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A Trouting Idyl.

"I go a-fishing"—JOHN xxi., 3.

A line,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing;
A cast,
A bite,
"A trout?"
"You're right;
For this I have been wishing."

In camp
To lie,
With trout
To try,
Farewell to cares and sadness!
No care,
No strife
In such
A life,
What health and rest and gladness!

Then come
With me,
Away
We'll flee,
And spend a month together,
By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take,
And sleep in stormy weather.

—*Cambridge Tribune.*

DESTINY.

On a stormy March day a fresh-faced young girl was (I am tempted to say "manfully") "womanfully" making her way along the main street of a New England factory village. A bright, daring face was hers—one that said as plainly as brown eyes, red lips and piquant features could say: "Here I am. Let Fate send her worst. I shall fight the good fight." The very curls on her temples, blowing this way and that, under her simple straw turban, looked fearless, almost saucy, yet without any suggestion of that hideous, straight-hanging, modern crank of fashion termed "bang." She wore a neat waterproof suit, sensible in length, and pepper-and-salt of hue, though a shrewd physiognomist might have been willing to wager that somewhere among her feminine adorning would be found a vivid dash of scarlet. She carried her cotton umbrella without endangering people's eyes, and appeared altogether business-like and self-sustained. A passing stranger, glancing at her eager face and quick gait, would think, "That girl is in dead earnest."

She looked occasionally at the pictures, vases and other pretty trifles in the shop windows but without a twinge of envy in her healthful soul. She was went to say that she could enjoy them four times a day (except when she carried her dinner) without the trouble of taking care of them. In short, she seemed fully equipped for "possessing" in the very best sense. She did stop, however, before a confectioner's window where some tempting oranges were displayed, counted the contents of a shabby little purse, then snapped the steel clasp with a determined shake of the head. "Nettie Randall, you're a selfish coward." was her mental comment as she walked resolutely on.

Turning into a quieter street, yet not too far from the business part of the village, she entered a small frame house by the door of which was tacked a modest tin sign, lettered, "Ladies' Trimming Store. F. & A. Randall." In the front windows hung a few ribbons, cheap laces, Hamburg edgings, etc.—a most unpretending establishment. As Nellie closed the door upon her dripping umbrella and the general discomfort of storm and fast-thickening darkness outside, a cheery warmth and light greeted her, and another fresh-faced, brown-eyed girl, a year or two younger, looked up with a bright smile, from her seat behind the counter, where she was swiftly and dextrously drawing the bristles through those indispensable aids to civilization, tooth-brushes.

"How's 'Destiny?'" asked Nettie, in a matter of course way, as she hung up her waterproof and pushed her overshoes under the stove to dry.

(In explanation, let it be here stated that these two were once singing that beautiful poem which begins:

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined;"

a tiny, lisping cousin caught the melody, and piped out: "Though the day of my destiny's 'clined." "Destiny's 'clined" became thereafter, a most appropriate expression, when the "best-laid schemes" seemed obstinately bent on "ganging agley.")

The answer to Nettie's question came promptly:

"Awful! just fifteen cents in the cash drawer! I haven't sold anything to-day but a paper of needles and a yard of elastic."

"That means oatmeal for supper again, I suppose," said Nettie. "I hate it," she added, savagely, her good humor oozing away at the uninviting prospect. She had been working all day, for "cut down" wages, in a woolen factory, and was wet, tired and most unsentimentally hungry.

"That's because you haven't got far enough in 'Epictetus,'" said her sister, serenely.

Nettie glanced around at the hanging shelf of carefully selected volumes, ancient and modern, gathered for these two, in years past, by a studious father's loving hand and judicious brain.

"We can't eat Greek philosophy. If we had the original manuscripts, we might make papyrus soup. I'll tell you what it is, Flo," she continued decidedly, as she put up her feet to warm, "Something must happen pretty soon. My pay won't amount to much this month, and the next installment to Mr. Stone falls due on the 17th, you know. Besides, the coal is nearly gone."

"Oh, dear! Those payments to Mr. Stone! What do you suppose ever became of that money, Nettie?"

"We have asked ourselves that question for the last two years, Flo, and we don't come any nearer to the solution of the riddle—whatever we accomplish toward the solution of the debt."

"Is it a debt, I wonder," said Flo,—"a legal one, I mean? I know it is a moral one, and I shall not give up trying to pay it, as long as I can fill a brush, or—mop a kitchen-floor, if it comes to that. Our literary ventures don't amount to anything. I should rather write stories and paint pictures than make brushes, I'm sure, and you would rather give dramatic readings than be tied down to a factory bell—but we are evidently not headed for the temple of fame, and may as well give up."

"Fame!" rejoined Nettie, "who cares for the empty bubble? It's the money we want. I wish we had back all we have spent in postage stamps on the miserable scribblings."

"I suppose it's true (as some editors tell us, in their polite little notes) that writers seldom accomplish anything of real literary merit till they are at least thirty. We don't belong to the fortunate group of phenomenal geniuses"—and Flo twitched away her finished brush from the vise, with a quick, practiced movement, and began to spread the table for their simple supper in the back part of the store. In cold weather they lived in this room as much as possible to save fuel.

Nettie toasted her feet luxuriously, and looked rather admiringly at her pretty hands lying idly in her lap. Her work at the factory was by no means detrimental to their shapeliness.

"If Mr. Stone had only been at home the night father brought the money for him from Ashfield, it would have been all right. Or if father hadn't had the 'stroke' before morning." Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled, at the memory.

"Nettie," said Flo, solemnly, as she cut the rye loaf, "we are sure that Mr. Sackett is an honest man, and he never would have said that he sent the money by father if it hadn't been true."

"Why do you emphasize Mr. Sackett so strongly? Don't you suppose Mr. Stone is honest too?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Flo. "People can't always help their suspicions. Perhaps he was at home that night."

Nettie laughed incredulously.

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose people would have found him out before this if he was a rascal? I don't think myself he's very amiable. Father very likely put the money in such a safe place till morning that nobody will ever find it unless the old homestead should be pulled down or struck by lightning, and then it will probably be discovered in some mysterious cranny of the floor or walls. Secrets come to light in strange ways, sometimes."

"I know one thing," said Flo, resolutely, "and I am going to pay back that money, Nettie (for the remainder, seeing that Mr. Stone took the very house from over our heads) if we have to live on dry bread and oatmeal for twenty years."

(Ah, how easy is prospective heroism at sixteen!)

"We shall be almost old women by that time, and cross and ugly, like as not," said Nettie, taking a discontented bite from her butterless bread. Despite her buoyant demeanor on the street, she was far more subject to ups and downs than Flo.

"We needn't be cross and ugly," answered Flo, carefully measuring out her share of milk from the tiny pitcher. "I hope the lamp won't smoke again to night. How nice it would be to have a new burner!"

A short, bobbing figure, in an immense rubber cloak, with an umbrella in one hand and a yellow quart bowl in the other, pressed a beaming face against the glass upper half of the door.

"Miss Mellavine!" said Flo joyfully, and sprang up to admit her.

Their next-door neighbor, Miss Mary Lavinia Murray (who had given herself the name of "Mellavine" when a little child) was Flo and Nettie's ideal of "a walking sunshine factory." Many a time had her cheery tongue helped to tide them over a threatened collapse in the commissary department, and her gifts were as delicately bestowed as they were free. A simple, unlearned woman, with a heart of gold.

"You dear things! I do hope you haven't finished your tea, for I said to myself this boiled dinner is so savory this afternoon (you know, my dears, it's two meals a day in winter, my dears), those girls must have a taste. Don't get a chair—I mustn't sit down."

She did, however, and smiled on them, benevolently, while pretending not to see how acceptable was her neighborly offering.

"Such a day, to be sure! It's a mercy my good spirits don't depend on the weather. How did you get home from the factory, Nettie, child?"

"Oh, I'm used to all sorts of days, you know, Miss Mellavine. That 5 o'clock whistle haunts me in my dreams, but I hope for something better some day. (I believe that is the current phrase in these days.) And what have you done to pass away the time?"

"Oh, odds and ends, my dear—odds and ends. A little mending and my housework—a letter to my sister Celinda's son—he's off among strangers, dear boy—and a bit of flannel sewing for one of poor Bridget Maloney's ragged little tribe. I'm so glad you like the things. Some folks ain't any easy to please, but I must be going. I'm sure I've got so much in a small compass. You may cut me off two yards of that twelve cent ruching, Flo, my dear. Now I really must go. (Never mind about the bowl this morning.) Caleb Stone is very sick again—taken worse suddenly, they say—and Mirandy is going to stay over to-night. He's dreadful fidgetty, and wants to see me about something particular, she says. Mirandy's no hand to do for sick folks, you know, though she's not to blame, never having been brought to it"—and the short auburn curls, slightly silvered, on each side of the round smiling face nodded good-will and good-night as she disappeared in the cavernous depths of the rubber cloak and umbrella.

"Caleb Stone very sick! If he should die we may have to pay the payments to the lawyers or somebody," said Flo, rather apprehensively, getting her dish-pan ready.

"I shan't worry over that," answered Nettie, blithely, as she tied on a large apron preparatory to dish wiping. She had recovered her elasticity since the advent of the parsnips, etc.

"If there's an out-and-out angel on the face of this selfish earth it's Miss Mellavine. What a difference a good meal makes in one's moral barometer. I was cross before supper, Flo dear," said she, penitently giving her sister a dab of a kiss on the left ear, "if any one has a right to be cross it's you, shut up here all day—with no exercise except to go errands in the evenings when I'm at home to tend the store. You're twice as good and patient as your unsanctified sister Nettie."

Enough of Miss Mellavine's benefaction remained to give a flavor to the breakfast, and Nettie went to her work with a light heart in the dark of the wintry morning. Her duty in the factory was picking and labeling stockings. About the middle of the afternoon her quick eye detected something wrong in a pile of stockings that had just been brought to her for boxing.

"How's this, Richard?" said she, to the messenger, "there must be a mistake. Mr. Barker has given you the wrong kind. These stockings are part cotton and my labels say 'superfine all wool.'"

The boy gave a knowing wink. "I guess it's all right. Barker knowed what he was about. Mum's the word, Miss Nettie, if you and I want to keep our places."

With sparkling eyes and scarlet cheeks Nettie carried the box of stockings into an inner room where sat Mr. Barker, the overseer of her department, a heavy, flabby man, with pale eyes, pale hair and a hanging under lip, and with one or two clerks.

"These are not the right stockings for my labels, Mr. Barker. They are half cotton."

Mr. Barker fumbled the stockings with his thick fingers, looked at the labels and then at her with a beery smile.

"My dear young lady, you surprise me. The stockings are all right. Your legitimate business is simply to put on the labels which we provide."

Higher mounted the color in Nettie's cheeks. Her voice trembled, but her glance did not falter.

"Then I must decline to do it, Mr. Barker."

"Ho, ho, indeed!" said the beery Barker, with sudden energy. "Here, Simpson," to one of the dapper clerks just passing through the room, "Be kind enough to step to Mr. Wiggins' desk and ask him to settle accounts with this ex-ceedingly conscientious young woman, and give her a ticket of leave," and Barker turned abruptly on his heel.

Nettie's nerve and indignation carried her through the next few moments, and soon she had closed the factory-door behind her.

"I know I've done right, and I shall find something to do. I hope Flo won't be very much overcome!"

Her sister looked up surprised at her early return. On hearing the story she gave a half-hysterical laugh.

"You match my experience, Nettie. That 'drummer' for the Worcester firm was here to-day. Do you notice anything strange?"

Nettie looked around the room, and beheld show-case and rope-lines nearly emptied.

"We hadn't the money ready, you know," said her sister, "so the goods had to go. He was 'vewy sawy,'—'disagweeable dewty,'—and all that sort of thing of course. Such 'genteel' kid gloves as he wore! And such a 'neat' case he brought to pack the things in! I sat in stony silence, working away, and never lifted a finger to help. Mean of me, wasn't it?"

Nettie slowly sank into the little rocker and sighed heavily.

"Now," said Flo, proceeding briskly with her brushes, "the question is what to do next. I can spare two quarts of New Orleans molasses, and start a candy trade to-morrow."

"I suppose I might take a flat basket and peddle the sticks, after you make them," said Nettie, half bitterly, "I might strike a gold mine, in the shape of a rich old lady or gentleman who is fond of taffy and would like to adopt a likely fairy about my age."

"I hope we won't be tempted to eat too much of it ourselves," said the prudent Flo.

"Where's the tin pail?" said Nettie, jumping up with alacrity. "Oh, here it is! I'll go to Dickerman's for the molasses right off. You will need every spare minute for your brushes now—till you teach me how to do that too. After all, I feel as if we were just as respectable to sell candy as anything else, if we deal in pure goods and give honest measure, I'm sure authors sell their books, and artists their paintings. It's only a question of degree."

"And even monarchs and great statesmen receive compensation," laughed Flo.

The molasses was soon bubbling merrily in the porcelain-lined kettle, and until the time of constant stirring should arrive, Nettie sat down to try her unaccustomed fingers in brush-making.

"We can take a few dollars of your pay, Nettie, and lay in a small stock of candy to-morrow. The school children will soon find it out. I can take some comfort in having you at home, for a spell. Now we're going to celebrate. Suppose we have a good supper to-night, as long as you have your pay? I'm getting reckless. Let's have oysters."

"Agreed!" said Nettie, delighted to see Flo so ready (for once) for a comparative luxury.—"Scrimp-ation has its limits!"

"Oh, oh!" cried her sister, in mock horror. "Labors of Max Miller! How can you, Nettie? There! The candy nearly boiled over! Run and stir—quick!"

(In the midst of stirring and fun enter Miss Mellavine in a state of unwonted excitement.)

"Such a surprise, my dears! What next? But, first of all, I suppose you've heard that Caleb Stone is dead."

She dropped into the nearest chair and fanned herself with her brown-check apron, though it was wintry March outside.

"Why, no!" exclaimed the girls in a breath, while Nettie held her spoon suspended in midair, with ropes of taffy gracefully pendulous therefrom.

"I must begin at the very beginning," said Miss Mellavine, "or I shall be sure to forget something I ought to remember. (He died at 4 o'clock this morning, but Mirandy couldn't bear to have a mess of half-strange women around, she said, so she begged me to stay on—though I'm free to confess I ached to come and tell you as quick as I decently could.) I can't get over the turn it gave me. To think that all this time—(but I shall be sure to let it out before I get around to it, after all, if I'm not careful.) When I went up last night he was asleep and Mirandy was sitting by the fire and the little fellow had gone to bed. 'I'm so glad you've come, Mellavine,' says she, 'for Caleb is that set on seeing you that I was afraid he might try to dress himself to go to your house if you didn't come. He's been out of his head, more or less, all day, but the doctor gave him another small dose of morphine and he's resting easier now.' She hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth when he turned his head on the pillow and opened his eyes.

"'Is that you, Mellavine?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, going up to the bed.

"'Mirandy,' says he 'you go out and sit by the kitchen fire till I want you again'—and to humor him she went. Just as quick as she shut the door he clutched me by the arm and pointed to a heavy black box that stood on the bureau.

"'There! There it is!' says he. 'It's clutching at my throat now, as if it had fingers. Take it away! Take it away!' he almost shrieked.

"'Yes, yes, presently,' said I, to pacify him.

"'Why don't you take it? The key hangs around my neck. Here, unlock the box, and take away the—the package. It's clutching me, I tell you! Be quick! Be quick!'

"I did just as he told me (you've got to be with a ravin' man, you know), not expecting to find anything important. I unlocked the box, and the first thing I see—oh, I pretty near let it out that time, but you've guessed it, like as not I declare, I don't know when I shall get over the turn it gave me!"

(Flo and Nettie exchanged quick, startled looks, and drew nearer to Miss Mellavine, while the molasses bubbled unheeded in the porcelain kettle.)

"'Tell them,' he says, 'that I've not had an hour's peace since I locked it in there. Their father's sudden death put it in my head—the temptation came like a whirlwind—then—oh, the misery! You know the rest. Afterward I could not confess. They are good girls—good girls. John Randall's daughters could not be nothing else. Tell them to keep it all—all. It is doubly theirs, I have so wronged them! I do not want them to pay another dollar on the old account. It is the only reparation I can make. Beg them to keep my secret. I don't deserve that they should have mercy on my good name—but, oh! for Mirandy's sake and little Joe's—beg them to keep it! They are good girls Now call my wife,' he says, and drops his head back on the pillow without another word. There, I've tried to tell it, word for word, just as it happened—and, you dear things, nobody could be gladder to put it into your own hands than my very own self—but that miserable man's looks and motions will haunt me to my dying day, I verily believe."

She drew from the bosom of her calico dress a packet which she placed in Nettie's hands. The lost money! as the reader has doubtless guessed.

"From Loren Sackett, of Ashfield, to Caleb Stone, $1,800 payment for live stock. Sent by kindness of John Randall."

For two years hidden in Caleb Stone's strong box, while two heroic girls, turned out of their homestead to satisfy his guilty greed, were working their young lives out to make good its assumed loss!

Flo and Nettie wept silently at the side of their good friend. Mingled with the inexpressible relief at their good fortune, were pity (such as few in like case would have been able to feel) for the wretched, guilty man who had so used them—and sorrow for his innocent wife and child, that this gain must come from their grief and loss! Ah! John Randall's daughters were indeed good girls!

"After all," said Flo, finally, jumping up and running to the stove, "I don't believe it's good economy to let the candy burn!"

They kept the dead man's secret faithfully, compassionately. They made the remaining payments to the heirs as if nothing had occurred, then went to Boston, Nettie to take a thorough course in elocution, and Flo as an art student. They were not wanting numerous Paul Prys of both genders who "couldn't for the life of them see where John Randall's girls got money to fool away on such doings! To such Miss Mellavine discreetly replied that, as far as she could say, it was a present from a very kind friend named "Destiny!"

The stage of a Western theater took fire the other evening, but a panic and a rush for the door was averted by the manager, who, with great presence of mind, slipped to the front and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have prepared a little surprise for you. An immense kettle of whisky punch is now being heated, and in a few minutes waiters will pass through the audience and distribute it." After that the audience had to be pulled out, one by one.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Bald Man's Warning.

"If ever I marry I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional woman."

"Don't do it," eagerly exclaimed his bald-headed friend. "Don't do it, I implore you. My wife's an emotional woman."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Execution of Nihilists.

The trial at Odessa, Russia, of the two men concerned in General Strelnikoff's assassination terminated very quickly. The following facts were gathered from the evidence given: The deceased was sitting on a seat on the boulevard quietly contemplating the sea, when his murderer approached and fired a revolver. The general was shot through the neck, the ball entering his brain. He expired in a few minutes afterward in the arms of some persons who had hastened to his assistance. After committing the crime the murderer jumped into a droshki which was awaiting him on the boulevard. He was stopped, however, by a man called Korriga and was arrested, together with his accomplice, who acted as coachman. A citizen named Labsine, a soldier named Nekrasson and a custom house clerk named Ignatovitch also played a part in the capture. Labsine and Nekrasson were wounded by the murderer in the struggle. The droshki had been hired by the two men for a day and a half. The horse had been bought for twenty-five rubles two days previously. On searching the assassins three revolvers, three daggers and several flasks of poison were found on them. One of them was stopping at the Hotel de la Crimee, where General Strelnikoff also stayed. The accused declared that the general's death had been resolved on because of his activity in prosecuting inquiries into crimes against the state. He was an obstacle to the successful propagation of revolutionary doctrines among the working classes of Odessa. The two captured criminals, who gave false names, were brought before the military tribunal at Odessa, and were sentenced to be hanged. General Strelnikoff's funeral took place with great pomp at the cathedral. The hearse was escorted by a large detachment of infantry and artillery and was followed by thousands of spectators.

The execution of the murderers took place the next morning, after the sentence had been approved by General Gourko. At 7 o'clock in the morning the prisoners reached the place of execution, wearing on their breasts placards, on which was the inscription "State Criminal." The hangman, who had, as usual, been brought from his prison at Moscow, and had arrived during the night, according to custom, was dressed in the red shirt of the Russian moujiks, the wide trousers tucked into high boots. The scaffold, which was approached by five steps, was a rough platform resting on trestles. Two gibbet rose above it and two black posts. The local authorities were stationed in a circle around the scaffold. The arrival of the prisoners was heralded by the shrill sound of fifes and the beating of drums. Each prisoner was attended by a priest. On ascending the steps they were received by the hangman and bound to the posts. The death warrant was then read by the military attorney, while the executioner placed a short ladder under the right hand gibbet. The usual white shrouds were next thrown over the heads of the condemned men. One of them mounted the right hand ladder, followed immediately by the hangman. When the prisoner was exactly under the gibbet the rope was slipped round his neck outside the linen shroud. The executioner then jumped quickly from the ladder, which he instantly withdrew from beneath the man's feet. While one prisoner hung struggling in the last convulsions the rope was put round his companion's head in the same manner. In three minutes the execution was over.

An Otaheiten Dance.

A sojourner in Tahiti relates his experiences in a letter to the Detroit *Free Press*, as follows: Monday might be called Gunpowder day, as the cannon were firing salutes all day long The present fleet of vessels in the harbor is an exceptionally large one, the French rear admiral having some eight or nine vessels, three of them ironclads, and the Russian admiral in these waters having two vessels with him. There was also an English vessel in the harbor when we arrived, but she sailed away directly. On Monday night the natives gave a grand dance in honor of the two admirals. The scene was wild and weird. All the foreigners were arranged in a circle, and in the middle sat a crowd of native girls. The French band struck up, and the girls, rising with a wreath of flowers in each hand, advanced toward the strangers, singing in their native language. After crowning each of us they joined hands and circled around, then breaking, crowned each stranger again, and immediately commenced the savage wholawhola dance. After dancing till they were tired they passed green cocoanuts around among the visitors. After a very short interval the native men stepped in the circle and danced the Kanaka war dance. The wild contortions and movements of the natives, the dim light from the candles, the gay colored dresses and the strange fruits and flowers scattered around made up a very picturesque scene. The dance took place about two miles out of town, and lasted until 1 o'clock in the morning. All the next day was spent in seeing the town. Far removed as Tahiti is from the stir and bustle of the world, it yet shows signs of its close connection with the outer world. One of these signs struck us in rather a ridiculous light as we were passing a yard completely covered with shrubs and guava bushes, in the shape of a bare-legged Kanka boy riding an American bicycle. Horses and buggies are to be had anywhere, though at a pretty fair price. Cafes are numerous, and in every one billiard or bagatelle tables can be found. For the benefit of the aristocracy there are the three clubs, the Citizens, the Army, and the Navy. Taken all in all one can enjoy life in town very nicely, but the real beauties of the island are only to be seen inland.

He was an accommodating conductor who stopped his train long enough at Maysville, Ill., for a village clergyman to pronounce a hasty marriage ceremony for two eloping passengers.

Crime in New York.

Inspector Byrnes, head of the New York detective force, said to a reporter: "I don't think we have here what would be called a very bad city as compared with the big cities of Europe, he said; "our professionals are doing their work in the other cities, having found it dangerous to engage in it here. They go to London and the other English cities and come back here with lots of swag. They are very seldom caught, despite the wonderful reputation of the men of Bow street and Scotland Yard. New York has none of these sections through which strangers may not pass with safety which we are told are to be found in the big cities over the sea. It has not even those resplendent and bold haunts of vicious pleasure that we hear of there. We have nearly 2,000,000 people here in the daytime every day except Sunday, and 1,500,000 every night; the criminals and scum of Europe are dropped in our streets, and yet the number of arrests has fallen to 1,200 a week from 1,900 not long ago. The desperadoes of the city to-day are the McGloins (referring to a lad who has been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a French saloon keeper a few months ago); they are only loafers and petty thieves one day, and yet become felons of the most terrible record the next. We can do nothing to prevent their crimes, and we often have no basis to work on in pursuing them afterward.

"These young fellows," he continued, "are the sons of respectable parents, who are poor and have to bring their children up in swarming tenements. The boys go to school, read dime novels and flash papers, and learn to hang around barrooms and visit variety shows. Presently they are beyond the control of their parents, and being unable to get from home the money necessary to support their vices, they steal. McGloin and his companions had a wagon which they used to drive over to Brooklyn and Jersey, load up with barrels of flour, whisky, sugar, hams or anything they could steal from the sidewalk and sell here in New York. They went into the Frenchman's saloon to work a game of a few years' standing here, called the 'fainting act.' The plan is for one of the crowd to hand the proprietor a big bill to change, if possible, necessitating his bringing out his bills from his pocket. His doing so is the signal for one to faint and fall on the floor. The proprietor alarmed, naturally lays down his bills, and attempts to do something for the afflicted man. Then one grabs his money, and all run. In this case the Frenchman paid no attention to the fainting man, and the others were bluffed. Mad at him for his sagacity, all came to his place late at night, broke in the door and stole his cigars. The Frenchman heard them, and came downstairs. The door was open, and all could have escaped, but McGloin waited, cocked his pistol and when the man's form appeared on the last flight of stairs fired and killed him. He left nothing to work on but the bullet in his victim's body. I was four weeks getting him, and when I did so, I marked him by a necktie I had bought for him and had put on his neck. I could tell how that was, but I won't. When he was arrested and asked how he came to kill a man who had done him no harm, his reply was: 'A fellow is not considered a tough until he has downed his man.'

"The truth is," said Captain Williams, in whose precinct this and one or two other murders have been committed recently, "the truth is that these foreigners determine to bring their children up like gentlemen. They send them to school until they get too old and too wild to be manageable, and then the boys steal the copper bottoms out of their mothers' wash boilers, the rings and brooches their sisters and mothers wear, and finally make stealing pay their way in pool rooms, gin mills and vicious resorts, getting arrested and bringing their parents to plead for them at first, but finally going headlong into the extravagance of crime."

A Savage Still.

There is a capital story in *Fraser's Magazine* illustrative of the almost irresistible tendency of the civilized savage to revert to the customs of his ancestors. The Basuto chief Rantzani, a nephew of Mosheth, had been converted to civilization, education, breeches, coats and collars. He was a professed Christian, and dressed as a Kaffir or London dandy accustomed to good society might be expected to dress. This had been his mode of life for years. But one day an event happened. He was discoursing fluently and eloquently to a meeting on the importance and happiness of peace, and of a regular life of labor, and of school and church attendance. He was fashionably dressed; and as he spoke his paper collar irritated his neck. He tried to put it right, but the buttonhole broke. Then suddenly the long repressed savage broke forth. Tearing off the collar, he changed altogether the current of his speech. "I am tired of this imposture. A something arises within me; it springs upon me now; it tells me I am talking nonsense. Away with this spurious civilization!" He tore off coat, vest, and breeches until he stood forth the totally unadorned savage. Then he set fire to the school in which he had been lecturing, and departed; and has since lived his old life. If Rantzani's collar had been but a little stronger, he might at this moment be a model of civilized respectability.—*Christian at Work*

In Minnesota a law is now in force for the punishment of men guilty of assaulting their wives. The new law provides that any person who shall hereafter brutally assault and beat his wife shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to be whipped not exceeding forty lashes, or to imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. The sheriff is to do the lashing.

By example we become teachers. 'Tis not what we wear on our backs, but what we wear in our brains.

Set Free.

Entering by chance an upper unused room,
That looked upon a noisy city street,
Ere sight could penetrate its dusty gloom,
I hear a sound of insect wings that beat
And fluttered wildly on the window pane;
Then paused worn out, then beat and strove again.
Searching, I found a regal butterfly,
All golden-russet, barred with velvet black,
Prisoned in sight of freedom, trees and sky.
Its bruised wings now wide spread now folded back,
Caught 'twixt an outer and an inner frame,
It rose and fell and flickered like a flame.
With careful haste I drew the window down—
The half-bewildered captive fluttered free,
Hovered a moment o'er the sordid town,
Then circled sunward till I could not see.
Oh, Death, thus wilt thou lift Earth's prison bars
And free our souls for flight beyond the stars!

—*Laura D. Nichols, in Our Continent.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The best time to pass mutilated silver coin is to pass it when it is offered to you.

A fowl in the hencoop is worth two in the baseball field.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is hard to catch a man's meaning when he carries on a running conversation—*Picayune.*

The porters who handle kegs of silver in the treasury department are rolling in wealth.

Write plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went over and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie—*Detroit Free Press.*

A man who "traveled on his shape" insulted a young lady, and her father knocked him down and traveled on his shape, too—walked all over him—*Saturday Night.*

There is an article going the rounds headed, "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well, we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear. —*Peck's Sun.*

An exchange, in deploring the necessity of a certain bank officer's retiring, says "the bank sustains a heavy loss." This is certainly a very kind way of saying he stole about a million dollars.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A: "How do you like my bride? Do you approve of my choice?" B: "Well, I must confess that in one point at least she is far ahead of you." A: "What point do you mean?" B: "Good taste." —*Fliegende Blatter.*

The Farmer's Review, an excellent agricultural journal published at Chicago, has an editorial headed, "Why does Timothy run out?" We shall require considerable information about Timothy's personal habits, before we can risk answering that question.—*Siftings.*

The Pope's Daily Life.

A letter from Rome to the *Boston Journal* says: The present pope is of rather austere habits, and his elevation to the highest office in the church as not led him in any way to relax the rather rigid character of his personal conduct. He always rises between 6 and 6:30 o'clock in the morning, which in the soft Italian climate is not so great a sacrifice as in harsher climes; and at 6:30 o'clock he is dressed by his valet de chambre, an old servant named Centra, who has long been with him. He then says a mass in his private chapel, and shortly afterward hears a second said by one of the almoners who is on duty. He next leaves the chapel and takes a very light breakfast, after which he looks over the morning papers, and awaits the arrival of Cardinal Jacobini, who is his secretary of state, and who never fails to appear in Leo XIII.'s rooms at 9:30 o'clock exactly. His visit lasts a long time. The two confer together on all the foreign affairs which have any reference to the holy see, and in the intervals of their conversation the pope gives audiences to the secretaries of congregations, to members of the diplomatic corps, and to such distinguished strangers as he pleases to receive. Toward noon, by the formal order of his physicians, but somewhat against his will, the pope goes down into the reserved gardens of the vatican, borne in a sedan chair. He gets into a carriage, and escorted by two of the "noble guards" on horseback, takes a long ride if the weather is pleasant; after which returning to the palace. At 2 o'clock he dines, as all Romans do at that hour. His favorite dish is boiled beef. Only a few privileged persons are admitted to this repast, none of them taking part in it, as according to the tradition no one is even allowed to take a seat at the holy father's table. All that the etiquette of the pontificial court allows is for the invited guest to sit at a table just below that at which the pope has his place. One of the pope's nephews, the Count Camille Pecci, is Leo XIII.'s especial favorite, and lives in an apartment graciously placed at his disposal in the vatican. After dinner the pope usually retires to his private apartments to work, to give audiences and to pray. About an hour before the angelus he takes a little nap, and then a short walk in the loggie of Raphael. At 9 o'clock in the evening, like all the rest of the Romans, he sups, takes nothing between dinner and supper except a small glass of Bordeaux wine, in which he dips a biscuit. At 11 o'clock he goes to bed. It is after dinner that most of his real work is done, either with one of his private secretaries or alone.

J. Higgins, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, writes that experiment has shown that animals confined in a close apartment where they must inhale over and over again their own exhalations develop tubercle of the lungs, and that human beings are no less injured by breathing the air of poorly ventilated rooms, he thinks is proved by the fact that of eleven preachers who died during eight years in one county in Pennsylvania, eight died of consumption.