You and I.

You are climbing up life's pathway—
  Going down am I;
Youth's bright days o'er you are shining,
  Mine have all passed by;
Yet I fain would be remembered
  All the journey through;
Will you think of me as kindly
  As I think of you?

You are strong for all endeavor—
  Weak and worn am I;
You are longing for the conflict—
  For the rest I sigh;
You have faith, and hope, and courage—
  Memory's wealth is mine;
Yet a tie of love and friendship
  Links my heart to thine.

You are looking on to glory—
  Looking upward I;
You have stored on earth your treasures—
  Mine are placed on high;
Yet no height or depth can sever
  Love's immortal band;
We shall sometimes find the level
  Of the heavenly land.

—*Christian Leader.*

TOM.

Mrs. Hacker and her daughter sat the little parlor behind the shop taking tea. It was a frosty winter night, and the brown teapot was kept on the back of the stove that it might not chill. So was the pan of sausages, which tasted all the more crisp and savory in consequence. The door between the store and room stood open that any chance customer might be seen at once by the tea-drinkers, but the bell had not jingled since they took their seats.

"Trade is dreadful, Emma Jane," said Mrs. Hacker, dipping her bread into the sausage pan and transferring it to her plate by means of the long cooking fork. "Trade is dreadful! I should just give up if it got a little worse; but, dear me, I never had any luck in any thing. There's Mr. Ninnever putting plate glass—whole panes—into his windows, and beginning to talk of hiring the second floor for ready-made suits; and my things hang on my hands though I'm sure I make better selections than he knows how to. Another cup, Emma Jane—what a comfort tea is, to be sure."

"Then give me a cup, won't you, Mrs. Hacker?" said a voice behind them. "I want comfort, I'm sure. Here's grandma gone out and forgot to leave the key, and nothing for me to do but to sit on the stairs and cool my heels."

"Thomas! ha! how you scared me coming in so sudden!" screamed Emma Jane.

"Sit down, do," said Mrs. Hacker. "Take your seat here, Tom, and have your supper with us. Your grandma stopped to tell me she wouldn't be back until late, and the key is in the money-drawer."

"About all there is there, too," said Emma Jane, with a pout; "and I want a new winter bonnet."

"Look here, Mrs. Hacker," said the young man, slowly turning himself toward the old lady. "Look here, ma'am; here's some one ready and willing to buy that winter bonnet, and all the other bonnets Emma Jane will ever want. We've been engaged a year now, and at last I've got to be foreman in the factory. Why should we put it off any longer? Tell Emma Jane that it's all nonsense. She won't listen to me."

"Well, I don't think long engagements are best," said Mrs. Hacker. "What I should say to Emma Jane would be, 'Have him now.'"

"Oh, well! I suppose I shall be bothered until I do say yes," replied Emma Jane; and then the anxious lover, pleading his cause earnestly, the wedding day was actually set for Christmas eve, which was at that time about a month off.

This conversation, as well as the evening meal, being over Mrs. Hacker discreetly retired to the shop and left the lovers alone. However, she did not stay away long. In a few moments she came running in with her glasses on her nose, and an open letter in her hand.

"Read this, one of you," she said. "I've read it, but I can't believe I understand it. It seems as though I must be crazy. Here, you read it Thomas; I have more confidence in you."

Then she put the letter into Thomas Hunt's hand and sat down at the table.

"I found it on the floor," said she. "The postman must have thrown it in at the slit. I don't know whether it's a hoax or not, but its got a regular stamp on, an' all. My gracious, how queer I feel."

Meanwhile Thomas Hunt solemnly placed the sheet of paper before him, read it through, and turned back to the first line.

"It isn't a hoax," said he. "It's a regular lawyer's letter, and what it tells you is that your old uncle, Samuel Hacker, of London, England, is dead, and you are his heiress to the tune of $100,000. It's down in pounds, but that's the sum in our money."

"Pinch me! Emma Jane," cried Mrs. Hacker. "I mean it, dear; and if I don't wake up, I'll think it's true."

"Oh, pshaw, ma! It's true enough," cried Emma Jane. "How splendid! When are we to have the money? Oh, isn't it just lovely?"

But Thomas gave a little sigh.

"Mrs. Hacker," he said, "maybe you think a mechanic not rich enough or fine enough for your daughter, now you are as well off as that. If so, say so out and out, and I'll bear it as well as I can."

"Why, Thomas, if I was a queen, I'd think you a good son-in-law," said Mrs. Hacker.

"And you, Emma?" said Thomas.

"I shall wait until I get my diamonds on before I take airs," said his lady love.

Nevertheless the fortune made a change in the programme. It was necessary for Mrs. Hacker to go to England, and Emma Jane must go with her, she said; and, on the whole, it seemed best to postpone the wedding for awhile.

"It wouldn't be respectful to Uncle Simon to marry immediately," said the mother.

So Thomas had the unhappiness of seeing his lady-love leave the shores of her native land, and went back to his shop with a very heavy heart.

However, he worked hard, and many letters comforted him; and at last his Emma Jane returned gorgeous in the last London fashions; and there was all the bustle of buying a new home, furnishing it, and taking possession of it—and very little time for the lovers to be together.

"You see," said Mrs. Hacker to Thomas Hunt, "you see Emma Jane is all stirred up. She'll settle down after awhile; but young people will be young people, you know."

At home Thomas got less comfort.

"Emma Jane feels her money; she shows it," said Grandmother Hunt. "And the place is too fine for me, and the servants stare too much. Sarah Hacker is a sensible woman; but Emma Jane isn't much to depend on. You'll find that out, Thomas."

And poor Thomas did find it out.

"You see, Tom," said Emma, one day, twirling the cheap ring he had given her softly about on her finger—"You see, Tom, somehow I'd rather not be married for a long while. I don't want you to be angry with me; but I never was a rich girl before—and it's so nice. I get so much attention. I don't want to settle down as an old married woman yet."

"I'll wait, Emma," replied Tom.

"Ah, but—but you see it might be no use," said Emma. "Perhaps I never may want to marry; and if you don't mind taking back the ring, why we can be friends all the same."

"Can we?" said Tom, in a strange tone. "Well, I shall never be your enemy."

And he put the ring into his vest pocket; but he did not trouble the servant to open the door of the big house again.

"What ails Tom, Emma Jane," asked Mrs. Hacker. "Why don't he come here any more?"

"It's just as well he shouldn't," answered the girl; "and if you could only drop the Jane, ma; I hate it so."

"You didn't use to hate you poor grandma's name," said Mrs. Hacker; "but money has spoiled you, Emma Jane, if ever it spoiled a woman."

"Don't be cross, ma," coaxed Emma "Tom is very well, but he is common; and you know how elegant young Mr. Vreeland is, and—and he pays me a great deal of attention, ma."

"Ah, that's it," sighed old Mrs. Hacker. "He's cut Thomas Hunt out. You've jilted the poor boy."

And now Vreeland came often to see Emma Jane, was her escort everywhere, drove her out, walked with her, sang sentimental songs with his eyes fixed on her face, and all that might be done to show "what his intentions were." And a year from the day on which Mrs. Hacker took possession of her new house, she was not surprised by hearing that Mr. Vreeland desired to see her alone.

"Yes, I'll go to see him, my dear," said Mrs. Hacker, putting on her best cap at the glass; "but I can't help thinking of poor Tom."

Mr. Vreeland sat in the parlor in exactly the proper attitude, wearing the proper dress, and properly excited—no more. He informed the old lady that he had lost his heart to her daughter, and that as he believed he had found favor in that young lady's eyes, desired to have permission to set the wedding-day.

And Mrs. Hacker listened calmly, and answered thus:

"Mr. Vreeland, I think you are what they call a good match for Emma Jane, and I've nothing against you. It shall be as she chooses. Only it's but fair to tell you this. You must take her for herself, for in a week's time we shall leave this house, and I shall go back to my little shop. I've been speculating, and, well, you know how things go sometimes."

"Yes, I know," replied young Vreeland. He turned as pale as death as he spoke, and sat looking down at the carpet.

After awhile he said:

"Accept my condolences," and arose and bowed himself out of the front door.

An hour afterrwad Emma Jane, to whom her mother had told the same story of speculation and loss, received a note, which the Vreelands' black servant had brought to the door. It ran thus:

"MY DARLING EMMA: You know I adore and must adore you forever; but my habits are extravagant. My father, like your mother, has entered into disastrous speculations, and I will not bind you to a marriage which could result in nothing but misery. Yours ever, in deep despair. REGINALD VREELAND."

Ah, it was all like a dream to Emma. They went back to the old house, and the shop was opened again. The dirty boxes were brushed, the counter oiled, the pins and buttons, and striped blue elastic, and boxes of cheap thimbles, and the card-board mottoes stamped for working in silk, graced the glass case once more.

The same limited number of customers dropped in, and Emma served behind the counter, and washed dishes in the back room. She was very, very wretched, and life looked dark indeed to her.

Old Mrs. Hunt and Thomas still lived on the upper floor. The old grandmother told Mrs. Hacker that Tom was beginning to like Fannie Earle, the hair-dresser's pretty daughter.

Sometimes Tom would pass the window, but he never looked toward it.

Emma used to sit behind the counter thinking of him. What a lover she had had, and she had cast him away for fortune-hunter. Her verdict was that she deserved punishment, and she was very sad and very meek.

She expected nothing now but to die an old maid, living behind that little shop counter, and never having any admiration or attention again.

In this mood she sat beside her mother one winter evening. The table was spread with the thick stone china; the brown teapot and the pan of sausage hissed on the stove. The door stood open between the shop and the parlor. All that had happened since might have been a dream, and it might have been the same night, a year before, when the letter had come to them which had made such changes, and Emma had even poured out the second cup of tea or her mother, when the door into the hall creaked, and looking up, she saw Tom, big and brown as ever, with such a look in his eyes. But it could not be for her; she did not deserve it. And Emma dropped her head upon her hands and burst into tears.

Then she felt Tom kneel down beside her and put his arm around her waist.

"Look at me, Emma," he whispered. "Look at me, my dear. I cannot bear t any more. I never can help loving you, and for all that's come and gone, I believe you do love me a little."

Then Emma found courage to put her hands upon his shoulders and whisper: "Oh, Tom, I believe I do."

* * * * * * *

They were married in a very little while, and it was only after the wedding that old Mrs. Hacker, with a very solemn face, informed them that she had a confession to make.

"I haven't lost my money at all, my dears," she said. "I'm half afraid of it, for it seemed to bring unhappiness with it. Yet still it is comfortable to be rich. And now you are married to an honest man, that chose you when you were poor, my dear, we might as well make the most of it, and all go over together—Granny Hunt and all—to the big house the servants are keeping for us, thinking we're off on a journey. I shall never blame myself, and I don't think any of you will blame me, either."

Tom looked at Emma, but she only threw her arms about his neck and hid her face in his bosom and said:

"The money cannot make me any happier than I am, Tom."

And even Grandmother Hunt declared:

"The house don't seem too fine to me now, for there's love in it, and truth in it, and my Tom is as happy as the day."

Live Within Your Means.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others, as to secure to us the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

There are families who endure miseries untold because they live beyond their means, because they wish to dress and visit and entertain as neighbors do who have tenfold their income. Of this narrow and vulgar ambition, a brood of sordid and unwholesome things are born. It is impossible that children shall develop symmetry of character in houses where life is a frantic struggle to appear as gladly as the occupants of the next one appear, the grandeur being all tinsel and vain show.

A Russian journal gives some interesting official information in regard to the drainage of the great Russian marshes in recent years. At the close of the year 1879, 20,000,000 acres of the Polessie marshes had been reclaimed by 632 miles of canals. During that year thirty-four bridges furnished with hydraulic machinery for the purpose of watering the fields in the time of drought were erected on these canals. These, added to the number previously built, made sixty-eight. In this same district half a million of these reclaimed acres are now arable land, which has added 14,000,000 rubles to the national wealth. Great drainage works are carried on in other sections, which will give a great impulse to the wealth and prosperity of that country.

There is a lake having an area of ninety acres on Kern river, Cal. The lake is about twenty-nine feet in depth at the lower end, and so clear that the fishes are seen swimming around. The lake is located ten miles, nearly east, from the Mineral King mine. A few miles higher up the river there are plenty of bear and deer, and eighteen miles higher up four waterfalls from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high each.

DRINKING HOT BLOOD.

How Debilitated Patients Take Their Mutatinal Draughts at a New Orleans Slaughter-House.

It is comparatively only within the last few years that the medical world has recognized the vital properties of blood when taken by the mouth as a remedy against phthisis, or, as it is more commonly known, consumption. When in France it was first proposed to give blood as a stimulant and nutrient in cases where the system had become depleted from the drain upon the system by tubercles on the lungs, the idea met with great opposition, and for a time there were long discussions between physicians in the leading medical gazettes. But some remarkable results in cases of great debilitation, which were well authenticated, gained for this treatment many friends, and a change was wrought even among those who had been most bitter in scoffing at such a restorative. Now the abattoirs of Paris are daily crowded with people suffering from lung troubles—in fact, from all pulmonary complaints. The treatment was not long being introduced this side of the water, and in New York it was marked with more success than was anticipated. It soon came in use here, and several physicians have prescribed the drinking of blood to their patients, with good results in a number of cases.

Besides blood, their is another remedy for consumption, called koumiss, which has also attained a high rank, and which is now being freely used throughout the country.

Koumiss is made by the Cossacks in the steppes of Tartary, from the milk of the mare, which, owing to its liability to ferment and decompose, is not susceptible of transportation; but there is made an artificial article here which is said to contain all the chemical properties of that from Tartary. Many physicians, however, prefer fresh beef's blood to the manufactured article.

Recently a reporter of the *Democrat* visited the Crescent City slaughter-house, below the barracks, for the purpose of witnessing some patients take their daily drafts of gore, and his visit was not without recompense. Meeting the genial superintendent, Mr. John Dolhonde, he gave many details of blood drinking which few people of our city know of. He said that there are now as daily drinkers some three or four ladies and the same number of gentlemen. They reach the slaughter-house by the cars from Canal street by about noon, and stand near the slaughter-pens, awaiting the killing of an animal. A beef is driven into the pen, and the door is closed. A butcher aloft on a scaffolding, armed with a long spear-headed pole, watches his opportunity, and with a sudden thrust drives the steel point deep into the base of the steer's brain. The animal, paralyzed by the blow, drops to the floor, when a second butcher advances and, after cutting down a portion of the skin, severs the arteries of the neck, and a crimson tide flows out. The ladies have their large pint glasses ready, and the butcher catches the blood flowing in a pulsating stream from the neck and passes it out, when the patients drink it down while still warm and before it has time to coagulate. After the slight feeling of disgust at the first draught has passed away, the patients apparently relish it and do not evince the least sign of hesitancy in taking it. The taste is a sweetish, salty one, not very different from that of sweet milk, and is likened to that experienced when a cut finger is involuntarily put in ones mouth to stop the pain. This taste lingers in the mouth for a considerable time, but the blood-drinkers do not complain of it as being unpleasant.

Mr. Dolhonde says that he has noticed several remarkable results from it. One—a young lady—who, when she first went down to the slaughter-house, looked exceedingly ill and far gone with consumption. He could mention her name, but it would not be proper. After some weeks' trial drinking blood, she began to improve and to-day is well and hearty. He mentioned several other cases where like good results had come from it, but said some came down there in the last stages of consumption, when, of course, it was too late to do any good.

The ladies generally came to his office and he, with pleasure, escorted them to the pens about killing time, which is after twelve o'clock.

The reporter then waited for some of the drinkers to appear, and presently a lady, exceedingly thin, with a hectic flush on either cheek, got out of the cars, and securing her glass, started with her escort down the walk leading to the abattoir. A large milk-white beef had just been driven in one of the pens, and overhead, with pole poised, his executioner stood, waiting a favorable opportunity to strike. The blow falls, the brute lies trembling on the floor, and in a moment the knife at his throat has opened the flood-gates of his life-tide. The lady's glass was quickly filled, and as quickly handed to her. Without betraying the least emotion, she pressed the crimsoned breaker to her lips, and, without withdrawing it, swallowed its contents and turned away as if she had just partaken of some soda water. There was none of that gagging and nausea that cod-liver oil excites, and the effect appeared to be almost as stimulating and exhilarating as a glass of champagne. A brighter color came to her cheeks and her eyes seemed to gain a brilliancy they had not before.

As the animals are all inspected before they can be slaughtered, perfectly healthy blood is insured, and it is said to increase the appetite wonderfully. An ex-sheriff, who is a gentleman of large frame, after taking three glasses of blood every day, says that his appetite for dinner is wonderfully increased thereby. It seems to set the organs of appropriation going, and food is more rapidly digested.

Blood-drinking has become such a common sight at the slaughter-house nobody seems to pay the least notice to the patients, and they take their gratuitous beverage and go away without exciting the least attention. During the winter the number increases, but blood enough for a thousand runs off down the gutters of the pens.

The treatment, to be of benefit, it is said, must be kept up some months, regularly taking a glass every day.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

Lacked the Conveniences.

"My dear sir," began a cheerful-looking gentleman, not particularly well dressed or smelling very pleasant, as he broke into the *Eagle's* sanctum yesterday and grasped the city editor's hand. "My dear sir, do you not recognize me?"

"No, I don't," responded the city editor, gruffly. What's you racket?"

"Don't recognize me! Why, my dear sir, don't you recognize—did you ever see Doctor Carver, the famous rifle shot?"

"No, I didn't," replied the city editor.

"Oh, well, that accounts for it," said the visitor, breathing easier.

"Are you Doctor Carver?" asked the city editor, suspiciously.

"The same," responded the seedy man. "I've dropped in to ask a bit of a favor. Coming across on the boat from New York I made a match with a man who is waiting downstairs for me. We are to shoot right away, and I have walledin to borrow your gun until I eat him."

"Where's your own?"

"In New York. Haven't time to get it. The match comes off in an hour, and I must have a gun. Happened to think of you and stepped in. Will return it in two hours."

"But I haven't any gun," said the city editor. "Never did have one, and don't want any."

"Anybody round the office got one?" asked the doctor. "Do you know anybody who has got a gun?"

"No, I don't. Why don't you buy one?"

"That's just it. This match is for $1,500 a side, and it took every cent of change I had to make the stake. Haven't got a quarter left, so I'm compelled to borrow a gun to win my money back. You wait here, and I'll see the man, and see what he'll do," and the doctor shuffled across the street to where the man in a slouch hat and tom trousers was trying to decipher a theatrical poster. After a few moments' conversation the doctor hobbled back.

"We've fixed it," he shouted, gleefully. "He consents to shoot with a pistol. Twelve hundred yards with a revolver, which lets us out. The man's a stranger to me, but he seems to be a perfect gentleman. So now we're all right, eh?"

"It looks so," said the city editor "Good day. Hope you beat him."

"There is only one trouble," continued the doctor, "and that is, I haven't any pistol with me. If you'll lend me yours till I finish this match, it'll be the best thing you ever did for this paper," and the doctor winked mysteriously.

"But I haven't got any pistol," remonstrated the city editor. "There isn't a pistol in the office."

"Well, that's funny. I'll ask him again what we'd better do."

Once more the shabby doctor and his shabbier friend entered into negotiations, and the doctor returned, convulsed with mirth.

"He says he'll throw penknives at a mark with me, provided I furnish new imported stock. Of course, I can beat him at that, but I haven't the knives. He's the queerest chap I ever saw. You haven't got a couple of nice penknives, have you?"

"No!" responded the city editor; "I haven't any."

"I don't see how we are going to have the match out," said the doctor, "unless he could consent to shy clubs. Have you got any Indian clubs or nice walking canes about you?"

"Nothing of the sort!"

"I reckon I'll have to go to New York for my gun, but the worst of it is I've put up my last cent of change on the match—$1,500 in cash—and I haven't two cents to pay the ferriage. Of course, I must pay for him because he's holding the stakes and I don't want to lose sight of him. Got a quarter?"

"No," said the city editor. "Haven't anything of the sort."

"Of course, I don't need a quarter, 'cause the fare is only two cents apiece. Lend me a nickel till I get my gun?"

"Haven't got it."

"Very well," said the doctor, with a shade of disappointment on his fac "then the match is off. It won't be shot and I lose my money."

Ten minutes afterward the doctor and his friend flew through the swing-door of a saloon on their way to the curbstone, and the city editor looking on from his window felt his conscience ease up on him as he noticed that the doctor was a length and two necks ahead or his competitor, and that he had won one match even if he had forfeited in the other.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A return issued by the German postmaster-general shows the number of post cards used in Europe in the year 1879 to have been 342,000,000.

Hope.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
  Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;
  Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceberg
  On a sea with sunny shore.
Gay, we sail; it melts beneath us;
  We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby,
  Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;
  One small grave is all he gets,

—*Thomas Carlyle*

HUMOROUS.

Soar feet—A balloon ascension.

A woman's belt is always waist full.

A grave error—Burying a man alive.

No matter how old a crowbar may be, it remains as pry as ever.

The barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.

Put your head in the cold and you shall be rewarded by having a cold in your head.

All reports to the contrary, the ice crop for 1881 has not yet been damaged by frost.

Dressmakers who know their business never make bulls; they do all the goring themselves.

"Ah," said a deaf man, who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear below!"

A man is a "perfect brick" when he shows himself all the better for being hard-pressed.

Shell pink is a fashionable color. The husband of the lady who wears the pink usually does the shelling.

The principal resemblance between a man who stops a team on the crosswalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is that both make about a hundred wait.

"The difference," said the cook, "between a child of royal birth and a young lamb is that the first is tended in splendor and the other is splendid 'n tender."—*Petroleum World.*

The papers make a great bother about the number of people who escape at a railroad accident. Wouldn't they have escaped just the same had there been no accident?—*Boston Transcript.*

Bjornsen, the Norwegian novelist and poet, hjas ajrrived ijn tjhis cjountry, cjreating qjuite ajn ejxcitement ijn ljiterary cjircles, ajnd ijs ajnxious tjo mjeet Wilhelmji, bjingo.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Cincinnati man had his portrait painted in Paris. His friends complained to him that it was much too old "That's what I ordered," said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."

A great punster was asked one evening in company, to make an extempore pun. "Upon what subject?" he inquired. One of the party answered: "The queen." "Oh, sir," he replied, "the queen is no subject."

When spelling is "reformed" she'll write:
  "I'm sailing on the oshun,
The se is hi, no sale in site,
  It filz me with emoshun."
But one "spell" will not change its name,
  For she'll be se-sick just the saim!

The women are always looking under the bed for a man. No man ever thought of looking for a woman under such circumstances. He always scans the mirror when he is in search of the female.—*Bloomington Eye.*

We are not very observing, but we have noticed that the first thing any woman does on alighting from a carriage is to carefully put her right hand in conjunction with her back hair, just to see if it's all right.

An American lawyer is now attorney-general of the Sandwich Islands. If in two years he doesn't own the entire country and hold the king's note for a large sum he is no credit to the American bar.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

People say they shell peas when they unshell them; husk corn when they unhusk it; dust furniture when they undust it; skin a calf when they unskin it; cale fishes when they unscale them; weed their gardens when they unweed them.

The governor of a well-known prison extolled the liberal diet of the convicts under his care in the following manner "They have not only thirty per cent. of azoted matter, twenty-seven of albumen, eighteen of gelatin, fifteen of fibrine, and seven of phosphates, but also ten cubic yards of air a day—upward of 500 gallons—a regular orgie."

The *Indian Herald* says: We hear that a somewhat novel branch of trade—a trade in wives—has sprung up in some of the Punjauly frontier districts. Women are kidnaped beyond the frontier, purchased by the Afredees and others from their kidnapers and hawked about for sale in British territory. These women are often forcibly married to their purchasers, in spite of the fact that they may have husbands and children at their own homes. The trade is extensively carried on in the districts of Dera Ghazi Khan and Kohat.

A gale blew down a circus tent at Argenta, Ark., and two lions escaped from their broken cage. The beasts bounded through the frightened assembly and disappeared into the darkness. The rare opportunity of a lion hunt was not embraced by the inhabitants, who all got behind securely fastened doors as quickly as possible. The circus employees, however, provided themselves with torches, pursued the fugitives, frightened them with the flaring lights, and drove them into a cage.