Under the Scalpel.

Some philosopher has told us that the staloundest study of man is man himif. This is probably as nearly true as screpted truisms ever get. Man, and in the term we include the costal side-issue which wears the sealskin ulsters and diverts the attention of the bifurcated section of humanity from the consideration of solemn and sacred things, is alsays a puzzle, whether mentally or phyiologically considered. The psychologial study of man, prosecuted as it secessarily is by observation and comson, is not an exact science. By obrih his neighbor's wife, talk politics, and go out of the theater between acts to "see a man;" that he spends too much of tices; yet we can not take him mentally pieces and trace the ramifications of account for his vagaries. Therefore, nuch of our mental dissection of man is conjecture. Under the scapel, however, the physical organization of "the biped without feathers" (Plato), the two legged hyena ("the animal that laughs") stands revealed in its minutest detail.

Indiana law has heretofore been hostile to the study of anatomy. While it required of the surgical practitioner a minute knowledge of the human form in all its complexity, and mulcted him in heavy damages for any injury done his nationt in consequence of a lack of such mowledge, it at the same time made its sequisition in the only manner that it could be acquired, a penitentiary offense. Recent enactments have remedied this defect, and, by providing legal facilities for the study of anatomy, done away with the necessity for grave rob-

As before stated, the only manner in which the student can master the intricate system of bones, muscles, arteries, rains, nerves, etc., by which life is sustained in the human body, is by the carefal dissection, part by part, of the body itself. The dead body is known to the profession by the various names "stiff," "subject" and "cadaver"—in the aggre-gate as "material." In former times "material" in this city could only be procured by midnight raids upon the neighboring cemeteries, and this unsavory and unholy traffic gave employment to a number of professional resurrectionists and their assistants. Now, however, the law, which exacts from the medical pracutioner the minutest knowledge of his profession, affords him facilities for the acquisition of such knowledge

the unawarding him by awarding him the un-claimed bodies of deceased paupers. The manner in which the award of ma-College is as follows: When Dr. Marsee a patient dying at the City Hospital or any of the benevolent institutions, he has the body transported to the college, and then prepares it for dissection by inlead. The arsenite of soda is to prevent science, antiquities and politics. decomposition, while the red lead is to the subject is prepared, the class enti-

most interesting subject, that of a young woman, whose eventful life history was abatractedly considered in the Journal a few days since. She was small in stat-ure, with delicate, clear cut features, white skin and appearance of refinement which is not usually encountered in the dissecting room. When our reporter was admitted, the work of dissection had already progressed to a considerable ex-tent. The scalp had been removed, the skull sawn apart, the brain taken out, and the scappel had laid bare the chest. The eyes were closed and the features wore a peaceful look, except that the month had been sewn up. Around this bit of frail humanity the clustered stuservation and experience we learn that servation and experience we learn that man steals; that he is prone to run away man steals; that he is prone to run away the students exercise great care in dis-The students exercise great care in dissection, for even a slight cut of the finger may prove fatal. The bit of muscle "see a man; time holdge," and is given to his time at "the lodge," and is given to bobby riding and other pernicious prac-bobby riding and other pernicious prac-hold a cut in dissection—where the patient has died from erisipelis, for instance-is will, conscience and hereditary trend, to always dangerous in the extreme, and generally fatal. A cut where the patient has not died from a septic disease, may mere guess work, or the result of vague produce a painful and obstinate local ulcer, but is not dangerous. A cut received from a fresh subject is more dangerous than from an old one. The arsenite of soda with which subjects are pre-pared, is in itself poisonous.-Indianapoli Journal. Stories of the Duke of Argyll.

row, she was undoubtedly "crooked" in

her make up. In a room below was a

If one were to meet the Duke hurry ing cityward on foot, and carrying a small carpet-bag, one would set him down at once as an intelligent banker's clerk. Meet him in evening dress at Lady X.'s, and you would still be far from suspecting that he was the descendant of a long line of heroes and statesmen. In appearance he is essentially commonplace. It is only when he be-gins to talk, or rather when he warms to his subject, that you recognize Ulysses. Even then you are a long time in detecting the grand signeur. His conversation is that of a scholar who has yet seen something of the world, though in whom the enthusiast is apt to prevail over the opportunist.

But for one circumstance, the Duke of Argyll might have ended as a mere replica of the "Lord Vincent" whom Bulwer sketched in Pelham, a dilettante who had always a diffuse review on hand, a project of party organization not quite ready, and some brilliant ideas which just wanted to be put into shape. From this fate he was saved by a passion for hard work. He is simply indefatigable, and on busy men their crotchets and their doubts sit lightly, while their enthusi asms are also under control.

The late Strickland Cookson (the friend and executor of Wordsworth), terial is made at the Indiana Medical told me he was on a Royal Commission with the Duke of Argyll. I think they makes a successful claim to the body of had to inquire into some rather abtruse legal points. "In a week," said Cook son, "the Duke had so mastered the subject that he knew more about it than any of us, lawyers included." Theology, too, jecting it with arsenite of soda and red he had deeply studied, as well as natural

To the queen of the sciences, however, distend and color the arteries. After as the schoolmen called theology, one fancies he has long since bidden farewell, tled to it are notified that it is ready. his mind having taken a more manly de-The first five students who matriculate, velopment. As Marquis of Lorne, and are known as Class 1, and so on to the are known as Class 1, and so on to the for some time after, he plunged eagerly into the fray whenever the merits of

Irish Lands.

Whoever may have traversed green Erin, from the mountains of Wicklow to the wild yet rich scenery of Killarney or the stony wastes and grim fastnesse of Connemara, from the south coast of a thousand inlets to the mighty cliffs of the northwest and the columnar wonders of the Causeway, the stranger who crosses the central plains (every landscape of cultivated country or of vast reaches of dark bog has summits in the further distance), who sees the spread-ing loughs, the broad-flowing Shannon, and the rivers flowing into many estua ries by which every province is watered and who visits the woodland regions and innumerable tracts of fine plow land and of pastures luxuriant beyond English example, must have felt the mystery and sorrow of the fact that such a kingdom remains but half utilized by the industrial default of its inhabitants, and that over a large proportion of its surface Ireland yields only poverty to tens of thousands who should be among the most happy and prosperous people on the A climate mild and moist from earth. the influence of the Atlaniic, from the hill ranges in every maritime county, which condense the sea vapor into rain, and from the humidity due to peat bogs occupying a seventh part of the superficies of the island, is uncongenial for the ripening of full harvests of bread corn; and, indeed, the low summer temperature and the prevalence of cloud, especially in the south and west, render traitor himself. If, indeed, we were the maturing of wheat, and also of fine called upon to designate two individuals malting barley, precarious. But these atmospheric conditions favor the growth of oats, of green forage, roots and grasses, and of natural pasture in profusion. Ireland is not formed to be a granary; nature makes it a meadow, a dairy and a stall. In part, also, it is a garden of vegetables and fruit. Here is a country which should at least be a paradise of metalliferous industry to divert the energies of its people from the mother art, has not presented to the world a pattern of good management in every department of husbandry. If the profits of agriculture are insufficient for the well-be ing of the population, it is certainly not the quality of the soil which is to blame; for no one acquainted with the soils of Ireland will class them generally as inferior to the light sands and poor clay of Flanders, or will compare their natural fertility unfavorably with the arable and pasture lands of Denmark and Holland. Where are the Irish lands representative of the downs and heaths which English husbandmen have wrought to a high pitch of productiveness? In Ireland, too, the adhesive clays which English farmers now find it profitless to cultivate are but unknown.

Can lack of agricultural prosperity be attributed to an undue pressure of the is not below that of other countries where the agriculture is extolled for its excelamounts to two and three-fourths acres

Benedict Arnold's Wife.

H. C. Van Schaack, of Manlius, Onondago county, New York, father-in-law of Aaron J. Vanderpeel, of this city, read before the New York Historical Society last evening, a paper entitled "Benedict Arnold before his Treason." The paper was too voluminous for reproduction in a daily paper. In concluding it Mr. Van Schaack, however, touched upon a phase of the subject too interesting to be omitted: "An attempt was made," he said, "many years ago and has been repeated since, to implicate Mrs. Arnold in her husband's treason, and in fact to make her the chief conspirator. The object of that effort seemed to be to convince the world that had not Arnold married Miss Shippen, he would not have strayed from the path of patriotic virtue, his treason would not have occurred, and by consequence, the unfortunate Andre would have escaped the gallows. Remarkable discovery that Arnold would have been no traitor but for his wife! We shall perhaps next be told that it was the con-dition on which she yielded to him her heart and hand. It was Davis' biography of Aaron Burr which undertook to convince the world that Arnold's virtu- child; and though for years they had not ous patriotism was corrupted by his wife. Strange indeed is it that the American public should thus have been made acquainted with this remarkable fact through the pages of a work which commemorates a character scarcely less extraordinary than that of the archfiguring upon the pages of American history whose characters beyond all others were the most mysterious and the hardest to understand, we should unhesitatingly point to Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr.

After Arnold's escape from West Point Washington kindly gave Mrs. Arnold her election to be sent to her husband in live stock-a land flowing with milk, if New York or her friends in Philadelphia. not with honey. And the wonder to a stranger is why Ireland, possessing few manufactures and little of mineral and young child to that city, she stopped one night in New Jersey with Mrs. Prevost, who two years afterward became the wife of Colonel Burr. Now the statement in Burr's biography represents him telling his biographer what Mrs. Burr told him after marriage in regard to Mrs. Arnold's admissions to her while stop-ping at her house. (Mr. Schaack here quoted from the Burr biography.) This account places before us a newly-married young lady of nineteen-and she a young mother-corrupting an American General of six years' standing, and of the mature age of forty, and that General her husband, all (for such is the motive ascribed) to acquire the means of gratifying an inordinate vanity. Credat Indaens Appela, non ego! Time will forbid my entering upon a full vindication of this lady from the absurd charge of being the author of the plot for the surrender of West Point, and her husband only a reluctant instrument in her hands Irish population upon the limits of their to further the dark scheme. The hearcultivated lands? So far as the general say testimony upon which it is based is average is concerned, the available area so unsatisfactory in itself, so inconsistent with historical documents of established authenticity, and with the clearly exlence. While in England 24,500,000 out pressed opinions of General Washington of 32,5000,000 acres of total area have and Colonel Hamilton and Major Franks, that I protest against it as inculcating an been brought under crops and in grass, in Ireland, 15,350,000 out of 20,750,000 unnatural and revolting supposition. acres are under management and this impeach it in the name of female loveliness, incapable of such baseness. I arto each head of the population. In Bel-gium the quantity of cultivated land is art to conceive or the craft to mature the only one acre per head; in Great Britain foul plot, and I discard the revelation in it is one and one-quarter acres; in Hol- all its material positions as absurd in self and as a tax up land it is one and one-third acres; and up to three and one-quarter acres per head in Denmark. An excess of inhabitants in Denmark. An excess of inhabitants band's honor. Burr's story is entirely country for maintaining them, can too big. There is, however, an episode scarcely distinguish Ireland as a whole, to the history of Mrs. Arnold's visit to whatever may be the case in particular Mrs. Provost's, which does not appear in Colonel Burr's biography. Burr was himself at Mrs. Provost's at the time Mrs. Arnold was there, he probably be-ing at time a suitor of Mrs. Provost. It is not surprising, however, that Burr should have neglected to state to his biographer the facts that when Mrs. Arnold left her house in the morning Burr offered his escort, which, he pretended, might be useful to her in the then excited state of the public mind. On the way he basely made love to this afflicted lady, thinking to take advantage of her just feelings of indignation towards her husband and her helpless condition to aid him. Being indignantly ropelled, he treasured up his revenge and left a story behind him

DO AS YOU'RE BID. "Mind a man !"

These words were uttered in a tone of splendid scorn; but an unseen auditor around the corner of the plazza only smiled, and yet he was a man.

"But, Doll, you will have to mind your husband," responded a gentle, drawling, exasperated voice.

"Shall I?" returned the clear and spirited note of the first speaker. "He has not appeared on the stage yet, Grace. When he does, it seems to me it will be time enough to contemplate submission." The gentleman on the piazza smiled again, but he rose quietly and walked away; He did not like to be a listener. however voluntarily, for he was a gentle man. He did not altogether escape that presence, however, by his own absence. He carried with him a vivid picture of the tall, slight figure, graceful as a deer the dark, tender eyes, that could be full of lightning; the proud, delicate, sensitive face : the abundant brown hair, shot with red rays, like a ripe chestnut skin. He had studied this portrait many days, for he had known Dorothea Schenck as a met, this Summer they were together in a quiet little tavern in the hills of Vermont, Mr. Horton for rest from a year of hard work in a city parish. Dora to be with her invalid mother, who could not bear her usual round of Newport and Saratoga.

Dorothea Schenck was a spoiled child. The idea of obedience was as distasteful to her as bit and bridle to a wild horse Her outbreak this morning was excited by some careless gossip of Grace Hamilton's-a girl of her own age who had come with them to Addis, partly because Dora had coaxed her, partly because it

was cheap, and Grace was not too rich. The subject of their discourse had been the sufferings, publicly paraded, of a certain little lady known to this party, who had been very-and, indeed, absurdly-extravagant, and brought her husband to the brink of failure; so near that she had been compelled to accept a sudden and severe retrenchment. Grace's aunt, who was also staying at the Saltash House, had blamed Mrs. Blake severely, and Dora had not objected till Grace affirmed that she did not at all sympathize with Mrs. Blake, as her husband had been very open with her in regard to his business affairs, and had long since told her that she must give up certain habits of lavish expense, or expect him to fail-a fact which the natural levity and folly of the womaa's nature led her to treat as a threat. And so the end came.

"And I'm not sorry for her; she ought to have minded him!" Grace said. "A woman's natural duty is obedience; she ought to have known that it is our destiny to yield to our superiors," whined Miss Hamilton; and this, which seemed to Dora superlative cant, had brought out her sharp exclamation. She herself was utterly undisciplined; a blind indulgence had set her adrift in life without an idea of duty, and she had yet to learn any law but her own will, or any restraint but her own caprices. Poor child ! life is the sternest of creatures, even with all the preparations that can be made for its encounter, and a merciless pedagogue to the willful and ignorant. Mr. Horton was bewitched with Dora against his judgment. Her fresh, piquant grace, her regal beauty, and her very insurgent way of action and speech, captivated him. He knew, with painful clearness, that she was as unfit for a minister's wife as a woman could be, but he also knew that without her his life would lose its savor,

girlish, silly pride that was her great fault, rose in arms. She did not answer Grace, but, with a resolute look on her flushed face, sprang onward after her own fashion, stumbling and clinging as well as she could, every moment expecting Mr. Horton to advise or remonstrate, but bent on heeding his voice no more.

She expected in vain. He said noth-ing, and the smile on his face would not nave pleased her. He only followed fast behind her till they came to a little grassy platform at the head of the stream. where the rocks retreated and the trees had been swept away directly in front of the last and highest fall, which descended here at right angles with the rest of the stream, behind a cliff that hid it entirely from the lower pool.

Grace had stopped far below; she was heated and tired, and angry too. Ned Schenck did not mind her petulance, for he did not care for her; so he sat down on the other end of the log where she had seated herself, and profaned the delicate forest odors with a cigar. Dora stopped a moment to take breath and admire the beautiful fall before them, which dashed its white water down the sheer black rock, and sprinkled with bright dew the luxuriant ferns and vines that fringed the banks on either side. Then she turned to follow the very slight indi-cation of a path upward. Mr. Horton was ready to follow, but, the moment she set her foot on the rock which was her first step, and extended her hand to grasp the ledge above, which was to be climbed, he cried out in a loud, impera-tive voice, "Dora, stop!"

The voice was so decisive, so powerful, so full of that command which is the counterpart of obedience, that, without a thought of rebellion, Dora stood like a statue. In an instant Mr. Horton put his arm about her, swung her back, and began to strike rapidly and fiercely at something on the crest of the ledge; and in another minute he lifted a dead rattlesnake on his cane end flung it far into the stream. Dora turned sick, and sat down on a stone, shuddering and pale. Mr. Horton only said, "Excuse me, Miss Schenck ; the danger was too near for me

to be less imperative." Dora shivered, "If you had not, I should be dead now."

"Not at all," laughed Mr. Horton. "] know these woods too well to be ever without the proper alleviations for a snake bite, but I never yet used them, though I have met and killed a good many. Rattlesnakes are dull creatures unless they coil to spring, and one blow with a heavy stick will kill them. Very few people die of their bites. I have only heard of one case in these regions, and that was a child who strayed alone into the woods.

He purposely lengthened his explana-tion, that Dora might caim herself. He did not know how it was still throbbing through her heart that he had called her "Dora." Her native generous instinct demanded some thanks at least to be paid, but she could not sneak yet; she was shyly glad, yet angry with herself for being glad; and, trembling so with the sudden nervous shock, she could not for some minutes speak again.

Mr. Horton stooped down to the water's edge, and seemed absorbed in looking at the fall, but his heart beat as wildly as hers. In that moment of danger he had discovered what deep hold Dora had taken of his life. He did not think of her unfitness to be his wife, of her scorn, her wild impulses, her quick temper. Like many another man in his case, he thought only of her beauty and its sweetness, and felt that she must love him or he would be miserable. Blessed ordination of things ! If men or women and become a routine of the dullest order, perhaps misery, though conscience warned him not to be weak as this, while bis more than the set of It is the wisdom of Providence that they never do. It seemed an hour to both of these astonished people, yet it was barely five minutes, before Dora looked at Mr. Horton and said, "I don't know how to thank you. I can acknowledge now it is good to mind a man-sometimes." There was a soft, arch look in the beautiful dark eyes that contradicted the quivering lips; but the lovely blushing face told what Dora never meant to tell. Mr. Horton knelt down on the grass beside her. "Oh, Dora! I would not be a tyrant,"

"part." The head and neck constitute a the Established proportionate section of the trunk attached to each, are separate "parts." Sometimes, for the sake of economy, ten stu-dents, instead of the usual number, five, club together for the purchase of a subject, which is thus made to cost each one only \$2 50. After a subject has been thoroughly dissected, the bones are sold for \$5 or \$6, for the purpose of being set up as a skeleton. They are macerated in water for four or five months, carefully cleaned and scraped, and then "articulated." If the proprietor of the soaking in other before articulation. The student who articulates his own skeleton derives a double benefit therefrom. He not only impresses indelibly upon his memory a knowledge of even the minutest bones and the relation they sustain to each other, but the wiring of the skeleton acquires a delicacy of mechanical manipulation which comes in good play in his practice of surgery. A good skeleton, well articulated, is worth \$40 in the market, but no student who had once successfully put one together, could be induced to sell it, save in the direst emergency.

Newspaper literature pertaining io the lissecting room is usually of the sensational order, and designed to fatten the such words as "ghostly," "grinning," "livid," etc. The offensive odor and the impiety and irreverence of the students dwelt upon with great emphasis. A reporter of the Journal, who visited the dissecting-room of the Indiana Col lege, a few nights since was agreeably disappointed at the absence of traditionary horrors. He found * smell, it is true. The smell is undemable, and can not be reasoned away. It was not the smell of carrion, however, has been made to keep it clean. There were some five or six subjects in various stages of dissection, some of them showing little save the bare bones, others comparatively fresh. Around each subject was gathered a group of students in long calico gowns, each at work on his "part," some of them with open books before them, and some apparently suffitiently up in the study to dispense with the text book. There was no "monkeying," no obscene jests or flippant conrersation They all seemed to be full of business, and were earnestly and decoronaly, if not reverently, getting the worth of their money. Among the exposed intestines of a colored subject a group of students were groping with hooks, occasionally bringing up an unsightly substance, which they united in laring a "a beautiful specimen," Another subject was that of an old woman, with crooked legs and arms, and joints all drawn out of shape. Though

Kirk, the "part," while the legs and arms, with a Kirk, or the Prelatic Schism came prominently under discussion in the land of toddy and polemics. At 19 he refreshed the world with his views on some of these topics in a pamphlet bearing the in questionable-taste title of "A letter to the Peers by a Peer's Son.' Those who disagreed with Lord Lorne thought it the safest answer to call him a 'prig;" those who approved, said something about "deuced clever." How many on either side read the brochure is another question. The men of this generation are not to be converted by solemn skeleton is particular about having it arguments carefully marshaled. Laughclean and white, he gives it a thorough ter, or a shrewd appeal to self-interest, is now your most convincing orator.

Still, the heir of MacCallum More had made himself a name as a rising young man; and this would have been sufficient, even if the self-styled "Bishop of Argyll and the Isles" had not done his best to give the Marquis additional notoriety. The later Argylls, while remaining staunch Whigs and upholders of the Covenant, had yet lapsed into the habit (contracted through constant sojourn in England) of taking the communion at Easter and Christmas in an Episcopal chapel. One Christmas, the Bishop, who knew Lord Lorne would present

himself, wrote to say that he could not be admitted to the sacrament on account of his irreverent remarks anent the Scotpopular prejudice against the profession. The writers usually dwell with great anction on the imaginary horrors of the sect had the big Church of England at scene, and their productions bristle with its back. Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London, a man alternately courageous and compromising, declined to administer to Lord Lorne the eucharist which a brother Bishop had refused.

The Duke, by the way, tells a story of Bloomfield (toward whose memory he is far from bearing a grudge) which is worth repeating as a specimen of that rare phenomenon, a neat German repartee. It was at a party, where the guests had been amused with experi-ences of clairvoyance. "Well," at length but a strong "meaty" odor, like that exclaimed Bloomfield, puzzled at what of a slaugher-house where an attempt he had seen, and unable to explain, "but he had seen, and unable to explain, "but exclaimed Bloomfield, puzzled at what what, then, were our eyes given us for ?' Bunsen, who was present, instantly re-"To limit our vision, my Lord. plied: The Dake naively owns that he did not consider the reason given as exhaustive. It must be remembered he is a Scotchman .- London Truth, January 1st.

> Never give away a penny indiscriminately. If a beggar tells you he is starving, order him to come to you the next day. If he makes his appearance it is a proof of the falsehood of his statement. If it had been true he would have died during the night.

It is not so much the quantity that tells as the quality. The devil has as much brains as an archangel, but he doesn't look at things in the same way, and that's why he is where he is.

Undertake not to teach your equal in result an honest creature, whose long the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

in proportion to the capabilities of the districts. Judging by the example of kingdoms in which it is admitted that cultivators of the soil thrive, it appears probable that Ireland might support in comfort the existing 5,350,000, who, in parts of many counties, are alleged to be on the verge of starvation, whenever Providence visits them with an unpropitious season.

There is enough cultivated land in Ireland to be devisable into holdings averaging twenty-nine acres for each of the existing occupiers; and hence there can be no absolute necessity why a more ruinous morcellement of occupations should obtain than we find in Denmark, where the holdings average thirty-two acres each, or in the small-farm provinces of Belgium, where they average little more than twenty acres each. Here, however, a remarkable inequality exists in the distribution of a total area, which. if equally proportioned, might be found ample. Out of the 481,000 occupiers in Ireland holding more than a single acre each in the year 1878, there are 207,000 holding above one and under fifteen acres, and of these 60,000 occupy not more than one to five acres each. The number of occupiers with more than fifteen and not exceeding thirty acres, is 124,000. And with 331,000 farmers holding from over one up to thirty acres each, there remain only 150,000 farmers occupying above thirty acres, nearly half of these-namely 60,000-having farms of

over and up to fifty acres. Farmers of over fifty and up to 100 acres, number 51,000; only 21,000, or about 4 per cent. of the farmers of Ireland have over, 100 and up to 200 acres; and but 11,000 have more than 200 acres. Probably about half of all the cultivated land is in the hands of small occupiers of from over one and not more than fifty acres each. while the agricultural condition of a third of Ireland is revealed and tested by the little occupations of from over one and not more than thirty acres each. Grave misappreciation of the real state of Irish husbandry would arise from taking ing it to be represented maily by the class of farms which English tenants would regard as large or medium-sized. or worthy the name of farms at all; yet such are those commonly visited for the purpose of acquiring information as to the character and position of Irish husbandry.

The Juvenile Theology-Mother at a tea-table: "Jack, who helped you to those three tarts?" Jack, age seven: "The Lord." The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" Jack: "Well, I helped myself; but father said yesterday that the Lord helps those that help themselves."

"Mamma, what are twins made for?" Her precarious brother replied, "So that cannibals may eat philopœnas.

worthy of his false and malignant heart to blast this amiable lady's name. In conclusion the lecturer said: "Peter Van Schaack, LL. D., was in England several years after Arnold's treason. On the occasion of one of his accustomed visits to Westminster Abbey, his attention was arrested by the entrance of General Arnold accompanied by a lady. The lady was doubtless Mrs. Arnold. They passed to the cenotaph of Major Andre What a scene for a and there stood. pencil! The traitor Arnold at the tomb of a man for whose ignominious fate he was responsible, reading the monumental inscription that will transmit to all ages the tale of his infamy."-N. Y. World.

A SOMEWHAT ASTONISHED PEDAGOGUE -It was a wise suggestion that school children ought to have a great hearty laugh every day, and one of the teachers in the Chico public school was thinking the matter over recently, and how he could possibly give the scholars in his department a good hearty laugh. This teacher is a Normalite, and has imbibed all the tactics of a strict disciplinarian, and to bring his pupils up to the hearty laughing pitch, he would necessarily be compelled to lower his dignity. While thus sitting in his chair cogitating, he braced himself back, tipping his chair on the hind legs, and over he went chair and all, and instead of his stern features looking over the scholars, a pair of number of twelve boots came, like an eclipse, between him and his pupils. The scholars at first wondered for a moment how their teacher had disappeared from view, but when the eclipse had gone off, and he commenced to rise again to the surface, it was then that they concluded that the laugh came in, and right heartily they enjoyed it -

A trooper named Whitehead was especially commissioned to keep his eye peeled for Chief Moirosi, and he shot the old African while he was making for a little cave.

(Chico Record.

Driving.

his work remained yet to be done The next day there was to be at that re-

sort of Summer boarders, in lack of all other amusements, a picnic to Glen Falls, a wild ravine in the heart of the hills, through which a rapid brook tore its way plunging from one precipice to another at no one spot to be seen in full beauty but reserving its coy surprises for those who had skill and strength to climb up ward to its source—a clear mountain pond that slept amid dark woods, fed by hidden springs. The day was warm, yet fresh with the wonderful freshness of mountain air; and when the long wagon of Saltash House arrived at the foot of the ravine all the younger members of the party were unanimous in their resolve to climit to Clear Pond, while the older ladies and one white-haired bachelor, who cared little for scenery and much for his ease, remained quietly on a broad rock by the lower pool, where thick pine boughs sheltered them from the sun, and the cool odor of dripping water seemed to disperse whatever heat the July weather threat-ened. Two couples had already gone upward, when Dora and Grace, attended by Mr. Horton and Ned Schenck, a cousin of Dora's, began the climb. Both gentlemen had been sufficiently accustomed to forest paths to make the matter easy as far as they were concerned, but to feet only used to the walks of the city or the smooth turf of the croquet ground, this rough yet slippery ascent looked fearful enough; nor were kid boots the best preparation for sharp rocks and moss strewn with pine needles. It seemed all but impossible for Dora to attempt such a task, but her pride forbade retreat, while Grace, in despair, suffered herself to be halt carried up the steepest pitches by Ned Schenck, and lifted bodily over stones and logs that she dectared herself altogether unable to surmount. Fortunately for her protector, she was slight, and not tall; he ould easily spare all the strength neces-

ance was peremptory. "Put your foot here, Miss Schenck; now the other on that stone. Give me your left hand, and take firm hold of that bough to the right."

sary. But Dora would not allow herself

to be more than guided, though the guid-

Dora obeyed with the most child-like confidence, for the abyss below her and the height above were alike terrible; but she had that best of courage, which wil not turn back, though trembling with terror.

Grace, from below, a helpless burden, saw with a sort of pique how well Dora endured the march, and caught Mr. Horton's admiring glances at the lithe figure that was at once so brave and so docile To tell the truth, Grace had intended that the handsome young clergyman should be her own escort, and was not at all satisfied at being regelated to Ned Schenk's care, who was strong and good-tempered, care, who hat neither good-looking hot no doubt, but neither good-looking hot played together at first, and then the tease that Grace called out, in her soft, drawling tones: "Doll, you are really a him over. I next jumped down after him, bit him in the neck, and finished him, bit him in the neck, and finished him, bit him in the stope."

Dora was indignant. She knew well that Grace could be spiteful, but the spite did not hurt her so much as the answering London now has a Society for Prevent-ing Street Accidents and Dangerous theories, she had been most implicitly submissive to Mr. Horton's escort. The ball club.

he said. And Dora dropped her head so low it rested on her shoulder.

Mrs. Horton also declared her husband never asked her to marry him, which he indignantly denied as often as she as-serted it. But, however the union came about, it was true-for everybody said so -that no gentler, sweeter, happier minister's wife ever filled that difficult position in the city of Ludlow, where Mr. Herton was settled Even Grace Hamilton could not find fault with this match, though she had predicted all sorts of sorrows from its "radical unfitness." But time had not softened Grace's native spite, though she controlled it during her brief visit to the parsonage. On the next Christmas morning a package came by express, directed to Mrs. Horton. On the inner cover of the box was written : "For Doll's room;" and, as the last fold of tissue paper was litted, an elaborate illuminated motto appeared:

" Come when you're called, Do as you're bid, Shut the door after you, And you'll never os chid."

Her husband was looking over Dora's shoulder, and they both laughed. Grace's arrow was pointless for such trust and happiness. "I've only changed my mind," said

Dora, "and that is every woman's priv-

"And I have only abdicated, and that iany king may do," retorted her husband. "Have you?" said his wife, incredulously.

The truth was that neither knew how to differ from the other with comfort.

A DEPRAVED SMALL BOY .- A fearful example of criminal precocity is afforded by a case which recently came before the Assize Court of St. Peter, in A boy named Emillen Martinque. A boy named Emillen Dema, aged 11, was accused of deliberately murdering Paul Sarpon, a child of 3¼ years. The following extracts from Dema's examination will show the horrifying cold-blooodedness with which he admitted the commission of the crime. On being asked how he dispatched his victim, he answered, "I killed him intentionally. I got him to come and play with me. He followed me, and we

Gorman's success in grasping the Maryland Senatorship is explained. He used to be a good catcher in a base-