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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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HUMAN tissues are said to undergo in seven years an entire change of parts. Mary Anderson has been for twice seven years hard at work at her toilsome profession, and now has wisely resolved to take another year of voluntary rest from the stage, so that she may avoid any more compulsory retirements.

THE remainder of the money contributed to the Johnstown sufferers, amounting to $1,600,000, will now be distributed by the Commission as soon as possible. It is but natural there should be many complaints of delay in making the distribution, but doubtless the gentlemen who have charge of the thankless task did the best they possibly could.

THE farmers are the bottom of the pile and are the sure foundation of business prosperity. Their fine crops make work for the railroads. The railroad companies, assured of increased earnings, make necessary renewals and repairs. The business of the roads sets the steel works and car shops in active operation. And so it goes; other businesses are stimulated in turn. The farmer is at the bottom of it all.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL, of the schooner Landseer, which has just returned to Gloucester, Mass., from a fishing voyage to Iceland, reports the finding of new fishing grounds 28 miles northeast by east of Skagastrand, and 30 miles north-northwest from Sigleford harbor. They are from five to six miles wide, and 14 to 16 miles long. The water varies in depth from 35 to 50 feet.

SOME shopkeepers in New York had a lively time the other night with electricity that escaped from a broken light wire and charged awning posts, tin roofs and other attachments to their buildings with static electricity. No one was killed, but several people suffered severe shocks. The trouble occurred during a rainstorm. It should be remembered that when the wires are wet they are especially dangerous, and that metal objects liable to come in contact with them should be avoided or handled with care.

ELECTRIC lights are said to be as good as policemen, and they are no doubt very useful in protecting particular properties within the immediate range of their rays of light. But what becomes of the burglars and sneak thieves? They surely are not reformed by the electric lights, but simply change their places of working. So also the electric lights change immoral neighborhoods for the better, but they do not necessarily promote morality. They are useful adjuncts to other means of preventing or exposing crime but nothing more.

IT SPEAKS well for a hospital of any medical persuasion when one of the professors in the medical school attached goes there for care in his last illness. How completely is the ancient horror of the hospital, long prevailing among the ignorant and poor, now set aside by those who are familiar with the good care and kind treatment given in a number of these institutions here. If they cannot all be endorsed as places where no patient suffers for a glass of water, where strict cleanliness and quiet are the rules, where nurses are gentle and watchful, where the attending physicians are neither roughhanded nor lacking in delicacy, the majority of the healing institutions of Philadelphia are open to the daylight, and the daylight or the nighttime tells no stories, but that they are places where a high-rank doctor would go for treatment, even if all around were ignorant of his rank.

THE American Association for the advancement of Science has grown so large that it is almost impossible to get a satisfactory report of its proceedings as they take place. One must wait for the publication of the papers read to learn what they contain beyond the title. At the meeting in Toronto 221 papers were sent in, and the briefest abstracts of these would occupy so much space as to put a report of the proceedings out of the reach of the daily press. It is probably true that many of these papers are of little public interest or value, but it is impossible to tell this from a mere list of subjects, and it would be an enormous labor to winnow the wheat from the chaff. The Association might reach the public to more advantage if its several sections should hold separate annual meetings in various cities, the entire Association assembling only once in five or ten years.

EITHER the London police are very stupid or the so-called "Jack the Ripper" is a very shrewd man. The numerous horrible murders in Whitechapel are all evidently the work of one man, and the absolute failure of the police to apprehend the murderer or even to get anything like a clew, rather points to the stupidity of the police than to very remarkable shrewdness on the part of the fiend who has mutilated so many women. It seems impossible that any man would at intervals murder a dozen women in one district of a city and not leave something by which he could be traced. The murder committed quite recently again created great excitement in London, and the police will again be called upon to patrol the Whitechapel district, and to arrest a score or more of innocent people in a haphazard manner. By the time the excitement has died away and the police have relaxed their vigilance, "Jack the Ripper," will be ready to kill another woman. There is something wrong with the London police force.

A BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRL.

She Represents Her Country at the Paris Exposition.

PARIS, Aug. 9.—The only American girl officially representing the United States at the Paris exposition is Miss Ottilie Thomas. She is a stenographer and typewriter. An American company brought her to Paris to exhibit a typewriter.

"Oh, you speak English. We are so glad!" was the exultant cry of a group of Americans who found themselves in the Liberal Arts building, where no exhibits attract more attention than the American typewriters. "You are the only American girl we have found in charge of an exhibit."

MISS OTTILIE THOMAS.

"Yes," was the quick response, and the bright, intelligent face of the young operator dimpled in smiles. "I meet them every day," she said, as the delighted tourists moved on. "It's always the same cry: "We are so glad that you speak English, and you are the only American girl we have met in charge of an exhibit." A party of Frenchmen now stopped to examine the machine. In melodious French she explained the instrument to the interested listeners.

"Where did you learn French?"

"Oh! I studied it at school," was the reply. "When I found out that there was a possibility of being sent to Paris I brushed it up, and, to my surprise, I make myself understood."

Miss Thomas is a typical American girl, of medium height, slender build, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Her face and manner are most pleasing. Quick, sharp, bright, with keen sense of the humorous, she is capable of doing anything she sets out to do. Like most of her country women, she would fit in any position with credit to her womanhood and her country.

"How did you like Paris."

"Oh, I like it well enough. I don't see much of the city during the day. My ambition has been gratified, however. I have acquired sufficient skill on the machine to win my employer's confidence and to be put in charge of the exhibit, and that was about all I expected."

"Are you paid the same here as in America?"

"Yes. The firm paid my passage over, and I receive the same salary as I did in New York."

"Do woman typewriters, stenographers, etc., receive the same salaries in Paris as in America?"

Miss Thomas smiled a smile of patriotic gratitude. "Well, I should say not," and the jaunty knot of blue ribbon round the slender neck paid the penalty of its mistress' fervor.

"French girls work for 12 francs a week. They are glad to get it. It is rarely they are paid that much. In London women earn £20 a year as typewriters in offices and stores."

"What is their salary in America?"

"From $12 a week upwards. Fifty dollars a month is the average salary of an expert. Some command as high as $70 or 85 a month."

"Then you would say America is the country for women?"

"Well, I should smile!" And she did smile. "America's the only spot on earth. Why, look at these French girls. They are employed everywhere, to be sure—clerks, cashiers, waitresses, etc.—but they are miserably paid; then they never get any higher. Clerks, cashiers and waitresses they remain until the end of the chapter. There's no chance for promotion here, but in America—well, theres' no limit."

"Is living cheaper in Paris than in America?"

"Yes—if you leave your American stomach at home," and the well red damsel laughed merrily. "This talk about living cheeper in Paris than at home is all nonsense," she added, sobering. "If you want a good meal such as Americans are used to; you pay the same if not a higher price here than in America."

"Then you don't like French cooking. French economy?"

"Oh, yes; I like French cooking in a way. I am very fond of their swell dinners—when I don't have to pay for them! But the economy of the average Parisian—well, cup of coffee for breakfast, a little bit of meat, size of your hand, dry bread and cheap sour wine for the rest of the day—well, it's not to my liking."

"How about clothes? You cant say they are not cheap?"

"Oh, clothes are cheap enough, but look at the French girls—all flash and style on the outside, but you ought to see their underclothing," and the neat American lifted her pretty nose disdainfully. "Rags, positively rags!"

"Surprising! How do you account for it?"

"Economy," was the tragic response. "A girl cannot marry in French unless she has a dowry, you know. The whole family pinch and scratch—why, they would skin a fly—to hoard francs for a prospective husband." The disgust on Miss America's face was eloquently disdainful of the economy of the daughters of France. Nothing is more abhorrent to the independent American girl—are they not all signers of the Declaration of Independence?—than the thought of dowry as an essential to the marriage bond. Her face, her character is the American girl's dowry; her heart her fortune.

"You found the French language essential, did you not?,'

My, yes; I don't see how a person could move among them without some knowledge of the language. I don't know what I should have done."

"The menus at the hotels and cafes are in French?"

"Yes. I have a friend who has lived on meat and bread since he came to Paris," laughed Miss Thomas. "It's the only thing he can say in French. He is afraid to order from the carte, not knowing what they might bring him."

"After the exposition you will doubtless remain in Paris?"

"I will make for America as quick as the ship will bear me, and thank God when I reach its shores!" was the reply of the only officially representative girl at the Paris exposition.

In the Sun.

A knowledge of feline traits once enabled Charles James Fox to win a wager from the then Price of Wales, while the two were sauntering along a fashionable street in London.

It was a hot summer day, and Fox offered to bet that he would see more cats than his royal highness during their promenade, although the price might choose on which side of the street he would walk.

It turned out that Fox had seen thirteen cats and the prince none.

Sighs are poor things to fly with.

STEAMBOAT STORIES.

Tales of old Times on The River Told by Veterans.

The old time steamboatmen are not all dead. Many of them still linger on stage of life though in these days of rapid transit and railroad rush they are probably looked upon as superfluous. Between them, however, there exists a sort of freemasonry that draws them closer and closer together as their ranks are thinned by death. In all the large river cities there exist little coteries—some places only two or three; in others, large numbers—who preserve among themselves a formal or informal club or association and meet at stated or irregular intervals and talk over old time.

The writer was one of a little group of these kindred souls a short time ago, when one of them recited a little incident that will long live in the traditions of the Ohio river.

A QUEER CRAFT'S CAPERS.

Two steamers were bound up the river between Cincinnati and Louisville. One of them was a large side wheeler—either the Silver Moon or Glendale, the narrator forgot which.

Anyhow, it was one of the class of steamers known in those days as a "Cincinnati tub," with a model like a cheese box. She was running in the Cincinnati and Memphis trade. The other was a little sternwheeler named the Volunteer, running in the Cincinnati and Cumberland river trade. She was a curious sort of a craft and had decidedly cranky habit. Her hull had formerly been a canal boat. A pair of heavy towboat engines had been put on this hull and a sort of a box cabin constructed. She could run like a scared wolf, but, as stated, had cranky habits. She had balanced rudders that somehow or other were never exactly in the position they should be, and altogether this queer craft was a terror to pilots. She belonged to three men, all well known in St. Louis at that time, and whose memories are still cherished here by hosts of friends. They were James L. Maginnis, William Reilly and William Burt.

On the occasion referred to the Volunteer overhauled the Cincinnati tub and passed her on the starboard side, when the rudders got crossed, or some thing happened to cause the little stern wheeler to cut one of her cranky capers. When probably her length ahead of the side wheeler she "took a sheer," and ran squarely across the bow of the big boat. Hiram O Brazee, a well known pilot, until recently inspector at Memphis, was, he thought, in the pilot house. He saw there was no use of trying to pull her back, and to stop was to let the side wheeler run her down; so he simply pulled the wheel hard down, and the little stern wheeler actually ran clear around the Cincinnati tub, coming up again abreast on the starboard side. Of course, there was excitement on both boats, and cheers and yells, and not a few curses, as it was thought the pilot of the Volunteer was responsible for the boat's maneuvers. While this was going on, the little boat straightened out up the river, and again gradually forged ahead until well in the lead, when, to the profound astonishment of everybody, she again "took a sheer," and again ran clear around the big side wheeler, exactly repeating the former maneuver.

TOM GROSS' TRICK.

A little event in which this craft figured was when related. It was the habit in those days for the steamers bound up stream to take fuel barges-coal or wood-in tow, and continue the trip while transferring the fuel from barge to steamer. When the fuel was transferred the barge would be set adrift, with one man on board, who would care for and land it. There were two magnificent boats plying in the Cincinnati and Louisville packet trade, the America and the United States. They were probably the finest, and without doubt, the fastest boats afloat. They were beautiful steamers, and constructed on such perfect lines that their pilots could control them closely as rafts was ever controlled. The pilots of these steamers used to indulge in a little trick for their own amusement, which was a cause of great trouble to the pilots and commanders of other boats. It was this: On meeting another boat the signal would be sounded for passing, but when the two beats would get close together the pilot on the big packet would turn his boat, as if with the deliberate intention of running into the other boat.

To avoid a collision the other boat would of course be stopped and backed. The big boat however, under perfect control, would never slacken speed in the least, but under full headway run right up, and, curving gracefully, pass on, sometimes so close as to make it appear that only a miracle prevented a collision. These pilots had learned to control their boats so completely that they could do this with perfect safety, and enjoy the fright of people on the other boats. Tom Gross, a pilot who had his life well nigh scared out of him on two or three occasions by these fellows, was at the wheel on board the Volenteer on a trip up the river when one of these big boats was met. Gross knew what was going to happen, and conceived a plan for turning the tables on the jokers. The Volunteer had a wood barge in tow, and had transferred the fuel, but at the request of the owner was towing the boat to a point up the river. Gross called a cub pilot to take the wheel and went below, first cautioning the cub not to get frightened at the big boat, but just to "hold her straight up the river and not ring a single bell." Taken an ax in his hands, Gross stationed himself right by the head line by which the barge was fastened to the boat.

On came the big steamer, bearing right down on the Volunteer, and it was quite evident she would pass very close and on the same side the barge was on. Gross made a guest as to just how close she would come, and at what he thought was the wright moment, he struck a blow with his ax that completely severed the line and the barge, of course, swung right out crosswise of the stream. Gross had guessed right, for before the pilot on the big boat could turn his wheel or ring a bell the steamer struck the barge broadside and crushed it, and at the same time broke so many timbers for the steamer that she was compelled to run for shore. The barge sunk, but Gross had been careful that there should be no one on it, and only two or three persons had seen him cut the line. The owner of the barge collected damages from the steamer that ran it down. The big boat had to be put on the docks, and the pilot was suspended.

He Makes the Line Popular.

In the smoking-car, along with half a dozen others of us, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the Judge started to draw him but by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves, along with other engineers?"

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash-ups?"

"A full dozen," I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?"

"Why, yes, I did have one," replied the man after relighting his old cigar stump. "I didn't think it any great shave myself, but the boys cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the Judge, as he passed him a Havana.

"Well, one day about three years ago I was coming west with the lightning express and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and side-tracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on brakes when the coupling between the tender and the baggage car broke."

"I see, I see!" murmured the Judge.

"At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not shut off steam. She sprang away like a flash, and as she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!"

"She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. and R. Road, and, after a wabble or two, settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!"

"Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a cornfield, and, bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to our own road again. She had a long jump to make over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails and away she went."

"You—don't—say—so!"

"I was now behind my train, and, after a run of two miles, I got control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashton pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott! And was no one hurt?"

"Not a soul and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?"

"Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company $18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the cornfield man charged $9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel! And how much are you paid a month?"

"Ninety dollars."

"That's for running on the road?"

"Yes."

"And nothing for lying?"

"Not a red."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the $9 on the stumpage and a salary of $200 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make a line popular."

MOTHER'S CORNER.

I often wonder why it is that so few children are neat and orderly in their habits, and yet it is one of the easiest lessons they can learn, and, if rightly taught, it soon becomes a confirmed habit, as well as a source of pleasure, and saves many a mother from weary steps and aching back. To make them so, we must see that they have a convenient place in which to put everything, or it is useless trying to teach them; then, having allotted a proper niche for all their childish belongings, required that they return each one to its place when not in use. Undoubtedly, in this respect, as in others, there is a vast difference in children; some, from the beginning, only require an occasional word and gentle direction; others are perhaps so utterly careless and untidy, that one almost despairs of ever teaching them; but persevere, firmly and kindly; they will learn in time, and orderly, methodical habits once formed will never be forgotten.

A child should early be taught control of his temper, for a good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness; this usually is the gift of nature and born with us; yet it is often acquired and always improved by culture. Parents are frequently much more to blame for their children's hasty, violent tempers than they may imagine. How many of them, while punishing a little one for a display of passion, themselves make even a worse exhibition! It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper, if you give way to your own; therefore, always think twice when vexed or excited, before you speak. As children have less self-control than adults, it is best to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else.

Selfishness is, I think, one of the greatest faults our faulty human natures are prone to. Of course, it is born in some, but with many it is largely the result of habit and training. Its first beginnings in a child should be carefully watched and repressed, by gentle means, if possible; if not, then for every selfish act require that the little one make one of self-denial, and deprived for a time of that of which he would selfishly deprive another. A mother by the quiet unselfishness of her own life, may fill her children with such a desire to be like her, that they instinctively do as she does, and grow up into unselfish men and women. What character can be more beautiful and admirable than a thoroughly unselfish one? I have read, somewhere, that a child's heart is like a garden, capable of producing, under good culture, every thing beautiful and desirable in humanity, while, if neglected, it is choked up with every kind of rank and poisonous weeds. If so, how true it is that a good mother is best adapted to the task of sowing good seeds and rearing beautiful flowers. With proper management a child can be trained in almost any direction. The key to the great difficulty lies in a thorough and correct comprehension of the nature and disposition with which one has to deal, and who can or should be so good a judge of that as the mother? It is our privilege and duty, by God's blessing, to bring up the children He has entrusted to us, to be and do that which they ought to be and do, rather than what they would like to be and do. When parents do their best to make noble Christian men and women of their children, the result is usually successful, and brightens and gladdens their own lives until the grave closes over them. We all know of some sad failures; yet what an inestimable comfort and joy it must be to the poor mother's aching heart, when she can feel assured that her loved one went astray through no neglect or bad example of her own!

MRS. S. H. SNIDER.

To M. R.

EDWARD DELANEY.

I once did know a child of mirth,
A being with gladness brimming oe'r
Where'er she went there was a dearth—
Of Sadness. And the more
I think of that bright child
The more I feel myself beguiled.

She was so artless and so true,
Her simple smile was joy to me,
Her eyes were of a heavenly hue.
As bright as stars could ever be,
And her golden wavy hair hung down
In rippling ringlets to the ground.

I loved her as I loved my life,
And she returned it (So she said)
And promised she would be my wife,
When she grew old enough to wed.
I kissed her then to seal the vow
I wish I hadn't done it, now.

I met her on the street to-day,
She looked as happy as of yore
The golden tresses streaked with gray,
Were just as long as they were before.
"Married yet?" I asked in tears.
"Mercy yes, these fifteen years."

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

In our times, France's great African colonies are subdued forever; but in other days, during the attempts of a laborious conquest, every moment held a danger. Skirmishes were incessant, real combats were frequent, and each post of the extreme vanguard had its romantic episodes, to be related later. Here is one of them.

Soft and wavering the wind blew up off the scorched desert, the air freshened suddenly, and suddenly the night fell. Like a barrier upon the horizon the ascending hills gradually took on tints of gray or lilac; to the right and to the left stretched the plain of reddish sand, traversed irregularly by ravines of less or greater darkness, according to their depth, and by strange palm groves; dusty, yellow, sunburned. Twilight is unknown in Africa; darkness falls there with a push, like a curtain, and this swiftness of change of setting is accentuated correspondingly as the dry country is reached, in the heart of the desert, in the unexplored lands. Here, past the High Plains, beyond Saida, Ain-Seffra, almost into Morocco, on the borders of the mysterious Fighig, at the farthest point whither the exploring columns have penetrated, this natural phenomenon is profoundly noticeable; the shades invade the earth in the briefest moment, and change and darken it with their clouds as ink darkens water.

A bugle sounded within the circle of tents; the horses of the picket lifted their heads, and the chasseurs, in their wide blouses and trousers of linen, went to form in line slowly for the evening roll call. The bugle call, loud and shrill, was prolonged indefinitely, carried by the sonorous swells to the foot of the tranquil mountains, where the sound died out. The squadron was formed on the right. Cabarousse, captain commanding, and his two lieutenants, Peyralte and Vaudras, all drowsy, regarded the maneuver carelessly, without uttering a word, with their arms drooping, and all about, far, near, everywhere, there reigned a silence so great that it seemed religious, sacred, full of august mysteries.

The roll call was begun. After each name followed the same brief, monotonous answers, as each day at that hour, with the apathetic indifference of mechanical exertion. The adjutant did not even pause before passing from one name to another.

"Present—esent—esent!"

"Hanrion?"

No one answered. The adjutant, surprised, lifted his gaze from his roll book and repeated:

"Hanrion?"

Nothing.

"Well, are you deaf, you Hanrion?"

No answer.

A soldier was missing. His companions of the ranks spread their hands and gesticulated in token that they knew nothing, comprehended nothing. Cabarousse came forward.

"Let us see! Who was the last man to see Hanrion? Where was it? When was it? Speak up now!"

In the morning, at roll call; none had seen him since.

"Finish the roll call! Break—ranks!"

So there was a soldier missing. In the neighborhood of a city, Cabarousse would have shrugged his shoulders, saying simply: "A hair thrown to the winds!" but here in this complete, solitude, twenty leagues from the last advanced post, an absent man might as well be counted dead at once. And in a squadron alone there, isolated, lost, and entirely dependent upon itself, a call without response was enough to chill the boldest. In the desert, ranks are inevitably narrowed, and individualities are allied; no one is unknown, all are comrades, and one of these comrades had disappeared. In every group, whether the sleeves were blank or braided, that disappearance was discussed passionately, with the instinctive horror of the thought—"If it were I!" For human selfishness is never lost completely; all solidarity rests on personal considerations.

The country here was not, however, openly dangerous, not avowedly hostile; the bands of nomad Arabs had been repulsed, driven back to the mountains, and only a Kabyle village had its huts a short distance away. But the Kabyles are sedentary, of lazy habits, and they regard with indifference the foreign troops defiling past them in clouds of golden dust, and strike not, unless they are attacked in their own dwellings, under their roofs of mud and stone.

And yet, nevertheless, Cabarousse, suspicious, twisting his mustaches, looked obstinately to that side where lay the Kabyle village. There, he was convinced, lay the solution of the mystery.

Thirty men were left in charge of the tents. The others were galloping in the bright moonlight, and by the clear rays horses and riders projected gigantic shadows, scattered by the haste of march, but equal in their dimensions, the lines being maintained strictly. The thirst for battle and the joy of vengeance impelled the squadron; besides, any excitement is welcome which comes to break the monotony of long days of idleness. Then forward! Uprose and fled from the road the marauding jackals, whose shrill squeals insult from afar their natural enemy, man, once he is safely past them. Now and then a saber sounded against a stirrup, or a horse which left his place was by force of hand returned thither; but always the troop continued advancing with spectral aspect, forming an ever retreating picture.

The soldiers were content with the expedition, perceiving that the death of one among them was not to be passed over indifferently, and that all bloody memories would find prompt vengeance. Little by little, a sparse vegetation spread beneath the feet of the horses; then the way was streaked by the silhouettes of palm trees; farther yet, and the Kabyle village stood confusedly out from the earth, with its mud hovels, low, narrow windowed, whose doors were too small for human stature; and round about the inclosures for cattle, now vacant.

At a brief word of command, the squadron halted. No light shone, all was dark; no one moved, nor anything whatever. Only a few vagabond dogs, scenting the strangers, barked upon the dung heaps. The troops surrounded, at a walk, the village, still silent, still dark. Dismount! They entered the first hut, and it was vacant; vacant, too, the second; the third vacant; all were vacant—the inhabitants had fled, taking their effects and weapons. This was their guilty confession. More than that all farther search was now useless and without purpose.

But what was that? Lying across a doorway, with its face in a heap of filth, was the body of a man, with its throat cut, its face bathed in blood. It was Hanrion. Then, on the vast night, arose a clamor of rage, which presently sinks into grief—a tone of unspeakable sadness, of supreme pity. Afar stretch the undulating plains; and the imperturbable chain of hills, black now, seemed insolently to bar the way to reprisals.

Stiff upon his horse, gloomy and forbidding in the clear night, Cabarousse shook his clenched hand at the invisible as one who dreams of vengeance.

"Lieutenant!" he cried, at last, "take fifty men and crush that brood of maggots until not two are left living! Oh, that I must stay at my post! that I might go with you!"

When the ranks were formed, the sub-lieutenant, Phillippe Vaudras, saluted and started with his fifty men toward the Unknown before them, while Cabarousse and his squad returned at a foot pace, in their own despite, to the camp, with heads bent, with hearts saddened, bearing, laid across two horses, the bloody body of the murdered Hanrion.

Tall, slender, a leonine blonde, with clear blue eyes, when he left the military school, Phillippe Vaudras had chosen Africa as a field for adventure, and, in a year of camp life, he had made himself noted for his bravery, and this in a wild squadron where every man was valiant. Because of his white hands, his sweet voice, and his youth, the soldiers called him "The Little One," "Mlle. Vaudras," or else "My Lady Sub-Lieutenant," but, when he charged across the plain, that "little one" gladdened the heart; his horse had splendid legs and was always first in the combat, and—what a powerful fist had "my lady sub-lieutenant!" His soldiers were fain to follow Vaudras, since they could never get before him; and they followed him with enthusiasm, drunken with his wildness, and, above all, so that nothing of ill should befall him. He seemed precisely the chief necessary for that romantic expedition, for that tragic night, for that setting extraordinarily tragic; after him his troops would follow blindly.

At the head of the vanguard and on the flanks of the squads, the guides, the explorers, the pathfinders bent over their pommels, with their gaze fixed on the ground, directing their course by tracks almost invisible by the pale light. Across a width of forty yards there appeared in the sand deep marks, footprints of men and beasts, whose wide spaces arrested the tumultuous flight, the disorder of defeat, beneath the furious lashes of the Kabyle drivers, terrified by that corpse they left behind them.

The horses of the pursuers were panting. "Halt!" commanded Vaudras. The chasseurs camped as well as they could; they lay down to sleep with an arm through the bridle, and in spite of the jerks and pulls of the animals their sleep was deep and dreamless. At last a faint white streak appeared on the horizon; dawn was breaking, and suddenly a growing light dispelled the shadows and discovered distant objects. Then on the flank of the hills appeared the tribe they were pursuing, a long, gray line of men, women and children, of sheep and oxen, climbing the heights in haste, and the air conveyed to them like a call the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep.

With one simultaneous shout the riders spurred to a gallop, but if they saw they were seen also, and the Kabyles, abandoning already the heaviest of their luggage, ran up the steeps in a revolt of confusion. They were lost to sight in the chaos of gigantic bowlders; one by one, as ants bury themselves in the earth, they were hidden to the last one in the hollows of the mountain. All that remained in sight were a few oxen, uneasy, turning toward the plain, lowing sadly, with necks stretched, muzzle thrust out and nostrils flaring.

An hour later Vaudras and his troopers found themselves all at once within a hundred yards of the enemy, having arrived thither by means of literal goat paths. The Kabyles had made front and were awaiting them. The situation explained their audacity. Between the fugitive tribe and the blue and red chasseurs, the only path open was an extremely narrow pass which joined two level spaces. This pass ran along the side of the mountain like a forbidding balcony hung over a gorge of immense depth. It was not wide enough for two horsemen abreast, and that beneath the unerring fire of the Kabyles on the heights. The least slip, the first false step, would send one rolling into infinite space. Vaudras saw this confirmation, and understanding its horror, his face blanched and he shut his eyes. The troopers paused in astonishment and the smoking horses panted heavily and receded, necks thrust over cruppers. Evidently the Kabyles had known of that natural redoubt; the women and children were hidden behind the rocks in the rear, and the men were on their knees or on their breasts, sheltered from balls by great blocks of granite. They held the mountain and could fire at their pleasure upon the soldiers in the open. Moreover, there was the ravine, the threatening fall.

The French soldiers thrust their heads forward to gaze at the abyss, saying by their grimaces: "If we were birds, now!"

Suddenly, the bugler, a little scamp of 20 years old at the utmost, spurred his horse forward in bravado and sounded the charge. The signal was given, the horses started of their own accord, and all along the whole extent of the menacing pass, heads flushed with tails before them, the first squad dashed splendidly, under a furious fusilade. Only one man, restraining his horse with both hands—only one man rigid as if petrified in his saddle, remained behind it as rear guard.

It was Vaudras.

One, two, four, five, twenty; the troopers thundered past him, shaking their heads under that hurricane of balls, but laughing and encouraging one another with shouts. The sub-lieutenant remained immovable, with his eyes fixed on the summit, a cold sweat running off his temples.

Vaudras was smitten with vertigo.

To be attacked by vertigo is almost as bad as to go mad outright. The horror of it suffocates and paralyzes; and the man predisposed by temperament to that mysterious potency of empty space, to that magnetic attraction from abysses, loses all consciousness of himself and all will power; he pales, he trembles, he recedes, and flies from the mute summons of the invisible death awaiting him in the air.

Vaudras was afraid.

Ah! the battle! there is the powder which laughs, the lead which whistles, the steel which darts, the blood which flows, the splendid shocks, the noisy death at will! But that great mouth, silent, terrific, waiting to suck one in—no!—no!—no! impossible! never!

Thirty men had passed, had taken the lead of Vaudras. They fancied that their officer, for the best of reasons, doubtless, watched their tragic defile, and would follow to place himself at their head again. None noted his appearance, none suspected his anguish. The "little one" afraid! Bah! "Mademoiselle" Vaudras nervous! Indeed, that is enough to terrify. What is the matter? "My lady sub-lieutenant is crying!"

Forty men had gone forward; the balls whistled harshly, scratching the granite walls with terrible rebounds. The Kabyles were firing volleys, continual discharges, sure that they were lost if the charging foe should reach them. Vaudras was exposing himself as a target uselessly.

All the fifty men had passed by him. He remained alone. He dismounted, meaning to try the pass on foot. His horse broke from him and hurled itself after the others. At a quarter the length of the trail its shoes slipped on the rock, it lost its footing and was whirled into the abyss, its four hoofs turned upward. Vaudras screamed, his eyes starting from their sockets. He threw himself upon his knees, he dragged himself upon his stomach, but brute instinct drew him backward. He could not go on.

At that moment he saw his men surrounded on all sides by the Kabyles, three times their number, rendered desperate by their danger. The women and children sallied from their rock crannies and hung themselves from the bridles; they plunged knives into the bellies of the horses, they scratched, they bit, they threw stones. In that swarming of the horde, that entanglement, that furious grasp of the raving multitude, the chasseurs, suffocated, dragged down, felt their limbs grow numb. Their bleeding bodies were drenching the earth with red, and their leader was not there to inspire them, to ordain a victory.

It was faring ill with them. Their long sabers, dulled and bent, were withdrawn with difficulty from their thrusts into the masses. Their arms were weak and broken. They were powder burned—at such close range were the Kabyles firing. They were deafened by the yells of the dogs, excited by the combat; they were deafened by the shrieks of the children, by the howls of the women, by the roars of the men; cut, bitten, bleeding, scorched on all sides, the little troop melted slowly before the multitude which assailed unceasingly. Sally, ambuscade, be the attack of what ilk it might, it meant defeat and death to the French cavalrymen.

Vaudras once more started to run forward, and with his mouth foaming he fell back once more—the last time. From afar he gazed with an infinite tenderness upon his men, dying there without him—but, ah! in dying they were fighting bravely—slaying gallantly. He drew his pistol from his belt, he held it against his temple, he pressed the trigger and the last convulsions of the death agony precipitated his corpse into that bottomless abyss which had brought upon him the accursed vertigo.

Transmission in Geese.

A correspondent of the "Revue Scientifique" vouches for the following story: For about twenty years he was in the habit of visiting two or three times each year a farm where was kept a flock of geese, numbering from thirty to thirty-five in the early part of the winter, and in the spring four or five, left for breeding purposes; these also generally being killed a few months later, after the new broods had attained their growth.

In the month of July, 1862, on a feast day, the farmer and his men being absent, the geese were forgotten, and were attacked by dogs, which killed the most of them. The next evening at twilight the farmer thought they must have been attacked a second time. He found them flying about in their pen, much frightened, but the dogs were nowhere to be seen. The next day this terror reappeared at the same hour as it did on the succeeding day, and from that time on. The correspondent of "The Revue" had forgotten this fact when, ten years later, he chanced to be on the farm one evening, and heard the cackling of the apparently frightened geese. When he asked for an explanation he was told that this had been kept up from the time they had been attacked by the dogs, that there had been no repetition of the attack, and that the flock had been renewed in the meantime at least three times. If this story is well authenticated we have a case of the transmission of terror to the third generation in a family of geese.

He Was an Abstainer.

The Rev. William Lloyd had a keen and exquisite humor. When he returned from a trip abroad this fall he occupied a seat at the table d'hote on the steamer opposite an obese lady who ate an enormous quantity of pastry, and who frowned significantly every time the clergyman took a draught of his daily portion of ale. One day she leaned across the festive board and inquired loudly:

"May I ask you, sir, why you drink that nasty stuff?',

"To the glory of God, madam', answered Mr. Lloyd, tranquilly.

"Well," she said, helping herself to another jam tart, "I should think you would be an abstainer."

"I am, madam."

"An abstainer from what, I should like to know?" she observed, sarcastically.

"Madam," replied the clergyman, quietly, "from pie."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Artificial ice is cheaper in the South than the natural article is in the North.

—Lord Tennyson is writing a thousand-dollar poem for an English magazine, thus beating his famous charge by four hundred.

—Lenawee county, Mich., is at present paying out something like twelve dollars a day in bounties on dead sparrows.

—The first electric tramway in Italy is soon to be opened between Florence and Fiesole. Its total length will be 7300 metres.

—Maine lumbermen are entering the woods early this year, in order to get much of the cutting done before the deep snows come.

—Works though 106 years old, The Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette* remarks: "Captain Costello, the oldest man in this city, is reasonably busy this year in cultivating his garden, and shows considerable activity for a man 106 years old. His growing vegetables look fine."

—Three ladies of Mount Carmel got aboard the cars for Philadelphia a few days ago, and after the train had started a dog owned by Mr. Swigelsky, at whose store they dealt, claimed acquaintance with them. They got the conductor to expel him at Alaska station, but he followed the train afoot to Philadelphia, where the ladies gave him the slip by taking the train to New York. Then the dog trotted back to Mount Carmel, arriving there much debilitated. While in that state two other dogs attacked and killed him.

—A Philadelphia drummer got into a Lehigh Valley car at Shenandoah, took out his teeth and put them on the seat beside him to take a nap. After the nap he went off, forgetting them. Agent Ferguson found them, and as a joke asked a Hungarian seated near if they were his. The Hungarian turned as pale as death, vigorously shook his head and dashed out of the depot in thorough fright.

—Two men bought a watermelon from an Italian fruit dealer at Pittston day before yesterday, paying for it with a $5 note on an Old City bank. The note was refused on deposit, and the men were then arrested for "passing counterfeit money." Then the Chief of Police took the note to the First National Bank and was told that it was good—the bank was out of business, but still redeeming its currency. The prisoners were therefore set free.

—An Indian's skeleton, six feet three inches high, was found at Thamesville, Conn. It was in a sitting posture facing east, and was in the side of a deep gully which had been washed out by recent heavy rains. The bones were as white as ivory, but when the skeleton was exposed to view it began crumbling speedily. The teeth were sound, and there was a cleft on the right side of the apex of the skull as though the man had been tomahawked. Between the skeleton's knee in a little receptacle were found numerous Indian arrows and lance heads, and a stone pestle such as was used by the Indians in crushing grain for "yokeag."

—Stories about the burial alive of persons continue to come along, although, perhaps, ninety-nine per cent. of them are totally without foundation. Certain interest attaches to them, however, hence their publication. Here's one from abroad: A lady residing at Dorbisch, in Bohemia, where she owned considerable property, was buried last week, after a brief illness, in the family vault at the local cemetery. Four days afterward her granddaughter was interred in the same place, but as the stone slab covering the aperture was raised the bystanders were horrified to see that the lid of the coffin below had been raised, and that the arm of the corpse was protruding. It was ascertained eventually that the unfortunate lady, who was supposed to have died of heart disease, had been buried alive. She had evidently recovered consciousness for a few minutes and had found strength enough to burst open her coffin. The authorities are bent on taking measures of the utmost severity against those responsible.

—A curious discovery connected with the recent disastrous fire at Spokane, W. T., is reported by a local paper. A safe becoming cracked by the intense heat, the books inside were charred and baked to a blackened crisp, though they remained intact. Not a figure could be read. "One of the bookkeepers, while turning over the leaves, noticed that where his finger, which was wet, touched the page the figures became legible. He procured a paint brush, dipped it in water and dampened the whole page and was gratified to see all the figures dimly outlined. Two bookkeepers then went to work, and by wetting the pages and carefully turning the leaves succeeded in a few days in transferring all the accounts to a new set of books."

—A woman created quite a sensation on Seventh avenue, New York recently. There was a picture of an actor on a wall, and immediately on seeing it she went out into the street and, procuring a handful of mud, proceeded to paste it over the actor's face. She was not satisfied until she had completely obliterated his features. The only reply that a curious looker-on received, when he asked the cause of the singular action, was a volley of mud. He withdrew without further questions, and no one else dared to inquire as to her motive. The woman was not drunk, but very angry, and at the sight of a policeman two blocks off she scurried away.

—A slaughter of swallows has been organized on a large scale along the southern seaboard of France. The poor creatures alight on wires provided for the purpose, tired out after long flights to or from Italy and the East, and they are killed in thousands by means of electric currents. "This