

TO MORROW.

Wise youth will... To-morrow, my dear boy, I shall be a soldier...

DUTY ABOVE LOVE.

From the story by And. Hall Forbes in the Cos. Spectator.

"In the early '50's," said the officer, "our European troops serving in India were not in good case. In those days they were constantly quartered in the plains, the barracks were dismal, pestilential, thatched sheds, there were none of the comforts of the old European camp, and in the dismal and his only resources were his canteen and the rations. The revision from the old and variety of marching and fighting, superinduced widespread discontent, and in many instances depression descended into actual despair. Quite an epidemic of suicide set in, and was but partially checked by Sir Charles Napier's very Irish expedient of sentencing a man to be shot who had unsuccessfully attempted to take his own life. At this time transportation to West Australia was the usual punishment in the army for the military crime of grave insubordination. So low had sunk the morale of too many of the rank and file, and so ardent was the desire for change of any kind, no matter what or where, that men deliberately laid themselves out to earn this punishment of transportation. This was not a difficult task. The soldier had only to make a blow at his superior officer—and all above him from a lance corporal to the colonel were his superior officers—or even to throw a cap or a glove at him, to have himself charged with the offense of mutinous conduct. The professional court-martial sat, the soldier pleaded guilty, the sentence of transportation was duly approved and confirmed, and presently the man was thriftly on his voyage to join a chain gang at Perth or Fremantle. "This state of things was too injurious to the service to be allowed a long continuance. The commander-in-chief promulgated a trenchant or-

the rarest of all our military specialties. It was not yet daylight when all the troops of the garrison, both European and native, were on march to the great parade ground. The regiments, as they arrived, wheeled into position, the whole forming three squares of a vast square, the dressed ranks facing inward. The discipline was recently broken by the roll of the drum, announcing the approach of the procession, as the drum came man, and a moment later the beat of a drum, the ranks of the faces of the great hollow square. In effect the set living order was marching in his own funeral procession, his step keeping time to the steel and cadence of his own drum. At the head of the sombre cortege was borne the empty coffin of the man whose sacrifice of life were running out there followed in slow march with arms reversed, the execution party of twelve privates and a Corporal, under the command of sergeant Russell; and then a full military band, from whose instruments there pealed and wailed alternately the dead march in Saul.



HELL, DEAD BESIDE THE BODY.

There was a little interval of space, and then, alone, save for the Presbyterian Chaplain walking beside him in his Geneva gown, and praying in the low earnest accents, marched with the first step of the condemned man, his face calm, but whiter than the white cap on his head, close behind him, with fixed bayonets, a Corporal and a file of men of the quarter-guard. Thus was constituted what, save for the central figure of it, who still lived and moved, and had his being, and for the empty coffin, was in every attribute a funeral procession. "The parade came to the 'shoulder' as the little column, wheeling to its right after clearing the bank by which it had entered the square, began its slow, solemn progress along the front of the left face. I felt the throbbing strains of the Dead March being actual torture to me long before the procession, moving in its measured march along the successive face, had reached the front of the center, where stood the regiment to which the prisoner and myself belonged. 'Steady, men!' shouted the Colonel hoarsely, as he felt rather than heard or saw the involuntary shiver that ran along the ranks as the firm, pale face, slowly passed. With an upward glance at the chief, the poor fellow straightened himself and set his shoulders more square, as if he took his officer's word of command to include him also. His humbly brose into noisy weeping, and a young officer swooned, but the doomed man strode steadily on, without the quiver of a muscle of his set face.

"At length the long, cruel progress was completed, and the head of the procession drew off to the center of the unoccupied fourth face of the square, the coffin-bearers laid down the burden there, and retired, and the sergeant drew up his firing party into two ranks fronting toward the coffin, at a distance of about thirty paces. The band ceased its somber music and wheeled aside. The prisoner, accompanied still by the clergyman, marched steadily up to his coffin, on which the two knelt down.

"The clergyman's ministrations were almost immediately interrupted. At a signal from the General the Judge Advocate rode out from the staff, and, moving forward to the coffin, he read the warrant for the condemned soldier's execution. Universal admiration and compassion were stirred by the soldierly bearing of the man as he listened to the official authorization of his doom. As the Judge Advocate approached he had risen from the kneeling position, doffed his cap, and sprung smartly to 'attention,' retaining that attitude until the end, when he saluted respectfully and knelt down again as the minister rejoined him. There was a short interval of prayer; then the Judge Advocate beckoned to the chaplain to retire, and the soldier retired alone, kneeling on his coffin lid there, face to face with imminent death in the midst of the strained and painful silence.

"Marching at the head of the procession, the members of the firing party had no opportunity of seeing their unfortunate comrade until he had reached his coffin and was kneeling in front of where Sergeant Russell had drawn up the party of which he had the command. I should tell you that the Sergeant of an execution party carries a loaded pistol, with which it is his stern duty to fulfill the accomplishment of the sentence if the voice of his command shall not have been promptly fatal. The corporal of the party told me afterward that after it had taken position Sergeant Russell spent some time in examining the muskets, and that the prisoner had been kneeling for some little time on his coffin before the Sergeant looked at him. As he gazed he suddenly started, became dead pale, muttered more than once, 'My God, my God,' and was for several minutes visibly perturbed, but later although still ghastly pale and having a

strange 'raised' expression, he pulled himself together and was alert in his duty. What I myself saw was, that after the parson had withdrawn, and Sergeant Russell approached the prisoner to fulfill the duty of blindfolding and pinning him, the latter gave a great start and, throwing up his arms, uttered a loud exclamation.

"The feeling in the regiment, as I have told you, was exceedingly bitter against the sentence, and there happened just what I had apprehended. In the dead silence Sergeant Russell's deliberate order, 'Make ready!' 'Present!' 'Fire!' rang out like the knell of fate. The volley sped; the light smoke drifted aside, and the prisoner still knelt scathless on his coffin.

"There was a brief pause, and then Sergeant Russell, with his face bleached to a ghastly pallor, but set and resolute, his step firm, strode up to the kneeling, blindfolded man, pistol in hand, and did his duty. But he did not return to the party he commanded. No, he remained standing over the prostrate figure, and was deliberately reloading the pistol.

ODD BAROMETERS.

The Leech in a Bottle and the Frog on a Ladder.

Two of the oldest and oddest forms of popular barometers are the leech in a bottle and a frog on a ladder. Richard Howard has seen an old Spanish drawing of nine positions of the leech, with verses describing its attitude and behavior before different kinds of weather. Dr. Merryweather of Whitty contrived an apparatus by which one of twelve leeches confined in bottles, rang a bell when a "tempest" was expected. When leeches were kept in every chemist's shop, and often in private houses, their behavior was the subject of constant observation, and it was generally noted that in still weather, dry or wet, they remained at the bottom, but rose often as much as twenty-four hours in advance, before a change, and in case of a thunder storm, rose very quickly to the surface, descending when it was past.

The frog barometer, used in Germany and Switzerland, is a very simple apparatus, consisting of a jar of water, a frog and a little wooden step ladder. The frog comes up and sits on the steps, rain is expected. The weather-glass dearest to the old-fashioned cottager is the last general one was the old man and old woman, who came out of their rough-cast cottage in foul or fair weather respectively. This was almost the earliest of semi-scientific tests, and depended on the contracting of a piece of catgut fastened to a lever. The belief that bees will not fly before a shower is probably true, and is the rational origin of the banging of trays and iron pots with a door key when bees are going to swarm. The insects are supposed to take this for thunder, and so settle close at hand instead of settling at a distance, quivering water on them with a garden syringe often makes them settle at once. But no such ingenious process of rationalizing can be found for the belief that if the insect inside a cuckoo-pit lies upward the summer will be dry, though the increased working of horses by bees before rain and the rise of the gossamer before fine weather, are abundantly confirmed by observation.—London Spectator.

The European Viper.

Many persons are killed by vipers on the Continent; but though "Peleas berus" is widely distributed over Europe, and is generally known distinctively as the "little viper"—the prevalent and most dangerous species are the long-necked and asp vipers. Matthioli relates an instance of a man who was fatally bitten by half a snake in France—an adder had been severed in twain with a hoe, and he unfortunately picked up the business end. Such an occurrence is quite within the bounds of credibility; I have seen a wretched python which had been cut in two by a sweep of a coolie's cutlass, launch itself furiously at the man who was preparing to give it the coup de grace, and tear the torch from his hands.

Domestic animals are not frequently attacked, but rarely succumb to the poison: sheep and horses are struck on the nose as they graze, cows very commonly on the udders while lying down. A bitten dog repeatedly plunges its head under water to assuage the fierce heat of the inflammatory symptoms, but generally recovers. Human beings and monkeys suffer far more intensely than do creatures lower in the scale of life.

There is a remarkable account, vouched for by competent witnesses, of a horse which was found moribund and choking, with its neck enormously swollen, in whose throat a small viper had actually ensconced itself. Mlle. dea Bonheur lost two gazelles, which she kept in the dual capacity of pets and models, by the assault of adders which swarmed in the country about her chateau.—Chambers' Journal.

In time, faith becomes a sort of short story.

NAPOLION AT ST. HELENA.

How He was Guarded and Prevented from Taking Flight.

Among the contributions which the awakened interest in Napoleon I. have called forth is a letter heretofore unpublished, written by the Marquis de Mouchon, one of the commissioners sent to St. Helena at the time of the exile of the great conqueror. After an introduction in which the author describes in pessimistic language the condition of affairs in the island, he continues:

"Now, as you know all my trials, let me speak of our great man, of his position, and the way in which he is guarded. The garrison of St. Helena is composed of 1,000 men. Many pieces of artillery and a score of mortars defend the coast. Bonaparte occupies the country house of the Lieutenant Governor, situated on the only plain on the island, and known by the name of Longwood. This plain is surrounded by high rocks, and one can approach it by only one path. About the house is the Fifty-third regiment, and farther on are companies of artillery, so that the entire plain is guarded by troops. Napoleon has fifty men to serve him, but takes advantage of his liberty to walk about alone, without being annoyed by his guardians. But if he desires to leave the little plain Bonaparte is accompanied by an officer in uniform, who does not leave him an instant, and who must report everything that he has done during the day.

"The persons composing the suite of the emperor are watched by officers of dragoon, and his valets by under officers. At every hour of the night the governor is informed by means of a military telegraph of what happens on the island. A few minutes are sufficient to alarm the garrison if necessary and he is under arms. Such are the precautions taken to guard Napoleon, as far as the island itself is concerned.

"As to the sea-side, still greater care is taken. Two frigates ride at anchor and two brig-sloops incessantly about the island, and from 6 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the morning two armed bands patrol the mountains overlooking the sea. It is forbidden to row on the waters of the island without permission otherwise one runs the risk of being arrested and shot. No strange boat is allowed to land. A reward of five francs and a half is given to anyone who signals the approach of a boat within twenty leagues of the coast. It must also be remembered that the coast is very dangerous. The breakers are so heavy that one must often wait several days without being able to leave his ship, if permission is granted. You can understand from this that escape is impossible. Admittedly even that the Governor wished to favor the flight of Bonaparte, it would be necessary that the admiral connive at his plan. Now if the admiral should aid in deceiving the superior authorities and on a favorable night should allow two or three sloops to approach for the purpose of carrying away our prisoner, what would be the fate of these vessels? They would have to withstand a formidable fire and their crews would certainly be arrested, as the approaches are so perfectly guarded. Nothing happens of which I am not informed.

"When evening comes," adds the marquis, "Bonaparte and his attendants must enter the house and are not allowed to leave it until the following morning. The house at night is surrounded by sentinels, who have orders to draw on any person who appears, and the Emperor and his followers have learned that these orders will certainly be carried out, as proof has already been given."

The Contented Javans.

The people live much in public, and the poorer classes, instead of eating their meals at home, as is the manner of the unsocial Hindu, seem usually to breakfast and dine at one of the itinerant cookshops to be found at every street corner. More exclusive people may be seen buying the small packet of urry and rice wrapped in fresh plantain leaves and pinned with bamboo splinters, which are intended for home consumption. To stroll down a village street and watch the culinary operations in progress at wayside eating shops was an unending source of amusement, and very clean and appetizing they looked, though the smell was occasionally somewhat trying to the European nose. The Javans, like a rice-eating people, are fond of pungent and evil-smelling sauces, the equivalents of the Burman gnapoe and Japanese bean soy are in constant requisition. The natives and especially the children, look fat and healthy, and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions, though they are generally speaking, of grave demeanor, and are not endowed with the unflinching vivacity which distinguish the Burmans and Japanese. During the six weeks that we spent in the island we did not see a half-a-dozen beggars, and except in cities, certainly not that number of policemen.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Sharp Practice.

The London Chronicle of Jan. 11—13, 1871, gives an account of a lawyer who dined on several occasions with a client previous to a trial and charged him £50 for each attendance at dinner, which was allowed on taxing. His client shabbily thought that by inviting him to dinner he would get all consultations free. The lawyer's host thereupon sued him, and recovered for the value of the food and wine. The lawyer, however, informed against him for doing in law without a license, and the client was obliged, to his intense disgust, to pay the penalty, much of which went to the attorney as informer. This whimsical instance of

SHARP PRACTICE AND THE DEVIL.

The Connection Between the Two Which Established a Common Cause.

It is not generally known that the practice, exacted by the rules of good society of placing the hand before the mouth when yawning was originally a religious custom. Yet such is the case, according to the Springfield Republican. It was a medieval superstition that when the evil one desired to take possession of a man's soul he entered by the mouth. If, after the devil had been long in wait, the victim either remained silent or else spoke so rapidly that the evil spirit could not get into a wide-opened mouth, the archfiend tormented his unsuspecting prey into a fit of yawning, in the hope of thereby effecting an entrance. It was to escape this danger that the yawner held his hand before his mouth. At the same time the sign of the cross was made. The latter custom now survives only in a few mountain districts of Europe, while the other practice is invariably required by etiquette. A counterpart of this superstition is furnished by the painters of the pre-Raphaelite and renaissance periods, especially in Italy. In pictures representing the casting out of an evil spirit they show the latter in the form of a little black or red fiend, in the act of escaping from the lips of the demonic. In death scenes a blessed spirit is represented as a small, naked, flesh-colored man or woman, while a damned soul is either red (the color of sin) or black (the color of death and perdition). In both cases the spirit is often seen issuing from the dying person's mouth. In the facsimile edition of Sir John Mandeville's travels, published in England fifty years ago, Judas is represented as being hung on the mulberry tree, and the devil is taking his black soul from out his side apparently. We more rarely meet with pictures in which an evil spirit is on the point of entering into a sinner. Those who have seen the Sistine Chapel in Rome will remember, immediately to the right of the entrance, a large wall painting in fresco, not by Michael Angelo, which represents the "Last Supper." It gives a side view of Judas Iscariot, and shows a little black devil on his shoulder, waiting his opportunity to enter the traitor's soul. This picture is a curious and unquestionable illustration of the Roman Catholic superstition connected with yawning.

A Stone Ship.

The mystery of the strange bark that three ship captains have reported as sailed on a reef fifteen miles west of the Straits of Le Maire, with all masts and rigging standing, seems to be solved. A few days ago a vessel reached London and reported having just within a short distance of the deserted bark, and interest was renewed in the three-reported stranded vessel. All agreed in saying it was an iron ship and most likely of German construction. It was bark rigged, and had black painted portholes, hipping and insurance men have been trying to determine the name of the wrecked bark, but without success. No vessel of its description should be anywhere in the vicinity of the Horn, and none is overdue at any port that would pass within thousands of miles of the spot.

It is not likely that it could be taken for the crown of Italy, which ran on a reef in the Straits of Le Maire about two and a half years ago. It was a tall rigged ship, and when it struck most of her masts went by the board. A few days afterward the sea was strewn with wreckage, and nothing was again seen of the wreck. A few days ago the British ship, the "Sax," arrived in port from Swansea, and it passed close to the spot where the mysterious bark has been seen. Capt. Lees tells a story which further complicates matters. He says the so-called bark is nothing but a rock, although its resemblance to a ship is so striking that he made an entry in his log to the effect that a ship was stranded, with all the rigging intact. He says that he was out fifteen miles when he first saw it, and was sure it was a wreck.

As he approached it he found it was a huge rock sticking out of the water. It was only about half a mile away, but even then its resemblance to a bark with painted ports was so striking that all hands had to be called for an opinion. The puzzle to the sea captains who have rounded the Horn dozens of times is that the rock has never been seen before.—San Francisco Call.

A New Field Telephone.

After many tests of foreign devices, the government employed the Bell Telephone company to devise and manufacture an instrument which, it is hoped, will meet all the requirements for communication in the field. In this instrument the principles of the Ecdaric knapack telephone, a previous American device, and the trumpet telephone of the German army are combined. It consists of an ingenious arrangement of Bell telephone, Morse key and battery, which are all contained in a small leather case worn by a strap over the shoulder. The wire is coiled on a reel in a separate case, and makes a lead for one man. The telephone part is so contrived that the receiver and transmitter are in one piece, which may be held in place by one hand, the receiver at the ear and the transmitter at the mouth, while the other hand manipulates the key. The sharp click of the place of the call-box in an ordinary telephone, and makes a sharp click in the receiver at the other end of the line, which calls the operator's attention. If desirable, the instrument may also be used as a telegraph as well as telephone. Circuit is might exist in action where cannonading and the like would render it difficult to hear spoken words in the telephone. Then it is that the sharp click of the telegraph key sends the message through the telephone receiver in the ear of the operator, who hears it as clearly as if a hundred miles from the scene of action. The wire used is light, insulated double conductor, which has a tensile strength that will withstand the strain of being run over by artillery wheels, and may be safely laid on the ground. It is usually strung along fences, however, for rapid work, and on trees and light poles when practicable. One man can carry about one and one-half miles of this wire.

A Hero.

A few years ago a hero broke out in a charming little Swiss village, says an exchange, in a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle. One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors, even. His home and cows were gone, and so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages. Just as day-break came however, he heard a well known sound, and looking up he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy.

"O, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?" "Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands." "You are a hero, my boy," the father exclaimed. But the boy said: "O, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

The more a girl likes and admires her father and brothers, the less likely she will idealize a worthless lover into a hero.

How time drags when you are listening to the praise of some one you dislike.



AWAITING DEATH.

der denouncing in strong terms the utter subversion of discipline that seemed impending and sternly intimating that death, and not transportation anymore, should in future be the unfading penalty for the crime of using or ordering violence to a superior officer. The order was read aloud at the head of every regiment in India, but its purport did not seriously impress the troops. The men did not believe it would be a tally put in force. But they did not know the nature of Sir Charles Napier.

"It was in my own regiment, quartered in Ameerat, that the first offense was committed after the promulgation of the order. A young private named Creed, who had joined us from another regiment, one morning met on the parade ground a young officer on the staff of the General, and without a word threw his cap in his face. When brought before the Colonel, Creed owned that he had no ill-feeling against the officer and said he simply acted from a sudden impulse. It was proved, however, that the night before the assault he had been heard to say that he meant to qualify for West Australia within the next twenty-four hours. The trial by court-martial resulted in a sentence of death, which his excellency approved and confirmed.

"The night before the morning fixed for the execution there reported himself to me as having joined, a non-commissioned officer whose arrival I had been expecting for several days. Wishing to remain in India, he had volunteered to us from a regiment which had been ordered back to England. He looked every inch a soldier and his face indicated self-command and dauntless resolution. Standing composedly at attention he handed me the documents of transfer and a private note from his former adjutant praising him very highly as a soldier to whom duty was a watch-word.

"I detailed him to a company, but as he was leaving a thought struck me and I recalled him. I knew how strong throughout the regiment was the sentiment in favor of the poor fellow who was waiting his doom; and it occurred to me that this new sergeant, who in the nature of things could not be a shaver in this sentiment, was a fitting man to detail to the command of the firing party. I briefly explained the circumstances and told him to what duty I purposed assigning him.

"Very well, sir," was his calm remark; it is an unpleasant duty, certainly, but I can understand the reason why you put it on me."

"I need not ask you whether you have ever seen a military execution; it is the most solemn and fortunately