

A HISTORIC TOWN.

The Old City of Antwerp and Its Magnificent Cathedral.

Secular and ecclesiastical tyrants have generally ruled Antwerp together, writes a correspondent of that city to The New York Post. The first church was built in Antwerp in 641. The Norsemen burned the city in 835, and when the church was rebuilt this sentence was added to its litany: "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord, deliver us!" The oft repeated prayer was not answered until 891, when Lorraine, Bavaria, Saxony and other districts persecuted by these vagabonds united for their extermination, and in one day, by a preconcerted massacre, killed off more than 100,000 of them, and then the Antwerp church substituted a collect for thanksgiving for its long wall of prayer. During the middle ages, and in the time of the reformation, Antwerp displayed remarkable courage in maintaining the principles of the new religion, which, however, was finally put down by the strong hand. At last, having by turns been Catholic and Protestant, Dutch and French, Belgium became independent in 1830. Her security consists in the jealousy of her big neighbors more than in her useless and expensive maintenance of an army of 100,000 men.

It is creditable to the Protestant reformers of Antwerp that they were not iconoclasts. A preference for art triumphed over religious prejudices, for to Catholicism it was conceded by them, as it is by us, that she is the mother and the guardian angel of the aesthetic and the beautiful. This grand cathedral is one of her enduring monuments. Antiquarians seem to be as much at a loss for its origin as for that of the city itself. It is generally agreed that it was begun in 1352, but there is no trace of the architect who conceived its plan. The entire uniformity of everything below the belfry of the great tower is proof that this far it was the conception of a single mind. It is indeed a miracle of history that she should have hidden the name of such a genius in oblivion. Antwerp cathedral is a difficult structure to observe, for there is no point from which may be had a general coup d'oeil, compassed as it is by narrow streets of high buildings. You can not get a more intelligent view of it from artist's drawings, made with due regard for its proportions, than by traveling around and surveying it under the eyes. Two immense towers ascend in symmetry to the belfries, and there one of them terminates, covered by a roof having the appearance of being put on merely to shed the rain. At the same height the architectural plan of the other likewise comes to an end. It is probable that the original idea was to finish with square towers, but some gingerbread artist obtained permission to pile up the stone in any shape so far as he could safely go. He or they—

for, from the incongruity, doubtless more than one were engaged in the finish—succeeded in reaching an altitude exceeded only by the spires of Strasbourg and Cologne. We ascended to the last of the 622 steps of the spiral staircase until we squirmed into the small open space under the cupola, and were there well paid for the effort. The day was pretty clear, so that we had good views of Brussels, Ghent, Breda, Malines, Flushing, and the sea. Sometimes, with a better atmosphere, there is said to be a radius of view of seventy-five miles. Descending from our lofty perch, and entering within the cathedral, we find what we can not take away in drawings or photographs. These may carry home the monuments of antiquity and the palaces and streets of the present, saving the trouble and expense of travel; but the expression which coloring gives to pictures is not to be transported across the Atlantic. You must come to the spot to fix your gaze upon these masterpieces of Rubens. First and last, you will see the famous "Assumption," which has often been so unfavorably criticized. But it must be remembered that Rubens in this case was working for his daily bread by contract. It was painted in sixteen days, for the price of 1,600 florins (\$640). Moreover, it can hardly be considered his work at all, as beyond conception of the idea the minor details were executed by his pupils. But coming to the "Ascend" and the "Descent from the Cross," the master's hand is visible throughout. It is universally admitted that these are his greatest, his inimitable works. Of the two the "Descent" is considered to be the superior. If any conclusion may be arrived at from a moneyed valuation, it may be inferred that Rubens himself estimated the one not much above the other. His price for the "Elevation" was 2,400 florins (\$960), for the "Descent," 2,600 florins (\$1,040). We could not incline to the belief that as a representation of profound sadness the one less esteemed is quite equal to the other. The greater value attached to the "Descent" arises from our participation in the feelings of the mourners, on whose countenances such touching sadness is evinced; and we may undervalue the artistic merit of the "Elevation" because of our repugnance to the act and our horror at the fiend-like attitude and expression of those engaged in its performance.

The representation of the "Descent" can not be in accordance with facts. As crucifixion was performed by nailing the victim to the cross while recumbent on the ground, and then elevating it as seen in the painting, so most naturally the cross itself would afterward have been taken down for the removal. It is beyond belief that a ladder should have been brought into use. It is a cruel liberty with truth that all have taken who have dared to approach this solemn subject.

In the cathedral are several minor paintings by the great master, and by others less famous, but still of high repute. There are one or two by Quentin Matsys, whose romantic story is often told, though there is some doubt as to the truth of it. Matsys, who was a blacksmith, became enamored of the daughter of a painter, who disposed of the young vulcan, pretensions by telling him he might have his daughter when he could paint pictures equal to his own, and there he supposed the matter would end. Not so. Matsys abandoned the anvil and

took to the brush, and in a very short time was able to astonish the old gentleman, and what he had begun for love he continued for fame. Opposite the cathedral stands an iron frame over a well. This was hammered out by his hands, and a clumsy piece of work it is. It was a happy idea for Quentin Matsys to fall in love.

WOMEN IN MONTANA.

Evidence that They Take an Active Interest in Politics.

Scattered all over the broad prairies of Montana are refined and cultured women, bred in affluence and ease, proud, young and hopeful, called by the misfortunes of their husbands or led by their desires to enter and achieve in new fields the mission of life, to surrender society, the home, the friends and scenes of their youth, and march boldly to a far off wilderness and endure privation, toil, labor and suffering. But these women have grown to be brave, industrious, self-reliant, full of pluck and energy, perfect horsewomen, healthy, hearty, active, and independent, and in many cases about as pretty and as plump as the very best of climates can make them. Now, the typical Montana girl if left alone will succeed where an ordinary man would fail. With no vices, they stick closely to business, and if bent on trading, farming, homesteading, or pre-empting a quarter, half, or whole section of land, they generally stay by the claim to the end and prove up on time.

Many of these enterprising damsels wouldn't have a husband at any price. Again, many after laying the foundations of a comfortable fortune are taken in by some lazy bachelor who comes loafing along, sees the chance, marries the maiden, and settles down into a nice, ready-made home. Our girls are bread-winners and no mistake. They are up to all sorts of schemes, such as ranching, herding of sheep or cattle, school superintendents and even politics. The latter should be expected, however, as the females of Montana have the right of suffrage extended to them in case they happen to be taxpayers. As nearly every woman in the territory is a taxpayer, why, of course, she votes, as she has a perfect right to do. In Bozeman, a few miles west of here, one can see plastered all over the town placards appealing to the passer-by to "Vote for Hamilton, the people's choice," or "Give your vote to Darcy," or "Vote for Nichols and reform."

Hamilton, Nichols, and Darcy were candidates for the school superintendency of the county, and a fourth candidate was in the field—a man. It is needless to add that "the horrid man" was beaten by all three of the girls, Hamilton coming out ahead. A local paper came out a few days before the election with the following: "Hamilton enters the field against the odds of regular party nominations. Hamilton has got sand; she will stay until the polls are closed. Hamilton should be elected. She says she isn't afraid of road agents, and that education is her forte; also, that it would afford her pleasure to hop around from one country schoolhouse to another in the performance of her duty. The men of Gallatin county are confounded mean if they don't run Hamilton in. There is no question that female suffrage is a benefit to Montana. Female jurors in cases which involve intemperance, breaches of promise, and gaming would hang a culprit on moderate testimony. Yet with all this girls are scarce in Montana. The town of Maiden close by (the county seat of Fergus county), whose name is suggestive of wit, beauty, etc., is in fact a safe retreat for bachelors, since there is not an unmarried lady in the town. Sadie, whence these lines are being penned, is a community of forlorn bachelors, with not a female within a radius of fifteen miles, excepting the Crow squaws in the neighboring Indian camp. One old bachelor wandering around the village has a \$70,000 bank account and no one to help him spend it. It is reported that a matrimonial syndicate with headquarters in New York city has a branch office in Helena and that the main office has received 25,240 orders for wives for Montana bachelors. How true this may be I can not say; but I know that the \$70,000 bachelor referred to recently wrote to Helena, asking for assistance in securing a wife. Sadie has neither a rapid or healthy growth. If the single misery of her forlorn bachelors was properly advertised perhaps a colony of old maids might be induced to pack up and come hither and marry up the numerous fortunes and embryo homes wasting on the desert air.—Sadie (M. T.) Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

A Black Man's Country.

It is only too certain that the emigrant is not wanted in the Cape Colony, says a correspondent of The London Telegraph. It is the country of the black man—of that scornful of clothes, the noble savage. White labor languishes; energy fails at the moment prospects open. The Boer, the most adhesive of mortals, rests contented with a squalid home and a prospect of untilled acres more extensive than his eye can survey. The true colonial instinct is wanting—that indescribable intellectual capacity of taking root where the foot falls. Ambition here seems to impel a man no further than a desire to obtain money enough to enable him, whether he be an Englishman or a German, to return home, and stop there. A prosperity may arise that will be as the vine bush is, or the gum tree—a pure growth of South African soil, but with antecedents with a beginning in white hands. But down to the present moment the symptoms are not those of a colonization such as created a great republic across the western ocean, such as has built an empire of cities and populous towns in the distant Pacific. I say it is a pity; for you cannot think of the mighty tracts of green and beautiful country stretching in mountains and valleys and plains to the equatorial latitudes and of the dreadful poverty you see and hear of and read about in London and throughout Great Britain and Ireland without deep regret that the land should be universally declared to offer no opportunities to those in need of bread.

EDITOR CHILDS' DINNER SET.

A Modest Fortune Invested in Silver, China, and Glass Ware.

Mr. George W. Childs' dinner table as it appears when set for a banquet of a dozen courses has been made the subject of a full-page illustration in a New England magazine devoted to the interests of the higher life of the household. The picture is beautifully executed, showing the table standing in the palatial dining-room of Mr. Childs' marble mansion, and ablaze with the superb collections of glass, china, and silver, and gilt candelabra that have made it renowned as one of the most magnificently furnished and hospitable boards in the United States. The entire table service owned by Mr. Childs is estimated to be worth between \$40,000 and \$50,000, and he has been collecting it for upward of fifteen years. Only a small portion of this great collection can, of course, be used at one time; but as was the case when the table was set to have its picture taken, or when some distinguished guest is being entertained, the choicest gems are selected and artistically arranged, and the result, as seen beneath the soft light of scores of waxen candles is almost indescribable. The cloth on such occasions is of a heavy material from the "Vale of Cashmere," of the richest scarlet, and heavily embroidered and fringed with gold bullion. In the center is a mirror lake four feet long by three feet wide, and above it stands a centerpiece in richly chased silver-gilt, vasiform, and finished at the top with eight burners, which, however, Mrs. Childs generally prefers to have filled with rare and beautiful flowers instead of tapers. It has a gilt open-work border of a graceful floral design standing three inches above the mirror, in which it is reflected. At either end are exquisitely-designed candelabra in gilt and silver, which stand nearly two feet in height and hold a number of lights, being also draped with flower-bespangled vines.

Standing by the candelabra at one end of the table is a silver wine-cooler, with four raised panels of cupids and graces. The corresponding article at the opposite extremity is a crystal bowl, fifteen inches in diameter and nearly as high, used for flowers. This and its companion in another city are the finest pieces of glass yet made by any American manufacturer, and for beauty and perfection of cutting they are unexcelled. The work was done by Thomas Hawkes, the great-grandson of that Mr. Hawkes who first introduced cut-glass into England. The profusion of crystal upon the table in the shape of exquisite carafes, compote, fruit, and bon-bon stands, low and high, and with or without silver bases, are a revelation of the stage to which glass-cutting is carried in the United States.

But all nations are represented. Claret-jugs and wine-glasses from Bohemia, and a set of claret-tumblers from Carlsbad, ornately enameled with sprays, flowers and butterflies in gilt, crimson, and blue, give dashes of color and variety of form to the profusion and varied service. Amid the collection of crystal is a set of Bohemian champagne-glasses, which are so unique and beautiful as to challenge universal admiration. They were presented by Gen. Grant.

The silver objects on the table are so numerous that only a few can be mentioned, perhaps the most interesting being the coronet of that wise and witty English peer and statesman Lord Broughton, which has been made to do duty as the ornamental base of a crystal fig-holder.

Another odd bit is a silver bottle, shaped like an owl, copied from one in the British museum especially for Mr. Childs, and there are several novel bottle cases wrought in the same precious metal.

But it is in the vast stores of valuable porcelain that the collection is so wonderfully rich, and the crown jewel of the lot is a marvelously large and splendid set of Minton ware, made with especial care and decorated with exquisite daintiness and good taste. The design for the plates, which are in keeping with every object in the set, is a gilt band about half an inch wide on an ivory ground, looped with garlands of brilliantly hued flowers, tiny in size but perfect in shape. Mr. Childs' monogram, wrought in the same delicate flower, occupies the center of the plate.

Other sets of plates show nothing but fish; others only birds or flowers, while there are several harlequin sets, in which each plate is entirely different from any of its fellows, and each is a veritable gem. In that storehouse of wealth, the china closet, which is a good-sized room of itself, are arranged scores of dozens of beautiful plates of every size and for every use. Many are of plain colors, but the majority show some beautiful designs. Sharing the same shelves are dozens of coffee and tea cups that have been brought from every part of the world where the potter and the artist unite their skill. In intrinsic value this great collection far exceeds the estimate placed upon it above, for many of the pieces have associations that give them additional worth, while others could not be reproduced save by the expenditure of a dozen times their original cost.—Philadelphia Record.

He Took the Pot.

The Judge, the Sheriff, the Coroner and the Chief of Police of Red Gulch were engaged in playing poker. The pot was pretty large and considerable excitement was manifested in the outcome. The Judge "called" the Sheriff, who casually remarked: "I hold four aces. What do you hold?" "I hold a bowie-knife," promptly returned the Judge, as he perceived a fifth ace in his own hand. "And I hold a six-shooter!" exclaimed the Chief of Police, as he realized that he was not destitute of aces himself.

After an interval of about five minutes the Coroner crawled out from under the table, saying: "I hold an inquest, and I guess that takes the pot."—The Rambler.

A PLUCKY PATIENT.

The Victim of a Mad Dog's Bite Describes His Suffering.

Through the courtesy of Dr. James D. Spencer, the physician in charge, I was permitted, writes a Watertown correspondent of The New York Times, to talk a few moments in private with Jere Coughlin, of The Watertown Times, who was bitten by a rabid dog on the evening of May 19. Mr. Coughlin was reminded that the people were suspicious that he did not tell the whole truth about the dog. "I did not print," he candidly replied, "for had I done so there would have been great excitement. People die from fright, and I did not care to kill anyone if the dog did try it. The truth is the dog made his entrance into my dining-room by butting the door open with his head. That caused the tired appearance. I was simply stunned. My wife turned him out and watched him go around the house, calling my attention to the fact that he was frothing at the mouth. I went out the other way to look for him, taking a coal shovel in my hand. As I got out the dog was running toward the barn, one of the large doors of which was open. But he did not go in. He struck his head against the closed door and turned almost around. He jumped up quickly again and ran straight toward me. I raised the shovel; he sprang for my hand, but caught my leg, but a blow from the back of the shovel made him loosen his hold, when he went straight under the back steps and lay there until he was shot.

"What has been my treatment? Dr. Spencer must tell you that. I have followed his advice and taken his medicine; have kept cool and calm; saw no one but the doctor for eleven days. My symptoms have been carefully noted down, sometimes by myself and sometimes by my wife. I noticed alarm in the doctor's face the eighth day. My temperature was normal and my pulse 120. I calmed myself as best I could. That morning I began to have sharp pains in my eyes. The eyeballs enlarged so that I could see to read newspaper without glasses, something which I had not done for twelve years. There was an uneasy restlessness all day. Although my temper is usually calm, it was with the utmost endeavor that I could control myself. I wanted to scold or hit somebody, and chewed up a whole lead-pencil in my fury. I retired between seven and eight in the evening, not because I was sleepy, but for the purpose of getting out of the way of everybody. Hot and cold flashes passed through my system until midnight, while I tumbled and tossed about the bed wrapped in flannel sheets. With almost lightning suddenness then began pains, sharp ones, seemingly coming from the wound at first, but so rapid that within a short time they seemed to start from every part of my system. I was burning, in pain, and thirsty. My first impulse was to take a run in the cool air, my second was to stay in bed and fight it out. I did not care to call anyone, fearing that their talk would cause me to lose what little strength I had. I felt so light that it seemed to me there was danger of my floating out of bed; I firmly grasped the side of the bed and held on, believing the unusual pain and heat would soon pass away. I held myself in that position until a few minutes before 4—nearly four hours—when the pain and heat suddenly stopped. My mind was perfectly clear. The flannel sheets were wet with perspiration. I got up terribly exhausted and attempted to take a spoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in half a glass of water which had been prepared for me to drink through the night. My stomach repelled it with terrible force. I waited until the stomach had quieted down, and then I swallowed the medicine quickly, shutting my mouth with a grim determination that it should not come out. The stomach acted the same as before, but I would not open my mouth. It was hard, and my throat did not feel just right. Well, I got it down, and got such a terrible wrenching of the body that I have not yet recovered. I took my medicine next day with my eyes closed. There were some of the symptoms of the night before, but they were lighter, and have now entirely passed away—at least I think so. I could easily keep my senses when burning with pain and thirst; would probably have done so had not Dr. Spencer sent me home from the office to remain quiet. I have a sore leg, and just as soon as I can get it to work I will be satisfied that there is as much hydrophobia in a person's mind as in a dog's bite, and believing that our best American physicians can cure what disease there is if patients will only control themselves, and not go off into hysterics."

Dr. Spencer was next called upon. He said he had no means of positively showing that the dog was mad. He advised against the killing of it, but it was killed before his advice was known. From the descriptions of the dog given by an eye-witness and the symptoms of his patient he believed the dog was mad. He did not appear as positive as Mr. Coughlin in thinking that the latter would be able to resume work in a few days, but he had no fears of the result. As to the treatment, he preferred saying nothing about that until the case was ended. Then he would have no objection to making it public.

Impossible to Stop Her. "You cannot stop her in her mad desire for fashionable tonfoolery," said the old man as he saw his eldest daughter prancing off with a young man, decked out in gorgeous fashionable attire.

"She is only keeping up with fashionable procession," exclaimed the mother; "Mary Ann is certainly a girl of the period."

"That accounts for it," satanically suggested the old man. "She's a girl of the period, hence it is not to be expected that she ever will come to a full stop."—National Weekly.

It's the little things that tell, especially the little brothers and sisters.

"HARRY OF THE WEST."

Some Recollections of the Great Orator—His Opinion of Jacksonism—A Clay Song.

"It was in the summer of 1839," said a gentleman to a representative of The New York Tribune, "that I first looked on the face of Henry Clay. I was a schoolboy at the time at College Hill, Poughkeepsie. Mr. Clay, with a party of friends, was making a tour through the northern states, and stopped at Poughkeepsie on his way up the Hudson. Among the places which he visited in the village was the Collegiate institute, then and for many years thereafter a notable boarding-school for boys. The late Clarkson N. Potter and Sanford R. Gifford, the artist, were among the pupils. After he had been welcomed by the principal, Charles Bartlett, Mr. Clay made a short address to the scholars, who then were severally called up to the platform and introduced to the great statesman. It so chanced that at the moment I placed my hand in Mr. Clay's, the principal's attention was called away, and I was forced to mention my own name. Being embarrassed I probably spoke indistinctly, for he bent his head down and asked me to repeat it. Most persons would not have taken this trouble, and would have let me pass without caring to ascertain my name; but Mr. Clay had a most courteous and sympathetic nature. When I had replied he asked, still holding my hand and looking at me with a winning smile: 'Are you a relative of Capt. Alexander C—, of Hudson, who recently died?' I said I was his great-grandson. 'Ah,' he continued, 'I knew the old gentleman well. A few years ago he sent me a cane which I highly prize.' And turning to Mr. Bartlett, he said: 'A venerable man, sir; 99 years of age.'

Only once again did I meet Mr. Clay, when ten years afterward, I called on him at the Astor house, with a friend, and had a brief interview with him. I mentioned to him the College hill incident, which he perfectly recalled, although I had outgrown recognition. "A short time ago I purchased an autograph letter of Henry Clay, addressed to my great grandfather, thanking him for the cane he had sent him and giving him his views freely as to the course of Gen. Jackson was pursuing. The Dr. Lovell through whom Mr. Clay received the cane held at that time an official position under the government in the medical department at Washington, and was the father of the late confederate general, Mansfield Lovell, who died a year or two ago in this city."

The letter referred to ran in part as follows, being dated at Washington, June 11, 1834: "Dr. Lovell presented me a few days ago your obliging letter of the 12th ult., with the cane which you do me the honor to send me. . . . As a token of your approval of my exertions to arrest the alarming progress of executive encroachment and usurpation, I shall ever regard it with peculiar satisfaction. . . . I have sometimes almost despaired of our country. The delusion has been so long, so dark, so pervasive, that I have occasionally feared that it would survive me; but, I thank God, it is passing off rapidly, and I trust that both you and I may yet live to see many brighter and better days. What is now most to be regretted is the wound that has been inflicted upon the moral sense of the community. What looseness of principle, what scandalous abuse, what disregard of moral and political rectitude have been quickened into life by the predominance of Jacksonism! It is worse than the cholera, because it has been more universal and will be more horrible. The cholera performs its terrible office, and its victims are consigned to the grave, leaving their survivors uncontaminated. But Jacksonism has poisoned the whole community, the living as well as the dead. Our hopes of recovery and purification must rest in that Providence whose mercies and bounties have so often been extended to us."

"I vividly recall," continued the speaker, "Mr. Clay's appearance on the occasion of my calling on him at the Astor house, which I now think must have been in the early spring of 1838. When seated he did not look to be the tall man he was, and appeared less dignified. But when he rose to his feet his full stature was revealed, and the courtliness of his bearing was apparent. He carried no superfluous flesh on his frame, and his step was firm and elastic. He had an unusually high forehead, a prominent nose, a large and flexible mouth, and a moderate-sized chin. He was clean shaven, and wore his hair, which was parted in the middle and almost covered his ears, long. His eyes were expressive of gentleness and kindness of heart, united with round and full, and capable of wonderful modulation. His dress was plain and simple; a black coat and trousers, and a waistcoat of black silk or satin. Around his throat was wound a black silk neckerchief, tied in a large bow-knot in front, and partly supporting the famous shirt collar which rose nearly to the tips of his ears. The 'Henry Clay' collar had a national reputation, and all earnest followers of 'Harry of the West' adopted it. It was part and parcel of the shirt itself, was of most liberal dimensions, and, like the bosom of the shirt, which was un-plaited, was only slightly starched, and as a rule generally drooped over the neckerchief. Boots and a silk hat completed his attire."

"Forty years ago I used to attend the dinners given annually on the 12th of April to celebrate the anniversary of Henry Clay's birth, by his admirers in this city. They usually took place at Niblo's garden; or rather at the hotel connected with it, and were by far the most memorable entertainments of the year. Tickets sold at a premium, and many persons were unable to obtain them either for love or money. In those days 'Billy' Niblo was a great caterer and Mrs. Niblo was notable as a cook. Many a baron of beef did she attend to the cooking of—and one at least, weighing over a hundred pounds, was served at one of the Henry Clay anniversary dinners. I do not believe

that the feasters of to-day enjoy themselves any more than did those of forty years ago; no better speeches can be made, no jollier songs sung, and no wittier stories told. The banquet hall was gay with flags and flowers and evergreens. Portraits of distinguished men adorned the walls, several of Henry Clay being prominent among them. 'Harry of the West' and 'The Mill Boy of the Slashes' appeared in illuminated letters on the walls together with quotations from his speeches. The festivities always wound up by everyone around the tables joining in singing a favorite rallying song, the refrain of which was:

Here's to you, Harry Clay! Here's to you, my noble soul! In a full and flowing bowl, Here's to you, Harry Clay. Here's to you, Harry Clay! Here's to you with all my heart, And that before we part, Here's to you, Harry Clay.

"These words are not very imposing to read, but when four or five hundred voices united in singing them the effect was electrical. Men grew enthusiastic, rising from their chairs and wildly waving hats and handkerchiefs, grasping hands, and embracing each other. Then slowly they dispersed, and the festivities of the day were ended."

"By Gum!" The boat was just casting off from the pier when a man in citizen's clothes who appeared to be greatly excited rushed up the gang-plank and shouted to the Captain to wait. Three or four minutes later it was understood that a desperate robber was on board, and that the excited man was his victim. None of us remembered of seeing "a ragged, desperate-looking chap" come aboard, but the man was sure of it, and we began a search. Nobody wanted a robber and desperado aboard, and the search went on with a will. After about ten minutes the man who had rushed aboard uttered shouts of exultation. He had discovered the arch villain hidden under some furniture on the lower deck, and the mate produced a revolver and ordered the fellow to come out or take the consequences.

"Be prepared—look out for him!" cautioned the excited individual, and three or four more pistols came into view, and others secured bolts and bars. The desperado came forth. He was a boy of 15, ragged, dirty and frightened. He had something wrapped up in a newspaper, but he had no weapons. "He's the one who robbed me—there's his plunder!" shouted the victim, and three or four men closed in on the lad. The package was taken from him and opened. We expected to see bonds or money or jewelry, but instead of that our eyes rested on a half-eaten loaf of bread.

"I hadn't anything to eat for two days!" said the boy as he looked from face to face, and his big blue eyes filled with tears and his chin quivered. "He's a robber, and I'll send him to State Prison!" exclaimed the man, as he seized the boy by the collar.

"By gum!" growled a voice from the gangway, and a fat, red-faced man, who had armed himself with a heavy stick, threw it down with the crash and pushed into the crowd and asked: "Boy, who are you?" "Tim Williams." "Where's your home?" "N-nowhere!" "Did you rob this man of that loaf of bread?" "Y-yes, sir, but I was starving."

"Oh! you young villain! I'll stop your thieving and robbing!" shouted the loser of the bread. "Someone help me get him ashore!" "By gum?" said the fat man, as he felt in his pockets. He fished up a nickel, handed it to the baker, and continued: "By gum! I guess not! There's your money, and I stand by the boy! Yes, sir—by gum, sir!" "He's a thief!"

"Can't help that, sir! He's a boy, and he was hungry and had no other means to get bread. I'm his friend, sir—by gum, sir! Anybody who lays a hand on that boy has got to climb over me—by gum!" Fifty men cheered the fat man and groaned the baker, and the latter gripped his nickel and walked ashore. "Captain," said the fat man, "give this boy a chance to wash up, and I'll hunt him up some clothes. I'm going to give him a show, sir—by gum, sir! I was kicked and cuffed and stepped on myself when I was a boy, and I can feel for this chap, sir—by gum, sir, yes, sir, and I'll probably take him home with me. Come, Tim—by gum—but there's nothing desperate about you, and we'll have a talk and see how we can better your fortunes. Yes, sir—by gum, sir!"

And as the boat moved away everybody gave three cheers for "By Gum!" and Tim.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Sarcastic. First Dude—"Ole fellah, what do you think of Miss Commensense?" Second Dude—"Well, ma dear boy, me opinion of her is not vewy fwatwing." First Dude—"Thath bad. Wat's the weason you don't wike her?" Second Dude—"Too deuced sarcastic, don't ye know. Wy, the other day we were out viding, she and I, and we passed by one of these donkeys, a miswable animal, you unnerstan, and I asked her the difference between that beast and myself. I thought she would say she didn't know, and I would tell her that the donkey drew loads and I drew pictures. Ye know I am a fwine joke, bah, Jove." First Dude—"And what did she say?" Second Dude—"She said the onwly difwence she could see was in the length of the ears."—Detroit Free Press.

In Washington there are goldfish that have belonged to the same family for fifty years, and they appear to be scarcely any larger than they were when purchased.

Within the past six months thirty buildings have been erected at Santa Barbara, Cal., at a cost of \$90,000, and many other improvements are under way.