A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS,

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XIII.



ILAS CRAIG WAS right in his conjecture. Paul Lisimen went straight from the lawyer's office to the Villa Moraquitos.

It was there, and in the eyes of her he so dearly loved, and of the haughty benefactor of his youth,

that the young Mexican was eager to disprove the lying accusation brought against him.

A THIEF! His proud spirit revolted at the very thought of the base nature of the crime of which he was accused. Thert-the most contemptible, petty theft-a theft upon the employer who had trusted him! He found Camillia within doors, and, in the presence of Pauline Corsi, told her

the story of his wrongs. The lovely eyes of the Spanish girl flashed with indignant fire. "We always hated this man, Craig, by instinct, Paul," she said; "that instinct

did not deceive us." Pauline Corsi appeared to sympathize sincerely with the lovers, and expressed

the utmost contempt for Silas Craig. While Paul was seated by Camillia, her hand clasped in his, her large black eyes bathed in tears, yet lided confidingly to his face, the sound of the footsteps of several men was heard upon the staircase without, and Don Juan Moraquitos entered the apartment, followed

by Silas Craig.
The brow of the Spaniard was dark with passion, but beneath the red eye-brows of the lawyer, there sparkled the light of malice and cunning.
"Release the hand of that man,

Camillia Moraquitos [' exclaimed Don Juan, with suppressed fury, as he be-held his daughter and Paul Listmon seated side by side; "release his hand, or never again dare to call me father!" The roung girl raised her eyes to the face of the Spanlard, and met his angry

gaze with a glance of calm deflunce. "Why should I take my hand from his?" she said, calmly; "we have been playfellows, companions, and friends from childhood. You have seen our hands locked together often ere today ; why do you wish to part us now?"

Though the voice of the Spanish girl was calm and unfaltering, and although she met her father's gaze without one quiver of her snowy eyelids, her slender form trembled with emotion as she spoke. "Shall I tell you why?" asked her

father. "Yes; I wait to learn."

"Because Paul Lisimon, the man whose boyhood has been spent beneath this roof, whose education has been shared with you, who has ever been treated as a son, rather than as a dendent, that man is a thic!"

Had Camillia been unprepared for this accusation, the blow might for a moment, have paralyzed her. But she had heard all from Paul's own lips, and she was prepared for the worst.
"He is no thief!" she exclaimed,

proudly; "were he that, he would not have come hither to seek for sympathy from Camillia Moraquitos."
"Deluded girl, he has been discovered in an act of daring robbery—robbery

which is most contemptible, being alited to treachery of the basest nature. He was trusted, and he betrayed his trust."
The lip of the Spanish girl curied with nautterable scorn.

"Trusted!" she exclaimed, "trusted, did you say! Father, I ask you by all your knowledge of mankind, by your faith in Nature's surest index, the human countenance, is that the man to trust any living oreature?"

She pointed to Silas Craig as she spoke, and the lawyer qualled beneath her flashing glance. For a moment he shrank back abashed and powerless to reply to the Spanish girl's disdainful words, then recovering himself with an effort, he said, with an assumed air of meekness:

"Donna Camillia is pleased to be severe. We lawyers are certainly not over-trusting in our fellowmen-we are toe often deceived; but I thought I might safely trust the protege of Don Juan Moraquitos. I did not think to find him a thlef."

"Liar!" oried Paul Lisimon. "Dastard! You know that I am no thief. You know the base plot which has been planned by you—from what motive I know not—for my destruction. Now that all is past, I can see the base scheme from the very first. Your pretended confidence; your desire that I should remain alone in your office to receive a sum of money which you might have as well received yourself; your trusting me with the key-of which, you say, you have no duplicate; your simulated friendship, and your affected surprise this morning upon missing the casket containing the money; all these are so many links in the chain of infamy which you have woven around me; but through all I defy you. The money was taken from the office by no common robber; it was removed either by you, or

by an agent in your employ."
"The inner office has but one door," answered Silas Craig, "you possessed the only key of that door-nay, more, the mulatto boy, Marcus, slept in the clerk's office, and must have heard anybody, who attempted to enter the inner chamber. Heaven knows," ejaculated Silas sanctimoniously, "how much grief I feel at the discovery of such baseness in the adopted son of my most respected client; but guilt such as yours must not, for the

benefit of society, go unpunished. Paul Lisimon turned from him with a gesture of loathing, and addressed him-

self to Don Juan. "You hear this man," he said, "you hear him, yet you surely do not believe one word he utters. Look in his face, on which 'liar' is branded in unmistakable characters, by the hand of Heaven; and then believe ism if you can. My patron, my benefactor, friend and protector of my otherwise friendless youth, has any one action of my life, since I have shared the shelter of your roof, and eaten your bread-has any one action of my life given you reason to believe me the base and guilty wretch this man would have you think me? Speak, I im-

plore you. The young Mexican waited with clasped hands for Don Juan's reply. The Spaniard coldly averted his face. It seemed as if he, too, shrank from meei-ing that noble countenance.

"Circumstances speak too plainly, Mr. Listmen," he said; "facts are incontro-vertible—they are stronger than words

and they force me to believe."

'They force you to believe that the man, who has been reared beneath your own protection, has been guilty of an act worthy of one of the swell-mobsmen, or experienced burgiars of New Orleans. One word more, Don Juan Moraquitos it is the last with which I shall trouble

"I listen," replied the Spaniard. "I appeal to you by the memory of the deast-by the memory of him who was more than a father to me-by the memory of the last hour of Don Tomaso Crivelli."

It seemed as if the sound of this name struck upon the most sensitive chord in the nature of the haughty Spaniard. He started as if he had been shot, and dropping into a chair that stood near him buried his face in his hands. Silas Craig lifted his eyes with a glance of pious horror.

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed; "the guilty wretch dares to call upon the name of the dead, dares to wound his noble benefactor's sensitive heart. Why delay any longer to reason with this hypocrite? the officers of justice are without, let them at once to their duty.'

Silas Craig opened the door of the apartment as he spoke, and beckoned to three men who were walting on the stair-

"The police !" exclaimed Paul. "Yes; they have a warrant for your arrest," replied Silas Craig. "You have carried it with a very high hand, Mr.

Paul Lisimon, but you will sleep in jail to-night. The young Mexican did not condescend to answer this speech, but, turning to Don Juan, he said with quiet dignity—

"Since this man's accusation appears to you stronger than my declaration of innocence, I cannot blame you, sir, in believing him. I freely own that the chain of evidence forged against me is a damning one, but sooner or later, the day will come when I will shatter that chain, link by link, and prove yonder wretch the basest of his kind. In the meantime, I would but ask one favor of you. I have papers and letters in my own room, which are of priceless value to me, suffer me to gather those together before they convey me to prison.

Don Juan had not once lifted his head since the mention of his brother-in-law's name. He replied to Paul's request, in a broken voice

"Let him take the papers he speaks of," he answered, "I will be responsible for him.

The principal police officer bowed. "I will accompany you to your rooms, Mr. Lisimon," he said, "and remain with you while you collect those papers."
"Father, father!" exclaimed Camillia;

"can you suffer this can you allow the companion of my youth to be sent to fall as a common felon?" "He merite no other fate," replied Don

Juan; "he has proved himself unworthy the pame of an honest man." "He has not done so," cried Camillia: "he is innecest!" "What leads you to believe in his inno-

cence?" "My own instinct," replied the fearless

Again the brow of Don Juan grew dark with fury.

"Your own instinct!" he exzelaimed; "beware, girl, do not force me to believe you have another reason for thus defending this man. Do not compel me to despise you!"

While this conversation was passing between father and daughter, Paul Lisi-mon and the officer proceeded to the Mexican's apartment, which was situated, as the reader is aware, upon the upper floor of Villa Maraquitos; but the Spaniard's elegant abode was only elevated one story above the ground floor, so that the room occupied by Paul was not in reality more than eighteen feet above the garden, into which it looked. The police officer fellowed his prisoner into the room, and seated himself near the door, while Paul unlocked his desk

and examined its contents.

The papers which he wished to secure were a few brief notes that had been written to him, at different periods, by Camillia Moraquitee. The young girl had often slipped a few lines of affectionate encouragement into her lover's hand at a time when the lynx eyes of strangers prevented their exchanging a word.

Paul Lislmon knew that, brief as these letters were, they contained quite enough to betray the secret of the levers, and to draw down upon Camillia all the terrors of a father's wrath.

He secured the little packet with a ribbon which the Spanish girl had once worn in her hair, and thrusting the packet into nis becom, prepared to accompany the

As they were about leaving the apartment, a low rap sounded upon the panel of the door. The person who thus demanded ad-

mittance was the French governess, Pauline Corsi. "Let me speak to your prisoner-alone if only for a few moments?" she said,

pleadingly, and with all the fascination peculiar to her manner, "let me speak to him, monsteur, I implore!" "You are welcome to speak to him, mad-modelle," replied the officer, "but I report to tell you that whatever you

have to say, must be said in my pres-The F. enchwoman shrugged her shoulders with a graceful gesture. "That is very hard, monsieur," she

said, looking thoughtful. "Nay, Mademoiselle Corst," interposed Paul, who could not understand the Frenchwoman's desire to see him alone, "you can have nothing to say which this man may not hear. Speak freely, I have

no secrets." "But perhaps I have," answered Pau-ie. "See, monsieur," she added, extending her plump little hand upon one finger of which there sparkled a superb diamond ring, "tell me what you think of those diamonds.'

Paul Lisimon started, for he recognized the ring. It was one he had often seen Camillia wear. The French governess had been sent

to him then by the devoted girl? "They are negnificent stones, are they not, monsieur?" repeated Pauline, still addressing the officer. "They are, mademoiselle."

"The ring is worth eight hundred dollars, and it is yours for eight minutes' private conversation with the prisoner." "Impossible, mademoiselle." "Eight hundred dollars for eight min-

utes. That is at the rate of a hundred dollars a minute." "True, mademoiselle," replied the officer, "but if in those eight minutes

my prisoner should take it into his head to jump out of that window, I am a ru-"I pledge you my honor I will make no attempt to escape!" said Paul, eas

The officer reflected for a few moments, and then looking searchingly into fill face of the young Mariean, he said, inergetically, "I've mown many a gentleman pledge his word and break is as if it was a bit of cracked china; but our prefession teaches us to reakon up a flas fession teaches us to reckon up a man by the cut of his phiz, and I think you're an heaprable man, M. Listmon, and I

conttains you ganty or this pusiness that's brought against you, so give me the ring, mademoiselle," he added, holding out his hand for the valuable trinket. "I'll step outside and wait while you say what you've got to say.' He walked out of the room and closed

the door behind him, leaving Pauline and the Mexican together. "Paul Lisimon, I came to save you," said Mademotecle Corsi.

"You come from Camillia?" "No, I come of my own accord. That ring is Camillia's; she gave it to me at my request, as a bribe for your jailer." "Noble girl!"

"Ay noble girl!" exclaimed the French-woman bitterly; "because she gave one from the costly heape of jewels her fool-ish father has lavislied upon her; but I, whose brain devised the plan, deserve no word of praise."
"Pardon me, Mademoiselle Corsi, be-

lieve me, I am not ungrateful. "Paul Lisimon," said Pauline, fixing her limpid blue eyes upon the face of the Mexican, "you love Camillia Meraquitos?"

"Love her-"Nay, why seek to dissemble? Do you think I have not read your shallow secret from the very first' You sought to blind and hoodwink me, but I laughed at the pitiful deception. Paul, tell me,

is this love a lasting one?" "Since you know my searet," replied the Mexican, "concealment is useless. It is a lasting love-eternal as yonder blue heaven.

"Foolish boy. Then ruin and destruction will truck your footsteps."
"Ruin! Through my love?"

"Yes; you have not one friend in this house, save her who now speaks to you. Camillia loves you, you will answer! Yes; but with the feeble passion of capricious beauty, which may change with tomorrow's sun. How long think you will her love endure when she hears every creature in New Orleans brand you as a thief and ingrate? Will it outlast the hour when she sees you placed in a criminal dock, side by side, with the lowest thief in the city? Will it survive degradation and shame? No; Camilia Meraquitos is proud, and from the hour that you leave this house with the cianking fetters on your wrists, she will despise and hate you—hate you for the very memory of her past love.

Paul Listmon knew the pride which formed the leading principle in Camillia's character, and he felt that there might be truth in these bitter words, "Oh, Heaven," he cried, "this is in-

deed terrible!" "Hear me, Paul. It is in my power to save you from these fetters and this shame. It is in my power to bring Bilas Craig and his haughty employer, Don Juan Moraquitoe groveing to your feet to emplore you for mercy—to entreat your forbearance to save them from the fate of a felon."

"You are mad!" excisined Paul. "What in mercy's name mean you by these werds?"

"Listen to me, Paul Lielmon, for these few minutes, bought from the vigilance of the officer without youder coor, must decide the fate of both of us. Thirmen years ago, Den Tomaso Crivelli expired in the arms of his brother-in-law, in an apartment at the end of the gallery out-side this door. You have often been in that room.

"I have. It is secred to me, for it was there my earliest friend breathed

"That chamber is hung with Indian embroidery of shells and meathers upon leather. These hangings are about two feet from the wall, leaving an aperture behind large enough to admit of a siender person's hiding behind the embroidery. On the night of your benefactor's death I was concealed behind these hangings."

"You, a spy?" But for what reason?"
"Don't doubt that I had my reasonreasons which at some future time I will
reveal. When I carried the child Camillia to her uncle's bedelde I heard a few words dropped which excited my curiosity; to gratify that enricatly I concealed myself at eleven electric that night behind the hangings of the dying man's bedchambes. There I heard Tomaso Crivelli dictate his last will and testament to the lawyer, Blias Craig, in the presence of your father. The signature to that will was afterward witnessed by two persons, one a creature of the attorney's, the other a dependent of Don Juan Momanuitos.

"But what has all this to do with mo?" asked Paul. "It may have much to do with you. That night I learned a secret..."

"A secret!" "Yes; and one by the aid of which I can save you from shame and hamiliation, and elevate you to the proudest po-

sition even your haughty spirit could de-"You can do all this?" "I can."

"And you will?" "On one condition."

"You renounce forever all thoughts of Camillia Moraquitos; and that in the hour, when through my aid, you are ele-vated to name and fortune you make me your wife."

"You - my wife!" exclaimed Paul, thunderstruck by the words of the Frenchwoman.

"Yes. Is there anything so mon-strous in the proposition? I am a few years older than you, it is true. I have not the Spanish beauty of Camillia, but flattering tongues have told me that I am not destitute of the power to chara-I am no love-sick gfrl, but an ambitious woman, with a brain to scheme and plot a glorious future-I ask no love from you, but a share in the future to which I can elevate you. Do you refuse my

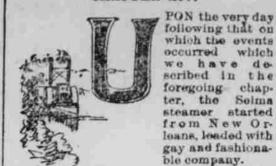
"I do," replied Paul. "Camillia Moraquitos may cost my image from her heart—may join with the rest and think me gullty; but, to the last, she, and she alone, will possess my love. Through the deepest abyse of shame and degra-dation I will be true to the guiding star of my life. Keep your secret, Mademoiselle Corsi; it can never be mine at the

price which you propose."
"Fool!" cried the Frenchwoman, "you have refused rank, name, station, and wealth—nay, more than these, revenge! Be it so; abide by your choice. Perish in ignorance of the mighty secret which I have kept for thirteen patient years, and which will be a fortune to me if not to you. But in a jail; die in a transport ship; drag out your life in a penal settlement; Pauline corsi has spoken for the first and last time."

She walked to the door of the apartment, and, opening it, admitted the of-

no attempt at escape." Without one glance at Paul, she descended the staircase, and returned to the chamber in which she had left heart-broken Camil-

That night Paul Lisimon was lodged in the jail devoted to the reception of those socueed of feleny. CHAPTER XIV.



PON the very day following that on am I not an Octoroon which the events occurred which we have described in the foregoing chap-ter, the Seima you. steamer started from New Orloans, loaded with

It was nine o'clock in the morning when the bell rang for the starting of the vessel-a gorgeous summer's day, the sky blue and cloudless, the Mississippi dancing in the sun-

Amongst the passengers on board the boat were Augustus florton, his sister Adelaide, Mr. Montresor, Silas Craig and William Bowen. This latter personage had exchanged

ton shirt for a costume which aped that worn by the fops of New Orleans. He followed close at the heels of Silas Craig, to the evident annoyance of the lawyer, who seemed, however, unable to

his ragged skin-jacket and patched cot-

shake him off. Augustus and his party were bound for Hortonville, the plantation and villa of which we have already spoken, and which was situated upon the banks of the river, some miles beyond that belonging to Si-

las Craig. The attorney was also bound for his plantation, whither he was taking William Bowen, who was henceforth to act

as his overseer. Augustus Horton was elated at the success of his villainous plot. He had lodged the only rival whom he feared in a felon's jail; he felt that Camillia Moraquitos might now be easily won; but his heart—if the prefligate who yields only to the dictates of passion can be said to have a heart-was full of the image of

Cora the Octoroon. Just as the boat was about pushing off. two young men stepped on board. The first was Mortimer Percy, the second Gilbert Margrave, the young engineer and artist, who carried a sketch book, I in order, I suppose, to catch some of the beauties of the Mississippi banks as we glide past them.

"To tell you the truth, my dear Mortimer, I have far graver reasons for being here. I come to meet some one.

"A lady?" "Yes.

"And ber name is-?" "Mise Cora Leslie."

"Good Heavens, my dear Gilbert, are you in earnest? You know this girl's

history?" "I do; and in my eyes that very history renders her even more sacred than a defenseless woman must ever be to the mind of an honorable man. I received a message this morning from Mr. Leslie's old slave, Toby, informing me that his young mistress is to come on board the boat at the first station, and begging me to be there to meet her, as she might have need of my services.

"And you took the hint?" "Gladly-proudly."
"My dear Gilbert, I'm afraid you're

very far gone," exclaimed Mortimer, laughing.

Adelaide Horton's heart sank as she received the young engineer's cold saluta-tion. She felt that he despised both herself and her brother for their conduct to Cora. Mrs. Montresor and Adelaide soon withdrew to the saloon, for the sight of Gilbert Margrave was painful to the impetuous girl.

The scene on board the Selma was s gay and animated one. In the center of the deak a German band was stationed, and every now and then some sprightly waltz or polka sounded on the summer

Close against one of the paddle-boxes a group of eager gamblers had seated themselves round a card-table, and it was amongst these that Mr. William Bowen planted himself, while Silas Oralg conversed in an undertone with Augustus Gilbert Margrave and Mortimer Percy

on indifferent subjects. Presently the bell rang again, and the seamer stopped at the first station, which was situated at a short distance from Gerald Leslie's plantation.

stood near the side of the vessel talking

"Miss Leslie knows nothing as yet al the fatal truth," said Gilbert. "I tremble lest she should ever learn it."
"Then tremble for her today on board this steamer," replied Martimer, "these people know all and they are pitless." "I shall be here to protect her, at the worst; but tell me, have you any idea of how it was that this mulatto Toby ap-

plied to me above all people?" "The instincts of the despised race are strong, answered Mortimer; "he knew, no doubt, that you felt no uncommon interest in his young mistress. See, is not that Miss Leelie yender, amongst the passengers, dressed in black?"
"It is; she is coming this way with

Toby." "I will leave you then, my dear Gilbert," said Mortimer, and pressing his friend's hand, he strolled into the saloon. Cora Leslie was pale as lity. Her black robes seemed to increase this almost unearthly pallor, but they could not take from her beauty. She advanced slowly, looking about her with a glance of terror, while the faithful mulatto followed close at her side. Presently she

perceived Gilbert Margrave, who silently awalted her coming.

The crimson blush which suddenly dyed her cheek revealed how little she had expected this meeting.

"Mr. Margrave," she exclaimed.
"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," replied the young engineer, "if I have ventured to make myself, without your permission, your companion upon this journey-but the hope that I might be able to render you some service has induced me even to

brave your displeasure." Cora looked earnestly at Toby; the faithful creature's eyelids fell before that searching gaze. "Ah, Mr. Margrave," she said, "it was Toby who told you of this journey?"

"Forgive me, dear young mistress, I thought that I was doing right." "I am deeply affected with this proof of your kindness, Mr. Margrave," said Cora; "but I regret that Toby's indiscretion should have imposed upon you a task which will, as I believe, be useless." "However that may be, Miss Leslie, it is a task which I accept with pride and

At this moment the little group was approached by the captain of the Selma, whose sharp eyes had espied the dark skin of Toby amongst his aristocratic passengers. "Hollao, what are you doing here, nigger?" he exclaimed; "don't you know your place is at the other end of the ves-

The mulatto retired without a word, but not without a push from the indignant captain.
"Poor Toby," murmured Cora, as she followed with her eyes the faithful

"Tou see, Mine Leslie," said Gilbert,
"the company of Tony would have been
se pre-count to you."

"I should have gone with him, Margrave. Is not my place his? And

"You know all, then?" "Yes. Alas! I see that it was only I

who was ignorant. "A chance word from Mr. Percy revealed the secret to me, Miss Leslie, upon that very night when I first saw

"Oh, Mr. Margrave, I do not seek to deny my origin. See, I wear mourning for my mother, and my journey of today is a pagrimage to her grave.' A couple of chairs near Gilbert Mar-

grave were unoccupied; one of these he

offered to Cora, and, taking the other,

seated himself by her side. A soisy Laugh from a group on deck at this moment arrested their attention. This group was composed of Silas Craig, William Bowen, and two or three other passengers, all gathered round Augustus Horton, who was read-ing a paragraph aloud from a New Or-

leans newspaper. The following were the words which greeted Cora's ears: "The conduct of Mr. Lesile in daring to foist the child of one of his slaves upon the highest circles of society, merits the punishment with which he has met. The citizens of New Orleans have shown their indignation at his offense, by abandoning all communication with him. Gerald Leslie walks the streets of his native city

a stranger and a ruined man." "Oh, this is infamous," exclaimed Gilbert Margrave; "that man knows that you are here and he reads that paragraph on purpose to insult you. I will not en-

He was about to rush forward toward Augustus Horton, but Cora caught his arm in her stender hands and arrested his steps.

"For pity's sake," she cried; "for my sake, Mr. Margrave, not one word! The sting of the insult will be lost if unnoticed. Let him think those cruel words are unheard.

It was indeed as Gilbert Margrave supposed. Augustus knew of Cora's presence in the boat-he had seen her with Gilbert by her side, and he was determined to be revenged upon her for the contempt with which she had treated

This was the planter's love. The love of the profligate who seeks to humiliate his victim in order that he may subdue

[To Be Continued.]

Locusts Easily Digested.

The people of Zanzibar should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cuisine. Among other delicacies are small monkey and fruit eating bats. Locusts are relished by the Bedouin of Mesopotamia and some other eastern tribes. They are placed on strings and eaten on journeys with bitter and unleavened bread. The Hebrews, who were prohibited eating many kinds of food which our larger experience teaches us are palatable and wholesome, as well as some that we do not venture to touch, were permitted to have their fill of lo-

The locust is an article of diet to this day, but only of the very poor; it is thrown into boiling water and eaten with salt. To live on locusts and wild honey conveys a more accurate picture of extreme poverty and frugality to a traveler in the east than to any one else, Locusts, however, are not always cooked, sometimes they are eaten fresh. They are said to have a strong vegetable taste, the flavor largely depending, as might be expected, on the plants on which they have been feeding. Dr. Livingstone, who showed his common sense by not being fastidious, considered them palatable when roasted.-Scottish Re-

A Democratic Duke.

The late Duke of Manchester, when on his first visit to Australia, in 1879, was entertained by the colonists in a princely fashion. In Queensland the weather was intensely not, and the duke left his party and rode ahead in his shirt sleeves (with his coat strapped before him) and wearing a soft felt hat. On his arrival at the bush public house he found a crowd awaiting him. One bushman, stepping up to him, said:

"Halloa, have you seen the duke? Will he soon be here?" The peer replied: "I am the Duke of Manchester."

walked around the horse, and after a critical inspection said before the "Yon're no blooming duke!" Tab-

leau.-London Tit Bits.

The bushman surveyed his visitor,

A curious phenomenon is reported by the United States consul at Maracaibo, in Venezuela. Near the Rio de Orro, at the base of the Sierra of the Colombian frontier, there is a horizontal cavern, which from time to time ejects huge globules of bitumen, that explode like bombshells with considerable noise, and the pitch, forming a black glacier, runs into a kind of pool or lake near the river

Trade Judgments of Literature.

The truth is, our ideas of literature are steeped in the colors of our trades. Our interpretations of Shakespeare reflect our daily lives and callings. The merchant measures him as his cotton. The judge tries him in his courts of law. The oration of Mark Antony, for example, is to the clergyman only a funeral discourse over a departed member of his flock; the politician views it merely as a fine example of political artifice; the rhetorician delights in the richness of its figures; the logician scans its conclusion in the light of its premises; the historian notes it as marking an epoch in the annals of Rome, and the actor, not to say it profanely, beholds it as a rack on which to hang his effects of attitude and gesture. We thus read Shakespeare in the light of our vocations. We cannot get away from the mental habits of our trade or our profession. Much harder still is it to break away from the spirit of the age in which we live. Involuntarily we invest other ages with the customs of our own.-James E. Murdoch in Forum.

The longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosas tunnel on the Fitchburg railroad, four and three-quarter miles; the St. Gothard tunnel in Europe is nine alles long.

U. S. Judges and Rallway Properties. This effort to obtain a receivership which means the temporary control of the whole railway, generally results in ; violent struggle between different inter ests, either to secure or maintain the management through the receivership The determination of whether a receivership is to be had, and of the person or persons to be such receivers, lies in the hands of a single judge. This class of cases gives to the circuit judges of the United States, by transferring to them the management and operation of vast railway properties, a degree of responsibility and patronage never originally intended to be placed in their power.

The opportunities thus presented to a court of justice for the exercise of patronage, the reward of friends, the selection of counsel for receivers, the appointment of masters, and the manipulation and adjustment of large pecuniary interests, are in themselves very much to be deprecated. While no scandals of any magnitude have as yet arisen from this power of appointment and the patronage and pecuniary expenditure incident thereto, it is, after all said and done, a modern, and indeed a much more formidable, form of judicial property administration than that which corrupted the court of chancery in England in the exercise of its jurisdiction over the estates of wards in chancery.

In the western and southwestern districts of our circuit courts of the United States properties larger in extent and in pecuniary value than any that passed under the control of the English courts of chancery between 1720 and 1820 in the administration of the estates of wards have thus passed under the control of the individual circuit judges of the United States.-Simon Sterne in Forum.

Within the Law.

"I want to be posted in de law," said a colored woman who called at the Gratiot avenue station the other day.

"Well?" replied the sergeant. "I've got a gal."

"Yes." "And she's got a beau." "Very likely."

"I can't abear him, an' I doan' want aim 'round de house. What co'se shall "Have you ever given him a hint?" "Lands, sah! but I jess tole him to

reckon that's a hint." "But he didn't go?" "No, sah. Now, den, I want to know how fur I kin go an' keep widin the law. I've talked to him, frowed water on him, hit him wid a club, called him names, made de dog bite him, an' p'inted a pistil at him, but he won't stay away. How much furder kin I go an' not break de law? Could I dun stan' in de vard an' mow him across de legs wid an old scythe

cl'ar out or I'd bust him to smash! I

when he cum up in de da'k? Could de pistil go off accidentally?" When advised to try peaceful measures

she indignantly responded: "Dat's what I did do on the very go off. I took him by the collar an' frowed him ober de gate!"-Detroit Free Press.

Eating Human Flesh. The most repulsive food which human beings could eat is man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once very general, is now mainly confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands, and to some districts of Australia and central Africa. Lindsay, of Pitscottie, relates that a man, his wife and family were burned to death on the east coast of Scotland for eating children whom they had stolen, and during the French revolution the heart of the unfortunate Princess Lambelle was actually torn out of her body by one of the yelling savages near, taken to a restaurant and

there cooked and eaten. Human flesh is said not to be unpalatable, and this is confirmed by the horrible narrative given by Lindsay. He mentions that as one of the girls was being taken to execution she exclaimed: "Wherefore chide ye with me, as if I had committed an unworthy act? Give me credence, and trow me, if ye had experience of eating men and women's flesh ye would never forebare it again." The Tannese of our own day distribute human flesh in little bits to their friends as delicious morsels, and say that the flesh of a black man is preferable to that of a white one, for the latter tastes salt; other cannibals hold the same. - Scottish

A Practical Experiment. Fledgely-I have loved you, Alice,

these-these two weeks! Do you love

me in return? Alice-I do not know, Mr. Fledgely, but we will see. In the Princess' new book, "Love, Loving, Loved," is the passage: "When Algernon Dunbar encircled, as an equator, Marigold's dainty finger with the delicate fillet of gold, her heart leaped into her eyes, her soul quivered like an aspen leaf, and then she knew she loved him." If while you are putting on the ring I undergo the same sensations I will be able to answer your question more completely .-

Jewelers Circular.

No oily substance, poultice or liniment should be put into the ear, because great injury is liable to be done. Warm water is the best possible, and about the only safe, "wash." Do not scratch the ears with any metal; pin heads, hairpins or ear picks should be tabooed. Do not scream if an insect enters the ear; warra water will drown it, and wash out the "remains." The ear is not nearly so liable to injury from the intruder as from frantic efforts to dislodge it .-

Highest Meteorological Stations. The highest point at which regular meteorological observations are made is on a 14,300 foot peak of the Peruvian Andes. Harvard college maintains an observatory in Colorado at an altitude of but 200 feet less than the above. The station on Pike's peak is pushed up 14,100 feet into the rarified atmosphere of Colorado also. In Europe there are but two stations at any considerable height, they being 10,000 and 11,000 feet respectively. -St. Louis Republic.