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THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works by faith to prove,
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

THE TORN GLOVE.

It was almost 11 o'clock as I left my friend Alport's law office and hurried up town. I had delayed longer than I knew, interested deeply in his account of an intricate will case, in which he was just at that time engaged. As I now remember, a property of some two millions, held by a residuary legatee, had suddenly been claimed by one who announced himself as the direct heir and devisee, a nephew of the testator, who had not been heard from for several years.

Alport deemed the fellow an imposter, and although his story had been well told, and his plan of action well laid throughout, my friend thought he had secured proofs of its falsity. In fact, he had a bundle of papers containing the positive proof that Neil Harcourt was not Neil Harcourt, nephew of old Duncan Harcourt, testator; and it was his explanation of this case that had rendered me so late on my up town journey.

As I hurried onward, mechanically my hand sought my pocket for a cigar, and finding none—a most unusual condition of things—I glanced about for some place where I could purchase some.

Just down a side street a light struck my eye, and moving toward it, I found a small but neat cigar store, waited upon by a girl.

I entered, threw down my money, and called for cigars. The waitress, or shop girl, was evidently on the point of closing, for one light was already out, and she wore her hat and shawl; more than that, as she placed a handful of regalias before me, I noticed that she had also drawn on her gloves, and that one, that upon her left hand, had been partly torn across the palm, and neatly mended by the insertion of another piece of kid.

This trifling incident would doubtless have escaped me, had it not been that the glove was a pale orange in color, whereas the inserted kid was black.

I selected my cigars, lit one and walked out. An hour later I was at home and in bed.

The next morning after, I read at my breakfast table that Lawyer Alport had been murdered the night before.

To say that I was shocked would be but feebly to express my horror. Alport was a warm personal friend, my attorney, and a man without stain.

His death in the most natural way would have been a sad loss to me; to hear of his end by murder simply paralyzed me.

Leaving the table as soon as I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to do so, I at once threw on hat and overcoat and hurried down town.

My friend's office was in Blank street, a little off from the main current of travel; but this morning I found a number of persons gathered about it—neighbors, storekeepers and brother lawyers—passing whom I confronted an officer standing guard at the office door.

He would have stayed my entrance, but as I handed him my card his face changed.

"Major Minton, of the detectives?" he said, inquiringly.

I bowed.

The man at once opened the door.

"You'll find Captain Ross and another gentleman inside. I presume they'll be glad to see you."

I entered.

As the policeman had said, I found two detectives—men whom I knew—within. Their story was soon mine.

It seemed that Alport had been in his office late; that a lady had called in the evening and remained an hour or more; that after she had left, his light continued to burn a long time—until morning probably—and that it was not until some important client opened the unlocked door, at about 9 a. m., that the death of the attorney was known.

He lay dead in his office chair, when found, a thin, foreign looking knife sticking in his heart. Evidently he had been struck unawares; there had been no struggle, but little blood, and no robbery that the officers could discover.

Nor was there any clew remaining. Evidently the woman had killed him, though why was as yet unanswered. No one knew the woman.

"But the reason—the motive?" said I. "Surely there must have been one. If we can find that, we may have a clue to the criminal. Without it everything is in the dark."

"True," replied Ross; "but the motive is just what puzzles us. It evidently was not robbery, as his watch and money were on his person when found."

"Hold!" said I, with a sudden thought. "Might not he have been robbed of papers?"

"Yes; but what ones? How do we know what documents he had?"

A new idea had come to me. I began at once to search for the papers which Alport had read to me two days before—the proofs in the Harcourt case.

They were gone. but I found in their stead, lying among letters and legal litter in his waste basket, a torn glove, bloody, and mended across the palm with a bit of black kid.

I drew it out with a shout.

"He was robbed of some important papers that he showed to me only night before last," said I, excitedly, "and the person who killed him wore this glove!"

"A clue!" cried Captain Ross, as he reached for it.

"No, no, my friend!" said I. "This is my case now. Alport was my attorney; and, now that I have one end of the thread in this case, I propose to follow it out. The honor shall be yours, but the revenge must be mine. Leave the matter with me three days. At the end of that time I'll either give you the criminal or turn you over all my proofs and give it up."

Ross at once agreed to this plan, and my friend's body having been removed, and a Coroner's jury having rendered a decision of "death by the hands of some party or parties unknown," the case was for three days in my sole care.

I naturally felt certain that I had the right clue—the missing papers and the torn glove—but I knew my business sufficiently well to understand that I could neither walk into the cigar store where my supposed murderess was and arrest her, nor was it at all likely that I could bluff or frighten her into confession. Moreover, I wished to know first why she would have cared for these missing papers.

That afternoon I strolled to the cigar store. An elderly German was behind the counter. In the eveeing I tried it again. No girl was to be seen.

I determined to learn something of her. I entered and bought some cigars.

"Keep the store alone?" said I, casually, as I lit my cigar.

"Yaw."

"Trade good?"

"Yaw."

"You ought to have a pretty girl to help you catch the young fellows' trade."

"Yaw."

I turned and walked away. Nothing to be made there.

I watched the store until it closed, and half the next day. Then I was rewarded. At about noon a girl entered, laid aside her hat and cloak and took her place behind the counter, while the man went away. When he was well out of sight I dropped in and did a little trading.

It was the same girl, a little nervous, I told myself.

I watched her until the store closed; then followed her as she hurried homeward. She lived two miles away, near the river shore, in a small, old tenement house. She climbed to a room near the roof. I followed all the way, stumbling in the uneven halls, but looked upon, doubtless, as a new tenant a little off.

The girl entered the room locked the door, and then I heard the voice of two talking. Evidently she was conversing with a man.

I made friends with a half boozy bachelor on the floor below, and found from him that the girl was an old tenant, but that a man had recently arrived who occupied a room next to her, and was called her brother.

I waited all night just across the street from the tenement house.

Early in the dusky dawn I saw a man steal out. I followed him.

He went straight into the country, walking fast, and covering nearly five miles before sun-up. I followed all the way, not near enough to cause suspicion, but near enough to watch.

At last the fellow turned into a piece of woods. I hastened, and just as I entered the grove I saw him not far away, bending over a little fire.

As he heard me coming he looked up hastily, hesitated a moment, then turned and ran. At first I was impelled to follow, then something at the fire caught my eye, and I paused. Papers were burning. Quickly seizing the bundle—for such it proved to be—I managed to extinguish it, while still a considerable portion remained unconsumed. I opened it. There were all the papers and proofs in the Harcourt will case—the identical papers stolen from Alport on the night of this murder. My heart bounded. It was the third day, but the scent was very warm now.

I returned to the city with all haste, but by another road, and at noon was at the cigar store. The girl appeared and the German disappeared.

Supplied with the torn and bloody glove, I awaited my chance, and when the store was empty I entered. Having first purchased a cigar, I came close to the girl and said in a low tone: "Is this your glove? I saw you wearing it a few nights ago," at the same time presenting to her the kid, stained as it was.

The girl turned fairly livid, gasped a little, then whispered:

"Where did you get it?"

"In the same office where those papers were stolen and Lawyer Alport was murdered, three nights ago!" I said.

The poor thing uttered a single moan, and would have sunk to the floor if I had not caught her. A glass of water stood upon a shelf. I threw part of it into her face. Slowly she opened her eyes.

"Who are you?" she whispered hoarsely.

I opened my coat and showed a star. She uttered a low shriek.

"A detective! He is lost—lost!"

"My good girl," said I, "it is best for you, and him, too, to tell me the whole truth. Shut the shop and come with me."

She obeyed me unhesitatingly, and I led her to my own office? There, in the presence of a brother officer, she told me the whole story.

She was the wife—sad fate!—of a gambler who had sought to personate the lost heir of the Harcourt estate. So well had he succeeded that when Alport began to make trouble for him he determined to get rid of Alport and his proof at one blow. Dressed in his wife's clothes he had visited Alport's office and killed him, then stolen the desired papers. The torn glove he had doubtless found in the pocket of his wife's dress, and used to wipe some slight stain up from his hands, and then carefully dropped it in the waste basket. The papers he had taken home, and afterwards carried away to destroy. He passed as his wife's brother where they lived. She had known of the murder after it was committed but not before.

"Why did you not tell when you saw what this man had done?" said I, sternly. "Why did you seek to help him conceal his crime?"

She looked at me a moment with wide open eyes; then a great fear overspread her face.

"Gentlemen, I did not dare to. He threatened to kill me if I even spoke to him of it."

Three hours later Leonardi Giotti, the husband was in our hands. A full-blooded Italian, with an English wife; a desperado, if ever there was one; a coward, but a revengeful dog!

As we led him away from the examination, where he refused to answer a single question, and his wife had told her story again as she told it to me, he asked leave to speak a word to the woman. It was granted and he drew near to her. But even as he spoke, he suddenly raised his manacled hands and struck her such a blow on the head that the poor thing sunk to the ground without a moan, blood streaming from her face, while the miserable brute turned away with a sneer.

"She'll not blab on me again!"

Indeed she did not! He was found guilty of murder, and hung within three months, and his poor wife died within the year, from the effects of his cruel blow.

Dolly Payne.

Who was Dolly Payne, the wife of James Madison, President of the United States and a gallant soldier of the Revolution? A Quaker girl, around whom clusters all that was romantic and poetic in Madison's life, except his tender devotion to his mother. He fell in love with her while he was in Philadelphia attending the sessions of Congress as a Representative from Virginia. She was born in North Carolina, but when quite young her parents removed to Philadelphia and joined the Society of Friends. When Madison first met her she was Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd, the widow of John Todd. Still she was only twenty-three years old, and as pretty in features as charming in conversation. His suit was successful, which is not to be wondered at, for he was a man of wealth and with a wide reputation. With her he retired to his country seat to enjoy her society, the company of his friends, and the comforts of home. Seven happy years were spent at Montpelier, and then in 1801, Madison was appointed Secretary of State and removed with his beautiful wife to Philadelphia. Afterwards, when Madison became President, she shared the White House with him. It is said of her that she presided with more brilliancy over the Executive Mansion than any other woman before or since. Her beauty, her charming manners, her quiet refinement, and her dignity and grace lent a charm before unknown to the White House entertainments.

And she was as brave as she was beautiful. During the exciting days of the war of 1812 she showed such devotion and bravery that she was no longer simply a queen of the drawing-room, but a heroine among heroines. The 24th of August, 1814, witnessed the entry of the British into the Capital, after defeating our army at Bladensburg. On the day previous, Mrs. Madison wrote thus to her sister at Mt. Vernon: "My husband left me yesterday to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and of the Cabinet papers public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me, as I fear much hostility towards him." On the following afternoon she adds a postscript:—"Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or a skirmish near Bladensburg, and I am here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but I wait for him."

At last she consents to depart, but even then delays, at the risk of capture, to order the demolition of the heavy gilt frame around Stuart's portrait of General Washington, so that the valued picture may be taken out and carried to a place of security. Dolly Payne is a demure little Quaker girl no longer, but a brave woman of whom the whole nation may well be proud. It is a pleasing incident of her husband's love that in after years, when writing his will, he always mentioned her as "my dear wife." With all her beauty and with all her bravery Dolly Madison had her share of trouble. John Payne Todd, son by the first husband, was a wild, profligate fellow, who inherited none of the good qualities of his mother. He was the scapegrace of the family. When Madison sold his manuscripts and papers to Congress for $20,000, young Todd managed to get most of the money from him. Afterwards when Madison made his will, he left land and other property to all his relatives, but to John Payne Todd he gave only the medals presented to him by his friend Geo. W. Erving, and the walking staff made from the timber of the frigate Constitution and presented to him by Commodore Elliott, then her commander. So, young Todd, figuratively speaking, was cut off with a shilling. Dolly Payne, as she is commonly called, resided in Washington during the last years of her life. In her old age she was baptized and became a member of St. John's Church, in Philadelphia.

Beast or Human Being.

A wild woman has appeared near Lafayette, Ind., and is terrorizing the people. Mrs. Frank Coffman, the wife of a well-known farmer, saw it the other day, and thus describes it; Mrs. Coffman was passing through the timber when she suddenly saw to her right a hideous creature, formed like a woman, with long black hair floating in the wind, and the whole body covered with short gray hair. The creature was breaking twigs from a sassafras bush and eating the bark. The noise made in breaking the bush prevented its hearing Mrs. Coffman's approach. Frozen with horror the farmer's wife stood and gazed on the remarkable creature before her. Suddenly the wild woman turned, and, facing her civilized sister, glared at her with a baleful light of hate. Raising her long, hairy arms she gave an unearthy shriek and darted away into the forest. Almost paralyzed with fear Mrs. Coffman gazed after the wild creature for a moment, then, with agonized screams she fled homeward. Her cries of fear attracted her husband, who was at work in the field, and he hastened toward her, reaching her side as her knees gave way with weakness resulting from mortal terror. He carried his wife to the house, gave the alarm, and soon half a hundred men and boys, accompanied by dogs, were on the trail of the wild woman. She was hotly pursued, and several times came near being caught, but eluded her pursuers with wonderful skill and cunning. For fully half a mile of the chase she was never out of sight. Her feet touched the ground but seldom. She would grab the underbrush with her long, bony hands and swing from bush to bush and limb to limb with wonderful ease. She seemed only endeavoring to keep just beyond her pursuers, until, coming to a swamp, she disappeared as suddenly and effectively as an extinguished light, and no searching served to ascertain her whereabouts.

—Albany's brick-making industry has reached a production of 1,000,000 bricks a week.

A Tramp Painter's Peril.

"It was two Summers ago. I was painting the Southern Pacific for a Baltimore drug house, and had pretty well plastered the rocks and the fences along that line with liver pills, electric pads, etc. Of course, I would make big jumps now and then, when I thought the scenery was too tame to be painting, or I never would have got to the end of the road.

"I branched off at Benson, in Arizona, and took a run up the San Pedro river as far as Tombstone, meaning to lay the paint on that town pretty thick, because its name makes it sort of conspicuous, you know, and I thought the boss would like it.

"But the first pot of paint was the last. I started in about 10 O'clock one morning to decorate a little shanty that was not fit to keep a billy goat in. It was made of about three dozen rough planks nailed to four posts, with a lot of three branches as a roof.

"I swung black paint all over one side pretty lively as a ground work for the white lettering; but I no sooner started in with the white, when a big fellow slouched across to where I was and says he:

"That's mighty pretty. Paint the other side now.'

"Wait' till I get done this side, will you, my friend? says I, making the outline of a big L, in white paint.

'Just scratch that out, if you please. My name don't begin with an L.'

"He said that mighty soft; but when I looked at him I had to look into the muzzle of a big seven-shooter navy.

"I've had plenty of trouble with men who didn't want their barns and fences painted up with signs; but that fellow made more fuss over his little shanty than I ever saw before or since. He said he was paying $40 a month rent for that place (I wouldn't give him forty cents for the whole thing), and he made me paint all four sides, from top to bottom, with good black paint, while the whole town stood around and criticized the way I slung a brush.

"They let me go, after I got that shanty painted; but the sheriff of the town walked a piece with me, and told me I'd better get. He said the men could stand a little swearing, and a little shooting and a little gambling; but when it came to making sign-boards of the houses, he was afraid lawlessness was going too far, and he wouldn't answer for the consequences if I stayed in town.

"I was determined that I would not go out of that Tombstone district without leaving my mark, any how. So I just bunked on the hillside that night and in the morning I made a bee-line for the Whetstone Mountains, which are in sight of the city; and after a little skirmishing around I found a canon with a precipice on one side of it as clean straight up and down as a knife.

"When I looked over the edge I could see the water in the little creek down below dancing and singing along through the bowlders. It wasn't such a tarnation piece down there—only two or three hundred feet—but it was a little further than I cared to jump.

"I had a coil of silk rope among my tools, and after fastening one end to a cottonwood tree I swung the other end, with a loop in it for a seat, overboard, and climbed down hand under hand.

"What did I do with my paint bucket and brush? I put the brush into the bucket and carried the bucket handle in my mouth. Oh, I assure you, this kind of thing was common with me. The next time you go among the mountains, if you will examine the painted rocks pretty close, you will find that my way is really the only way to get at them.

"Give me a good silk rope—silk because a very small silk rope will carry a man, and a painter don't want to lug a heavy rope around with him—and I'll paint your name on the steepest precipice that ever was.

"When I'm sitting down my brush has got a seven-foot swing, and I set out to paint the words 'Love's Lung Lozenges' in seven-foot letters. I didn't care if it took me a week, I wasn't going to be bluffed by them Tombstoners.

"Well, sir, I was brushing away and singing to myself like a mocking-bird, when a stone came down and lit fair in the paint-pot, splashing paint all over my sign. I looked up madder'n a hornet, and there I see two dirty Apache heads grinning at me.

"I didn't say anything; but the sight of them took the life out of me so that I dropped my brush, and I could hear it bounding along from rock to rock until finally it struck bottom. I swear it seemed to me ten minutes from the time that brush left my hand until it struck the ground. Every time it bounced from one rock to another I seemed to say to myself: "You'll strike there, and there, and there.'

"I knew the Indians were Apaches the minute I saw their heads, and I knew, too, that the Apache is the blood-thirtiest animal on earth.

"They grinned at me, with their heads stuck over the precipice, and then one of them swung out his right arm and began making passes at the taut rope with a butcher knife in his hand. You won't find them fellers carrying tomahawks any more; they carry guns and knives instead.

"I watched the knife flying around up there, with its sharp edge always turned toward the rope, until it made me sick, and I looked down for relief. Below me there was nothing but a little mesquit bush growing out of the precipice about half way down, and under that bowlders.

"Suddenly I thought of something, and whipping my whisky flask out of my breast pocket, I held it up toward them. They stopped grinning, the knife stopped wheeling around, and I saw in a minute, that they were two thirsty Indians, and that I had a chance yet. But, like a blamed fool, I was too sure, and didn't take enough care of the bottle, and the first thing I knew it slipped from my hand and smashed to flinders on the rocks below.

"The Indians gave one howl and then zip went the knife across the rope, and I followed the whisky bottle.

"Did I get killed? Well, not hardly, You remember that mesquit bush? Well, the end of the rope managed to get wrapped around that bush in the fall, and it brought me up so sudden that the shock broke out four of my front teeth."

"But you were still one hundred feet above ground, and your rope only fifty feet long."

"To be sure, but every thing was plain sailing now. I just shinned up the rope to the bush, got the rope out of snarl and unraveled so as to make two ropes, only half as thick each as the other was. See? The rope was plenty strong enough to bear me, thin as it was, and down I came like greased lightning, and then footed it back to Benson, where I bought a new outfit and went ahead to 'Frisco."

Burning off Human Hair.

"Hair Singeing 25 Cents," is the somewhat novel sign displayed in the window of a South Broad street barber's shop, Philadelphia. The interior of the shop is decorated with half a dozen more of the signs, and two knights of the razor and a colored boy fanned themselves and waited for customers. The reporter had just made known his errand when two youths of the variety popularly known as "toughs" entered, and one of them, notwithstanding the lavish display of signs, inquired if "this here's the place the feller wos wot burned yer hair off?" Being assured he had reached the right place, the youth inquired if it "hurt yer?" and when the barber said it was a painless operation, seated himself in one of the chairs and told the barber to "bring on yer blaze and do it up in style." He added that he wanted a "regular summer cut, short all over." The first step taken by the barber was to cut the youth's hair in the regular way with the scissors, and this being finished, the act of singeing began. Taking a long wax taper, such as are used in any household, he lighted it from a gas burner, and with a comb lifted what remained of the young man's hair into ridges, the tops of which he deftly burned off by applying the blazing taper, and a halo of smoke encircled his heap, and a faint odor of toasted wool floated about in the room and out into the sultry night. With great skill he soon had the entire top, back, and sides of the youth's head completely singed, that worthy in the meantime staring at the operation as reflected in the looking-glass, and momentarily exclaiming: "Well, I'll be blowed!" His companion was similarly impressed, and made constant remarks of a like nature. When the youth's head had been sufficiently toasted to suit the barber's artistic eye, the taper was put out, and the customer requested to step down to the wash-basin, where his head was thoroughly washed, to clear away the "ashes" that remained at the end of each hair, and when the operation was finished the youth gazed in the glass at as beautifully clipped a cranium as ever left a barber shop. Paying his quarter, and remarking that it "wasn't such a bad racket, after all," the young man gave a parting glance of approval in the mirror, and with his companion departed. "This is the only place in this country where you can get a regular 'singe,'" said the barber after the youths had gone, "but it's a pretty common thing in England and Europe, and in Canada, too, I believe." In conclusion, he stated that it was said to be a capital thing for the hair, and would cause it to flourish like a cornfield after a summer shower; but he added in conclusion, "It aint any good for bald-headed men, for they haven't any hair to be braced up."

Hawaii---Sandwich Islands.

Hawaii, being wholly volcanic, looks like a fortress ninety miles long, built by the genii. Yet, dreary as it is, or seems from the sea, it is really full of green pastures, on which feed wild cattle, the descendants of those brought in by Vancouver, and owned by ranchmen, to the tune of ten and fifteen heads apiece, in runs of twenty miles long. It must have been sad to stand by and see a forest burned up like so many matches, and another with the trees snapped off at the surface of the fire-flood, the portion imbedded in the lava being burned to dust, and leaving a series of pock-marks on the hardened surface. One night in 1852, it seemed as if a solitary star was shining on the side of Mauna Loa, at a spot afterwards found to be four thousand feet below the summit. After the second evening it seemed to die away, but soon burst out again with amazing splendor, no longer a star, but a column of fire seven hundred feet high by angular measurement, and from two hundred to three hundred feet broad, which was visible one hundred miles off, and the ashes and charred leaves from which covered the decks of approaching ships. The lava stream was visible thirty miles off; and in twenty days there had been thrown up a cone a mile round at the base and four hundred feet high, which is standing to this day. The weird beauty of the color-changes was something past belief. Issuing white-hot from the crater, the lava changed first to light, then to deep red, then to glossy gray, with shiny black patches, every tint intermingled in constant movement, and a very cataract of sparks falling from the fire pillar. In 1855 there was a yet greater eruption, from which the town of Hilo narrowly escaped. One strange episode was when a cataract of lava poured over a precipice into a very deep rock-basin, in which a big ship might have floated. The water was all driven off in steam, the basin filled up, and the precipice changed into a gently sloping plane. Months after it was a hideous sight to see this lava stream, about fifty miles from its source, sluggishly twisting about in vast coils, whose lustrous metallic surface was seamed with red, showing the uncooled stream below, while every now and then the glistening crust which hung over this fire-stream caved in, just as as "cat's ice" breaks and shows the water underneath it.

Gold Dollars.

"It's easier than selling $1 gold pieces at 75 cents each," remarked a nobby young man in Detroit, to a friend.

"Is that so?" was the answer. "I'll bet you $20 you can't sell ten $1 gold pieces at 75 cents each in two hours."

"I'll take you," said the first speaker.

The coin was procured, and the young man stationed himself at Clark street bridge.

"Here you are," shouted the young man; "$1 gold pieces for 75 cents."

In about three minutes a crowd of a hundred people gathered. But not one offered to buy. They guyed him, and wanted to know how much profit he made. Others wanted him run in for a swindler, and finally a policeman appeared and dispersed the crowd and ordered him to move on. He came very nearly being arrested as a fakir, and was glad to escape and pay the bet.

—Weakly County is the appropriate name of a place in Tennessee that claims to contain "more crippled men than any other county in the State, if not in the Union."

Passing Hat Island.

Coming up stream pilots did not mind low water of any kind of darkness, nother stopped them but fog. But down stream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run down stream at at night in low water.

There seemed to be one small hope, however; if we could get through the intricate and dangerous Hat Island crossing before night we could venture the rest, for we would have plainer sailing and better water. But it would be insanity to attempt Hat Island at night So there was a deal of looking at watches all the rest of the day, and a constant ciphering upon the speed we were making; Hat Island was the eternal subject; sometimes hope was high and sometimes we were delayed by a bad crossing and down it went again. For hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement; it was even communicated to me, and I got to feel so solicitous about Hat Island, and under such an awful pressure of responsibility, that I wished I might have five minutes on shore to draw a good, full, relieving breath of air and start over again. We were standing no regular watches. Each of our pilots ran such portions of the river as he had run when coming up-stream, because of his familarity with it; but both remained in the pilot house constantly.

An hour before sunst Mr. Bixby took the Wheel and Mr. W—— stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh:

"Well; yonder's Hat Island—and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about it being too bad, too bad—ah if we could only have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell-tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another, and one who had his hand on the door knob turned back again. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged and nods of surprised admiration—but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. Bixby, as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out. The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck!

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead.!

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three!——M-a-r-k three——Quarter-less-three?——Half twain!——Quarter twain!——M-a-r-k twain!——Quarterless"—

Mr. Bixby pulled two bell-ropel, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge-cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on—and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching now with fixed eyes and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her—to me—utterly invisable marks—for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea he would meet and fasten her there. Out of the murmur of half-audible talk one caught a coherent sentence now and then—such as:

"There; she's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause another subdued voice:

"Her stern's coming down just exactly right, by George!"

"Now she's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered:

"Oh, it was done beautiful—beautiful!"

Now the engines were stopped altogether and we drifted with the current Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. This drifting was the dismalest work; it held one's heart still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do something, anything to save the vessel. But still Mr. Bixby stood by the wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it," somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler, by the leadman's cries, till it was down to——

"Eight-and-a-half!——E-i-g-h-t feet——E-i-g-h-t feet!——Seven-and"——

Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet. Six-and"—

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "Now, let her have it—every ounce you've got!" then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before!

There was no more trouble after that Mr. Bixby was a hero that night; and it was some little time, to, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by river men.

Paper Mills.

From statistics recently published, it appears that there are in the world no fewer than 3,985 paper mills, producing every year 969,000 tons of paper from all kinds of substances, including rags, straw and altalfa. About one half is printed upon, and of these 476,000 tons of paper, nearly 300,000 tons are used by the newspapers. The various governments consume in official business, 100,000 tons; schools, 190,000 tons; commerce, 120,000, industry, 90,000 tons, and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. Including women and children, the paper trade employs 192,000 hands.

Mr. and Mrs. S. in Trouble.

"My dear," whimpered Mr. Spoopendyke, hobbling into his wife's room and throwing himself into a chair with a desolate expression of despair on his visage. "My dear, there is something the matter with my foot, and I can't make out what the trouble is."

"May be it's a stone bruise," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's all you know about it," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke, who was not to be put off with so small a disaster as a stone bruise. "I tell you, that I have got some trouble with my foot that threatens my life, and you stand around there like a cork in a bottle, and talk about it as though I hadn't got one leg in my coffin as far as the hip."

"Are you sure it isn't a corn?" hazarded Mrs. Spoopendyke, timidly. "Sometimes corns hurt worse than anything else; but I never heard of people dying of them."

"No, it isn't a corn!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, nursing his foot and glaring at his wife with a mingled expression of rage and pain. "What d'ye think this foot is, anyway; an agricultural district? When did you ever hear of a corn that reached from the heel to the knee? Which of your friends ever had a corn that hurt clear to the ear?" and Mr. Spoopendyke touched his foot carefully to the floor and eyed his wife narrowly to see if she noticed the expression of agony on his face.

"If it acts that way it must be a bunion!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke triumphantly. "All you have got to do is take your boot off and put your slippers on."

"That's it," yelled Mr. Spoopendyke hauling off his boot and firing it across the room. "When a man is dying of inflammatory rheumatism, it's a bunion! You've got it! A pain that starts in the toe, runs to the back of the neck and ties in a hard knot over the spine is a bunion! Show me the bunion!" he continued, sticking his leg out straight and pointing his finger at the offending foot. "Take this digit in your lily white hand and place it tenderly on the dod gasted bunion before I die and forget what killed me! Pick it out of the surrounding anatomy!" he yelled, wriggling his foot and bouncing up and down in his chair in a delirium of rage. "Pluck the bunion from its mountain fastness on the hoof of Spoopendyke and hold it up to the gaze of the same!"

"Does it hurt—?" commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly.

"Hurt!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and dancing around the room like a flea. "Of course, it don't. It tickles! "Hurt! It's a picnic! Say, my dear," and his voice was low and tender. "Say, my dear, instead of going to the country this summer we'll lay in a stock of bunions and wear 'em around for our health and recreation! Hurt!" he shrieked, breaking out in a new spot. "Hurt! It feels like a band of music! That's what it is, a bunion! It took you to hit it! When I get time to fit you up with a full beard and a bottle of whisky I'm going to start a dispensary with you! If you'd only improve your mind until you reached the standard of intelligence of a moderate donkey you'd only need a stolen corpse and a bad smell to be a first-class medical college!"

"Say, dear," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had been carefully exploring her husband's boot; "say, dear, I think I have found out what the trouble is. It isn't a bunion after all. Here's a peg sticking out here about a quarter of an inch. If you will have that taken out I don't believe you will suffer any more."

Mr. Spoopendyke jammed his hat over his eyes, shoved his feet into his slippers, grabbed the obnoxious boot and started for the door with a withering look at his wife as he went out.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as the front door slammed vindictively; "I don't care. If he has it taken out, he has to admit that I was right, and if he doesn't it will hurt him till he dies. I don't know which will be the worse for him, but he will have to do one or the other."

Pa's Rural Holiday.

Said the bad boy to the grocery man: "You see one of the deacons in our church lives out on a farm, and all his folks were going away to spend the day and he had to do all the chores; so he invited pa and ma to come out to the farm and have a nice, quiet time, and they went.

"There is nothing my pa likes better than to go out on a farm and pretend he knows everything. When the farmer got pa and ma out there he set them to work, and ma shelled peas while pa went to dig potatoes for dinner. I think it was mean for the deacon to send pa out in the corn field to dig potatoes, and after he had dug up a whole row of corn without finding any potatoes to set the dog on pa, tree him in an apple tree near the bee hives, and then go and visit my ma and leave pa in the tree with the dog barking at him. Pa said he never knew how mean a deacon could be until he had sat on a limb of that apple tree all the afternoon.

"About time to do chores the farmer came and found pa, and called the dog off, and pa came down, and then the farmer played the meanest trick of all. He said city people didn't know how to milk cows, and pa said he wished he had as many dollars as he knew how to milk cows. He said his specialty was milking kicking cows, and the farmer gave pa a tin pail and a milking-stool and let down the bars and pointed out to pa the worst cow on the place.

"Pa knew his reputation was at stake and he went up to the cow and punched it in the flank and said: 'Hist, confound you.' Well, the cow wasn't a histing kind, but a histing bull, and pa knew it was a bull as quick as he see it put down its head and beller, and pa dropped the pail and started for the bars, and the bull after pa.

"I don't think it was right in ma to bet two shillings with the farmer that pa would get to the bars before the bull did, though she won the bet. Pa said he knew it was a bull just as soon as the horns got tangled up in his coat tails, and when he struck on the other side of the bars and his nose hit the ash-barrel where they make lye for soap, pa said he saw more fireworks than we did at the Soldiers' Home. Pa wouldn't celebrate any more and he came home, after thanking the farmer for his courtesies, but he wants me to borrow a gun and go out with him hunting. We are going to shoot a bull and a dog, and some bees; maybe we will shoot the farmer, if pa keeps on as mad as he is now. Well, we won't have another Fourth of July for a year."

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The girls' reform school in Iowa has 100 inmates.

—California yields nearly 57,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

—Mme. Ristori is to make a farewell tour of this country next year.

—Of the 408 students in the Munich Academy of Art 34 are Americans.

—Baroness Burdett-Couts has twenty million dollars invested in U. S. bonds.

—Utah, which contained not a rail sixteen years ago, now has 1081 miles of railway.

—The recent Masonic fair in Dublin realized $40,000, and American lodges contributed thereto.

—English papers commend the introduction of the American lock-box into the British postal system.

—Twelve of the Bishops of the Church of England are over 70 years of age, and of these three are over 80.

—It is asserted that British capital to the extent of $30,000,000 went into Wyoming and Texas last year.

—Mozart, Flotow and Gounod, managers find, are the most popular composers for Russian audiences.

—Dr. C. C. Bristol is still living in Buffalo, New York. He was the first white male born in that place.

—The Japanese are teaching about 2,000,000 in their public schools on American and English systems.

—A calculation made at the postoffice department shows only one registered letter in every 13,000 is lost.

—The British government gives £300,493 to the Scottish universities, and allows £108,757 for new works.

—There are ten colored teachers in Topeka, Kansas, eight of whom are graduates of educational institutions.

—It is estimated in Washington that about $300,000,000 of our national debt—or less than 20 per cent.—is held in Europe.

—The price of hops has decreased one-half within three months. There is no three-cent-beer wave in sight yet, however.

—Compressed carbonic acid is used at the great gun manufactory at Essen in making ice and seltzer water for the workmen.

—The prices of carpets of all grades are lower than they have been for twenty years, excepting for a brief period in 1879.

—An intelligent London fish merchant has made a calculation showing that 72,000,000 oysters are annually consumed in London.

—It is estimated that of all the animals that are attacked by the cattle plague, now raging in Egypt, not more than 10 in 100 recover.

—It is estimated that the miners and merchants of Butte, Montana Territory, have on deposit at the three banks of that city about $900,000.

—Of 4,392,920 Prussian children 2,723,911 go to Evangelical, and 1,405,987 to Catholic schools, making a total of 4,129,900 in Christian schools.

—It is stated that one ruby found in Robinson county, Georgia, is worth over $3,000, and is the largest ever found on the American continent.

—The 1800 saloons of Missouri last year paid licenses to the amount of $157,000. The same number of saloons under the new law will have to pay $900,000.

—Statistics show that while the population has increased but 19 per cent. in the last 30 years in the seven chief counties of England, suicides have during the same period increased 68 per cent.

—The reduction in the interest-bearing debt of the government for the fiscal year just closed is $125,581,229, which secures a permanent annual reduction in the interest charge of $5,923,431.

—Angela Cordella, a Nevada miner, claims to be the strongest man in the world. His bones are all extraordinarily massive, though he weighs but 138 pounds. He can lift 200 pounds with one finger.

—Mme. Minnie Hauk, Mme. Durand and Mlle. Alice Urban, three celebrated prima donne now in Europe, are all Creole girls from New Orleans, and got their musical beginning at the French Cathedral in that city.

—Edward Mearcie O'Brian, who claims lineal relationship with Brian Boru, the last king of Ireland, lives in Costello county. He is one of the earliest settlers who came to Colorado during the gold excitement of '59.

—About 150,000,000 feet of logs have been turned out of the boom near Stillwater, Minn., thus far this season. They are going out at the rate of 350,000 per day, but it will take two or three weeks yet to open the river for navigation