...ould be doubled, that the treasury locks would be seen to, and that every precaution about the factory guard against nocturnal visits.

One evening, some weeks after this, when autumn had fairly arrived and the days began to draw in, the comprador told me he had ... dollars into the treasury, and got the notion into my head that I would see them in every night myself, notwithstanding that my junior has long since returned—that some Japanese of high birth and rural position who had never been into a European settlement before, wished very much to see our treasury, which, from its strength and extent, had gained a name as one of the sights of Yokohama. After consulting the manager, I acceded to the request, and was introduced to the visitors. They were three in number—a burly, simple-looking old man; his wife, a buxom damsel, many years younger; and a slim, wiry youth, with sharp, restless eyes, which seemed utterly at variance with his clownish-cut clothes, and who seemed to be a sort of henchman or feudal retainer. They were soon in raptures over the big iron gates, the complicated locks, and solid plates of walls, ceiling and flooring, the symmetrical rows of ... and the general appearance of security and strength. None more so than the slim retainer, who was even ultra-Japanese in his curiosity. He inspected locks and bolts, thumped and stamped on iron plates, and inquired incessantly into the dimensions and thickness of the walls, required minute explanation about the foundations—and all with the most artless Scottian air imaginable. I, as showman, allowed them to inspect everything to their hearts' content, carefully, however, inserting myself between them and the dollar-bags, for I had but little faith in the immaculate character even of high-bred rustic Japanese, especially when I called to mind the late robbery. They must have remained a long half-hour before I suggested that they come round to the "Junior Hong;" and, as I locked the treasury doors behind them, I think I recollect a twinkle in the eyes of the comprador as he prepared to take himself off to his opium pipe behind. However, I treated them to a bottle of Heidsieck, filled their pouches with Bristol birdseye, and said good-bye in the most affectionate manner at the gate. Then I started for a spin on the running-path, as our annual athletic sports were shortly coming off, and I was in hard training.

It was pretty dark as I came back. Yokohama in those days could not boast of a solitary street oil-lamp, much less a gas-lot, and we had literally to feel our way with the uncertain aid of lanterns from house to house. Still it was not so dark but that I could distinguish three figures on the pathway opposite, in front of a large bungalow, which had been to let for some months past—a large house, with a prolific garden in front, in the centre of which grew a huge azalea-bush, another of the sights of Yokohama. The three figures were close together; I could distinguish two men and a ... but, unless my eyes played me woefully false, they were my rustic friends of the afternoon. However, I thought no more about it, and turned in to dinner. In another day or two we heard the bungalow opposite had been let to a highly respectable firm of Japanese merchants, who intended to live there in European style. Workmen were to be seen day and night, repairing, repainting, and generally doing up the place; brand-new furniture was discharged at the door in van-loads; the garden, which had become neglected and evergrown with weeds, was replanted and trimmed up; and in a very short time the mouldy old residence had assumed a spick-and-span appearance, which made it a prominent feature on the road.

Matters went on in the usually somewhat monotonous fashion of Yokohama at this season of the year; no more big robberies had been reported, nevertheless I still kept the double guard on the bank premises, and never lost sight of the idea that any relaxation of vigilance might lure daring sebemers to make an attempt on our dollar-bags one of these dark autumn evenings.

One evening I was returning from my usual spin on the ... path, and was passing the gate of the bungalow in front of our bank, when something struck me as peculiar in the aspect of the place. On nearer examination, I found that the giant azalea-bush had disappeared. At five o'clock, when I left the bank, I could swear it was there, but as I now peered through the bars of the gate, there was certainly nothing to be seen. This was very extraordinary, for the Japanese are such intense lovers of all objects striking or picturesque or beautiful in nature, that the removal of an object such as this gigantic azalea, merely for the sake of convenience, would be in their eyes a gross act of vandalism. I was looking farther into the garden to see if by chance it had been transplanted, and at the end of the piece of ground another unaccountable sight presented itself. Through a side entrance coolies were unloading a cart of dollar-boxes as fast as they could, and by the uncertain glimmer of a lantern I could see that the man in the cart was my burly visitor of some time previous, and that the man at the house-door was he of the sharp eye and inquisitive turn of mind, associated with the same visit. What did this mean? If men wanted dollar-boxes in the ordinary course of business, they had them in during the daytime, and not at ... in the evening. Besides, what could be in all those boxes was with dollar-boxes? At the time, I ... the disappearance of the azalea-bush, and by the energy with which the inmates of the house were embracing ... the dollar-box question was too much for me.

Judge of my ... morning I ... my accustomed ... I certainly was in any way affected by the previous evening, for I was in active training, and the disappearance of a huge azalea-bush would have been a trifle to great even for the eyes of a ... man to be disturbed by it. Shutting this and the dollar-box business together, I am sorry to say that I began to suspect my rustic friends, but I resolved to await till the evening in order to have my suspicions verified. True enough, as I passed the gate at the same hour as on the previous evening, the azalea-bush was gone, and nothing but a bare, uneven spot marked its site.

Well, I knew that azalea-bushes are not, even in eccentric Japan, put out during the daytime and taken in at night to nurse their tender, delicate existence, so I called the comprador, told him what I had ... him ... same story, and my suspicions were confirmed that something of an ... ordinary nature was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of the bungalow over the way.

I set men to watch for the actual operation of carting away the bush, but on the nights they watched it remained undisturbed. One reported that at midnight he had seen the glimmer of lanterns flitting about in the garden, had heard voices and the sounds of digging, and I watched myself for a night or two, but saw or heard nothing.

I put the native police on the scent, but nothing came of it, and I began to think that, after all, it was merely a piece of Japanese eccentricity.

In about a week the athletic sports came off, which meant two half-holidays for the whole settlement, during which time Japanese devoted their attention to opium-smoking and sleeping, and Japanese to drinking and lounging in wine shops. On the evening of the last day, to celebrate the victories won, and the cessation from the bondage of training, we, of the "Junior Hong," gave a big dinner. It was a cold, wet night in November, and after a good bout at tiffin and vinet-et-un, we were seated in the drawing-room, talking about the funny phases of our Yokohama life; of the fires, of the stories of men cut down and robbed by Sabanese in lonely places, of the extremely clever way in which the Curio-street bankers had been relieved of their gold, of the game laws, of the absurd opposition offered by the government to Europeans going up the country, and of a hundred other things, when a boy came in and whispered in my ear that the comprador wished to see me.

In the passage I found the old man trembling from head to foot with excitement, and utterly unable to articulate a syllable. He seized me by the arm, hurried me down stairs through our strip of garden, to the gate, and pointed to the bungalow opposite. The rain had changed to snow, and the keen wind blew down the street in fitful gusts, driving the snow into our faces. Through the mist and snowflakes, after some peering, I could make out the occasional glint of a lantern on the other side, and when the wind lulled for a moment, fancied I heard a grating sound, as of something being dug and shovelled up, immediately under our feet. If I hadn't been told that such a noise had been distinctly heard during the evening by one of the coolies on watch, I do not know that I should have noticed it, but as I now listened, it was very palpable.

It was all very mysterious; but I had long been suspicious, and I was now certain that something unusual was taking place. I came to the conclusion that the treasury of the bank should be looked at. So I sent upstairs for the manager, placed the comprador at the door, ordered all lights to be kept hidden, dispatched a messenger to the European police station for a constable in case of need, and when the manager arrived, armed myself with a dark lantern, and gently unlocked the treasury. As we peered through the iron bars into the blackness we distinctly heard the shoveling and digging sound, now much nearer. Enjoining a strict silence on the part of the Chinamen and coolies outside, we entered. We were, at all events, first in the field.

We trod very gently, the lantern half darkened, and ensconced ourselves behind a row of dollar-bags. We waited fully half an hour; we could still hear the subterranean noise, but, beyond this and the occasional howl of the elements outside, there was not a sound. Suddenly we heard a very gentle tap in the very middle of the treasury, in about three feet of our rampart of bags; then another; then a regular series; then a sound, as of the application of some lever power. We turned the lantern ray around about the floor, and beheld one of the large plates gradually being tilted up; the manager nudged me, and crept gently up to the spot. In a couple of minutes three sides of the plate were loose, a bony hand appeared, followed by a Japanese head. In a moment the manager had seized the head; I had jumped forward and turned the light full on between us we had dragged up the remainder of our visitor's body, and in less than a minute I was smiling with grim satisfaction in the stupefied face of my slim and inquisitive visitor of a few weeks previous. We gagged him and tied him up in the office under a guard; the manager ran out at the gate into the garden opposite, taking with him the English constable, while I remained in the treasury.

In a few seconds I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a subsequent, "Hurrah! we've got the lot!" and manager and constable appeared with the burly companion of the captive now under guard, and the fair-cheeked young wife, who turned out to be a very ordinary peasant-man.

Our captive secured, I descended the hole in the treasury, found myself in a very neatly constructed cavern, which led under the road into the opposite garden, and terminated with a shaft on the opposite side of the azalea-bush. Everything tended to show that the whole affair was a carefully laid plan; and had it not been for the azalea-bush, another twenty-four hours would have seen us the richer of a good many thousand dollars.

In the bungalow we found boxes ready for the reception of the dollars and coin, probably the same I had noticed being unpacked, but there was no trace of an accomplice.

However, we handed the three clever rogues over to their countrymen for judgment, and they probably found rough accommodation, with an occasional taste of torturing thrown in, for some years, at the institution at Tobo Mill. The bungalow did not let again, but was pulled down and a substantial block of shops and offices erected on its site; so that nothing remains at present to remind the modern Yokohama banker of what we termed, when we told the story, "A close shave!"

The Death of Murat.

Being led into a small court of the Castle of Pizzo, the doomed man found a party of soldiers drawn up in two ranks. They were Murat's executioners. He took his stand as boldly as ever he had done in the day of battle. He refused to have his eyes bandaged; he looked straight at the muzzles of the pieces. "Spare my face; aim straight at my heart," he cried to the soldiers; and as the words were uttered he fell dead, torn by the bullets, but holding still in his hand the miniatures of his wife and children. The bluest blood in Europe never coursed through a braver heart than that which lay there stilled forever. If courage alone could make nobility, here was stretched the ... of the noble. From first to last his daring never failed—

"While the broken line, enlarging,
Fell, or fled along the plain,
There he sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!"

But when we look beyond his deeds of arms, and his contempt of danger, we find, with regret, that the nobility with got in him to which so courageous a heart would have well corresponded. Disloyalty and perfidy were ... in his character; weakness and folly pervaded his conduct. He was such a man as revolutions and ... only too frequently raise to eminence; conspicuous for one excellent quality, but without other qualities to ... the balance of his mind. ... under the cold shade of ..., might have been known by ... such as that of Shaw, the Life ... —he might have cloven a cuirassier to the saddle—having been a good-natured, pleasant enough fellow in a barrack-room, or a bivouac among those who do not pretend to knightly qualities. And can we say that it was a gain to Murat, or to the world, that he was allowed to rise so? The chances which made him a King brought out also his notable defects—allowed us to know him only too well. His memory cannot be wholly respected. He has left a name which, though it has electrified the world, yet serves to illustrate the universality of a proverb: Napoleon set on horseback a beggar who rode to the devil.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Sleep.

Very few persons have any idea how much sound, restful, blissful sleep has to do with health and longevity. The rose pall on many a maiden's cheek, the wrinkles deepen on many a matron's brow, the life-blood of many a strong man lessens, his muscles weaken, and his brain becomes incapable of planning and devising, because they do not sleep enough, and at those hours when it is most beneficial.

The "beauty-sleep" of the last generation was supposed to be gained before twelve o'clock or midnight, and it was also called the "golden sleep." But now the merchant pours over his ledger and balances his account-book long after the brain should have been gathering strength for the morrow's work in healthful sleep. The student wastes time, strength and vitality, by night work. The seamstress sews far into the morning hours, the bright light of the lamp reflected on the polished top of her sewing machine, one consequence of which is the early failure of her eyesight, which demands glasses years before it should. The housewife protracts her task into the small hours, and, finally, when the couch is sought, slumber comes only in fitful snatches, interspersed with wild vagaries of the brain, or else it is so profound that instead of being refreshed by it, they all awake in a state of extreme exhaustion.

But worse than this is the fashionable folly that turns night into day for amusement's sake. Instead of repairing to places of entertainment at half-past six or seven o'clock, and returning at ten or eleven, we do not go until the last named hour, and the festivities are prolonged far beyond the season of possible enjoyment. Night after night this is kept up, when it is well known that it is robbing all who participate in it of health, strength, vitality and life.

It is bad enough for adults to continue so pernicious a practice, but to carry it into the ranks of children is sheer madness. Parties for the little ones can now begin only an hour or two earlier than those their elders attend, and instead of healthful games and wholesome goodies, they whirl about in the giddy dance, repeat the love scenes their elders enact, and are feasted on ices and champaign. What the next generation will be if such things continue in favor is an important question.—*Bloomington (Ill) Eye.*

Holding the Breath Under Water.

It is probable that the entrance of water into the lungs has a great deal to do with the painlessness of drowning. It is certain that unconsciousness comes on more quickly when the person is deprived of air because the lungs are filled with water, than when the air-passages are closed, while the lungs remain intact. Most persons can hold their breath for a minute, very many for a minute and a half, some for two minutes. In one of the variety theaters of New York appeared recently "The Brilliant Pearl of the enchanted Grotto, christened Undine, who performs while under water, incased in a mammoth crystal illuminated glass tank, feats of astonishing suppleness and almost unbelievable endurance." This performer can probably remain under water, holding her breath voluntarily, two minutes and perhaps more. I have myself, watch in hand, seen Johnson, the celebrated ocean-swimmer, remain under water, in a tank before an audience, for the astonishing space of three minutes and twenty seconds, and, before he rose, the involuntary contractions of his respiratory muscles were uncomfortable to witness. In such cases, although distress may be felt, there is no approach to unconsciousness. But if a person's head is under water, and he does not hold his breath, unconsciousness will usually come on in one or two minutes at the farthest.—*Popular Science Monthly for May.*

I'm waitin 'neath the window, love,
upon the porch's seat; I'm waitin' here
till you come down, your own true love
to greet. Don't be too long a fixin' up;
for, if I may make bold, I ain't a-goin'
to wait here long, a-sittin' in the cold.

...her than usual; ... it is not until the latter part of April that we gather the dainty, delicate flower, *Aspidea trilaba*, or liverwort, in most places the earliest flower to bloom. "Dear firstling of the flock of flowers," so daintily fragrant, so modestly pretty, how the sight of it calls up one's childhood days, when we went "Maying" in the long ago! But earlier than any of them comes up the less lovely, purple flower of the skunk cabbage. "Honor to whom honor is due," and though less fair than her sisters, she is first in the field; oftentimes too, before we dream of flowers the early crowfoot spreads its golden bloom over the barren rocks.

These are, in their various localities, the heralds of spring, and thus thicker and faster over hill and dale, by babbling brooks and wayside lanes, troop all the lovely sisterhood.

... starlike in meadows green,
... the sun it its chalice,
And there's using a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

Long before the ... has scattered its sepals, come the wood anemone, and the *sanguinaria canadensis* or blood root seeming to plead that its emphatic ... undisturbed in its purity; for it is ever with compunction that we pluck it and see it lie bleeding and helpless in our hand. By the last of May

"Under the green trees
Just over the way
Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Painted by nature's hand,
Black, brown and green."

Surely no minister ever preached to a fairer congregation than he! A large family of violets are there—the large, blue, hood-leaved violet, the smaller, paler blue Muhlenberg's violet, the yellow violet, and smallest and most exquisitely sweet, nestling in the moss, we find the white violet daintily pencilled with purple. Hanging their bells with a reverent mien are the bishop's caps, whose beautifully fringed petals remind one of snow-flakes. Then there is the white *erythronium*, or dog-tooth violet, the drooping bellwort, the wild oxalis or wood sorrel; in the shadow of the rocks we find the *dielytra cucullaria*, or Dutchman's breeches, and along the Indian trail blossoms the drooping trillium, the meadow rue, or silver leaf, and the light blue flowers of the *phlox divaricata*, or Indian pink.

Who that rides through the woods and over the prairies the first of June, would say there were no flowers in our northern clime? We have seen a bouquet gathered in a walk of a few miles as lovely to look upon as one made of the more pretentious garden flowers. There was the brilliant scarlet of the painted cup, the white purity of the large-flowered trillium, fit chalice to hold the ambrosia of the fairy queen, the deep orange of the puccoon, the long spikes of the blue lupine, the beautiful white, rosy-lined ladies'slippers, and the smaller yellow ones, and the lovely bells of the wild columbine. In June bloom also the pinkish flowers of the crane's bill or spotted geranium, the red and yellow fingers of the *glaucous corydalis* and the still more beautiful golden *corydalis*, and several varieties of Solomon's seal, the loveliest being the two-leaved, vieing with the lily of the valley for beauty and fragrance. A little child went from our midst, and as we wreathed the white, delicate flower to lay upon her coffin, we thought no flower could be lovelier, more appropriate for one

"done in her childish purity
Out from the golden day."

The latter part of June and the first part of July usher in the hare-bell, a beautiful, delicate flower growing in the crevices of the rocks; the sweet-pyrola lifts its bells above the glossy leaves. Trailing everywhere are the white and purple flowers of the wild pea; over all is flung the sweetness of the white rose, and on the bosom of the lake there lies

h e vura, the cool, the chaste, sweet water lily." What can be more beautiful, or, in strong contrast with it, what less pleasing than its tawdry sister, the yellow lily? Over the prairie, too, and in the meadows, nodding their graceful heads, are the Turk's cap, *lilium superbum*, and in the marshes bloom the wild calla and the cold side saddle flowers, blossoms of the singular pitcher plant. The Indian pipe startles one with its death like whiteness; the clematis wreaths tree and shrub with its white, feathery bloom; the columbine drinks to Aurora from its beautiful cup, and as the sun goes down the primrose opens its starry flowers.

August passes on, and in our climate the summer heat has nearly spent itself. In cool, low grounds the "blue-eyed gentian looks through fringed lids to heaven," and in warm, sandy spots may be found the white and purple-lipped blue soap-wort gentian. The white variety is especially beautiful, the clustering tubes of purest white looking like great pearls as they lie in a whorl of dark red leaves. Along the brooks the impatiens, the jewel-weed and touch-me-not hang their lovely flowers, over them the white and purple eupatoriums invite the bees; along the fences glows the golden rod, and out upon the commons, with its overpowering fragrance, stands the milk-weed, splendid creature, with a pleasant ... loved by the summer's sun, ... with flying, covered with butterflies that have ... jewels flashing in the heat."

Some of the flowers bloom on into September; and now "the cardinal flower throws its image like a ... into the stream by which it grows,

'As if some wounded eagle's breast,
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
Had left it's airy path impressed
In drops of scarlet rain."

... and ... early
... the
... lover ... of
... grass" along the highway, like a snow
... drift ... Maydowns. Golden
... heart for the ... to ... The
... comes, he cometh not;" ... the cool
... days and frosty nights of autumn glow
with the purple of the aster, the gold
of the sunflower.

"And yet how dear and how forever fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how endear ... and rare,
Each old, familiar grace.
"Let us rejoice in every modern sight,
Grateful that it is ours:
... her ... with fresh delight,
And ... the flowers."

MARY CHAMP.

March 28, 1878.

The Farm Boy and his Errands.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is something astonishing how slow he can go on an errand—he who leads the school a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is set to anything. Perhaps he could not explain himself why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em.

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be lead, unless he happens to spy a wood chuck in an adjoining lot, when he gives chase to it like a fox; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower about doing anything than one, and that the more you have to help on a piece of work the less is accomplished. Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it and unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says the boy. His father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten-minute errand. The sarcasm ... effect on the boy.

Going after the ... a serious thing in my day. ... climb a hill that was covered with ... berries in the season. Could ... pass those ripe berries? And then ... the fragrant hill pasture, there were ... of wintergreen, with red berries, ... of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and dozens of good things to eat or to smell, that I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top and to try if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see that steeple, and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farm-house, which would send a cold chill down my back on the hottest days.

I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quiver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hay field. It said, "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home? It is almost dark, and the cows ain't milked." And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace to make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late who did not say that the cows were at the farthest end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle" was hidden in the woods, and he could not find her for ever so long? The brindle cow is the boy's scape-goat many a time.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Typical Girls.

There is an air of independent modesty about a genuine Boston girl that ... one of her New York cousins can ever assume. Miss Knickerbocker makes up for this in fine clothes and in that indescribable breezy something which sails grandly down upon you and is called by its admirers "style." She also kindly criticises and mildly patronizes Miss Priscilla Alden whom she calls "provincial," and wonders how she can endure to live so far "down East," where she is sure they all talk with a nasal twang and only half enjoy life. "If she could only come to New York now." Then she makes some witty remarks about the "modern Athens," and the "Hub of the Universe."

Pretty, plaked cheeked Priscilla usually returns a scathing answer with a glorious disregard of her r's and a pronunciation of her a's as broad as Miss Knickerbocker's is flat; or else she contents herself with a brief glance thro' her darning eye-glasses, curls almost imperceptibly the tip of her classical little nose, and then returns to her beloved book.

Pattie Knickerbocker's heart when you have once reached it through the plaits and frills and flounces and airs and graces that usually guard it, is warm, strong and generous; it often ... impulsive.

Priscilla's heart is the well regulated little organ that propels the blood thro' her stony body and ... her cheek and ... with delight. It is about as large as her foot and solely a part of her animal organization. It is the curious power in her head which ... and ... in matters of ... and ...

And yet Pattie Knickerbocker and Priscilla Alden, the powers in their separate worlds, are joined in the common world. Dutch heart and Puritan head work side by side for their country's welfare. God bless them!—*Boston Woman's Journal.*

Mr. Joseph Jefferson is a gentleman of ... He is ... a ... and in ... gentleman. ... Not long ago ... amid ... Fisherman ... in the ... near his Louisiana ... and ... to ... In ... to ... New ... with ... of ... entering his ...

... daughter ... worth ... pint ... water, salt, half a ... molasses, and ... flour enough to make a thick batter; set it in a warm place to rise; have your muffin-pan hot, and bake in a hot oven.