

WE ALL LIKE SHEEP.

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill...

"We all like sheep," the alto moan...

"We all like sheep," soprano sing...

"We all like sheep," the basses growl...

We all like sheep, runs the refrain...

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room...

"Without money one can do nothing said George...

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work...

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed...

"It would not so much matter," said George...

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "I agree with George...

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India."

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said...

"Capital! That is all we require," exclaimed George...

"We will conjure up this cousin of yours, or could we not kill him?"

"We learn with regret that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan...

"An answer came by return of post: 'We learn with regret that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan...'

"The next day sundry friends dropped in to compliment me...

"Good-morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you have come for these fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your order for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir; cousin's mourning. Dark bronze for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor...

"After all, my wardrobe did need some additions, and I said nothing more."

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—

"I buy your house? Why it would be madness to think of such a thing."

"Madness! no such thing; you could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say done, and I'm off."

"And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers."

"Really, sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. The house is indispensable to me. I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed, and I felt sure he would be obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different; so I came to ask you if you will let me have it for sixty-five thousand francs."

Fifteen thousand francs dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain

eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at 5 I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to 5 Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with candor:

"I should tell you, sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me equally as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my ways of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges & Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum that had been left me by an uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them.

The significance of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris; so that when I spoke of "funds" it was evident that I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:

"Sir—We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres to your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of those securities admits of your selling out at a premium."

To this was added a postscript by the head of the firm:

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment if more conversant with the terms of commerce and more attentive to the enclosed amount current. I had seen that what I took for principal was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents to inform them that the sum was much too large. "I have received no money," I said, "from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post: "We learn with regret that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan. According to your order we have sold out all the stock assigned to you, which brings in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with the delays which bequest at such a distance must necessarily involve to think for a moment that you can be immediately put in possession of your inheritance, but your signature will suffice to procure you all the money you may require in the mean time. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments, lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. With the hope that you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Gruningen. You will please to observe, sir, that our deposits are required and that, as calls are made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares, should you change your mind, without your having any occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honor to remain, &c."

Eighty thousand francs! the amount was a perfect mystery to me; no doubt the clerk had made some mistakes in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters, especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The Journal de Goubmouche thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin; and the editor wrote to me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money had to pay for postage was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries I hastily departed to Paris. Directly I got there I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret; "there has been a great rise; however, we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir, ten thousand piastres stock at seventy (the piastres being at five francs, thirty-five times), the sum already paid being—if you sell out to-day you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

Very well. You said something about a German bank I think?"

"Yes; the government made some difficulty about granting a charter, but it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty, at four hundred and fifty florins profit; that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange, but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to find a secure investment for those funds; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five percents. I know of nothing more secure; at the present

price of that stock you get six per cent for your money. I can easily understand that you would be worried by such trifling details as these; you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then, if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spanish stocks in the five per cents, what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs—funds at eighty—Eighteen—twenty; yes, twenty thousand francs a year."

There are few moments in my life when I look back with more satisfaction than on those occupied in my interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a year if it had not been for the fifty napoleons.

In the meantime my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris, which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return they came to see me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead."

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well, but you know that this inheritance is only a hoax."

"To tell you the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention, for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot remain long concealed. People began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when his name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that he was always rather skeptical about that inheritance."

"And also," said Mr. Felix, though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs. On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike. For instance: "Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Meran, and, having heavy payments to meet, will feel obliged by a check for the amount of the enclosed."

"My replies disarm all doubts of my solvency."

"Mr. Meran thanks Mr. Mayer for having at last sent in his account, and incloses a check for the amount."

"My cool and unconcerned demeanor kept curiosity alive for a few days longer."

"What a lucky fellow," said one. "Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another.

"He has played his cards well and has won."

Once or twice, I felt compunction of conscience, but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and I owed it all to the universal public worship of the golden calf, and the truth of Albert's axiom—"The next best thing to capital is credit."

ABOUT DREAMS.

How a Person Should Lie in Bed From Every Other Saturday.

A French physician, Dr. Delaunay, tells some interesting facts about dreams. These are embodied in a communication to the Societe de Biologie of Paris. It is well-known, when a person is lying down, the blood flows most easily to the brain. That is why some of the ancient philosophers worked out their thoughts in bed. Certain modern thinkers have imitated this queer method of industry. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low, dreams take the place of coherent thoughts.

There are, however, different sorts of dream; and Dr. Delaunay's purpose, in his original communication, is to show that the manner of lying brings on a particular kind of dream. Thus, according to this investigator, uneasy and disagreeable dreams accompany lying upon the back. This fact is explained by the connection which is known to exist between the organs of sensation and the posterior part of the brain.

The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side; and this appears to be also the most natural method, for many persons object to lying upon the side of the heart, which it has been more than once asserted, should have free action during sleep. Nevertheless, Dr. Delaunay's statements hardly harmonize with this opinion. When one sleeps upon the right side, that is to say, upon the right side of the brain, one's dreams have marked and rather unpleasant characteristics. These characteristics, however, are essentially those which enter into the popular definition of dreams. One's dreams are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of vivacity and exaggeration. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simple deceptions. They bring to mind very old and faint remembrances, and they are often accompanied by nightmares. Dr. Delaunay points out that sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on the right side. This verse, though at times correct enough, is absolutely without sense. The moral faculties are then at work, but the intellectual faculties are absent.

On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left brain, his dreams are not only less absurd, they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things, not with reminiscences. And, since the faculty of articulated language is found in the left side, the words uttered during such dreams are frequently comprehensible.

AN HOUR IN A COLLIERY.

Down Through the Earth's Crust Into a Coal Mine—The Bewildering Sensation of the Descent in the Cage.

A writer in Chambers' Journalsays: Through the earth's crust into a coal mine! Will you come? Take first a glance around the pit top; peer down the black hole you are to descend; look up at the huge wheels overhead, and comfort yourself with the thought that the ropes, though they seem so much like spiders' threads, are made of steel and will bear thirty tons. Take this lamp, unless you prefer a candlestick in your hat, collar fashion; and as the cage—so the platform is called in which men and coal are alike conveyed—clicks on the catches, step in, clutch the iron rod which runs along its top to steady yourself, and prepare to drop a quarter of a mile in no time! A bell rings and we are off. Before the qualmy sensation, so suggestive of sea-sickness, is fully realized, with a rattle and jerk the cage stops, and you find yourself bewildered and helpless; for the candles cast so dim a glimmer as merely to render the darkness visible. We will sit on this bench for a minute, till—as the phrase is—we "get our pit eyes," and then start, escorted by the manager, to see such objects of interest as naturally attract a novice's attention.

First of all—while we are waiting for our carriage to drive up—let us pay a visit to the stables; capital stalls, cut out in the solid rock, at present untenanted save by swarms of mice, which scamper off in all directions as we bring our lamps to bear on the well filled mangers. Surprise number one. Wonderingly, we ask: "How did mice get here?"

"Brought down in the hay, you know; and they multiply so alarmingly that we keep cats and pay them weekly wages, that they may wash down with milk their monotonous money diet. We shall see some of the horses as we go rounds." So our guide informed us, and added: "Come now; it is time we started for our drive."

Accordingly, we return to the spot, from which divers small tunnels of impenetrable blackness radiate; each of us crams himself into an oblong box on wheels, and a train of some dozen or so "trams," as they are called, is at once set in motion by a plump, powerful horse. He has not seen daylight for eight years, we learn in answer to our questioning. The uniform temperature—warmer in winter, and cooler in summer than on the surface—suits the equine constitution wonderfully; and then there is no rain underground. Dark as it is, our Dobbins has sense enough to step outside the tram rails at any stoppage, and so the trams pass without touching him. Doubtless many a whack on the heels has taught him this lesson, for the string of carts is drawn by a loose trace-chain only.

Don't omit, while going along this road cut through rock and coal, to keep a good lookout for any curiosities we may pass; only hold your head well down, or it will come in painful contact with the timber props which support the roof, and which rest upon each side on stout upright posts. See! there is a perfect lepidodendron, standing just as it grew, when these dark places of the earth constituted a swampy forest, densely covered with reeds and ferns, and trees of which the ornamental monkey shrub, Araucaria imbricata, is perhaps the best representative among our country's present-day growths. How many thousands of years have elapsed since this trunk—a core of stone within, but without the actual bark with its seal-like markings stamped out in solid coal—waved its spiky branches beneath the open canopy of heaven!

And yet, through all these eons, pressed as in a girl's album, fern fronds of most fragile and exquisite forms, delicate as lace work, as if photographed on stone, lie beneath the enormous mass of superadded strata, as perfect as when they shot their graceful stems up into the steaming air in which our coal measures were laid down in such lavish profusion. Verily, there be "sermons in stones."

"show us where they are digging coal," is naturally the first request as we leave our comfortable vehicle.

But if riding was bad, walking is worse; if that can be called walking, where, with bent neck and stooped shoulders tall, men progress with frequent head bumping along a road of a painfully low pitch. Soon we come to a fork in the road, and a flicker of "dip," we see a half-naked collier lying on his side, the better to drive his pick into a narrow seam of coal; while, near by, others are hard at work upon the thicker veins, heaving out big blocks of shaly blackness, interspersed with catarracts of small coal, which other men shovel rapidly into trams, for conveyance to the upper regions. It is a very busy scene, for all these honest fellows are on piecework.

As we go on to visit other workings, our guide stops at a point where a disused road runs down to the right, and, "deeper and deeper still," to tell us this odd story: "This spot is haunted. They are, you know, very superstitious, and now none of them will come this way without company. It seems that a carter, whose duty it was to push trams of coal along here to the horse road we have just left, one day heard footsteps as of a man approaching him from the opposite direction. He stopped, to avoid a collision, and distinctly heard the stamping of heavy boots, and a sound as of some one scraping mud off them on the rails. He shouted to him to hurry up, but got no reply. He held out his candle as an arm's length, but saw nothing. He went on to the spot whence the sounds had proceeded; but there was no one there. Incontinently, he bolted to the nearest workings and told his weird tale to sympathizing ears. The story has been corroborated again and again by strangers who had never

heard it. Hush! there it is! Can't you hear it?"

Our lamps had been taken from us under the pretense of trimming them, and at this instant they went out, we were in the blackness of darkness. Few people know what absolute darkness is.

"Yes," we faltered; "we do hear a strange noise. How do you account for it?"

"I can't," was there reply. "It may be water in the abandoned road there. It may be an unexplainable echo. Sounds are audible at enormous distances underground. We had a similar scare years ago." Here the bailiff succeeded in relighting the lamps, to our great relief. "In another part of the mine the men were constantly hearing mysterious knockings which they quickly put down to fantastic agencies. So I took careful measurements of the spot, and found it to be just under the iron foundry, where a steam hammer was at work 400 yards overhead. But the colliers stick to their own theory still."

A little further on we were told to climb on all fours up a steep, low and narrow cutting, technically called a "gug," up and down which a small boy was dragging, apparently with the greatest ease, a wicker basket, fastened by a chain to a rope round his waist. At the top he filled it with the coal that a miner was heaving; at the bottom he emptied it into a tram such as we have described.

"This was the work which the last woman who worked underground had to do. Her son is employed here now. Just think what a change has taken place in the past thirty or forty years! At the present time there is not, so far as I know, a single woman in the colliery at work, either under the ground or at the surface, in the west of England, though in other parts of the country female labor is still used at the pit top." Such was the manager's comment.

Again we march on in Indian file, stopping here and there to watch some swarthy giant—the dim light makes them look immense—drive in his pick with a dull thud and bring down avalanches of "black diamonds;" or to notice how, with sledge-hammer and drill, holes in the rock are bored to receive the charge of powder; or hurry past, half choked by the pungent smoke, where the shot has just been fired, and the pleased workmen are shoveling up the copious results of their skillful blasting.

We have already noted some of the fossils of the vegetable life of long-past ages. Here we catch sight of living, apparently thriving spiders, though they are colorless and diaphanous, presumably from lack of light, and which also through insufficient nutriment—for what can they find to eat? Not so the fungi, which hang like huge puff-balls, from long threads rooted in the roof. But they, too, are pale and almost substanceless, so that if you hold a candle, or even clap your hands against them, they crumble to powder. Looking at this stange growth, we think of that imprisoned miner, who, when he was rescued, after many days of starvation, well nigh dead, was found to be covered all over—face and hands and all—with a kindred plant. Oh, the horror of the quietness and stillness in which a fungus could thus root itself, and flourish on a living man!

"Now for an adventure, if you are venturesome," our guide cries as we reach the top of a long steep incline worked by a horse and an endless rope. "Did you ever try tobogganing on snow? This is a good substitute—these bits of plank I have had made with a groove to run on the rails. Sit on it so, and off we go!"

"Off we go," exactly described what happened; for we kept tumbling over, either on the rope on one side, or else against the rough, rocky wall of this narrow passage. If the charm of tobogganing consists in a judicious mixture of speed and danger, this method of going down a colliery incline doubtless resembles it closely. But for all that, I should prefer to walk, another time.

Arrived at the bottom, bruised and shaken, we find ourselves in a sort of dome of coal. Its height is perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet; and, in our inexperience, we at once exclaim: "Ah, this is more like the real thing!"

"No!" the manager answers; "you are mistaken. This is only a fault, and will soon narrow down again to its normal thickness of five or six feet. You fancy it is easier to hevy the coal here; quite otherwise. There are narrow bands of shale every here and there in these walls of coal, and it requires considerable skill and care to keep this out of the tram. While, if the heaver clean it, it is condemned, and he gets no pay for it. Then there is great danger from falling stones when the roof is too high. For example, not long ago we had an accident here, not without a comic side to it. One of the colliers was endowed with an immensely large nose. While he was at work a sharp stone fell in front of him. It fortunately missed his head, and would have dropped clear of any ordinary mortal; but the nose came in the way, and from it a good thick slice was cut off. The man suffered much pain, and was laid off for a long time; but on his return to work he was complimented on the vast improvement in his appearance, and his nickname, 'The Beak,' fell into disuse."

But for that we agreed to choose this open, well-ventilated and roomy place to work in, if we were colliers, especially after we had been exposed to the faint and close odor which another vein had by gives out.

When we complained of nausea and begged to be taken away we were told that strangers had been known to vomit after standing by the face of this seam of coal for a few minutes.

"The smell serves one useful purpose, in indicating at once what strata we are working; for, as far as I know," our guide informed us, "this is the only stinking vein in the district. It is quite safe; there is no choke damp or other noxious gas. I can't explain how it is so; it is only one of the many puzzles that confront the mining engineer. Another is where the water comes from we constantly have to contend with. Look at that hole,

about big enough for a hen to go through. You'll hardly believe me when I tell you that five weeks ago there was a road five feet high running down there. On Sunday evening the deputy bailiff was going his rounds to see that all was right for the night men—who repair roofs and keep the roads good—to come down when he found his five-foot way contracted to a height of only two feet. He crawled through to see what had happened, and fortunately got back safely before a flood of water burst through the spongy, fire-clay floor, which it had crushed up in such a remarkable manner. All the workings below this point were flooded and are not in a fit condition for coal getting. How much worse it must be in fiery mines, where gasses rush out in the same sudden manner, dealing death to scores of hapless colliers. We have no such awful perils in this pit, thank God! Yet our men have ample hardships and dangers to face. Now that you have seen them work, don't omit when occasion serves, to say a good word for those who do so much for England's prosperity—our colliers."

With which parting words our obliging cicerone put us under care of a subordinate, who led us back safely, by the way we had come, and brought us up out of the horrible pit into the cheerful light of day.

The "Coward" in Battle.

Here is a regiment with its right flank resting on the woods—its left in an open field near a group of hay-stacks. Three pieces of artillery in front have been playing into the pinethickets half a mile away for the last ten minutes, but without provoking any reply.

Watch this man—this Second Lieutenant of Company F. He is almost a giant in size. He has a fierce eye, a roaring voice, and men have said that he was as brave as a lion. When the regiment swung into position and the battery opened he said to himself:

"How foolish in us to attack the enemy when he was seeking to retreat! This blunder will cost us many lives. Our fire will soon be returned, and it will be goodbye to half our regiment. I shall be one of the first to fall. If I was one of the rear-rank privates, I'd give all the money I hope to ever have."

As three—five—ten minutes pass away and the fire is not returned, the coward begins to pluck up heart. He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officers on his right, and says to himself:

"Egad! but this may turn out all right. We are in no danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats, we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed because we have not been ordered to advance."

Boom—shriek—crash! Now the enemy open fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they had the range, and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The coward's cheeks grow pale again, and he whispers:

"Great heavens! but we shall all be slaughtered! Why doesn't the colonel order us to retire? Why are men kept here to be shot down in the way? What a fool I was not to go on the sick list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me, I'd lie down to escape the fire!"

Another shell—a third—fourth—fifth and thirty or forty men have been killed. Men won't stand that long. They must either retreat or advance.

"We shall advance," whispers the coward. "The order will come to dash forward and take those guns. Shot and shell and grape will leave none of us alive. What folly to advance! I hope I may be slightly wounded, so that I shall have an excuse for seeking cover in some of these ditches."

An aid rides up to the colonel and gives an order. The colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the lines to retreat. The men dress under a hot fire, and the coward groans aloud.

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter into service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear! if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

The lines dash forward into the smoke—the enemy's fire grows more rapid—the dead and wounded strew the ground. Where and what of the coward? Three days later the colonel's report will read:

"I desire to make special mention of the case of Lieutenant— As the regiment advanced the captain and first lieutenant of Company F were killed by the same shell, leaving the second lieutenant of Company F in command. He was equal to the emergency. Springing to the head of the company, he encouraged the men for a moment and then led them straight at the guns, two pieces of which were captured by the company."

Christopher Did Not Discover America.

Pall Mall Gazette: A short time ago we referred to the violent dispute going on in Central America as to the last resting-place of Columbus, San Domingo and Cuba being the claimants for this honor. The question has been raised whether Columbus ever set foot on the American Continent at all. It was commonly believed, and is stated in most modern histories, that the great navigator in his fourth and last voyage landed on the coast belonging to the present Republic of Honduras. Three years ago Don Soto, the President of the Republic, desired to commemorate this great event by creating a new administrative district at the place and calling it Colon. But he determined first to look into the original authorities himself, and having done so found reason to doubt the accuracy of the popular belief on the subject. Having communicated his doubts to Don Milla, a learned Guatemalan, who has written a history of Central America, in which he reproduces the usual statement, the latter re-examined all the documents of that time and came to the conclusion that an error had arisen through a misrepresentation of a single passage in an old chronicle, and that Columbus really never landed on the continent.