

The maiden sat in a light canoe,
Adopt on a mountain lake,
And a mad idea shot wildly through
The brain of her lover (who sat there too),
That he, in that self-same light canoe
A stolen kiss would take.

Now the maiden sat there, unaware
Of the plot that had hatched;
And the mountain breeze played with her hair
And fanned her cheek and her brow so fair,
As she sat there quite unaware
Of the kiss soon to be snatched.

Then the lover awaited a real good chance,
To capture the longed-for kiss.
When, watching the wimpling wavelets dance,
She turned her head with a quick, shy glance,
And, leaning back, she gave him a chance
That was really too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her, and tried to steal
The kiss that she burned to get.
But he bent so quick, in his ardent zeal,
That the craft upset like a whirling wheel,
And he missed the kiss that he tried to steal,
And they both got very wet.

TITANE.

Being an Account of the Strange Monster a Botanist Created.

I had never seen her handwriting before; and yet, the instant the letter was brought to me, I knew it was from Paula, whom I had not seen for three long years, in fact, not since she had become the wife of Frederick Wertheim the brilliant botanist whose researches had won the plaudits of the whole scientific world. Paula and I had been friends from childhood, and I had naturally expected to see her handwriting embellished with all manner of capricious little twists and curls; but I knew it was from her as soon as I saw my name on the envelope, despite the hurried, nervous letters, and I felt instinctively that something was amiss.

I broke the seal hurriedly—the sheet bore but two words “come” and “her name, Paula.”

Such a request from her was to me an order. I did not hesitate an instant. Paula and her husband lived on a large estate about six miles distant from the city. But my strolls had never led me in that direction; it would have brought up dreams of my childhood that were best forgotten—but there, it does no good to sentimentalize in this fashion. It was early autumn, and I had to urge my horse through a heavy fog. The chateau in which Paula lived was situated at the extremity of an alley of chestnut trees whose boughs interlaced to form a long, dark tunnel. As I entered this alley, it seemed to me that far in the black circle, which looked like the cave of some terrible beast, I could see the vague features of a horrid, grinning mask, shadowy as mist, which menaced me and dared me to come on. The sinister impression of this hallucination was so strong that I drew rein and half stopped, leaning forward on my horse's neck to peer into the profound darkness. Then, driving the spurs deep in my horse's flanks, I dashed into the unknown.

It was almost thrown by the abruptness with which the horse stopped, for just before me was an iron gate, surmounted by a curious carved head, a masterpiece of the iron-worker's skill, which accounted for my strange illusion of the moment before. And behind the twisted base of the gate stood Paula awaiting me, her rosy baby in her arms. Even in the darkness I could see that she was very pale and her face showed signs of suffering. I jumped from the saddle, and in an instant was caressing with my lips the hand she extended to me.

Arrived at the porch, she stopped a moment as if poring. She could have heard nothing, for she slowly pushed open the heavy door, which swung silently to disclose a heavily carpeted hall. And a moment later we were in a small reception room, lighted by candles which threw a fitful gleam upon our faces.

“Listen.” They were the first words she had pronounced, and the sad tones of her voice told me she had suffered deeply.

“I have summoned you,” she went on; “you are the friend of my childhood. The bond between us has been strained, but it is not broken. Three years ago I became Frederick's wife. As a child I had thought of him, whom they already called professor, as a being whom none might disobey; he won me with a word, his glance held me, and I felt myself conquered by his will. My weakness leaned upon his strength. I was proud to bow before this will that seemed to dominate all things. I speak of these matters because it is necessary that you should understand all, for I have sore need of your help.”

“Why, what is the matter? Does Frederick dare—?”

“Frederick is goodness itself, he loves me—about, I am afraid, I fear him above all things. Why? Oh, if I could tell you, if I could but know myself! But this fear which torments me every day, and every night still more, is the more poignant because it is inexplicable!”

“Bah! Terror, fear—these are mere words,” said I lightly, though I was far from feeling so. “My weakness, nevertheless, which are intelligible to our reason, which awake dread echoes. Why do you smile? Do you not know that mystery is stronger than reason, that from it arises the anguish of the unknown?”

solution? What combat had he dared to undertake? He became morbidly silent, and replied to his wife's questions only with haggard looks, as if he begged her not to arouse some distressing memory. For days and nights he remained shut up in a hot-house which he had constructed at great expense in the park. Weeks passed without his appearing at the chateau. Sometimes, in the night, he would creep silently into his wife's chamber. She had watched him while he believed her to be sleeping. She had seen him seated on a lounge, with fixed eyes staring at some fearful vision. There was in his contracted face an expression of indescribable horror. His frame shook, and his hands, agitated in convulsive movement, seemed to repulse some invisible enemy. Then—oh, she had studied him carefully in those brief moments—he had looked up with an imperious, triumphant resolution. Springing suddenly up he had fled—Paula had flown to the window, she had seen him hurry toward the hot-house, where the lights flared always from dusk to dawn like a light-house.

Frankly and boldly she had questioned him. What was going on down there in the park? Why did he so obstinately refuse to let any one enter the hot-house?

With a shudder he had coldly put her aside unanswered.

Then, brave hypocrite that she was, she had tried to fathom the truth. And she had learned a strange thing. Each day Frederick made the garden boy many pounds of fresh meat, and himself carried them in the evening to the hot-house. What could he be nourishing there? Was it some dangerous, unknown animal that he was compelled to feed, a creature with which he was resigned to live alone for some scientific purpose? And what was that struggle, to which his rebellious in the silent night bore witness?

Was he mad? That thought had pierced the stricken heart of Paula like a dagger. She dared not question him more, as she saw anguish bring wrinkles to his face; and, too, he avoided her! He came no more, as had been his wont, to chat with her in the intervals of his work. Sometimes, however, she saw him, haggard and bare-headed, striding up and down the paths, wringing his hands, and ever and anon casting nervous glances towards the hot-house.

At last—and this was the last torment—one night, while she slept, he had come, with his noiseless tread, into her chamber. She had felt that he was there, and she had suddenly opened her eyes. Frederick, standing there motionless, glared at his hands contracted as in supplication. “Frederick, Frederick! What are you doing here at this hour?”

He had muttered a brutal imprecation, and again had fled!

That is what Paula told me, and, as she spoke, I felt a reassuring sense of relief descend upon my heart. What was it, after all—a mere state of morbidness brought on by excessive work. I had been Frederick's pupil and friend for years, and I had often listened with wonder at the boldness of the hypotheses he launched into when warmed up on one of his favorite topics. Was I not a physician, and did I not recognize the madness of fever when I was brought face to face with it? So thinking, I reasoned with myself, and, sure of my eloquence and the power of reason, I went out into the park in search of Frederick.

Night had fallen, and the pathways were but dimly lighted by the stars. Presently I saw the hot-house of which Paula had spoken. It was large and well-built, surmounted with a Mauresque dome. The lights inside were not yet lit, but the stars glinted brightly on the curved glass panes.

So therein lay the mystery. I almost laughed aloud as I thought of Paula's childish fears.

As I stood taking in the details of the structure, a hurried step grated on the gravelled path. Turning sharply about, I saw, or rather divined, in the deep shadow of the trees, Frederick Wertheim.

“Frederick,” said I, boldly, “do you recognize me?”

He stopped abruptly.

“Frederick,” I continued, “it is I, and I held out my hand, surprised not to feel his own.”

Then guided, as it seemed to me, rather by the sound of my voice than by his eyes, he leaned forward, and, in a harsh, cracked voice, which sounded like the breaking of a branch, he said:

“On your life,” he whispered, “do not move!”

In spite of my assurance, I felt a vague, unreasoning dread seize upon me. Again I heard that strange rustling which I had struck me before; it was a gentle, gliding sound, such as is made by a paper slipping across a marble floor.

All at once I knew not how. Frederick caused a glaring, blinding light to illuminate the hot-house, and—horror! my hair rising upon my head, I fell back against the door, my hands clutching its iron bars!

In the centre of the room, in the midst of an endless variety of fantastically formed plants, a being, a nightmare, a horror arose before my eyes; a hydra, a polyp—a thing no man could name.

It had the shape of a colossal court, and from its surface innumerable arms reached out, with glaucous-bulbs, like eyes, at the end of each. The inner body seemed green, the arms were of reddish purple, and, as they spread out to those ghastly eyes, the blood-red seemed to blend and mingle to the greenness of a putrescent corpse.

My eyes closed involuntarily, and I felt a terrible gripping at my heart; and still I heard that gliding sound, which I divined came from those arms as they reached forth and contracted within themselves incessantly.

At last, surprised that I had not been seized by this hideous and monstrous thing, I mustered up strength to look at it. Frederick, who was now as pale as death, had taken from the basket a piece of meat, and, with infinite precautions, balancing gingerly on the tips of his toes, as if he feared lest his hand be touched by those horrible tentacles, he placed the raw morsel on the extremity of a cluster of those waving arms. And suddenly, as if they were of elastic, the arms drew in upon themselves, dragging the meat, which was thus brought to the shorter arms, which I now saw composed an inner circle. And all the arms bent in toward the centre, till I could no longer see the meat.

Shuddering and sick at heart, I glanced at Frederick. His forehead was covered with perspiration, his teeth chattered—the demoniac brute was motionless now, ravenous over its monstrous deglutition.

“It eats, Titane eats!” he whispered.

“Titane?” I repeated after him, stupidly.

“You do not know, you cannot understand! Do you not recognize her? Now, look, see, she is tamed—” and all at once I comprehended, I saw this monstrous beast.

For nearly an hour she will be this way,” said Frederick; “ah, I know why you come! They think me mad! But it is not true—mad! I—I, who by a miracle of perseverance, by a master-work of selection, have developed the insectivorous plant *Drosophila* to this formidable size. You will see it, this monster, hold out its tentacles to me in an instant empty—and I must nourish it, I must feed it, or—” He glanced about him apprehensively.

“Or?” I repeated.

“Listen,” said he; “you shall know my secret. You know with what ardor I followed the discoveries of Nietzsche, Warming, and Darwin in the study of those strange plants that are intermediate between the vegetable and animal worlds, which entrap insects, seize them, and feed upon them, slowly absorbing and sucking nourishment from them. I was sure of the results of these strange studies, I did not doubt the end for an instant, and I said to myself that the *Drosophila*, the *Dionea*, the *Drosophylla* are—listen to me well, now—the degenerate posterity of monstrous animals, whose terrible forms have remained to us in the legends of the most primitive peoples—Hydras, chimeras, krakens, dragons—all have existed, the human imagination has created nothing. But by climatic adaptations, because of geological transmutation, and through the thousand-and-one modifying forces of nature, these formidable beings, deprived of the nourishment that was necessary to them, have retrogressed, by a kind of inverted atavism, into the vegetable form, have become immovable, attached to the soil by roots. They were compelled to seek their chief nourishment directly from the earth itself, and they have become plants again, preserving only the supreme aptitude, sole vestige of their lost life, the faculty of animal intuition.”

“I determined to reconstitute this stropic genus; I determined that I would change the plant back into the beast. Ah, how many attempts have failed! At length chance—all our science is but the child of chance—placed in my hands a *Drosophila* of exceptional size. I have nourished her, and developed within her the remnants of the animal juices. Little by little she has evolved and grown, until, at last, the acme of deduction, the hydra, the dragon lives again! Behold my Titane—enormous and sublime! Behold her, ferocious in the jungle that I cannot sate!”

And as two tentacles separated themselves from the mass and waved softly in the air, with a hideous ceaseless motion, he gently laid upon them a fresh piece of flesh.

“But you do not know all,” he continued, in a low tone; “if Titane were this very hungry—I did not foresee this in her present condition of ferocious power, she would tear herself from the place to which her now ensheathed roots bind her! And then, a terrible and all-powerful brute, she would drag her slimy and enormous bulk out into the world where there are men, and women, and little children—and what has been my triumph would become my crime!”

“I fear that she may escape some day, and, lest she become hungry, I watch her every hour, night and day. Were I once but a few minutes late, and I knew that she would hurl herself upon the world, menacing my wife and child, whom she would first encounter! Let her eat, let her eat, for she must not wish to move from here.” And again he tossed down great masses of meat. And through the fibres of this horrible plant passed purple tides of the extracted blood.

At this moment, as I stood speech-

less, overwhelmed with the intensity of my revulsion, the barred door, which I had not securely shut, swung softly open, and Paula appeared.

Her courage had been stronger than her fear. Now that she knew I was there, she had had the boldness to violate the secrecy of this chamber of horrors.

“Frederick!” she cried.

But to her call a blood curdling shriek responded. In his surprise at her sudden appearance, Frederick had recoiled a step, and, forgetful of his danger, touched with his hand the monster's tentacles. With lightning rapidity all the hideous trumpet-mouths had seized upon the hand, grasping the wrist, the forearm! Oh, horror! I saw it drawn down by that resistless suction. I seized him about the body, straining every muscle to draw him from the embrace of the terrible Titane—but the brute was stronger than I.

Then my eyes fell upon an axe in the corner.

“The trunk! the trunk!” I cried to Paula; “cut it, hack it!”

Weak as she was with fright, she seized the axe and swung its shining blade and struck one blow that cut through the very roots of the plant. It seemed to make an effort to rise, to hurl itself at us, perhaps, and then, powerless, suddenly collapsed with a flaccid sound like wet linen, and at the same time I pulled the unfortunate Frederick loose from the relaxed tentacles.

Paula caught him in her arms. He opened his eyes, and, in a last spasm, fixed them on me as he said: “Assassin! you have killed Titane!”

And he fell back dead.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Lermina.

Frank James in the East.

“There goes Frank James. I wonder what he is going to do in New York.” The speaker and his companion halted and gazed at a man crossing Broadway at twenty-eight street, New York city.

There was nothing extraordinary about the individual who thus attracted attention. As a matter of fact he seemed a very commonplace personage. He was between five feet eight and five feet nine inches in height, attired in a badly fitting suit of dark coarse material. The sack coat and trousers were evidently the handiwork of some other tailor. On his head he wore a black slouch hat after the manner of the west. He was homely—a very long, bony nose, with a decided inclination to a hook, was the prominent feature of a face scarcely indicating average intelligence. He carried his head in a drooping attitude, but beneath the rim of his broad brimmed hat peered forth two dark, small, but restless eyes. His hands were in his pockets.

“And who is Frank James?” queried his companion to the speaker.

“A poor man who might today be worth \$100,000. In fact he is the last of the bandit kings. He is a man with a history—the retired and respectable train and bank robber.”

It was indeed no other than the ex-outlaw of Missouri, a man upon whose head a price had been set by the governor of his state, who was thus parading unconcernedly down Broadway one afternoon. A business trip to Connecticut had caused Frank James' appearance for two days in New York city and a short absence from his quiet little home at Independence, a village 14 miles east of Kansas City.

Frank James is, indeed, the last of the race of outlaws and bandits. The train robbers of the present day are mere tyros to this famous criminal, who, after 15 years of crime and after being hunted year in and year out for his life, lives quietly and peacefully in the bosom of his family in a Missouri village.

Frank James is a very reserved and almost taciturn. He never speaks of his robber exploits and nothing about him indicates the shrewdness and cool daring of the man. He has one weakness. He believes he can act. He is a great reader of Shakespeare and can quote page after page of the bard of Avon.

But he is a man of strong common sense and even conquers his pet failing of “spouting.” He is a poor man; does not probably earn \$30 a week. Yet he might to-day have been rich. After his trial responsible parties wanted to put him upon the stage in a drama written to order on his own career. He was offered \$100,000 for a three-year's contract, and finally \$125,000 and all expenses. He refused. He said he wanted to withdraw from the public gaze; he wanted to end his days quietly with his family.

He presided, and now nothing distinguishes him from the ordinary western village storekeeper. He is about 45 years of age, and although not very robust has probably a long lease of life.

Is not this one of the strangest careers of the present day?—New York Press.

A Groom of a Generous Turn.

From the New York Press.

Augustus Anderson, a steerage passenger who arrived on the French line steamship *Normandie*, became infatuated during the voyage from Havre with Ida Peterson. When they arrived at Castle Garden, Anderson applied to Superintendent Simpson for a German minister. The superintendent, after a short absence from the garden, returned with Pastor Burgermeyer, who married the pair. As Mr. Simpson had taken so much trouble to bring about this union, Anderson told him that he might kiss the bride if he chose. The crowd who were in the vicinity after the marriage ceremony had been performed, thought the superintendent would not take the groom's offer, but he did just the same, giving Mrs. Anderson a kiss that resounded throughout the rotunda.

The Fear of the Lord Shown in Shakespeare.

This “fear of the Lord” is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It is enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence whether it find in this world conditions favorable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there at all events we are saved by faith. The innocent suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life; but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be Duncan lying in his blood rather than Macbeth upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with Desdemona than rejoice in accomplished villainy with Iago? But Macbeth, Iago, Edmund, Richard III., King Claudius, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue.

The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom.” Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things fore-shortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never in the long run be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or of the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend toward sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact, but what is dearer to them is a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the divine laws or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. “I have seen the wicked in great power,” * * * but I went by, and lo, he was not.” Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist with magic inhalations and strange glamour, a pleasure may rise for an hour, but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapors, which night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare has exhibited in his “Antony and Cleopatra.” All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager amorons faces rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging laws.—Bowden, in the Fort Nightly Review.

Ways of the Manatee.

As a reporter of the New York Telegram was walking along South street a young fellow with a loud voice called attention to some sea cows—the first ever exhibited in New York, he said. A pleasant looking man said he had brought the beasts from their native haunts after a great deal of trouble. There were three of them, weighing respectively 610, 650 and 815 pounds.

The proprietor told the reporter that he would show him their resemblance to the cow, and, leaning over the edge of the tank in which the two smallest ones were confined, caught one by the jaw and told it to lift its head up, which it did. Then the man opened the beast's mouth, which is exactly like the cow in shape and appearance. The animal's head is very much like a cow's head but for the large, overhanging eyebrows and the absence of horns.

“The manatee, or cow,” said the man, “is found in all tropical waters, but chiefly in the Caribbean sea. It subsisted entirely on vegetable matter and is never known to touch fish or animal food; consequently its flesh is much sought after by natives and sailors near where it abounds, and in consequence the manatee has become nearly extinct. It is one of the most harmless animals of the sea; yet it has an enemy in the shark, who follows it hours at a time hoping to get a taste of its flesh. The cow has no weapon of defense, but is a wonderful swimmer and is able to outswim the shark with great ease.

“The manatee eats all kinds of vegetables and grasses, and in captivity it eats common meadow grass. The three I have here,” said the proprietor, “were caught by me off the southern coast of Florida. They are very hard to catch alive. They have such great power in their tails, which sometimes measure five feet in length, that they often break the strongest nets. They can't stay under water longer than seven minutes, consequently we have to bring them to the surface in that time to get air, otherwise they would drown, and then let them drop in the water until we can get them aboard ship, but when once there they will live for two weeks out of water.

“There's a grass called sea grass that grows in the ocean to a height of about 6 or 7 feet, and when we see it floating on the water it is a sign that the manatees are about, and we lay our nets for them accordingly. They are mostly found in pairs, but if attacked by sharks they will form in battle array, surrounding their young to protect them. The three that I have here I expect to keep.

Fiction Outdone.

The Machias Republican tells of a Maine man who spent a night in Machias recently. The hero of the remarkable series of adventures is Harvey P. Osgood, who says he was born in Princeton in 1828. In 1843 he ran away and enlisted in the United States army, serving in various commands until the close of the war of the rebellion, being several times a prisoner and, in fact, escaping from Kirby Smith across the Rio Grande in the last days of hostilities. But Osgood was no sooner in Mexican territory than he became the captive of a band of marauding Greasers.

Mr. Osgood claims to have passed twenty-two years of his life with these men, during which time he learned to speak their language fluently, which, he says, was the chief cause of his long captivity, he having been retained for an interpreter. He claims to have made frequent trials for liberty, but without success, for some of these roving bands were sure to recapture him before he could reach the border.

The last trial he made for this purpose was March 7, 1888, but he was pursued and when he found escape impossible he threw up his hands to surrender, but was to late to avoid the effects of a volley fired by the pursuing party, which caused the loss of nearly one-half of the right foot, another bullet splitting his arm. Still another entered his mouth, knocking out three teeth and breaking his jaw, and is now lodged under the ear; still another which was copper, struck him in the side, passing around the body, and is now lodged in the breast, and, being poisonous, causes him much trouble. It is by reason of this that he travels on foot rather than by rail or carriage, any serious jar will bring on hemorrhage.

Shortly after Osgood's recapture Mexican troops ran down the Greasers, and the American's long captivity was at an end. He made his way to the City of Mexico and then through the United States to Maine.

In addition to the loss of a part of one hand and one foot, Osgood carries seven bullets in various places in his body, some of which could doubtless have been taken out had he been in position to have received proper treatment. He had papers from the commanders of various army posts throughout the country, stating that they have examined him closely, and believe the account which he gives of himself to be true, and recommend him to the consideration of comrades farther on. He has also dozens of papers of a like nature from noted men in various places, all of which seem to be genuine. Whether the story which he tells is true or not, he is certainly a remarkable man, and has undoubtedly seen rough times somewhere. He says he has not slept in a bed for thirty years, and wants nothing better than a blanket on the hard floor.

Pins, Twelve Dollars A Paper!

From an article entitled “Hard Times in the Confederacy” in the September Century we quote the following: “In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book. In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the tasks of guessing how great a sum might have been had forbonnets brought through the lines; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unflinching devotion at the bedside of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit. But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needless for ten, with not enough of either.”

A Wonderfully Lucky Baby.

From the Omaha Herald.

Officer Vanous, who patrols the district West of the Union Pacific shops, is an expert catcher. One afternoon while pacing up Chicago Street, near Twelfth, his attention was called to a volume of smoke pouring out of the upper window of 1217, and he started for the nearest signal box. As he was passing the building he saw something white come out of the second-story window, and instinctively put out his hand to catch it. He succeeded. It was a little 2-months-old baby. Its father, L. C. Pettitford, had returned home, filled the gasoline stove tank, touched a match to the burner, when, presto, change, the stove exploded. His wife was frightened out of her wits and caught up the baby and fired it from the window.

The Story of a Tramp.

There is sometimes a good deal of difficulty about a man in a strange town getting himself identified. There has just turned up an ingenious tramp over in New Jersey who has hit upon a novel and successful plan. They are kindly people in the country. They have a good deal of simple faith, which an eminent poet has assured us is better than Norman blood, and when cheek backs a man up the simple faith becomes simpler still. Tramps are the original human nature. Our great forefather was a tramp, but had to give up the business because there were no chicken houses to rob, no hay stacks to sleep behind and no good-hearted farmers' wife to give him anything to eat. Yet these must of been glorious days for tramping for there were no dogs, no guns, no policemen, no nothing that was dangerous. We are all naturally tramps. A tramp does the hardest kind of work from pure laziness. He is about the only specimen, except Stanley and Emin Bey and two or three more, who lives a life of adventure. Governments support those travellers and they get killed. My opinion is that if the American Government will ship a lot of genuine, well-trained tramps to Africa we will find out all about the country in no time. Tramps always get through. Barring the few who get killed by trains, they do not seem to die. Where they go to, heaven only knows, but the mortality among tramps is low, and nothing—not even bad whiskey—can kill them. Heaven has to do it by dropping them off freight cars. Tramps are useful. They give a zest to country life, which is otherwise unexcited by anything more interesting than the weather or a mad bull. Yes, old King Lear hit tramps well when he said to Edgar, “Here are three of us sophisticated; thou art thing of no worth.”

However, tramps can be reformed with money, like other human nature. The tramp whereof I speak had been holding an autopsy on a beer barrel in the city of Pussac and succeeded in getting very full. As long as he was empty the law had no hold upon him. When he got full the police came in and juggled him. He was duly tried for being drunk, and having served his sentence he disappeared. A few weeks after he turned up again and visited the court. No longer in the custody of the law, he got the ear of the Judge and produced a check.

“Judge,” he said, “pardon me. You know you had me before you for being drunk once. I've got a bill on the bank, and they won't pay it without identification. You know me. Do you mind going down to the bank and identifying me?”

The Judge did. He wrote his name on the back of the bill and the humble reformed tramp drew \$30 and disappeared. It turned out that the bill was a duplicate, the original of which had been paid before. And now the Judge is out \$30.

Galley Slaves.

The life of the French galley slaves of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been thus described by Admiral de la Graviere: “They place seven men on each bench—that is to say, in a space ten feet long by four feet wide. They are so packed away that you can see nothing from stern to bow but the heads of the sailors. The captain and the officers are not much better off.

“When the seas overtake the galleys, when the north wind howls along the coast, or when the sirocco dampens the passengers with its deadly moisture, all these make the galley unendurable. The lamentations of the ship's company, the shrieks of the sailors, the horrible howling of the convicts, the groaning of the timbers, mixed with the chains and the natural noises of the storm, produce an effect that will terrify the bravest of men! Even the calm has its inconvenience. The horrid smells are so powerful that you cannot withstand them, despite the fact that you use tobacco in some shape from morning till night.”

Condemned in 1701 to serve in the galleys of France on account of being a Protestant, Jean Martelle de Bugerac died, in 1777, at Gakenburg, on the Guldere, at the age of 95. He says:

“All the convicts are chained to a bench; these benches are four feet apart, and covered with a bag stuffed with wool, on which is thrown a sheepskin. The overseer, who is master of the slaves, remains aft, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are two sub-overseers—one amidships, the other on the bow. Each one of them is armed with a whip, which he exercises on the naked bodies of the crew. “When the captain orders the boat off, the overseer gives a signal from a silver whistle which hangs from his neck. This is repeated by the two others, and at once the slaves strike the water. One would say fifty oars were but one.

“Imagine six men chained to a bench, naked as they were born, one foot on the foot-rest, the other braced against the seat in front, holding in their hands an oar of enormous weight, stretching their bodies out and extending their arms forward to ward the bow of those before them, who have the same attitude.

“The oarsmen advanced, they raise the end they hold in their hand, so that the other end shall plunge into the sea. That done, they throw themselves back and fall on their seats, which bend on receiving them. Sometimes the slaves row ten, twelve or even twenty hours at a time, without relaxation.

“The overseer, or some one else, on such occasions puts into the mouth of the unfortunate rower a morsel of bread steeped with wine to prevent his fainting. If by chance one falls over—which often happens—he is beaten until he is supposed to be dead, and then thrown overboard without ceremony.”