

"I SPY!"

Bill Nye indulges in reminiscences of childhood's happy hours.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy in your school who did the heavy falling through the lee, and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which leg is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little eccentricities which I can not at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about two o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains?" They generally get here before two o'clock.

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts one hundred, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five hundred or six hundred, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow the vest was too large, and when I slid down that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent, but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "O I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see ye up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long-legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet President of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)—*Detroit Free Press.*

And That, Too.

A Boston man got hold of a West-erner the other day in hopes of getting some consolation out of the look of affairs toward sundown, but the man promptly replied:

"I tell you, things have just squatted out our way."
"Won't wheat look up a little, eh?"
"Not a look."
"Any new enterprises?"
"Not so much as building a wood-shed."
"But do the merchants complain?"
"I should smile! They even hire folks to help 'em growl."
"Isn't the railroad business a little more favorable?"
"Yes, they manage to run trains, but that's about all."
"Well, there must be some business in the West which holds its own," persisted the Bostonian. "How's matrimony?"
"Deader'n Joseph's old boots," was the confidential answer. "A year ago you could have married anything and anybody and counted on six per cent. dividends, but the general depression has flattened matrimony until a widow worth \$20,000 has got to hunt a man down with a gun!"—*Wall Street News.*

—A man at St. Albans, Vt., was heard to remark that he would give twenty cents for a cat. The next morning twenty-two boys were on hand, each expecting to go away twenty cents richer.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

Jimmy Brown's Account of the Trouble He and His Friend Caused an Innocent Lecturer.

Our town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to a town, another is liable to break out at any time.

The last lecturer that we had happened a week ago. He was a magic-lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic-lantern pictures of Europe and Washington and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic-lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before the lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going upstairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic-lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were people, and then there were a lot of real funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a boy over. Tom and I had a very nice time looking at them, and we were very careful to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that might have troubled him, and we ought never to give trouble to people that are older than we are. Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost everybody else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw. He looked so pleased.

The trouble began when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said: "The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria." Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said: "Haw! haw! is that the Queen?" The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was really Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a goat. After awhile he asked all his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet it was a picture of a pig running away from a fat butcher. You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl, and I believe they would have thrown something at him besides heavy German words if he hadn't begged their pardon and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after awhile, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes, and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt was a cat and a dog fighting and an old woman beating them with a club. This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures into the magic lantern upside down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse any mistakes, and wishing he could put his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures. Finally he told the people that he would show them the picture of two innocent and lovely children. Tom hit me in the side with his elbow when the lecturer said this, and whispered to me: "Be all ready to run." I didn't have the least idea what he meant till I saw the picture. I never was more astonished in my life, for it was a picture I had made of Mr. Travers and Sue sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window, with Mr. Travers close after him. Anyway, he never came back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him I think he will.—*Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.*

An Oyster Whips a Duck.

A rough-and-tumble combat between a wild duck and an oyster occurred here the other day. The duck was a large full-grown one that had recently come from the north to enjoy our winter climate. It was of the diving species, which inhabit the bays till the spring, when they return north. When the oyster feeds it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal beat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.—*Corpus Christi Caller.*

BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

How They Were Built and Painted—Some Exciting Captures.

The vessels engaged in blockade running were built for the purpose. They were long, narrow, low side-wheel steamers, with sharp bows that cut the water like a knife, powerful engines, raking funnels, and two masts, rigged as schooners. The hull rose only a few feet above the water. They were painted a dull gray, so that even in the day time it would be difficult to see them far away. The forward part of the deck was covered over, so that they could run through heavy seas. Before the war there was very little commerce between England and the Bermuda Islands, but now the harbors were alive with ships—great sea-going steamers from England loaded with arms, cannon, powder, goods of all kinds—returning to England freighted with cotton. The blockade runners brought the cotton from Wilmington and Charleston, delivered it to the large steamers, took on board the goods, arms and ammunition, and steamed back to those ports, always planning to run past the blockade vessels in the night. When coming in all lights were put out, the steam was blown off under water. A man up in the "crow's nest" on the forward mast kept a sharp lookout for the Union vessels. The pilots knew every channel and sand bar. The vessels were all light draft. The blockade runner was only a runner, not a fighter. If he came too close to a war ship he took to his heels. The runners were so swift, the war ships so slow, that they were rarely captured when the chase was a stern one.

It was a hard, exciting service which the blockading fleets endured. During the day the vessels cruised along the shores, looking into all the inlets, or sailed eastward to discover any approaching blockade runner, but at sunset they came close in-shore; almost under the guns of Fort Sumter at Charleston, or Fort Fisher at Wilmington. All lights were put out, except the one lantern at the masthead of the Commodore's vessel. Men were up in the rigging straining their eyes through the night to catch the sight of the swift runners.

On an October night, 1863, the Venus from Nassau approached Wilmington. The lookout up at the masthead of the steamer Nansemond discovered her. Lieutenant Lamson, commanding the Nansemond, when he had a duty to perform was always ready. The fires were blazing under his boilers—the steam was up. In an instant the Nansemond was away.

"Give her a shot!" he shouted. The long rifled guns flashed. The shot shatters the foremast of the Venus; another shot goes through her cabin; the third crashes through the fore-castle, killing a sailor; the fourth strikes the hull below the water line. Both vessels are fast, going fourteen knots an hour. The Captain of the Venus sees that he can not make the harbor and runs for the shore. She strikes hard and fast; the crew leap into the water and reach the sandy beach. The Nansemond lowers her boats and takes possession of the vessel. The Venus can not be moved; she is set on fire and the Nansemond, at daylight, steams away.

"There she is!" the lookout of the Nippon shouted it at daybreak a few mornings later. Captain Breck, commanding the Nippon, saw a side-wheel steamer close in shore making for Wilmington harbor. Another blockade runner in pursuit. The Nippon was in position to intercept the runner—the Ella and Anna. The Captain of the runner sees that he is cut off and he determines to run the Nippon down.

Captain Breck sees the situation. "Ready, boarders!" he shouts, and the sailors, who have been thoroughly drilled, seize their pistols and swords. The cannon of the Nippon send a shower of canister. The next moment there is a crash, and the bowsprit of the Nippon breaks like a pipe-stem. Over the rail swarm the boarders, and the next moment the Ella and Anna is theirs, with three hundred cases of rifles and a cargo worth \$118,000. The vessel is renamed the Malvern and becomes one of the blockading fleet.

A great many blockade runners were captured and destroyed, but the profits were so enormous that others were built. The officers and crews were willing to run the risk of being captured for the high wages they received. A Captain received \$5,000 for each successful trip, each one of the crew \$250, the chief engineer \$2,500 and the pilot \$3,700.—*National Tribune.*

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Work It Has Done and How It Is Undertaken.

The political services of the House of Lords are vastly underrated. Violent party measures like the Irish Land Acts apart, the Education Act is almost confessedly the last valuable achievement of the Commons. The great legal reforms of late years have emanated from the Peers. They have given us a vastly improved law of landed property, and reforms in the law affecting married women, which I distrust and dislike, but which Liberal opinion strongly approves. They would, but for the House of Commons, have given us a criminal and perhaps a civil code. Their Committees on private business are much more respected and trusted than those of the Lower House.

Their judicial functions are said to be of the highest value. Our judges are and must be excluded from the House of Commons. The presence in Parliament of such men as Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, Lord Coleridge and Lord Bramwell is invaluable—I might say indispensable—to sound and judicious legislation. As judges they are kept in touch of the practical working of the law; as legislators they can amend without fear of confusing its practice or tampering with its principles. The authority they wield in the Upper House may be long be needed to arrest Parliamentary interference with judicial questions; a danger which, after our experience of the Orton and Maantrasna cases, can hardly be exaggerated. Yet they neither could nor ought to sit by popular election, or in a chamber chiefly occupied with mere "party politics."—*Ferriquiry Review.*

EARTHQUAKES.

The Theories of Scientific Men and Seismologists in Regard to Them.

The intimate relation between earthquakes and volcanoes is universally admitted, though earthquakes do occur in regions which give no indications of either past or present volcanic activity. Along the southeast coast of Spain, however, there is ample evidence of such activity in past times; and has been remarked by a writer on the subject that an earthquake is simply an integrated volcano. As to what, however, is the exact cause of seismological action geologists have not yet made up their minds. The mathematicians have compelled them to give up as quite untenable the old idea of a thin crust over a molten interior which in its surgings would break through in the shape of a volcano, or reproduce in the shell the internal surface. The hypothesis of a solid shell and a solid nucleus with molten matter between has fared little better. The earth, it is now held by the best geologists and physicists, must be a solid body to a very considerable depth, if not, indeed, to the core. At the same time we may be assured that the most intense heat exists at no very great depth below the surface, heat so great that but for the immense pressure exerted by the superincumbent mass the matter would actually melt; it is held that it does occasionally do so when from any of the many forces which are at work the pressure is relieved, and this, according to a certain school, gives rise to volcanic or earthquake phenomena.

Others, however, maintain that these manifestations can be satisfactorily accounted for by chemical and mechanical action. It seems to be generally admitted that great masses of water are constantly filtering into the depths of the earth from the ocean bed; and that the molten materials which issue from volcanic vents have absorbed enormous quantities of steam and other gases. Prof. Judd tells us, we have the most indisputable evidence. "It is to the violent escape of these gases from the molten rock masses, and the pressure upon them is relieved, that nearly all the active phenomena of volcanoes must be referred." And what accounts for volcanic action may also account for at least a certain class of earthquakes. For there may be other causes, most of them, however, referable to the movements which must be almost constantly taking place in the interior, owing to the cooling of the earth's crust. Variations in atmospheric pressure have been thought to account for some earthquakes, and it is noticeable that a sharp fall of the barometer was observed all over the south of Spain in the afternoon before the first great shock, and that there have since been frequent fluctuations. The mere falling of an internal cavity would almost certainly produce vibratory phenomena. Indeed Prof. Milne seems to believe that the earth is full of cavities of all sizes, like a huge Gruyere cheese, and that consequently vibrations of greater or less intensity are constantly occurring, as we should find had we instruments delicate enough to measure them. But it is possible, perhaps, to have seismographs of much too fine a structure, so fine as to record the vibration of every passing jirika. Essentially the explanation of all these phenomena seems to be that our planet is a cooling body, and they will only cease when every particle of heat has left the heart of our old mother, when also, geologists tell us, there will be no more sea, when the air itself will have vanished, and the earth will be as dead as the moon.—*London Times.*

There was no Kitchen Line.

She was crazy about palmistry. She had bought half a dozen books and studied the lines and the mounts and the stars, and she had read her Henry's fortune time and again. So he undertook to read her hand one night, with her help.

"This is my heart line, dear," she said, as she traced with her finger across the palm.

"Yes, your heart line."

"You see how well defined and strong it is?"

"Yes, beloved, but it is not quite straight, and this book says that those little lines running out of it are evidence of previous affections."

"Oh, but this great big break is you."

"Then there's my head line."

"Yes, darling, if your heart were as level as your head—I mean in palmistry—I would not be so jealous."

"But you mustn't read, like that. What are you looking for?"

He was anxiously scanning the book and the hand.

"Dearest I love you. You have a magnificent life line and a splendid heart line and a level head line, but—"

"Well?"

"I am poor, and if you could only show me the kitchen line the future would be one unbroken dream of happiness."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why He Didn't Fail.

Last spring an Indiana man started a bank in a town in Dakota, and about the 1st of October, having secured deposits to the extent of \$23,000, a notice was one morning posted on the doors of the bank reading:

"Temporarily closed. Hope to pay depositors in full."

The banker wanted to test the temper of the public previous to a big scoop. In the course of half an hour the doors were kicked in, the office gutted, the banker stepped on until he was seventeen feet long and only two inches thick, and the chap who held a revolver to his ear jovially remarked:

"Now, then, my friend, we give you just five minutes to unlock that safe and count out the slugs to depositors in full."

Depositors were paid in full and the banker has come East in search of more civil people.—*Wall Street News.*

—Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of Lime Rock," near Newport, R. I., has sent a contribution to the treasurer of the Grace Darling monument fund in England.

THERMOMETERS.

How They Should Be Exposed in Order to Work Satisfactorily.

One of the first conditions to be regarded is that of securing a good height above the ground, on which a considerable diversity of opinion prevails. Much depends upon the immediate conditions of the locality. When this point is decided upon, a uniform and satisfactory shelter or screen should be provided for the instrument. The height and the screen should be so adjusted that the thermometer shall be free from ground-fog, and that access of the air to it should be perfect. The shelter should shield it from all reflected heat, from all radiation from surrounding objects, as well as from moisture. Many different forms of shelter have been contrived in different countries. In experimenting upon the merits of these devices, a standard of comparison is found in the swung thermometer, or, as the French call it, the *thermometre fronde*, which is a common thermometer attached to a string or wire, and rapidly swung through a circle whose radius is the length of the string. The theory of this arrangement is that, as the instrument is rapidly brought in contact with a large mass of air, it must give the temperature of the same, unless the results are vitiated by other causes. From a number of experiments the following conclusions as to the best disposition of shelters are advanced: When exposed to direct sun-beat they should be at least thirty-six inches long; with proper precautions the thermometer "fronde" both dry and wet will give the most correct air temperature and relative humidity; a single louver shelter is sufficient. The interposition of a second louver prevents the free access of air, and if ventilation is used it must affect the air which is propelled to the thermometer. For obtaining even approximate relative humidity in calm weather her single louvered shelters are necessary, and for the best results an induced air current is essential, especially in the winter in northern countries. When a window shelter is used there should be a free air-space of from six to twelve inches between the shelter on the north side of the building and the wall. The simplest form of screen would be four pieces of board ten or twelve inches square, nailed together box-fashion, leaving the bottom and the side toward the window open. The thermometers, dry and wet, should be placed five inches apart, near the center of this screen, with their bulbs projecting below the plane of the lower edge. Shade may be given, at such times as the sun is shining on the north side of the house, by the adjustment of the window blinds.—*Chicago Times.*

WHAT A BLUNDER DID.

How a Composer's Error Came Near Costing a Man His Life.

In the Youngstown correspondence of an evening cotemporary yesterday was an item to the effect that a well-known young Pittsburgher dined in that thriving young city yesterday. It was hurriedly sent to the composing-room with a mass of other copy, where the "intelligent compositor" set it up "died."

The city editor saw the item in the proof and sent a reporter out for an obituary of the deceased. Supposing, of course, that the family were already acquainted with the sad news, the reporter sought the aged father, who sat at his desk in a Smithfield Street office.

"Mr. —," said the reporter, "can you give me any facts about John's death?"

"John who?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Why, your son, who died at Youngstown yesterday."

"My God!" and the old man turned a deathly white and fell from his chair to the floor. He was at once laid on a sofa and a physician summoned. The now thoroughly frightened reporter ran back to the office and told his story. Again the proof was "called down," and with it the copy, when the error was discovered. Again the reporter was hurried out to make an effort to repair the mischief he had done. Of course his second appearance brought great relief to the stricken father, who had partially recovered. He was so broken up by the excitement, however, that he had to be put in a carriage and taken home. The reporter was so badly rattled by the affair that he had to put on a "sub" for the remainder of the day.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

OHIO COLLEGES.

The Buckeye State's Great Number of These Institutions of Learning.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known that Ohio has more so-called colleges than any other State in the Union. While Illinois and New York have twenty-eight each and Pennsylvania twenty-six, no other State having more than nineteen, Ohio has thirty-five. But it is only in the number of these institutions that the State can boast. Their aggregate income from the productive funds is but \$210,510, and from tuition fees but \$125,382, while the value of all grounds and buildings is but \$3,192,840, and the number of volumes in their libraries but 161,302. The number of students, however, in the preparatory collegiate departments compares favorably with the older States, New York only surpassing Ohio. How much better endowed the colleges of Massachusetts are than those of Ohio may be seen at a glance. With but seven colleges they have an income from productive funds of \$291,812, and receipts from tuition of \$166,538 and 303,126 volumes in their libraries; but the value of buildings and grounds is only \$1,310,000. The colleges of New York and Pennsylvania are also much better endowed than those of Ohio, and are vastly richer in libraries and apparatus. Michigan, with only nine colleges, shows up better than Ohio in the provision made for their support.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

—Canada has a military force of about 33,000 men, comprising about 750 regulars, 500 mounted police and about 37,740 "active militia."

A NEW INLAND SEA.

The Late Discovery of a Hitherto Unknown Body of Water in Canada.

So extraordinary was the story published not long since in the daily papers describing a lake lately discovered in Canada as rivaling in size the greatest of our inland seas, that it was at once denounced as a hoax or an exaggeration. Later and fuller reports, however, seem to confirm the first. Within three hundred miles of Quebec and within one thousand miles of New York City, nearer to the settled portion of Canada than any other lake except Winnipeg, stretches an immense body of water hitherto unknown to geographers, and estimated by the imperfect surveys already made to at least equal Lake Ontario in magnitude.

A glance at any good map of Canada will show directly north of Quebec a small lake named Mistassini, or Mistassimie, but which henceforth will probably be called Little Mistassini to distinguish it from its great neighbor. Last year M. Comeau read a paper before the Quebec Geographical Society asserting that the size of Lake Mistassini had been greatly underrated. An exploring expedition was sent out by the society, and the account now given to the world is furnished by Mr. F. H. Bignell, who commanded the transport expedition which preceded the main expedition in charge of John Bignell, P. L. S. This account declares that the great lake is entirely distinct from that already known by the name of Mistassini, and that it is an expansion of Rupert River, just as the great Western lakes are expansions of the St. Lawrence. From September 10 to September 17, Mr. Bignell voyaged on this great lake, noting deep and numerous bays and inlets and beautiful islands, on one of which he was compelled to harbor for some days because of the high seas. He had then sailed 120 miles and had not reached the widest part of the lake. The waters swarmed with many species of fish, fur-bearing animals abound on the shores, and the surrounding lands are well wooded and, in part, arable. The main surveying party will remain in the field for two years. It has already been proposed to connect Quebec with the lake by a railroad, and it is believed that many French Canadian farmers will be attracted by the vast area of fertile land.

One of the most curious facts in connection with this lake is that, though map-makers and the general public have been ignorant of its existence, it has long been well known to the Hudson Bay Company, which has had a trading station with the Indians on its shores for nearly a hundred years. The region was so rich in fur-bearing animals and so profitable to the Company that they have sedulously kept to themselves their knowledge of the magnitude of the lake. Mr. Bignell is a man of scientific attainments and a member of the Quebec Geographical Society, and there seems no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of his description.—*Christian Union.*

"OUR AIN DOCTOR."

The Officer Who Recovered From a Wound by Trusting to His Own Physician.

A surgeon's position on a battle-field is a trying one. If he does his duty, he will keep near his regiment, regardless of shot and shell. Though exposed to danger, he has none of the excitement of the fight, but must keep his head clear and his hand steady that he may alleviate suffering and save life.

The soldiers soon learn to love and trust their brave, skillful doctor, who, though he may not take part in the fighting, does share in their danger in order that he may serve them.

"Gie ma love to the doctor an' to a' ma auld comrades," were the last words of a Scotch soldier, passing away in a hospital tent.

In the capture of Lucknow, the right arm of one of the Highlanders was shattered at the elbow. The surgeon, who was close behind, arranged the shattered limb and ordered the man to be carried to the hospital, a mile distant, at the same time telling him that he would come to take off the arm.

When the man was brought into the hospital the surgeon in charge said that the operation ought to be performed without delay.

"Na, na," said the poor fellow, "no till our ain doctor comes; he said he wad come, and a'm sure he will."

The surgeon came as soon as the fighting was over.

"Ye were lang o' comin', man," whispered the wounded Highlander. "They wanted to cut aff ma arm, but I wadna let them, and tell'd them that nobody suld cut ma arm off but our ain doctor; but ye're come noo, an' I ken that I'll be taken care o'."

During the same assault, the leg of a Captain was broken in two places, below the knee, and the skin was badly lacerated. All the doctors, save the regimental surgeon, decided that to amputate the limb was the only chance of saving the officer's life.

The wounded man was told that the almost general medical opinion was that his own surgeon thought that both limb and life might be saved.

"Then," said the officer without hesitation, "I accept his opinion, and will take my chance."

He recovered, and though the wounded limb was a little shorter than the other, he walked with ease.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Incendiary Mania.

Somebody has set his wits to work to devise a new name for incendiarism or arson when committed by people rich enough to hire lawyers to defend them. It is called pyromania—a mania for setting things on fire. Just as a poor ragged devil full of liquor is called a drunkard, when a man who can employ a doctor instead of a policeman to take care of him is called a dipsomaniac; and a poor girl who steals is a thief, but a richer one a kleptomaniac; so we shall now have incendiaries and pyromaniacs. But will it cut down the annual destruction of \$100,000,000?—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*