

LORD BERESFORD'S CAREER.

The Hero of the Bombardment of Alexandria—Lord Charles Beresford and His Adventures.

A New York reporter fell in with an Irish waiter at a restaurant who had served with Lord Charles Beresford and was full of interesting reminiscences of his career. He said: "Well, sir, I give you my word that young fellow was the wildest, most reckless boy I ever saw in my life. He had everything in the way of money any one could want, and he would risk his life twenty times where I wouldn't risk mine once, who was slaving for a living. There was nothing he wouldn't do. And with all that he was a splendid sailor. He could show older officers than he was all over the ship. Wild as he was, too, he was always up straight to the mark when on deck, but between decks—well, there was nothing too hot for him. If there was ever a dangerous place to get into Beresford was there first. I remember during the Fenian troubles in 1867 we were off Galway in a bad storm. We had been warned not to go out, but there were rumors of cruisers coming from America, and we had to go. The top-sail had to be furlled, and it was really dangerous to go aloft, for she was washing her yards under. Well, sir, if a British sailor gets his order to go he will go, but the captain was not willing to send the men aloft without an officer. I mean he would not risk men's lives where he would not risk an officer's. He turned to the officers and asked for one to lead the men. I give you my word, sir, Beresford was out on the end of that yard before another officer could look aloft.

"He is a slight-built man unless he has fallen into flesh since, but at this time he would not weigh more than 140 pounds, but he fought the ship's corporal, who was a big man, and a boxer, too, and made him give in. Of course it was kept very quiet, as it was a breach of discipline, but I knew about it. We were in the harbor at Holyhead, and the corporal went to call him in the morning. He said he wouldn't get up. The corporal made him, or said he would, or something, but anyway Beresford jumped out and says to the corporal: 'Look here, corporal, you're a pretty big fellow and a good boxer, and you think you're the cock of the ship. Now you say nothing about it and I won't, and we'll settle this thing at once.' So he dressed and went forward. There was no one about at that hour—about 4 in the morning and we being in harbor—except the sentry, and there they set to. Well, sir, you never saw so battered and bruised up a pair in your life as these two men. They were both good boxers, but the corporal, as big as he was, had to give in. At the same place Beresford went ashore one night with another officer, and they came to a public house called the Eagle. There was a big eagle, all gold and paint, and great big wings over the door. Beresford climbed upon the other man's shoulder and pulled it down. Just as he was getting it down the man inside woke up by the noise, and opening the window began to yell for the police like mad. The two started for the beach with the eagle, and the police hot foot after them; as soon as one would get exhausted carrying the eagle he'd drop it, and the other would pick it up and go on. They got to the beach and Beresford jumps into the boat and says to the boatman: 'Now get to that ship if you want to save your life!' At that time I was after being made second ward-room steward, and when I came into the room in the morning to set the breakfast what should I see but this big wooden eagle set out on the table, with a stick-up collar on and a little pair of white pantaloons. I knew it was some of Beresford's work as soon as I saw it.

"One trick of his I know of, because I saw the picture, but where it occurred I can't remember, because it was before I knew him. Anyhow, young Beresford and another boy like himself were ashore, and there was a flag-pole carrying the flag at the American consul's residence. It was at night, and for pure devilment the boys climbed the pole and carried off the flag, took it aboard the ship and hoisted it at the mainmast in a basket. Well, sir, you may believe there was a time when the captain came on deck in the morning. He was in an awful stew, and of course the consul, or whoever was in charge, was tearing mad. There was a great row, the two boys were brought up, and the end of it was they were sentenced to climb the pole and put the flag back. Then Beresford said he wouldn't do it. Of course he would have been dismissed from the navy for insubordination, but some one who knew the family well sent word to his mother, and she telegraphed to him that he must do it for her sake. There was nothing

he wouldn't do for his mother. When she came to visit him on the ship he used to have grand ceremonies of reception—not on board, of course, because discipline would not allow anything to be done there, but on shore. He thought the world of her, and when she telegraphed to him he said he would put the flag back because of his mother's request. Then they put it back in grand style. There was a public ceremony, he had a photographer on the ground, and there he was taken climbing the pole, he and the other boy, with the American flag trailing over his shoulder. He had the picture enlarged, and kept it in a scrapbook with all the newspaper notices of the affair cut out and pasted under it. The Research, when I was with him, was paid off in 1868. I next heard of him as flag-lieutenant on board the Galatea, and since then he has been out of the way until I saw about his commanding the Condor at Alexandria. I used to think he would only remain in the navy long enough to be able to retire with the title of Captain Beresford, but he seems to stick to it, so I suppose he has some higher ambition."

Keep Cheery.

One of the most delightful sights we know of is that of sunshine in human faces. How such a man draws us to himself. See his large, sunny nature. Nothing seems to cloud his face. While others are gloomy and discouraged he is full of hope and full of courage. He looks on the bright side; he laughs at adversity and snaps his fingers in the face of discouragements. He comes up all around him. Soldiers on the march feel the invigorating effect of such a man's presence. Tired workers everywhere are cheered and strengthened by the sight of such faces and the sound of such voices.

This is a priceless possession to a mother, wife, teacher, minister or any leader of men. Think of the discouragement and weariness of working on, day by day, by the side of one or under the authority of one who is always gloomy and morose. It were as pleasant and as easy to labor in darkness and in shadows.

Cheery men and women are stronger men and women. They do more. They age less, carry no useless burdens and avoid much friction. Their faces are known and read of all men, and what a joyous, health-giving tale they tell. Do you say this is all beautiful and true, but these we speak of have no trials? No ill-health, or broken fortunes, or crushed hopes have ever come to shadow and embitter their lives? Stay, friend, this supposition of yours is all wrong. These men and women could tell you often of severe sickness or great reverses of fortune. These things have not prevented them, need not prevent any one from living in the sunlight.

Oh, how we need such men and women now. We need them in every home and every church. Are you one of these? Then you are doing good continually; doing it as the sun shines in heaven or the rain falls on the earth. God bless you in your helpful ministry.

Are you not one of these? Then you miss much of the great sweetness and joyousness of life. Get out from under the clouds. You were never meant to live in tears continually. Rejoice! Cheer up! Whistle, sing, do something to brighten yourselves. Live honestly before God and man and do good. Cheer up others and thus fill your soul with sunlight. "God bless us every one," and fill our souls with the sunshine of His presence, and our daily life with sunny faces, kind words and unselfish acts.—*Golden Rule.*

Eight Hundred Tons of Silver Dollars.

A New York *Bulletin* reporter obtained permission some time ago to see the vault at the New York sub-treasury, in which the silver now accumulating so rapidly, is deposited. He was courteously ushered by Sub-Treasurer Acton through the offices, and then lowered by a lift to the vault. Its entrance is guarded by a massive safe door, with complicated lock. Underneath the vault are, it is said, twenty feet of solid granite, and the sides are about eight feet in thickness. The vault is divided into twelve compartments, each having its door of stout wire. Here are stored, in 28,000 canvas bags, no less a sum than \$28,000,000 in dollars and smaller silver coinage. The money weighs 800 tons. This immense stock of silver coin has been received, it is stated, within the past two years. To the door of each compartment is attached a label stating the value of its contents. This accumulation is expected to grow larger so long as the coinage of silver goes on. The public dislike handling it in large sums, provided greenbacks or certificates can be obtained.

Traffic in Old Shoes.

Says a New York paper: Rows of shoes stand at the head of basement stairs on the lower side of Baxter street, all the way from Chatham to Canal street, from early in the morning until late at night. They are patched and pieced, and the soles and heels on them are new, but their appearance tell of long and hard wear. There is not an unworn shoe to be seen along the entire street. They are all second-handed and in the worst possible condition at that for the most part. Peering down into the gloomy basements hundreds of others will be seen on the floors, while on insecure benches from one to four cobblers will be stitching, patching, soling and healing dilapidated shoes. Here, scarcely a minute's walk from the busiest part of the metropolis, in the lowest quarter and in the most unpretentious manner, is conducted a business the proportions of which one would never suspect.

The old shoe trade is confined almost exclusively to Baxter street, although here and there in Sixth and Seventh avenues are places where better grades of second-hand articles are sold. Both men's old boots and women's shoes are dealt in. From five cents to \$1 a pair is paid for men's shoes. Boots are worth a little less because the sale for them is not so large. For women's shoes from five to thirty-five cents a pair is paid. So long as the uppers are not completely spoiled the shoes can be utilized. Shoes that most people would suppose were entirely past redemption can be patched up and made presentable. After soles and heels have been put on the shoes and the rents concealed by patches, the price is increased about fifty cents on the average. A pair of shoes for which twenty-five cents was paid are sold, when repaired, for seventy cents. The profit to the dealer is from ten to thirty-five per cent. The dealers pay their cobblers, as a rule, eighty cents a pair for reconstructing shoes, and in addition to this they count the cost of leather in their expenses, and thus it will be seen that their profit is not heavy. One of the shopmen was asked how long the shoes would last. "We don't like to sell shoes in wet weather," he replied. "The soles are liable to float off and leave the uppers without any bottoms. Maybe they will wear for one day and maybe they will last for one month. We guarantee no goods because the profits are so small. 'The cobblers' can't afford to put in many pegs, and we can't afford to put in much leather." The reporter picked up a pair of shoes, and he was not long in reaching the conclusion that, like glass, they must be handled with care. The business is not restricted to the retail trade, but includes the wholesale. A great many cases of the shoes are shipped to Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other cities on the orders of second-hand clothes dealers. The profits in the wholesale trade range from five to ten per cent, under those in the retail.

The patrons of the place are from the poorer classes. The busiest days in the retail trade are Saturday and Sunday, more particularly the latter. The shops open, some of them, as early as 5 o'clock in the morning, and many of them do not close until midnight. The rent of the basements is from \$25 to \$60 per month. This is the greatest expense to the proprietor, and little wonder is it that he pulls his customers in by main force to make up for the heavy drain.

The question will naturally be asked where all the shoes come from. The Italians, those scavengers of the streets, fish old shoes out of the ash barrels by the hundreds. They know their value as well as they do the worth of rags, bones and bottles. They carry the shoes to their quarters, scrape the ashes off of them, and take them to Baxter street. The junk and rag dealers buy or ask a gift of old shoes in their wanderings, and they take them to Baxter street. The bootblacks at the hotels and other places seize upon old shoes as prizes. Some of the pawnshops and old clothes stands buy old shoes, and only when they are in good condition. It is only at the shops that the shoes which need to be reconstructed are bought. Moderate fortunes have been made in the old shoe trade in Baxter street. Men have gone into it, and advanced to the trade in new goods or retired altogether. Many of the present dealers own their places of business, and seem to prosper at least as well as the old clothes men.

Louisiana's salt mine, which is in Iberia parish, covers an area of 140 acres and is a solid deposit of remarkable purity. The rock is very solid and is without fissure or seams. Over 1,200 sacks are the present daily output.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Spices, condiments, etc., in small quantity, when needed by the weak, infirm or aged, stimulate the flow of saliva, and of the gastric juice, and these may help digestion. But the young and strong should reserve the use of these until infirmity of age makes them partially necessary, and they will be all the more useful, because the system has not become so habituated to them that they will have little effect.

A physician writes from Peru to make known the result of his observation of malarial, or intermittent, fevers and their cause. He believes more in surface chilling as a cause than in germs. In places of high altitude, where there was no chance, as he thinks, for malarial germs to thrive, he has seen typical and extreme attacks of intermittent fever from exposure during the cool of evening in the same clothing which was worn in the tropical heat of the day. To properly protect oneself by remaining indoors during the evening, or by wearing an overcoat when going out, was quite sufficient, in his experience, to prevent, or avoid, so-called malarial troubles.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The most dangerous of the vegetable poisons at this season of the year are the hemlocks (including the hemlock dropwort, water hemlock and the common hemlock), fool's parsley, monkshood, foxglove, black hellebore, or Christmas rose, buckbram, henbane, thorn apple and deadly nightshade. In a case of vegetable poisoning, says Knowledge, "emetics (the sulphate of zinc, if procurable) should be used at once, the back of the throat tickled with a feather, and copious draughts of tepid water taken to excite and promote vomiting. Where these measures fail the stomach-pump must be used. Neither ipecacuanha nor tartar emetic should be used to cause vomiting, as during the nausea they produce before vomiting is excited the poison is more readily absorbed. Vinegar must not be given until the poisonous matter has been removed; but afterward it may be given in doses of a wineglassful, one part vinegar to two parts water, once every two hours in mild cases, but oftener—to half-hour doses—in cases of greater severity. Where there is stupor, the patient should be kept walking about, and if the stupor is great cold water may be dashed over the head and chest. Strong coffee may be used where the narcotic effect of the poisoning is very marked. It is all-important that in cases of vegetable poisoning a medical man should be sent for at once.

Japanese Flowers.

The peony is the standard of beauty, as applied to the charms of the fair sex in Japan, says a letter from that country. No higher compliment can be offered a lady than to compare her to a peony. The Japanese do not give a glance and turn away from their favorite flower, but will sit for hours contemplating a floral display. They not only give their time to visiting them, but they appear to indulge in blissful intoxication of sentiment while they contemplate their beauties. The chrysanthemum is also found here in great variety, and of all shades of color and of enormous dimensions. The chrysanthemum display in Tokio every year is one of the notable incidents of the season, and is visited from far and near. To be deprived of this pleasure is one of the pains of life. The iris is also found in great profusion, attaining a size and beauty unknown elsewhere. The variety of shades and form of flower is almost endless. Lilies are lilies here, putting it beyond the boasting of any other land to equal them. Camellias attain the dimensions of forest trees, bearing such a wealth of flowers that with hesitation one would dare to attempt to state, approximately, the thousands that may be seen upon one tree. One could as well number the blossoms on an apple tree. The harmony of color that is so noticeable in everything the Japanese make or wear is no doubt the result of constant association with their beautiful flowers. There must be a large sale for the different flowers in their season, as there are numbers of plants peddlers constantly perambulating the streets with different varieties in pots, or in mat coverings for the protection of their roots. At night, all through the year, there are exposed for sale on the streets large collections of plants in flower. There are no bouquet sellers, nor are cut flowers offered for sale on the street. The great passion appears to be to see them growing and attached to the mother plant. About the 20th of April roses are in bloom. The rose has been widely introduced in Japan from abroad and finds a congenial home here.

The Duello in Louisiana.

In an account of some duels fought years ago in Louisiana, a New Orleans correspondent says: A type of a Southern duelist was young Orrin Bird, every member of whose family had the reputation of having killed "his man" and died "with his boots on." Bird would never have struck the average observer as a dangerous or determined man. The son of a Carolina preacher, he had been thoroughly educated, and was refined and gentlemanly in his manners. He was a great ladies' man, much admired and petted by the young belles of New Orleans, and, with his delicate complexion, graceful figure and faultless costume, gave one the impression of being somewhat effeminate.

He was never disputatious, quarrelsome or boastful, always sober, and extremely courteous to every one, and while he never sought a duel he never shirked one, and always seemed blessed with success upon the field. One of his first affairs was with Colonel Richard Hagan, whose utterly fearless character had been demonstrated in half a dozen "affairs." In one of these, at Natchez, Miss., he had received a wound which ninety times out of a hundred would prove fatal, his carotid artery being severed by the ball of his antagonist. His life was saved by his surgeon, Dr. Stone, and he recovered to fight a second time the man who had so seriously wounded him, and this time to kill him.

The meeting between Bird and Hagan, which occurred on the Mexican Gulf railroad, was awaited with intense interest by every one, as it was well known that both parties were good shots. To make the affair sure the two principals were posted in the center of the track, thus affording them a much better aim. Both combatants, as was expected, made line shots. Hagan's ball passed through Bird's leg, inflicting an unpleasant but not a serious wound, while Hagan's femoral artery was cut, a wound generally deemed mortal. Fortunately for him, he had the same physician as at the Natchez duel, and his life was again saved. But he was never the same man, and when he again appeared in the world, after months of nursing, it was on crutches, crippled for life, but still the same brave-spirited, popular gentleman he had always been. It should be stated, by the way, that this duel was fought on the very eve of Bird's marriage.

Dostoevsky's Pigeon.

A writer in the *Journal Karkaz* relates a touching incident in Dostoevsky's exile life in Siberia. In the household of a certain officer, to whose charge the novelist and other prisoners were at one time committed, was a governess, to whom belonged a number of tame pigeons. The governess was considered to have great influence over the officer, and the exiles stood duly in awe of her, though among themselves she was spoken of as "Nyetka" (a disrespectful diminutive of Anna). "Nyetka's pigeons used often to fly into our yard," says the narrator, "and many of us looked at them with covetous eyes. The warders, however, kept a sharp lookout that we did not catch any of them."

One young pigeon grew particularly attached to Dostoevsky, who fed it regularly with bread, so that it came every day to him for its dole. At first the warders were for preventing this, but seeing that Dostoevsky meant the bird no harm they winked at the slight indulgence. One day the prisoners, on account of some unusually laborious work upon which they had been employed during the day, were brought back to the prison a little earlier than the wonted hour. It happened that they passed by the officer's house just as the governess was feeding her pigeons. A madcap thought came into Dostoevsky's head. He yielded to it, and whistled his favorite to him. The birds all rose in the air, and the prisoner's pet flew up to him and began circling round his head. The governess, enraged at this, rushed straight up to Dostoevsky. "Is that you, you scoundrel, who entices my pigeons? You shall pay for this." The narrator could not catch the words of Dostoevsky's reply; they seemed, however, to convey some impressive rebuke. Contrary to expectation, Dostoevsky was not punished in any way for his boldness. A fortnight later the prisoners learned that Nyetka had gone back to Russia, taking her pigeons with her. But the bird that the novelist had attached to himself continued to come to his hand. Whether it had escaped and returned to him out of its own accord, or whether it was intentionally left for the prisoner by the impulsive, but perhaps good-hearted Nyetka, remained a mystery. One thing was certain—the treatment of the prisoners grew more harsh after her departure.—*Athenaeum.*

Hotel Life in Sicily.

Charles Dudley Warner writes as follows: We found at Syracuse another Sicilian hotel worthy of mention. This is the Locanda del Sole. It is only about half as dear as the Vittoria, which we tried first, but it is a little worse. We did not understand at first why there were no bells in any part of the dirty house, but we soon discovered that there was nothing to be had if we could have rung for it. It is a very old and not uninteresting sort of barracks, and its rambling terraces give good views of the harbor and of *Etna*. The rooms, too, are adorned with quaint old prints which give it an old-time air. It can be fairly said of its management that the attendance is as good as the food.

I do not know how long it would take to starve a person to death there, or to disgust him with victuals to that extent that death would be preferable to dining, but we touched close upon the probable limit of endurance in five days. It was a lengthy campaign of a morning to get a simple early breakfast. It was a work of time, in the first place, to get anybody to serve it. When the one waiter was discovered and coaxed into the dining-room, I ordered coffee and the usual accompaniments. In about fifteen minutes he brought in a pot of muddy liquid and a cup. I suggested, then, in season, a spoon ought to go with it. A spoon was found after some search—sugar, also, I got by importunity. The procuring of milk was a longer process. Evidently the goat had to be hunted up.

By the time the goat came to terms the coffee was cold. I then brought up the subject of bread. That was sent out for and delivered. Butter, also, was called for, not that I wanted it, or could eat it when it came, but because butter is a conventional thing to have for breakfast. This butter was a sort of poor cheese gone astray. The last article to be got was a knife. The knives were generally very good, or would have been if they had been clean. By patience, after this, you can have a red mullet and an egg and some sour oranges. All the oranges in Sicily are sour. The reason given for this, however, is that all the good ones are shipped to America. The reason given in America why all the Sicily oranges are sour is that all the good ones are kept at home.

When the traveler reaches Malta and Tangier he will learn what an orange really is. I do not know that I can say anything more in favor of the Hotel Sole, except that the proprietors were as indifferent to our departure as to our comfort while we stayed. We left at 10 o'clock at night, to take the train for Malta. We procured a fackion outside to move our luggage, and not a soul connected with the hotel was visible. The landlord had exhausted himself in making out our bills. There was some difficulty in separating our several accounts, and when the landlord at last brought a sheet of paper on which the various items were set in order, and the figures were properly arranged, he regarded his work with justifiable pride, and exclaimed, "It is un conte magnifico." We agreed with him that, in some respects, the account was magnificent.

A Show Eagle With a History.

The Denver (*Col.*) *Tribune* says: For some days past the large golden eagle placed on exhibition in front of the curiosity store in the Windsor block has received much attention; but the many who have gazed at it in wonderment have little thought that the bird had a history quite tragic in detail. The story has been told in paragraph, but never in detail before.

Last February a ranchman living near North Platte, Nebraska, was preparing to take his family to town to spend Sunday. His child, one year of age, was left alone in the wagon which was to serve as a means of conveyance, while the father went back. While he was in the house he heard the shrieks of the baby outside, and rushing to the door he found the little one in the cruel talons of a huge bird, which was slowly ascending, striving to escape with its precious prize. The father was at first unable to move, so greatly afraid was he that the bird would drop the little one to the ground. But before the eagle could get out of reach the farmer secured a gun and fired. The bird came down slowly, and it was thought the child would be saved, but when within about ten feet of the ground the child was dropped, the eagle landing near it. The baby was killed instantly by the fall. The eagle was riddled with shot and was supposed to be dead. He was placed in a box and sent to a taxidermist in this city, who upon opening the box found the bird still alive. He was carefully nursed, and is now as well as ever.

Prussia has over 350 agricultural schools and colleges.