

WAITING.

Will it be over-to-day or to-morrow?
Will it last for a week, or a month or a year
This truce that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,
This waiting that the world is not to dread?

Shall I feel, I wonder, when it is here?
Its coming seems like going away.

Is it only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream?
But it dreams the world is not to dread,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet,
I have strength to wait what I set to see,
What the hour I know I will not forget,
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,
That I dread it, for it is the end of the dream?
Then till it come I shall not sleep,
I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this
By a bond that I neither feel nor see,
While the world goes on its course as usual,
And I think that the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come in the end,
And leave no trace in the empty air,
When it is over none will know,
And I hardly think that I shall care.

MY DEMON.

"When I forsook the college walls
Of W—, some years ago, I was possessed
Of—"

"Of immense knowledge?"

"No such thing, my friend."

"Learning—love—old as musty?"

"Nothing of the kind, I do assure you."

"Acquaintance, thorough, vast, varied,
With men and things?"

"Far from it. If anything, rather
The reverse of all this."

"Shades of the campus! You but joke,
My dear fellow. Possessed—and of what,
pray?"

"Of a demon!"

"My friend interested me; his story
was making me curious; but I exhibited
a calm exterior, and unimpaired
countenance. He was dealing in enigma;
I would show him the virtue of
laconicity. I simply said:

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said he, "I was possessed of
it continually. It haunted me all
the night and all the day. I strove with it,
but puissant effort and superhuman
 exertion were alike futile and inefficacious."

"I smiled a little, partly to encourage
my friend, and partly to cover the
growing interest I felt in his story. (I
consider that no person ought ever to
get excited.)

"Proceed," said I.

"The demon," said he, "was a desire!
That desire; to encounter a coquette; to
humiliate her haughty spirit, and subdue
her obdurate heart!"

I nodded three times. Each nod was
given with deliberation. I eyed him at-
tentively as he continued his business
narrative in the little village which was
honored by his name, before the in-
telligence was conveyed to me that one
of the most beautiful girls, yet one of
the most arrogant and fickle of coquettes,
was a resident of the white house just
across the way.

"I can't begin to tell you how this
news delighted me. I was superlatively
elated—edified.

"She appeared to be the theme of
every tongue. No one spoke of the
society of the town without giving her
name the preference of first mention.
Her beauty, her voice, her eloquence,
her education and accomplishments, her
standing, and, above all, her desperate
flirtation with her audacious conquests,
her cruelty, her—"

"Stop a moment—take breath," said
I, interrupting what was like to be an
endless catalog of substantives.

"According to my friend," said my
friend, "no such tyrant was ever before
seen. No man ever approached her
but he went away with a deadly anger
creaking to his side, and she laughing
at his anguish.

"This was quite enough. I desired
to know no more. It was bliss to me to
cease to hear of her. I sank down to the
well of my heart, and then, gushing
up, it menaded through every vein,
nerve, fibre, molecule. It permeated my
whole being. I felt rapt.

"Then I drew myself up, every fea-
ture beaming with the one thought—
vast, illustrious it seemed—and aware,
by the ashes of my sins and my de-
bauched, bachelorette, and by that gen-
tle giantess which I had now deserted me
in any emergency, that I would teach this
haughty and cruel tyrant what it is to
maltreat my sex—that it is to flout my
kind—that it is to make hermits and
unhappy beggars of my fellow men, and
what, consequently, it is to cheat the
census roll of its legitimate increase."

"The night of the fete came. I drew
on my low, patent leathers, over a pair
of lacinated silk stockings, shook
an essential fragrance into my noisy
kerchief, and was off to meet and sub-
due the all dangerous siren.

"As I passed along the way I thought
of nothing save the coquette, and the
triumph I had in anticipation I argued
to myself:

"A parcel of illiterate country
dancers have been swelling her triumphs
with a list of unmeaning and dishonora-
ble epithets, and hence her fame,
Donbass she is some itie, smooth-
faced air—some pert, forward miss,
full of an air, smelling of boarding
school of a bond and butter. Proud of
a bright complexion and a little money
spoiled by flattery and the want of
competition, a creature that would be
eclipsed, burned up, in the blaze of a
city siren."

"And you resolved to have revenge
for the wrongs done her victims; to at-
tack her and teach her a lesson!"

"Right. And as I rang the bell at
my friend's door, I murmured: 'Rural
belles ought not to be too confident—
too saucy.'

"A few moments more found me sit-
ting on a swan-like girl, to whom,
in the confusion of my crowd much more
numerous and dazzling than I had ex-
pected, some one had introduced me in
one hurried manner as to leave each
one in ignorance of the other's name."

"I looked at her—she was a Venus!
I danced with her—she was a
sylvan!"

heard her sing—she was an
angel!

"Absolutely, the village coquette
was quite forgot; she had utterly pas-
sed from my mind in the seducing glow-
liveness, the simple, modest grace, the
exquisite air of elegance and propriety
which my charming acquaintance ex-
hibited."

"At length I remembered. I took
my gaze from her countenance and
looked around for the object of my
former curiosity. A superbly dressed
girl was dancing near us, all feathers,
diamonds, jewels, blaring, rustling,
laughing aloud, smiling on this gen-
tleman, whispering to that one, suffer-
ing a third to hold her hand, and a
fourth to the her shoe.

"This is he," said I to myself.
"This is the terror of our country
swains. What mistaken ideas of
beauty! Ah! what course, uncultivated
taste. But his plain they have never
seen pictures and statuary. They have
never read poetry. They are ignorant of
beauty."

"Then I withdrew my gaze. My
eyes again rested on the face of my
charming friend. No decorations were
there, no tiaras, no gauzy, vulgar
ornaments for the crowd's attention;
but rather the refined reserve, a classic
simplicity, a natural grace and refine-
ment of soul had taught her those true
elements of beauty which painters
select their lives in learning. Her rich
hair parted with a severe absence
of ornament on a head by far the most
chastely beautiful in the room. Her
radiant eyes beamed with a tender fel-
ling which made the heart tremble; and
the subdued and thoughtful expression
visible in her countenance revealed the
melancholy smile of an autumnal
morning which falls upon the still
earth through a silver mist, at once as
pleasing as happiness and as sad as
sorrow. A creature so beautiful I had
never seen before. From that moment,
I, too, believed in broken hearts.

"Here was Shakspeare's 'Juliet,' but
where the 'Romeo'?"

"The thought made me turn as if a
revelation divine had dawned upon my
soul."

"A moment afterward I was called to
the dance, and asked the pleasure of a
waltz with her."

"There was a sweet smile on her
plump, rosy lips, as she replied:

"I was engaged to three already. I
said I was engaged."

"Your eyes met. If love ever flashed
in a glance, I had kindled in the bosom
of this angelic creature a flame like that
which was every moment burning more
ardently in my own breast."

"Your eyes met again. Wonderful,
wonderful orb, to be the source of such
delight! To be the windows through
which so much heavenly bliss came to
be poured upon me."

"I look at her hand as it nestled cosily
upon my knee. It was small and white
and soft—like nothing else in nature.
Not to press it slightly was as impossi-
ble as for the thrifty pilgrim not to
draw his hand from the pressure of the
floral of rapture rolled along my nerves.
Surely some heavenly power led my
steps over enchanted ground. Every
look was language. Every motion de-
light—every touch eloquence, hap-
piness to love."

"You will not refuse me?"

"I said this in a tone soft and low I
drew her gently, as zephyrs kiss the
half open flowers. And even as they,
with bashful reluctance, unto the
leaves and light to meet the light, so
this modest creature yielded to my im-
pulse, and I led her through a dance
that seemed a dream, only it was too
delicious. The opportunity was not
neglected. I whispered in her ear,
grew bold and saucy, and her fine eyes
flashed up to mine with a perfect satis-
faction, which told me my conquest was
complete."

"The dance was over. An engage-
ment to the friend hurried me away,
"I will see you again, soon," I whis-
pered, as I left her side.

"I strode along the floor like an
emperor, and in the height of my tri-
umphant encounter with the gentleman
leaves, I was so flaming an account of
the village coquette."

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, with
great suavity of manner, I have thus
far neglected to be introduced to your
wonderful friend, unless I think I could
do so without danger."

"Meet her! with a look of surprise,
"meet her! Why, fellow, you have been
bending over her, entranced, an hour by
my chronometer. A dozen people have
been watching you."

"The truth flashed upon me. I was
seized with fear and trembling. I looked
around me. Twenty grinning faces
were bent upon me with the malice of
fiends."

"Look here," said my friend, a while
afterward. "You came here to teach a
lesson. As the object of that lesson has
not profited by it, learn one yourself."

"He guided me to another apartment.
There, before my eyes, sitting beside
him, and gaily chatting with another fel-
low—handsome, like myself—was the
coquette."

"He's from the city," said my
friend. "Then all the rascals around
laughed."

"He's just out of college," said
another. "Then they all laughed again."

"I heard the gentleman ask her 'o
dance."

"I have refused six," said she,
with the same sweet smile she had
given me.

"But you will dance with me?"

"And off they went, sure enough. All
the evening until I left they were to-
gether. They were one and inseparable—
so they seemed."

"The next day I learned they were
engaged."

"A week later, and they were mar-
ried."

Snatched From The Brick.

Standing idly, almost listlessly, by
the postern gate that marked the en-
trance to her father's broad demesne
Gwendolen Riorden looked down the
broad avenue that skirted the ancestral
acres of her sire with a wistful, plead-
ing expression in her County Antrim
features that told more plainly than
words, more eloquently than a three-
sheet poster, of the hopes and fears that
were harassing her young Archer avenue
soul. "Will he come?" she said softly
to herself, blushing even as she spoke.

"Is the fruition of my hopes to be a
glad one or must I again throw the
black ball of disappointment over my
cherished plans? Heaven forefend that
I should for the third time drain to his
dregs the bitter cup that a cruel fate has
twice held to my lips—lips that were
dry and parched for the kisses of one
whom I shall ever love and who will
not see me mad passion for him. Do
not drive me too far, Melanctha McGuire,
or you will rue the day when Superin-
tendent Holmes gave you an Archer
avenue car to drive. As she did so the
rustle of a patrician polonaise was heard
and a fair-haired maiden of nineteen
summers and a wet spring came around
the corner with her starboard tucks
aboard."

Girofle Mahaffy was the daughter of a
pursu-proud aristocrat who owned a
milk route, and she was not slow to
take use of the social position to which,
as the heiress of over \$300, a time-serv-
ing world had raised her. She had met
Melanctha McGuire at a fete champagne,
given in honor of Aphrodite Johnson's
eighteenth birthday, and fallen desper-
ately in love with him, although aware
that he had plighted his troth to Gwendolen.
She had sought by every art known
to a woman to lure him from his
rightful love. The girls did not speak,
and as Girofle passed the Riorden gate,
which was eating a discarded hoop-
skirt, a haughty smile flitted over her
face. "God's milk is healthy," she
said, in low, scornful tones. Gwendolen
heard the words and faced the speaker.
"Yes, Girofle Mahaffy," she said, speak-
ing slowly and calmly, although in
burning she had pinched her ears, "we
are poor, but I notice that we are in-
vited to all the wakes and christenings.
When it comes to going with the hunt-
ing we capture the confectionary, and
don't you forget it."

Suddenly Melanctha McGuire, he
whom they both loved so well, came
around the corner. Girofle started to
hide, but she, smiling on her face, but
heeded her not. Stepping quickly to
Gwendolen's side he took her hand in
his, while a wave of color rushed over
his face and an infinite look of tenderness
came into his bright eyes.

"Can you forgive my neglect, dar-
ling?" he said; "can you take me again
to your heart?"

A great, passionate throb of intense
joy filled Gwendolen's heart. Looking
up to Melanctha with tear-stained eyes
she said in broken tones:

"Can I forgive you, my own? Well,
I should rigle."

Attack on an Idol.

An attack has been made upon the
idol or jergernat, at Poore, the most
sacred shrine in India, by a party of
fanatics. The rioters, who numbered
twelve men and three women, and were
almost in a state of nudity, succeeded
in entering the temple and tried to force
their way into the inner recesses. Al-
though upwards of one thousand pig-
skins were present, they were not ex-
pelled without a severe struggle, in the
course of which one intruder was trampled
to death. The rest were arrested,
and have been sentenced to three months
imprisonment. The inquiry showed
that they belonged to a sect of dissenters
lately founded in the Sambalpur dis-
trict, and known as Kumbhapatras, from
the fact that its followers wear ropes of
bark round their waists. They allege
that their religion was revealed to sixty-
four persons in 1834, by a God incarnate,
whom they style Alekhwau—that is,
the Lord—whose attributes cannot
be described in writing. They believe
in the existence of the three
hundred million deities, but do not re-
spect their images, saying that it is im-
possible to represent a supreme being
whom one has never seen. They are
subdivided into three classes, two of
which renounce the world and make no
distinction of caste, while the third
leads a family life. Their habits are
said to be very filthy, and, like some
European sect, they take no medicine
in illness, but rely solely on divine help.
Their attack on Poore temple was
prompted by the belief that if the Jug-
germat was burned it would convince
the Hindoos of the futility of their re-
ligion, and the whole world would then
embrace the truth.

Big Nose.

Napoleon was not the first person to
declare his preference for men with big
noses. A century before his birth the
author of *Navya Venales*, in response
to his own question, pronounced "the
biggest nose the best nose," instancing
the case of the Roman emperors. Numa's
nose was half a foot long, and earned
for him the honorable surname of Pom-
pilius. According to Plutarch, Lyeuro-
tus and Solon ran to nose, and so did
all the Roman kings except Tarquinus
Superbus, and he was deothroned. Ho-
mer's nose was several inches long.
"Big noses," says Vigneul Marville,
"are held in honor everywhere in the
world, except among the Chinese and
Tartars." Titus Livius, Ovid, Camoens,
and St. Charles Barromeo may be num-
bered among men of enviable nasal de-
velopment. Henri III's brother Fran-
cis duke of Alencon, had his nose partly
cut in two by the ravages of small pox
died.

a fact which inspired the epigram, when
in 1858 he made a perfidious attempt on
the friendly city of Antwerp. Cyrano
de Bergerac had so long a nose that he
went about perpetually with his hand on
his sword prepared to punish those who
stared at him. Mme. de Genlis had a
model nose—at least she thought it to
be such judging from her frequent allu-
sions to it in her "memoirs," and from
the scolding she gave artist who repre-
sented it as squalline. "Is that," she said
"the little nez squalline celebrated in
prose and verse?" and she went on to
describe it in detail as most delicate, the
prettiest nose in the world, with a lump
on it, like noses of that sort. She thus
anticipates Tenyson's heroine with her
nose tip-titled like the petals of a flower.
Among the ugly people mentioned in
history may be mentioned Margat, a
Countess of Tyrol, nicknamed "Sack's
Mouth," La Tremouille, Mme. de Sevigne's
friend, who, when he turned his
back on one person to pay attention to
another was said by the first to have paid
her a compliment; Mme. de Scuderi, de
Lille, Florio, Gibbon, Grinard de la
Reyniere, Mirabeau and Danton. Van-
vongars found himself such a picture
of horror after recovering from a case of
small pox that he refused to appear in
society, but going into seclusion, made
the world his debtor for his looks. Hil-
land, the Prussian naturalist, was
distinguished by the natives of Madaga-
scar with the name of "The Fright,"
the Boche having, denied the existence of
the devil, was stung by La Monnaie
as a fit subject to complete his good
work and free humanity from all its ter-
rors by suppressing his own portrait.
Searrow's account of his phenomenal in-
genuity is too familiar to need mention.

Royal Gorge Canyon.

A traveler says, on our way to Gunnison
from Pueblo the Denver and Rio
Grand railroad enters a canyon at Canon
City, which soon closes in. This is the
"Royal Gorge" of the Arkansas. It is
a canon through which never white man
(nor Indian either for that matter) had
passed previous to the inception of the
railroad. I passed up this canon at
night—a bright moonlight night—and
from the rear platform of the sleeper
I drank in the grandeur of the scenery
and the wilderness left by fair Luna.
As I remarked, the hills approached each
other and higher and more precipitous
until they approach within fifty to one
hundred feet leaving a bare passage for
the Arkansas usually a very sleepy, single
track stream, but here a raging torrent—
not deep, but so swift as to defy man or
beast to breast its current, and the im-
penetrable cliffs, at places twenty-five
hundred to three thousand feet high,
were lost in a wall of rock that was like
the mouth of a volcano, as it is. "Any-
thing from a pine knot
down," was the answer, as if a pine knot
was his highest food. When their
stomachs are opened they are found to
contain pine knots and black mud from
the bottoms of the lakes. They eat,
however, many of the best fish and the
largest turtles of the lakes. The Flori-
dians do not think the "gators" dan-
gerous. Boys go into the lakes swim-
ming where the alligator lives and are
not disturbed. One twelve foot long is
considered good. Down in the Kins-
imsee river they grow to an enormous
size, having been seen eighteen feet
long. Those that are not accustomed
to man, and are dangerous. I
heard of a young man that was bitten
while swimming in the Kinsimsee and
soon died. Their teeth occupy a promi-
nent place in Florida jewelry. Some
people eat their tails. Just before a
rain they are heard to bellow somewhat
like a young calf. At night they fre-
quently make a great splashing in the
water.

Sold into Slavery.

As a landmark of a time ineffaceably
engraved upon the memories of the older
class, we came across a relic in the shape
of an old negro whose life and history
might well be woven into a tale as thrilling
with romance and adventure as was
ever born in the fertile brain of a Dum-
as. The man, who was an old man
of an hundred and ten years, with eye-
sight dimmed and mind belouped, he still
bears traces of that muscle and macho
so characteristic of his race. He was
brought to this country. Cy is perhaps the last
living African-born freedman in this section,
and up to two years since, at the remarkable
age of 108, retained his mental faculties to
an astonishing degree.

Nearly a century ago, at the age of six-
teen, he was brought over by a slave-trader
with a large number of others, all of whom
have long since been gathered to their
fathers, with the exception of one who
was on, past his day and generation,
a lingering landmark of an epoch of our
people now historic. A talk with the old
fellow is highly entertaining and amusing.
Of course due allowance must be made for
his somewhat tropical imagination. Old
Cy claims that his capture by the traders
was a case of the basest perfidy and kid-
napping on record, he belonged to the
Fulus, a powerful interior tribe of the
Liberian country, and was no less a per-
sonage than the son of King Bomba Fiah.
The facts of his seizure as told by himself,
are briefly these: He was sent by his
father, with a number of captives from a
hostile tribe, with his agents, to sell them
to the traders.

The sale having been duly effected to the
satisfaction of all parties, Prince
Bomb Fiah (now old Cy) with his retinue
were invited to a fete on shipboard. It
was the old game. When the Prince and
his attendants awoke from the effects of
the New England rum, they found them-
selves leaguers from their loved land, and
what was worse, treated with no more con-
sideration than the stray slaves they had
sold. For seventy-eight long years Old
Cy bore the yoke of slavery to be freed in
his second childhood. The old man's life,
however, have fallen in places, and in the
helplessness of old age, he is well cared
for, and nothing is lacking to ease his life
to the grave. Any bright day he might
be seen sunning himself in front of his
comfortable cabin.

—It is said that last year raised 6,987,040
pounds of lobster, valued at \$5,958,964.
The cultivation is confined to the south-
eastern counties.

India-Rubber Gathering.

When the hunter has found a rubber
tree, he first clears away a space from
the roots, and then moves on in search
of others, returning to commence opera-
tions as soon as he has marked all the
trees in the vicinity.

He first of all digs a hole in the ground
level, and then cuts in the tree a V-
shaped incision, with a machete, as high
as he can reach. The milk is caught as
it exudes and flows into the hole. As
soon as the flow from the cuts has ceased
the tree is cut down, and the trunk raised
from the ground by means of an im-
proved trestle. After placing large
leaves to catch the sap, gashes are cut
through the entire length, and the milk
carefully collected.

When it first exudes the sap is of the
whiteness and consistency of cream,
but it turns black on exposure to the
air.

When the hole is filled with rubber,
it is congealed by adding hard soap or
the root of the mellewasm, which has
the most rapid action, and prevents the es-
cape of the water that is always present
in the fresh sap. When congealed until
the back of the hunters by lark things to
the banks of the river and floated down
on rafts.

The annual destruction of rubber trees
in Columbia is very great, and the
industry must soon disappear altogether,
unless the government puts in force
a law that already exists, which com-
pels the hunters to tap the trees without
cutting them down. If this law were
carried out there would be a good open-
ing for commercial enterprise, for rub-
ber trees will grow from eight to ten
times in diameter in three or four years
from seed.

The trees require but little attention,
and begin to yield returns sooner than
any other. Those that yield the great-
est amount of rubber flourish on the
banks of the Sim and Aslatu Rivers.
The value of the crude India-rubber im-
ported into the states annually is about
\$10,000,000.

Florida's Famous Saurian.

A traveler in Florida lately wrote:
every lake I saw in Florida large
enough had its family of alligators.
Near the settlements where they are
frequently shot at they disappear at the
approach of man. They visit each other
from lake to lake. When a man, woman
or child overtakes one in the woods
the beast runs to the nearest water. If
hemmed in, he stops, swells and blows
like a mad bull. They handle their
tails rigidly in resisting an enemy
or flipping a hog or dog into their great
mouths. I remember asking what they
eat. "Anything from a pine knot
down," was the answer, as if a pine knot
was his highest food. When their
stomachs are opened they are found to
contain pine knots and black mud from
the bottoms of the lakes. They eat,
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soon died. Their teeth occupy a promi-
nent place in Florida jewelry. Some
people eat their tails. Just before a
rain they are heard to bellow somewhat
like a young calf. At night they fre-
quently make a great splashing in the
water.

The next day the country patrol arrested
a suspicious stranger, who promised to
discuss to them a treasure that he would
reveal if he were allowed to stay in the
hills, where he had hidden his gold.
Adelizi was captured and taken to the
city, and put to death, and Fra Diavolo,
who had not been recognized, was con-
ducted by a new and named Gargano to a hut
near the Snow Gorges on Mount Sant'
Erama.

Meanwhile Gaetano and the Jew cared
for Fra Diavolo, bringing him food and
medicine for his wound. He, in return,
promised them great riches and military
 honors if he succeeded in effecting his
escape to Sicily. But Gaetano, who for
certain misdeeds was outlawed by the
government, thought he might purchase
pardon by handing the brigand over to
the police. Accordingly on October 31
he came to the hut with this intention. There
he found the Jew had already arrived, had
cut off Fra Diavolo's moustache, and had
taken other precautions to prevent his
escape. Gaetano too, was bound and
made to disclose his purpose; the latter
refused to consent to the betrayal, and
when their discussion brought them to
blows, Fra Diavolo, suspecting something,
escaped. He succeeded in reaching Sicily,
and called out the people to assist him, but
was unable to find the refugee.

Fra Diavolo, in his disguise, seemed a
poor vainglar beggar, and followed during
that night the road to Salerno. Having
secured the assistance of a man who
called out the people to assist him, but
was unable to find the refugee.

Tom reading from the right hand figures
finds that the ring is on finger 4, hand 1 (or
right), person 9—or on the fourth finger of
the right hand.

A Million Dollar Tunnel.

Father river and its tributaries in Cal-
ifornia have added up millions of dollars to
the world's volume of gold coin, and wherever
the beds of the streams have been mined,
or in places where mining operations are
now being carried on, the returns have
been so great that it is a small wonder
how proposed to get at these riches in a systematic
way, and to overcome the existing ob-
stacles by engineering science, and a com-
pany has been formed to turn the waters
of the father river, known as the
Bug Bend, a little above Whiskey Bar,
by means of a tunnel, into a tributary of the
west branch.

The tunnel begins nearly half a mile
above Whiskey Bar, and a place where
the river is deeply incised between the banks
and where the stream has very little fall.
It is proposed to establish the bottom of
the tunnel four feet below the lowest point
of the river, and to give the water the
impetus to the waters, taking a greater
velocity than they had in the stream. This
Bug Bend tunnel will be 11,600 feet long,
20 1/2 feet wide, 2 1/2 feet high and the ex-
penditure will cost about \$4,000,000 per
yard. At the entrance of the tunnel will
be a permanent dam across and up to the
level of the bed of the stream. On this
can be erected a dam on the Bayout plain, as
used in the Cher and Lave rivers, that
can be thrown down and erected again
in a short time or a temporary construc-
tion can be built each year.

Mr. Barry, the engineer in charge makes
two estimates of cost—one for 158,057
cubic yards at \$4, which with machine-
compressors, tools, buildings, rods, wire
sluiceways, ventilating bore holes, engi-
neering expenses, etc., amounts to \$900,
000; the other, with the same expenses,
except that 207,250 cubic yards are to
excavated, amounts to \$1,000,000. Some
of the water may be utilized for irrigating
purposes. Mr. Barry says that experienced
miners who have been in the neighborhood
since 1850 estimate that if the gold in
the river bed around Bug Bend at, from
\$50,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

Treasure in a Tree's Heart.

In the southern part of Alamance coun-
ty in New-York township North Carolina
about ten days ago Joe Woody contracted
with a colored man, Ephraim Alston, to
have some rails split. Near a school house
Woody had allowed the pupils to cut a
large tree down for firewood, and the
rain went to work upon the butt out of
this tree, splitting it into rails. When it
had been quartered the next thing was to
heart each section as practical rail splitters
understand. In doing the latter act the
striker struck a regular bonanza, and twenty-six
pieces of glittering gold coin fell out,
worth ten dollars or more each.

These coins were concealed in an inch
and a quarter sizer hole, over which the
striker was working, in thickness about four
inches. On the outside no traces of the
hole could be seen. From the growth of
the tree since the boring of the hole it is
supposed that the coins were put there not
later than 1812. In diameter the hole was
about two feet, and it is not likely that
the concealment dates as far back as revo-
lutionary times. The concealer of this
treasure is supposed to have died suddenly
without ever revealing his secret.

The Last Days of Fra Diavolo.

Michael Pezza of Itri in Terra di Lavoro
is well known to the world under his nick-
name of Fra Diavolo. Brother Devil, and
his early exploits have been the theme of
romance and song, and he is not less popu-
lar of modern opera. How he gained
notoriety as a bandit; how, in 1799,
when Napoleon established the Partheno-
n Republic in Naples, he supported
the Bourbon cause, how he entered the
city in company with Cardinal Ruffo,
is recorded in every history of that time.
But of his career little has been known,
save the fact that he perished in 1806.
The circumstances connected with this
event have recently been brought to light,
and are briefly as follows:

During the siege of Gaeta the English
and Sicilians despatched numerous emis-
saries to raise a revolt in the Neapolitan
provinces. Among those who were in-
trusted with these mischievous com-
missions was Fra Diavolo, now a colonel, who had
followed the Bourbon Court to Sicily.
With other leaders of 99 he set sail from
Palermo for Calabria under the name of
British ship, June 29, 1806. Landing at
Amantea he committed some depredations,
took a few prisoners, and on hearing that
Gaeta had surrendered to the French he
stopped for a time at Capri, having re-
turned at the beginning of August, to the
Gulf of Policastro, and having been beaten
in several encounters he determined to
re-embark. So, with nine companions,
he secretly sailed away from the harbor
of the band and hastened towards the
sea. But at Torre Annunziata he was
unable to procure a boat. A man was
therefore sent to Naples with money to
get one and bring it to Positano. He was
waiting three days, as neither the man nor
craft appeared, fearing that they should
be discovered, Fra Diavolo and his fol-
lowers went over the mountain towards
Caserta. Having passed Salerno they were
driven into the plan and were resting in a
valley at Monteverrino, when they were
discovered by a boy, who gazed with
admiration at their arms. Failing in his
attempts to induce them to accept a
small party, he fled and was finally
that he had seen some men with better
weapons than theirs. The sportsmen
imagined that they might be deserters,
and went to attack them, but they soon
found out their mistake and were driven
off after a short encounter, in which Fra
Diavolo was slightly injured in the breast.

The brigands then took refuge in the
mountains of Eboli, but unluckily one of
them named Adelizi was recognized by
a man who had been employed in a family
nearly related to some gentleman whose
brother had been a victim of Adelizi's.
This night, the 28th of October, at dusk,
these gentlemen, their relatives and others,
went to the mountains where the brigands
were hiding. Adelizi was captured and cruelly
put to death, and Fra Diavolo, who had
not been recognized, was conducted by a
new and named Gargano to a hut
near the Snow Gorges on Mount Sant'
Erama.

Meanwhile Gaetano and the Jew cared
for Fra Diavolo, bringing him food and
medicine for his wound. He, in return,
promised them great riches and military
 honors if he succeeded in effecting his
escape to Sicily. But Gaetano, who for
certain misdeeds was outlawed by the
government, thought he might purchase
pardon by handing the brigand over to
the police. Accordingly on October 31
he came to the hut with this intention. There
he found the Jew had already arrived, had
cut off Fra Diavolo's moustache, and had
taken other precautions to prevent his
escape. Gaetano too, was bound and
made to disclose his purpose; the latter
refused to consent to the betrayal, and
when their discussion brought them to
blows, Fra Diavolo, suspecting something,
escaped. He succeeded in reaching Sicily,
and called out the people to assist him, but
was unable to find the refugee.

Tom reading from the right hand figures
finds that the ring is on finger 4, hand 1 (or
right), person 9—or on the fourth finger of
the right hand.

Feather River and its tributaries in Cal-
ifornia have added up millions of dollars to
the world's volume of gold coin, and wherever
the beds of the streams have been mined,
or in places where mining operations are
now being carried on, the returns have
been so great that it is a small wonder
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