JOHN CLARKE'S ADVENTURE

Saved His Mother's Lean Cow by Using the Beehive with Discretion.

BY EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

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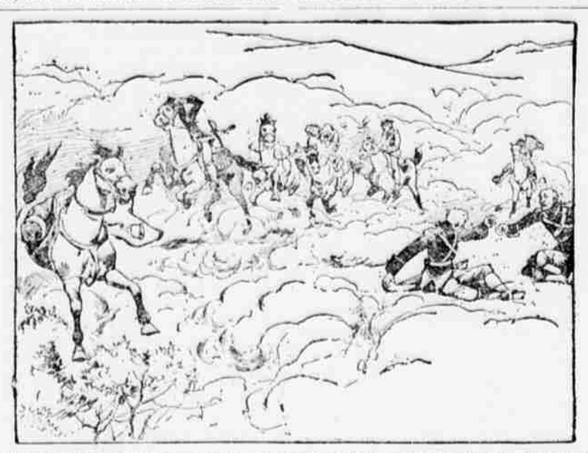
"The red coats are coming! I can hear their bugles down the road."

Young John Clarke ran toward his home shouting these words one morning in August, 1780. Although he was but 15 years of age, he had been for several weeks the sole protector of his mother and sisters, for his father and brothers were in the continental army with Sumter, and had had a share in the capture of the redoubt at Wateree Ford and the forty-four supply wagons which had been sent from Ninety-six. But Cornwallis and Tarleton were sharp in their pursuit, and all the friends of the colonies were alarmed, as well they might be.

John Clarke was returning from the woods, where he had led the one lean cow that remained of all the stock on the farm, for Tarleton's men had raided it of all else. But difficult as it was to provide something to eat, the constant fear of assaults by the British was even worse, and this morning all his fears seemed to be realized when he heard the bugles in the road.

"Perhaps they won't come here," said his mother. "It's fortunate our house is so far from the road."

John shook his head. He knew from the tone of his mother's voice that she was fearful, and he watched her as she busied



HORSES WERE REARING, RUNNING AND KICKING OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION.

herself in hiding the few valuables that yet remained. He soon went out to the plazza, and standing by one of the low posts kept his gaze on the place where the British would first appear.

There was nothing in all the landscape, however, to indicate the presence of danger. The leaves upon the trees were motionless and the glare of the August sun was over all. The locusts were busy and he could see the bees as they went in and out of the row of hives that stood by one side of the lane that led from the road to the house. It was an ideal summer day, but John's observations were suddenly interrupted by the blasts of the buglers and the approaching men swept into sight around the bend in the road.

"There must be fifty of them," said John. "About half of them are red coats and half are tories," he added, as he saw that only a portion were clad in the British uniform.

He was not left long in doubt as to their intentions, however, for after halting a moment by the entrance to the lane, the entire body swerved from their course and started toward the house.

"They're coming up the lane, mother," he said, as he entered the room. "We'll have to act as if we're not afraid, even if we are frightened so that we don't know our own names."

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

His mother smiled, but John noticed that she was very pale. But she was a resolute woman and already had had experience with the British officers, as many of the South Carolina mothers had had. "We'll do our best," she said as she sent the girls upstairs and took her place beside John on the plazza to await the approach of the soldiers. They all were mounted, and the horses plainly had been ridden hard. The leader called a halt as his troops drew near the house, and, leaping to the ground, he took off his hat and, bowing low, advanced to speak to Mrs. Clarke.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mistress Clarke?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, waiting for him to declare his errand.

"I have no doubt, madam, that you are loyal to your king."

"I had a king once, but I have none now. Perhaps you will better know my feelings when I tell you that my husband and two of my sons are now with Sumter."

"Doubtless I soon shall have the pleasure of making their acquaintance," replied the soldier with a sneer. "Indeed, we are bound upon that errand now. But meanwhile we are in need of supplies, and in spite of your feelings must search your place."

"I hear you need supplies," replied the undaunted woman, "for it is reported that some forty of your wagons are in the hands of the patriots."

The soldier's face took on a scowl as he replied, "Unfortunately they are, but mark my words, my good woman, the rebels won't eat much. They'll soon lose their appetites. But meanwhile I must see what can be had here."

"Your men have stolen everything already, and you'll not find anything." But the soldier made no reply and with three of his followers began to search the house. Some were sent to the barn and for a few minutes nothing was said by John or his mother. But the lad was not one to give up idly, although fifty red coats were near. Suddenly his face lighted up. He had thought of a plan by which he might overcome these invaders of the home, but he said nothing to his mother of the project in his mind.

JOHN'S OFFER.

"We are not able to find anything here, but I doubt not you have something of use to us concealed somewhere," said the leader.

"So we have," spoke up John quickly. "We have one poor lean cow left, but she's out in the woods and you can't get her."

"But you can, you young rebel," replied the soldier angrily. "One cow isn't much, but it's better than nothing. You drive her in and be quick about it."

John started obedient to the words, and disregarding the reproachful looks of his mother. "Children and fools always speak the truth, madam," he said as John left the house. "Here! Here!" he called out as he ran to the piazza. "You take one of the horses. It'll save time and we have no more of that than we have of supplies."

John's heart leaped at the words. If he had contrived the plan himself he could not have been suited better. He started quickly for one of the horses, which had been tied to the rail fence, and leaped quickly upon its back.

"That's all right," called out the leader to some of his men who were about to intercept John. "He's going on an errand for me."

Assured by his words, John slowly walked his horse past the men, most of whom were still mounted and impatiently awaiting the coming of their leader. As the lad passed the row of beehives he leaned from his horse and quickly lifted one of the boxes to his shoulder. It was but the work of a minute to tear the cover, and then he struck his horse on the neck and started him into a swift run.

Meanwhile the furious bees were not idle. They poured forth in a stream from their broken home, ready to visit their vengeance upon their enemies. But he who had so rudely seized the hive was not the one to receive their stings, for he was going too swiftly for that.

But right near them was this body of horsemen, and doubtless they must be the ones to blame, and the angry bees swiftly started for them. Few of the soldiers had noted the movements of John after he had passed them, and were in consequence unaware of the cause of the trouble that soon beset them.

THE FUN THAT FOLLOWED.

John glanced behind him as he passed out of the lane into the road. He had thrown aside the hive as soon as he was satisfied it was empty and sped on his way. But it was a sight which he never forgot which he looked back upon. The horses were rearing, and plunging, and kicking out in every direction. Already many of the men had been thrown, and unable to discover the cause of the confusion were blaming one another, and some were using their fists upon their companions' faces. Some of the riderless horses were running about the lane, and their riders were trying to catch them again; but many stopped to clap their hands to their faces and apparently forgot all about their steeds. Some of the men and horses already were disabled by the kicks which were so freely indulged in, and above all arose the cries and shouts of the men in their confusion and fear.

"It's time for me to put out," said John as he saw the leader, astonished by the cries of his men and the scene before him, run quickly from the house and join his companions. The lad accordingly leaped from his horse's back, struck him with a switch, and as he started back, he himself quickly sought the shelter of the woods by the roadside.

In spite of his danger and fear, he rolled over and over upon the ground in his glee as he saw the troopers all sweep by him. He had won and soon returning to the house he explained what he had done to his astonished mother and sisters.

"You never saw such a sight in your life as those men were when they passed me. Some of them had their eyes closed by the stings, and some had such swollen lips that they couldn't do anything but swear. Yes, they swore like troopers," and the boy laughed aloud as he spoke. "Then some of them had noses swelled to the size of powder horns and some were rubbing their broken shins and blaming each other for all the trouble. But they're all gone now, and it is the first time on record when the continentals shot the red coats with bees. I think I'll have to tell General Washington about it, for it's better than powder and balls."

CLEVER FELINES.

Four Trained Trick Cats Who Support Their Master.

"They are just common cats," remarked the professor. "There is nothing particular about them except that they have lived with me two years and will do anything to please me no matter how they dislike it. Now, Prince, there, that brindle fellow, has a particular dread of fire; watch him. Prince, you scoundrel! wake up there, and come here to me."

Prince, who was taking a genuine "cat nap" on his high stool, stirred lazily and looked undecided whether to obey or not.

"I'm getting ready, Prince!" the trainer admonished, taking a box of matches from his pocket. There was a soft little thud

SOME INTELLIGENT CATS.

as Prince jumped to the floor, and then he came slowly forward before the footlights; the footlights being only figurative in this case, for it was daylight and they were not lit.

"They are lazy in the morning," remarked Prince's master. "You know it is the nature of cats to be most active at night. It is at night that they catch the most rats."

The professor, holding up a gayly striped hoop he selected, bid Prince jump through it. This he did two or three times and then some inflammable stuff was put on the hoop; it was set on fire, and the docile cat, after demurring a short time and showing plainly his disinclination, leaped through the flaming circle. This done he ran off to his stool and assumed his old attitude as much as to say that he had had enough of such doings.

METHODS OF TRAINING.

"How do I train them?" said the professor. "Not by bribing, nor yet through fear. I should never feel that I could trust them if I depended on such means. I have been constantly with my cats, talked to and petted them as though they were children. I found out their taste in the way of eating and catered to it, and treated them well, but I never got a cat to come to me merely because I had something he wanted. Watch Nigger kiss me." He stooped over the black cat on the stool next to Prince, and the animal lifted its head and rubbed the master's cheek affectionately, licking his ear with his tongue.

"Nigger turns a backward somersault," the writer was told. "He is the only cat living who is able to do it."

"What first made me think of training cats?"

"Well, I had trained dogs, horses, monkeys and kangeroo. My kangeroo were a great success, but I took them to Chicago and they died. The climate was so different and they were not used to it. One day while walking near a pond in the suburbs of London I saw an old lady and basket. She had a cat in the basket and she offered two boys who were idling near 6 pence if they would drown it. They were crazy for the job, but had nothing to tie the cat with and came to ask me for a piece of cord. Always fond of animals I hated to see the creature killed, and as I had a piece of string in my pocket I offered to tie the victim for them. They earned the 6 pence and the cat, or half-grown kitten, was pitched into the pond. I purposely tied the string so that it could get loose, and had the satisfaction afterward of seeing it scramble out drenched and shivering and crawl off in the sun. I discovered accidentally two or three days later that that kitten had found its way back to its old home, certainly ten miles from the pond. It had been carried to the spot in a closed basket, and the fact that it had sense enough to make its way back suggested to me that cats could be trained.

A STAR CAST.

"And did you begin with the kitten?"

"Yes. Darkie there, with the white spot in his forehead, is that identical kitten. I had no difficulty in persuading the old lady to let me have him. All my cat-actors were given to me; Mr. Prince, proud as he looks now, was a smity little kitten sitting in the ashes of a chimney corner down south. I had stopped in at a negro cabin in Virginia to get out of a shower and he looked at me so intelligently when I stroked him, that I begged him from his mistress."

"Tom was born on board ship. He has a bit of maltese blood, but it doesn't interfere with his work. He can walk further on two legs than any cat I have. Get up Tom and give an exhibition."

A white cat, one of the aids, and not a star of the company, was put into a canopied doll carriage and Tom made to push the equipage with his front feet while walking upright.

"This gray fellow here is being trained for a clown," said the professor, indicating a snub-nosed looking cat who wore a fool's cap on his head. "I call him Wamba. I've only had him two months, but he is very promising. When he has learned a particularly hard lesson I give him a treat in the shape of a sunbath. I have a sunny window with a cushioned seat in my room, and let him stretch off there and doze to his heart's content."

"What do I feed them on?"

"Meat. Game if I can get it, or chicken. Neither milk nor cream. I can actually see Tom smile when he can get hold of a bird's wing. He's been a bad fellow in his day I fear. I have not known him from birth. Now I will have them all dance a quadrille," and motioning to the musicians to play, the violins struck up and the troop was formed into a very good imitation of a square set. "It has required a great deal of practice to teach them the figures," observed the trainer, as he cracked his whip and the dancers tripped about the stage. "If you notice I never touch them, but they don't like the sound of the whip and try to please me so that I won't have to use it. Cats never like noise or confusion. Any one familiar with their nature will understand how much I have had to contend with in training them."

REFLECTED LIGHT.

An Extraordinary Lighthouse on the Coast of Scotland.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found in the Hebrides, Scotland, on Armish Rock, which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which night after night shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim and no oil to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of the Armish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction. The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse keeper, and yet gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse with lamps, service room, bedroom, living room, storeroom, oil room, water tanks and all other accessories were erected on the summit of the rock.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mamma—Oh, Billy! Don't you know it is cowardly to strike your little brother? Billy (indignantly)—I'm not acting like a coward. I'm pretending I'm his papa, and I'm punishing him.

Little Johnny says he likes his Sunday school better than he does his day school. In Sunday school, he says, when he does anything the teacher only says: "I wouldn't do that, Johnny;" but in the day school out comes the ruler.

"Bobbie, I should think you were too old to allow your mother to put you to bed at night." "Pooh! That's nothing. Father is a good deal older that I, and she puts him to bed every morning."

A judge's little daughter who had attended her father's court for the first time was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together and then these twelve men were put in a dark chamber to be developed."

A little 4-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. Awaking once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

The eye of little Elsie was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was. Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

The children of a clergyman were discussing the reasons why their father forbade their going to the circus. "He thinks it's wrong," said one of them, "because it's cruel to the horses to make them go around the ring so fast." "I don't believe that's the reason," observed another. "It must be because the actors get hurt sometimes." "I guess he thinks it's wrong," suggested a third, "because you don't learn anything at a circus, and it's a waste of money." "No, that ain't it!" said the youngest. "He thinks it's wicked 'cause it's lots of fun!"

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

In 1847 a Lieutenant Maclagan joined the Madras division of the Indian army, and in 1852, after applying himself diligently to the duties of his profession, studying languages and eventually becoming interpreter of his regiment, retired. This Lieutenant Maclagan and the present archbishop of York are one and the same person, and besides his pension he now draws a salary of $50,000 a year. Probably an archbishop drawing a military pension is unique in the annals of the church.

The last of the Vallandighams moved away last week from the little town of Lisbon, Columbiana county, O., where the family has occupied a mansion since 1807. Much of the old furniture was sold at auction and was eagerly competed for. The Vallandighams were, on the paternal side, Huguenots; on the maternal, Scotch-Irish. They came from French Flanders, the original name being Van Landeghem. Michael Van Landeghem and Jane, his wife, were probably the first of the family to emigrate to America. They settled in Stafford county, Virginia, in 1690.

The late archbishop of Canterbury was very popular with children, and in this connection a friend tells me a good story about a clever 8-year-old American girl who was visiting a country house with her parents at a time when the archbishop was also a guest there. So interested did she become in him that she threatened to monopolize the conversation entirely. Finally her father brought her up sharply with a whispered "Shut up, Mable." It is needless to say that she shut, and then the archbishop began to do all the talking. To the child who had just been rebuked, the favoritism shown to the visitor became intolerable, and in the middle of one of his periods a small, stern voice piped out: "Shut up, archbishop."

A friend of the late William Hamilton Gibson tells the Hartford Courant this pretty story: "One day he was taking pictures of water through the trees, and bits of woodland, in company with Gibson, when the latter suddenly raised his hands above his head and pressed both wrists together to form a vase-like hollow with his hands. Into this quickly fluttered down from the trees a little bird. Mr. Gibson then gently drew his hands down toward his face and made caressing sounds to his little prisoner, who showed no signs of fear. At the same time a tiny squirrel crept down the trunk of the tree against which Mr. Gibson was leaning, and, putting his forepaws on his shoulders, listened, unafraid, all the while turning his quick little head from side to side, as the artist uttered the half-whispered, half-whistled murmured sounds that were charming the bird."

During the turbulent times that have come upon Turkey in recent months, there have been many inquiries among foreigners for Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. What was he doing? What would be his place in case of domestic or foreign war? How were his talents being utilized to keep the shaky fabric of Turkish empire together? These questions were asked, but they were asked in vain until three weeks ago a German correspondent found that Abdul Hamid had promoted this lion of the field to his own palatial kitchen. Osman was, and is, the "sealer of the imperial food." When all the dishes have been prepared for the sultan, the hero of Plevna proceeds to the kitchen, the correspondent says, and seals them up, to prevent any possibility of their being poisoned. The seals are kept intact until the dishes reach the table, where they are broken under the sultan's own eyes.

EQUINOCTIAL.

Written for The Bee.

A wild wind blew from the blushing west,
And the idle words of a shallow brain
Went out o'er the earth in a selfish quest
For place and power and worldly gain.

The west wind wandered far and near,
And took, for its uses, an ancient name,
Whose honor, untarnished for many a year,
Was forced to contribute to personal fame.

Then the stately south wind and the north
Opposed the west wind's wanton way,
And hand in hand they journeyed forth—
A peaceful communion of blue and gray.

The thoughtful east wind stays at home
And will view, with pity, the mangled form,
In which the west wind is sure to come
From the equinoctial storm.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

Winside, Neb.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

On a recent buckboard ride at Calais, Me., there were four grandmothers and one great-grandmother.

Mrs. Jennie Nelson of San Gabriel, Cal., is a great-grandmother, though she is only 46 years old.

A Hollis, N. H., man recently received a letter containing $200, which the unknown writer said he had stolen from the Hollis man while the latter was in business in Boston years ago.

A Yankee milkman of Dover, Me., has made a great reputation for liberality among his customers by presenting to each of them every year an enormous pumpkin. It has now been discovered that he sells enough extra milk for pumpkin pies to not only reimburse him for his apparent generosity, but to make a handsome profit besides.

The largest mirror ever brought to America has been placed in the dining room in the wing of the Hotel Savoy of New York City. It occupies the entire end of the room, being twelve feet high and thirteen and a half feet long. Several attempts had to be made by the manufacturers to produce a glass of this size without flaws.

The Indianapolis Sentinel recounts the story of a little 7-year-old girl who, while playing in a granary three months ago, got a grain of wheat in her eye. No serious inconvenience resulted, and the matter was forgotten. A week ago one of the eyes began to inflame and became unbearably painful. A doctor was sent for, and he found the grain of wheat lodged in the corner of the eye, with a sprout on it half an inch in length. The eye is getting well.

The jaculator fish, which is found in the lakes of Java, uses its mouth as a squirtgun and is a good marksman. If a stake or pole is put in the water with the end projecting three feet above the surface, and a beetle or fly is placed on the top of the pole the water will soon be swarming with finny gunners. Presently one comes to the surface, observes its prey, and measures its distance. Then it screws its mouth into a very funny shape, discharges a stream of water and knocks the fly or beetle into the water, where it is instantly devoured by the successful shooter or some of its hungry companions.

The most gigantic turtles that existed during the geological ages appear to have inhabited the foothills of the Himalaya mountains. The shells and bones of these extinct creatures, which occasionally wash out of the ravines where they have been buried for untold ages, prove that they were more than twice as large as any specimen which now exists. A specimen of the shell of one of these old-time monsters, which may be seen in the National museum at Calcutta, is six and one-half inches thick, twelve feet and a fraction in length, eight and one-half feet broad and more than five feet in height when standing upside down, like an inverted saucer.

AN UP-TO-DATE PARABLE.

Brooklyn Life.

Upon the sands, with idle book,
We sat beside the sea,
And love was in my every look;
Ah, she was dear to me!

And there, upon the snowy sands,
I drew her to my side,
And smoothed her hair with tender hands,
And won her for my bride.

Ah, handsome, hardened, heartless jilt!
Ah, gulleful summer girl!
Ah, house of Love that Cupid built,
Where crested breakers curl!

Love failed to profit, when he planned,
By what the scriptures tell;
He built his house upon the sand—
What wonder that it fell?

WRITERS' WOES AND BREAKS

Professional Misfortunes and Mistakes of Literary Characters.

DISAGREEING WITH THE GOVERNMENT

Ruin to Themselves and Publishers Caused by Temporary Forgetfulness, Confusion of Dates and Loss of Papers.

The personal misfortunes of literary men have often attracted the attention of writers who took pleasure in portraying odd phases of life, and so the world long ago learned all that was to be ascertained about the bad luck of the men who wrote the books it most delighted to read, and who achieved the labors which made it wiser and better. The deafness of Beethoven, the blindness of Milton, the poverty of Cervantes and Burns, the domestic unhappiness of Shelley, the scrofula of Dr. Johnson, Thompson's gout and laziness, Young's family bereavements, are all well known to every reader. A world of sympathy has been wasted on these and other famous characters, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, wasted because they did not deserve it more than other men, since these calamities which befell them were either such as are common to all men, whether geniuses or ordinary folk, or were brought upon themselves by acts and courses of conduct which, in the case of other people, would produce the same or similar results. A genius is, after all, only a man, like the rest of us in most particulars, subject to the same economic, social and physical laws as the remainder of mankind. If he eats food difficult of digestion, the greatest poet in the world becomes as sick as a cowboy; if he spends more than he earns, the most famous musician runs in debt and gets into trouble with his creditors; if he disregards the decencies of society, the most gifted essayist that ever put pen to paper will have visited upon his head the condemnation of decent people and become a social outcast. These are things which do not depend on genius, nor is a genius, by reason of his gifts, exempted from the conditions under which all other men must live in society.

CLASS CONDITIONS.

But every class, however limited, has conditions of its own, peculiar to itself, and prevailing in no other. Men of a certain line have habits of their own, often varying in important particulars, from the habits of others. Every calling has its own hours of labor and conditions of its own under which that labor is performed. There are some businesses which cannot be prosecuted by light, others which must be carried on solely by artificial light. The painter cannot work by the light of a lamp, it would alter the value of his colors; the engraver, on the other hand, finds one light as good as another. The work of type composition on a daily paper is largely done at night, so vast numbers of printers, proofreaders and pressmen rarely know what it is to work by day, while the business of a clerk or salesman in a large dry goods store is almost as exclusively confined to the hours of daylight. The labors of a farmer compel him to be almost constantly in the open air, while many classes of mechanics are just as constantly confined to work shops, where the ventilation is imperfect and the air impure. Every one is aware of the extent to which the mental status is affected by the condition of the body; no man can do proper work, whether physical or mental, when his liver is out of order and his blood is impure, and there are some people who, from long years spent under improper conditions, have chronically bad livers and impure blood. There are thus what may be called class diseases, commonly known among people of a certain class, but rarely attacking others. The "housemaid's knee," an infirmity frequent among women who do much scrubbing; the "base ball arm," the "lawn tennis elbow," and the "match maker's jaw," an affliction resulting from phosphorous poisoning; the "painter's colic," and a dozen more equally familiar ailments peculiar to certain classes of laborers, are illustrations of the general statement that particular conditions of life bring certain results to the physical system.

PROFESSIONAL AILMENTS.

Like the painter and the housemaid, the literary man has his ailments, strictly professional in their nature. His is an indoor life, and he is, therefore, in the first place subjected to the infirmities which come from house life and little exercise. It is doubtful whether the highest degree of physical health and strength can be attained by one devoted to literary work, as this is so absorbing in its nature as to make the professional writer forget or ignore all else in the diligent pursuit of his calling. Chained to his writing desk, his digestion becomes poor, his muscles are weakened, so that he is unable, even were he willing, to take active exercise; his whole system is relaxed; his nerves are unstrung and, even if no positive lesion of the vital organs becomes apparent, he feels that he is "out of sorts." Sooner or later, however, the general weakness manifests itself at some particular point, and if he does not go to pieces all at once like the deacon's shay, he breaks down in spots. His eyes are frequently the first to suffer, being greatly overtaxed; he gets chronic dyspepsia, scrivener's cramp attacks his hand, rheumatism, from some accidental exposure, afflicts his feet or his shoulders or his back; from lack of exercise and too much eating and drinking he is seized by the gout. It is true that some of these woes are also found in other lines of life, but in this they are the direct results of his habits. Milton, Bach, Handel, all were blind from overstudy and work; Carlyle's life was embittered by his stomach, a dozen writers of prominence have been stricken by "writer's cramp;" Wordsworth had rheumatism from allowing a window to remain open and the cold wind to blow across his feet while at work; Gibbon was a martyr to the gout, while apoplexy and paralysis, from overwork and lack of air and exercise, have slain their scores.

DISAGREEING WITH AUTHORITIES.

One of the most serious professional misfortunes of literary men has been the fact that they so often disagreed with the constituted authorities of their place of residence. Freedom of speech and of the press is a thing of our own day and not even yet, in all countries, is it enjoyed to the extent that it is in this. Until the present century, when a writer took of any subject a view that was not agreeable to the authorities, they promptly signified their displeasure, and answered his arguments by locking him up, and so giving him leisure and quiet to reflect on the error of his opinions. Voltaire had abundant experience of this professional misfortune, and after being incarcerated by the French government and by Frederick the Great, he grew so foxily wary in his old age that he finally settled down at Ferney, close to the Swiss frontier, where he could, at an hour's notice, flee from one country to another in case either became a little too warm to be comfortable. Buchanan, Releigh, Boethius, Grotius, Bunyan, Selden, all knew or learned what a difference of opinion between themselves and the authorities meant, and Robinson Crusoe Defoe was so familiar with the pleasant little way the English government had of answering his political pamphlets, that he once said: "If a stranger taps me on the shoulder in the street, I at once turn round and walk toward Newgate, purely from force of habit." Some degree of moral as well as physical courage was required to be a political writer in the days when Newgate, the pillory, the stocks and the branding irons were always ready for political writers of the opposition party; when ears were cropped to make a man change his views and noses were slit to show opposition debaters that they were in the wrong; but to the credit of the profession be it said all these governmental arguments failed to convince, and since the invention of printing there has never been any lack of writers to "roast" an administration that needed such treatment.

LOSS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Many authors of note have suffered irreparable loss from the destruction of their papers. Generally, the disaster came from accidental fire, sometimes the labors of many years being swept away in an hour. Sir Isaac Newton sustained the loss of a large mass of scientific data and calculations through a fire caused by his favorite dog, Diamond, oversetting a candle on the library table. Newton was out of the room at the moment, and when he returned the great dog came to meet him, joyfully wagging the banner of a tail that had done so much damage. The philosopher was equal to the emergency. "Ah, Diamond," he exclaimed, when he saw the charred remnants of his papers, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." Much less patience was shown by the famous Anthony Ureaeus, a philosopher and classical critic of the fifteenth century, whose manuscripts were destroyed by fire during his absence. He became insane, and in his ravings constantly called on God to know why he had been so ill-treated. His blasphemies shocked all hears. He told the Almighty that if, at the point of death, he should be so weak as to pray, he did not wish to be heard, as, after such treatment, he preferred to live in hell rather than in heaven. Thomas Carlyle came very near the fate of Ureaeus, after the manuscript of the second volume of his "French Revolution" was destroyed. He had loaned the work to a friend, who desired to read it, and he loaned it to another. This man, while reading it, left it on his table one night in a mass of papers, and the next morning a careless servant used it to start a fire. Carlyle became almost distracted when he learned of his loss, and his deprecation increased when he found himself at first unable to reproduce it. But, throwing aside all serious occupations, he gave several weeks to novel reading, as a means of diversion; then set to work again, and finally rewrote the entire second volume.

LAPSES OF MEMORY.

The lapses of memory, to which all men are occasionally subject, are among the most pronounced misfortunes of a literary character, and particularly of a writer. There is something curiously treacherous about the human memory. Not only does it fail at times when it should do its best work, but it sometimes confidently assures its owner that it is right when it is in the wrong. There is a tradition in one of the German universities of a very great scholar, renowned for his attainments and also for his memory, which, indeed, seemed to have been little short of miraculous. When this marvel of knowledge was on his deathbed one of his scholars asked, as a parting word, the most valuable hint or suggestion that the old professor could make. The old man opened his lips, and his pupils gathered around expecting a verbal pearl of great price to drop from them. "Always verify your citations," said the dying professor, and gave up the ghost. The advice was worthy of the man and moment, for, of all things, to a scholar there is no labor more needful. He may feel morally sure that he can give a quotation in the words of the author, and he may be entirely mistaken, for the mental substitution of one little word for another may show to the initiated that, while he means well, he is not exact either in his information or in his way of stating it. He may be perfectly sure of his dates and have them transposed; he may use one name when he means to use another; he may attribute a saying to one man when the credit is due to another. Macaulay had a phenomenal memory, but when writing his essay on Oliver Goldsmith and speaking of the hasty and careless manner in which much of that author's work was done, the great essayist wrote, "Vicar of Wakefield" when he intended to write "History of Greece," and so, until he could correct the mistake in the next issue of the review, the classic Macaulay posed before the public as a man who thought the "Vicar of Wakefield" a badly written book.

ODD BLUNDERS.

A book might be composed on the blunders made by authors through momentary forgetfulness or from that queer oscitancy which sometimes comes to the most acute intelligence. Akenside had a fit of this temporary mental aberration when he wrote "He Views the Ganges from Alpine Heights," and Allison, the historian, must have been similarly afflicted when he made Sir Peri grine Pickle one of the pall-bearers of the duke of Wellington. Cervantes' immortal work is filled with blunders of forgetfulness. In one place he tells us about the galley slaves setting upon the don and seizing Mambrino's helmet; they broke it all to pieces, or to be exact, "in a thousand pieces," while a little later Don Quixote comes marching from his chamber armed cap-a-pie with the barber's basin on his head. In one place Gines de Passemonte steals Sancho's Dapple, and a few pages further on we are told about the Don riding along the highway while Sancho contentedly jogged after, seated on his donkey. Dickens, too, made bad "breaks." In "Nicholas Nickleby" the boys of Squeers' school are set to work hoeing turnips in midwinter, and in the "Tale of Two Cities" he speaks of the "chief functionary of the guillotine" as of the same name as the "strong man of old scripture," regardless of the fact that the former was named Sanson and the latter Samson. These are blunders of mere forgetfulness, the writer fancying in some cases, that he sufficiently remembered what he had already written, and so not taking the trouble to verify the accuracy of his knowledge, blundered along into an error, sometimes laughable in its absurdity, and at others relying on his recollection for a historic statement in which his memory was entirely at fault. A few moments' work in verifying a date, or making certain of a quotation, or confirming the accuracy of a historical reference, would have saved the mortification of a bad blunder as well as the credit of the writer, for mistakes in plain historical statements, the facts of which can be ascertained from ordinary books of reference, cast discredit on the entire work of an author, a careful reader instantly concluding that the same carelessness would be shown elsewhere as in the instances which fell under his notice.

TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS.

Ever since the invention of types the printer has been compelled to bear a load of sins which were not always his own. The haste, carelessness, laziness and ignorance of authors occasion innumerable blunders in manuscript, of which the writer, after the matter has appeared in print, is thoroughly ashamed, and whenever the nature of the case admits, these are foisted on the "intelligent compositor." It is not possible to make such a disposition of them all, but the general inclination inherent in human nature to shift blame to the shoulders of some one else causes a careless writer to unload all he can on the printer, and in every printing office the spectacle of the angry writer insisting that he did not write what had appeared in print, and scarcely convinced even when shown the manuscript, is painfully common. Hasty and illegible handwriting is responsible for many blunders, not a few writers entertaining the idea that to write badly is a mark of genius; so they write in such a style that they cannot themselves read the matter after they have forgotten the subject, and then blame the printer if every letter is not exactly right. There is probably not a professional writer in this country who has not reasons once or twice a month to thank printers and proof readers for correcting some mistake or blunder in his matter, frequently trivial, but occasionally of grave importance. The slips of the press, however, unintentional as they are, sometimes become extremely funny, and occasionally are productive of consequences the reverse of agreeable. The reporter who, in an account of a society gathering, wrote An Fait club, and was subsequently forced to run a gauntlet of enraged fathers, brothers and lovers because the words appeared as Anti-Fat club, probably saw little humor in the blunder, but persons not concerned in the affair could not be blamed for deriving considerable amusement from it. Literary history is full of entertaining blunders of the press, but perhaps no one is more curious than the incident narrated by Disraeli of the book called "The Anatomy of the Mass," published by a pious monk in 1561. It is a book of 172 pages and at the close are fifteen closely printed pages of "errata," prefaced by a few remarks by the author. He apologizes for the immense number of blunders, unequaled in a work of that size, and attributes their amazing frequency to no less an agency than Satan himself. The devil, he says, was fearful of the influence such a book would have, and, determined to spoil it, first contrived to make the author drop it as he was crossing a ditch, whereby it became water-soaked and almost illegible. Being rescued, however, and put in the hands of the printers, the old enemy bothered them to such a degree and caused them to make so many mistakes that it enjoyed the pre-eminence of being the worst executed book that ever came from the press. Determined, however, that Satan should not have the advantage, the author went to work, carefully corrected all the blunders, and annexed the pages of errata, and thus was the antagonist of all good books finally baffled and put to rout.

CAUGHT STEALING.

To be detected in appropriating the words and phrases of another is certainly a professional misfortune of no small proportions, yet such a calamity has befallen more than one literary man of marked abilities. As a rule, a well-proven case of plagiarism has either greatly damaged or closed the literary career of the culprit, but there is at least one prominent instance to the contrary, for Benjamin Disraeli began his literary life by a flagrant plagiarism which was instantly detected and pointed out in the daily press. Disraeli made but a lame excuse, and the occurrence would probably have terminated the literary life of a less able man, but he survived it and the story is now found only in the curios of literature. There is another brilliant plagiarist whose sin has been condoned in virtue of the elegant use he made of his stealings. "Lucille," had not been in print six months ere some one discovered that the plot, the story, most of the incidents and much of the language were lifted bodily from a novel by George Sand. Of course the discoverer instantly rushed to the nearest newspaper office with his discovery, and equally, of course, the editor saw a good item in the information and made as much of it as he could. Other journals copied the exposure and Owen Meredith was subjected to a belaboring at the hands of the critics that would have extinguished a literary light of less magnitude. But somehow the people had taken a fancy to "Lucille" and the charges of stealing made not the slightest impression. People even went so far as to say they did not care if he did steal it, it was good, and showed that he knew how to steal with taste and skill. So little by little the critics got tired of howling about the literary wickedness of a man who could steal a whole novel and pass it off for his own; the plagiarism was forgotten and is now remembered only in books of literary anecdote. In his case, therefore, being caught stealing proved no misfortune; indeed it rather proved an advantage, for the controversy resulting from the charge widely advertised the book which it was intended to ruin. Speaking of ruining a book recalls the fact that one of the most serious professional misfortunes of literary men has been the ruin that not only a few brought on themselves by investing all they had in the publication of their works. In several cases they have ruined book sellers, who were persuaded or cajoled into undertaking an expensive work, in many volumes, but as a rule the publishers have been shrewd enough to avoid disasters of this kind by allowing the author to assume the financial responsibility. This, when able, they were almost always willing to do, and when the work did not sell, they were frequently reduced to poverty by the outlay. The misery which, in not a few instances, has been the portion of literary old age, was thus not always the result of unkindly fate, for an author who risks too much to get his name before the public has no right to complain if financial disaster attends his venture. A lack of business discretion is a common misfortune among men of letters, and perhaps the most serious that has befallen the class.

OUR BABY.

Cy Warman in New York Sun.

We have a baby, and he looks like me,
Somebody said so one day;
But that I have never been able to see,
Though somebody said so one day.
His beautiful eyes have the hue of the skies
And mine of a ship-tossed sea,
Neither blue, gray nor green, just betwixt and between,
Still our baby looks like me.

His bright tresses hold the luster of gold,
Somebody said so one day;
And mine are as straight as the red man's of old,
Somebody said so one day;
His mouth's like a sweet little bursting pink rose,
There's a dimple in each round knee;
He's as fair as the day, the neighbors all say,
Still our baby looks like me.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

An out-of-work insurance has been instituted in Cologne, Germany.

A New Yorker who was boycotted has sued the union for $2,000 damages.

When the Siberian railway is completed a tour around the world may be made in forty days and at an expense of $400.

Workingmen are warned to keep away from South Africa. Wages are low, work scarce and the necessities of life very high.

Miss Nellie Patterson, Mount Carmel, Conn., has completed a four years' apprenticeship to the machinists' trade.

It is estimated that $80,000,000 has been spent in the United States for bicycles. Only about 25 per cent of this amount was expended for labor and material.

A Spanish patent lasts twenty years and the device or manufacture must be made or carried on in Spanish territory within two years after the patent is granted.

St. Paul Bricklayers' union is interested in the preparation of a bill providing for the appointment of a practical and competent bricklayer on the building inspector's staff.

The condition of the Florida cigar trade is becoming very alarming to manufacturers and they are husbanding their Cuban leaf in every way possible. This is, of course, due to the continued war in Cuba.

The German Painters' union of New York has established a school for learners at its labor bureau in Fifty-seventh street, near Lexington avenue. Instructions will be given on evenings and on Sundays. The cost of instruction is $5 a term of three months.

Mrs. Thomas D. Calkins, San Francisco, in the last few years has invented twenty-seven household articles, among the number a bakingpan with adjustable partitions, a pinless clothes rack and a self-adjusting towel ring.

Commissioner of Labor Statistics McDonough of New York state announces that he will begin his investigation on November 9 in New York City into the condition of working women and the system of importing females into this country for immoral and other purposes. He is gathering his witnesses, and has about sixty in view to begin with.

An effort is likely to be made by Cleveland, O., manufacturers and mechanics to discriminate against the cheap lumber products which have been shipped into the city during the past years. Union carpenters will refuse to handle any goods not manufactured in Cleveland mills, or, at least, unless the work was done by mechanics receiving the union scale of wages.