

would, but would first of all just shake hands for the respect he bore me. Touching my rifle significantly, I pointed to the stick lying across the hearth between us. 'That's your boundary line, my man,' I said; 'don't go stretching your hand over that.' This sent him into a fit of sullenness.

"What came of it?"  
"We must have remained in this position till midnight. Several times I heard slight sounds outside the fort, but though he too listened, he dared not respond to them; he could do nothing. After a while these sounds ceased; his associates, rightly judging that something had gone wrong and spoilt the scheme, had no doubt made off, tired of waiting. The fellow's head was bent, his chin rested on his breast. His sly beard spreading over like a mantle. He suffered martyrdom. By and by we got to talking, but I didn't relax in my vigilance for an instant. Once started on his own history, the subject seemed to have a fascination for him. He had been honestly 'raised,' he said, by good and loving parents in the State of Missouri—had passionately loved a young girl in the town where he lived; and his description of her was so pretty and vivid that I declare it brought into my mind that other girl who was waiting for me down in the Wallamet Valley. To get the means to marry her he resolved to go to California. He went, was successful, and, full of joyful anticipations, returned to find that she had married another. The man, the husband, had played them false, told the girl that her lover was dead, and married her himself. When he came out of the brain-fever which this news had given him he was invited to an evening party in the town. To this party came his love and her husband; and when he put out his hand to welcome her their eyes met, and both knew then how they had been betrayed. From that hour the man took to evil courses, and his first victim was the false husband. He became a desperate outlaw. Once again he saw his love—he met her in the streets of Sacramento; she was married again, and she turned from him with a cry of aversion. Yes, he might be a desperate man now, he added, but he had his trials. I suppose I should have done society a benefit had I shot him as he sat there, but I did not. Perhaps you won't believe that I felt a sort of pity for the fellow, but I did. Well, morning came at last. I sent Edwards to get the gate open, and escorted my visitor out, telling him that there was not room for him and me in that part of the country, and that he had better quit it for another."

"And did he?"  
"I suppose so, for he never attempted to molest me again. Not long after I heard of his death. He met his fate east of the mountains."

"And what of that pretty Amazon, Joseph? I'm sure she was almost as good to you as a guardian angel, coming on horseback to give you warning."

"Was she not? And I had returned it by behaving so unkindly to her. But now, I just ask you, would it have been proper to let her come in on that week's visit, and I a young man with a reputation?"

"At any rate, you did not. But have you ever seen her since?"

"Once it was in Frisco. She was married and staying at the same hotel with me. Her husband was a tall, dashing man—what with you would be called a gentleman—and very wealthy. She had been lucky, you see. I knew her as soon as she came into the dining-room, and in a few minutes I saw that she recognized me; but she did not take any notice, and neither did I. She told me with her eyes that she remembered, but there was an appealing glance in them which I interpreted rightly. After dinner we got into conversation, the three of us, just as strangers will do in a hotel and I found the husband very intelligent and well-informed. In parting I got just a word aside with her. 'I am glad to meet you again, and thus,' I said. 'Hush!' she answered. 'I thank you for your reticence. In the past of a life that has been composed of ups and downs there is generally something or other lying on the memory that we do not care to recall or proclaim to the world.'"

"And about that young girl in the Wallamet Valley?"

"I never found her," replied Joseph plaintively. "Truth to say, I never started fairly to look for her. Perhaps it's as well."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Ravages of The Plague.

If we glance at the history of the frightful devastations that have marked the visits of the plague to the earth, mankind has reason to tremble before the dread spectre whose appearance the Russians evoked on their pleasure trip to Constantinople, and which now threatens all Europe. Plague epidemics are recorded of almost every century. In the first year of the Peloponnesian war the plague raged

with terrible violence in Athens, and Greece's greatest statesman at that time, Pericles was one of its victims.

But not until the fourteenth century did it become a scourge to the entire world, traveling as it did then, from the eastern boundaries of Asia through China, India and Russia, and punishing with equal severity the inhabitants of the Pyrean peninsula and the hardened people of Scandinavia and Ireland. And if the western hemisphere had been discovered at that time, and active communication and traffic with it had existed, there can be no doubt that the grim destroyer would have visited America also. It is, indeed, by no means certain but that the plague did reach this continent, since there are legends which speak of a time of great mortality long before the advent of Europeans.

It is estimated that no less than 52,000,000 persons fell victims to the black death in Asia and Europe toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Of these, 15,000,000 are supposed to have perished in Europe, 24,000,000 in Asia Minor, India, and the adjacent countries, and 13,000,000 in China. One historian writes concerning the appearance of the plague in Europe: "Terrible omens in the heavens overwhelmed the nations with dread. In 1337, a large comet appeared: in following years came immense multitudes of locusts; but in 1348 the end seemed at hand. An earthquake devastated Cyprus, Greece, Italy and the Alpine valleys. Mountains caved in. In the province of Carthen, in Austria, thirty villages and a town were utterly destroyed. The atmosphere became thick, fetid and confusing. Wine became turbid in the barrels. Fiery meteors illuminated the sky. A pillar of flame was seen over the Papal palace at Avignon. These terrors were followed by a murderous plague. It originated in China, was carried through the whole of Asia, and in Germany received the name of 'Black Death,' because it covered its victims suddenly with black pustules, and often killed them instantaneously. It spread over the whole of Europe, and it is said that it did not rage most virulently in Germany. Nevertheless 14,000 persons died in Basle, 16,000 in Strasburg and the same number in Erfurt, and they perished in all other places in similar proportions. In Osnabruck only seven families are said to have survived."

For twenty-five years the awful epidemic maintained its annihilating sway, while at the same time droughts, famines, floods, and earthquakes destroyed city and country, and vast swarms of locusts every where inflicted the direst ravages. Meantime the whole order of nature seemed reversed. In midwinter the severest rains was experienced, and in summer long continued and severe frosts, and volcanoes that had been long thought extinct opened their craters anew. Some have attributed the origin of the epidemic to the atmospheric changes produced by the convulsions of the earth, combined with the decay of organic matter—the myriads of locusts and the unnumbered dead bodies of men and animals.

Some have also attributed that frightful epidemic to the then recorded approach of several planets to the sun. Inasmuch as four planets enter the perihelion in 1881, we have at least this similarity between the present time and that dreadful period; and this circumstance, combined with the sudden outbreak of the plague that is reported from Europe, may give rise to the fears that the coming planetary proximity to the sun is perhaps to have an evil import for poor humanity.

The Dead Letter Office.

Mr Carleton Hughes lectured in Washington, recently, on the "Mysteries of the Dead Letter Office." Mr. Hughes was for some time a clerk in the dead-letter office, and relates some interesting experiences connected with the delivery of dead letters. About 10,000 are opened daily, and the money contained in these amounts to about \$31,600 a month. An interesting case was where a gentleman traveling on business sent a letter containing \$1,500 to his wife at home. By unaccountable neglect he sealed the envelope and deposited it in the mail without any address whatever. After the letter was opened at the dead letter office we found that he had written but a few lines, announcing his determination to go further south, not mentioning any probable destination, and signing the name "George." There was no clue to trace the wife and but a slight one to find the writer. After a long search "George" was discovered on the hotel register, the only person out of thirty-two of the same name who had merely signed his name without saying where he was from, or whither going. Another case, somewhat similar was the following: A letter was written, dated Astor House, New York, signed "Chauncey," inclosing \$2,000 to a lady as a remuneration for care with which she had treated his parents. The letter stated he

was going to Europe. The letter was misdirected, and was opened at the dead-letter office, the postmaster of New York was instructed to make inquiries at the Astor House for Chauncey, who, after some trouble was found and the money returned to him the same afternoon he left for Europe. The following are some of the singular superscriptions on dead letters: "Please hand to my mother and oblige, Mary;" "Sal, if you want to hear from your boy, you had better come and get this letter;" "In this letter there is \$20 for Bob, and I send it this way so that the postmaster won't steal it;" "Postmasters, please deliver this to the young lady living in the first house beyond the wallet factory, that wears a black dress and sack, white straw hat and brown face-trimmings. Now don't make a mistake." Several letters are received addressed to the devil, Santa Claus and other like personages. Often these letters, with their foolish superscriptions, contain money.

Why he Used American Locks.

Mr. James Hill, being invited to explain why he used American locks on a large building for the War Department, has given the English working-classes a very plain talking to. The distress which exists among them is, he says, largely due to the injurious action of trade-unions, the drunkenness and improvidence of the men, their antipathy to the use of machinery, the existence of low wages and short hours, and the obtuseness of masters who are content to reproduce the same class of goods from generation to generation, instead of adapting themselves to suit the requirements of the age. Foreign competition, he says, would not be possible if the trades unions would employ their funds in educating their members instead of fighting their masters. He cites one case where an ironmaster, whose men were getting about 26 a week, was offered a large Russian contract at a rate lower than he could afford to go, hence he called the man together and said if they could reduce the cost of labor he would take the contract, if not it would go to Belgium. "Let it go to Belgium; we'll follow it there and have a bit of an outing," they answered. They are now living on meal and water. Mr. Hill says that the great bulk of his locks came from this country, to which he was driven by the inferiority and high prices of English workmanship and the unwillingness of masters to entertain his ideas of improvement. He visited America last year and opened up business relations with two firms that have taken pains to carry out his views. As a consequence he is putting American locks on the great hospital at Walsall, within a stone's throw of factories that cannot produce them as cheaply or yet as good. The freight from New York even is less than the freight from Willenhall.

An Anecdote of Astor.

The shrewdest business men often overreach themselves by petty meanness towards their employees.—Perhaps there never was a better illustration of this than an incident in the life of John Jacob Astor, or, to speak more truly, in the life of one of his captains, a man who, in early years, was the beau ideal of a seaman, and throughout his long life had the love and esteem of all whose good fortune it was to know him.

He had sailed six voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars." Just before starting on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer.

"Well, get one," said the merchant. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Astor's eyes fell upon the item he drew his pencil through it. The captain expostulated; said Astor: "I told you to get one; I didn't say I'd pay for it."

The captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, went into Wall street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York's beautiful bay. In three days she was ready for sea and set sail.

At the same time Astor's ship, under the command of a new captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong, but the captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John Jacob Astor, by keeping the men at the braces took advantage of every puff of wind, and won by three days. Then there was lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, our captain weighed anchor, and, with a full cargo of tea, set sail for Sandy Hook, arrived in good time, got his ship alongside the wharf, and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot.

This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when Astor's ship came in the price had fallen. Two days later, as the captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer.

"How much did dat chronometer cost you?" asked the latter.

"Six hundred dollars."

"Well," said Astor, "that was cheap. It cost me sixty thousand tollars."

The merchant and the captain have long since paid the long reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good time-keeper and a treasured relic as well.

Conduct of Young Girls.

AN EXCHANGE pertinently remarks: Many young girls like nothing so much as what they call "an adventure," or in other words, attracting attention of some male specimen of the baser sort whose admiration is an insult. The repression of this spirit in young girls is important, for it is almost disreputable for a young woman to be insulted. Sober people are inclined to think that there must have been some imprudence, perhaps unconsciously on the lady's part of the insult. If a lady is quiet and inclined not to make herself conspicuous in public conveyances or elsewhere by talking and laughing, we do not think she need fear any rude familiarity at all approaching an insult. She might travel in safety from one end of the continent to the other, as free from molestation or annoyance as in her own father's house. But we have noticed with pain, very often, the boisterous, unladylike manners young girls, or young ladies, as they doubtless term themselves, indulge in when traveling. If they take occasion to entertain each other with jests and recitals quite too near coarseness in public places it is not strange that persons of the baser sort should feel that they were safe in taking liberties of speech or look that they would not dream of were their department quiet and ladylike.

Insults can be guarded against, if not entirely avoided. Let mothers warn their daughters against courting rudeness by bold, noisy and unladylike behavior, both at home and abroad, but most particularly when going to school, shopping, riding or going to places of public worship, and they will escape all molestation. When a woman forgets her native delicacy and modesty of deportment she challenges insult.

A Bashful Bridegroom.

THE wedding guests were gathered all, the minister was in the parlor, the marriage feast was piping hot, and the bride was peeping out of her window and blushing the while, but the bridegroom was missing. They waited two hours, and then dispatched a brother of the bride to find the bridegroom; and meanwhile, lest the the victuals should spoil, they all sat down to dinner.

Now, the bridegroom was the most bashful man in Goshen township, and possibly in Ohio. He was discovered in his room with his every-day clothes on, and with one side of his face shaved.—When asked why he had remained away, he replied that he had attempted to shave himself but was so scared and nervous that he could not accomplish it. He finally told the brother that if he would finish shaving him, and help to trim him up, he would go and report for duty. The brother kindly assisted, and the two then started for the home of his anxious bride. When within a short distance of the house, the young man's heart again failed him. He declared that he could not face the crowd, and reluctantly retraced his steps. The brother went home and reported the result of his investigation, and the preacher, turning to the lady, said:

"I'll never tie you to such a man."  
On the following Saturday the father of the young lady was met with the same plea:

"I can't stand to face such a crowd, but if you will get a 'squire, and let us get married after night, I will try it again."

The old gentleman declared that the ceremony must be performed in the daytime. Finally, the bashful young man was led into the parlor by the arm, cooped up in a corner, and brought face to face with maiden and minister.

For Husbands.

DON'T think that your wife has less feeling than before marriage. Her relation to you is changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other woman.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving her grudgingly. What she needs give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better, and so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into

the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, &c., until you have shut down on tobacco, cigars, beer, &c.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down at nights, to see the show, or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper, and hurry off to spend evenings, lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evening enough with her.

Don't prow in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood your neglect and her disappointment.

"Don't think that board and clothes are sufficient for all a wife does for you."

It will do husbands no harm to read the foregoing over a second time, then cut it out, and paste it in their hats.

Sleeping in Church in Olden Times.

ONE of the customs of our fathers was the habit of going to sleep during church service, and various and singular were the expedients adopted by the minister and the deacons to keep them wide awake. Here is an account of a funny scene in a Lynn (Mass.) church in 1646, during the preaching of good old Rev. Samuel Whitney, D. D. It is taken from Obadiah Turner's journal:

"1646, June ye 3d: Allen Brydges hath been chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting and being much proud of his place must needs have a fox tail fixed to ye end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt will have naps in time of discourse; likewise a sharp thorn wherewith he may prick such as may be sounde. On ye laste Lord his day, as he strutted about ye meeting house, he did spy Mr. Tomlins sleeping with much comfort, his head kept steadie by being in ye corner and his hand grasping ye rail. And see spying Allen did quicklie thrust his staff behind, dame Ballard and gave him a grievous pick upon ye hand. Whereupon Mr. Tomlins did spring up much above ye floor and with terrible force did strike his hand against ye wall, and also to ye greate wonder of all, prophanele exclaim in a loud voice, 'Cuse the woodhuck,' he dreaming, as it seemed, yt a woodhuck had seized and bit his hand. But on coming to know where he was, and ye greate scandal he had committed, he seemed very much abashed but did not speake. And I think he will not soon again go to sleep in meeting. Ye woman may sometimes sleep and none know it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whitney doth pleasantlie say yt from ye pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with men jolting here and there among them."

The Darkey's Algebra.

"Looke hyar boy," said Gabe to his boy, "I's gettin' 'bout tired ob buyin' new books all de time. What's dis yer algebray you am talkin' 'bout enyhow?"

"It's a sport ob 'rithmetic," said the boy. "S'posen you say how much sm leben times leben, divided by seven; stid of taken de figgers, I say dat x multiplied by y and divided by x equal x plus y, minus a."

"De harry you do," said Gabe.  
"Yes sah. We let x equal ebenen, and y—"

"Dar," said Gabe, waving his hand, "dat's nuff of dat. We'll jis let x equal de whitewash bucket multiplied by y, which am de brush, and divided by z, which am de stick, equal x, which am you, plus y, which am six bits for de job you does to-morrow, de whole equal to p, q, which am me, which will break your black head ef you doan go to work early in de mawnin'. Dese yer algebrays and latin, and jography, am spiliel' good niggers, an' makin' a mighty poash artikel ob secon' han white men ob dem. Ef dares anything, I hates it am a scallopy darkey puttin' on frills an' billed shirts. Dats nuff," he continued as the boy was about to speak. "Consider yourself as accused from furdur remarks. You hab graduated, an' I'll take you in partnership in de business to-morrow, you do de work an' I'll handle de cash an' keep de books."

At Jamaica, L. I., the other day, a man shot a quail in violation of the game law. His neighbors threatened to inform the authorities, but he got the start of them by going before a magistrate and himself lodging information against himself. He was fined \$10, which he paid. He then demanded half the fine for giving the information, and \$5 was returned to him.