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

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ANOTHER plot against the Czar has been discovered by the Russian police. This teaches us, among other things, it is better to be good, and thus court a long and happy career, than to be a Czar and walk in paths sprinkled with discontent and dynamite.

QUEEN VICTORIA with that generosity that characterizes her, gave Princess Sophia an India shawl and her blessing, and not much more. The shawls the Queen gets for nothing. She is frugal, but then it must be remembered that she has a large family to support.

IT is probable that a monument will soon be erected to the memory of General Hartranft. General Hastings has produced a plan by which a suitable monument may be easily paid for by the National Guard of the State, each man to be invited to give one dollar. General Hartranft's services were of such a character as to make the raising of a popular fund for the purpose named an easy matter.

MR. EDISON, who probably knows as much about that mysterious force, electricity, as any other man, positively declares that there is no such thing as a perfectly safe insulation for high tension wires, and there seems to be reason in his statement that the only sure safeguard is to regulate the strength and character of currents over the lighting wires. We really know very little about electricity, but we are learning by experience every day, and one thing that is not very well understood is that death lurks in high tension wires, and that what is safe to-day may be very dangerous to-morrow owing to the breaking or wearing away of the insulating coating. Mr. Edison thinks that electric currents should be regulated as boilers are now regulated by law, and that the tension should be forced down below the danger line.

IN a discussion on the adulterated milk question in Councils, the remark was made that the entire trouble arose from the fact the act of Assembly prohibiting such adulteration which refers only to cities of the first class, leaving the suburban and country dairymen beyond the reach of the law. To this the Dairyman's Co-operative Association reply that if the law be unjust to the dealers they have themselves to blame. The Dairyman's Co-operative Association, it appears from the statement of one of its committees, has, during the past two sessions of the Legislatures, endeavored to have a law passed for the whole State which would make both producer and dealer responsible for the adulteration of the milk and liable to punishment therefor. The dairymen believed it would be to their advantage to exclude all adulterated milk from the market, as a similar law to that proposed worked well in New Jersey. They say, however, that their plans were frustrated by the dealers who are now complaining of a law which the dairymen think is just and should be enforced.

IF New York fails to secure the World's Fair she can blame it solely upon her own people. No other city in the country can present so many or such strong reasons as New York is able to present, and a popular vote would undoubtedly give that city a great majority. Strong claims, if not backed by a great guarantee fund, will not count for much when Congress takes the matter up for consideration, however, and we are beginning to fear that the so-much-to-be-desired big fund will not be on hand in time. It looks as though many of the New York millionaires are not anxious to have the big Fair held in that city. Few of them are coming forward with subscriptions of the size expected, and if a guarantee fund is to be raised the money must come from the wealthy men. There seems to be little or no enthusiasm in the movement, and without a great deal of enthusiasm at the start it cannot be carried through to a successful termination. Unless the money is subscribed within a week or two New York will be out of the race and will be compelled to abandon the contest.

MR. VON DER AHE, the St. Louis baseball monarch, says the Association will have to stand by the League in the probable fight with the players, and estimates that should the Brotherhood of Ball Players really strike the Association will help the League magnates secure good teams and render other valuable assistance. There is no fault to be found with such a course; indeed it is the only thing for the Association managers to do, since should the League players win in their fight the Association players would demand the same concessions, but with that recklessness which has frequently characterized Mr. Von der Ahe, he adds: "There are not six men in the whole Brotherhood who have an ounce of business brains. Mr. Spalding is the only instance in the history of the game of a ballplayer developing in a successful manager." How about Mr. Reach of Philadelphia? He not only succeeded very well as a player and afterward as a manager, but he has proved himself to be possessed of good business brains. Harry Wright was a very good ballplayer, and he is likewise a successful manager. There are people who believe that Mr. Anson could do very well as a manager, and even Mr. Comiskey of Mr. Von der Ahe's own club is not without a few ounces of business brains. Mr. William Barnie of the Baltimore Club has not made an absolute failure of it, and doubtless there are others who, had they the chance, could do very well, not excepting Mr. Ward of New York, of whom Mr. Von der Ahe speaks so lightly.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S EYES.

They Are Quick in Detecting Evidence of Feminine Frivolity.

"Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made by the Queen of England on the occasion of the presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls. Said a distinguished English gentleman, a few years ago: "Her Majesty seems to tend very strictly to the matter in hand, but there is not a trick of manner or a detail of dress that escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen, and the value that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest in the young so sincere, that she has become a famous reader of character. The Queen detects a flirt, and she can detect one of these specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet nor satin nor precious stones can cast sufficient glamor over a tendency of this kind to hide it from these truly motherly eyes.

It is said that one day when Her Majesty was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then about fourteen, seemed disposed to be a little familiar and, possibly, slightly coquettish, in though less, girlish fashion, with the officers of the guard. The Queen tried to catch her daughter's eye, but the gay uniforms were too attractive, and the little Princess paid no attention to the silent endeavors of her mother. At last, in a spirit of fun, she capped the climax of misdemeanors by dropping her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the Queen saw that it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gentlemen sprang from their horses to return it to her, but the hand of royalty waved them off.

"Thank you, but it is not necessary," said Her Majesty. "Leave it just where it lies," and then turning to her daughter, she said: "Now I must ask you to get down and pick up your handkerchief."

"But, mamma——"

The little Princess' face was scarlet, and her lips quivered with shame.

"Yes, immediately," said the Queen. The royal footman had opened the door and stood waiting by the side of the carriage, and the poor mortified little girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own handkerchief. This was hard, but it was salutary, and probably nipped in the bud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry. American mothers would do well to follow so meritorious and notable an example.

Her Majesty has spoken very plain plain and sensible words to the British nobility in regard to the education and management of their girls, and on the subjects of flirtation and immodest dressing she is eloquent. "I had no idea your mother observed my harmless coquetry," said a young lady whose mother had been spoken to by the Queen.

"I have no doubt it was harmless," replied the Princess Alice, who was the embodiment of kindness and sympathy, and yet who never hesitated to speak the truth, "but it was certainly thoughtless and unbecoming. It wouldn't be safe for one of us to be coquettish," she added, with a smile.

"But I was not aware that Her Majesty ever looked at me after the first formality was over," the young English girl responded, dubiously.

The Princess' smile deepened into a laugh, as she said: "Let me tell you just one thing, my dear; the Queen of England has not one pair of eyes, but fifty, and those in the back of her head are marvels."

A NEW MODE OF EXECUTION.

The Use of Carbonic Acid as a Humane Substitute for Hanging.

Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, contributes to the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* an interesting paper relative to substitute for hanging, some better and more humane method of inflicting the death penalty. In the present state of scientific knowledge of the nature and effects upon the human system of electricity, Dr. Abbott is not prepared to accept it as the best substitute at hand, saying of experiments which have been made: "It would appear from the results that there are serious hindrances to the adoption of this subtle agent." Without considering the main question as to whether some other method should take the place of hanging, Dr. Abbott says that if a change is desirable, "in carbonic oxide we possess such an agent, which has the property of destroying rapidly and painlessly when properly administered." He refers to the writing of Dr. B. W. Richardson of London, who, several years ago, brought this method to public notice for the destruction of small domestic animals, such as dogs and cats, and especially to Dr. Richardson's statement that 7,000 such animals had been destroyed in London in a few months previous to the doctor's article on "painless Extinction of Life. Dr. Abbott says carbonic oxide may be made from charcoal at small cost or it may be obtained more cheaply still from the street mains or any coal and water gas company. Water gas he considers preferable to coal gas since it contains from four to five times as much carbonic oxide and would, therefore, be more rapid and fatal in its action. He says: "An atmosphere of 25 to 30 per cent. of carbonic oxide, as in the case of water gas, or still better, one of 50 per cent. or more, as may be made from charcoal would undoubtedly destroy human life in less than two minutes without pain." He has himself used a mixture about 7 per cent. with air, with perfect success in destroying small animals in from one to one and one half minutes without the appearance of pain.

Dr. Abbott goes to show that the apparatus for the execution may be of the simplest and most inexpensive kind, and suggests a tight wooden box, 3 feet square and 7 feet high, a tightly fitting door, an aperture for admitting a gas pipe of liberal size for applying a rapid supply of gas under ordinary pressure from the street mains, and a smaller aperture to allow of expulsion of the air. If a higher percentage of carbonic oxide is desired, a small charcoal furnace would be required for generating it and storing it temporarily, as in the case of Dr. Richardson's lethal chamber. Of this method Dr. Richardson says: "Compared with other methods of extinguishing animal life, such as hanging, drowning, poisoning by prussic acid, shooting, stunning, the lethel method stands far ahead on every ground of practical readiness, certainly humanity." In summing up, Dr. Abbott claims for carbonic oxide the advantages of painless death, rapid action and economy. In respect to the second point, he says: "Its action should not be confunded with the slow action of small percentages of gas, such as is illustrated by the accidental deaths often occurring in hotels. These almost invariably happen by exposure to the gas escaping from a mere pin hole or slit in the burner, which consequently form but 1 per cent. of the air of the apartment and destroys life slowly." In regard to economy he says that the cost of the wooden box would be but a trifle, and the expense of 75 or 100 feet of gas scarcely worth mentioning when compared with the expensive apparatus required for an electrical execution.

Avoiding Her Own Light.

The question of the carrying of lights, and changes necessary for the benefit of navigation and the avoidance of collisions, recall to the New York *Times* an incident that happened some years ago, when a British frigate, homeward bound, and an American man-of-war were lying at anchor in the same port. The captain and officers of the English vessel were invited to dine on board the American ship. The dinner was a long, jovial affair, and the toasts were frequent. Finally, about 10 o'clock, the visitors were bundled into their boats to return to their vessel, which was to get under way as soon as all were on board and the boats hoisted. After a short interval the vessel was seen to be moving, and from the American could be heard a number of orders given to the helmsman, first porting the helm and then heaving it hard over the other way, repeating the operation several times. As the course was a fairly straight one, the reason for this vast amount of manœuvring was not at all apparent, and the mystery remained unsolved for quite awhile. Several months later one of the officers returned to the station aboard another British man-of war, and he stated that owing to too much Americanism, or too many good-byes, they had neglected to give the order to haul down the vessel's staylight—as the light is called which all vessels hoist forward when at anchor—and, being firmly convinced that it was the light aboard of some other ship, they were shirring their vessel's course in vain endeavors to avoid it, and bring it to bear in some other direction than right ahead. It was not until they had taken up the greater portion of the anchorage, and had come within an ace of running down various crafts that some one cooler-headed than the rest discovered the offending lantern and had it hauled down.

Its Mother Was a Baggage Car.

It was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train coming north from Washington. All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard. The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was ailing and fretful, and its voice would not be stilled. Finally a grey-headed man, who was evidently an old traveler, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the young man in a rather sharp voice:

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother."

"Yes that's it," echoed half a dozen other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet, strained voice:

"Its mother is in the baggage car."

There was an instantaneous hush for a moment. Presently the gray-haired man stuck his head out into the aisle again.

"Let me take it for awhile," he said softly; "perhaps I can quiet it."

The Thrill of Moose Hunting.

The few moose yet in Maine's woods bring no inconsiderable money annually to the State. I have been told of one man who has spent $5,000 in Maine trying to kill a moose, and he has neither secured the moose nor given up the task. It would be greatly to the benefit of hunters who wish to call moose if the law were changed so as to make September an open month, for only during the September moon is there a reasonable prospect of success in calling. It was once my pleasure to meet a sportsman just in from moose calling. His Indian had called a moose to the water, but was unable to get him to come out of the bushes, and a shot into the shadows was unsuccessful. Said the hunter: "I have never seen any sporting to compare with this. I could hear the moose coming for an hour, and when he came down off the hills to the water, I could think of nothing but a locomotive off the track and running through the woods. I have killed no moose, but that experience was worth all this trip cost me. It fairly made my hair stand on end to hear that moose come. Yes, sir, it was worth $150 of any man's money."

Twelve Helpful Rules.

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put it back in its place; especially if it is one used by the family in common.
7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home-training and home-influence.
8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.
9. Be punctual at meals.
10. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
11. Help others.
12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Truth kan stand alone, but a lie haz to lean on sumthing, generally another lie.

He who seeks fame will have a hard road to travel, and poor fare when he gits thare.

Thare iz nothing that grows so fast, and reaches maturity so quick, and begins to dekay so soon, az a mushroom. It would be well for sum pholks to think ov this.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Where Colors Come From.

From the Cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet, carmine, and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish to render the water opaque for its concealment when attacked. Indian yellow is from the camel. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Lampblack is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey-red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and it is also burnt.

To these vegetable pigments may be added Indian ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so-called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bistre is the soot of real wood ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis-lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury and cinnabar, or native vermillion, is from quicksilver ore.—*British Journal of Photography.*

A clergyman who had been trained in England and who was called to ministerial work in this country, when asked, after considerable experience what feature of American life impressed him most, replied: "The inability of Americans to do their work quietly." He explained at some length how this restlessness seemed to pervade all forms of life, and what a hindrance it is to the best results in many kinds of work.

The criticism is a correct one. It is not only "the wicked," in our country who "are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest;" the good and pious are just as restless. Every one seems to be in a hurry. The tide of life flows through our streets like the tumultuous rush of the ocean in the Bay of Fundy, in spite of risk and accident and death. The day is not long enough for its manifold excitements, nor the night for its varied dissipations. The thing in hand is imperfectly finished, through eagerness to get hold of the next thing. Men crowd themselves with work as if it were a sin or a shame ever to decline an opportunity or to say "No" to an invitation. Women in society drive from house to house as if their lives depended upon completing a list of fashionable calls, and young girls wear out beauty and undermine health in a vain effort to taste all the seductive pleasures of the world in a single season.

Fond and Foolish.

The fond and foolish women! They are all about us, and Pearl Rivers well describes them in a late number of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

The one who is left behind—ah, the one who is left behind! It is almost always a woman. What does she do? If she loves the careless, happy-go-lucky young fellow or the deliberate, sanctimonious old fellow, she will gaze after him through a vista of tears as long as there is a piece of him in sight and then she will rush up stairs and grab one of his old vests or coats or plunge her head into an old hat that has been left behind, too, and cry like the big baby she is. At breakfast her coffee will taste salty like tears, and at dinner her soup will be tasteless. If she sleeps at all for the first few nights, she dreams that she sees her beloved afar off. He is coming towards her with a smile of love on his face. He comes nearer and nearer. She stretches out her arms to embrace him. A dark cloud falls between. She calls, but he does not answer. She gropes around in the darkness, dut she cannot find him, and she wakes, sobbing, to find herself sitting up in bed with her arms outstretched and the tears streaming down her face. Ah, is there a woman who loves much, who has not dreamed such dreams when parted from her beloved?

Careless Charlie or solemn Solomon promised to write from the first stopping place. They forgot to do it, of course; but the one who is left behind does not forget to look for the letter. She starts and trembles at every sound of the door-bell, and if it rings unusually sharp and quick, she is sure it is the telegraph messenger bringing the news of a railroad or steamboat disaster, in which her beloved has been mashed as flat as a flounder, or blown sky high. It was not a telegraph messenger. She thanks God for that. But it was not the expected letter either, and she plunges her head into the old hat again for comfort.

In what strange ways we women comfort ourselves when parted from a beloved one!

I know a woman—a literary woman—who develops a sudden fondness for needle and thread and thimble when her husband leaves home. She overhauls every article of his wardrobe, and sews on buttons by the dozen, and tape strings by the yard. I half suspect the sly man takes a short trip from home once or twice a year just to get his clothes mended.

I know another wife who always mounts her husband's old slippers on a pedestal of some kind, and says her prayers to them night and morning until he returns. I know a woman who has a vest belonging to her sailor love, who has gone on a long cruise. She keeps it hidden carefully away in the bottom of her trunk. I caught her kissing and crying over it one day and I said: "Why didn't you ask him to leave you a pair of his old boots?" She turned her eyes on me with a glare and answered: "Do you suppose his heart is in his feet?"

"I hope not," I replied, "but it certainly is not in the pocket of that old vest."

"No," she answered, "but it used to cover his dear heart, and I'd rather have it for a keepsake than the diamond locket Kate wears with her sweetheart's picture in it."

"How tastes do differ!" I said to myself, thinking of the comfort Kate gets out of the locket hidden away in her bosom, and what comfort Mary finds in the ring that her Harry left her to remember him by when he went to New York on a business trip ten days ago, and how fondly Jennie treasures a pocket handkerchief that belongs to the man she loves.

Ah, what fond and foolish creatures we women are!—Pearl Rivers in New Orleans *Picayune*.

Millie's Babies.

Six little timid kittens,
Out in the cold alone,
Their mother is always gadding about,
And brings them not even a bone;
She's off in the morning early,
She's off till late at night;
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,
That never does anything right.
The kittens are always hungry,
They're too timid to catch a mouse,
And their mother is such an old gadder,
They won't keep her in any house.
She never petted nor played with them,
Nor washed them nice and clean,
Such six little dirty faces
I'm sure I have never seen;
Six little sad, sad kittens,
All sitting in a row,
Cold and hungry and dirty,
From the tip of each nose to each toe,
Twelve little ears and six little tails
Hanging and drooping low,
So out on the steps I found them,
Sitting all in a row.
And Millie begged hard to keep them,
And fed them and washed them so clean—
Such six bright, cunning kittens
I'm sure I have never seen.
The boys laughed at Millie's babies,
She cared not a whit, would you?
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,
What in the world would they do?

—*M. F. Nolan, in School and Home.*

NARRATIVE OF A NIGHT.

A darker night than that which closed around the disabled merchant ship, Carlos, as I headed her off the coast of the Island of Mindanao, I had seldom seen.

Occasionally, however, a zig-zag lightning flash would play about her ugly-looking jury-masts, and reveal her ragged stump of a jib-boom, forward. Having been damaged by a tempest, in which she lost her captain and her mate, her distress signal had been answered by our ship, the sloop-of-war Congress, a few days before the present time, and as there was no one aboard capable of navigating her, our captain had put me in charge of her with a few men, and Mr. Shelburne, a passed-midshipman of eighteen, to convey her to Manilla, her destination. She was a Spanish vessel, and as, besides a large amount of gold and a valuable cargo, she carried a few passengers, among whom were women and children. I realized to the full the responsibility of my position.

Now, as I walked the deck, the breeze freshened, and a distant moaning sound foretold a gale, if not a hurricane.

Far astern I could just make out the light of our sloop, dipping with the swell, and the sight afforded me some consolation. The Captain had promised to hover in our vicinity until we were well past Mindanao, lest we be pounced upon by some of the formidable Mindanayan pirates that were known to have hiding-places in the caverns and rocky bays along the coast.

Suddenly one of the zig-zag flashes of lightning I have mentioned showed me the dark, excited visages of the Spanish seamen forward, and also of some of my own men, as they stood peering and pointing, while the hoarse voice of the outlook was, the next momens, borne to my ears.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" I shouted.

"About two points off the weather bow," was the answer.

Shelburne came running up to me and touched his cap.

"Excuse me, lieutenant," he said, "but I had as good a view of that craft as the brief flash would permit, and I believe her to be some pirate whose captain has probably heard from Manilla people that this vessel has gold aboard of her, and thinks he will have a chance to take some of it from her before our sloop can come to our aid. Would it not be best, sir, to wear ship and make a straight wake for the Congress?"

I looked at the midshipman's handsome face, at his earnest blue eyes, gleaming in the light of the binnacle lamp, and answered him, I fear very gruffly, for I was not at all pleased at having this youngster making suggestions to me.

"She may not be a pirate. When I want your opinion, sir, I will ask you for it. Be not so ready to imagine danger."

My manner hurt him, and he hastened to add:

"I was not thinking of myself, sir, when I spoke, but of Miss Melton and —and—the other passengers."

I could not help smiling at his youthful readiness in first mentioning Miss Melton, though I was not surprised, for I, too—a bluff matter-of-fact sea lieutenant of thirty—had been impressed by the wonderful beauty of this young lady of sixteen.

Her parent, a widower, who was with her aboard the ship, was an English merchant, but her mother, as I had already learned, had been a Spanish lady, and it was from her she inherited the large lustrous black eyes that flashed or softened with every thought and feeling, while the light brown hair and clear complexion were like her father's.

"Never mind about Miss Melton," I now said, in answer to Shelburne. "That young lady's being here will not turn the vessel ahead of us into a pirate."

I spoke testily, for to tell the truth, I was a little jealous of the girl's seeming preference for my handsome midshipman. As he turned away and walked over to leeward, the wind rose to a howl, the white foam of the waters gleamed through the darkness, and, with the gale now off our weather quarter, we tore along at a rapid rate.

The main-mast, my tallest spar, was very weak, and when at length a rather heavy sea set the ship to rolling and plunging, I feared every moment to see it go by the board.

Meanwhile I had been watching the distant schooner by the electric gleams that still broke occasionally over the waters. She was as sharp as a sword-fish, had a suspicious look, and I soon had reason to regret my obstinacy in not taking Shelburne's advice, for suddenly I saw her alter her course, and head straight for us!

She was not a mile distant, and with the aid of a powerful night-glass, together with that afforded by the lightning, I soon beheld her crew—as fierce a looking set of rascals as ever manned a lawless craft, for that she was a pirate there now was no room to doubt.

Ay, there on her deck they were, about sixty tall, robust fellows, armed with daggers, kreeses and pistols, thrust in sashes about their loose trousers, with their open jackets above flying back from their brawny bosoms, and their red and yellow caps pushed away from their low, broad foreheads. They had guns, too, small guns—four eight-pounders on a side and one forward—looking ugly enough to annoy me, when I consider that aboard this bulk of a merchant ship there was only one old twelve-pounder, and also when I remembered having heard that the Mindanayans make good seamen and know how to handle their pieces like gunners.

The schooner was running along close to the wind, but she walked up almost into its very teeth, and I believed that the next tack would enable her to reach us, which her captain was evidently in a hurry to do, as the gale was now howling, and the thunder rattling over our heads in a way which boded a heavy tempest.

Presently I saw Miss Melton come up from the cabin. She looked alarmed on hearing the frequent repetition of the word "pirates," among our men, and I was somewhat nettled to see her go over to the side of my midshipman, as if he were the one on whom her salvation depended. My orders were quickly given, the ship was got round, and away we went on the starboard tack. Then there came a forcible reminder to us from our pursuer that we must not hope to escape so easily, in the shape of an eight-pound shot, which, after viciously knocking a chip from the cabin-house almost into my eye, went buzzing-on, and neatly took off the mizzen jury-mast, bringing down hamper and all rattling about Miss Melton's ears, with a flying rope whipping the feather from her hat as cleanly as if it were cut off with a knife.

As the flapping canvas almost dashed her off her feet she shrieked, and then I saw Shelburne actually put his arms around her, and almost carry her to the companionway, gently requesting her to go below, out of danger.

"Oh!" she softly cried—"and you?"

"My place is on deck," he gently answered; and then this is what I said—and I rattled it out like a musket shot:

"Of course it is! Do your duty, sir! Clear that wreckage away at once!"

"Ay, ay, sir," he replied; and he soon got some of the hands to clear away the hamper that obstructed the deck.

Meanwhile there was the pirate banging away, as if he had not a moment to spare, and down went our fore jury-mast, falling over the side in a slow and easy sort of fashion, for all the world like an invalid gentleman in his night-gown, going to bed. The sight was exasperating, and, as soon as the wreck was cleared away I got the old twelve pounder into position, and at the next lightning-flash, gave the order to fire.

With a loud metallic ding-dong, the piece at once exploded, and when I saw how the men scrambled and tumbled over one another, in their necessary haste to escape the flying fragments, which did not go within four feet of them, I was disgusted. I called the men together and had Shelburne distribute arms to them; but I noticed that the Spaniards all looked dismayed. Meanwhile I perceived that our sloop-of-war's light seemed to be receding from instead of advancing toward us. In fact, at her distance from us, and owing to her being to windward, also owing to the howling of the gale and to the almost incessant rattling of the thunder, it was evident that none of her people had heard the firing, while the pirate craft, being very small and on a line with our own, had not, of course, been seen by them.

"A pity we have no rockets aboard to signal the sloop with," I said to Shelburne.

"Yes, sir, it is. All that we had were ruined by that clumsy Portuguese cook accidentally spilling a boiler of hot water on them, and soaking them, and causing them to go to pieces."

"We must contrive to signal the frigate, and that speedily," I said.

"I doubt if a signal would be visible at all from our deck, now that the spray is flying up so high about us. It must be made aloft. Have a lantern brought here at once."

The lantern was brought.

I gazed up at the mainmast, our only remaining spar. It was tottering with every plunge of the ship as if ready to go over, while the iron missiles from the pirate, who was aiming for it, flew whizzing and shrieking about it. I could not lose the time required to reeve the lantern; besides, it could not thus be properly worked in such a gale, which would tangle any rope we might put in a block. No, it must be taken aloft by hand; and who was there brave enough to carry that signal up, on a tottering mast, seemingly ready of itself to go by the board, even if it were not soon cut in twain by the pirate, whose shot was so rapidly flying about it?

I called for a volunteer from among the men, but noticing how they hung back, and feeling that I had not a moment to spare, I was about to pick up the lantern and spring into the rigging myself, when Shelburne, seizing it, cried out:

"No, no, Lieutenant; you are commander here! Better I should take the risk!"

Ere I could object he was mounting the rigging of that perilous, swaying mast, heedless of the frequent shots from the pirate.

I watched him anxiously. He soon gained the top-gallant-masthead, and began waving the lantern to attract the attention of the sloop-of-war.

A moment later a shot struck the top-gallant-mast, a splinter shattered the lantern, and I believed the youth would be lost, but ere the spar went over he dropped as lightly as a falcon into the topmast shrouds below, and then slid, hand over hand, down a back-stay to the deck.

The pirates now stopped firing. The thunder, too, had ceased to boom in the darkened heavens and the lightning no longer flashed. There was something ominous, it seemed to me, in their sudden cessation. Nor was I mistaken, for all at once the tempest broke upon us with such terrific fury that for several minutes I thought it would sink us.

It quickly passed to leeward, however, although it still blew a hard gale and there was a rather rough sea. I could no longer make out the sloop-of-war's light, for now black masses of flying rack shrouded the foaming waters ahead of us, adding to the gloom in her direction, although astern the weather was not yet so "thick" as to prevent my discerning with my night-glass, the pirate schooner, still in pursuit of us. I could perceive that she had lost her jib-boom as well as one of her sails in the late tempests, and by getting up canvass on the stumps of my masts I was enabled to elude her for some time, but at last I heard the yells of her rascally crew close on our starboard quarter.

I got my fifteen men ready for combat, though knowing a combat would be hopeless. Shelburne, however, grasping his sword, stood there like a young lion, prepared to fight to the death, and my other brave fellows from the sloop bore a promising aspect, with their set teeth and flaming eyes. A few more seas brought the pirate craft nearly alongside of us, and already her fierce, well-armed men were crowding up, ready to board us, while others, with ropes having grappling-irons at the ends, were about to make fast to us, when suddenly there came a broad, bright flash, followed by a roar as of a hundred thunders, and the schooner, shattered to fragments by the heavy shot that went crashing through her light timbers, disappeared from our sight, the last despairing yells of her maimed and drowning crew rising wildly above the howling of the gale. The next moment, like some black, winged giant, our sloop-of-war came bursting from the thick rack which had concealed her approach, and, booming along over the ruin she had made, passed us, while the clear trumpet ring of her captain's voice broke upon my ears:

"Hard-a-starboard, Lieutenant, and keep in our wake! Will send a boat aboard as soon as I can. We saw your signal lantern aloft in good time."

I now went up to midshipman Shelburne and grasped his hand, telling him he had saved us all by his daring in mounting the perilous mast to swing that lantern, and that I would not fail to speak of his gallant conduct to the Captain.

Miss Melton, being near with the other passengers, heard me, and I saw her soft black eyes flash with unmistakable pride and tenderness on the gallant fellow. In my gratitude I was no longer jealous of him, but acknowledged to myself that he deserved her love, and that the two young people were well mated. I never treated him gruffly after, and when, months later, while we were at Manilla, to which port we had finally brought the disabled ship, I heard that Miss Melton and he were engaged, I filled my briar pipe and smoked it, feeling quite contented and happy.

THE OBELISK.

The idea of securing an obelisk for the city of New York grew out of the newspaper reports of 1877 relative to the work of transporting a similar monument from Alexandria to London. It was then understood that the Khedive had signified a willingness to give the United States the remaining obelisk of Alexandria. Mr Henry G. Stebbins, then Commissioner of the Department of Public Parks, in the city of New York, undertook to secure the necessary funds for transporting and erecting the obelisk. Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt was asked to head the subscription, but he generously offered to defray the whole expense of the undertaking. The matter was laid before the Department of State and assistance was to be asked of the consul-general at Cairo, who was the representative of the United States at the court of the Khedive.

The consul-general was very much surprised as he knew the Khedive had never made such an offer, but from that time forward he made every effort in his power to obtain an obelisk for the United States. He made a careful examination of the different ones and finally concluded that Cleopatra's Needle, at Alexandria, on the sea shore, would be the most desirable and the most easily removed. Egypt was full of troubles at the time, and for some time after, and there were a number of difficulties in the way of obtaining the obelisk, but after almost a year and a half of effort the consent of the Khedive was finally obtained.

In the month of October, 1879, Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, who had been granted a leave of absence to enable him to remove the obelisk to the United States, arrived in Egypt. The heavy construction made on a new plan from designs by the commander, to aid him in the accomplishment of his work, arrived soon afterwards, and on the 6th day of December, the huge shaft poised on its improvised trunnions like a mammoth cannon, was turned to a horizontal position.

The Cleopatra's Needle, as is well known, is a single shaft of red granite from the quarries of Syne, now called Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile, seven hundred miles from the Mediterranean. It is sixty-eight feet, ten inches high, seven feet ten inches by eight feet two inches at the base, and tapers gradually upward to six feet one inch by six feet three inches terminating in a pyramidion seven feet high. Its weight is about two hundred and twenty tons. It stood upon the sea shore at Alexandria, fifty feet from the water line, with its base buried in sand and earth, that had been accumulating for centuries. Mr. Gorringe has given his opinion that, had it occupied its former site, it would have been destroyed during the recent bombardment of Alexandria.

On reaching New York, Mr. Gorringe dragged his ship up upon a marine railway at Staten Island, and rolled the obelisk out upon staging. Pontoons placed beneath, rose with the tide and floated it. Towed to Manhattan Island these pontoons, on sinking, deposited the monolith on a landing stage. From the dock it made its journey on a cradle of rollers run on beams. A stationary engine, fastened to the forward end of the cradle, wound on its drum a rope which passed through a pulley block stationed some distance ahead. The engine thus pulled itself and its burden up to the block, a process constantly repeated until the site of Central Park was reached. On Jan. 22nd 1881, the obelisk was erected on its pedestal by the same means employed in Alexandria to lay it on the ground. It stands directly opposite the Metropolitan Museum and is one of the great attractions of the city, and of interest to all those who visit the park.

To the dismay of every one, when the obelisk had been standing in the present position some time, it was noticed that the surface was slowly crumbling and there was danger that the hieroglyphics on its surface, which were so interesting to Egyptian scholars, would entirely disappear. The wise men were called into council, and it was at length decided to cover the entire surface with a coating which should be able to resist the influence of storms without hiding the figures upon the surface. This was accordingly done, and since then there has been no change in the obelisk. It may stand another 3000 years in its present position.

The European press of Egypt gave great importance to the fact that the London and Paris obelisks were both given on account of service and favors rendered by the government of the countries to which they were presented, while there was no pretence of any such consideration for the gift of Cleopatra's Needle to the city of New York.

The writer is indebted for information on this subject to E. E. Faiman's account of the negotiations for the obelisk.

It is now placed beyond a doubt in the course of the investigation regarding cholera in the East that Dr. Koch, of the German Cholera Commission, had discovered the bacilli of the disease.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Emperor William's new crown weighs three pounds, and has a frame of solid gold. It is radiant with diamonds and pearls.

—The Sultan is said to be preparing magnificent presents for Emperor William, and in due time he will want another loan to pay for them.

—A king fisher attacked a black bass near Orlando, Fla. The bird sank its talons into the bass, intending to carry the fish off, but the task was too great, and, as the bird could not free itself, the bass found little trouble in drowning it.

—Sir Frederick Young, who is over 70 years old, has returned to London after one of the most remarkable journeys ever ever made by a man of his age—a South African tour that covered 16,000 miles. He was not sick a day during his absence from home.

—A dog, which had been lost for 16 months recently walked into its old master's home in Logan, O. It is a mystery where the brute was during its absence.

—There is considerable excitement among residents of Union Ridge, Cabell county, West Virginia, over the existence of a wild animal in that region. People are afraid to leave their homes after dark. Those who have seen the beast describe it as ten feet long, five feet tall, and of a dark-brown color. It roars like a lion.

—An electrical device whereby the name of an approaching station is inscribed on a conspicuous tablet on a railroad car is coming into use. The New York *World* says: "It will be warmly welcomed by the public, who have suffered so long from the Volapuk, Choctaw and Hindustani of brakemen and porters."

—The monument to General Cæsar Rodney, one of Delaware's signers of the Declaration of Independence was unveiled at Dover, the capital of Delaware, on Wednesday, Oct. 3th. The monument is over the patriot's grave. It is eighteen feet high, with a large urn surmounting the shaft. The only inscription is "General Cæsar Rodney."

—Has a remarkable memory. A Weston, W. Va., man, who was a raving maniac for six years, was discharged as cured from the hospital recently, and the first thing he did on gaining his liberty was to start off for a gallon of applejack, which he buried when he saw the officers coming to arrest him in 1883. He found the applejack exactly where he had secreted it.

—The will of L. B. Eaton, the eccentric farmer of Steuben county, Ind., which was contested by his son, has been declared valid by the Court. The terms of the document will, therefore, be executed. The 400-acre farm will be divided into 10-acre lots, and 40 homes for widows and single women above the age of 35 will be erected thereon.

—A. C. Carr, the "apple king" of Kennebec county, Me., has raised a queer apple this year. The sweet and sour portions are distributed in alternate layers extending from stem to blow, and from one-half to one inch wide, and can be distinguished by the color and texture of the outside skin. The apple grew in the famous Pullen, or Benson, orchard in East Monmouth, and there are said to be several trees which bear this peculiar variety of fruit.

—Mr. Richardson, a young naturalist of Boston, who took high ground in Mexico recently on a question of Geography—ascending the volcano near Toluca—has been given a two years' job as Walking Delegate for the British Museum, under whose orders he will go to Sierra de Colima and gradually work his way down into Guatemala, making a thorough exploration of that Republic, and next going carfully through Nicaragua.

—A relic of the Johnstown flood. Recently, laborers engaged in clearing up the rubbish in Johnstown, Pa., found the dating stamp of the ticket office at Conemaugh. The stamp was set for May 31, 1889, and in the wreck of the ticket office on that fateful day it had been carried down in the flood, and had lodged in the centre of the town, about three miles from the starting point. The stamp has been received at the general office of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and has been placed among the collection of relics of that great flood.

—An old man, who appeared to be very needy, some time ago received permission to keep a fruit and notion stand by the Court House at Los Angeles, Cal. Recently, however, he approached a money broker and sought opportunity to loan $14,000, for which he expected to get 14 or 15 per cent. interest. This excited surprise and led to inquiries, and the result was the discovery that the old man is worth about $60,000, most of his property being in Texas. His stand at the Court House has been given to a poorer man.

—A notable decrease has taken place in the British convict population. In July last the total number in custody under sentence of penal servitude had dropped to 6405, as compared with 11,660 twenty years ago. The number of women sentenced to penal servitude has fallen very much below even recent years, the number in 1888 being 57, and in 1883 186. The whole number of women in England and Wales now under sentence of penal servitude is only 402, or less than a third of the daily average female convict population of ten years ago.

—A school boy in New York hit upon a novel method of obtaining the answer to an arithmetical problem. He dropped into a grocer's shop on his way to school, and said he wanted certain commodities at certain prices. After exhausting his list, he said: "Now, if I give you half a sovereign, what change shall I get back?" The grocer told him, whereupon he thanked the shopman and turned to go. "Wait for the things," called the grocer; and his disgust can be imagined when the ingenious urchin told him he was late for school and, and, as he had'nt learned his arithmetic lesson, he had adopted that method of getting the sum worked for him.

Sir W. Thomson is to deliver eighteen lectures on "Molecula Dynamics" at the Johns Hopkins University during the first twenty days of next October.

Pure linseed oil, an expert observes, has a bright amber color. It runs freely, sparkles when flowing from the can, tastes smooth and mild, and has the smell of a flaxseed poultice.

Rather massive in appearance is a silver snake coiled twice around an Indiana canoe of the same metal.