

TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY:

Two sisters met in the darkness, To-morrow and Yesterday. One clasped the hand of the other, And softly was heard to say: "Sweet are the moments now passing, There's nothing left to regret; But that to some I brought sorrow, Fills me with sadness yet."

Sweet was the smile of To-morrow, Gently, so gently, she spake, "Fear not, fear not, little sister, Happiness for them I'll make. Then in the darkness they parted, To-morrow and Yesterday; Away from the earth one traveled, To it one hastened her way." —New York Observer.

A Timely Dividend.

By John H. Raftery.

THINGS had come to a pretty sorry pass with the Yoakums, and it was about all Miss Flo could do to keep up her spirits. Her mother and sister had come to look upon her as the mainstay of the little family, because she managed to eke out about \$2 a week regularly addressing envelopes. Marie had earned a few dollars in the two years since their father had died, but the demand for the foolish little cupid and fierce-looking fairies which she painted on cardboard didn't hold out long after Christmas and Easter. To be sure, they had one roomer who paid \$1.50 a week, but it's quite a trick for three grown women to sustain life, to say nothing of appearances, on an average income of about \$250 a year.

Flo tried to make a joke of it, but when mamma really wished to go out and each of the girls was obliged to contribute a garment, a pair of shoes or a hat to make Mrs. Yoakum's toilet complete, it was not easy to keep up the laugh with which the handsome Flo managed to greet each of their successive hardships. They lived in a dingy two-story house that would have been as squalid within as without if it had not been for the scrupulous cleanliness and incessant industry of the two girls. They kept everything as clean as a new pin, but despite their gentle ways and everlasting care, the old tapers in the parlor floor were matted and diagrammed into threadbare islands, canals and estuaries. The old hair-dresser furniture, besides being a decade out of date, was full of holes, rickety and scarred. Never might mother and daughter, nor yet the two sisters, go out together. They hadn't enough clothes to go around. Company was out of the question—that is, male company, for, though both Flo and Marie were very pretty, pride restrained them from disclosing the scantiness of their possessions even to the grocer's clerk, who, having fallen desperately in love with Marie, sought to improve her acquaintance by calling.

She was out, Flo told him, and there after poor Marie was debarrued from an occasional visit to the store in which the ardent clerk worked, languishing.

When Mr. Yoakum died he left nothing but his insurance policy for \$5000. It would have been a fortune for his economical wife and daughters, but the insurance company in which the policy was written became involved about the time the Yoakum claim was presented, and the Yoakums knew no more than that a receiver or something of that sort had been appointed, and that there wasn't much chance of their getting anything out of the policy. For a few months they had cheered one another with vague hopes that there must be a settlement, but to all their letters, complaints and urgings not a word of tangible encouragement came from the receiver. Then they sold their piano, moved into a cheaper house and began to look for positions. Mrs. Yoakum scrimped and saved in the kitchen, the girls mended, darned, patched, washed, ironed, scrubbed and slaved to keep out of debt. When the roomer, an elderly bookkeeper, usually very punctual, was a day late with his weekly rent, the household menage was immediately and unavoidably contracted.

One morning, having discovered that the last milk ticket was gone and that there wasn't a cent of money in the house, Flo encountered the milkman at the back door and told him, with a sweet smile, that they didn't want any milk. This was not a falsehood, since what they really wanted was cream, but it didn't help to make the black coffee and dry toast any more palatable. While Mrs. Yoakum and her two daughters were engaged in a kind of hysterical effort to make light of this, the most frugal meal they had yet partaken of, there was a loud knock at the front door. Flo dropped her ragged napkin and ran to the window. She should have gone to the door direct, but it was too late for the postman, and—well, proud folks in such cases as hers have to be diplomatic about admitting visitors. There was a carriage at the curb! She flashed back to the dining kitchen room and hastily apprised her mother and sister, who flew at once to the family bedroom to make ready for a distinguished caller. Flo put her back hair to rights, and with a flutter at her heart, opened the door.

"Does the widow of the late Franklin Yoakum live here?" asked a very stately and prosperous looking gentleman, raising his silk hat.

"Yes, sir," gasped Flo, hopes that she dare not encourage rising high within her breast, "did you wish to see her, sir?"

"Yes, miss," he said, entering, "I am representing the Janus Life Insurance Company, in which, I believe, you was her year father, miss? Yes? So I guessed. Well, he held a policy for \$5000 in the Janus and I've called to pay—"

"Hadn't I better call mamma?" asked Flo, almost choked with joy. "I think she's at home, and, and, you wanted to see her, didn't you?"

"Yes, I must see her," he said, watching the girl let up the shades a little and glancing round at the respectable wretchedness of the poor room.

Flo mounted the stairs in about four jumps and almost fell upon her mother with the glad news. "Come to settle the insurance, mother," she rattled. "Let's fix you up—bring my waist, Marie—there, that looks all right; you'd better put on your slippers, and here, Marie's gray skirt looks all right. Looks like he had the money right with him—give me your old tortoise shell comb—he has a diamond ring and a silk hat—now, you button the slippers and I'll brush her hair!" And talking breathlessly while she arrayed the speechless mother in the combined finery of the whole family, poor Flo and the less demonstrative Marie were already imagining the comforts they would have for poor mamma, the "start" they would get in business and the foundations for fortunes they would lay upon the \$5000 which was, they felt sure, already within their grasp.

If they could not keep away from the stair rail while their mother was in the parlor, if they listened silently trying to catch a word here and there, it must not be charged neither butter, milk nor meat that day, and how tired they were of the struggle to maintain body and spirit without tears and without remonstrance. At last they heard the voices come nearer and they stepped behind the balustrade.

"I'm afraid that will be about all for awhile," the man was saying. "But the next payment will be smaller at all events. Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Yoakum, but all this red tape must be gone through. Good day."

The door was hardly closed when Flo and Marie pounced upon their mother with "Did he pay?" and "How much is it?" Their mother ran into the parlor, and sitting upon the squeaky sofa, smiling mysteriously, said:

"Guess."

"Four thousand?"

"No."

"One thousand?"

"No," and Mrs. Yoakum held out her open hand. There were sixty-five cents in it.

"That's our share of the 'available assets,'" she explained. Flo was laughing loud and long.

"Gimme a quarter of it, ma, honey," she cried at last. "I'll get half a pound of butter and some cream!"

And their breakfast was merry after all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Germ of Useful Inventions.
Once in London I was astonished to see a man, after writing something with a lead-pencil, search through his pockets for a piece of India rubber with which to erase an error. He had lost it and could only smudge the paper by marking out what he had written. I said to him: "Why don't you attach the rubber to the pencil? Then you couldn't lose it." He jumped at my suggestion, took out a patent for the rubber attachment to pencils and made money.

When Rowland Hill, the great English postal reformer, introduced penny postage into England he found it necessary to employ many girls to clip off the stamps from great sheets. I took a sheet of paper to him and showed him how easy it would be by perforation to tear off the stamps as needed. He adopted my idea; and now a single machine does the whole work.

I noticed one day in England a lot of "lunkeys" rushing up to the carriages of titled ladies and buying themselves adjusting steps, which were separate from the carriage and had been taken along with great inconvenience. I said to myself, why not have the steps attached? and I spoke about the idea to others. It was taken up and carried out. Now every carriage has steps attached as a part of the structure.

In 1850 I was with James McHenry in Liverpool, and in trying to pour some ink from a bottle into the inkwell the bottle was upset and the ink spilled all over the desk. This was because too much ink came from the mouth. "Give the bottle a nose like a milk pitcher," I said; "then you can pour the ink into the well easily." Holden, of Liverpool, took up the idea and patented it and made a fortune out of it.—From George Francis Train's Autobiography.

A Dog That Rules a King.
Dignity, pomp and etiquette are particularly strong points with Edward VII, says a London correspondent of the Boston Herald, and was betide any light-minded subject who overlooks the smallest detail of dress or deportment in the royal presence—that is, we believe all such subjects save one. The exception is Jack, a stray Irish terrier, who strolled into Marlborough House not long ago, adopted the King without leave or ceremony, took charge of His Majesty forthwith, and has helped to run the empire ever since. It can be said without exaggeration that no one attains to the heights of grandeur as a matter of personal concern to the King.

A Growsome Discovery.
A soldier has accidentally discovered in a cellar of the citadel at Aquila, in Abruzzi, Italy, hundreds of corpses. Several of them are half mummified and retain a lifelike appearance. It is the general opinion that the corpses date from the French invasion of 1796, and are the remains of prisoners. The discovery has created a great sensation.

Wishes and Wishes.
There is probably in all the world only one town built of glass, and that is to be found near Yellowstone Park. The glass is not artificial, but natural, being formed by ages of volcanic action. It is dark green or black in hue, but in every other respect resembles the artificial product.

There is a sort of clearing house for inventors in a first floor flat in Madison avenue, New York City. According to the tenants in this abode of genius they have made a fish tail which is to run "in steamers" in three days across the Atlantic, and have discovered perpetual motion and a system of sending pictures and letters in a second and a half from one hemisphere to the other.

John Starns, of Concord, N. C., dreamed the other night that his wife, who has been dead for twenty-seven years, came to the side of his bed and told him that he would find gold in a certain spot on his farm. The next morning he went out to look, and the first thing he picked up was a four-ounce nugget. Later his son discovered that there was a regularly out-cropping of gold-bearing quartz at the place, with signs of a gold mine beneath.

Russian papers give particulars of an extraordinary religious community in Kieff, whose chief tenet is idleness. They are known as the Malevantschina, from the name of their founder, Corrado Malevaning, who was released from a lunatic asylum in 1872 and straightaway began to propagate his strange sect. Basing themselves upon the parable of the lilies, which "toll not, neither do they spin," the Malevantschina reject all work except that of the household, wear coarse, sombre garments and restrict themselves to a diet of bread and cheap fruits.

On the rivers of Cashmere are thousands of floating gardens, formed by long sedges which are woven together. In the form of a gigantic mat. These sedge grasses, flags, stalks and lilies are woven on the river or lake banks while their roots are still growing in the silted underneath. The required amount of earth is then put upon the mat, the stalks are cut and the mat becomes a floating garden. They are usually about twenty by fifty yards in extent. A dishonest Cashmiri will sometimes tow his neighbor's garden away from its moorings, and sell the produce of the other's toil.

The strangest, most contrary wood in the world is redwood, which grows on the Pacific Coast," says Popular Mechanics. "It will sink like a stone; it will float like a cork. It is soft and will cut like cheese; it is hard, flinty and brittle. Boards twelve inches wide and ten feet long have been easily split, while other specimens were so crooked they could hardly lie still. Some redwood will defy rot for forty years, while some will decay in a few months. Some will lose three-fifths of its green weight in drying, and some will not lose any weight. It is found straight-grained, or it may lie with rosewood, mahogany or French walnut for beauty of figure. Name any quality in redwood, and its opposite can easily be found."

Japanese Shops.
To start a Japanese shop is the simplest thing in the world. You take the front off your house and arrange your worldly possessions on the floor. Japanese floors are raised off the street, though nothing is raised off them. The transient customer sits on the edge of the floor sidesaddle. A real shopper, who means to do the thing properly, like a peasant buying jewelry in Italy, climbs up on the floor, which is also the counter, and squats on his heels.

Real Japanese shops don't have doors or windows or counters. Shop windows in New York don't leave much wall in a twelve-foot frontage; but even an American shop window does not take the whole front of the house.

The Japanese don't have many regular shops. There are very few streets of shops even in Tokio, which is as large as Berlin. Foreigners never buy anything but curios; if they are fools, they deal with shops kept by Europeans; if they want bargains, they deal with Chinamen. There are many Chinese shops in treaty ports—the Chinaman is cheaper and more reliable than the Japanese. European shopkeepers do not set up in Japan for philanthropic reasons. Japanese shopkeepers are the lowest class of population, except the outcasts. Servants and laborers take precedence of them in society and precedence is the hobby of the Japanese.

You have a different bow and a different salutation for a man who is below you or your equal, and several for the people above you; you have even a different language for each, and Japanese writing wriggles like the carving on their temples.

Lots of opportunities are wasted because the wrong people get hold of them.

A girl may lose her appetite without being in love.



Pagan superstitions survive in some parts of Scotland. Visitors to the sacred well of St. Maebrika, in Loch Maree, Ross-shire, perpetrate ancient Druidical rites when they drive nails and copper coins into an oak tree as a votive offering, and when they kneel before the oak.

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LOVE-MAKING.

A Religious Opinion That Romance Declines in Our Complex Modern Life.

For several reasons there is less romance in and more holding back from love-making than formerly. Not that youth is less susceptible. Here there is no change. But young men have grown more anxious concerning ways and means than their fathers were, more solicitous to have an income that will warrant their marrying and beginning home life and more doubtful to make a wife happy on small means than men used to be. Many young men are so agreeably established in pleasant bachelor quarters, where they have home comfort to independence, that they do not know the forlorn estate of the man who is encamped in the dreary waste of a boarding house.

Girls, on the other hand, have become self-supporting to an extent hitherto undreamed of. Those who go to college are fitted for a professional career, and often, having spent four years in college study, and two or three years more in direct training for medical work or teaching, or journalism, they prefer spinsterhood. Great is the delight a woman has in earning money, in finding that her talents are of value and her services worth an honorable sum, almost equal to the amount a man can earn, in the world's market. Thousands of young women, too, who never go to college, earn their bread and assist their families. Sometimes these girls know that they cannot easily be spared from home; sometimes they have grown indifferent to marriage, and sometimes they feel above the men who would naturally seek them, while they are not the social equals of men whom they admire.

Life has taken on too manifest a complexity in many places. Artificial wants are multiplied. A man might make a very comfortable livelihood for a girl who would live very simply with in his means, but he cannot afford much hired help or much entertaining or many chifferies. Feeling this acutely, he often does very scant justice to the sensible girl, who, if asked, would accept him and cheerfully accommodate herself to his day of small things.—Christian Intelligencer.

Wore Leopard Heads.

A passenger in a Broadway car the other day was surprised, not to say startled, glancing up from the newspaper he was reading, at seeing opposite him and just over the top of his paper, the yellow and black head of an enormous leopard.

The animal's ears were laid back and its lips drawn apart in an ugly snarl that showed its long, white teeth; and its blazing yellow eyes glared fiercely at the astonished passenger.

The passenger dropped his newspaper suddenly, and was confronted by another pair of staring yellow eyes and more gleaming teeth. His consternation was very evident, for he had been completely absorbed by his newspaper, but he quickly recovered and smiled when he saw a very pretty pink and white human face between the leopards' heads.

The heads formed part of the attire of not a small part of the adornment of a very attractive young woman. They were real leopards' heads! The fur a bright yellow, dotted with big black rings, and they had belonged to two full grown animals.

One head was made into a cap, which fitted closely over the girl's head. The upper row of sharp teeth, two of which were about an inch and a half long, nearly touched her forehead, while the great yellow eyes glared fiercely down from the crown of her head. The other head, which was a little larger and of even more ferocious aspect, was made into a muff.

The effect was quite novel and at first glance rather startling.

The same young woman was seen a few days later wearing a wrap made of leopard skin, and the man who had seen the heads found himself wondering if there was not an interesting story of the lady's prowess as a hunter connected with the trophies she wore.—New York Herald.

A Shrewd British Judge.

Judge French, who recently died in England, was a genuine humorist himself, and appreciated humor in others, says Leslie's Weekly. He often used to say that no man without a sense of humor could have borne the pathos of the sordidness of life and the absolute lack of character which were exhibited in his courts. The litigants he loved least were those who thought he was to be easily deceived by lying. He was a master hand at telling which side was lying the least. One day, in an interpreter action, a man set up the plea that he had lent his son \$1200. It seemed impossible to tell where the truth lay. All the parties were foremen and addressed the bench as "Your most noble honor." "Ah, now," said Judge French, "how kind it was of your father to lend you \$1200?" The man thought the judge believed him. "And how did you carry that \$1200?" asked his honor. "All in mine pockets in the good gold," replied the witness, still laughing. "Ah, what a load!" went on the judge. "Yes, what a load," responded the witness. "I don't believe a word of it," returned the judge; "judgment for the execution creditor."

Hated to Undo His Work.

He was wandering in Ireland and came upon a couple of men "in holts" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommelling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened.

"It's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he.

"If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "I wouldn't be talking like that."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE LAST ACT OF PIRACY IN AMERICAN WATERS.

WHERE THE REMNANTS OF THE ORGANIZED GANGS THAT FORMERLY TERRORIZED THE HIGH SEAS ARE NOW TO BE FOUND—DESCRIPTION OF THE GOAJIRA INDIANS, WHO OCCASIONALLY ATTACK VESSELS ALONG THE VENEZUELAN COAST—STORY OF A SURVIVOR OF THE LAST AUTHENTICATED ATTEMPT TO HOLD UP A SHIP IN AMERICAN WATERS.

WHILE acts of piracy are still committed, it reports may be credited, in foreign waters such as the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, the black flag has not been seen in this hemisphere for more than half a century. Sporadic attempts, to be sure, have been made upon vessels along the Venezuelan coast by the fierce Goajira Indians, who have been noted as implacable robbers ever since the Spaniards first appeared in that region. Not long ago, in fact, our Consul at Maracaibo reported an attack they made upon a German bark near the shoals of the Gulf, only twelve miles distant from Fort San Carlos, when the captain and crew were driven ashore and compelled to leave their vessel a prey to these modern pirates, who were led by a half-breed known as Cacimbo. This was the fourth case of piracy, the Consul stated, that he knew had been committed on large foreign sailing vessels, and he recommended that the masters of such trading along the coast of Venezuela should provide themselves with breech-loading rifles and ammunition, especially with a signal gun, for warning and defense.

The very last act of piracy committed in American waters, it is said, in which the intent of the pirates was to burn, kill and destroy, occurred just seventy years ago, when the good brig Mexican, bound from Salem, Mass., for Rio de Janeiro, was overhauled by Spanish pirates when abreast the West Indies. The Caribbean Sea, as is well known, was for many years a favorite cruising place not only for the brethren of the black flag and crossbones, but with those quasi-pirates the buccaneers. These last made their headquarters at the island of Tortuga, which lies just off the north coast of Hayti (and which, by the way, is as pretty a bit of paradise as the writer has ever seen). Here gathered such gallant men as Henry Morgan, Mansvelt and "Peter, the Great," so long as they confined their depredations to Spanish galleons and the King of Spain's sailors and cities, were not regarded with great disfavor by either France or England. But when their successors looked upon all merchant craft in the Caribbean as fish for their net, and made no discrimination as to colors or nationality, their case took on a different cast and they were properly considered as pirates.

Buccaneering and piracy may be said to have been in a most flourishing condition, and by many looked upon in the light of legitimate callings, during three-quarters of the century between 1650 and 1750. The buccaneers generally confined their excursions to the borders of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, but the "real and truly" pirates, such as Captain Kidd and the notorious "Blackbeard" ravaged the American coast regardless of the unwritten word that had been passed among the "brethren of the sea." Most of the rascals were finally rounded up before the first quarter of the eighteenth century ended, Kidd's trial taking place in May, 1701, and the Gorgon-like head of Captain Teach, alias "Blackbeard," being borne into port at the end of a bowsprit, on a morning of November, 1717.

It is a cherished belief in St. Thomas that Blackbeard left a vast amount of treasure buried in the island. On one of the writer's visits he was introduced to two aged gentlemen whose grandfather, then a prosperous planter on the north shore nearest to St. Johns, once discovered a great chest filled with Spanish doubloons, submerged in the cove before his house. The Danish Government claimed this treasure, said to say, and the finder received only empty thanks as his reward.

It was out of the Beverly-Salem harbor that the Mexican sailed at the beginning of her voyage toward Rio, clearing at the custom house made famous by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and shaping course for the open ocean. She carried, besides a miscellaneous cargo some 20,000 Spanish milled dollars, sent by her owner, Joseph Peabody, to supply any deficiencies of her cargo of lumber and codfish. The master was Captain Butman, of Beverly, and there were thirteen in the crew, all told; no mention being made in the vessel's log of what they thought as the superstition attaching to the "unlucky number." They had uneventful sailing for three weeks, at the end of which time they found themselves well over toward the coast of Africa, to which they had been driven by baffling and contrary winds.

They did the best they could to recover their course, and were getting along very well when they sighted the "long, low, rakish craft" that the traditional pirate always chooses in. As these Yankee sailors were not looking for any suspicious character, however, they paid little attention to the stranger until finally they could but notice that she was dogging their tracks.

"We sailed along, ship and ship," says one of these ancient mariners in a recent narrative of his experience, "until about 9 o'clock in the morning, and then the 'old man' couldn't stand it any longer and altered the course. That settled it, for the clipper altered her course to correspond and came down on us like a sea hawk on a fat duck.

She flew the flag of one of the South American republics, and we could see guns on her deck and a crew of murderous looking Spaniards all armed with knives and pistols." The practical vessel proved to be the Spanish brig Panda, which had stolen out from her customary haunts along the African coast on the watch for unwary Yankees like our friends from Salem.

She ordered the master of the Mexican to send a boat aboard, and then sent a crew of murderous cutthroats back to board the schooner. These miscreants took Captain Butman down below, and by fearful threats made him disclose the hiding place of his treasure—\$20,000 in silver—stowed away beneath a scuttle in the captain's cabin. The old man did not want to let it go, but as there were no firearms aboard his craft he had to comply with the pirates' demands. There were ten "money boxes," with \$2000 in each box, and the Spaniards were not at all slow in getting them up and transferring them aboard their brig. This done, it might have been thought they would allow the plucked Yankees to go their way, but not so. The pirate captain gave orders for the American to be confined below and the hatches battened down, then set the schooner adrift and left her, burning in a dozen places.

The Panda sailed away, but slowly and ever with a watchful eye upon the schooner, her master evidently intending to leave no man alive. It was afterward learned that so long as the vessels were within sight of each other the captain of the Panda had a man at the masthead to report any sign of life aboard the Mexican. Had there been, doubtless, there would to-day be no survivors to tell of their exploits in the very long ago. But the Americans were wary, for, though Captain Butman found means to escape from the hold and liberate the others, he kept himself concealed and also kept up the pretence of a destructive fire raging aboard, even after he and his men had it well under control, by burning cotton waste and oakum. After the pirate was hulled down on the horizon the impatient mariners collected on deck and soon repaired the sails, which had been cut into ribbons, and the running rigging, which also had been severed. As the compass had been thrown overboard and the money for the purchase of a return cargo carried away, it was concluded best to return to the home port, instead of continuing on to Rio. There were no cables in those days, but justice though slow finally reached the pirates who had committed the outrage, for an account having appeared in a Salem paper, one of the town's omnipresent shipmasters took it with him to the coast of Africa, where it came to the notice of the commander of a British sloop-of-war, who was looking for slaves. He at once suspected the real perpetrators of the crime, took them away from under the very eyes of an African king, who made show of protecting them, and finally landed them, by a roundabout course, in Boston jail, from which they only emerged to their trial and execution. All save one, and that one the first mate of the pirate craft, who, having been the means of rescuing an American crew from shipwreck a few years before, was recommended to mercy and pardoned by Andrew Jackson, whom the Spaniard afterward regarded as his patron saint.

This in brief is the story of one of the latest attacks of the old-time pirates upon American seamen. It may be obtained more in detail from the survivors themselves, if so be one would journey to Salem or Beverly. It was related to the writer a few months ago by one who was a cabin boy aboard the Mexican, seventy years ago—venerable Benjamin Larcom, now eighty-eight years of age, blind and almost helpless from old age, but still in possession of all his faculties, and cheerful in the faith that has sustained him throughout a long and, except for the adventure of his youth, an uneventful life.—F. A. Ober, in the New York Evening Post.

Daniel Defoe's Omission.
Daniel Defoe made no mistakes about the animals and plants on Robinson Crusoe's island; but there was one important omission. It is not recorded that Friday ever served up to his resourceful master a supper of lobster. Yet the shores of Juan Fernandez are thick with lobsters, and a company is now being organized to establish an immense cannery. We can guess what design and name will decorate the tins of the new brand; but we cannot think as yet what sentence in Robinson Crusoe will be wrested from its context to commend the wares.—London Chronicle.

Fared His Fun Was Too Bad.
Catherine of Russia was considering how she would go down to posterity. "Do you think I will be called 'The Great'?" she inquired.

"Of course," replied an unwary courtier, "you've made it hot for so many people."

Noting, however, an ominous gleam in the Empress's eye, he hastened to take his furs out of camp, as Siberia was somewhat chilly.—New York Tribune.