

A RETURN.

"Do ye not know me, Donald?"—
Frowning back he said—
"Can ye not speak to me, Donald—
Me who was once so fair!"

"Many years have gone over us—
Fortunate years for thee;
When I see thee they seem not so many—
Only when thou wast me."

"For I saw the snow of Winters
No sun and no summer can change;
Yet I seem to hear the Spring coming,
And the bluebird beginning to range."

"As when in the old days together
We wandered and talked by the stream,
Of thy life in the far new country,
And our love. Was it all a dream."

"For what could I be to thee, Donald,
A man grown to honor and pride,
With a choice of the world before thee,
While I could give thee but my hand!"

"'Twas long that I stayed by the brook-side,
In the dew and the dark of the eve,
Through Winter and Summer thereafter,
Ere I could forget to grieve."

"For thou wast my first love, Donald—
Thou the first love of my heart;
Why should I not tell thee, Donald,
What sadness it then was to part!"

"I cannot recall thee, woman,
As when I hear thy voice,
I hear the low, rippling river,
I see the girl of my choice."

"O'er ye not tell me of Janet,
Nothing of her I once loved!
I have me a ring for my bonnet,
I gave her a ring ere I roved."

"I think ye on her sometimes, Donald!
I see ye remember the ring!
I see ye wear very thin, Donald;
I see ye remember the thing."

"I hope on my hand still, Donald,
I cannot remove it again;
I have kept it through labor and sorrow,
It is grown now a part of my pain!"

—Harper's Magazine.

Proposed Common Monument to Voltaire and Rousseau.

The great who are divided in life are sometimes united in death by the honors of sepulture or of monumental commemoration. In one of the transepts of Westminster Abbey, called "The Statesman's Aisle," lie, almost side by side, the mortal remains of those mighty rival gladiators of the parliamentary forum, the younger Pitt and the younger Fox, and crossing this ancient Pantheon of British worthies, and entering into the "Poet's Corner," the visitor will find Thackeray and Dickens, between whom, during life, no love was lost, despite their studied politeness, nestling close together.

A somewhat similar posthumous union is now proposed, by some enthusiastic Frenchmen, between Voltaire and Rousseau. Both these iconoclastic wanderers of all that the world of France thought sacred, died in the year 1778, and, as it happens, the centennaries of their deaths is to be marked by the Paris World's Fair. So their admirers suggest that a common monument be erected in some conspicuous spot to their memories.

How would Voltaire's rasping tongue and wit with epigrammatic bitterness be known that his counterfeited piety was about to go down to the centenary linked arm-in-arm with that of the detested and despised author of the "Confessions"? With what eager and visible protestation, too, would Rousseau exclaim against perpetual Siamese twinning with the merciless old sage of Ferney? It is not always, indeed, that history, even after the lapse of a century, can sit in judicial and temperate judgment upon the famous people of the past; and this is emphatically true of these eighteenth-century philosophers of France who sowed the seeds of political and religious over-throwing, and the stormy celebration of whose lives took place in the revolutionary tornado that burst over France twenty years after they had been laid in their graves. To one class of living Frenchmen Voltaire was distinctly the messenger and emissary of Satan; to another, perhaps yet larger class, he was a world-moving reformer. The mass of his countrymen, however, as yet probably undecided as to whether he was a glory or a disgrace to France. We cannot but think that his sarcasm and scoffing, his glittering wit, his bold, irreverent epigram, his piercing ridicule, did more to dissolve the misty curtain of awe long spread around religion than did, later, all the polished rhetoric and research of Renan, and all the labored logic and learning of Staus.

If we regard Voltaire apart from his Cervantes-like crusade against chivalry and faith, both of which he sought to laugh out of the world, if we consider him not on that side of his character in which he was "the Vitruvius of ruin," but as the "terrified apocryphus to call him the Antichrist," we find much that is worth admiring, and some few things that are great. His best quality was one not of the head, but of the heart. He wrote interminable poems, that were the wonder of Europe in his day, and that nobody thinks of reading in ours; he fulminated lampoons that shook thrones, but which have been now altogether forgotten; his wit was keenly sharp and penetrating, but an epigram of his is as rarely quoted in these days as are the indecent couplets of "La Fucelle." Yet he will always be remembered as the champion of that unhappy Protestant family of the Calas, whose head was so ignominiously murdered by the bigotry of the dominant Church and the subservience of Bourbon judges. Voltaire had the courage to brave every obloquy and every danger to avert this giant wrong; and it is the fairest title he has to good renown. Amid all his vagaries and his fierce independence of what had been and what was, Voltaire "had," as Carlyle says, "been some for rectitude, indeed, for all virtues;" with the "utmost vivacity of temperament," and "a quick susceptibility to every form of beauty."

At least, so far nobler than Rousseau, in that he did not teach immorality under a flowery garb of sentimental rhetoric, nor hide abominable teachings

amid a profusion of virtuous sentiments.

It is singular that, while "La Fucelle," the work of an author who really revered virtue, is not fit to be read on account of its brutal plainness of speech, "Julie," which was written by a very apostle of organized immorality, may be perused by the most modest without a blush. The project to erect a monument to these two conspicuous figures of the last century does not, it would seem, meet with very marked encouragement in France. The reason why is not far to seek. A century is too short a time to allow men to settle down on a clear, calm, and just estimate of an historical character. There is still great confusion in the views taken of the careers of Rousseau and Voltaire. More than two centuries have elapsed since the death of Oliver Cromwell; yet English opinion is divided between old Clarendon's judgment that he was "a brave, bad man," and the belief that "he was in all things the greatest prince that ever ruled these realms." As long as Parliament hesitates to place the statue of the grim Protector in the stately marble line of British potentates, it is no wonder that France pauses before commemorating in bronze or marble, the Scoffer and the Sentimentalist who did their best, a century ago, to turn society upside down.—Appleton's Journal for May.

The Last Tribes in Ireland.

The question, "What became of the ten tribes of Israel carried away into Assyrian captivity," has for many centuries called out the most ingenious theories from authors and scriblers. Josephus believed that the lost tribes lived in his day somewhere beyond the Euphrates. Christian writers believe that they have found traces of the lost tribes among the people at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, among the Afghans, among the Tartars, and among the North American Indians. History leaves the question in just the shape to be tantalizing and to offer free scope for the imagination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Rev. Joseph Wild, of Brooklyn, enters the field with a theory of his own. He believes that the ten tribes escaped to Ireland and that the Prophet Jeremiah, when he fled from Palestine with Tophai, the King's daughter, went to Tara, in Ireland. He carried with him the Ark of the Covenant and the tables of the law. Tophai was married to the King of Tara, and from her descendants came the house of Stuart. In Queen Victoria, as the descendant of the house of Stuart, Dr. Wild sees the fulfillment of the prophecy, "The seed of David shall not want a man upon the throne." Dr. Wild believes that Jeremiah was the true St. Patrick, the name St. Patrick being a corruption of the saint of the patriarchs.

In advancing the theory that the lost tribes went to Ireland, Dr. Wild says that the word "Ireland" is a Hebrew word, only slightly modified; that there is an admitted similarity between the Irish and Hebrew languages; that the Irish language is, in fact, a compound of the Hebrew and Phoenician, and that historians agree that there were two settlements in Ireland—first by the Phoenicians, and second by the children of Dan; that the Druid circles, altar stones, and cromlechs all find ready explanation on the hypothesis that they were corruptions of ancient Hebrew religious ceremonies.

Quoting from Jeremiah: "Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me and the ships of Tarshish first." Dr. Wild aims to prove that the isles referred to were Ireland and the adjacent islands, and reads his case.

The future of Ireland, under the prophecies, he argues, is to be grand, but only for Israel and the Canaanites proselytes. All else are to die or be scattered from the island.

Dr. Wild is pastor of the Elm Place Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, and declares that he has spent fifteen years in studying Hebrew, Greek, and Irish history bearing on the question.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Local Prejudices in Criticism.

Absolute justice in current estimates of literary and artistic performances is, no doubt, unattainable, but is there any foundation for the accusations of prejudice and improper bias which are so common? These alleged prejudices are frequently attributed to sectional dislikes and preferences. We hear, for instance, the West continually complaining that criticism in the East upon its art and literature is unfair; the South utters the same charge against the North; New York repeats the accusation against Boston; and the whole country unites in denouncing England for its apparent hostility toward American authors and artists. In all these complaints it is confidently assumed that the local estimate is the correct one, and that the less favorable criticism from foreign or remote quarters is necessarily prejudiced. Sometimes this is true, but there may be just as rationally unreasonable prejudices in behalf of neighbors as unjust depreciation of strangers. It is impossible for people to remain uninfluenced by their surroundings, to have the same sympathies for the near that they have for the remote; but in criticism the very indifference of those who live apart from the influences that surround an artist or writer may be favorable for an accurate judgment. No author can be sure of his ground until he has won the suffrages of the world beyond his own section. An author should always wisely distrust the applause that comes from friendly circles, and remain satisfied only with the approval that his genius compels from distant and perhaps unwilling listeners. No writer ever yet won fame by whining about the prejudice he must encounter; he recognizes that there is some measure of indifference which he must overcome—people are not going to assume, off-hand, that he is a prophet, nor are they ready to take him promptly at his own estimate—but he is conspicuously foolish if he expects a busy world to be as enamored of his performances as his own centre of acquaintances is. If Villars set up a man of straw, the rest of the world will not acknowledge him, even if it roar itself hoarse declaiming about sectional prejudices; but Villars never yet set up a man of substance that mankind

generally did not soon recognize and accept.

There is too little genius in the world, and the love and admiration for it are too deeply implanted, for people willfully to shut their eyes to it. It should be remembered, however, that genius when strictly original must work its way slowly into recognition, both at home and abroad; for, whatever is wholly new has to create, according to Coleridge, the taste and knowledge which are to understand it and be in sympathy with it.—Appleton's Journal.

The Last Siege of Gibraltar.

The most memorable, in some respects of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected, was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco endeavored to surprise Gibraltar, but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege of war wage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privations that ran in, amidst terrible dangers with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken, had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war ships and merchantmen, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; scurvy broke out in the garrison and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. "The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell." At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town; Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.—Harper's Magazine.

Curious Discoveries.

The old question, Where no all the pins go to? is not so uninteresting as this conundrum. How do things get where they are found? The poems of Propertius, a Latin poet who lived half a century before the Christian Era, were found in a wine cellar. The discovery was made in the nick of time, for the mildew and the rats had begun their destructive work on the parchment manuscripts. But how came those poems in that wine-cellar? Did some bottle, a lover of the muse, carry them down to read during intervals of rest, and then, overcome by the fumes of his own wine, forget to carry them away?

It is said that one of the cantos of Dante's "Inferno" was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill. Who hid the precious manuscript? Did he hope a reward would be offered for its recovery?

We can understand how "Luther's Table Talk" came to be hidden in the foundations of an old house. Pope Gregory XIII ordered its suppression, and so it became dangerous for any one to be found in possession of the book. When discovered, it was "lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without." The man who hid it was determined that the book should be read by somebody when better days had come.

An old cabinet held for some time a forgotten manuscript which the world is glad the author found. It was the first volume of "Waverley." "I had written," says Scott, "the greatest part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript, and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet, and I took the fancy of finishing it."

Dogs in Boots.

"Puss in Boots" is a mythical personage, but the dog in boots is no imaginary creature. In the regions of eternal snow and ice, where the only beast of burden is the dog, the cold is sometimes so intense that sharp icicles form between the claws of the canine sledges travelers. This causes a most serious obstacle to the speedy progression of the dogs, and would, after a few days, render them utterly unfit for their laborious duties, as the icicles grow larger and larger as they go on, until the poor creatures are quite unable to stand. The older dogs, however, will, every now and then, stop and bite off the icicles from their feet. Not so with the novice. He trudges wearily along; every step he takes adds to his torture; and after a time every imprint of his foot on the snow bears a red stain from his cut and bleeding paw. At such times the dog toot is called into requisition by the driver, principally for policy, but occasionally, let us hope, out of humanity. The dog toot is generally made of raw-hide, and is simply shaped like a small bag or pocket. This is drawn over the foot of the animal and made secure by tying it around the ankle with a leather string. Thus protected, if the surface of the snow is pretty level, these wonderful Esquimaux dogs will travel at the rate of forty miles a day, for many days in succession.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

Married to a Chinaman.

The gentleman was from China. He was, in fact, a Chinaman. The yellow complexion, the oblique optics, the pig-tail, and the loosely-fitting garments were all there. There was also on his arm a fair creature of 30. She was well dressed and good looking, and was of American descent. They appeared before the marriage department and asked for a marriage license. The clerk gazed in astonishment for a moment, but quickly recovering, he mechanically dipped his pen in the ink and said: "Your lady's name?"

The Chinaman stared but said nothing, and then the bride came to the register. "My name," she said, "is Estalla Bennett."

"E-t-a-l-l-a B-e-n-n-e-t-t," spelled out the clerk, "and your gentleman's name?"

"Oh," said the fair Estalla, "he's a heathen Chinese; he is, and his name is King Yeap," and then she playfully chuckled him under the chin, remarking, "Ain't it, Yeaspe?"

While the clerks were getting out the license the lady became very talkative, and volunteered the following: "I am going to get married just for the fun of it, you know."

"Indeed?" said the clerk, being ready, he added, "Take your hat off, sir, and be sworn."

The Chinaman grinned. "Take off your hat, you heathen Chinese, you," said his future bride, before the prospective bridegroom could comply, she pulled off his hat, and addressing by this time the thoroughly amused clerks, said:

"There, look at his hair; you can see he's a heathen Chinese. Why, he's got more hair than I have. If he loses his hair he can't have me for a wife."

The oath was taken, and then Estalla continued: "Let us finish up this job. Now it's begun, I don't want to put it off any longer. If it's all the same, dear, we'll go right through with it now."

The lady then wanted to see Judge Loomis, in order, as she said, to ascertain if there were any legal obstacles in the way of her marriage to King Yeap. On being assured there were no legal barriers in the way of her joy, she told the clerks that she had known "King Yeap" for three months, and she "didn't see why they shouldn't get applied." Yeap, who was a passive listener throughout, deposited his \$1.50 and then the happy pair proceeded over to Justice Kaufman, who speedily "finished up the job," and Miss Bennett became Mrs. King Yeap.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Omens.

Even now there exist people who believe in omens. To enumerate the number in which our forefathers believed would be impossible; but we give one or two which may be amusing to the young people. Stumbling by going down stairs or going out in the morning is very unlucky. It is a sign of ill-luck to lay one's knife and fork crosswise; for sweethearts to interchange knives, as it will cut away their love; to present anybody with a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp instrument. To avoid ill consequence, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense, must be given in return. To find a knife or razor is unlucky. That it is ill luck to find money and worse to keep it, may seem paradoxical to many. It is lucky to find a four-leaved clover, a piece of iron, an old horse-shoe.

Moles are indicative of good or bad fortune, according to their position on the body. A mole against the heart denotes wickedness; on the knee a wealthy wife; on the nose, a traveler; on the throat, riches; on the lower jaw of a woman, sorrow and pain; in the middle of the forehead, a discourteous and cruel mind; on the right side of the forehead, command, esteem and honor; on the left, near hair, misery; on the left, near middle of forehead, persecutions from superiors; on the lip, a great eater; on the chin, riches; on the ear, riches; on the right breast, poverty; near the bottom of nostrils, good luck; on the left foot, rashness; right foot, wisdom; on the wrist or hand, ingenious mind; near side of chin, an amiable disposition; many moles between wrist and elbow, many crosses which will end in prosperity.

How to Live Cheaply.

One of the subjects talked and written about at the present time is, How to live cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers of the middle class. The difficulty in the problem is to reconcile the irreconcilables. The middle class generally wants all the fine things, all the style and display of wealthy neighbors.

The problem would simplify itself at once, would the middle class family cease trying to appear what it is not, and be content to appear and be thought just what it is. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation.

How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence, and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them.

Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments of fashion, and be happier in the cozy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments.

It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly.

The great staples of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance, are inexpensive. There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health, and with an honest purpose, provided they will practice the thrift and prudence to which their grandparents owed all their success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot acquire steadiness, courage, and strength of arm and will as they rise.—Golden Age.

Review of the Life of Edison.

At a meeting of the phonetic section of the Franklin Institute, Dr. Cleland, of Chicago, Thomas A. Edison's co-laborer and intimate friend, delivered a lecture in which he reviewed the life and achievements of that well known electrician and inventor.

Mr. Edison, said the speaker, is an American, and about thirty-one years old. His life had been full of adventure. Deprived of the benefits of a school, he applied himself to study at his own home, and at the age of eleven was very well versed in chemistry, physics, engineering, history, and other branches of knowledge. Then he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, between Detroit and Port Huron, and while attending to his duties in that capacity was constantly reading and investigating, and at odd hours, in the Detroit Free Press office, then owned by Mr. Storey, now proprietor of the Chicago Times, he learned to set type.

He erected a "case" in the baggage car of his train, and with a small supply of type which he had gathered together did the composition for a little paper which he published and which soon attained a circulation of five hundred copies. Edison subsequently fixed up a sort of laboratory in the smoking car and laid the foundation of the justly earned reputation which he has to-day of being one of the best chemists in the country. About this time, Edison, at the risk of his own life, saved the child of a telegraph operator named McKinsey from being run over by an engine. McKinsey wanted to reward the boy, but being poor he could only repay him by teaching him telegraphy. In six months Edison was an expert operator, and now has no superior in the business. He got a position in Canada as a station operator on the Grand Trunk Road, and there at the age of fourteen, studied out his first invention, which was an apparatus by which the night watchman, while Edison slept, could send over the wires the half-hourly "call right" report as cleverly as Edison could do it himself. He made some of these machines for his brother operators along the line, and they worked very well until the officers of the road discovered that nearly all the telegraphers were asleep at night, and the telegraphing was being done by machinery, when the apparatus was discontinued, as was also the services of the genius who invented it.

Edison then came to the United States, and here invented a register which would take a message at good speed and pass to another register, which would deliver it very much slower than the first. Next he went to Memphis, and from there to Indianapolis, and then to Boston. There he invented the gold and stock printer, and at his home at Manlo Park, New Jersey, he has turned out many other valuable inventions, including the duplex, the telephone, and the phonograph. He has secured patents in the United States for one hundred and twelve of his inventions, is now applying for thirty additional patents, and has been granted as many more by foreign countries. "This was up to six o'clock to-night," said the speaker, "but," he added, "he has probably invented something else by this time."

The Cure for Gossip.

Everybody must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told not to talk for the fear that the people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk. On some subject or another, everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course the topics of conversation will relate to the subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science he will talk about science. If he is an enthusiast in art he will talk about art. If he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and persistent reader, he will naturally put forward literary topics in his conversation. So with social questions, political questions, religious questions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. That of which the mind is full—that with which it is furnished—will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is, that those who do indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day, in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do—what they say—what happens to them in their social and business affairs—what they wear—these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that poisonous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over the country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about.

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces with it. Neighbors made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

One of Stanley's Adventures.

While Stanley, the African explorer, was working his way down the great river whose union with the sea he was the first to discover, he had thirty-two adventures with the hostile natives, in some of which he lost a number of men. One of these adventures is thus described by a correspondent of the Boston Journal:

The inhabitants had assembled on the bank, seeing this curious boat filled with strangers approaching, and Stanley's men said they thought the cries, which were almost deafening, of a friendly nature.

But Stanley thought not. To him the cries seemed warlike. However, visions of eggs, chickens, fresh milk, and, perhaps, goat's flesh, for his exhausted men, flashed before his eyes, and he at last gave the signal to put into the cove.

No sooner had the boat reached the sloping bank than it was hauled fifty yards up on the shore by a hundred hands, and before Stanley and his astonished men could realize where they were, they found themselves the center of a circle of savages, each of whom was aiming an arrow directly at the unlucky wights.

There were several hundred of these people, called the Bumbrich, after the name of their island, on the shore, and Stanley says that he expected to be instantly massacred. His gun and those of his men lay at the bottom of the boat and to stoop to pick them up would have brought a shower of arrows, and instant death.

So he endeavored to reason with the savages, and showed them some cloths and beads, which they accepted. They crowded around the boat, however, and one man took hold of Stanley's hair and gave it a violent wrench, thinking that it was a cap, and would come off, disclosing wool.

This was hard to bear, and meantime, one of Stanley's men received a stunning blow from a spear-handle. Then the explorer made another little speech, asking for food, and to be allowed to continue his journey, promising more cloth and beads.

The savages then made several ferocious demonstrations, rushing down upon him, gnashing their teeth and shaking their spears in his very face; but they did not kill him, and finally retired to consult. This mortal agony of suspense lasted for nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, during which time Stanley did not get out of his boat, nor did he take his eyes off the islanders.

At last, seeing no chance of anything but death, he gave the signal to his men to be ready, at a certain cry, to drag the boat into the water. Presently the islanders began to return, and something told Stanley not to wait.

So he shouted the word of command, and the boat flew down the slope into the water, his men diving all around it, like so many muskrats, in their eagerness to escape the javelins and arrows which they knew would come.

Stanley picked up his elephant gun, and, as an islander bounding upon the beach was preparing to fire an arrow after the boat, he shot him, and the immense bullet, passing clear through the savage's body, killed another behind him.

Meantime it was discovered that the oars were lost, and Stanley's men were paddling with their hands as fast as they could to get out of arrow range, when they were horrified by seeing thirty-six savages put off from Bumbrich in three large canoes.

The men in Stanley's boat were anxious to fire at once, but he ordered them to allow the canoes to approach, and succeeded in sinking two of them by striking through their sides at the water-line.

In two minutes two dozen savages were struggling in the water, beating away for the shore with vigorous stroke; the third canoe renounced pursuit, and Stanley and his men found themselves safe, but still half dead from hunger when they joined the main body of the expedition.

The New Coachman.

The boy should have known better at his age, says the Free Press, than to let out family secrets, but he felt grateful to the other boy for the use of his stilts, and he softly remarked: "Father wasn't home all last night, and he hasn't come home yet."

"Gone off?" queried the owner of stilts. "He's down town somewhere, we expect, and ma says she ain't going to run after him if he don't come home for a month."

"Did they have a fuss?" "Kinder. You see we had to let the coachman go, 'cause his hard times. Yesterday afternoon ma wanted pa to black up and drive her out in style. He kicked at first, but when she got mad he caved in and fixed himself up so you couldn't tell him from a darkey. When he drove around ma called him Peter, and ordered him to back up, and go ahead, and haw and gee around, and he got up on his ear and drove back to the lightning, and he was so mad that he didn't stay long enough to wash the black off his ears."

"And what did your mother say?" "Nothing. She looked a little sad around the mouth, but she'll fetch him to it if it takes all winter. He might as well come home and begin to learn how to burn cork."

Croup Remedy.—Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

Rice Pudding.—Boil half a pound of rice in milk till quite tender; then mash the grains well with a wooden spoon; add three quarters of a pound of sugar, and the same of melted butter, half an ounce of nutmeg, six eggs, a gill of wine and some grated lemon peel; bake it in a paste. For a change it may be boiled and eaten with butter, sugar and wine.