ASEARCHFORANHEIR ter casks, but had been fired upon by some

WHERE THE RIGHTFUL OWNER OF \$15,000.000 SECRETED HIMSELF.

The Queer Case of David Totten, Who Voluntarily Became a Robinson Crusoe. every uninhabited island which promised How a Vessel Was Fitted Out to Ge us a clew. One day in searching an island After Him-All That Was Left.

[Copyright, 1882, by Charles B. Lewis.] When David B. Totten, of Birmingham, ngland, passed away in the seventy-ghth year of his age he left £3,000,000 bend him, every pound of which was to go his son Dick. The wife had been dead to his son Dick. many years, and Dick had been in Aus-tralia for four or five. Indeed, for the last year and a half he had not been heard m, directly or indirectly, and the best the Birmingham solicitors could do was to advertise for him in the Sydney and Mel-

bourne papers. Dick Totten was a queer young man He was about twenty four when he landed in Australia. Nature had not balanced his head just right. He was given to fits lived on for a week or ten days. and moods, and no one liked him. He left bome in a huff, as he had done on several other occasions, and he made things aboard of men called "beachcombers." They are the steamer very uncomfortable for the sailors, traders, wreckers, thieves and other passengers on the voyage out. He worse. Anything which can be carried off so many rows that the captain had is their prey, and half a dozen of them often to threaten him with irons to tame him band together and take possession of some down. He had not been in Sydney four small island. If these men had discovered irs when he was arrested for striking a Totten on his island home they would not elestrian who accidentally jostled him on hesitate at murder in order to secure his a corner. After a few days he went off up possessions. The relies found in the old the country, and later on was lost sight of camp seemed to prove robbery at least. by every one who knew him.

When the news came out to the colony that Dick Totten was wanted as the heir to \$15 000 000 there was something of a stir. When, three months later, it was adver tised that a reward of \$2,500 would be paid to any one locating him there was only one man in all Australia who could come anywhere near it. That man was John Faulkner, of Melbourns. He had been a sailor and a ship carpenter, but having lost a leg he had been compelled to "job around" and pick up the best living he It was strange information he had o give. It seemed that young Totten beme disgusted with Australia after traveling about for a couple of years, and de ed to retire from that colony and the world as well. One day he appeared at trees and bushes came right down to high Melbourne and began searching for a small salling craft. In this search he ran aeross Faulkner, who knew of a small sloop for sale. Totten's first idea was to go off alone. but when he found that no craft which one man could manage would be safe a mile off the coast he changed his plans. The sloop in question could be handled by a crew of three. He bought her and engaged Faulknec and a second man named Ross. He gave his own name as White and his destination as e Coral sea for a pleasure

search.

until some time after landing.

could not bring him nearer.

I had the same thought, and believing

that we were on the point of making some

sad discovery, I ordered a return to the

beach and had the men pull off for the

captain and the lawyer's clerk. There

were five of us, and we struck into the

forest again. When we reached its south

ern edge we saw a rude board shanty a few

rods before us, the door of which was open

and swinging in the breeze. Some fowls

were waiking about, and we could hear

pigs grunting in the bushes. The dog which

we had seen before now saluted us from

a mass of rocks surrounding the spring.

On the lawn around the house were scat

tered leaves of books, articles of clothing,

broken boxes and many bottles, and as we

"The beachcombers have been here, and

we shall find only the bones of the man we

looked about the captain said:

of the men.

seek!

The two men very soon concluded that Totten (White) was a little off, but as he promised good wages and appeared able to manage business matters they decided to stick by him. It was part and parcel of the agreement that they should not men-tion a word to outsiders, and when the sloop left not a man in Melbourne knew anything of her plans. She was well provisioned, and Totten took aboard a stock of garden seeds, a quantity of lumber, hardware, tools and extra clothing. Among his purchases was one of \$300 worth of oks. He also took with him six goats, six nigs, two dozen hens, a dozen ducks, a cage of rabbits, two dozen pigeons, a couple of dogs and a parrot. The sloop sook her departure at night and several days later was sighted at sea. According to the story told by Faulkner, and every-body believed in his veracity, the sloop stood to the north until she reached the New Guinea islands. If you have a chart of that sea you will find its northern border composed of islands, great and small. They number at least 500 in all,

An Indian Who Found Death Without That was eighteen months previously. His escription of the island tallied pretty well We were strung out on the crest of the with Faulkner's and we at once set out in Little Rocky mountains, between the Missearch.

souri and the Milk rivers, in northern The trader's information as to location Montana. There were twenty-three of us, and distance was indefinite, and while sailall prospectors, and though we knew In-dians to be about there had been no cause ing to the east we stopped to examine for alarm for a couple of days. It was 3 which Faulkner was almost sure was the one Totsen had been left on, I ran across rested, when a voiley was suddenly fired at an old camp which had previously been our backs-that is, from the east. Not a man was hit, though two had holes shot occupied by several men for some days or weeks. They had built rude shelters, cut through their hats. In ten seconds we were down many small trees for firewood, and all down and crawling among the bowlders there were many relics of their stay. I found some things which at once added a very serious face to our further search. 1 picked up three books which had doubtless been of the number carried out by Totten. and also found some seeds, three or four pieces of crockery and a hand mirror. As soon as Faulkner had landed he was sure he had never set foot in that place before. We explored the island from side to side and from end to end, and it was found to be anything but the one the sailor had

We now deared the worst. On all the inder ground.

foller" whispered the old man, and we began watching and waiting. Five minutes-ten-fifteen! We were

Totten had no boat and could not leave his from the north side of the bowlder, I from island. It any one had visited him he the south. I did not realize how the suswould not have presented them with the pense was affecting me until he pulled me books, as the uncut leaves proved he had back behind the rock and whispered: not yet perused them himself. It was al-"Consarn ye, yer teeth are playin a tune, most without hope that we continued the

feet away!" I put down my gun, gripped the rock

with both hands and thus forced myself into something like calmness. We had been there full twenty minutes when 1 suddenly caught a glimpse of something moving among the rocks and bushes. I looked again and again before I made out that the object or objects were taree eagle feathers worn as a plume in the headdress of an Indian. His head and body were hidden from sight as he crept forward, but

water mark. The three of us set out to cross to the south side, and we had made our way for about half a mile when we caught sight of a goat and also heard a rooster crow. A few minutes later a dog barked and then we knew for certain that we had at last found the hiding place of the missing heir. The dog presently appeared to view, but he looked wild and half starved, and with all our coaxing we he had to take chances. He moved so "If the man was here, that dog would not look and act that way," observed one

> scout or that his companions had given up and he was pursuing us alone, goaded on by the hope that he might secure a scalp. The feathers were almost opposite us to the north, and not over forty feet away when the Indian raised his head for a look beyond him. As he did so the old man's

"He got it jist for'd of the ear, and never knew what hurt him!" whispered

the guide. We wait waited a long five minutes to see what might follow and then crept over to the spot. The warrior lay flat on his stomach, with his chin on a rock and his arms stretched out in front of him, just as he had used them to pull himself along. He had clinched his fingers, but death had ome so swiftly that he had not even

straightened his legs. We plucked the feathers from the beaded piece of buckskin

INTERESTING INFORMATION FOR THE YOUNG.

A Little Duck Story -- Bruin and the Butcher -- How They Took Up the Green -- The Saint and the Onions--Introductions.

Introductions.

from whose mighty embrace he was "She is the dearest creature in the bear was muzzled and had no claws to speak of, his victim stood in no vainly endeavoring to escape. As the world," a young girl was explaining to her aunt; "so good, loving and generdanger of serious injury. But his poous; but I always have cold chills sition was alarming enough, notwithwhen she visits me, because in comstanding, and he implored the farmer pany she is just a dead weight. I to come to his rescue. cannot introduce her and leave her: Divining, however that this mid-I must stand by and hold her up. In night visitor's mission was a dishonest one, for which he deserved to be well her own home she is the support of punished, the organ-grinder called the whole family, but society acts like out to his pet, "Hug him, Jack! acid upon her backbone and leaves hug him!" and the bear, evidently limp. Do befriend her, enjoying the sport, continued to her squeeze the man unmercifully, until Aunt Agnes, and help her out of herthe farmer, thinking the rogue had suf-

fered sufficiently, got the bear's owner "Maud is actually speaking in sento command his release. tences instead of monosyllables," the It turned out that Bruin's captive girl whispered to her aunt a lew evenwas a rascally butcher who had come ings later, "How have you bewitched to steal a fine calf. In the darkness her?

should be relieved from all

have worked the charm.'

between yourselves."

rescue.

poor paims."

to her side and presented her to a

whitehaired gentleman. "Professor

More is a relic-hunter, and I have

been telling him about that treasure

"It has been a delightful party,"

A Little Duck Story.

on the beach, then drew back into the

bosom of the ocean, after the manner

amily this little party waddled down the beach. They were in no haste,

the day was before them, the sun was

warm, they had been fed. and down

they went in the most leisurely way.

Just as they reached the water the

gentle wave ran in, lifted the pretty

little yellow ducklings off their feet

and swept them all far up on the sand, then as suddenly turned, left

them there high and dry and went

The ducklings, not at all disconcern-

ed by this shabby joke of the wave-

let, gathered themselves together and

order as before. Again the saucy

wavelet came up to meet them, and

With all the dignity of the duck

he stumbled over the bear, and was "It was simple enough. I introducat once made prisoner. The farmer ed Charlie Dunlap to her, telling her was so delighted at the animal's conbeforehand that he was very shy and duct that he feasted him upon the ill at ease; but that there was one best in the larder, and gave his massubject, amateur photography, over ter a sovereign as he was leaving. which he forgot his bashfulness; that if she could get him to explain to her Frisky. the best way of mixing developer, he

"There! What will you children would be intensely happy, and I next?" That was what mamma charge of when Ray and I carried Frisky he him. Thinking to help me, finding a person shyer than berself, and having What was he? Why, Frisky w subject to begin upon, seems to little weasel, just as cute and cun as a weasel can be A littlelater Agnes beckoned Maud

Mr. Brown killed the mother, found four poor little babies in a near by.

such alarming noises from the barn,

which was only a few paces away, as

to waken everybody in the house. Frantic shrieks of "Help! Help!! Mur-der!!!" and sounds of a strong man

struggling desperately for dear life, is-

Hurriedly drawing on some clothes,

the farmer snatched up a lantern,

and, followed by the organ-grinder,

hastened to the barn. On the doors being thrown open, the rays of the lantern revealed a large man engaged

in a wrestling match with the bear,

sued out upon the still night air.

He had killed three of them of a tomahawk which you found. He thinks he has one to match it, but I Ray and I got there, but we begge will leave you to settle the question hard that he gave us the other and by what mamma said, she di "Maud," came again Aunt Agnes's sweet voice, just as Indian relics had exhausted themselves, "Mrs. Lewis think much of weasels.

"Don't let him out among wishes to see my palms. You must mother's hens." That was what not reveal my ignorance, however, by Brown had said, and I guess that letting her know that they would all what she thought. Well, Frisky have died if you had not come to their fast, and was so cunning!

He would lap milk from a sa and wasn't a bit afraid. As Aunt Agnes turned away she smiled to hear the elder lady say to The cat didn't like him very the younger. "How fortunate I am. New you will tell me how to treat my but they soon agreed to let each o

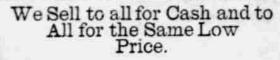
alone, and they did. One day papa brought home s very nice Plymouth Rock hen don't want to tell you how mue paid for them, although I remen very well, and for fear I may fo

papa tells me of it very often. to a water-color on the wall with a We meant to keep Frisky a from the barn, indeed we did, bu show of interest that would melt a heart of stone." You were lovely to got out one night, and in the mor every one of those nice Plyme "Hereafter I shall be courageous Rock hens were dead, and Frisky enough to try to find some for myself, curled up in a hen's nest or I will search for a Charley Dunlap asleep.

and ask him the name of his hobby. "It was surely him!" papa very sternly, as he looked at n It flashed over me to-night Grace, that I had been selfish heretofore, in ma. not being more social with your "There isn't a doubt of it,"

mamma, as she looked at papa. and I looked at each other, by It is true that no one in society has never said a word as we ran up to practise unselfishness more than the attic and shut the door.

the timid and retiring person. It is When we came down papa



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to the west, and the smoke from the five or six rifles floated upward and drove away and we had seen no further sign of the presence of the red men. Like serpents, one by one we crept quietly away until it was safe to stand up, and then "Old Dave," as we called him, whispered to the main body to proceed along the route to a spot he described and await his coming. We sank down behind a great bowlder-the two of us-and presently we were alone. It was a summer afternoon, with no

breeze stirring. The mountain cricket generally chirps by day as well as by night, but the heat seemed to have wearied him at this hour. Not a bird flew aboutnot a living thing was heard to move But for the bright sunshine we would

THREE EAGLE FEATHERS.

Knowing It.

have thought ourselves buried six feet up-"Keep yer eyes open! The varmints will

facing the east. The old man peered out

and them reds kin hear ye breathin 200

On the fourth day after we struck the right island at last, though Faulkner declared he had never set eyes on it before. This was because he had approached it from the south with the sloop, whereas we now approached it from the northern side. We did not know it to be the right island The schooner was obtiged to cast anchor about half a mile off the beach, and I then went ashore with the men. A heavy growth of

a little of each feather could be seen. I touched the old man with my teft hand. He turned his face toward me and uttered a low "S-s-s-h!" He had made out the feath ers before I did, and already had his rifle up. The redskin was not advancing upon us, but heading to the northwest, diagonally away from us. He must have suspected that danger lurked behind some of the bowlders, but there were so many that

slowly that I was presently perspiring and trembling under the strain. I could see no one following him, and that seemed to prove that he had either voluntered as a

the young guest exclaimed, as the two girls kissed Aunt Agnes good-might. I did not once find myself" as Howells says, 'cast away in a corner clinging rifle cracked and the head disappeared. There wasn't the slightest movement-not a sound save the report of the rifle.

supply me so with topics."

friends, but I did not know how to begin.

We first moved down to the house. It contained only one room, and the floor was litered with books, bottles, seeds and various other things. Boxes had been broken

forming his headdress, secured the rifle ving beside him and crept away and left

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ng from a mere dot of land, across which you can throw a pebble, to islands inhabited by 2,000 natives.

For many days the sloop was dodging about among the islands to find one to suit Totten. He at length selected one about two miles long by one mile in breadth. A portion of it was covered with forest and the remainder was a fertile plain. There was a large spring of fresh water, no signs of inhabitants, and when he had inspected it he announced his intention of entering upon a Crusoe life. The cargo of the sloop was unloaded, the goods carried up to a spot which he selected for the site of his house and the two men were with him for a week or more. When everything was safely landed he gave them their wages for six months, presented Faulkner with the sloop and ordered them off. That it might not be easy to find him should search be made, he took away the sloop's compass. The men hesitated to go without it, but he became so enraged that they feared violence and put to sea.

Fortunately when about one hundred miles to the south they came across a trading vessel, which sold them a compass and gave them a chart and the course, and after a great deal of knocking about they reached Melbourne. That is, Faulkner did, but Ross died at sea three days before of some strange fever. Fortunately for the survivor he had spoken a ship, and she was lying to beside him when his mate died. Otherwise it might have been sur-Otherwise it might have been suscted that he had made way with him. Faulkner had nothing to say on his return, and it was only when he became convinced that White was Totten and the missing heir that he came forward and told the whole story.

By the time a Melbourne solicitor had been empowered to send out a searching expedition a full two years had elapsed. There was a wait to find the right sort of craft and another for the bad weather sea son to pass, and when the search was finally entered upon Dick Totten had been playing Robinson Crusoe for over two years and a half. The craft chartered for the search was a topsail schooner of 300 tons burden, carrying a crew of seven men, and the solicitor sent one of his clerks along as his legal representative. As I was mate of the craft I am speaking by the card in giving you all these particulars. The captain was a man named Mon-roe, who had long been in the New Zealand trade. Faulkner was taken along as cook, and our departure created quite a stir throughout Australia. It is probably the ise on record where a ship had to be chartered to search the ocean for the sole heir to an enormous fortune.

You will figure that it was a very easy thing to steer for the Coral sea and have Faulkner point out the island on which Totten had taken up his abode, but we found difficulties from the very outset. Totten had a chart of the Conal sea, but he had not allowed Faulkner to inspect it The latter, therefore, could not say what slands had first been sighted. He could not be certain of the course steered afterward. Our only way was to visit and irch every one, unless we happened to fall in with natives or a trader who could give us definite information

We steered a course for Louisiade archipelago, which is about opposite and to the sast of Cape York, on the mainland. Here within an area of thirty square miles are no less than twenty-two small lands. In some cases the channels between them were navigable; in others we had to send in the yawl. Each and every island was explored, but without giving as any tidings. One island looked like anus any tidings. One island looked like an-other to Faulkner, and we soon found that he was all upside down. When we had finished with the archipelago we steered to the northeast and picked up island after island without scoring a point. At the Woodlark group we came across a trading schooner which gave us a bit of informa-tion. Has cantain reported that he had

open and their contents emptied, but amid all the confusion it could be seen that nothing of real value was left. in and about the door were a score of bulle holes.

"We shall find it down there!" said the captain as he pointed to the rocks, and we followed him. The dog made a great fuss as we drew near, and we knew why. He was guarding the dead body of his master. No, it was not a dead body, but rather a skeleton. The flesh was not yet all gone, but what was left had shriveled and dried and looked like leather. It lay at full length, and there was a bullet hole through the center of the forehead. Twenty rods to the south, in the edge of

a thicket, we found two more skeletons. These men had belonged to the party making the attack. We figured it out that Totten had first been attacked in his house. He had a good supply of firearms and ammunition. As he was doubtless unable to return the fire of his assailants from the shanty he had charged out and ensconced himself among the rocks. How long he had stood them off no one could say, but he had made a good fight of it be-

fore being struck down. When we left the island we took with us the skeleton and everything bearing on the case. We then spent six weeks cruising about in search of a clew to the murderers. We ran across a trader who had see siz beachcombers in a craft in the neighbor-hood of the island. We found a native with one of Totten's guns, which he had bought of a white man. We found men who had seen the other dog. We found some more of the books and a medicine chest, but we failed to lay hands on the guilty parties, and to this day they have

gone unpunished for that dastardly crime. As near as we could fix it the murder took place at least a year before we reached the island. Our search proved the death of the legal air, and the millions of money went to the next of kin, who had been old Totten's bitterest enemies for many long years

Enemies of the Orang Outang.

The tradition of the Dyaks is that there is no anin-al in the jungle that dare attack the orang outang except the python and the crocodile. At times, when there is no fruit obtainable in the jungle, the orang outang wanders down to the rivers to search for palm shoots along their banks. Then it is the Dyaks relate how the wily crocodile will sometimes try and seize it by the leg and drag it under the water and into the slimy mud below, but the orang bottle of his concoction? And yet we may outang, according to their accounts, soon gets the best of the struggle, and the croco-dile is either beaten to death with its powerful arms and feet or torn to pieses. But, on the other hand, it is seldom able to | in Lippincott's. kill the python, which, with its deadly embrace, soon puts an end to the great man-like ape of Borneo.-Exchange.

The Garden of Eden.

"I know you will like the house," remarked the real estate agent, "The country is perfectly healthy. "Indeed!" replied the prospective purchaser. "Oh. yes, and no flies." "So? "Good water."

"Ah!" "Gas." ' "Oh!" "No electric lights." "Um-m!" "Trains every twenty minutes and al ways on time. "Hal?? "Low taxes." "Ho!" "Ne unpleasant neighbors." "Humph!"

"No mosquitoes. But why do you weep? "Be-because," sobbed the man, "I-I didn't know I was dead-and I suddenly tion. Her captain reported that he had didn't know I was dead-and I suddenly find I've got to h-heaven."-Harper's bazar. her captain reported that he had didn't know I was dead-and I suddenly the ranks of the professional nurses.-Louisvike Courier-Journal.

the fast stiffening body to those who might come after-companions or vultures. sophisticated friends; and in no way M. QUAD.

Columbus' Passion for Gold.

Columbus found the natives of America full of the passion for gold. The glittering particles had for them an irresistible attraction, as to so many of what are called tempt the appetites of her guests .the educated races. They searched in the Youth's Companion. rivers and sands for gold, and when they had found it hung it in their ears and noses. Sometimes the more highly cultivated beat it into plates, which they fas tened around their necks. It was their chief

and almost only ornament, almost their only dress; they used, too, paint, feathers and strings of pearls. The universality of this strange passion for the ductile metal in civilized and savage man is without an explanation: it is natural. We are told that there are ants that heap together glittering particles of precious or colored stones; it is their instinct.

In Columbus the passion raged with a violence seldom known. He dreamed of golden palaces, heaps of treasure, and mines teeming with endless wealth. His cry was everywhere for gold. Every moment, in his fierce avarice, he would fancy himself on the brink of boundless opu lence; he was always about to seize the treasures of the cast painted by Marco Polo and Mandeville. "Gold," he wrote to the king and queen, "is the most valuable thing in the world; it rescues souls from

purgatory and restores them to the joys of paradise."-Eugene Lawrence in Harper's.

A Luxury That Is Free.

The best thoughts and the purest moments of a man's life may often come to him when he is afoot. The regular and gentle exertion of the movement gives the body just enough occupation to keep it out of the way of the mind. The heart acts fully, but not to excess; the lungs thoughly aerate the blood, without becom ing overcharged; the other organs dis

charge their functions with ease and light-The little ducts of the skin breathe forth their moisture; the muscles started again down the beach in good glow and expand; and the brain, finding all well in the domain of its dependencies

turns to its affairs with joyous freedom and alacrity. At evening, what an appeagain they were carefully set down far-up on the shore. Discouraged, you think, and walked off in a huff? By no means? They At night, what sleep! Were any magical physician to invent an elixic which imparted a tithe of the wanted to go into the water, and into vivifying virtue of a day's walk in the open air, he would be the Crossus of sillmakers. How much would we give for a walk for nothing, and we may begin today, fit we derive from it .- Jullan Hawthorne give it up

Suburban Life.

Mr. Suburb-Good morning, Mr. De Villa I wish to ask a favor of you. Mr. De Villa (wealthy resident)-Cer-tainly, Mr. Suburb. What is it?

Mr. Suburb-I have called to ask you to send your carriage and coachman to meet going to take a swim. me at the 6 o'clock train this afternoon

and I would like the coachman to be in his finest livery, and I hope he will use the silver plated harness. Mr. De Villa-Eh? like to make a good impression -- New York Weekly.

The effects of advertising in Philadelphia are fully as remarkable as in other places. A Philadelphia rhymer says: Miss Phillis, with very slim purse. Advertised as professional nurse; A patient with wealth She nursed back to health;

Now they're married for better or worse Not only is Miss Phillis, by her shrewd-ness in advertising, benefited, but an

also true that the easy talker owes -so was Frisky! support and stimulation to her less

can she confer it more gracefully than Another curious thing is that it is in bringing forward subjects in which more than probable that the Irish she knows they are interested. It is preference for the color green for their as much her duty to do so, as for the hostess to provide viands which will flag and sashes arose from a mistake among those who had lost a thorough knowledge of the old Irish language. The sun, in Irish, is called by a word pronounced like our word "green;" The old story of Bruce and the spiand it is likely that the Irish fondness der is well known, but how little has been noted of the untiring perseverfor that color arose from the word's ance of others of the lower animals exact likeness in sound to their word A curious incident, having a valuable for the sun. In the same way, when lesson for impatient human beings we talk about greenhouses, we think was offered by a party of ducklings on the seashore. They were very young. they are called so because the plants are kept green in them during the but they had a mind for a swim, and winter. Yet it is far more probable made no doubt of being able to accomthat "green" here is the Irish word, plish it on a body of water so large meaning not the color, but the sun; and so tempting as the Atlantic because greenhouses are built so as to catch the suns rays, and store It was a lovely day and the tide was them up while it is hidden by clouds coming in with hardly a ripple. Every as happens more than half the time few minutes a wavelet not more than in abowery Ireland.-St. Nicholas. an inch or two high swept gently up-

The Saint and the Onions.

A painter had been commissioned to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of a convent. The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work was finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions, and water. The day for unveiling the fresco at length arrived. The friars stood round the artist: the curtain was removed. It was no doubt a very fine picture, but the saint had his back turned towards the spectators. "What does this niean?" should the indignant prior. "Padre, father, I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions."-The Churchman.

A Brief Record.

the water they would go. Again they Mr. James Payne, in "Some Literstarted down the bank, just as digni ary Recollections," regrets that he did fied, just as composed, just as earnest about it as if they had found no difnot keep a diary. He says that in ficulties in the way. Of course they met the same fate, but they did not searching over his papers he found the following beginning of a journal, which although genuine has never been of any great assistance in recalling the happenings of his early life:

Sunday .- Twice to church. Revs Jones and Robinson preached, A collection-sixperce. Monday .- Wet. Improved my mind

Duck for supper. Tommy. Tuesday .-- Called on Uncle Brumpy. Accounts; sundries.

Wednesday .- The bishop called. The call of the bishop was evidently considered a fitting end to this brief record. No month or even year was stated; the diary seems, like Shakespeare, to have been "for all time."

Why They Burned Rome. History is all the time having new eadings, and some of the best of them ome from the mouths of children. When Rome was burning, the Em-

what Robbie told his mother that eve panion had to be content with a snug ng: "The Emperor Nero was playing a

fiddle so they burned Rome.



Whether they ever really got into the sea does not appear, but as long as the observer had the patience to wart the same game was in progressthe little wave carried them all far up on the beach, and they all waddled back again, with the sole purpose of Bruin and the Butcher. An organ-grinder who was travel-

Ocean.

of sea waves.

out to sea again.

ling through the west of England, accomparied by a tame brown bear, Mr. Suburb-Yes. I will arrive on that which he had trained to dance, stoptrain with a new servant girl, and I would

ped at a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after greatly amusing the family by his performance-for his organ was a fine one and the bear very docile and intelligent-he had no difficulty in obtaining permission to stay all night. He himself was given a bed in the boy's room, but his furry com-

corner in the barn.

A'little after midnight there came