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WHEN DAYS ARE DARK.

When days are dark, remember
The brightness that has passed;
Call up the glad Spring music
To mingle with the blast;
Think of the merry sunshine
And beds of scented flowers;
Let memories of the Summer
Take gloom from off sad hours.

When days are dark, be cheerful;
Because the leaves must fade,
Thy hopes need not be cast away
Nor thy heart be dismayed.
This is the time for laughter
And happy household song,
Hours that are filled with cheerfulness
Are never sad and long.

When days are dark, be trustful;
The sun shines after rain,
And joy goes not so far away
But it returns again,
Life is not ruled by sorrow,
But blessings reign o'er all,
And we can sing of mercy,
In spite of pain and thrall.

When days are dark, be busy,
For there is much to do,
And the ministries are many
Which kindly man is pursue.
The need of love is always great,
For grief is every where,
Oh, lighten thou some burden,
And lessen thou some care!

When days are dark be thankful;
Light is not always best,
And useful are the shadows,
The silence and the rest,
God gives whate'er is good to come,
The day and then the night,
And those who find their joy in him
Live always in the light.

ARLIE BRAKE.

"What is your friend like, Grace, and when is she to arrive?" my brother Earle asked me one evening, as he sat half in and half out of the window of our small dining-room.

"Like?" I repeated slowly, "I wish you would not ask me such questions, Earle. You know it is one of my shortcomings never to be able to describe any one. I never have done so in my life, and I do not suppose I ever shall. Let me see if I possibly can make you understand what Lettie is like. She—she is very nice, Earle."

My brother laughed, and blew a long thin cloud of smoke from beneath his dark moustache.

"All girls are nice, Grace," he said. "I have never yet come across one that was not. But this special one—is she dark or otherwise?"

"Very otherwise," I answer, smiling. "She is fair; and, oh, Earle, she has such a pretty complexion! It is like a rose."

"Like this, for instance?" he asked, picking one of the rare dark roses, of a sort of maroon color, for which our small garden was famous.

"Not a bit like that;" I laughed. "But you must wait and see; I cannot describe her, as I have told you, dear. To-morrow evening she will be here, and then you shall see for yourself. I wonder what she will think of our cottage, and the village, and our friends?" I continued, half to myself.

"She will like everything, and go into raptures over every one; and, if you want to complete her enjoyment, I should strongly recommend you to borrow somebody's infant—girls are always so fond of babies," my brother said, as he threw away his cigar and stepped in through the open window to tea. "Joking apart, Grace, I am very pleased that she is coming; for I have to go out so often that I fear at times it is dismally lonely for you. I sometimes think of moving nearer to Redstone; it is so dull here in the winter time."

"Never think of it again, Earle," I replied, "for I am neither lonely nor dull; and I do not know of a house or cottage between here and Redstone that would suit us. I am attached to this quiet little spot; I love to sit at that window and watch the beautiful curling waves come rolling in; I am never tired of looking at the sea."

"Now, Grace Trafford, be a candid woman if you can, and tell me, is it not what you expect the sea to bring you which is the cause of your never being weary of looking, and not the sea itself? Come now, coufess. It is exceedingly romantic, I know, to profess to love the melancholy dirge. But how about this, Miss Grace?" And my brother's sweet deep voice sang softly—

"I stealed mine eyes one day when a boat
Went sailering over the billow,
Its sired her course till a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam.
And I stared beyond in the dear loved home,
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow."

"A very pretty little song, Earle, and very nicely sung; and you shall sing it again when Lettie comes, if you are good." Though I spoke laughingly, and did not wish Earle to think he could tease me, I was painfully conscious that my cheeks had grown many shades darker.

"I wonder whether Lettie's complexion at all resembles yours now?" Earle said, his dear handsome face beaming with suppressed mirth. "Grace dear, that remark of mine brings us back to the realities of everyday life. When does your friend arrive?"

"To-morrow evening," I replied. "Earle, there is punishment in store for you for teasing your sister," I added. "I hear the surgery bell ringing."

The next moment Earle's quick step was sounding down the hall, and I was left alone. I arose from the tea-table, and, taking up my work, settled myself in my favorite seat, the broad old fashioned oak seat in the window.

I wondered whether Earle and I were unfortunate in being the last of the Traffords? I was rather inclined to think not, for the examples continually brought before me led me to conclude that, as a rule, friends were very much nicer than one's own people. Earle and I had not one relative in the world—not a fifteenth cousin twenty time removed—and we were none the worse for it. But our friends we could not count. Every one was kind to us—I think that was all owing to Earle—there was not a man, woman, or child, from one end of Redstone to the other, who would not have done almost anything for the "Doctor at the Clyffe."

Through the open window came the sound of the rising tide, and my work fell at my feet, while my eyes gazed at the glorious tints thrown by the dying sun upon the rocks before me. I watched the fading of the rose-gleams, watched the purple shade come over the sea, and I thought, "Ah, Earle was right!

"My thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.'"

—about a dear bright sunny head which was sailing somewhere far away in the golden west—the glorious west, whose tints were crowning the dusky rocks before me with the fading splendor of the dying day.

Two years before a large ball had been given at Redstone by the officers of H. M. S. *Growler*. To that ball Earle had taken me, and there I had first met Hastings. It appeared to me that there had never been a ball like it; neither had music ever sounded so beautiful as those dreamy waltzes played by the band of the *Growler*. I knew now that it was the bright blue eyes and golden curls of the handsome young second officer which had made that night one to be remembered afterwards, for from it the happiness of my life sprang. Time after time Hastings and I met. He was always coming to the Clyffe, which was the name of our cottage, until at last one evening he asked me to be his wife. Any one might have guessed what my answer had been, could they have watched his light, bounding, happy step, as, some three hours afterwards, he sprang like an antelope from rock to rock until he reached the shore where the boat waited to take him on board his ship, which was stationed just opposite our windows.

Time flew all too quickly, and at last sailing orders arrived from the Admiralty. Our dream of happiness was broken up, and I saw my sailor's bright eyes grow dim for the first time since I had learned to love them.

"It will be only for twelve months, Grace," he whispered, as he held me in his arms. "It will soon pass, and then I shall come back again, my darling. If there were no partings, there would be no meetings."

It was six months now since I had stood and watched the *Growler* diminish into a "moving speck," and the speck sail far away beyond the range of my glass, and in six months more I hoped I should again see Hastings.

It was to help to pass away this last six months that I had written to ask my friend Lettie Preston to come to us. Earle, being a doctor, was so much out, and I was so often left alone that, when he inquired one day if I would not like to ask some one to come to the Clyffe and help me to admire the sea and the rocks and the beautiful summer sunshine, I was quite delighted with his suggestion, and wrote off at once to Lettie, urging every possible and impossible inducement for her consideration; and my pleasure was great when I received word that she was coming.

"Dreaming?" Earle's voice asked me, so close to my ear as I sat on the seat of the window that I almost jumped to my feet. "Dreaming, Grace? And what about, little sister? I am afraid that you are so much occupied that you do not want this. Well, I will send it back again."

As he spoke, he put a letter into his pocket, and then he walked off down the garden; but I had caught sight of a crest of a bull-dog with a broad collar on, and I knew that on the collar there was printed "H. M. S. *Growler*," so I was off after him as fast as my feet would carry me. I soon got my letter; and, oh, what a happy night that was! I had heard from Hastings, and on the morrow Lettie was to come.

The next morning I was up and out in the garden, gathering the prettiest flowers I could find to put into my vases, long before lazy Earle had drawn up his blind and opened his window. There seemed so much to be done before the evening came, so much to arrange and rearrange—for I wanted Lettie's first impression of our little home to be a pleasant one. So I bustled about, and let Earle laugh at and tease me as much as he pleased.

"We are much too busy to-day to sit and talk with you, Sir Edward," he said as a shadow fell across the window. "We are expecting a young lady this evening; she is coming to stay with us; and the unusual novelty is making Grace and me quite ill. Will you take a duster and help us, Squire?" And, with a droll glance at me, Earle held out my little check duster to Sir Edward Melville.

"Is it so, Grace?" Sir Edward asked, as he seated himself on the sill of the window. "I am so sorry, for I came to ask for some breakfast; I am on my way to Redstone."

"And you shall have some," I said. "Do not pay any attention to Earle, for he is not very accurate in his statements, but come in and rest in your own favorite chair. Breakfast is being brought in now."

Sir Edward Melville was one of my greatest friends. I had a sincere liking for his kind genial nature, and warm admiration for his fine handsome old face. Although in his seventy-first year, Sir Edward was younger-looking and more active than many a man of fifty. It appeared to us that we had always known him, for his face was as familiar to me as Earle's. I knew he had been intimate with our father and mother; and he alone, with my brother, who was very little then, had followed them to their resting-place in the churchyard on the cliff, where the ever-sounding waves sang a perpetual requiem.

Our breakfast passed off with an unusual amount of laughter and noise; in the midst of it Earle rose to go his rounds of daily visiting.

"Now, Grace," he said, after kissing me, "I may be detained somewhere; so do not wait for me after five, or you will not be at the station in time yourself. If I am not here then, tell George to bring round your ponies, and I will be home as early as I can."

There was generally the same characteristic of vagueness and uncertainty about all Earle's arrangements, but I knew it was because he had so little time at his own disposal. He was the only doctor in the neighborhood of Redstone, and very frequently he was called away many miles along the rough wild coast.

"I am sure you are wanting me to go also, Grace," Sir Edward said, rising and choosing a flower from the vase, "so I am off. But firs let me tell you that I shall expect you to drive your friend over to Melville very often. If she is fond of an old bachelor's establishment, I can promise much to amuse, and then there are my flowers."

As he concluded, Sir Edward finished fixing in his coat the rosebud he had selected, and held out his hand. I remembered too well the many happy days Earle and I had spent at Melville not to accept gladly Sir Edward's kind offer; and we parted with the understanding that in two or three days the Squire himself was to drive over for us.

The day drew to a close at last, and at five, as Earle had not returned, I ordered my pony-carriage and ran upstairs to put on my hat.

I was soon driving through the quiet lanes to the Redstone Station, and reached it some minutes before the train drew up slowly alongside the platform. I was busily looking out for Lettie, when I was startled by the sound of her laugh and well-known voice behind me.

"Why, Grace," she said, "for whom are you looking? I am here."

And there she was, smiling, and looking as well and happy as I could possibly desire to see her.

"Grace, what is that pretty little spot there where the trees are?" Lettie asked, as I drove her through the shady and romantic lanes on our way home.

"That is a charming place," I replied. "You must go and see it. It is Arlie Brake."

"Arlie Brake?" she repeated. "I like the name; it sounds interesting. Is there nothing behind the trees, Grace—no house, or anything of that kind?"

"No," I replied—"nothing but trees, and tall gigantic ferns and briars. There are numerous rocks and hollows; and I have heard some stories about its being a favorite place for smugglers having contraband goods to hide, but whether they are true or not I would not venture to say."

"How nice!" Lettie exclaimed, turning round in her seat to obtain a last glimpse of Arlie Brake as it was shut from her view by a turn in the lane. "I am so fond of dark mysterious places. I should like to know whether there is a story in connection with it."

"I have never heard of one," I said, as I pulled up my ponies—Sir Edward Melville's kind present to me—in front of our pretty rose-covered porch. Earle came out to receive us, and very soon Lettie and he were chatting away as if they had known each other all their lives.

When we were at school together, I remembered that I used to consider Lettie a chatterbox; but now, as I sat at tea and listened to her humorous description of her journey, I could not help thinking how pleasant it all was, and how nice it must be to be without a natural shyness restraining the flow of a bright and happy spirit.

The next few days passed very quickly. Lettie was delighted with the sea, the cliffs, the over-shadowed lanes, and the pretty walk round our cottage, and, most of all, she was enchanted with Arlie Brake.

"It is so pretty, so romantic," she said, as she seated herself upon a moss-covered stone. "I should like to spend a day in dreaming here."

"I think girls are all the same," Earle remarked, reclining upon the fallen trunk of a tree and lighting a cigar. "Grace would sit gazing at the sea, and never think of anything else, for a whole day; and now you would like to come here and moon amongst a heap of trees and ferns and hollows! Do you think your mooning will ever benefit any of your fellow-creatures, Miss Preston?"

"I do not know; it might. Who can tell?" was the reply.

"Well, when it does, I will confess myself mistaken," my brother said. "And now, girls, we had better make our way homewards; it is growing damp here."

And we very reluctantly followed in his wake and wandered slowly towards home.

On the day after our visit to Arlie Brake Sir Edward Melville fulfilled his promise of driving over to the Clyffe for us, and we spent a very happy day with him and his kind, handsome old sister at the Hall.

"I never saw a more genial couple in my life," Lettie observed as we drove home in the evening. "It has been a splendid day, and I have thoroughly enjoyed looking at Sir Edward's beautiful collection of curios, dear, kind man! Grace, I could do anything for Sir Edward Melville," Lettie added in her earnest hearty way.

Earle and I smiled at her. How little any of us knew then how soon it would lie in her power, and hers alone, to benefit our dear old friend!

One evening, when Lettie had been with us about a month, she came to me and said—

"Grace dear, will you come with me to Arlie Brake? I want some of those beautiful feathery terns which grow by the little stream. I think they will look so pretty with the geraniums in our hair to-night."

Earle was to take us to the Redstone ball. I looked up from the letter I was writing.

"I cannot come yet," I replied; "the mail sails to-morrow, and Hastings would think something dreadful had happened if he did not hear from me. Besides, dear, is it not too late now to go and get the ferns?"

"Not a bit," she replied; "it is only eight o'clock. I should be back again at nine, in plenty of time to dress. I believe the carriage is not ordered until half-past ten."

"Well, Lettie, I will tell you what to do if you wish to get the ferns, and are not frightened. Suppose you go to the Brake for them by yourself; I shall not be more than half an hour over my letter, and I will follow you and be company for you home."

"A capital arrangement," she said "I will start at once."

About half an hour afterwards I was walking rapidly after Lettie towards the Brake. I thought it was rather strange, when I reached the little wood with its rocky hollows, its fair wild flowers, and tangle of briars and ferns, that I did not at once see my friend. I walked on, expecting every turn in the path would reveal her to me, but she was nowhere in sight. I looked at my watch; it was after nine; and the dusk and shades of night were falling.

"She must have gone home another way," I said to myself, trying vainly to understand the circumstance. "It was very stupid of me not to specify the direction I would go. Perhaps she has returned by Holland's Farm. If so, she is at home now, and will be wondering where I am." And, with a little quiet smile to myself at our so completely puzzling each other, I hastened my steps, and soon arrived at the Clyffe.

Earle was standing in the garden smoking when I pushed open the gate and joined him.

"How long has Lettie been back?" I asked.

"I did not know she was at home," he replied. "When I returned, half an hour ago, I was told you were both out. I have been here ever since, and certainly have not seen her."

I began to feel rather alarmed, and ran into the house to make inquiries. None of the servants had seen Miss Preston, and she was not in the house. I returned to Earle sadly frightened.

"Come with me to the Brake," I said; "she must be there. Earle, perhaps she has stepped on a loose stone and fallen into one of those dangerous hollows; the poor girl may be lying there with a sprained foot, unable to move! Do let us hurry!" And, putting my hand into Earle's, we set off at a good run.

It was almost dark when we reached the Brake, and quite so when we left it. We had gone over every foot of the ground, peered into every crevice and hollow, dived into every clump of bushes, but had not found her anywhere. Earle called and shouted until the little wood rang again with sound; but there came no answer to his call, none except the faint echo of his own voice.

"Come, Grace," he said, after a long pause, during which we listened intently, "it is wasting time. She is not here evidently. I will take you home, and ride into Redstone and make inquiries. Something has happened, but I cannot make out what."

The carriage was standing at the front door when we returned—the carriage which was to have taken us to the ball. Earle sent it away and ordered his horse. I had never seen him look so pale and troubled. In a few minutes he was gone, and I was leaning over the gate listening to the ring of the rapid hoofs growing fainter and fainter on the still night air.

I heard the clock in the church tower slowly toll eleven as I wandered restlessly about the garden. I felt as though I could not endure to be in the house. I must be where my ears could catch the first sound there might be to hear, my eyes make out through the darkness the first thing there was to see. It was a long weary miserable waiting; but at last I fancied that I heard the sound of distant wheels.

With shaded eyes I leaned over the gate, trying vainly to see; I knew that the wheels were approaching—I could easily tell that. It seemed, in my excitement, so long before anything came in sight; but presently I made out a trap of some kind, and the next instant Sir Edward Melville's voice called out to me—

"It is all right, Grace; Miss Preston is here, safe enough. She has a little wound on one arm—she thinks it is not much. Call Earle to help me to lift her down."

"Here I am!" Earle said, jumping from his horse and running forward.

I had not heard his approach. I had heard nothing except that Lettie was there, and safe; but he must have been riding close behind Sir Edward's dog-cart.

"What is it all about, Lettie? Do you know I have been dreadfully frightened about you?" I heard Earle say as he lifted her down.

"It is a long story, and I am—I am so faint," she answered; and she reeled, and would have fallen had not my brother caught her in his arms and run into the house with her.

We followed, after seeing the horses led away.

"Why, she has been shot at!" Earle exclaimed, slitting up the sleeve of Lettie's light muslin dress and disclosing a wound in her arm. "Sir Edward, where has she been, and how is it that she is wounded?" he continued, busily dressing the arm while he spoke.

"I know very little more than you do," our friend said, sitting on a corner of the sofa by Lettie, who opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"I will tell you about it," she interposed, speaking faintly.

"Not one word until you drink this," Earle said, stooping over her with some wine. "You are quite exhausted."

It was some time before he would allow her to speak; and, when he did, it was a strange story she told.

"I reached Arlie Brake all right, Grace," she said. "I had found some lovely little fronds, and was just returning home, when a waft of air brought the smell of tobacco to me. I thought it was Earle coming to look for me; and so, in a spirit of mischief, to frighten him, I crawled into a fissure of rock which was quite hid from view, and there I waited while I listened to what I imagined were Earle's footsteps approaching. I was soon aware of my mistake, for I heard rough men's voices.

"'I tell you, man,' said one, 'that Sir Edward Melville will drive through the Black Lane to-night at about ten or thereabouts, and Tom will be at one end and we at the other; when he gets to our end, we will put a bullet into him; then we will jump up, drive on to Melville, put up the trap, and sack the house.'

"'But how about the servants, Tim?' asked the other.

"'They are all right. Sir Edward never lets them sit up for him; he always goes about by himself. A groom meets him at the door for the horse, and he lets himself into the house with a key we must borrow.'

"I heard nothing more distinctly, for the men passed on. I trembled like a leaf; and while I was waiting for the sound of their footsteps to die away in the distance I was bracing my nerves for action. I must reach Black Lane first, so as to speak to Sir Edward. I knew the lane, Grace, and I knew it was seven miles away. I had not quite an hour and three-quarters to get there. Well, I came out of my hiding-place; and when I began to run I began slowly—I had heard of men who wanted to go a distance doing the same thing. Whenever I found my legs trembling—and I assure you, Earle, they often did, though you have always given me credit for self-possession—I thought of Sir Edward's life being in danger, and my fears for myself grew very small in comparison. Between running and walking, I managed to reach Black Lane before the time, but not many minutes too soon.

"'Sir Edward,' I said, stopping him, 'take me up behind you, will you? Quick! There is no time to be lost. I will tell you all as we go on.'

"I preferred the back seat; I thought it commanded a better view; though the darkness caused by the trees meeting overhead made seeing at all a matter of difficulty. They may well call it 'Black Lane.' We had not proceeded many yards, and I had not recovered breath enough to begin to speak, when a woman got up from the side of the lane where she had been sitting

"'Maister,' said she, 'will ye give me a lift? I have walked all the blessed way from Coppleton.'

"'Surely!' replied Sir Edward. 'Here, give me your bag!' And he took it from her, and put it at the bottom of the dog-cart, while she seated herself beside him.

"As the bag struck the bottom of the dog-cart, I heard the sound of iron; and all my blood seemed to freeze as it flashed upon me that this woman was the very 'Tom' of whom one of the men had spoken. I looked round; and, before Sir Edward could speak to either of us, I had quietly tilted his hat into the middle of the road behind us.

"'My good woman,' I said, as Sir Edward pulled up, 'would you be good enough to get that hat? The horse is extremely tiresome to manage; and I am greatly afraid of it.'

"I felt certain she would think I was speaking the truth, for my teeth chattered in my head. I gave Sir Edward a nudge not to say a word. My bait took, and she got down."

"Which I understood, wonderful to state," said Sir Edward, "though I could not make out what it was all for."

"'Now drive like fury!'" I whispered, the moment the supposed woman had touched the ground. 'It is not a woman, but a man, and they want to murder you!'"

"Sir Edward did so at once, and the horse bounded forward in splendid style. A loud oath followed from 'Tom' as we went off, succeeded by the report of a pistol, a bullet from which touched me slightly here," Lettie added, pointing to her arm.

"I suppose the two other men thought you were Tom," Sir Edward said, "for, when we got to the other end of the lane, a voice from the hedge-side called out, 'Hold on, Tom—here we are!' However," he concluded, "I need hardly say we never stopped until we got here. And now, Grace, I think I must stop at the Clyffe to-night, for I feel really upset with the events of the last two hours."

The wound on Lettie's arm was found to be very slight, but Earle seemed to think it required his constant attention. Whether the two made the discovery of their mutual affection over it only themselves know; Earle however came to me one day and said—

"Grace dear, Lettie and I have arranged that, as we both have a taste for saving lives, we had much better be partners."

And so it was arranged that, when the six months had passed and the *Growler* had returned, there was to be a double wedding at the little church on the cliff, when Lettie and I were to lay down the arms of our own sweet wills at the feet of our respective conquerors.

The men who made the attempt upon the life of Sir Edward Melville were never heard of again; it was thought they had left the country, as, in spite of the keenest search, no trace of them could be found. The bag belonging to the one who shot at Lettie remained in the dog-cart, and was found to contain all kinds of housebreaking implements, intended, no doubt, to be used on Melville Hall.

Sir Edward never forgets Lettie's timely help, and is continually loading her with rare and costly gifts; while Earle—dear handsome Earle—has been obliged to admit that one instance of "mooning" was of benefit to a fellow-creature.

War with Great Britain.

In 1814 there were 5,000 American prisoners-of-war confined in Dartmoor prison, England—the same horrible place where Michael Davitt and many other Irish patriots have spent dismal years since 1866. There was a barbarous massacre of the defenceless Americans in the yard of the prison early in 1815. There were 5,000 men in the yard, and some who were playing ball made a disturbance. Without a word of warning, and without trying to separate the hasty ones from those entirely blameless, the guards opened fire on the dense throng from all sides. Some letters written by an American prisoner, Lieut. Drinkwater, of Yarmouth, Me., have recently come to light.

Lieut. Drinkwater was captured by the English in January, 1814. In May of that year he smuggled out a letter to his brother in Yarmouth by giving it to one of the French prisoners of war, who were going to be released. The Frenchman was true to his word, and the letter reached Yarmouth seven months later. In relating the sufferings of the American prisoners, Lieut. Drinkwater says:

"I want to get out of here before the war is over that I can have the pleasure of killing one Englishman and drinking his blood, which I think I could do with a good will, for I think them the worst of all the human race, for there are no crimes but what they are guilty of. If these are the bulwarks of our religion I think I will never have any, for I cannot think of being so much like them. Recently when they called up 500 Frenchmen to go away there was one that had worn his blanket out so that he had but half of it to give these rebels; and on that account they sent him back and put him on the bottom of the books for exchanging. The man took it so hard that he cut his throat and was found dead between the prison doors. And a thousand other such deeds they have been guilty of since we have been confined here in this cursed place, and I shall never die happy until I have the pleasure of killing one of them (Englishmen) which I am determined to do if ever an opportunity offers to me to do it."

Writing about the massacre in April, 1815, Lieut. Drinkwater says:

"It was done on the 5th of this month. The soldiers fired on us when we were all in the yard, about 5,000; they fired on us in all directions, and after we were in the prison they killed a number in the prison. It was one of the most wretched things that ever took place amongst savages, much more amongst the people that are the bulwark of our religion. I had the good fortune to escape their fury, but they killed some while begging for mercy after being wounded. They likewise kicked and mangled the dead right before our faces. Wain Perry, of North Yarmouth, was one that was wounded, but not bad."

It is a strange fact that the bones of these brave murdered Americans lay on the grounds outside Dartmoor prison as late as 1867, when they were reverently collected and buried by the Fenian prisoners confined there.

Moral Suasion.

It was a pleasant town in the Genessee valley that a party of boys made night, or the early part of it, hideous to the residents of a quiet street. Particularly afflicted by the uproar of the urchins was a good woman, who was at her wits end to discover any feasible method of relief. From sad experience she knew that entreaties were in vain and that scoldings were worse than useless, as applied to the juvenile roisterers. Finally, in sheer desperation, she hit upon a happy expedient. Calling the boys to her door, she said:

"Now, boys, if you will go quietly away and not make any noise, I'll give you all the apples you can eat."

They greedily assented to the terms of the compromise, and filled themselves with the proffered fruit. That night the ingenious lady slept the sleep of the just; but, to her horror and amazement, the following evening the small boys again mustered in force in front of her house, with lungs redoubled in energy by the slight rest they had taken.

"Boys," she cried, in the shrill falsetto of despair; "after your promise of last night, what do you mean by again disturbing me in this way?"

"More apples," was all they said.

How He Became Rich.

Ex-Congressman Lamieson of Lima, Ohio, is an old and intimate friend of Cal Brice, the millionaire, who has grown up in a night, like Jack's heaven reaching bean stalk. Said he to-night: "About five years ago Brice wasn't worth a dollar; now he has made two or three fortunes, lost enough to build the new national library, and has $5,000,000 left. He is under 40, of medium height, wiry, and like Jerusalem, compactly built together. He has bright eyes, red whiskers, and a common-sense democratic air. He began life as a young lawyer of Lima, and his first railroad speculation was with the strip of road that ran from Fremont to Lima. He thought he saw money in it, mortgaged his property, went to Europe, interested some parties in it there, and coming back, with the aid of Charles Foster, made a nice little speculation out of it. He netted, I think, about $60,000. His next enterprise was the Ohio Central, running into the coal fields. In this he lost his $60,000, and when he had finished it he owed Foster $115,000. Foster had confidence in him, however, and the two got their heads together and ran a branch of the road into the Sandy Creek valley coal fields. This branch paid so well that it redeemed the other, and the result was that Brice paid off Foster, and had about $135,000 left. Then he originated the Nickel-plate, and pushed it through, and in connection with several others, made from it $13,000,000. Since then he has been speculating in railroads and lost some money, but made more. He was largely interested in a railroad in Tennessee and Georgia when the crash of about a year and a half ago occurred. He was absent in Europe at the time, and he found matters in a bad way on his return. He has since been straightening them out and putting the road into better shape. Mr. Brice is now living in New York. He has a residence on Murray Hill for which he paid $25,000. It is filled with furniture, bric-a-brac and pictures which have cost a fortune. He has a very fine library, is fond of literature and is a man of considerable culture. He has a strong mind, great speculative power and never loses his head.

Dogs' Scent.

Whatever may be the natural scenting properties of a dog, it is certain that a great deal depends upon the nature of the land crossed. When hounds run over some of those undrained sedgy fields so often found in the neighborhood brooks or river, they can generally push their fox; but drained and dressed land is not so favorable. Then, again, as far as the fox is concerned, it is a common idea that he leaves a better scent behind him if he be found and well hustled in covert before making for the open, than if he steals off unperceived, in which event the scent is said to be indiffedent. Further, the scent fails when a fox is getting beaten; hence, when a fox starts up wind, and is hardly pressed at the outset, he not uncommonly reaps an advantage when he turns down wind, for the twofold reason that the scent is fainter, and what there is, is blown on in advance of the hounds. That the scent is shifted by the wind no hunting man need to be told and we once saw a striking instance of it. The Queen's staghounds were in Burnham Beeches, whence the deer came away into the open, and ran in the shape of the letter S. A minute or two later the pack came out of the woods, and, there being a side wind, the hounds ran a letter S as the stag had done, but about sixty yards to the left of the deer's actual line. Whether the scent of the animal comes from the contact of the feet with the ground, or from the whole body is not an acertained fact; some say that the breath has something to do with it. In the case of the fox and the hare, the body theory may receive support, but with those who say that the tread leaves the scent have a certain amount of reason on their side, as the body is higher than the noses of the hounds. If the atmosphere weighs down the scent, so to speak, other observations—the steam from an engine, for example—seem to show that hounds will not run.

Florida.

Some interesting discoveries have been made in Florida by Prof. Lawrence Johnson of the United States Geological Survey. Just south of the Alacahua county line he found several specimens and skeletons of animals which relatively belong to a not far distant period. In piles, and sometimes mixed, there were the remains of a mastodon; two or three specimens of the rhinoceros; a large stag; a camel, fully as large as the Arabian camel, but in structure more allied to the llama; also a tapir very much like the South American tapir, which lives in swampy places; two teeth of some carniverous animal allied to the tiger and panther; one set of teeth and bones of a hippopotamus; several crocodiles or alligators, and innumerable bones not identified. Apparently the territory south of Alchua was at one time a large fresh-water lake.

The Fakir of Ava.

The fakir of Ava, so called, famous as a performing necromancer some 20 years ago, is now retired at the age of 70. His name is Isaac Hughes, and he got his Oriental title from another showman, one Marshall, who made much money by feats of legerdemain, but drowned himself on account of family troubles. The duplicate fakir has been explaining how he advertised himself and achieved his tricks. On one occasion he borrowed, at Nashville, Tenn., the bonnet of the widow of Jas. K. Polk, who was in the audience, tore it to pieces before her eyes, and then returned it, whole, shooting it out of a conjurer's gun. He had caused a complete copy of her bonnet to be made by a milliner in town, after seeing the original in the street one day, and had depended on her coming to his entertainment. That cheat established his reputation in the South.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.

A BOOKMAKER witnesses in the street the accidental death of an acquaintance. He sets off to break the news to the widow. He is charged not to tell her too abruptly.

At the house he asks for "Mme. Widow X."

"I am Mme. X.," says the lady, "but I am not a widow."

"Would you like to bet on it?" responds the bookmaker.

Melancholy Animals.

There is a peculiar hospital on Callowhill street, Philadelphia, a visit to which amply rewards curiosity or a desire to obtain knowledge of an uncommon kind. It is no more or less than a cat and dog hospital, but, strangely enough, the inmates do not lead "a cat and dog life." Mutual sufferings and infirmities seem to have a sedative effect, and these proverbial enemies lie down together even as the lion and the lamb, and take their medicine with a good grace. The place is conducted by Dr. J. Janvier, who devotes his whole attention to the treatment of canine and feline diseases. The doctor is an old practitioner, and is acquainted with all the ills to which cat and dog flesh is heir to.

A regular physician, he retired from practice about twenty years ago in Paris, and devoted himself to the study of animal maladies. He came to Philadelphia about six years ago and established his "dog hospital," which he has made a success.

A reporter visited the place recently, and was shown round by the doctor and treated to some novel sights. The rear of the house is well ventilated and lighted and partitioned off by fence-like gates, making about thirteen small apartments, which is thrown into one by the removal of the gates. In each of these rooms or wards, as the superintendent chooses to call them, are from one to five cats or dogs.

Misery makes strange bedfellows, and it is by no means unusual to place a cat and do or two cats and one dog together. Indeed, the doctor says this arrangement is frequently the best, and more conducive to the health of the patient.

"For example," he said to the inspector, "here are a dog and cat. They have been living together for eight months, and are as fond of each other as two ascetic creatures can be. The dog, you see, is a fine 'coach,' and the cat an excellent Maltese."

"What is the matter with them?" was asked.

"Oh, nothing in particular. They are both hypochondriacs—melancholia, you might call it. The dispositions of both are identical, and neither will have anything to do with any of the other patients.

"They pass the day and night in silent contemplation of each other, varying the monotony once in awhile by indulging in a methodical and dignified caress. Both have been under my treatment over a year, and it took several months to diagnose and find a treatment for their peculiar malady, as the symptoms in each case are identical.

"The dog exhibited the most intense sadness, and would not notice any of the other patients, and would seldom accept food, though I offered the most tempting dainties. The cat was the same way, only she seemed to have a thorough disgust for the society of other cats, and the only time she would ever give a show of spirit was when some other cat would come near her. Then she would curve her back in disdain, and with a contemptuous hiss, walk away. It became evident that she was proud and felt herself above her companions. I concluded at last to try the dog, who was also a supercilious animal, and it was not long before the arrangement proved satisfactory. Disappointment in love, I imagine, is the cause of their sorrows. These haughty aristocrats get along well together, and I have hopes of bringing them out of their 'slough of despond.'"

"Where did you get them?" was the curious inquiry.

"The dog belongs to a wealthy and old New York family, and the cat is, or rather was, an inmate of the household of an aristocratic Baltimore maiden lady."

"Do you believe in class distinctions among animals?"

"Most assuredly. I have evidences of it all the time. Even under ordinary circumstances, you know, neither dogs nor cats fraternize. They are not gregarious animals, and solitude is preferred, as a rule, except where man is concerned. Over there, you see, is a cur dog. His life there is miserable in the extreme, but it cannot be helped. All my other patients are blue-blooded, and ignore the vulgar antecedents of the cur. He does not seem to appeciate it much, as his sensibilities are not fine enough, and his want of cultivation prevents any annoying reflections which might be engendered by an injured *amour propre*. The only time he ever displays any consciousness of the insults hourly heaped upon him is when that magnificent tortoise-shell cat you see over there visits her spite upon him.

"She is a high-toned cat, but mean as she can be and is always creating trouble by her meddlesome and swell-headed manners."

Just then the cat referred to came near, with a mincing gait. She was indeed a beautiful animal, all save the tail, which dragged on the floor, and was of unnatural size, and gave her the appearance of two cats joined together. At the first glance one would take her for a feline Siamese twin.

"She is suffering from elephantasis," explained the doctor. "She not only has the big head, but the big tail, too. Yes, I am afraid she will die by becoming all tail. It is strange that the dog she despises so much should have an affliction the opposite from here. He is slowly wasting away and is incurable. I would have him killed but for the fact his case is a peculiar one, and I desire to study it. He is afflicted with acute muscular atrophy, a disease not extraordinary in human beings. There is a gradual ossification of the muscles and a consequent loss of flesh. His food is not assimilated to the system, and he is rapidly becoming a dog skeleton. After a while he will be a good addition to the 'freaks' in the museums."

The doctor continued a very interesting narrative, explaining the diseases of the various animals under his care. There were about twenty in all, two-thirds of them dogs, embracing Newfoundlands, terriers, Skye, black-and-tan, and bull, and two Pomeranian or coach dogs. Four dogs and two cats had consumption, but the majority were suffering from disease brought on by accidents. One of the cats had no hair whatever, and was as bald as the most confirmed front-seat portion of the ballet. He was a funny sight, and was used by the convalescing patients, when in a good humor, as a roller-skating rink.

"WHAT on earth can that mean?" asked a friend of Thackeray, pointing to an inscription over a doorway—"Mutual Loan Office." "I don't know," answered the novelist, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Texas is overrun with tramps.

—Ireland is to have a second electric railway.

—Mount Holyoke Seminary has 270 students.

—Idaho will build a capitol at a cost of $80,000.

—Barrios' widow has seven children and $8,000,000.

—Silver has been discovered near Abiline, Texas.

—A Tampa, Fla., turnip measures 27 inches around.

—The Indians of Sitka, Alaska, are threatening trouble.

—A street railway is shortly to be built in Rome, Ga.

—There are 8,000 coal miners idle or on a strike in Illinois.

—Brinley Richards, the Welsh pianist and composer, is dead.

—River pirates are becoming "unduly festive" at Savannah.

—The people of Texas are calling it "the new Empire State."

—Eight men shot 900 ducks on one Louisiana lake in one day.

—Circus parties are a fashionable entertainment in New York.

—Gadsden, Ala., will build waterworks at a cost of $50,000.

—The state general fund at the end of April was $2,169,260,78.

—A cabbage shown at Palatka, Fla., recently weighed 18 pounds.

—There were 48,000 visitors from the North to Florida last winter.

—The wool clip of Oregon will this year reach 11,000,000 pounds.

—There are more than 2,500 lady physicians in the United States.

—There are nine American countesses and marchionesses in Rome.

—The South Pennsylvania Railroad is to be pushed to completion.

—The indications of coal in Perry county are attracting attention.

—Vegetation in sections of Georgia is suffering for the want of rain.

—The number of colleges in the United States is set down at 370.

—It is estimated that 1,250,000 cats are annually killed for their skins.

—Seven miles of the railway from Suakim to Berber have been completed.

—A piece of gold worth $1,515 was recently found near Placerville, California.

—The Russian government is about experiment in balloon steering by electricity.

—Genl. Robt. Toombs pronounces Atlanta "pre-eminently the capital of the South."

It is estimated that a ton of gold is buried each year with those who die in this country.

—The telegraph and telephone wires in Melbourne, Australia, are being put underground.

—Immense numbers of hogs have died in Onondaga county, New York, from cholera.

—In Boston there are 669 licensed wholesale milk dealers, and 2373 licensed retailers of milk.

—Ellen Terry's visit to this country had considerable effect upon the styles in American dress.

—A Georgia machinist has invented a fire-proof cotton bagging that will take the place of jute.

—Crop prospects on the Pacific coast have been brightened considerably by a recent heavy rain.

—Freshets have caused considerable loss in Kendall county, Texas, within the past months or so.

—Tourists can now travel to the Yosemite over the Coulterville and other trails without paying road-tools.

—A Maine granite company has contracted to furnish the city of St. Louis with a half a million paving blocks.

—During the year ended May 1, 1885, the collections of the First Presbyterian Church, Reading, were nearly $3,000.

—In Paris it has been determined that the cost of gas lighting, as compared with electric lighting, is as 431 to 344.

—Fourteen policemen are employed in Jacksonville, Fla., and the people complain that there are too many of them.

—Nine Australian telegra