"What was my mother doing when you saw her sitting by the Well at the End of the World" he asked.

"She was combing her hair," replied

"That is true," remarked the stranger

Yes, she was combing her halr. Then he turned to the stepmother and said: 'May I see this young lady alone for a little

while? I have a message for her from an

I hope her friend is well-to-do, for her

"'I came at your summons,' said the stranger; 'you turned the vial of spark-ling water upside down and now I am

"Then Eolen told him of the death of

her father, and how he had left all of his property to her stepmother. The stranger listened attentively, and while he listened

played with a heavy gold ring that he were on his third finger. When Eolen was through with her story he took this ring from his finger and handed it to her.

me what you see."
"Eolen held the ring to one of her eyes

and peered through the golden circle. She was so surprised that she came near drop-

ping the ring. She had held it up toward the stranger, but instead of seeing him

through the ring she seemed to be look-

ing into a room in which some person was moving about. As she continued to look the scene appeared to be a familiar one.

The room was the one her stepmother

occupied-the room in which her father had died. She saw her stepmother take from her father's private drawer a fold-

ed paper and hide it behind the mantel

Then the scene vanished, and through the ring she saw the stranger smiling at her. "'What you have seen happened some

time ago. He took the ring and replaced it on his finger. 'Your stepmother is now coming this way. She has been trying to hear what we are saying. When she comes in, do you get your father's real will from behind the mantel and bring it

"Sure enough the stepmother came into

the room silently and suddenly. She pre-tended to be much surprised to find any

one there.
"'You must excuse me, she said to the

stranger. 'I imagined I heard you take your leave some time ago.

"You are excused," replied the stranger. 'I have been thinking what could be done for your stepdaughter, that must be quite a burden to you."

"The stepmother took this for an invi-tation to tell what she knew about Eo-thel, and you may be sure she didn't

waste any praise on the young lady. But right in the midst of it all Eolen, who had gone out, returned and handed the

stranger the folded paper that had been

half the property.'

dden behind the mantel. The step-other recognized it and turned pale.

'This,' said the stranger, opening the

"That is the will my husband forgot

to destroy,' cried the stepmother. 'I have the real will.'

'May I see it?' asked the stranger.

"The stepmother ran to fetch it, but waen the stranger had opened it, not a line nor a word of writing could be found

"I see you are fond of a joke," said

the stranger, but the stepmother had fallen into a chair and sat with her face

hid in her hands. 'I am fond of a joke

think I can match yours.'
"With that the stranger took the real

will tore it in small pieces, and threw it

'The most difficult thing in the world,

replied the stranger. 'I have made this lady happy.'

"And sure enough the stepmother was

smiling and thanking him.
"I thought you were my enemy," she

ndeed. How can I repay you?"
"'By treating this young lady here

your daughter,' he replied. 'Have no

"But before he went away he gave

Eolen the gold ring, and told her to wear it for the sake of his mother, who sat

by the Well at the End of the World.

she thanked him for his kindness and promised she would keep the ring and treasure it as long as she lived.

"But there was one trouble with this magic ring. It was too large for any of Eolen's fingers. She had the whitest

ind most beautiful hands ever seen, but

the ring would fit none of her fingers. Around her neck she wore a necklace of coral beads, and on this necklace she

hung the ring.
"For many days Eolen's stepmother was kind to her-almost too kind; but the

voman was afraid her stepdaughter would inform the judges of her effort to steal and hide her husband's will. The judges

were very severe in those days, and it

that country, and if the woman had been brought before them and such a crime proven on her she would have been sent

"What is a rack?" asked Sweetest Su

"Hit's de place where dey scrunch folks

ve'y vitals out'n 'em," said Drusilla sol-emly.

"That's about right, I reckon," assent ed Mr. Thimblefinger. "Well, the step mother was as kind to Eolen as she knew

how to be, but the kindness didn't last long. She hated her stepdaughter worse than ever. She was afraid of her, but she

didn't hate her any the less on that ac

"Eolen had a habit of taking off her

coral necklace and placing it under her pillow. One night, when she was fast asleep, her stepmother crept into the room

and slipped the ring from the necklace She had no idea it was a magic ring She said to herself that it would look

better on her daughter's finger than it did on Holen's coral necklace, so she took the

ing and slipped it on the finger of her

sleeping daughter, and then stepped back a little to admire the blg golden circle

"Almost immediately the daughter be

gan to toss and tumble in her sleep. She threw her arms wildly about and tried to talk. The mother, becoming alarmed,

tried to wake her, but if was some time before the girl could be roused from her

"'Oh!" she cried, when she awoke

some one was cutting my finger off. What was it? Oh, it hurts me still?"
"She held up the finger on which her

mother had placed the ring and tried to

tear off the golden band. 'It burns-it burns?' she cried. 'Take it off.'

"Her mother tried to take the ring off,

so that it was a hard matter to remove

was some time before she suc-

what is the matter with me? I dream

on the coarse, red hand.

troubled sleep,

No

fear, he said, turning to Eolen. No harm can befall you. What I have done

is for the best.'

o the rack."

san.

into the fireplace.

"'What have you done?' cried Eolen.

continued the stranger, 'and I

r, and reading it at a glance, 'is father's will. I see he has left you

"Look through that," he said, 'and tell

ere to do your bidding."

'Certainly!' the stepmother answered.

old friend.

to me.



A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion, The dear wee woman of four; Her feet in their shiny slippers Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her hig brown eyes.
Blue stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling files.

The looked far up at the preacher; But she thought of the honey been Droming away in the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees. She thought of the broken backet,

Where curled in a dusky heap, Three sleek, round pupples, with fringy ears, Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such queer little hearts to beat, Buch swift, round tongues to kins, Such sprawling, cushiony feet! She could feet in her clasping fingers

The touch of the satiny skin, And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin. Then a sudden ripple of laughter

a a sudden rippie or an over the parted lips an over the parted lips, guide that she could not catch it lith her rosy finger-tips.

people whispered: "Elless the child?"

people whispered: "Elless the child?" The people whispered: "Elless the As each one waked from a nap;

But the dear wee woman hid her face For shame in her mother's lap.
-London Amusing Journal,

Pirate Blackbeard.

A Story of Buried Treasure, by Howard Pyle.

(Copyright, 1885, by Howard Pyle.) There are two pirates, each of whom he very famous in this country-Captain William Kidd, of whose adventures and the treasure buried upon Gardener's island has already been told—and Captain "Blackbeard."

Perhaps Captain Kidd is the most fa-mous of the two, but nevertheless nearly every one knows of Bluebeard, and there is hardly a strip of sandy beach between New Jersay and Florida that is not re-puted to hold somewhere hidden in it bosom the buried treasure that he left behind him, and which has never yet been

Nowhere in all the history of piracy I there such a terrible, strange, dreadful figure as that of Captain Edward Teach, or Blackbeard. Listen how the old historian of the plrates describes him. "Our hero, Captain Teach," says he, "assumed the cognomen of Blackbeard, from that large quantity of hair, which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face and frightened America more than any comet that had appeared for a long time.

"This beard was black, which he guffered to grow to an extravagant length; as to the breadth, it came up to his eyes. He was accustomed to twist with ribbons into small talls, after the manner of our Ramidles Wigs, and to turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulder with three brace of pistols hanging in the holsters like bandaliers. He stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face and eyes, looked naturally force and wild, made him al-together such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from the

pit to look more frightful." Perhaps not one of those old pirates, un-less it was Captain Kidd, was so closely identified with our early colonial history as Blackbeard. All of his depredations were committed along our coasts, where his terrible figure would be seen, now swooping down upon some peaceful merchant coaster, now running ashore to devastate some plantation or settlement; now appearing in some scaport town to barter or trade with the merchants or planters with the goods that he had just taken from some sloop or schooner off. the shore.

along our American seaboard. That which shall be told is how he terrorized and robbed the town of Charles-ten, in South Carolina. How he and Gov-

wife, it is said), and striking up a friendship with the governor, the colonial sec-retary and other dignitaries of the prov-nce, led for awhile a merry, jolly life of it, playing cards and spending his money like a lord. So for awhile he continued his life ashore. Then, suddenly and ap-parently without reason, his restless desire for adventure broke out afresh. He called together his men, who had nearly all settled in the neighborhood of Bath-Town, manned the sloop that he had brought with him, and with it and an-other sailed away out into the ocean

then he returned, bringing in a large French harque freighted with a preciou cargo of sugar, which was then worth considerably upward of a shilling a

pirates.

the now empty vessel to be towed out into the sound and burned. There it was con sumed, hissing, to the water's edge and sunk and with it the last fragment that might have led to detection was blotted out forever. It was a very profitable ad-

And now comes the fierce and bloody ending of Blackbeard's story.

Governor Spotiswood, of Virginia, was already beginning to take active steps to stamp out Blackbeard's nest of pirates down at Bath-Town, even though it was not in his jurisdiction and was in the jurisfrom the government of the province. Ac-cordingly, Richards, the captain of the Revenge sloop, with two or three more diction of another governor. The story that presently reached his ears concerning the loss of the French barque determine him to act without losing any time.

He fitted out two sicops under command of Mr. Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of the Pearl mar-of-war, which was then lying at the mouth of the James river. Lieutenant Maynard sailed down to Ocracoke inlet, into the sound and there met Blackbeard. Then followed a fight such as one may read about now and then in pirate books, but rarely in a true history

two broadsides into the lieutenant's sloop, under the smoke of which he and the king's men drifted closer together and finally grappled. As soon as they were near enough the pirates began to throw aboard the sloop grenades made of case bottles filled with small shot and pieces of iron. These grenades burst as soon as they had struck the deck, throwing their contents together with bits of broken glass in all directions. Under the smoke and confusion Blackbeard and his men boarded the sloop and then followed one

"Blackbeard and the lieutenant," says he, "fired the first pistol at each other, by which the pirate received a wound, then they engaged with swords until the lieutenant's unluckily broke, who thereupon stepping back to cock a pistol, Blackbeard with his cutlass was striking at the instant, when one of Maynard's men gave him a terrible wound in the neck and throat by which the lieutenant came off

with a small cut on his fingers.
"They were now closely and warmly en gaged, the lieutenant and 12 men agains Blackbeard and H, until the sea was ting tured with blood around the vesse Though Blackbeard received a shot from the pistol that Lieutenant Maynard dis-charged, yet he stood his ground and fought with great fury until he received 20 cuts and five more shots. At length, as he was cocking a pistol, having fired sev-

With this the battle was over. Lieu-tenant Maynard cut off the dead pirate's head, nailed it at the bowsprit of his sloot and then sailed back in triumph to Vir

he pirates went back to their ships."

"The night before Blackbeard was How much Blackbeard took from the killed." says one of his historians, "one of Adding what was here taken to what he should take all!

ernor Edea, of North Carolina, shared the spoils of the French bark laden with already had, he must have amassed a contist then precious freightage of sugar, Siderable fortune by this time. This for-



rowing up to Charleston with the news that the pirates had captured the Royal Princess just off the bay, and was hold-

For a whole week the pirates lay off the town. The Royal Princess was only

the town. The Royal Princess was only the first of their captives. Every incom-ing and outgoing craft was stopped until a score of vessels lay riding at anchor off the bar under the guns of the pirate fleet, and the town was completely block-aded. Every prize was overhauled and everything of value taken from it. The

passengers themselves were held for ran-som, and all their money, and even their watches and their jewelry, were taken

At last the town itself was visited. One

day a boatload of pirates with one of their prisoners landed at the quay, where a little

crowd had gathered, watching them low

It is thus that the old historian of those

times tells of it:
"Belog in want of medicine," says he

"Blackbeard resolved to demand a chest

pirates, were sent up along with Mr.

Marks, one of the prisoners whom they

had taken in Clark's ship, to make their demands, which they did in a very inso-

ing her as a prize. Blackbeard had come.

from them.

ent manner, threatening that if the town did not immediately send the chest of medicine and let the pirate ambassadors return without offering any violence to their persons they would murder all the prisoners and send their heads up to the governor and set the ships they had taken

"Whilst Mr. Marks was making app cation to the council, Richards and the rest of the pirates walked the streets publicty in the sight of the people, who were fired with the utmost indignation, but durst not so much as think of arresting

them. And so they were forced to let the villains pass with impunity.

"The government was not long in deliberating upon the message, though it was the greatest affront that could be put upon

It would be impossible here to recount vessels he stopped on the bar in front of all of his bold and desperate adventures Charleston harbor; how great was the money paid for the redemption of the pris-oners, no one can tell. Altogether the booty which he gained must have been very great indeed.



BLACKBEARD ABANDONS NINETEEN OF HIS CREW ON A DESERT ISLAND.

how he fought his last fight, and how he tune he determined to secure as much a

has never yet been unearthed. Captain Edward Teach began his pirate life about the year 1716, sulling from the island of Providence, in the West Indies. with a Captain Hornigold (another nota-ble pirate), to the main of America, taking in the course of a month among other prizes a large French and richly freighted

This large and powerful ship Captain Teach took for his man-of-war, rechrist-ening it "The Queen Anne's Revenge," a name that was to become notable along the Atlantic coast in the two or three years that followed it.

It is not proposed here to tell of the ad-rentures that happened to him in all of that time; of how he captured vessel after vessel; of how he fought a famous bat-tle with the man-of-war Scarborough, beating off the king's ship after an engagement that lasted for several hours. It is only needful to say that he joined with him a number of other pirate crafts a sailing under Major Stede Bonnet. Governor Eden at Bath-Town. her own daughter. The girl went, but not with this fleet fairly swept the seas. There Blackbeard bought a plantation, with a good grace. She had been petted and spelled, and was very saucy and imthen sailing under Major Stede Bonnet, and with this fleet fairly swept the seas.

he fought his last ignt, and now he behind him a hidden treasure that possible to himself. Accordingly, he mannever yet been unearthed. vessels aground off Topsail injet excepting one. To that one—a small sloop—be had transferred all of his treasure and a crew of 40 meb, and with it he sailed away for stepmother produced a will in which her the North Carolina sounds

But even 40 were, in Blackbeard's opin-ion, too many to share what had been gained in their piracies. Accordingly, he marooned 19 of them on a little sandy could she prove it? She happened to marconed 19 of them on a little sandy island, about a league from the mainiand, "where," says the historian, "there was neither bird, beast, fish or herb for their "On the instant, there was a loud knock sustenance." And only 22 were left to at the street door. Eolen would have share the treasure.

At that time piracy had become so rampant that King George issued a procluma-tion pardoning all freebooters who would surrender by a certain date, hoping thus to correct the evil. Blackbeard and the 22 "I wish to see a young lady who lives pirates who now were with him were almost the first to take advantage of this pardon. After having shared the treasure among themselves, they went up into Pamileo sound and there surrendered to Governor Eden at Bath-Town.

"I wish to see a young lady who lives the ring, which seemed to be as hot as fire. A red blister was left on the girl's finger, and she seemed to be in great pain. "What have I done?" the mother cried, seeing her daughter's condition. The two Pamileo sound and there surrendered to Governor Eden at Bath-Town.

through Ocracoke. He was gone for six or seven weeks and pound. No one ever heard the history of the

French vessel-how it was taken, what had happened after it was taken-it must have been a dark and bloody story. Black-beard said he found the barque adrift with neither captain nor crew, and that he had brought it into port as a derelict. He made Governor Eden a present of 50 hogsheads of the sugar, and Mr. Knight, the colonial secretary, a gift of 20 hogs heads. The rest was divided among the

Then Governor Eden promptly ordered

such as this. Blackbeard opened the battle by firing

of the most desperate hand-to-hand con-flicts in all pirate history. It is thus that Captain Johnson, one of

the chroniclers of those events, describes

eral before, he fell down dead,"

So ended Blackbeard, the pirate, fighting to the last But what became of his treasure? Som where he had hidden it in the marshes of bluffs of Currituck sound or in the forests of the Tar river. There it somewhere reposes to this day-all that had been earned through blood and crime and wickedness buried in the ground and lost forever.

the men asked him in case anything happened to him in the coming engagemen whether his wife knew where he had buried his money? He answered that nobody but himself and the devil knew where it was, and that the longest liver No one has ever yet found it.

MR. THIMBLEFINGER.

THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT. (Copyright, 1805, by Joel Chandler Harris.) This is the story which Mr. Thimble-finger told the children of "The Magic Ring": "The little girl I am going to tell you about was named Eolen. Some said it was a beautiful name, but her step-mother and her stepmother's daughter said it was very ugly. Anyhow, that was her name, and whether it was ugly or whether it was beautiful, she had to make

the best of it. "Well. Eolen went home when the old man gave her the vial of water from the well at the end of the world. She hid the vial beneath her apron until she reached her own room, and then she placed it at the very bottom of her little trunk-a trunk that had belonged to her mother,

who was dead. "Nothing happened for a long tim Whenever Friday fell on the 13th of a month Eolen would rub a drop of the sparkling water on her forehead, and she grew to be the loveliest young lady that ever was seen. Her stepsister was not bad looking, but compared with Eolen, she was ugly. The contrast between them was so great that people could not help noticing it and making remarks about it. Some of these remarks came to the ears

of her stepmother. "Now, a stepmother can be just as nic and as good as anybody, but this partic ular stepmother cared for nothing except her own child, and she soon came to hate Eolen for being so beautiful. She had ever treated the child kindly, but now she egan to treat her cruelly. Eolen never old her father, but somehow he seemed to know what was going on, and he treat-ed her more affectionately each day as her stepmother grew more cruel.

"This lasted for some time, but finally Eolen's father fell ill and died, and then, although she had many admirers, she was or rely on. To make matters worse her stepmother produced a will in which her husband had left everything to her and

gone to open it, but her stepmother was there before her. She peeped from be-hind the curtain in the hallway, and saw

" 'Go away, you hussy!' screamed the

polite. The stranger smiled when he saw r. 'Go away! you are a witch!'
'Why, what have I done?' Eolen "What was my mother doing when you asked.

saw her sitting by the Well at the End of the World? he asket. "'Do you take me for a crazy person?" asked.

"You are the cause of all this trouble. For amusement I placed your gold ring on my dear daughter's finger—and now see her condition!"

"Why, then, did you take my ring? If you had left it where I placed it, you would have hed roome of this trouble." replied the giri,
"'By no means,' said the stranger.
'You are not the young lady I came to

"The stepmother then called Eolen and would have had none of this trouble,' Eolen spoke with so much dignity that her stepmother was surprised into silence, stood in the room frowning to see what was going to happen. Eolen came as soon as she was called, and the stranger though she could talk faster and louder seemed to be much struck by her beauty and modesty. He took her by the hand and led her to a chair. than a flutter mill. But finally she found her voice. "'Go away! You are a witch!" she

said to Holen. "But Eolen went boldly into the room Give me my ring!" she exclaimed. "You

shall wrong me no further. Give me my ring! I will have it!" "This roused the stepmother's temper. She searched on the floor until she found the ring. Then she opened a window and flung it as far as she could send it. "Now, let's see you get it!" she cried. With that she seized Eolen by the arm

and pushed her from the room, saying: "Go away, you witch!"
"Now, then," said Mr. Thimblefinger, after pausing to take breath, "what was the poor girl to do?" He looked at Sweetest Susan as if expecting her to father has died without leaving her so much as a farthing. Having said this, the stepmother flounced from the room.

inswer the question "I'm sure I don't know," replied Sweet-

"Shake up de bottle," exclaimed Dru "Exactly so," said Mr. Thimblefinger,

A MEDAL OF HONOR. How a Boy Gained It-By Oliver O. Howard, Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., Retired.

Bedloe's island is situated westward across the channel from Governor's island. This channel is a roadway in New York harbor, through which four-fifths of the large steamers pass and repass on their way to and from the ocean. Bedloe's island has a few acres of land, not more than 20 or 30 in all. On its eastern front stands the great statue of Liberty, which France, in noble genercsity, presented to our country. On the western front of the island is a small marine station, where there are a few



ti He stepped to the front of the parade and re

ndirectly connected with the lighthon

department. For, as every New Yorker can testify, the Goddess of Liberty, who consti-tutes the principal part of the statue, holds a torch terminated by a brilliant light in her elevated right hand. By some contrivances, bright electric lights are thrown upon the pedestal of the statue in such a way as to produce marked effects that were not intended. At night the whole structure gives the appearance of a queen, crowned and ornamented with extended skirts of dazzling brightness. It is, of course, the duty of the light-house department to keep these lights

On the north side of the little island, until recently, there has been a small garrison of troops. This garrison did not generally exceed 50 men. The last detail sent there by the government was a company of the Sixth infantry, U. S.

commanded by Captain A. M. tain Wetherill had with him two or three lieutenants, among whom was Lieutenant Frank D. Webster. The special duty of this command was to guard the statue against any or all persons who might be disposed to deface or otherwise injure it, and to preserve order, as a special police might do among the inhabitants, and nu-

said; but now I see you are my friend merous visitors who are constantly com-1830, the several officers and many of the men belonging to this garrison, which is designated in army orders as Fort Word, were skating on the ice which, in an unusual freeze-up, had formed so as to cover the whole stretch of deep water from Bed-loe's island to the New Jersey shore.

loe's island to the New Jersey shore.

As twilight was approaching, the officers, excepting Lieutenant Webster, and the men who were on the ice, took off their skates and went back to the Island.

Among the smaller animals there is

stepmother when she saw Eolen at the also broke through, and like his wife, door. 'Go away! you are a witch!'

Now, chilled by the plunge, both of them were throwing forward their arms, and by their desperate struggles causing the edges of the broken lee to crumble

The tide current was at this time swift The tide current was at this time swift and incisive, and every spring of Mr. Miller made to throw himself upon the surface, crushed out and drove away cakes newly severed from the mass.

All that they really effected for their own relief was done by keeping their heads above the black waters and calling loudly for help.

Webster and Max Wetherill, when this double catastrophe was taking place, were

double catastrophe was taking place, were some 200 yards off, still skating.

The lad Max, probably hearing the alarming cries, was the first to catch sight of this imperiled couple, but dimly seen in

the evening haze.

He shouted to the Heutenant, and both started, swiftly skating to the rescue. Webster, being stronger and an expert, arrived first at the place of disaster. Knowing the danger of approaching too closely the edge of the cracking ice, the young lieutenant wisely threw his overcoat to the engineer, cheering and encouraging him by his voice. He thought rightly that before it became wet through and heavy the sufferers could spread it before them n the ice, lean upon it, and so gain time. While they were trying to obey his or-ders and heed his suggestions, he ventured a little nearer, and there, lying prone

upon his face, stretched out his hands to the now frightened and shivering woman, she being the nearest to him. Max meanwhile had come up quite too

close for safety, and was eager to do something toward the rescue. "What can I do?" he cried. "Catch my feet, and hold them secure-ly," answered the lieutenant.

This the boy did, but the water in-creasing above the ice, showed it to be still sinking, and the rescuers themselves were already in imminent danger, Jusat that time several soldiers belonging to Captain Wetherill's company, having heard Max's shrill outery, had run toward them with all their might, and were now approaching the scene.

Among the soldiers were Leroy S. Hotchkiss and Dennis Ginney, who were thoughtful enough to bring ropes, and Charles F. Rodenstein, who had the good sense to provide himself with a board. Hotchkiss at once bravely exchange places with the lieutenant, while the latter extended the board as near the woman as possible. Hotchkiss now grasped both her hands, for she was too paralyzed to make further effort, and drew her upon the board, a line with clasped hands having been formed to give them necessary stance to the firmer ice. Thus Mrs.

Miller was saved. While this effort was succeeding, Dennis Ginney had thrown a rope, after the man-ner of the Mexican lariat, over the head of Mr. Miller, who had by this time become so benumbed that he could not use his hands enough to hold it. He, however, to prevent its choking him, seized the rope with his teeth, and by this means was slowly drawn out of the water. It has taken some time to relate these

ncidents of rescue, but all the work was speedily accomplished, yet none too soon, for the whole field of ice was fast becoming too weak to hold up so large a party.

There was great joy at the island as soon as all-the rescuers and the rescued were safe upon the dry land, Lieutenant Webster and all the men were inclined to make Max Wetherill the

veritable hero of the occasion. At the next annual encampment of Captain Wetherill's company, "A," of the Sixth infantry, at Fort Niagara, not far from Buffalo, N. Y., as department commander, I had the privilege and honor of presenting government medals to each of the above-named rescuers. There was a large assembly and a formal parade of the garrison, and one may imagine the pride and pleasure which Captain and Mrs. Wetherill experienced when the name of Alexander Macomb Wetherill, for that was Max's full name, was called.

When he, covered with blushes, stepped out to the front of the parade and re-

ceived his medal of honor, a spontaneous shout of applause greeted him.

His father, now that the young man is approaching the requisite age, has sought for the lad an appointment to a cadetship

at the military academy.

We are glad, indeed, to notice and record such noble acts of heroism put forth in the saving of human life; and, indeed, it is better to save than to destroy.

TRAINED BEES.

In the education of animals it is more Toward sunset on the 18th of January.

Toward sunset on the 18th of January.

S3, the several officers and many of the
men belonging to this garrison, which is
fleas! They have all been upon the boards. The idea of teaching the vivacious flea to perform certain specific antics! How was it instilled into its small perceptible faculties that in obedience to cer-



THE FOUNG LIEUTENANT WISELY THREW HIS OVERCOAT TO THE ENGINEER.

For just then they heard the first call for | none that seems so intelligent, so pracretreat, the final roll-call of the day. Webster lingered, probably to look after Max Wetherill (a boy of about 14 years, the final roll-call of the day the son of Captain Wetherill), who con tinued skating. Scattered about on the ice were three or four children belongng to the lighthouse employes. Farther from the island, toward what are known as "the national docks," could be seen the figures of a man and woman walking on the ice. The man was going toward the woman, having accomplished the ob-ject, a very natural one, that he had in venturing out upon the ice, that is to say, to be able to tell his friends that he had walked on ice all the way from Bedloe's

waiked on ice all the way from Bedoe's island to the national docks.

This worthy citizen, an engineer in the lighthouse department at Beloe's Island, Mr. Charles Miller, had been but a short time married, and 'he woman seen upon the ice was his good wife. How could they cetter celebrate the termination of their on than by taking a charming, alhoneymoon than by taking a charming, al-most miraculous evening walk upon the water? But, however praiseworthy and precious the original purpose, the imme-diate consequences were not propitious. For, as on his returning steps, his ven-turesome wife drew near to meet him, he was filled with alarm and horror to behold her signing through the treacherous ice. For, as on his returning steps, his venturesome wife drew near to meet him, he precision and unity as troops of soldiers was filled with alarm and horror to behold her sinking through the treacherous ice. He instantly flew to her assistance, for he thought only of her extreme peril. But, as soon as his feet touched the plate of ice, already cracking in spangles, he

tical and sober-minded as "the little busy bee." He will mount in the air, and fly in a straight line for his hive. It has passed into a proverb, and when a man wishes to say that he has gone by the shortest line from one point to another (and that, as mathematics teach, is the straight line) he says he "made a beeline" for the place. So in the structure of their cells they apply by instinct the form and proportions which reason proves to be most effective and economical of space. They are fine subjects and obey implicitly their queen and they take good care of the drones as long as they are useful to the well-being of the commu-nity, and kill them as soon as they cease to be so.

It would appear therefore a very simple

thing to teach bees tricks and introduce them to professional life as performers on the amusement stage. Yet, probably very few have ever seen trained bees. In 1831, however, a man named Wildeman, of Plymouth, did train a troop and exhibited them for the recreation of the curious public. He got awarms of bees so well trained that he could make them enact maneuvers with as much

pear before the audience with the been swarming all over him. They were on his face, on his hands, crawling over his clothes, and his pockets were full of them. It looked as if he were a great flower full of material of which honey could be made, from the assiduous attention which these busy little bees paid him. Whether they had been despoiled of their stings or not, is not said. But he must have felt uncomfortable if he knew that many scores of bees, were they so minded, could have stung him at will. Such a quantity of bee-stings as that could easily settle a man and leave him stung to death. Anybody who has ever been unlucky enough to receive the sting of even one healthy,

to receive the sting of even one nearthy, vigorous bee will not flud it difficult to believe this.

The hives of the bees were in a certain part of the large hall quite removed from the stage where Wildman stood with them thickly clustered on him. All at once he would give a whistle and presto! The bees started off and flew straight to their nives! When they had got well settled there he would whistle again, and back they flew and settled on his face and hauds and clothes once more. This was done with the greatest promptness and regularity. It must have been with some solicitude that the spectators assissted at this performance. But it is due to the bees, and perhaps to Wildeman, to say bees, and perhaps to Wildeman, to say, that no one was ever stung by them, Virgil, the great Latin poet, who wrote four poems on different agricultural themes, devotes one of these Georgics, as they are called, entirely to bees. But he nowhere says they can be taught to do the things which this man of Plymouth trained them to perform. Virgit's bee know a great deal, but they learned i from nature. JOHN JAMES. Virgit's bees

A HAWAIIAN CHRISTMAS. Impressions of a Portland Man at the Holiday Season in Honolulu.

HONOLULU, Dec. 31.—There was not ingle of sleighbells, for no snow lay pon the ground; no cold rains or winds chill the marrow of one's bones; no thick fogs to blur the vision, but, instead, a balmy and beautiful evening beneath bright southern stars; and one among them shone out like the star of Bethle hem on that great night, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four years ago; for it was now Christmas eve on the island of Oahu. The little, narrow streets of Honolulu were thronged with a mighty crowd. First came the native population, then the Chinese and Japanese in large numbers; next the Americans, and Portuguese, and so on, until the mid-dle of the main street was the only place where a current seemed to flow on that particular street. Sidewalks and windows were blockaded and stores crowded. Most were making purchases for Christman others making merry with horns an masked faces, and some were lookers-on, as it were, only. Ten o'clock found the little street pretty well relieved of the great surging block of humanity that had short a time before occupied it. Eleven o'clock, and Honolulu was one grand city of nocturnal music, for it was then that serenaders were out in all parts of the ity, from small groups of native chilfren up to brass bands. One party would no more than be gone, it would seem, be-fore another would take its place, and so on throughout the night. Many of the rative airs were strangely fascinating.

The morning broke clear and beautiful and with it came the sound of fire-rackers and bombs, while flags of different nations floated in the gentle breeze. The tars and stripes seemed to outnumber the others, for this is truly an American town, and many still retain their patriotic American feeling. It truly seemed like a Fourth of July instead of Christmas, and particularly so when rockets went up from different parts of the city in the vening. Throughout the day many wan-ered to Thomas Park, where the gov-rnment band was playing, and to the

m was the writer, who took his an-The annexation fever is taking a strong er hold on the people here, and a petition to President Dole has been presented, asking him to send a special commission to Washington to ask annexation, and if Columbia does not extend her hand to her little sister of the sen, Aloha Hawaii, after so much pleading, it will be indeed trange. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras,

here, it is said, to write a history of the

lands, and now it may be expected that

ach to indulge in surf bathing, among

out of many an old crater of an extinct volcano will come many weird and ro-mantic legends. The singing shells of the nountains, the barking or sonorous sands In the education of animals it is more remarkable to see the smaller ones trained to exercises that seem absurdly out of while Pele, the goldess of the internal elements of the isles, and the shadow of Kamehameha I will creep forth in won-derment to strange tales of the long ago. It seems as though the native, like "Lo" the poor Indian of America, cannot stand willigation, for the census of 1832 gave 30.313, while the last only gave 24,436, ace is fast becoming mixed with the cloud of other nations, and particularly that of Asia, as there are so many Ch nese and Japanese in the country. With this new blood and the monthly round-up of the lepers, a new and hardler race of people may perhaps spring from the old of the lepers, a new and hardier race of people may perhaps spring from the old branch, yet it is hardly possible. Alluding to the lepers, I will state that the board of health is constantly on the look-out, and every month gathers up from the several islands all who are thus afflicted, an average of about 2%, who are then sent to an isolated section on the island of Moiokai, where they receive all the care possible and the enjoyment of chools and churches. They are not for rotten on Christmas, and receive many good things to cheer them in their lonely life. The leper settlement numbers 1125 lepers and 150 attendants. It is located on a grassy plain facing the sea, where may be seen passing the "white wings of com-merce" and stately steamers on their way to the Orient via Honolulu, and from whose decks the little white-dotted village whose decks the little white-dotted village must present a beautiful appearance, though producing a lonely, sad, awe-inspiring effect. No tepers are ever allowed to leave the place, but overseers, physicians and nurses can obtain permission to go and come when desired. Foreigners, it is claimed, seldom take the leprosy, and the white population here do not look upon it with so much dread as do those in the latter of the leave of t

R. B. CURRY. the United States. An Eccentric Character.

An eccentric character was Aaron Ran-dall, of St. Albans, Me., who died last week at the age of 86. He was a doctor both of man and beast, and a man of many good deeds as well as peculiarities. Several years ago he had his coffin made, ready to be used at his death, and paid for it in gold. He also made arrange-ments about his burial, selected his bearers, also a man to dig his grave, and bury him, and left in the hands of a friend silver dollars to pay the bearers It each, Il to the one that dug his grave, It to the man that hauled his body to the cemetery, and also to pay the man who took charge of his burial. He left a specal request that no prayers nor preach-ing be allowed over his remains. He was buried in the suit of clothes that he was twice married in, and that he had had for 55 years, only wearing them three times in all-twice at his weddings and once to the funeral of his son-in-law He was a democrat. He had his coffin made of pine that grew on a democrat's land, and that was sawed at a mill owned by a democrat. The comn was made ocrat, and he selected democrats to

do all that was done to bury him.

No success has attended the search made throughout the last six months in the square miles of vaults which extend in