THE PAST IS MINE.

O Memory! O Memory!
Adown thy paths I love to stray,
And view, now here, some lovely flower
Now there, a bramble by the way.

For who may pierce, with backward glance,
The vista of the perished years,
And not discern some olden ill
That fills the eye with bitter tears!

With vines that trip and thorns that wound,
The bramble well may typify
Those errors of impulsive youth
That cause old age the burdened sigh.

But then there comes the image fair
Of one who blessed our early days,
Whose presence seemed a spirit sent
From those who walk celestial ways.

The soft caress, the gentle voice,
That wooed the wearied soul to rest—
Oh, how they thrill the elder life
Now swiftly sinking to its west!

So bare of ill, so filled with good,
Thy paths, though long, appear to me,
I fain would linger in them oft,
O Memory! O Memory!

—*H. H. Newhall, in The Current.*

A STORY OF A BOOK.

I should like to tell my story, for it seems to me that in the great multitude of companions which pour into the world every year, little ones like me are forgotten.

Every one knows what the outside of a book is—red, yellow, green or purple in color, lettered in silver, lettered in red, oblong and square, fat and thin. Every book has some shade of difference, which may distinguish it. It is true we come in tribes—by hundreds after one pattern—and lately the most popular cover or dress a book can wear is paper lettered with black, and the letters stretched across the cover, and are not at the back of the volume, as used to be the case.

Where do we all come from? Whither are we going? are ques tions which I think I may ask, without running the risk of being thought vain.

I know where I came from—that is, the heart and core of me; and I wish, as I said before, to relate my history. I must go back some way to get to the beginning of things, and that beginning takes me to a dull, dreary lodging in a dull, dreary back street in London. I was born there. When the baby was asleep in the cradle, when the husband was away at his work in the postoffice, when—notice this—the last stocking was mended—my author would get out an old case, open sundry sheets of lined paper, and with a smile on her lips, dip the pen into the ink and let me grow under her hand.

She was very happy when she was making me the vehicle in her thoughts—pure, bright thougts they were—and whatever merit I possess came from her, who told out her thoughts on the lined paper, and made me.

She kept this work of hers a secret. Sometimes I heard her telling her baby that mother was writing a story that, perhaps, when it was published, it would make her fortune—and then, oh! the joys that would come—the country home instead of furnished rooms, the flowers and the brightness, "like my old, old home, baby!"

And little by little I grew, and the old case was full, and at last I was finished. Rather this first part of my life—my best part—was over. Then came many a journey for me. As I was born in London, from whence books are all sent out into the world, I was not committed to the post, but my dear author would tie me up neatly, and tuck me under her arm and set forth with me.

She would wait patiently to see some great pundit who was to pronounce on my merits. She was so anxious about my fate that I could feel her heart beating, as she waited with me, and even when she received me back a tear dropped upon me, and I often heard her say:

"I must give you up, my poor little book; you have no chance among thousands, of course not. I was so silly to think so. I will not try any more."

But she did try it again, and I was received. I had been received before, but now I was unrolled and read.

When my dear author came back to hear my doom, the man who had me laid his hand upon me and said:

"This is nice story; it is not a novel and yet it is full of interest. I will undertake to publish it."

"Will you pay for it?" she asked.

"Well, no; I will bring it out, and if you deposit thirty pounds, I will share the profits if it succeeds."

"I can not pay you any money," was the answer in a low tone, "for I have none. I want money from you."

The publisher stroked his beard, had a long beard, for it tickled me as he bent over me.

"My dear young lady, that is always the cry of young authors; but the harvest is not reaped directly the seed is sown. You must be patient."

"Give my story back to me," my author said in a trembling voice. "I can not let you have it for nothing."

I think a elastic band clicked over me, when another voice was heard:

"Mr. Best, let me speak with you a moment."

Then I was laid down on the table, and I could hear the sighs of my dear author as she sat near me.

After a few minutes, the gentleman with the beard came back, and a younger gentleman with him.

"We think, madame, we will undertake to publish this book, and—pay you ten pounds on the day of issue. The truth is my partner thinks highly of it; forgive me, more highly than I do, and by his desire I make you this offer."

So I was left on the table, then thrown into a deep drawer, from which I was taken one morning and torn asunder.

A small part of me was sent off to the printers, being first marked by the hand of some one who read me.

Very soon after my arrival at the printer's office my fair pages were smeared with black fingers, and I was set up before a man with a pair of keen eyes, and I heard him mutter:

"Plain writing for once, that's a mercy—a woman's too."

Then another voice called out:

"You are lucky. I have been puzzling over this sentence for an hour; can't make head or tail of it," while another grumbled:

"These proofs are so scrawled over, I'll just send them back to Mr. Best. I ain't going to spend my life over 'em."

From first to last I heard no grumbling about myself. All went smoothly, and my dear author would smile and sing over me as the proofs of my progress came by the post to her twice a week.

The great day came at last. After I had been punched and flattened and stitched, I was inclosed in a modest gray binding with silver letters, and was—published!

Ah, me! with what crowds of other books did I make my debut into the wholesale publisher's ware-house, where we were all ranged on shelves waiting for orders.

Some were sent for review, some to the trade; one, with ten pounds, to my dear author.

Who of all the people that glanced at me guessed the labor which had been bestowed on me in my creation, and the joy which I gave when I lay complete on the breakfast table one dark December morning? How proud was the young husband! How he took me up and admired my binding, my silver letters and my title. By the by, I have never told you my name. It was "Bright Days."

"This is a bright day to me, darling," said the husband, hugging me and the baby and my author in one fervent embrace.

Then the ten pounds were examined—the crossed check!"

"Payable to you," she said, "so you must take the money. I am only a woman, so I can't take my wage. So nice that it is yours!"

How happy they were! how full of bright plans and schemes! That ten pounds was an El Dorado—that check, signed by Messrs. Best & Crowe, like a banner of victory.

And now I must go to less pleasant subjects. I was not a succes s commercially—hardly a failure, but not a success.

Thousands passed me in the race. Books full of dark deeds—cheating, murder, and the like—sold. Books full of affected flights of æsthetic culture and lofty agnostic teaching, sold; but I was passed by.

I must speak as a noun of multitude, for a certain freemasonry is established among us as a tribe, and we know pretty well by results what has happened.

"Bright Days," the appearance of which caused such pleasure in that dull little London lodging, was lent to admiring friends and read; it was lent to others, and dismissed with faint praise.

A great critic in literature called it goody, another dull; a third laughed over it with his clever wife, and wrote what he thought a stinging piece of satire—only a few lines. "Bright Days" was not worth more!

"Will you take another story?" my author asked of Mr. Best.

"Well, I am afraid"—and the beard was stroked thoughtfully—"I am afraid—not at our risk; we must wait. Autumn sales may effect 'Bright Days.' But, to tell you the honest truth, there is not a spice of wickedness in the tale to insure its success with novel readers, no very startling interest, no tragic incident—pray forgive my candor—and then, for the stricter folk, there is not enough said of religion. Though some call you 'goody,' others think you worldly. Your heroine goes to a dance, and once even to the theater, and, ridiculous as it may seem, that is enough to check the circulation in some homes."

"So you think I had better never write another book?" my author said, in that sweet, low voice of hers, which I well knew was the sound of repressed tears.

"I would not go so far as that. Your story is true to life—a little too true; it is well written; there are beautiful passages in it; but, to sum up in a few words, 'Bright Days' is not a success."

Well, there are different notions as to success, but it seems to me that I did not altogether fail when a letter, like the one which I heard my author's husband read to her, was written about me.

It came the very next day after the interview with Messrs. Best & Crowe; duly forwarded. My dear author tried to read it, but the baby snatched at it and tried to thrust the crumpled page into her mouth, and the young mother handed it to her husband, saying:

"Do read it for me; I can not imagine who wrote it."

"It is about 'Bright Days,'" her husband said, and I, lying on the writing table, heard my name, and I am the letter was as follows:

"WOODCHESTER MANOR, May 18.

"DEAR MADAM—Will you forgive me for addressing you? I am a stranger to you, or rather I was a stranger a week ago. Now I feel as if I had found a friend in you, and I must needs tell you so. I am a prisoner to a sofa; all manly exercises in the open air of my age delight, are denied to me. I have found my companions to be a sore trial of patience, and I know, I have been a sore trial to the patience of others. A few days ago a box of books came from Mudie's. My servant unpacked the volumes as usual, and gave me a paper with the titles.

"At last he came to 'Bright Days. One Volume. By Cara Cameron, Best and Crowe.'

"The very title seemed a little inappropriate. I tossed the book aside, and, for a day or two, greedily devoured the novels in three volumes, which took precedence in your story, dear madam. But at last, sick with the repetition of the same incidents, tragedies, flirtations, and even worse, I took up 'Bright Days.' I read it once, and read it again, more carefully. The prison doors seemed to open by its power, a new life was kindled in me by your words. Words of encouragement to endure, of spirit to take up the work God has given, not to flinch from service, even service like mine, poor and faint, the power of endurance, not gloomily not grudgingly given, but lightly and cheerfully. Your heroine lives for me. I hear her voice and see her smile. 'Bright Days' indeed she makes for those about her, and in making them she makes her own. Beautiful is the influence she exercises over the most unpromising husband—the sunshine of the little home, where she faithfully fulfills her mission!

"Dear madame, go on and prosper in your work. Doubtless you have reached many hearts beside mine, though others may not have been so bold as I in daring to tell you what you have done. May God reward you a hundredfold for 'Bright Days,' which has pierced the clouds and gloom of a self-seeking, self-engrossed life, and has made me ever your faithful, grateful friend,

"ARTHUR PIERPOINT.

P. S.—May I hope for one word in reply, to show you are not angry with me, and to tell me that you are writing another book?"

"After all then 'Bright Days' was a success," the husband said, as he returned the letter. "My darling, you should laugh and be glad, not let tears fall on the poor baby; give her to me."

"Oh! they are happy tears and to think after all, that my poor little book has not altogether failed. I really think I will begin again this evening when all is quiet, and I will write to my unknown friend and tell him the title of my new story shall be 'Hope Fulfilled.'"

I think, in conclusion, I may venture to say that I, the book—who has here related its own history, was not, nay, is not, a failure, but rather that "Hope will be fulfilled," and that Cara Cameron will be known before long as the successful author of "Bright Days."—*Emma Marshall.*

Ways of Lawyers.

A young attorney was accosted by an acquaintance yesterday with the common-place salutation:

"How do you do?"

"As there is nothing to do," was the nonchalant reply, "it is immaterial as to how it is done."

"Does the depression in commercial circles affect the law business generally for the worse? I should suppose it would give it an impetus."

"The business is not so very bad, except among young attorneys. Depression in business is not the sole cause of our ill-luck. Older attorneys, and some of them having a lucrative practice in the higher courts, are getting in the habit of descending to justice courts even in matters of small account. It is true that some older lawyers make a practice of turning over petty suits to younger men, but they are few."

"Are collections from clients becoming more difficult?"

"Somewhat; but he is a poor lawyer who can not collect his fee. There are certain well-known attorneys recognized in the profession as model lawyers, able speakers, and good counsel, who bind their clients with a rock-ribbed contract. If money can not be paid them, their chattels are accepted in lieu. A very well known attorney recently made it a condition of a contract of this kind that in case the money was not forthcoming, then he was to receive the seal skin sack which his lady client wore. Others will not take a case without what is known as a retainer, which is nothing more than part pay in advance. Not a few lawyers of a certain class are willing to take cases making their pay contingent upon winning the case. Of course the pay is commensurate with the risk, and is usually half the amount sought to be recovered; but I have known a case in which three-fourths was allotted. These, of course, are desperate cases which no reputable lawyer would take, and indeed which no attorney with but little or no reputation as such would touch unless constrained to do so by the hope of winning the reward and a peal from the bugle of fame."—*Detroit Post.*

Falling Half a Mile.

The greatest balloon feat I ever witnessed, writes a correspondent in *The Philadelphia Times*, was in September, 1858. Upward of 15,000 people were at Lemon Hill and along the banks of the Schuylkill to see M. Godard go up in a balloon along with his brother and drop the latter out from among the clouds in a parachute. It is said that the feat had never been attempted before in the history of ballooning; it was a startling novelty, and the people crowded to see it. When the balloon sailed gracefully upward outside of the inclosure M. Godard and two friends were in the basket, while below it M. E. Godard, his brother, was seated upon a small bar of wood attached to the parachute. It looked like an immense umbrella. The balloon went over the Schuylkill in a southwesterly direction, and after it had reached an altitude of about 6,000 feet began to slowly descend. Then the parachute began to expand. When within about 3,000 feet of the earth the cord was cut and the parachute rapidly descended, with Godard hanging on to the bar. The balloon shot upward again. The descent of the parachute was keenly watched by the thousands of spectators, and many expected to see the daring man dashed to the earth in the twinkling of an eye. It was observed, however, that the nearer to earth the parachute came the descent was slow and easy. At last the man and his big umbrella faded out of sight over the hills, and we learned next morning that he came down all right on his feet, like a cat, about a half mile west of the old Bell tavern, on the Darby road. The balloon landed in Delaware county, near the Philadelphia line. Godard and his brother were Frenchmen. They returned to their native country, and, I believe, were valuable to their countrymen during the Franco-Prussian war. Gambetta sailed out of Paris to Tours in one of their balloons.

The bicycle is to be officially introduced into the Bavarian army. A number of the soldiers of the garrison of Munich are at present doing orderly service for the purpose of trying the practicability of the "wheel."

The studio of Rozzi, the painter, was filled with animals which reminded one of pictures of Noah's ark.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Sequel to the Bloodiest Fight of the Franco-Chinese War—A Demand for Absinthe—The Siege of Tuyen Quan.

Returning after the battle to my boat, which had come with the convoy to Hoaimoc, writes a correspondent at Tuyen Quan, Tonquin, to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, I remained the night of the 3d, and came up to Tuyen Quan on the 4th, preceding the junks by some distance. The country on either side appeared deserted. There was not even a little basket boat to give a shadow of animation to the river. Signs of war were numerous. Headless bodies, horribly swollen and mutilated, occasionally floated past. Burned houses of the Anamese, sometimes with the bodies of the former occupants in the ruins, were frequently seen along the banks. Neither Chinese nor Anamese pirates were visible, though either, such was the intense loneliness, might safely have plied their trade of war, robbery or murder without molestation from the French, who were resting from their long marches and hard fighting in the deserted temples of Tuyen Quan. Just below the town there were rapids rushing like a millrace, up which the crew dragged the boat with the greatest difficulty. On the sandy beach opposite, half a mile distant from the citadel, were strewn dead bodies of Chinese killed by the sharpshooters of the garrison. As I crossed the river and approached the landing, I met with a curious illustration of a national appetite. Just abreast the citadel lay a little awkward gunboat, having a ram and carrying two guns, which had been in the river before the siege commenced, unable to escape on account of low water. It was called the Mitailleuse. As I neared this queer-looking craft a sailor, who thought that every boat not employed by the government belonged to a sutler, leaned far out over the water, and as soon as he thought he could make me hear without being himself heard by his vigilant captain, hoarsely whispered the word "absinthe." It was his own thought after five weeks of short rations and bloody siege. Neither soldiers nor sailors had long to wait for this insane liquor, for a few hours later several cantiners arrived with enough of it to madden an army twice as large as that which was now so anxiously awaiting their appearance.

A person who sees Tuyen Quan for the first time is not prepared to understand its strategic value and the reasons for its retention by the French. It is about one hundred miles from Hanoi, the capital, and about sixty from the mouth of the tortuous and troublesome river Claire. There was formerly a town of several thousand inhabitants, but now nothing remains but some temples—some of them large and handsome; some pavements of the principal streets, and a few ruined walls and fountains that show where the Chinese merchants once lived. The temples stand on both sides of the river. One or two of them had bells of exquisite tone, which are now used by one of the battalions for striking the hours, their solemn sounds at night seeming weird among these warlike surroundings. The citadel stands near the bend of the river, and around it to the south and west stretches a broad plain, now green and desolate, but formerly covered with fields of rice, maize, sugar-cane, and gardens. The plain merges, at a distance of a few miles, in low, wooded hills, on whose slopes the tents, the smoke, and some of the redoubts and block-houses of the black-flags can still be seen. Within the limits of the stream a few low mamelons slightly diversify the prospect. A little further off the hills become mountains of bold but always pleasing outline, always covered with grass or trees to the summit. Around a mamelon fifty or sixty feet in height the citadel is built. It is in the usual design of all these structures, erected in 1805 by the emperor of Tonquin, under the direction of the French engineers who came with the expedition of the bishop of Adran, and of a size corresponding to the supposed wants of the place they were expected to defend. These were placed at Nandinh, Ninbinh, Quang Yen, Hanoi, Babninh, Sontay, and other places in and about the delta, and at such outlying posts as Langson, Coabang, Tuyen Quan, Hunghoa, and a few other points of less importance. That at Hanoi is the most imposing. It is at least three miles in circumference. That at Sontay is perhaps two miles in circumference, while that at Tuyen Quan has a circuit of probably not more than two-thirds of a mile. There is usually a wall twenty or twenty-five in height, not crenellated, a moat, and a glacis. Sometimes the upper portion or the wall is pierced for small arms. The mamelon within the citadel at this place is surrounded by a block-house, built by the French, whose guns easily command the entire plain, the opposite side of the river, and the slopes of the nearest hills.

The siege of Tuyen Quan will not rank with that of Rochelle, Londonderry, or the Netherland cities, so graphically described by Motley. But it has been hotly pressed by the Chinese, heroically defended by its garrison, and for a long time has been a source of anxiety to the military authorities of Tonquin. The garrison comprised 384 French and 150 Anamese soldiers, commanded by Capt. Domine, chief of battalion. The first attack was made by the Chinese on the 26th of January, and thenceforward till the 3d of March it was a continued struggle, with cannon, musketry, or with mines, for which the Chinese show remarkable patience and aptitude. The number of the besiegers was never really known, for they were rarely seen during the day. They made their advances and constructed their parallels during the night, and usually exploded their mines at daylight. There were supposed to be about fifteen thousand, including a force of Chinese regulars and nearly all the black flags in Western Tonquin, commanded by Liu Vinh Fook (or "Phuoc," as the French spell it), the redoubted commander of the battle of Sontay. The French held the block-house and citadel, and the Tonquinese a large Buddhist temple, under some splendid trees which commanded the river approaches on the south. The river bank at the northeast corner was defended by the guns from the fort, with a bamboo fence and other devices. The strip of ground about two hundred feet in width between the east wall of the citadel and the river was never taken by the Chinese, but as the men who were detailed to supply the fort with water were exposed in passing to and fro to the fire of the Chinese from the opposite bank, a zigzag trench from the gate to the water's edge was dug to protect them. The Mitrailleuse, not very well supplied with ammunition, lay like a watchdog in front. Every device known to defensive warfare was tried by Capt. Domine. Every wall was topped with bastions. Pits and trenches were dug everywhere, either for riflemen or for safe passage from place to place. Scarcely a level space remained within the walls when relief came, except the quiet corners where the dead had been reverently interred, all the graves having boards properly inscribed at their heads, on which wreaths were hung, some black and withered, others but a little faded.

Five mines were exploded at different times, each costing the garrison several lives. The first was on the 13th of February, when four men were killed, one of the dead bodies falling into the trench outside. A corporal and four men went to seek it afterward, under fire of the Chinese guns, and brought it into the fortress on their backs. On the 22d three mines were exploded, throwing forty men into the air, of whom fifteen were killed. Every time a mine was exploded four or five hundred Chinese stood ready to enter, with one thousand more in reserve at their first parallel, a few hundred yards away. They were always met and repulsed by the French soldiers with the bayonet. On the 26th and 27th of February, when it was known that the relieving column was far on its way from Hanoi, the black-flags exploded another mine and made a desperate attempt to enter with a force of three thousand men. They were repulsed in the breach and one hundred killed. Sixty bodies remained, infecting the air with a horrible stench, when Gen. Briere de l'Isle arrived, and were burried by his order. The attack continued during the battle of Hoamoc, the cannonading being heard at intervals by the general and his staff on the battlefield. Three mines were ready to be exploded when the order was given to the besiegers to retreat. Only one of these mines was exploded during the night, the Chinese always seeming to prefer the early morning for assault. One was countermined by the besieged and successfully floated. They were all at the southwest angle of the citadel, which soon became a mass of ruins. The French always knew where they were and understood fully their perilous position, but could not for a moment desert the breach, though they knew they might at any moment be hurled into the air.

The intervals between the explosions were occupied by constant cannonading on both sides, with musketry fire by sharpshooters, if anyone allowed himself to be seen. One French sharpshooter killed twenty Chinamen and wounded several others. He was himself wounded in the face by the last shot fired before the black-flags retired. Other sharpshooters did scarcely less efficient service. When the assaults were made the Chinese never hesitated for a moment to brave the danger, but threw themselves impetuously on the bayonets of the French. Their estimated loss during the siege is 1,000. The garrison lost about 150 men killed and wounded. Their force was further reduced to 450 men by sickness, and these had to hold defensive works fully a mile in length against an enemy fierce, bloody, untiring, and never allowing an interval for repose. They declared, however, that they could have held out two weeks longer, which, if he had known it, would have allowed Gen. Briere de l'Isle time to bring up a flanking column from the reinforcements just arrived from France, and thus have spared the lives of many of his brave soldiers. But the actual condition of the garrison was not known, and he felt that he could not afford to wait. Besides, it was supposed that in hastening to the relief of the garrison he was acting under orders from the French government, which appreciated the heroic defense of the garrison and did not wish to have it sacrificed.

The general has his headquarters in a little room with a mud floor adjacent to the blockhouse. His staff are in tents near at hand. From his door he can see every regiment of Col. Jovianinelli's brigade, distributed in a semicircle at a distance of a mile from the citadel and two or three miles beyond the tents of the black-flags, from which the smoke rises as peacefully as from a dutchman's pipe. If they had suffered heavily they would not be likely to remain so near. There is evidently no intention of attacking them at present. They exploded a powder magazine yesterday afternoon, which shows that they are ready to depart on the road to Laskay if it becomes necessary. This morning two Chinese soldiers were captured, brought to headquarters and promptly beheaded. No quarter was asked or given on either side. At Chu it is said that five hundred prisoners were beheaded by order of Gen. Briere de l'Isle, the Tonquinese regiments performing the work till they were tired, and absolutely refused to do it longer. A French soldier who was in the Langson campaign told me that some hundreds of Chinese wounded, overtaken in their litters by the French column, were blown up with dynamite by an order emanating from the same source. Any one who has been near the black-bags and realized their atrocity, who appreciates the cold-blooded Oriental ferocity which inspired the imperial offer of a reward for French heads, if he does not feel like justifying, can at least comprehend the action of the French in undertaking similar acts of reprisal.

Because Bismarck gets all his clothes made in Vienna, an observing chap remarks that it is sometimes inconven ent, even for great men, to live in the same town with their tailors.

Saw the Judge.

Nat Mitchell, who lives out on the Coon Creek road, went into the supreme court room and, seeing a pleasant looking gentleman sitting with his feet on the table, the visitor asked:

"Are you the supreme jedge o' the state?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you be kind enough to give me a little advice? I don't mean give it to me, exactly, for I am willin' to pay for it."

"State your case."

"You've got a suit here, Mayflower vs. Hall. The people out in my neighborhood are mighty interested in that suit, an' ef I knowed exactly how it was goin' to be decided I mout win a right sharp pile o' money on it. You jest tell me how she's goin' an' I'll slip back an' take all the bets I ken git."

"Of course I know how the suit will be decided, but it would hardly be right for me to tell you in advance."

"Yes, but I'll make it all right. I'll give you half o' what I win."

"I never accept a contingent fee. Tell you what I'll do."

"Out with it."

"Give me a hundred dollars and I'll give you the necessary pointer."

"Say seventy-five?"

"No."

"Ninety."

"I see you don't care to trade."

"Well, here's a hundred."

"Now, sir, you go home and bet on Hall."

The suit was decided in favor of Mayflower. Several days later, while the judge was sitting in his room, Nat Mitchell knocked at the door.

"They told me that the supreme judge was in here," said he.

"Well, I am the man."

"You ain't the man I'm after. Tuther day a feller that claimed to be the jedge said he would tell me how a certain case would go if I would give him a hundred. I give him the hundred, went home, mortgaged my farm for three thousand dollars, an' bet the whole amount the way that blamed fellow said. Now look at me. Ain't got money enough to get a bite to eat. If steamboats was sellin' for ten cents a hundred, I couldn't buy a pilot house. I want that man. I'd like to wallow around here awhile with him. He ain't the jedge then, I reckon."

"No."

"Ah, hah! I reckon that he was some feller that stepped in."

"I suppose that he was."

"Come in, may be, when everybody else had gone to dinner."

"Very likely."

"Well, believe I'll poke on round awhile. If I see him I'll show him what a pity it is that men ain't honest. I kain't bear to see a dishonest man, jedge, and above all, I do think that our public men should be above suspicion."

As Mitchell went into a restaurant to see if the proprietor would trust him for a meal, a pleasant looking man who had played the "jedge," slipped out the back door.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Reil Rebellion.

The most explicit and complete statement of the origin of Riel's rebellion in Canada yet seen is furnished the *Pioneer Press* by a correspondent and thus summarized by that paper:

All the dominion territory to the north of us was once ruled by the Hudson Bay Company, which tempered its iron despotism with exact and absolute justice. It ruled Indians and half-breeds severly, but it never broke faith with them. And they in turn knew it for their master and obeyed it. When the Hudson Bay Company sold out, part of the consideration was in lands, for which the best have of course been selected, and which will equally of course be held until their value is enhanced. This is the first grievance of the settler. It is intensified by the exclusive grant made to the Canadian Pacific railway, and the corresponding restrictions upon settlement. Then the Northwest half-breeds and employes of the Hudson Bay company began to get anxious about the lands which were promised them by the company, by the dominion government, by the province of Manitoba, by the Canadian Pacific, and by everybody else who could give a promise. As frequently related, they took up claims for the most part along the streams in the Northwest provinces, in long, narrow strips running back from the water's edge. It is among these settlements that the war is now raging. The Canadian Pacific was first surveyed and located through the district of Prince Albert. When many settlers had located there on this account, the route was changed to one some hundred miles farther south, and here was a new element of discontent. Finally when the dominion made its land surveys it disregarded wholly the old half breed allotments, laid out the land into the usual sections, and when the half-breeds came to file and prove up their claims they found them cut up, and, if desirable, usually in possession of somebody else. It is an ugly and consistent story of broken faith and unredeemed promises since the Hudson Bay Company relinquished its control. And the men, driven to resistance by such criminal disregard of their rights, are the men who, under Riel, are now waging a half savage warfare that may grow into no end of trouble.

A Gratified Astronomer.

A great, a terrific noise came wafting over Hickenlooper's back fence. Mrs. Hickenlooper ran to the window and looked out. She saw her husband gazing intently over into the yard of their next door neighbor, while a lively expression of satisfaction played over his features. The noise continued, punctuated with yells of a boy, together with what seemed to be the emphatic swish of a skate-strap, Mrs. Hickenlooper threw up the window.

"What is it?" she called. "What are you doing, Horace?"

Mr. Hickenlooper motioned for silence with a backward sweep of the hand.

"Hush!" he whispered hoarsely; "I'm watching the elips of the son."—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*