## Margherita's Vendetta

Near the French market in New Orleans a roung Sicilian, Luigi Rossi, was killed on New Years' eve of 1882. An American geneleman who was arrested for the murder proved by the testimony of a companion that while he was returning late from some Sestivity, he was assaulted by Rossi, and

He was honorably acquitted but rememhered with remorse that he himself had been drinking freely that night, and, as he was coming rapidly round a corner, Rossi had stumbled against him.

He cursed the Sicilian, and he was by no means certain in his own mind that he did mot strike him with his his fist. At any rate, in spite of his friend's testimony, the city became hateful to Charles Stannard after the tragedy, and he settled in another part of

The affair passed out of the minds of people, but among Sicilians it was a vivid memory. Over the body of her brother, her only relative, Margherita had been led to take the oath of the vendetta

"You are only a girl, it is true," said Manmel Salcetti, the head of the Silicians, "and you are but fourteen; but some day you will he a woman, and on you, as Luigi's only blood kin, the yow of the vendetta is laid. Wherever you meet the murderer, even if you know that your own life will be the penalty, you are sworn to avenge your brother. Do you know what will happen to you if you reak your vow?"

"Luigi's spirit will curse me!" sobbed the girl. "My people will drive me out, and if I starve, they will give me no bread; if I am sick, they will turn from me. They will cry Maledicta!' when they meet me, and when I are dead, they will spit on my grave, and say Maledietal' over it.

"You know your lesson, girl," said Manuel, sternly. "You have lost one brother, but we will all be your brothers, and help you to Four revenge

Perhaps the readers of the Companion think the vendetta, or vow of vengcance, belongs to an older day and a different country from ours? It hardly seems possible that in the nineteenth century, and in an American .cots, such a relic of a savage period can live and flourish; but we in New Orleans know that it is as common among the Corsican and Sicilian population as it is on the soil which originated it and made revenge a holy

There are mysterious murders in their quarters, where, one by one, a whole family are killed. Law is powerless to bring these criminals to trial or to identify them, for they all band tegether to protect and hide the guilty. It is a point of honor, too, with the family and friends of the victims never to give information against their enemies, nor appear in court as witnesses against them. They will bide their time and kill them some

day, but they would scorn to denounce them. Margherita grew up a handsome, highspirited girl. She had no relatives, but her people never suffered her to want. She kept the name of her brother's slayer in a little locket she wore round her neck, and would look at it, grind her teeth, and renew her vow of vengeance. The vow did not require that she should pursue Charles Stanpoor for that, besides she needed the help of self in readiness for him when he should re-

few who noticed the handsome Sicilian at her fruit-stall in Canal Street dreamed that she had consecrated herself to such a purpose. She had never seen Mr. Stannard, but many of her people knew him well by sight, and when he returned, there would be enough to edentify him. So she waited in stern patience. The hot summer of 1886 brought fatal illness to the Sicilian quarter. Margherita was

one of the first victims, and as the family in which she lived were all ill, at the urgent request of the physician who attended her, she was removed to a hospital. As a rule, Sicilians prefer to be sick, and recover or die, in their own quarters,-but Margherita had no kinsfolk to remonstrate. She was carried to a charitable institution, which is visited, and in a measure supported, by the benevolent ladies of the city, and the low fever which prostrated her strength and clouded her mind did not abate for weeks. She was too ill to know or care where she was, but one pleasant autumn morning her laguid eyes opened, and she was conscious of the strangeness of her surround-

She watched the white curtains of the open windows waving to and fro in the soft breeze, and then her eyes fell on a lady who was arever after always associated in her mind with his first glimpse of Helen Carroll. Miss Carroll looked up from her task and

saw the girl's eyes fixed upon her. "Ah, you are better?" she said, with a ing her hand Margherita's wrist. "Your skin is cool and moist at last. Do you understand me? Can you speak English?"

"Yes," said the girl, faintly "Ah, that is well. You will soon be strong again, but you must not talk, and you must mind what I say. I'm your nurse, you see, and you must take some of this soup now.' She raised Margherita in her strong young arms, and fed her as if she was a helpless infant; then beat up her pillow, and turned them, and laid the weak head back. "Now you look ever so much better!" said

Margherita was too weak to feel surprise How she came in such a comfortable bed, with

Miss Carroll, with her beautiful smile.

did she know that she owed her life to Helen | bearer in occultism. Not by dint of Carroll's faithful care. People called Miss Carroll eccentric. Young gich and handsome, she cared nothing for given tone, but in their incorporated society, but, as people said, she was always strength lies its value. Novel writtaking up some craze, and her latest was

philanthropic work.

Her world prophesied that she would weary of it in a month, but a year had rolled by, whirl of life scenes provides material found her faithful to her self-imposed duties for the fiction writing world. Those enlarging the sphere of her usefulness. She had been attracted by Margherita's beauty when the girl was first brought to the hos- aforetime, in state department or pital, and made her her special charge. As city office, go after 3 o'clock to a the girl grew better, the interest deepened, suburban house, where for the reuntil the thought of parting with her became more and more distasteful to Miss Carroll.

family, Margherita," she said one day, as linking. And for those who find the near the window, "Several Sicilians were here last week inquiring about you but you supplying the charm of restful retirewere to weak too see them, and their English | ment are annexed to London by a was so bad I could not understand them." "I haf no fam'ly," Margherita said sadly. "No padre, no madre, no nobody."

But whom, then, do you live with?" 'My people is good to me, but no blood like mine in dis country. Some day may maybe I go back to Sicily; some day when I

As she spoke the last words with a shudder her hands touched the black cord to which was suspended the small brass locket which "Free!" echoed Miss Carroll, with a laugh "Everybody in this country is free. Ah, I un-

derstand! That is a love token, isn't it, Mar-You held on to that locket like grim death if any one touched it, and now you want to be free from the lover who gave Margherita laughed scornfully.

derstand not. Ah no, I can tell not even you, for you are like the saints in heaven. Ah Dio mio, I go away and see you no more! What will Margherita do when dedays go and de nights come, and de sweet good face looks at me no more? To her passionate Southern nature, adoring international committee for the ex-Helen as she did, it seemed as if she must die

deprived of the sight of the woman whose sweet heavens. Dr. Gill contemplates the woice had spoken to her as no human being establishment of a central office un-What will I do?" she cried. "I have no gladness to be well, when I see you no more!"

Since you care so much you shall not lose it is calculated, would occupy twenty-An old aunt lives with me, and if you wish you can help me to take care of her. I'm you can help me to take care of her. I'm rather fierce opposition which it has sure, too, you'll make an excellent house-

but in perplexity. It is countrary both to the ing and calculating each star at 10 traditions and customs of the Sicilians to take service. They will starve cheerfully before condescending to perform any domestic daties for thesor. But love for the friend who francs, or £800,000.

stood before her triumphed over all obstacles, for she knew that if she parted with Miss Carrol she could never expect nor wish to see her in the Sicilian quarter. With a quick move-ment, she took Helen's hand and pressed it to

"I gif myself to you," she said, simply; "but for money, no. You will nevair gif me money, or I go." She rasied her proud little head with the hauteur of a queen. "So be it," said Helen, with a smile. "You shall settle that question as you choose. There are more ways of helping you than by

Margherita paid a short visit to her Sicilian friends before she went to Miss Carroll's. At first they tried to dissuade her, until an idea was suggested by Manuel himself. 'Let her go. The young lady is American and rich. He is American and rich, too. Perhaps they know each other, and he will go there to exisit, and Margherita's vendetta

will come to her hand. Ah yes, she must go

Margherita heard, and shuddered. Ah! when she was with her young lady she forgot her vow. How could she associate it with those kind eyes which looked lovingly at her, and at every one who needed charity and kindness. Would she not shrink from a girl who, like Margherita, held herself ready to commit a crime? Not that the Sicilian either thought, or called "vendetta" a crime, she only felt the influence of love and kindness upon her own savage nature, and knew that the fulfilment of her yow would raise an eternal barrier between herself and her bene-

factress A year passed. Margherita grew more and more invaluable in Miss Carroll's household. Such a patient nurse for the invalid, and such a capable housekeeper as she became! Her fiery nature was not changed, but she learned to control it when she saw Helen's grieved and shocked looks at her ungovernable outbursts of temper. One day, entering Miss Carroll's room, she found the young lady aughing and crying over a letter she held in

"Cougratulate me, Margherita!" she cried. "My dear Brother Charles you have heard me speak of, my only brother, is coming ne, to live. He will never leave me again. Oh, how perfectly happy I am!"

Margherita knelt by Helen's side, her favorite attitude when alone with her friend, and raised the lady's hand to her lips. Her brilliant eyes shone with reflected joy, as she said: "I am glad with you. This brother, why stay he away so long?" "It is a sad story," her face clouding, "I could never bear to speak nor think of it

when he was away. But you are more like a friend than a servant, Margherita, and I will tell you. Five years ago he killed a man. It was in self-defe ice, but Charles never ceased regretting it. He thought perhaps he had been to blame, so he went away and settled in another part of the State.'

"Five year ago he kill one man," Margherita repeated, with a quick catch in her breath. "But your brother name Charles Carroll?" "No, he is only my half-brother, our mother was the same. His name is Charles Stannard. Why! what is the matter, Margher-

the girl had sprung to her feet, her eyes wild, her face ghastly, and her hand clutching the black cord which held the locket. "Your brother!, she repeated. "Ah, Dio mio, your brother!'

"Are you ill, Margherita?" asked Miss Car-roll. "What excites you so? Go and lie down and I will bring you some ether.' Without another word Margherita tottered way, while Helen Carroll was searching in a

er friends in her vendetta; but she held her- closet for the remedy she prescribed. When turn to the city, which he might do any day.

She learned English, so that she could

It was a most mysterious disappearshe went to the girl's room expecting to find and for a month Miss Carroll looked confidently for the return of her wayward protegee. Nothing had been heard of her amongst her Sicilian friends. She had as completely disappeared as if the ground had swallowed her; and more than a year rolled by without tidings. One morning Miss Carroll was summoned to the parlor.

"It's a nun, Miss Helen, and she says she won't keep you a minute," the servant said. The nun rose from her chair as the lady entered, but did not advance, and kept her hands tightly clasped before her. The white frilled cap and sweeping black veil for a moment confused Miss Carroll, but the next in astonishment, she cried out: "Margherita! Oh, where have you been,

and what means this dress?" The nun retreated from Miss Carroll's outstretched hands with a repellant gesture. "Ah! I cannot touch you," she said "Listen; the man your brother murdered was my brother; and I swore the vendetta against him. But how could I hurt you, break your heart, who was an angel to me? I must keep my vow or do this"-touching her nun's habit. I hate de convent, I hate de life, but for you I make myself dead to de world. My people say not 'maledicta' to a nun, and dey spit not ranging some roses in a glass which stood on on her grave. For you, all for you, but I a small stand near her bed. A lady with a touch not your hand. I gif my life for you. lovely face; and somehow to the girl the per-fume of the roses and their delicate tints were erita no more Before Miss Carroll recovered from her as

tonishment the nun was gone. She is still living in a convent on the coast a sombre-faced nun who does her daily round of duty mechanically, but whether she regrets eased smile, advancing to the cot and lay- the act of self-sacrifice which consigned her to what she considers a living tomb, no one will ever know from those silent, resolute lips. MARIE B. WILLIAMS, in the Youth's Com-

## English Novel Writing.

London Letter, Philadelphia Times. A well-know novelist, hearing the excess of psychological lore in her latest publications eulogized by a views of those who wish to make exelearned critic, replied with nonchalance: "Study, delving, laborious | that electricity is to be free from such scholarship, patience! O, bless me, recommendations. such a lovely lady for a nurse, did not trouble no! I picked it all up at Mr. Chela's er in the least, and not until she recovered at homes," referring to the standard any one of these cliques is society ing is pursued as a more lucrative business than in America. The mainder of the day and night they "You will soon be able to return to your are devoted to the trade of wordsweet village environs the only spot private chamber, to which they come daily to accomplish five hours' uninterrupted story writing. This process of flitting to and fro from fireside to desk, from busy town to the tranquil valley of the Thames, keeps one ever within hearing of the ora-

cle of civilization. A Colossal Catalogue of the Star. It is not from America but from France that the colossal proposal astronomical observations at the cape and elsewhere have produced some notable results, and who has put forth his scheme for a star cataogue on this gigantic scale in the or-She burst into tears and wept vehemently. gan of the bureau of the permanent ecution of a photographic map of the der the direction of a chief, with assistant secretaries, and a staff of "Listen," said Helen, touched to the soul. | measurers and computers. The work, provoked, says that astronomers Margherita clasped her hands, not in delight, estimate the average cost of observ-

# Hardiness of American Half-

Breeds. The experience of the teachers of the Lincoln Institution confirms the views here expressed, that the mixed Indian is more exempt from pulmonary disease than the pure Indian; and, further, that if the former are attacked by disease they offer greater constitutional resistance to it than the latter. This view is also confirmed by the large experience of Capt. R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, who says in his last report: "Our experience is that the mixed bloods resist disease and death from pulmonary troubles better than the full bloods, and our best health conditions are found among those we send out into families, due, I think, very largely to the regular occupation and varied diet." Similiar views have been expressed by others who have resided among the mixed or said to be strong and hearty, longthe equal of the whites, and lose in a patronizing way on the Indian. Their families are usually very large, and the female sex is said to be very handsome. Quite recently I had occasion to investigate the question whether pulmonary consumption tends to exterminate the American Indian, and then I found that nearly all those Indian agencies which show the lowest consumption rate are precisely those which contain the largest number of mixed bloods. Of course, it is just possible that the presence and the absence of pulmonary consumption in certain tribes is purely a coincidence; yet I think from what has been said concerning the improved physical condition of the mixed Indian, it is quite evident that the greater immunity of these tribes from consumption is due to the fact that they comprise a large element which has a superior power of warding off disease.-Popular Science Monthly.

The Problem of Electrical Executions. As the time approaches for the going into effect of the law passed in this state for the electrical execution of criminals, the advisability of this mode of execution is again being dis- heaved like you never seed. I lowed heaved like you never seed. I lowed cussed, and experiments on living subjects have been undertaken to long, with the mast a swayin' an' creakin. test the new method of punishment. That electricity, when properly applied for the purpose, will cause death has been established beyond doubt, but it has been recently pointed out again that there is some probability of the victim being only temporarily deprived of the signs of life, and thus meeting a more terrible fate later on. It is, therefore, suggested that, to prevent any possible burial alive, a rolled aft like a flash of lightnin'.' postmortem examination be made. This somewhat novel question introduces another factor of uncertainty, for a case might thus arrive in which death might be due to the postmortem instead of the electric shock, supposing the latter to have er had no Admiral sure. It was so quick. only stunned the victim for a greater or less time. Regarding also the question of the spilling of blood at left 'Frisco. And before you could wink the electrical executions, a recent experi- life preserver was gone and Peru wa ment at Mr. Edison's laboratory, gone. Right overboard an' the waves like where a dog week lilled by clasticity, the hills. I jes shuddered all over. where a dog was killed by electricity, "The ship was put aback and the lifeboat stances, too high electro motive force for example, blood may be drawn from the victim by the burstlieve that executions by electricity can be made as sure and as painless regretted, in some respects, that it has been chosen to replace the office of the hangman, if it is to be attended by grim and ghastly incidents

# Children's Lunches.

From Good Housekeeping. A child at play from morning until night, in the open air, will make way with an incredible amount of food, and be healthier for so doing; but let it rely upon the regular hours for who have a career prepared for them | taking it. It will then enjoy the blessing of coming to the table hungry, for that certainly is a blessing, as those deprived of an appetite can heartily testify. Nor is it any sign of distress that they are clamorous for their meal to be served, their keen appetites only assuring you there is not much probability of complaints being made of the dishes set before them, provided there is always enough. A prominent physician and surgeon once said of his three children who were then well grown youths, and the picture of health: "We never allowed our children to lunch between meals, and they were all good ers." All those same children have since graduated from colleges and are holding high positions to-day in Love and hate love and hate But you unwho died young. The annoyances and discomforts arising from this habit of lunching must be innumerable; the interruptions of your time for reading, sewing, or socials calls, by a hungry child, demanding attentions, that will not be set aside; the untidiness that must follow the preparations of even plain bread butter, for one, two, or three children; the extra step required from either servant or parent, these alone make a strong plea against such a habit; but when we consider the violation of the whole dietary system, and all the evils that of stands waiting to give them a grip their punishment for their indulgence we cannot help crying out against the evil and urge a better under-

gestion.

### A 10-Year-Old Named Peru.

"Yes, sir," said old Jack West, reflectively,

T've been shipmates with many a nat'al

born brave man, but the bravest un I ever shipped yet with was a 10-year-old name' The old tar deliberately knocked the ashes

rom his clay pipe and, having performed that manœuvre with the calmness and dignity becoming a boatswain's mate, he glanced coolly at his interrogator. "Name' Peru." 'How came 'im name' Peru?" Old Jack laid his pipe in his lap, and drawing his jackknife and navy plug, slowly began shaving of strips of tobacco, until his

critical glance measured a pipeful. crumbling the todacco in his left hand until it was almost powdered, he tucked the knife back in his belt and emptied the tobacco into his pipe. "Who took my matches?" asked the old man, as he fumbled in his pocket. A light was handed him, and presently as the smoke curled upward. Jack settled his

broad back comfortably against a convenient

chest and looked thoughtfully upward. That was his invariable way of announcing ready, and they all knew it. "Let's have the yarn, Jack." "Well, boys, it's like this: It was back i '39, w'en I was younger 'an I am now, a down yere on the South Pacific with the flagship, Marion. I was the spryest man in the half breed races in the northwestern dimiral Lane; long time ago it was, too. part of Canada. These people are Well, one evenin' in April the Admiral wanted to go ashore, and they sung out for the gig's tience to acquire it, we doubt the face, and his nose was fairly sive layers of manuscript. The crew, an' in a shake or so we were alongside lived as they remain in their native the quay in Callao. The boat's crew was left climate. They regard themselves as in the gig, and I'll boun' they was all succein' w'en the ole Admiral stepped in an' piped

sorter quick like: "Cast off there, boys and pullfor the ship." "An' there he was with the tiller-ropes in his hand, with a basket er bottles handy, and crouched down between his feet like a scared houn' was one of the cutest chips of a lubber you ever lay your eyes on.'

'I heard the Admiral say presently:" 'What's your name, nigger?" and the little shaver piped back, sorter tremblin':"

"Them wasn't' " the days wen a lubber

"Peru, senor.

could boast about like he owned the ship, nor yit the time w'en coward folks was in demand. out somehow or other they all liked the little shaver. He would tremble if the wind blowed but he was so humble like an' handy that they all had a kin' word for the little Peru Jes' tell 'im an' he would go, an' a better shoeblack for Sunday inspection I ain't seed yit. The Admiral had a little gal 'long with im, er orphan, an' she was a mighty prett one. Maybe the Admiral didn't love that little gal o' his'n. Bless my soul, there warn't anything good enough for her, and if any besides the Admiral knowed it feller little was W'en skies was good that little gal would come on deck, an' little Peru was happy as a king, an' the ole Admiral would ust smoke his big pipe an' pace the quarter eck an' look as if he didn't care whether it ained or snowed. You never seed a prettier ticture in the chaplains's book than them httle shavers made way back in '39. Peru he would look as trim an' happy as you blease, an' that little gal with long hair an' a laugh-why these yer mermaids ain't no cir-

"Well, one might the storm came on sudden like, an' you can shiver my Yankee timbers if it warn't a storm. Royal and to'gallants was down and topsails to the las' reef, but the old ship pitched an' rolled an' as now me an' Dayy Jones would b shipmates if that thing didn't stop fore The water rolled over her bows an' swept the decks as clean as a whistle-chicken-coops kegs an' all. There was the old Admira with his arms wrapped in the riggin' gear an sheltered like by the mast, and Peru, with his big eyes a shinin' an' stickin' like a leach alongside the Admiral. It was wuss and wuss, an' along 'bout w'en it was gettin' dark already, I heerd the little gal say:

"Papa! Where is papa?" "She must er got scared down in the cabin, an' there she war at the cabin ladder. Jes' as she started fur the Admiral the ship gave one big long lurch, an' the green seas

"I heerd one little scream, an' seem like can sorter remember a white face as the water rolled past, an,' then it was over. The little gal was gone. An' the Admiral? It brats me to see a woman cry, but I never want to see such agony again. He was crazy, an' if me an' Tom Bowen an' old Ben Towns hadn'er grabbed 'im the Marion wouldn't "Little Peru? There was an old cracked life preserver strapped there to the mizzen

shows that under certain circum- lowered an manned. They knew that little Essie was gone, an' Peru was gone, an' not a man flinched as she dropped into the foam. "I watched the brave fellows as they pushed off, an' I felt mighty solemn, boys, for they ing of a blood vessel. While we be don't git back often in a storm like that. In a little while they was lost in the dark, an' you couldn't hear them hail any longer.
"It was awful. We must have been half a as by any other method, it is to be knot from where the little gal went over, an' driftin' in spite of all we could do. Them minutes was mighty long ones, an' I jest knowed if that crew ever got back they wouldn't bring neither Essie nor Peru, an' it would kill the Admiral. There he was with his glasses a peeking into the dark, an' the lads a watchin' an' a hopin.' or accessories. That may meet the

cutions horrible, but we sincerly trust | yelled: "I thought the brave Admiral had just gon crazy from grief an' anxiousness, but I listened an' it seemed like I heerd the hail returned It was faint an' mist like, jes as they say the Flying Dutchman hails you at night.

"Sudden like he threw down the glass and

The old Admiral clasped his hauds an "'Thank God! Thank God?" "Then he put his hands to his mouth, an elled again:

"An' the answer came back faint:

"And the Admiral cried an' laughed, an'

laughed an' cried till the tears came into my "I knowed, you see, that they never could a lived pick up a baby even if she could a lived through it all, an' I pitied the Admiral, fur the disappointment would kill 'im. He never seemed to imagine that the little gal might

'The water was calmin' down, an' the wind, too, an' the hails kept gettin' clearer an' clearer, till presently you could make out a boat pullin' for the ship. An' w'en we was

erbout a deck's length off, the coxwain dropped his oar an' got up in the boat an' "'Admiral, we've got the little gal, sir!'
"And every soul on that ship cheered. It came natural an' altogether. They didn't need no feller to start 'em over together by wavin' his cap-it jist come at once like, an' such glad hearty cheers as I never heard the like of. They throwed 'em a rope, an' they eased up alongside an hooked on. The old Admiral was there a cryin' an' a laughin' and' as the boat was hoisted they handed eaters; we never allowed tea and him the gal. The Admiral just got on his coffee, and they were all good sleepan' again. Let me tell you right now, lads, there wasn't a dry evein that ship's crew. "Boys, the little gal was wearin' that old life preserver. I was holdin' the lantern, an comes for preparing a catalogue of 2,000,000 stars. This bold conceptus the professional world, robust and maybe my hand was a tremblin' or maybe my hand was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one, and all was my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter but it was a merry one.

"She was leanin' her head on his shoulder an' he was holdin' her hand in his. I don't think the Admiral could have noticed the life preserver till she tried to unlace it The Admiral unlaced it for her, an' it seemed like he was puzzlin' hard as he did so.

"As he dropped it on the deck she said: "The old Admiral didn't say nothin." "When is Peru comin' back, papa?" "The Admiral bowed his head like he was prayin,' and the little one said:

"Don't cry, papa. Peru will come, for he promised to meet me again." Judge Jamieson of Chicago refused to release Mrs. Rawson, who will have to serve out her contempt sentence of sixty days, imposed

by Judge Jamieson on the day of the shooting of Attorney Whitney in the coart room. A special from Manitou Springs, Col., says: Mrs. Henry Moore, wife of the managing Editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, received a telegram informing her of her husband's elopement with Mrs. John Norton. She was completely prostrated by the news, and restanding of all laws of digestion, and fuses to be seen by any one. Mrs. Moore ar what is quite as important, of indirived at the springs recently. It is understood she will start on her return to St. Louis.

# Things That Cannot be Bought.

"I would give a thousand dollars if I could play like that," said an attendant at a concert, after hearing a brilliant musician. But ten thousand dollars, or a million, or all the gold that has been coined since money was invented, would not have purnot exceptionally great. The hearer had probably as good natural ability, but the success he coveted could only be won by months and years of arduous practice. All that money could do in this or other cases would be to furnish opportunities for instruction and leisure for practice. A certain great millionaire could not write a legible letter, could hardly write his own name. He would have given thousands of dollars late in life to have bought the privilege, but the skill was not to be found in the market. As there is no royal road to to the same goal. When we hear a man say that he would give a large sum of money to be able to do a certain thing which is within his reach, if he would only take time and pagenuineness of his desire.

There are other things that money cannot buy. It cannot buy affection. There are homes that are enriched with all that wealth can furnish, but they have never been consecrated by love. A marriage for money is the most shameless of all bargains. Gold may encircle the finger, but it cannot girdle the heart.

Another thing which cannot be bought is character. The heart of Luther was stirred within him by the shameless sale of Roman indulgences. Release from the penalties of sin, it was assumed, could be bought by the dross of gold; and the bold monk raised his voice against this wicked form of gambling. Equally delusive was the assumption that the merits of the saints could be applied to liquidate the debts of sinners. A great fund of righteousness, it was said, had been laid up, upon which the penitent wicked might draw. And yet the law, we declare, is as absolutely true in the moral realmasitis with intellectual values. Righteousness cannot be transferred in a bargain, any more than a knowledge of music or the art of penmanship. It is something which the individual soul must acquire. It must be wrought out through the process of experience. -Christian Register.

### Boxing Their Ears.

The champion fish-story and a fish-story it is, in every sense of the word—comes from Cape Breton Island, and is quoted in the American Magazine. Do we believe it? We believe that it is what we have called it. the champion fish story.

One-half the stories which are told of the catches at the fishing-grounds in the vicinity of Whycogomah, would fill volumes, but none of them have reached the sublime height of what is claimed for a small lake near Guysboro. The narrator's hero is

himself. He says that one winter, being tired of salt beef, and wanting trout, for a change, he cut a hole in the ice on the lake. He had evidently selected a good day, for the fish took his bait so rapidly that it was downright hard work to keep pulling them out So eager were they, indeed, that they would often jump for the bait before it had even touched the water. Our sportsman was an inventive genius, and decided to profit by this phenomenal appetite. Getting down on his knees, he dangled the bait about a foot above the hole, and

awaited further developments. Almost immediately a fine trout jumped for it, and promptly received a dexterous box on the ear, which landed him far out on the ice. So numerous and so hungry were the fish that the angler's hand was kept constantly busy slapping them, as they jumped for the alluring bit of pork which hovered over the opening

in the ice. Every slap yielded a fish. This continued until sheer fatigue put an end to the novel pastime, and the quantity of fish taken was estimated at somewhat over four barrels.

## The Young Girl and Her Beau.

He- "Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty?" She-"I don't think it half as becoming as her light brown. She-" Sir! what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He-"Do you object?" She-"Mr. | until my head bobbed against the ceil- | who resided at 76 Harvard street,

San Francisco Post. Capt. Stern(of the malitia)-"Laura, Hoveyou." Laura-"Capt- laughing at me. The stool on the why the writ should hot be granted. ain, I can't believe it." "Silence, marble floors seemed to want to keep He had no counsel, and amazed the Laura! No insubordination. Re- me company and their click, click, on court by the statement that, almember that I am to be your superior | the marble floor sounded like thun- | though no relative of the child, he

five hours to remove your arm."-

officer."—Life. A busy Chicago banker was to be plunged into inky blackness. From her father liquidated an alleged debt married to an Omaha girl, and the day fixed was July 4 at high noon. The day came, but the groom did not materialize, and at 9 a. m. this telegram was received: "For heaven's sake tell us what is the matter. no sound issued. I seemed to abolished in Massachusetts that a This is your wedding-day, and the hour approaches." He was scared half out of his wits, and bounced around like a hen with her head cut off. Then he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this answer: "Thought I had three days of grace. Don't let it go to protest. Coming on the faces-beautiful faces-angelic in their erty still induces a good deal of next train." The wedding was late, forgiven.-Washington Critic.

# A Coon with a Taste for Music.

When Pomp Robinson, of Montezuma, Georgia, was a young man he and another fiddler were on their way to a dancing frolic on Shank's mare. They stopped and sat down | tie pictures were worked, my limbs | more than he withdrew. There was on a log near a branch in the moon- felt weighted with lead, just the op- little command over nature; man had light to rest, and while resting struck | posite to my experience of what seemed | to do the hard work, with only his up "Billy in the Low Grounds" on to me years ago. I heard some strong arms for tools; and, as no one their old "Betseys" to pass away body say, why Rolphie, old fellow, had a right to waste much, Luxury the time. Soon as the music started | what's the matter! Rolphie! Rolphie! was culpable. But our wealth, an old ring-tail coon came down out | The words reverberated like thunder. | and our manner of getting wealth, are of a tree by the light of the moon My shopmate had returned. Again entirely changed. The hand of a and proceeded to waltz out in the he tried to shake me to myself, and I man is now known to be a very weak road in front of them. Pomp made never hated a man so cordially as I tool, although a very cunning one; for him with a stick and up a sapling hated him at that moment. He got so we hand over the artistic work he went. The fiddler started out and a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, of the world to be done by it, but the coon came down again. A large they had no easy time to bring me to the work we get done for us by the stick was procured and old zip des- myself. Every word they uttored forces of nature we have pressed into patched just because he was fond of surged into my brain and seemed to our service. good music,

### HE DRANK HASHISH.

Remarkable Experience of a Drug Clerk who Blundered in Taking Medicine.

a man who was once as fine a drug clerk as there was in the city of Boschased the skill. The musician was ton. But that was some time ago, and no doubt he is forgotten by the fraternity in that city. His name is Rolphie R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother, who owns a fine residence not far from Manchester. Sanford is some over 40 years of age, and is a com- had wit to read it. De Quincey complete wreck. His hair is as white as pared the human brain to a palimpsnow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. Besides this, while mixing. chemicals at the last place in Boston | manuscript. The rude chemistry of learning, so there is no financial road | where he worked, an unforseen com- | the ancients could efface the old suffibination ensued, and an explosion was the result. This explosion proved traces of the elder manuscript irremost disastrous to Sanford. He got coverable for us. Palimpsests have the bulk of the flying liquid in his been found that yielded many succeseaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sick- larly called back by the magic of ness his whole left side was par- modern chemistry, and as the alyzed, as stated above For a number of years he has resided with his mother. Within the last three years he has partly recovered the use of his afflicted side and in the summer time manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the shadows of centuries. "What else vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plants. Sanford is a most interesting conversationalist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk, in whose existence there are many times crowded incidents alike ludicrous, serious and full of the terrible. His experience with hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same wonderful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among druggists is "extractum cannabis indicæ," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resembles ink in appearance—a dark green ink. Its fragrance is of a narcotic odor, and in taste it is slightly warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia and other parts of the East, hemp hashabitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resinous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering and formed into bun- the sealed-up vaults of the past. Does dles from two to four feet long by life, no matter how frivolous, leaves sold in the bazaars by the name of an indelible print on the mental three inches in diameter, which are gunjah. The resin obtained is formed organism, and that, though this into balls by the natives, and is print may seem to fade, it is still said to be frequently mixed. An in- or the effaced manuscript on the smoked like tobacco, with which it is fusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhibitanting exciting cause to bring it out clearly A representative of the Union saw Sanford some time ago, and as it

was just after dinner, and he had par-

taken of his meal with unusual relish,

he was just in the mood for talking.

of course have secrets. You want

me to tell you a little story, eh? If

I should tell you some of the secrets,

of course they would be secrets no

'Why, my boy," saidhe, "drug clerks

longer, but I'll tell you a little of my experience with hashish. It's a stuff that no one wants to meddle with with impunity, allow me to assure you. If I had not been careless I would not now be able to tell you my experience with hashish. It was some 8 or 10 years ago when I was at work with a prominent druggist in Boston. For some little time I had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment bothered me so that mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals and placed the bottle on a went to take my medicine. I took remotest periods? down what I thought to be the right bottle, and discarding the use of a spoon, I placed the orifice to my know that there was a long, long human being has been held as collathour before my fellow-clerk would be eral security in this commonwealth. back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The Contemporary Review. relations seemed to be presented.

jar me to pieces. That was a peculiarity of the stuff. I suffered from that experience long afterwards, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impres-But a few miles from this city lives sion made on me at that time.'

#### The Sense of Pre-Existing.

American Notes and Queries.

Perhaps, after all, if history is ever to be verified, that verification may be found in our own minds. It has always been a favorite speculation of poets and metaphysicians that man is a microcosm, containing within himself the history of the race and of the universe-if only we sest. Now, a palimpsest (the word means "twice rubbed") is a roll of parchment cleansed of its manuscript in order to make room for new ciently to leave a field for the new, yet not sufficiently to make the traces of each handwriting, regularly effaced, have the inverse order reguchorus of the Athenian stage unwove through the anti-strophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe, so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exercised from the accumulated than a natural and mighty palimpsest," continues De Quincey, "is the human brain? Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, oh reader, is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished." The comparison is apt and fine. Every one has experienced the strange tricks that memory occasionally plays. You are engaged in reading, in writing, in serious occupation which engrosses your mental powers. Suddenly there bursts into your thoughts some recollection of childhood, some trivial circumstance that happened years ago and was forgotten immediately afterward. Not the minutest analogy need exist between your present thoughts and the unbidden recollection that starts, goblin-like, from there, like writing in invisible ink, palimpsest—only waiting for some the experience of death. Those who have recovered from drowning or hanging say that previous to the advent of unconsciousness they have seen a sort of panorama of their whole previous existence, with not the smallest incident, thought, or feeling omitted: and it is thence inferred that all human beings at the moment of dissolution experience this awful resurrection of the dead past. Again it is well known that very aged people are used to throw back and concentrate the light of their memory upon scenes of early childhood, recalling many which had faded, even to themselves, in middle life, while they often forgot although the whole intermediate stages of their existence, 'This shows," says De Quincey. "that naturally and without violent agencies the human brain is by tendency life became unbearable. I at last a palimpsest." But our brains are inherited from our ancestors. Why, then, may it not be that the human brain is a palimpsest, containing more shelf behind the prescription counter or less faded, yet recoverable, records, among other bottles which are usual- not only of our entire past life, but ly found in that place. One noon I of the lives of our ancestors to the A Child Held for Its Board Bill.

A singular condition of affairs remouth and took a large swollow, garding the custody of a child was Horrors! The taste told me that I brought to light in the supreme juhad made a mistake! I looked at the dicial court recently in the hearing bottle and-well my friend, I had by Judge Allen on a petition for a taken a large dose of Indian canna- writ of habeas corpus. The petitionbis, or otherwise hashish. I knew er was Daniel Lucy, a resident of what the results would be, I stag- Lynn, who sought to regain possesgered back to the rear part of the sion of his daughter, Nellie Lucy, store. How queer I felt. How light aged 31/2 years. The little girl has I was growing. Up. up, up I went been in the custody of Michael Welch, Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just ing. I was like a cork floating on since the death of her mother some disturbed water. I glided along and timeduring the latter part of last could look down and see the huge December. Welch was in court, tobottles, each one with a hideous face gether with the child, to show cause der in my ears. Suddenly I was proposes to keep it in charge until the black nothingness flashed out to him of \$60, due for the maintenbright balls of light. I reached the ance of the little girl since the death sofa and sank down upon it. of her mother. Judge Allen lost no My tongue seemed to swell and time in granting the writ. This is I tried in vain to scream, but probably the first time slavery was

## "Progress and Poverty."

events of days and weeks came before The hazy idea that one man's my mind in all the details and I saw | wealth involves another man's povdivinity, which seemed to beckon to preaching against "culpable luxury," laugh. All normal conditions and culpablheness consists in. This un-Again was I tossed to the ceiling and expenditure is a heritage of simpler then thrown by some invisible force times and of simpler morals. When from one side of the room to the oth- the world was poor, wealth had the er. I felt no concussion, but bounced form of a store of goods. From this about like a huge foot ball. Then I store a man was always subtracting fell back into dreamy contemplation | something for his subsistence; to in and cars seemed to pass by. Fantas- he was bound to add. on the whole,