

## BLAKE'S WIDOW.

Jem Blake had been shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances, than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch. Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help any one who was out of luck, so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio. If the general inclination had been followed—as, up to that time it always had—the last named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf.

However, things were advancing at San Saba as well as elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio without a regular trial, no matter how disagreeable it might be to the people at large.

So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pitblado, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment.

Nevertheless, there was more than one dissonant in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there could be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush.

"El Antonio's going to be hung, why in—don't we hang him?"

This was the pertinent query of Jake Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question put it in so clear a light that the judge had great difficulty in impressing people with the conviction. He said that things had gone on in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly and give it a fair show. Besides it didn't make any kind of difference; Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then, what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now, is to bring in a verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you were all comfortable.

It was just the same thing in the end—exactly.

"I tell yer," said the judge, who felt the weight of his title, albeit the same was one of courtesy; "I tell yer, ther's nothin' like doin' a thing reglar, particularly when you know just how it's coming out."

So the judge's argument, supported by his influence, and increasing bias at San Saba in favor of more civilized views, settled the matter, and it was decided that Antonio Gueldo should be tried before he was hanged.

As there was no place specially arranged for the ceremonies, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed.

Here a rough table and chair were placed for the judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store.

Jake Smith looked on at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road and turned into the lane that led to Blake's.

When he reached the door of the shanty, he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with flickering brightness the floor and the cradle where Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago; (could it be only three days?) just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes, and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how fond he was of the baby!) just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbling its white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint anyone had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she following with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Poity chipper?" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe—"

"Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The judge is makin' a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't ter have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law case to speak for him—a feller that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous."

Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Poity, ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest.

"Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—!" he stammered and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he's had—you've got—ther ain't nothin' I could do for yer, maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down, and with his big forefinger, softly ruffled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, and Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top

of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation, "Wall, some women do beat h— amazin'!"

Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagre. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharp-featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conference with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kindred.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the judge was heard to utter some misgivings; however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence.

The court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door; then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—d," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought the baby!"

What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however, that might be, there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheek contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty she moved through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to attract its attention with a chip from the floor.

As for the baby it sat there with its big, blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony allowed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge short on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than all that Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran in.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there were a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction, the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally, he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of *aitibi*. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but the judge was nonplussed, and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

There was a pause before Pitblado gave his charge, and when he rose he gave his rather blank.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect." I don't know as there's much to be said. I s'pose you've got to go by the evidence, and that don't need any explainin'. El you kin make out accordin' to that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect, that's what yer here fur."

The jury filed out, and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments.

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box, and cast anxious glances through the open door, towards the clump of nopals where the jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves except the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" he asked, nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return.

"Wal, let's have it then."

"Yer see," said the spokesman, "of yer hadn't corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence we might a done better, but accordin' ter that, Antonio wasn't that when the murder was done, and ef he wasn't that, he couldn't a done it, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's—not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned half-way towards Antonio.

"You kin go," said he, speaking with great deliberation, "but I wouldn't stay round here too long."

There was a deal pause for a minute, and nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single expressive word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, Judge?" she asked.

"Wal—I—s'pose so."

"And there's nothing more to be done?"

"I'm afraid ther aint."

"And he's free to go?"

"Y-a-a-s."

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat.

The baby crowded, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor, and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoke curled up from the muzzle of the weapon, and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless—then she turned, and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything at last.

An Eccentric Nobleman.

John, the late Duke of Montagu, on a certain occasion, as was the fashion of the nobles and fops of his time, observed a middle-aged gentleman in a half-military garb, decidedly the worse for wear, but exceedingly neat and precise withal in the cut and arrangement of his dress.

And it so happened that two or three days running he noticed the poor gentleman walking at the same hour of the day, in the same place, with a grave and solemn step, a face evidently full of care. Becoming interested in the gentleman's appearance, the Duke caused inquiries to be made about him, and with difficulty, through one of his gentlemen, found out some little portion of his private history.

He was a gentleman from one of the northern counties, who in early life had sold his estate in order to purchase a commission, and had served with distinction, or at all events with credit, in more than one foreign country, but was now placed of necessity on half-pay, by reason of the conclusion of peace. He learned further that the poor officer had a wife and a family down in Yorkshire—then nearly a week distant from the metropolis—to whom he sent regularly half of his pay, while he supported himself in poor lodgings near Charing Cross upon the rest, living from day to day in the hope that he might somehow or other obtain an office under the Government or from the Horse Guards, which would add a little to his income. The Duke, having assured himself that the veteran was worthy of relief, determined to make him quite happy in a way of his own; so he sent his servant with a polite invitation for him to come and dine with His Grace at Montagu House in Whitehall.

The unfortunate officer started in amazement, as well he might, at first thinking it a joke until he saw the dual crest on the top of the seal of the note. He soon, however, sufficiently recovered his self-possession to reply that he thanked the Duke for his kindness, and would obey his summons at the day and hour named by him. Not the less, however, was he lost in wonder how the Duke had found him out, and still more why he had chosen thus to honor him. When the day fixed for the dinner arrived the officer appeared at Montagu House, where the Duke received him with every sign of courtesy and even respect. And when he expressed his surprise at being so honored, the Duke took him quietly aside and told him, with an air of great gravity and secrecy, that he had a particular reason for his conduct in the matter. "To tell you the plain truth," said His Grace, "there is in my house a lady, who has often seen you, and who has become so much interested in you and your fortunes that she very much wishes for a personal interview with you, and I am anxious, for reasons of my own, to fall in with her wishes. Upon my soul she is a most worthy and excellent lady, and I think, between you and me, that she looks upon you with no slight regard."

The poor officer on this began to feel a little alarmed, for he did not like the idea of being handed over to the tender mercies of a strange lady—a married man, too, as he was, and with children to boot. In his perplexity and distress, therefore, he began to mutter his fears that "really there must be some mistake," and added, "some one or other has been trying to impose on Your Grace, or else on me. The fact is that I have a wife down in Yorkshire, and she is the only person for whom I care or ever did care, and I know of no lady beside her who has a right to feel any keen interest in me."

"Never mind," replied the good-natured Duke, "no harm shall happen to you; only just follow me into the next apartment, my good friend." And with these words he led his guest into a sumptuous dining-room, into which he no sooner entered than he saw his own wife and his three rosy, countenanced children, for whom the Duke had sent down from Yorkshire, and whom he had brought up to the great metropolis to meet him. At first he felt not only perplexed, but alarmed; for were they his wife and children, or only their ghosts and wraiths? A closer inspection, however, soon re-assured him that the objects of his love and affection were present before him in the flesh; and before the third course of the dinner was over the party was as happy and merry as could be. The officer was invited and pressed to stay the night at Montagu House, instead of returning to his dingy and uncomfortable lodgings, and to spend a day or two with his wife and children there before going back home. He did so, and expressed his deep sense of gratitude for the hospitality so kindly and unexpectedly shown to him. A few mornings afterward, when he was packing up his traps preparatory to his departure, the Duke called the poor officer to his study and presented him with a legal document which secured to him a comfortable annuity for life, remarking at the same time that he need really feel no hesitation in accepting it. "You must know," said His Grace, "with a smile, "I am trying, though rather late in life, perhaps, to do the best I can with my money, of which I have far more than I know what to do with; and I assure you that I should not have done what I have done in respect of yourself if I had known how else, or where else, I could have found more pleasure and satisfaction from my outlay."

In winter the mercury becomes low by degrees and beautifully less.

## How They Were Captured.

The recent arrest of a gang of counterfeiters in Oswego county, which was recorded in our associated press dispatches recently, was one of the most important that has been made in a long time. The story, if told in full, would read almost like one of Pinkerton's detective romances, and the Oswego papers are full of the affair. The names of the arrested parties and the property taken have already been published; but the manner in which the case was "worked up" remains to be told. A large amount of the counterfeit coin has been in circulation in that vicinity for some time, but a clue was finally let fall by a convict who was on his way to Auburn prison, which was followed up. The "queer" was traced to David Bonnell, a former well-to-do citizen of Oswego county, who has been out of State prison a year and a half, and whose reputation lately has been none of the best. For a time he was closely watched, and consequently, when the case grew sufficiently strong, an amateur detective, whose name is concealed, was sworn in as a United States detective. In an unsought interview with Bonnell, the new special detective complained of poverty, and stated he wanted to make some money—he didn't care how.

Bonnell was very shy at first, but finally sold him some of the counterfeit coin at 50 cents on the dollar. This the detective got rid of, and then he went to Bonnell for more. By this means he got completely into Bonnell's confidence. Then the United States authorities took a hand, and M. D. Van Horn of the secret service went to Bonnell, representing himself to be a patent right man from Canada, who wanted to buy a patent "jack," territory for which Bonnell was advertising. Van Horn finally told Bonnell that the jack affair was a blind, and that he was operating in the "queer," and that by profession he was a "cracksman," relating many of his exploits.

Between them a plan was matured to blow the safe of a prominent business house, and the deed was actually accomplished, though it had been arranged they were to be frightened off before it could take place, an arrangement which failed, however, for some reason. This completely allayed any suspicions Bonnell may have had, and the result was that he disclosed to Van Horn that "queer" was being made at the house of Lafayette Ingersoll, in the vicinity of Oswego. Van Horn was introduced into that house, and a few purchases of the counterfeit coin gave him the run of the place, where he witnessed the operations of the family, all of whom were engaged in the work in some capacity or another. Van Horn then introduced Gilbert B. Perkins, chief operator of the United States Secret Service, as a pal, and both made purchases and were introduced to a man named Reynolds, who was one of the gang with the Ingersolls, but who was also "shoving" counterfeit greenbacks. Finally, last Monday night it was directed by the United States officials that the case was ripe, and the trap was accordingly sprung on Tuesday evening, with the result already told, the whole gang being taken in the act, while Bonnell was arrested in Oswego while negotiating a sale of counterfeit coin which he had in his possession with his supposed "pal," Van Horn. In all fourteen arrests were made, and about \$500 worth of property seized. Van Horn seems to have played his part of counterfeiter and bungler so well that even the police of that city had been "shadowing" him, believing him to be really what he seemed.

—Rochester Union.

## Some Results of Tidal Friction.

G. H. Darwin has just contributed to *Nature* the last of a series of papers giving the results of a mathematical investigation into the action of tidal friction on the configuration of a planet and satellite, and especially on the earth and moon. Among other results he finds that the earth and moon were initially in contact, the moon always opposite the same face of the earth, or moving very slowly relatively to the earth's axis, the whole system rotating in from two to four hours about an axis inclined to the normal of the ecliptic at an angle of 11 deg. 45 min., or somewhat less, and the moon moving in a circular orbit, the plane of which is nearly coincident with the earth's equator. This initial configuration, says Mr. Darwin, suggests that the moon was produced by the rupture, in consequence of rapid rotation or other causes, of a primeval planet whose mass was made up of the present earth and moon. The two bodies have been brought into their present configuration by the action of tidal friction.

The process by which the tidal action brings about changes of the configuration of planet and satellite is the destruction of energy (or rather its partial conversion into heat within the planet and partial re-distribution) and the transference of angular momentum from that of planetary rotation to that of orbital revolution of the two bodies about their common center of inertia. This change takes place more rapidly in small bodies than in large ones. Mars is the smallest of the planets, with moons, and it is here alone that a satellite is found revolving faster than the planet rotates. This will be the ultimate fate of our moon. Before, however, this takes place, the moon must recede to an enormous distance from the earth, and the earth must rotate in forty or fifty days, instead of twenty-four hours. But the satellites of Mars are so small that they only recede a short way from the planet before the solar tidal friction reduces the planet's rotation below the satellite's revolution—a revolution which may in a sense be considered as a memorial of the primitive revolution of Mars itself around its own axis.

A new species of plant is called the "baby plant." Inside its calyx is a tiny figure that looks like a baby, but there is no further resemblance. It cannot squall, kick and yell like a baby, neither can it croon and crouch like one of these little pink darlings; but we should rather have it in the house as far as a good night's sleep is concerned.

A Chicagoan has announced that he has discovered a process by which illuminating gas can be made from water. The Chicago people are ready to believe in it, as they have an idea that water must have been made for something or other.

## Stories of an Epicure.

Grimod de la Reyniere, the noted French epicure, was a lawyer by profession, but abandoned this calling to spite his parents for preventing his marriage with the woman of his choice. At his earliest receptions, on the arrival of his guests, their swords, canes and hats were delivered to the custody of an attendant, who then removed a huge iron bar suspended across the entrance to the dining-room, until all were assembled, when it was carefully replaced, as a hint that no one would be allowed to depart without the permission of the host. In the center of the *salle a manger* was a circular mahogany table, surrounded by chairs of equal size, with the exception of one slightly higher for the president of the day.

On the walls were inscribed in golden letters certain regulations imposed by the amphitryon, to which those present were expected to conform. Expressed at a quarter past 12, Grimod de la Reyniere made his appearance, followed by two servants, one bearing a pile of bread and butter in slices, and the other nutrious beverage, according to the rules, each person was bound to drink at least eighteen or at most twenty-two cups; whoever first attained the latter number being elected President. When the supply was exhausted, an enormous sirloin was brought in, and, after having been carried three round the table with great solemnity, was placed before the President, and by him portioned out to the company. At the conclusion of this primitive repast the conversation became general, literary matters were discussed, and new books criticised, until, at a signal given by the host, the iron bar was once more removed, and swords and canes were restored to their owners, and the party separated.

Thus far the "philosophic breakfasts" were, to say the least, eccentric, and the reverse of epicurean; but little by little they underwent a refining process, the coffee ordeal was abolished, and delicacies of every kind were substituted for the ponderous surlin.

One repast consisted of no less than nine courses, each preceded by two flute-players, and served by a procession of white-robed attendants. The guests, twenty-two in number, were either advocates or men of letters; and when the desert was placed on the table, the public were admitted to a gallery commanding a view of the entire scene. The success of this essay induced Grimod to repeat it. On another occasion the Count d'Artois was present inognito, and at last so enormous were the expenses attending these festivities, that the la Reyniere family became alarmed, and decided on checking the prodigality of the entertainer by the summary process of stopping the allowance hitherto made to him. Thus deprived of the sinews of war, Grimod conceived the ingenious project of bringing his father to reason by openly declaring his insolvent position, and by soliciting from his friends and acquaintances the loan of small sums to relieve what he termed his pressing necessities. Profiting by the privilege he still enjoyed of using the equipages of the "fermier general," he one day repaired to the house of an especial intimate, and in the course of conversation offered him a seat in his carriage, volunteering to take him wherever he wished to go. The proposal was accepted, and, after piloting his companion through various parts of the city, he finally deposited him at the Palais de Justice, and bidding him farewell, reminded him that he owed him a crown.

"What for?" was the other's natural inquiry.

"For three hours' drive," coolly replied Grimod. "This is my *fiacre*, and it is no more than just that I should receive my fare."

His friend treated the matter as an excellent joke; paid the crown, and repeated the joke to every one he met; so that it soon reached M. de la Reyniere's ears, and the embargo on the allowance was withdrawn.

## The Ways of London Beggars.

Paralysis is often imitated, and so closely that there is no detecting the imposture. A fellow is directed how to hang the elbow, twist the wrist, and drop the fingers of one arm, and drag the corresponding leg limply after him, counterfeiting a paralytic stroke to the life. I have seen one drilled up to the proper business mark by marching him round and round a beggar's kitchen for hours at a stretch, and night after night. This is continued until the patient can bear a sharp and unexpected prick with a needle, or even the touch of a hot iron, without relapsing into his normal attitude.

Not many years ago one of these mock paralytics, who was accustomed to throw off his seeming infirmity and play the burglar by way of change, was caught in the very act of breaking into a house, and committed for trial. Here he got up such a semblance of hopeless paralysis as deceived everybody. When his trial came he was carried to the court on a stretcher, and laid at full length in the dock. Everybody, including the judge and jury, commiserated his case, and he escaped with one year's imprisonment instead of a long term of penal servitude.

The doctor of the prison to which the convict was next transferred felt sure that the whole thing was a sham, and tried all the ordinary methods of detection, including liberal use of the galvanic battery, but without effect. At length a great heap of damp straw was collected in the jail yard, and the scoundrel, still stretched on his pallet, which he never quitted, was placed thereon. The straw was fired on all sides, throwing out a little flame and dense column of choking smoke. This did the business, and quickly too. In less than a minute the paralyzed man astonished everybody but the doctor by bounding out among them with the agility of a deer. "The game is up," he exclaimed with a laugh, when he had done coughing—adding, in a tone of triumph. "Anyhow, I have dilled the law out of six years." The torture such people inflict on themselves for weeks and months at a time, and voluntarily, is simply incredible.—*London Standard*.

Daniel S. Helton, a Baptist preacher, of Roane county, Tenn., 88 years old, had sixteen sons in the Union army and two in the Confederate, and says: "My sympathies were with the Union by four-teen majority."

## He Wanted to be an Actor.

A citizen whose best weight never exceeds 120 pounds was the other day buying a couple of hens of a farmer on the market, and before the bargain was concluded the two became quite friendly, and the farmer said he had something on his mind to communicate. One of his boys had a passion for theatricals, and was desirous of becoming an actor. The idea was so strong on him that he had become worthless around the farm, and the father was in a peck of trouble to know how to turn the boy's thoughts from the footlights to the plow.

"Spouse I send him to you, and 'spouse you make fun and ridicule him and let him see how foolish it is?" suggested the father, and the citizen agreed.

As a result of their planning, the boy walked into the citizen's place of business, on Congress street East, next morning. The father had called him a boy, but he weighed about 160 pounds, stood nearly six feet high, and he had a pair of hands as large as the chromo of the Yosemite Valley. His arrival was expected, and after a few words about the weather the citizen queried:

"So you think you would make an actor, eh?"

"Yes, I kinder think so?" was the reply.

"What line would you take?"

"Well, I kinder like tragedy."

"Tragedy! Look at your hands! Look at those feet! Remember your voice! You'd be hissed off the stage. Don't never think of tragedy."

"How would I do in drama?" asked the boy.

"Not at all. In the first place your ears are too large. Then your heels stick out too far. Then your hands would hide half the other actors. Don't try the drama, for you will be a dead failure."

"Could I do anything in comedy?"

"Not a thing. The sight of you in comedy would be the same as the sight of a horse on the stage. All the facial expression that you have is behind your ears."

"I've thought some of being a nigger minstrel," observed the boy, after a long silence.

"That's the worst of all. I tell you, boy, you'd better stick to the farm. You are not cut out for an actor, and you want to drop the idea."

"Couldn't I act as usher?"

"No, sir; you are too stiff in the knees."

"Couldn't I take tickets?"

"Never! Your hands are too big for that work."

"Couldn't I shift scenes?"

"No; you are too big and unwieldy." There was a long and painful silence. Then the boy rose up and said:

"Well, I'm bound to go into theatricals. If I can't be anything else, I'll be the feller that stands at the door to raise a row, and I'll begin on you! Come over here!"

He hauled the adviser over the table, clutched him by the small of the back and spun him around, slammed him around, and dropped him to get a better hold. When the curtain rose on the next act there was a strictly private conversation going on between "Hamlet" and the ghost, and the ghost's coat was ripped up the back and his collar torn open. Then "Hamlet" suddenly demanded, in a loud voice:

"Catiff! do you declare that I cannot act?"

Then the ghost dodged around the table and replied:

"No, I don't! You are all right—you are a splendid actor—you can't help but win!"

"And you'll tell my father so?"

"I will; you bet, I will!"

"If you don't—"

Here "Hamlet" took three steps forward, two back; scowled his fiercest, and the ghost jumped behind the stove, and howled that he'd even pay \$50 for a private box on the night of the debut.

"Tis well," said "Hamlet"; and he went over to the market to see if he could sell three pecks of onion sets for cash down.—*Detroit Free Press*.

BRI THREE FOSSILS.—Two large fossil trees are now on their way to Washington from the western part of New Mexico, designed for the new National Museum. General Sherman, while on his tour of inspection to the military posts of New Mexico, examined some of the large petrifications which abound in the vicinity of Fort Wingate, and he was so much impressed with the value of these specimens that he decided to have them brought to Washington and placed in front of the National Museum. The two specimens referred to will each weigh several tons; they will serve as conspicuous representations of the ancient flora of the region from whence they came.

The entire country surrounding the spot where these fossil trees are so abundant is at the present day utterly destitute of vegetation, save a few pinners and other stunted trees, which are of little or no use. This was not the case in times long past, for the two immense specimens now en route to Washington, according to General Sherman's account, were not alone. The country is literally covered with the remains of an ancient forest, representing a great quantity of vegetation, and establishing the fact beyond doubt that this entire country, which is now only inhabited by a few tribes of Pueblo Indians and covered all over with evidence of extinct tribes, and which is destitute of vegetation, and so arid that there is no inducement to the settler, was once a tropical country, abundantly supplied with tropical fruits and vegetation. General Sherman is much interested in the preservation of such specimens, and encourages every one connected with the army to make collections in all branches of science.—[Washington Cor. Baltimore Sun.]

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was. 'Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?'"

"Why, the Bible says he slept with his fathers; and I think if he had been so rich, he would have had a bed of his own."