out to tell any one about this either.'

"A messenger came that afternoon. I didn't know what to give him for a token. My wife, who was in the cabin sewing, took a sail-needle, the eye of which was broken off and which she had been using to make crochet-holes with, out of her work-basket, and said laughingly: 'Give him this; it is not good for much else.' I put the needle in a blank envelope and sent it.

"It was getting toward dusk that evening, and I was all ready for sailing. Some friends of mine were talking to me on the quarter-deck when a man came down the wharf. He was an ordinary-looking, medium-sized man, dressed in a common dark suit. He strolled along as if he had nothing particular to do and plenty of time to do it in. He passed down the wharf toward the schooner's bow. He stopped at the fore-rigging, stepped on to the bulwark, and jumped down on the deck.

"He didn't come aft, though, but fooled round forward, chatting with the cook, who was getting supper ready, till my friends went ashore. Then, just as I was going down the cabin stairs, he walked briskly aft and called:

"'Captain Bryant!'

"'That's my name,' I said.

"'Then you know what this means;' and he took the broken needle from the lappel of his coat. I told him I recognized it and asked him what I could do. He said:

"'If you have no objection, I wish you would get clear of this dock at once. The sooner New York sees our heels the better I'll like it.'

"'Very well,' I said; 'but I'd like to know some name to call you by. I suppose you have one.'

"'My name is William Hunt.'

"I had the watch called up and we cast off from the wharf. I singnaled a tug and was towed out of the dock and down to Governor's Island. There the tug cast loose and we made sail. There was a brisk breeze going and we bowled along at a good rate till we were about midway between Fort Hamilton and Murray & Norton's Coney Island wharf. There Hunt told me to run as close into the beach as I could and anchor.

"I obeyed. Hunt was perfectly cool and collected, as if he had the whole programme clearly made out. But he watched every movement on the schooner keenly. When the anchor touched ground I asked him if we should furl the sails. He said

"'Not much. Unless you want the trouble of setting them again to-night.'

"This time it was as dark as pitch. The men went to supper, and I took a snack on deck, as Hunt had said he might want me any minute. He sat on the taffrail, smoking one cigar after another, humming a tune, and looking toward the shore, without ever turning his head, even when he occasionally spoke to me. My mate, who was eating supper in the cabin, came on deck as soon as he finished, and said it was eight bells (nine o'clock).

"He had hardly spoken when a bright light bashed out ashore. It looked like one of the flash lights made by burning resin, which we use to signal ships with at night. It only flared out once. Hunt jumped to the deck and threw his cigar overboard. I noticed that his voice trembled with excitement when he said, hurriedly: "Lower a boat, captain. You and me will pull ashore by ourselves.'

"I got a boat into the water at once. Hunt and myself got in. I noticed that he rowed nervously, but like a man who knew his business. We pulled straight for where the light had showed, and beached the boat just below Murray & Norton's wharf. There were three people there. One was Murray himself, another, young McKay, the former owner of the Atwood. He had a lantern, keeping it partially under the wharf, as if to keep the light from being seen.

"The third party was a big, portly, middle-aged man, with a clean, shaved face. He wore a slouched hat, pulled down over his eyes, a rough blue woolen shirt, and dark pantaloons. He had no coat on. There were three handsome silver or nickel-mounted valises on the beach at his feet.

"Hunt landed and said something I could not hear, sitting in the boat. Murray and McKay shook hands with the middle-aged man and with Hunt, and wished them good-bye and a pleasant voyage. There was no other conversation, but such as would pass between parting friends. McKay put the valises in the boat, and Hunt and the other man got in. He sat in the stern, and was so heavy that he almost swamped the gig. When we pushed off Murray called to me:

"'You know your orders, captain. Don't make any mistake.'

"'He won't if I know myself,' said Hunt, and we rowed off, leaving them watching us. The man in the stern never moved or said a word after we started.

"As soon as we got on board Hunt and the other passenger went into the cabin. I ordered the anchor to be hove short and followed them. The middle-aged man was sitting on the sofa, with his hat on yet, mopping his face with a blue silk handkerchief. Hunt said, 'Captain, let me introduce you to Uncle John Secor.'

"We shook hands, Uncle John saying, without rising, 'Glad to meet you, captain,' and taking his hat off. I knew him at a glance, from his pictures in the papers. It was Bill Tweed.

"His face was thinner than the pictures made it, and his beard was shaved close off, but there was no mistaking him. The sight sort of flabbergasted me, and I kept staring like a booby. He noticed me looking so intently at him and stooped down, so as to hide his face while pretending to tie his shoes. He was visibly nervous and his hand trembled very much.

"'I hope you'll make yourself comfortable, Uncle John. Anyhow you're safe,' I said, hardly knowing what I was saying anyhow.

"Then I went on deck. The anchor wasn't apeak yet, and I set some of the crew to swaying up the sail, while I walked up and down, wondering what would happen next. They were at it when Hunt came out of the cabin. He was quite calm now, and smoking a fresh cigar. 'What's the matter, now?' he asked. 'I might as well tell you, Hunt,' I said, 'that I know who Uncle John Secor is. Don't you think I ought to have a stake out of this?'

"'Never fear,' he said, quite gayly, putting his hand on my shoulder. 'The old man hasn't got much. He's been pretty well cleaned out, but we won't forget you. He's not one of that sort. Now get to sea as quick as you can.'

We were well out to sea by daylight. Tweed began to be seasick the minute we struck rough water. He was about the sickest man I ever saw, and was as helpless as a baby. There was something pitiable in the sight of him. He would lie in his berth with Hunt, who was as good a sailor as he was an oarsman, holding his head over a wash-basin, and retch and vomit for hours, till you'd think he was going to turn inside out. The Atwood's cabin is so small that the air soon became close and fetid enough to give a whale the colic, but the sick man would not come on deck. He lay there three days, sweltering and being sick, drinking brandy, by way of medicine. Then he got well enough to sit up, and was soon all right. Even when he was worst sick he had a cheerful, chirrupy way about him. As soon as he got over it he was as jolly company as you would want to find.

"I always called him Uncle John, but I soon saw that Hunt must have told him what I had said. I saw it by the way he spoke to me. There was something free and familiar about it as much as to say, Well, you know the worst; and if you want to hurt me, I can't help it." But I didn't want to hurt him, as he soon found out.

"He was very nervous in the presence of the mate and crew. If he could he would contrive to be in his stateroom whenever they came into the cabin. None of them recognized him, though, and he lost his uneasiness. He was so big that I had to knock two berths into one to give him room in his cabin, and he could hardly turn even then. But he took it cheerfully enough. Once I made some remark about the closeness of his quarters, and he said: 'There's tighter places than this in the world, captain.'

"Tweed went on deck for the first time on the morning of his fourth day on board. He had eaten a hearty breakfast and was very jolly. About noon we sighted the schooner Commerce, from Baracoa to Boston, with fruit, and he became uneasy at once. The Commerce ran down toward us and signaled us to compare longitudes. This seemed to set poor 'Uncle John' wild.

"'What do they want?' he asked anxiously.

"'To exchange longitudes,' I replied.

"'Are you sure of that?'

"'Of course I am.'

"He walked away muttering to himself. When we parted company with the Commerce, I noticed that Tweed was not on deck. Neither was he in his cabin. I called him and he walked out of a closet, a little sweat-box scarcely big enough for a man to cram himself in edgeways. He was bathed in perspiration and as shaky as a baby. It took a big drink to steady his nerves. When I explained that the Commerce was not from New York he had a good laugh at his own expense.

"He and Hunt managed between them to kill time very comfortably. They had heaps of papers and some books in the valises, which they read and talked over. They talked politics a great deal, too, but I never was much of a fist at that, so I didn't very clearly understand what they were at. Tweed spoke to me sometimes on the same subject, and even mentioned the names of Sweeny, Connolly and the others, telling stories about them. I knew of them, of course, but most of the other names he mentioned were strange to me. I have heard them since in connection with the 'ring' business, but I hadn't then.

"Tweed took great interest in navigation, and followed me when I took my observations with much attention. I explained the instrument to him and the figures on which my calculations were based, but he said laughingly that they were 'as clear as mud' to him. One thing he could do, though—that was, mark the time on the chronometer when I took the longitude. He did it regularly, and called it 'working his passage.'

"He would patter around the deck, too, and once tore half the seat of his pantaloons off on a barrel hoop. I had noticed that he had not changed them since coming aboard. Then I found that they were the only pair he had. I lent him a pair of mine, which he managed to squeeze into while his own were being mended. When he gave them back to me he had left a handsome penknife in the pocket for a keepsake. I've got that knife yet. I wondered at the time at his being so short of clothes. Afterward it struck me that he was a hard man to fit. He couldn't get his clothes ready-made, and while he was in hiding he was afraid to have a tailor make any.

"Tweed took great interest in the sea and everything about it. We generally had lines put over the stern, and whenever we hooked a fish he examined it before it was turned over to the cook. A little shark we caught kept him busy for a couple of hours. Then, when we got among the drifts of Gulf weed, the men used to fish up whole bushels of it for him. He would pick out the crabs and sea spiders from the wrack and hunt up the descriptions of them in a couple of old books I had in the cabin. He and Hunt collected a whole jar full of the ugly things, but they left them behind when they landed.

"Flying-fish were another hobby with him. A whole school of them flew on board one night, attracted by the gleam of the deck lanterns on our big white sails. Old Sam, our cook, took the backbone out of a lot of them and fried them for our breakfast. I thought Tweed would never get through that morning. He said the flying-fish made one of the best dishes he ever ate in his life. It struck me that was paying them a big compliment.

"He took a great fancy to dolphin, too, when Sam gave it to us one day in a curry. As an eater, however, Tweed was by no means out of the way. After he got over his sickness he had a good appetite, but nothing extraordinary; and he would eat ship's fare, and leave the extra dishes I had provided for Hunt and me to finish off. In drinking he was equally temperate. A glass of brandy now and then when his stomach wanted toning was about the worst he did. My supply of liquor was hardly touched during the voyage.

"I soon found that neither Tweed nor Hunt knew where they were going. They wanted to land in Cuba, but had no idea at what point. All the satisfaction I got from Hunt when I asked him where to steer, was: 'Make for the east end of Cuba.' So I shaped our course for Cape Maysi, the extreme eastern point of the island.

"When we got clear of the Bahamas, Hunt told me they had concluded to land at Santiago de Cuba. They had settled on that place from a book they had brought on board. It was the narrative of a winter voyage in a yacht, among the West Indies, written by some yacht club man and published in New York. It was called 'West India Pickles.'

"Among the places described in 'West India Pickles' was Santiago de Cuba. Tweed had taken a fancy to it from the description, but when he found another of Matanzas, he did not know which to choose. Hunt favored Santiago. So they made a toss up of it, with the head of a twenty-dollar piece for Santiago and the tail for Matanzas. Head won. Tweed's nervousness had all disappeared by this time, and he was as gay as a schoolboy out for a lark, except when he and Hunt were talking privately, when he was very grave. He was a great favorite with the men, and seemed to enjoy his popularity heartily.

"One of the crew was a young Cuban named Majen. He was working his passage to Baracoa. Majen had been pretty much all over the island, and when Hunt learned it he asked permission to have him into the cabin. Though he commanded every movement of mine with the vessel, he never interfered with the discipline of the ship.

"They had Majen in the cabin every day, and between them laid out a perfect network of routes on a map of Cuba they had. They marked them in different colors—red, blue and black. I supposed they meant in some way good, better and best, or *vice versa*. Majen gave them names of people, places and the like, all of which they carefully noted down. He got a double-eagle for his pains.

"I was naturally curious to know how they were fixed for money, but I got very little satisfaction on that score. The three valises were filled with linen and a few old suits of clothes of Hunt's; but in one was a Russia leather satchel, with straps to sling it over the shoulders, and it was full of something. There was also a leather writing-case, similarly fixed for carrying. Hunt had a money-belt around his waist. The only weapon I saw was a t ‹Remington revolver, which Hunt carried.

"On the 3 1‹ o April, sixteen days out, we weat..cred Cape Maysi, and began to think of the end of the voyage. I had never been to Santiago de Cuba, so I overhauled my book of sailing directions and we held a council of war.

"We found from the book and chart that there was a little river emptying into the sea, about four miles from Santiago harbor. It is a lovely place, only visited for fresh water by occasional ships. There Tweed determined to go ashore, so we ran for that point. We had head winds and an ugly sea, and did not raise the coast until after dark on the first of May. I ran in as close as I dared, and cleared the boat which had been housed on deck for lowering. We were laying to at the time, and the night was very thick and black indeed. Tweed and Hunt were below packing the few things they intended to take ashore into one valise.

"Suddenly the seaman who was bailing the boat out of some water she had shipped in launching, called to me that he could hear the noise of paddles beating the water. Tweed must have had sharp ears, for he was on deck at once. At the same time a light showed on our lee bow on the seaward side of us, and we heard the splashing of the paddles distinctly. It came nearer and nearer, and other dimmer lights became visible in a line lower down toward the water. It was not long before I made them out to be the port fires of a man-of-war. I afterward found that the vessel was the sloop-of-war Conquistador, which was patrolling the coast to cut off an expected landing of revolutionary Cubans who were coming across in a sloop from Jamaica.

"We lay quiet as mice. The cruiser slid by us, as it seemed to us like the slowest sort of a snail. She did not perceive us, though, and we saw her lights fade out and heard the noise of her paddles die away.

"It was midnight by that time. Hunt had brought the valise on deck Tweed had the satchel slung to him. Hunt carried the writing-case. They spoke together in low voices on the opposite side of the deck from me. Then Hunt went into the cabin and called me down.

"He had a roll of something in his right hand. He put his hand out and grasped mine. I felt the bank notes pressed into my palm and he said, "Stuff them into your pocket, captain, and say no more about it. Is the boat ready?'

"'It is.'

"'Here's fifty dollars. The old man wants you to share it among the crew. You can have those two valises. They are of no use to us.'

"This money was in gold five dollar pieces. He laid it on the cabin table and I left it there. We got into the boat with two men at the oars and pulled for the shore.

"The schooner was laid to within a mile of the shore, but though we could hear the sea breaking we could not see the land. A sort of fog was drifting out from the mangrove swamps ashore, and between it and the wind it was so chilly that it made us shiver. Tweed now had a coat on which I gave him. Otherwise he was dressed as he had been when he left Coney Island. He was very quiet, but uneasy and anxious. Hunt, on the contrary, seemed to be as cool as ever. He spoke now and then to his companion in a whisper.

"Guided by the sound of the breakers, we pulled down the coast till I found a current settling steadily to seaward. It was the little river we were in search of, and turning the boat's nose into it, we rowed in. There was a spit of sand at the mouth of the stream, on the Santiago side. The stream was a mere creek, not fifty feet wide, but deep, and with a strong current of ice cold, fresh water.

"We landed our passengers on the sand spit with their valise. Tweed stumbled in getting over the gunwale and caught a ducking. He only laughed at it, though. All his good spirits seemed to return the minute he felt the land under his feet.

"Hunt shook hands with me, when I stepped ashore after them. 'Good-by,' he said.

"'I hope you will have a fortunate stay here,' I remarked. 'Do you know how long you will be here?'

"'That depends. We hope for a long time, I believe.'

"'Do you intend to settle, then?'

"'I don't know. Everything depends on our reception.'

"Here Tweed interposed as if to cut us short, and shook hands with me. 'I am obliged to you, Captain Bryant,' he said. 'I'm sorry our voyage wasn't a longer one; but you'll be back here, and you may meet Uncle John Secor again. Good-by!'

"One of the men called, 'Good-by, sir,' and he said, 'Good-by, boys, good-by.' He walked up the beach, then, and we pushed off. The darkness hid them in an instant, but I could hear the grinding of the sand as if some one was walking up and down.

"It was now nearly four o'clock. I got sail on the schooner at soon as I got on board. When day broke the land was a mere loom on the sky.

"I had seen my last of Bill Tweed. What happened to him after that I only know from hearsay and the papers. It had been arranged between us that he was not to show himself to any one ashore till we were out of sight, as our presence on the Cuban coast while our clearance was for Port Maria, at the east end of Jamaica, was irregular and might get us into trouble. I suppose, therefore, that they spent the night on the beach. The bank-notes Hunt had given me were twenty fifty-dollar greenbacks.

"I went through the valises carefully. They only contained a lot of dirty linen and underclothing, of many different patterns, as if they had been bought at different times. There had been a name of four letters painted on one valise with white paint. This was scratched off. The book 'West India Pickles' was in Hunt's berth. It had been a new copy, but they had been at it so often that it was nearly thumbed to pieces. It laid around the schooner for a couple of voyages and then some one froze to it, or the cook used it to kindle a fire with, we don't know which.

"We entered Port Maria harbor next afternoon, discharged, loaded, and returned to New York. I kept my ears open for news of my passenger, but heard none. Murray never asked me anything about the passage when I got back, from which I concluded that he had already heard all about it from Hunt. I never heard directly from either him or Tweed again."—*New York News.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Chinese Beauties.

A Canton (China) letter-writer says: I never could find out precisely what is the great joy of a Chinese woman's life, but I think it must be the dressing of her hair; and, truly, this is done with an elaborate, artistic science, curious to see. This hair-dressing is the one accomplishment of the Chinese ladies, occupying the same place that music and drawing have in the education of our own women. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn back tightly from the face and stiffened with a gum made from some kind of wood.

It is piled up in a wonderful pyramid of bows, loops, wings, leaves, flowers, rolls, all so stiff that they stand alone without the aid of pads, roulettes, puffs or hair-pins. Not a single hair is astray, the whole being highly polished, or, I should say, veneered, which keeps it smooth for nearly a week, when the fabric is taken down and remodeled. "How do they sleep?" asks a curious reader. They have a small leather pillow, which fits underneath the back of the neck and keeps the head in a settled position. Others have a case or box in which they put the whole head comfortably, and which protects the coiffure from being disordered. It is, beyond question, the most intricate structure that could be reared with hair, and adorned with flowers and gems is both an elegant and imposing head-dress.

Few women are taught to read or write, whereas every boy is instructed by the monks in reading and handling the paint brush, with which their writing is effected. I was surprised to find in this so-called benighted cotunry that even the coolie chain-bearers could read. It must be remembered, however, that this much education is insisted upon by the government merely to fit men for the proper discharge of their respective callings, and not from any abstract idea of disseminating knowledge or "culture" among the masses. If a boy displays quickness at his lesson he does not necessarily aspire to become a clerk instead of a coolie—a mode of progression which, if universally carried out, would leave the world without any manual workers at all.

There are no spinsters in China except the nuns, who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like the Buddhist priests and thus deprive themselves of the only sign of gender—the hair is dressed *a la* teapot. I paid them a visit in an old tumble-down convent, more intricate of navigation than even the mandarins' labyrinthine palaces. They visit the sick and perform ceremonies over them which are considered alike beneficial for this world and the next. These women are reared for their calling, like the vestal virgins of the Romans.

Fashion Notes.

Jet is more worn in Paris than ever.

Hat and bonnet brims grow larger and larger.

Gingham dresses find favor with ladies of all ages.

Brims of bonnets may suit the fancy of the wearer.

Parasols match the bonnet and dress this season.

The Fanchon and the Maria Stuart are the caps for young widows.

Caps grow more and more dressy, and are more fashionable than ever.

Very small white muslin bows only should be used for morning wear.

Large jabots, whether of lace or muslin, should be worn only in the evening.

White muslin hats, with fichus to match, are shown for garden parties.

Lace and muslin scarfs are worn around the neck, inside the linen collar.

Wedding gowns are trimmed with small bunches of flowers, set at intervals down the front.

Shirred muslin and Swiss embroidery are made into large collars, to be worn with summer gowns.

Long white scarfs, folded double and edged with plaited Breton lace, are worn with summer gowns.

The bridal veil is worn over the sides and back of the head, instead of covering the face French fashion.

Byzantine point is a new, showy cotton imitation that washes well and imitates antique lace to perfection.

Leghorn and Tuscan straw hats are the most popular as well as the most elegant of all the new productions.

Seal brown, dark blue, crimson and black are the colors that are combined with white in the striped parasols.

Throat bows of China crape, trimmed with thread lace, are worn by women who are sick of the everlasting Breton.

Common flowers, such as hollyhocks, exlips, cowslips, dandelions, pansies and daisies are becoming very popular both in nature and art.

Short bunched-up Marquise polonaises of Victoria lawn and other white sheer fabrics are worn with short, black or colored silk skirts.

A foreign fashion is to wear white, pale pink or blue satin dresses, hand painted in artistic designs by great masters or sometimes by the wearer herself.

New breakfast caps have long tulle or lace strings that cross in the back and are brought loosely around the neck to form a loop or bow in front on the bosom.

The Boat Hermit of Tulare.

Among the weeds and tiles of Tulare lake, in California, may be found a man who has cut himself off from all but wild life. He is known as the "Boat Hermit of Tulare." His name is James Mac. Whether when he made one of the throng the Mac was followed by Adams, Duffy, Cullough or any one of the hundred other names that usually go with the prefix he cannot be lead to say. He calls himself James Mac. He spends night and day in his boat, an ordinary lake craft, without sail or rudder. In fishing and trapping he is so expert that those who know him understand the by-phrase "as lucky as Mac." This odd character served in the navy during the Mexican war, and in '49 joined the exodus for the gold fields of the Pacific coast. He helped to survey San Francisco when it contained less than a score of shanties. He joined several bands of pioneers and marched through the mountains and forests for years, returning to San Francisco to find that it had become a large city. Tulare lake, in the distance, was the only natural feature of the country, a part of which had been claimed and staked off by him; so he built a boat and vowed to pass his life among the bulrushes.

Nearly two million men have been sacrificed in war since the Crimean war, twenty-five years ago, and the number is hourly increased.

A Pig's Long Fast.

At the new mine, Little Bay, writes a Newfoundland correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette*, a pig had crept in under the floor of a house built on sloping ground, and when the foundation was finally closed in, piggy must have been wrapped in a profound slumber, in a comfortable bed of shavings which filled up partially the empty space. The house was not finished and remained unoccupied during the winter, hence the noise made by the prisoner on his awakening and his struggles to get out were unheard.

Finding himself in durance vile, the pig, like a true philosopher, accommodated himself to circumstances, and wisely determined not to fight against the inevitable. He wrapped himself in the shavings and went to sleep for the winter. His mysterious disappearance was commented on, but it was supposed he had lost his way in the woods, being of a roving disposition. He was a plump animal and a credit to his owner, who intended to turn him into bacon about Christmas, and it was fortunate for himself that he carried a *viaticum* in his own fat, on which he subsisted during the winter. The house was closed in on the 22d of November, 1878, and on that day "piggy was lost to sight." All through the following four months he slept peacefully, perfectly indifferent regarding the Afghanistan campaign and the Isandula disaster.

But with the warmth of April sun his energies returned, he rubbed his eyes and turned over, managing to utter some feeble grunts. By this time the house was occupied, and the inhabitants were amazed at hearing these mysterious noises underneath the floor of their kitchen. Piggy began to feel the pangs of hunger after his long fast, and his grunts for release became more imperative. An opening was made and poor piggy at length staggered forth, the "ghost of his former self"—a walking skeleton. His condition drew tears from the eyes of the woman who owned him, who only knew him by the peculiar turn in his tail, which survived the destruction of his tissues. Her joy over the resurrection of the lost pet was touching. The news spread rapidly. The miners gathered from all quarters to view the wonderful pig who had lived for 142 days without meat or drink.

One of them more book-learned than the rest remarked that "it reminded him of the seven sleepers of Ephesus," but his observation was profanely scoffed at by the others, as it was felt to be an unwarrantable attempt to disparage the performance of their wonderful pig, of which they had all reason to be proud. Piggy's fortune was made. Presents flowed in upon him. Delicacies unheard of in the dietary of pighood were liberally supplied to nourish him during his invalid condition. Warm compounds of oatmeal and biscuit, flavored with delicious scraps and tip-bits from kindly housewives, soon began to tell on his condition and swell out his lean flanks. His story went the rounds of the mines, and everywhere awoke sympathy and enthusiasm. Whether he will be sent on for exhibition in St. John's I cannot say, but there can be no doubt that an enterprising showman would fidd it a paying speculation. The facts, however, are as I have stated them, and the account I can guarantee as perfectly reliable. Whether hibernating, in the case of a pig, is a new fact in natural history I am unable to determine.

Pain and the Weather.

It is a familiar experience that certain bodily pains vary in their phases according to the weather, but probably few have made exact scientific observations of this to any considerable extent. A series of such observations, made with much ability and perseverance, has lately been reported to the American Academy of Science by Prof. Mitchell. They are by Capt. Catlin, of the United States Army, who lost a leg during the war, and since that time has suffered a good deal from traumatic neuralgia. He carefully noted, during five years, the effects produced on him by changes of the weather. For the first quarters of these five years there were 2,471 hours of pain; for the second quarters, 2,102 hours; for the third quarters, 2,056 hours; and for the last quarters, 2,221 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter—July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,692 hours of pain, against 4,158 hours while it was north of the equator. The average duration of the attacks for the first quarters was twenty-two hours, and for the third quarters only 17.9 hours. Now, taking the four years ending January 1, 1879, it is found that of the 557 storms chartered by the Signal Bureau, 298 belong to the two winter quarters, against 239 for the summer quarters. The average distance of the storm-center at the beginning of the neuralgic attacks was 680 miles. Storms from the Pacific coast are felt furthest off very soon after, or as they are crossing the Rocky mountains, while storms along the Atlantic coast are associated with milder forms of neuralgia, which are not felt till the storm-center is nearer. Rain is not essential in the production of neuralgia. The severest neuralgic attacks of the year were those accompanying the first snows of November and December. One other interesting observation is as follows: Every storm sweeping across the continent consists of a vast rain area, at the center of which is a moving space of greatest barometric depression. The rain usually precedes this storm center by 550 to 600 miles, but before and around the rain lies a belt, which may be called the neuralgic margin of the storm, and which precedes the rain by 150 miles. The fact is very deceptive, because the sufferer may be or the far edge of a storm-basin of barometric pressure, and seeing nothing of the rain, yet have pain due to the storm.

A Sitka Romance.

It is rumored that a very romantic marriage will soon be solemnized at Sitka. A well-known and highly respected sergeant of the Marine Corps is about to lead to the hymenial alter the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Indian chief, "Sitka Jack." We understand that this is a case of love at first sight. The bride elect having paddled alongside the "Alaska with her light canoe loaded with fish, the gallant sergeant was immediately smitten and fascinated. The marriage ceremony will be performed by the Rev. W. J. Bent, Bishop-elect to the Sitka Indians. The marine guard are invited to attend in full uniform, and the steam launch has been fitted up to take the happy pair on a bridal trip to the North Pole to cool the ardor of their love. The bride will of course wear the inevitable black silk headdress common to the higher class of Sitkin ladies. No cards. No pie.—*Sitka (Alaska) Herald.*