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ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

A LONDON SONG.

Strike for the sacred "Status Quo,"
Your country's fame consulting;
Where bounteous Nile's dark waters flow
Stands Arabi insulting.

Our Fleet's to Alexandria gone,
Our troops shall go to Cairo;
On! Christian brethren, boldly on!
To sack the land of Pharaoh.

With heavy loans that land is rife,
Much Jews have lent the stranger;
What British soldier'll grudge his life,
When ten per cent's in danger?

We'll nail our colors to the mast,
Our strength the world surprising;
Though British troops be falling fast
Egyptian bonds are rising.

We'll guard the honor of our Flag,
And British interests fully;
We'll play the glorious game of brag,
We'll bluster and we'll bully.

For is not Egypt all our own?
What means this wild commotion?
In war we send our strength unknown,
In peace we send out Goeschen.

The grand old man has pledged the State
To each Egyptian bond;
"Amen," in accents big with fate,
The Caucuses respond.

In days of old we have been told,
From Sacred Writ's description,
How Jews gained goodly store of gold
By spoiling the Egyptian.

And never shall we now begin—
Whoever gain or lose—
To aid Egyptian sons of sin
In spoiling of the Jews.

Then let the Jingo drum-beat roll—
Dread sound for every foe—
We'll live and die for the "Control,"
The sacred "Status Quo!"

HOW JERRY SAVED THE MILL.

The dull, cold day was at its close; but the heavy rain and strong south wind which had swept the town since early dawn still continued with unabated fury. The gale shrieked as it tore about the corners and lashed the faces of the few hurrying foot passengers; while the driving rain penetrated everywhere, drenching the streets, flooding the gutters, and collecting in deep, treacherous pools at the corner crossing. The bare trees moaned and writhed and wept; the swinging sign boards in front of the taverns creaked and groaned dismally, the tall chimney of the Dumbleton knife works rocked threateningly, and in the midst of all the tumult the great river was swelling and straining at its wintry bounds, while a sharp crackling sounded ever and anon from the broad field of ice that stretched from shore to shore, and little streams of water began to appear here and there, running swiftly along the frozen plain.

March had come in like a lamb, it was departing like a lion; and shrouded by wind and rain and heavy mist, the last night of the month came thickly down.

It was past supper time, past closing time for the mills and factories, past trading time for the stores, and except for an occasional light in some saloon or corner grocery, the windows of the business portion of the town were dark, and the rain beat unheeded against their black panes. Few people were abroad, and even those few seemed to have been forced upon unwelcome journeys, for they hastened through the sloppy streets with bent heads, shivering as the sharp wind tore at their wrappings or the gusts of rain beat upon them.

One such man, clad in heavy oilcloth coat, was walking rapidly up S—— street when, just at a particularly windy corner, he came in sudden contact with a lad who was crouching in front of a baker's window, where a single light burned, eyeing with hungry gaze the dainties within.

"Hello!" cried the man starting back. "I almost ran over you, my boy." Then looking more sharply at the dripping figure before him, he continued, "Why, Jerry, is that you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, half pulling his tattered cap from his head. "If you please sir, it's me." "What's wrong?" said Mr. Watterson, the proprietor of the great mills that skirted the river, for it was he. "What's wrong? Why are you not at home? The mills closed two hours ago."

"I know it, sir; but I haven't worked this week, sir, for sister Nellie's sick, an' I've been a nussin' of her up to our boardin' house. You see, sir, since mother died, and our house was sold, Nellie an' me has stopped at Miss Crawford's boarding house; but my money's give out, an' Miss Crawford she told me this mornin'"—the boy stopped abruptly.

"What? Come, Jerry, speak out. You are not afraid of me. Tell me what she said."

"Well, sir, she did say as how I must pay our board in advance every week now; for if Nellie was a-goin' to be sick an' I was a-going to stop work to nuss her, she didn't see how she'd get her money. An' our week ran out to-day, sir, an' my money, too; all but twenty cents, an' that I spent for oranges for Nellie. An' Miss Crawford, she said as how I couldn't eat at her table, 'thout I paid first. So I jest slips out into the streets at meal times for fear Nellie'd know I wasn't eatin', an' 'twould worry her, she bein' sick, an' that's how I came here, sir."

The boy finished, half frightened at his long speech to "the master" and again pulled at his ragged cap, while the March wind tossed his yellow hair about his wet face, and the cold rain beat upon his scantily clad shoulders.

Mr. Watterson stood for a moment in deep thought. It was hard for him to realize such poverty as this, and among his hands, too. Jerry was a "bobbin boy" in the mills, whom he had known for a year or more by sight, the only support of a widowed mother and sister, now of the sister only; it seemed that the lad had always been bright faced and cheery, and the great proprietor remembered him as one of the happiest among his boys. That that child could actually suffer for food while striving to care for his little charge (the orphan Nellie), seemed to the gentleman too terrible to be true.

And yet there just before him, his honest blue eyes telling the same story which his lips had repeated, stood Jerry dinnerless, supperless, and almost homeless, upon this the wildest night of the year.

Mr. Watterson forgot the rising flood, which even now was threatening his mills; he forgot the urgent errand which had driven him out in the storm, and he seized the boy by the arm and pushed the door of the little bakery before which they stood, open, and fairly dragged him within.

"Here!" he cried to the baker's wife, who came, bowing and smiling to execute the great man's commands. "See! Give this lad the best supper you can cook and all the provisions he can carry and send the bill to me." Then, hurriedly drawing some money from his pocket book, he thrust it into Jerry's hand and said:

"When you have eaten, go back to Miss Crawford's and pay her for a month in advance. Then find a doctor for Nellie, and stay with her yourself until she is well. After that come back to me at the mills. If they are standing yet you shall have work. No—not a word!" he continued, as the astonished boy would have spoken. "The money is a present to you and Nellie from me." And before Jerry could recover from his surprise, Mr. Watterson had departed.

Supper! money! and a doctor for Nellie! Could it be true? The boy unclasped his hand and looked at the precious bills. Yes it was true!

As he ate the bountiful meal prepared for him by the baker's good wife, the bobbin boy pictured Nellie's delight when he should return and tell her of what had happened to him; and later, when he faced the dreary storm, homeward bound with a great basket, heaped with buns and cakes and oranges from the baker's shelves, upon his arm, his heart was light and his laugh rang merrily out across the darkness and the rain as he thought how boldly he would meet Miss Crawford, and how astonished and puzzled she would be when he paid her—not a week but a month in advance!

"It's just like a fairy story," he said, half aloud, as he climbed the sloppy steps of his boarding house; "just like a fairy story, with a great, big, splendid rich man fairy."

* * * * * *

It was almost morning. Already the black curtain of night, rent here and there by the furious wind, was slowly lifting toward the east, and the dull grey dawn appearing, forming a sombre background, upon which the leafless trees that fringed the far-away hills were painted in waving silhouette.

Since ever the sun had gone down the wild storm had continued, and, even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting glances upon the town and the foaming river that filled with great masses of broken ice and debris from all the up country, roared and plunged beneath its banks and shook with giant hands the foundation of the mills beneath which it ran.

At the head of the dam where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the Watterson mill, was an ice jam, piled block upon block; until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrible force against the mills, upon the one hand, and the natural wall of rock on the other, the broken ice had formed a great white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the waters and sent it swirling backwards in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them.

Along the higher shore the townspeople had gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe; and among them pale and haggard, was the proprietor himself, already a ruined man.

As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping against hope that the jam might even yet give in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Watterson was a man beloved by all of his employes.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd—a hastening toward the common center—and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a new comer, who was speaking earnestly.

"Yes. If that timber could be cut it would break the jam. It lies just so that it holds—"

"What timber? Where? Quick! tell me! Can the jam be broken?"

"Yes, sir," returned the other, respectfully touching his hat. "It can, but it's dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut the jam would be broken."

"But how can it be reached?" queried Mr. Watterson, anxiously. "Can any one get at it to cut it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "in one way."

"And that is—"

"Over the ice itself."

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even the proprietor's face grew more pale. Who would venture upon such a bridge and on such an errand?

With a common impulse the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river's brink, ran through a side street, and gained a position lower down the stream, from whence the dam could be plainly seen by all.

The report was true. The jam was held in place by a single timber—a great square stick, doubtless torn by the angry waters far up the country. If that could be cut the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved.

For a moment silence fell upon all; then suddenly Mr. Watterson's voice, hoarse and thin, rang out above the noise of the storm, and the war of the waters:

"A thousand dollars to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes on the dam; but no one replied. The rear of the angry stream increased, and the waters deepened beneath the mill walls.

"Two thousand dollars!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before; but the women closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. The men moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth, as if he would have spoken; but still no one replied, and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the winds against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away before the grinding, merciless ice.

"Three thou—"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward and saw the one who had answered, that they fairly understood the reply.

Running from a third story window of the lower mill directly across the river, above the dam, was a long endless chain used to convey power from the mighty water wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box factory located upon the opposite bluff. This chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy, in a blue blouse carrying in his hands an ax. He it was who said, "I will go!"

When the people saw him, and realized what he was about to attempt (for already he had fastened a rope around his body and was passing the other end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point from which he could lower himself within reach of the timber); when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Watterson and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" asked the proprietor in a dazed manner.

"It's Jerry, sir, Jerry the bobbin boy," said a man, stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' strivin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Watterson, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go," and he waved his hand and shouted toward the window: "Go back! Go back!".

But already it was too late, for, with a little cry, the boy dropped from his perch and hung swinging above the roaring, grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding slowly downward along the chain toward the centre of the dam. The breathless crowd, the stricken proprietor, could only watch and wait now.

Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length, when directly over the center of the dam, just above the long beam which held the jam, allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hand, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut.

At the sight the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women; but Jerry wasted no time in listening. A moment, half a moment lost might mean destruction to the mills, and before the echo of the shouting had ceased, he was plying his ax with vigorous strokes that rang sharp and clear above the noise of crumbling ice and gathering waters.

It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt half a score of blows, an ominous, crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished, and that he must be gone.

Dropping the ax, he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above, when with a shock like the report of a cannon, the beam gave, and in an instand, in the twinkling of an eye, the air was filled with the horrible roaring, as the imprisoned waters burst the bonds which confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed to barrier high on the frothing waves—so high that they hid from sight the form of poor Jerry—and there went up from all the people a single cry: "The boy is lost."

But the jam was broken. The mills were saved.

* * * *

And Jerry was saved too. Bruised, and stunned and bleeding, half insensible above the black waters that swept with a swift curve toward the dam when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away, the watchers saw that the boy still lived; and quicker than it can be told, a boat was procured and manned, a long line made fast to it, and, dropping down the stream until they were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and with a long, sobbing cry, the little hero loosed his hold of the rope which held him and dropped fainting into the arms of the rescuers below.

* * * *

To-day the great mills stand by the river's brink, and the rumble of the machinery is heard all day long, as of yore; but does not reach the ears of the "bobbin boy" nor yet those of his sister Nellie. For the one is at college and the other at school, both foster children of that most pleasant of old bachelors, the proprietor himself; and it is only at vacation time now, when his days are brightened by the presence of both of his loved ones, that Mr. Watterson's memory turns back to that springtime, long gone by, when his son Jerry, in simple, soulful gratitude, risked his life to save the mills.

A crow alighted in a swamp near Norristown a few days since, when a snapping turtle seized upon his leg and held him until a man captured both of them.

The Difference in Girls.

When the world is so full of young people who are too smart, and who are continually asserting themselves, and showing that they want to have something to say, it is pleasant to occasionally meet a real modest young person, who would rather suffer inconvenience, and torture, even, than to make any fuss. This was noticed more particularly during the last rainy day, when the heavens seemed to be weeping over the loss of the sun, which had not been seen at its accustomed haunts for over a month. An old man got into a street car with his umbrella as wet as it is possible for an umbrella to be. The seats were all full and he closed his umbrella and put the point down on the floor, as he supposed, but in fact he put it right into the low shoe of one of those sweet, modest girls, right on to her stocking, and the dirty water more than poured down into the shoe. At first she looked as though she would move her foot, and call his attention to what he was doing, but she seemed to relent, and with a resigned expression, as though she hoped he was not going to ride many blocks or perhaps somebody would get out and give him a seat, she looked out of the window. Once she moved her head as though she would look down at her shoe and see how near full of water it was, but again she thought better of it, and looked across the car at the man with a wart on his nose. After a few minutes she began to shiver, which was conclusive evidence to some that the water was coming up around her instep, and gradually overflowing the banks. She looked as though she feared that if she spoke to the man about it he would think her very forward, and that she was guilty of an impropriety in speaking to a stranger without an introduction. Finally she became nervous, and when a girl begins to get nervous something has got to be done.

She blushed and touched him on the hand that held the umbrella handle with her little fluttering finger and said:

"May I ask you, sir, without seeming to be impolite, to do me a favor?"

"Why, certainly, miss," said the old man, as he looked down at her. "What is it?"

"Will you please take your umbrella out of my shoe, for a moment, and let me take the shoe off and empty it?"

"For heaven's sake, miss, was my umbrella in your shoe? I beg pardon," and he took it out.

"It's of no consequence at all," said the little lady, as she turned up her shoe on the side and let the black cambric water out. "There, you can put it right back, or if you would prefer a dry shoe for your umbrella you can put it in this other one."

But the old man blushed and moved off to the end of the car, and stepped on another girl's foot. The other girl was not that kind of a retiring child of nature, and she looked up at the old blunderbus with fire in her eye and every red hair on her head meaning business, and said:

"Can't you keep off of peoples' feet. You'd better ride in a sprinkling cart when you go anywhere. Why don't you look where you're walking. I don't see what the city bought a stone crusher for, when you could walk on a stone quarry and furnish cobble for paving."

The old man pulled the bell rope, and putting his umbrella under his arm, he walked the whole length of the car, knocking off several hats with the umbrella, but he didn't mash any feet, for all the passengers put their feet under the seat. It beats all what a difference there is in girls.—*George W. Peck.*

A Hard Trial.

Last winter a great religious revival was held in a certain Ohio neighborhood, and several good men brought all their influence to bear on a certain farmer named Harris.

After many efforts he was brought to the anxious seat, and then they had the happiness of hearing him announce that he felt himself saved. In the course of three or four days the minister met him and asked:

"Well, Brother Harris, how do you feel?"

"Oh, kinder plaguey mean," was the reply.

"You? What is the trouble?"

"Well, I hadn't found the Lord over twenty minutes before I ran across a fruit tree agent who beat me out of fifteen dollars last year. There I was, ready to fly into the gates of Heaven, and there he was, chuckling to think of how he worked off a lot of crab-apple trees on me for a new kind of a pear. I couldn't even break his neck, and the old woman she got in and said I was alfus gettin' in a box, and the hull thing has sorter stirred me up till I can't say whether I'd rather lick a lightning-rod man or be an angel."

A Wonderful Salt Vein.

A very curious thing is a salt quarry discovered in Wyoming county, south of Rochester, N. Y., near Gainsville. They were boring for oil, and struck a ledge twelve feet thick of pure crystal salt. It lies in the ground like a gigantic cake of ice, and can be taken out so clear and transparent that you can see through the cakes as if they were pure glass. It will be much cheaper to quarry out this salt and grind it up than it is to boil down the Syracuse, Saginaw, or Turk's Island salt. The mine is a source of infinite wealth to Wyoming county, and one of the geological curiosities of the world.

Don't be Alarmed

At Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

A Clinton county farmer recently lost 800 tobacco plants in one night by the tobacco worm.

Some Gallant Deeds.

The dispatches from Alexandria enlarge upon the wonderful devotion and extraordinary bravery of the gunner on board one of the British vessels who picked up a shell with a burning fuse and immersed it in a bucket of water. This was a corageous act, but it was not "more gallant than anything of the sort ever before chronicled." During our own war for the Union hundreds of cases as deserving of mention occurred.

At Stone River when Croft's Brigage of Palmer's Division was pursuing the routed rebels on the 2d of January, they came suddenly on a reserve battery that opened on them with surprising fury. The men were ordered to lie down, and dropped into the soft mud of a cornfield. The rebel artillerymen had the range, however, and poured shot and shell into the advance line in a way that tore some poor unfortunates in pieces and covered nearly every one with mud. In the midst of the terrific fusilade a shell struck between two men lying flat on the ground so near to their heads as to stun both. Dozens of men, the bravest there, closed their eyes in anticipation of the terrible scene that would follow the explosion. But one of the soldiers at whose shoulder the smoking shell had struck, digging up a handful of mud, held it aloft for a moment while he cooly said: "Ten to one, boys, she don't bust," and with a sort of gleeful agility he brought his great wad of mud down on the shell smoking in the shallow hole, and "she didn't bust." No one thought George Hunt, of Co. C, First Kentucky Infantry, a hero for doing that, but possibly he ranked as high as the courageous gunner on the Alexandria.

Another case: When Sherman was getting ready for his move on Atlanta great quantities of amunition were stored in the railroad sheds at Resaca. One day in the midst of a thunder storm that dismantled the camp, the amunition building was struck by lightning. Hundreds of the bravest soldiers ran blindly away as they saw the boxes of shell thrown about, saw the guards drop as if shot and saw smoke issuing from the top of the great pile of explosives. But one man, clear-eyed and cool-headed, saw that the smoke came from tow in which the shells were packed, and, climbing to the top, seized the burning mass, and holding it up shouted: "All right, boys; no fireworks this time." His intrepidity and alertness saved the amunition and possibly many lives, and his record should be kept as green as that of the gallant gunner of the Alexandria.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Sketch of Arabi Bey.

Arabi Pasha, or Ourabi-Bey, as the Arabs call him, is the son of a prominent personage in the province of Charkirch, in Lower Egypt, and is about forty-five years old. He received an excellent education in a military school. He early imbibed progressive ideas, which he has never failed to propagate among his countrymen. After leaving the military school he entered the army and remained for some time in the ranks. Although Ismail Pasha patronized him he did not advance the rank of Major under that ruler. On three different occasions he endeavored to obtain the rank of Bey of Colonel, but Ismail replied to the person advocating his cause: "If I create him a Colonel, he will create a revolt in the regiment under his command in less than six months." The truth of Ismail's words was soon made apparent to his son and successor, Tewfik, who shortly after his accession gazetted Arabi a Colonel. Prior to the 2d of February, 1881, the date of the military troubles, which have resulted in the present conflict, he commanded the Fourth Regiment of the Infantry Guard. That Arabi is a man of great determination is evinced by what he has accomplished ever since the beginning of the year. Then he was considered to be the most important factor in Egypt, but not even his warmest partisans would have prophesied that in a few months he would venture to defy openly the whole of Europe and carry on his work of disorganization under the very guns of a hostile fleet, especially dispatched for the purpose of overawing him. Not a little of his power is due to his oratorical ability. He is a scholar and is learned in the arts of war. He is loved by his soldiers as a bold and fearless leader, and had the good will of the Moslem priesthood, which accounts for the Sultan's hesitancy to take active measures against him, even if he be inclined to do so.

Garibaldi.

"In the long summer nights at sea," said a friend who knew Garibaldi, "we sat upon the deck, and he recited Italian poems. He was a poet himself—a poet in action. When he stood in his red shirt upon the balcony at Naples and gave the kingdom to the King, he was the same simple man as on those summer nights at sea." But whoever remembers the days of Gregory the Sixteenth, the last Pope but one, may well rub his eyes as he reads that a triumphal procession, headed by the municipal authorities, marched through the chief street at Rome, amid universal acclamation, carrying a bust of Garibaldi, which it deposited in the Capitol. There were the usual details of pageantry—the black-veiled ladies, the chariot typical of triumphal entries, the figure of Liberty crowning the bust; and there were the red-shirted veterans, the historic flags, the great banners of Italian cities, the schools, the clubs, the artists, and the committees. But more than the spectacles was its significance. It was new Italy, regenerated Italy, the Italy to which Gregory the Sixteenth is as remote and alien a figure as Alexander Seventh, the Borgia.

A company with a working capital of $50,000 has purchased four acres of ground near Leighton, Lebanon county, to start a factory for the manufacture of fuel from coal dust.

The Effects of Imagination.

In an early part of my practice I was called into a neighboring town to visit a patient. It being about the middle of the day the old gentleman of the house (over sixty years of age) invited me to stop and dine. While at dinner he said:

"I don't know as you like my dinner."

"Why, yes," said I, "I do. I like it very well—it is very good."

"I guess," said he, "you do not know what you are eating."

"Why, yes," said I, "I do—it is some new corned beef."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman; "it is horse beef."

I replied:

"I don't believe it."

"It is," said he; "I declare it is some of my old mare."

I was not much acquainted with him at that time. I looked at him, supposing him to be joking, but could not discover a muscle of the face to alter or change. I had just taken another piece on my plate and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth, and, in fact, it was horse meat sure enough. I could taste it as plainly as my olfactory nerves would discover the scent of an old horse. The more I chewed it the more disagreeable it tasted. I continued picking and tasting a little sauce which I could swallow, but the meat, as the negro said, "would no go." I at last gave a swallow, as I do with a dose of physic. I afterward tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat in my mouth, and kept time with the family. Glad was I when dinner was over.

It being cool weather, the old gentleman went to smoking and telling stories. At last he said:

"I won't leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horsemeat for dinner, and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was, for I swopped her away for a steer, and that was some of her beef."

I have ever since been glad the old gentleman