

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The mulatto sullenly gave up the helm, and yielded his wrists to the shackles. The mate marched him forward before the muzzle of his pistol, and down the ladder into the forehold. All the crew saw it, and there were some black looks; but no man dared to lift up his voice.

In a few moments the mate returned with the intelligence that he had confined the mulatto below, and had put on him heavy leg-irons.

Captain Willis walked the deck for half an hour with the mate, advising as to what should be done in the grave situation in which the ship was placed. Every hour seemed to develop new and more imminent perils; and what was yet to come, no man could foresee.

It was finally agreed that both Captain and mate should pass the night on deck, and that one or the other must be constantly awake to superintend the watch and the man at the wheel.

"I'll go below again, and make some preparations," said the Captain; and he proceeded to do so.

Could he have known what had transpired in his cabin in his absence, something like despair might well have seized him.

In the conversations between the Captain and his nephew, reference had been made to their occupying the cabin of the bark together.

This was true, but not strictly correct. Both had taken their meals in



THE CAPTAIN AND THE CONCEALED WATCHER.

the cabin, and sat there, but the Captain had a berth there, while Louis slept in a little cuddy off from it.

In his casual search for his nephew, upon coming down after the shooting of the negro, the Captain had opened the door and glanced into this cuddy. It was dark; nobody appeared to be there.

He had called Louis by name; but no one answered.

"Strange that the fellow acts so," he soliloquized. "What can he be doing forward?"

But he was not forward, nor anywhere on deck. He was concealed behind a curtain that covered the side of the place.

The door was left ajar; and a little later the concealed watcher saw the Captain bring the canvassacks of gold to the cabin table. He heard the ring of the metal as the logs were put upon it.

He heard every word that was spoken between the Captain and the mate. When he heard their feet ascending the cabin stairs, he thrust aside the curtain and came out into the cabin.

Now was the man revealed! In the seclusion of those few moments, he exulted with a glee like that of a demon. He clapped his hands; he laughed; he patted the door of the locker that concealed the treasure. His savage rejoicing broke forth in sillouquy:

"At last I have seen it—I have found it! He would not trust me with his secret! I knew I should discover it—I have discovered it!"

He listened to the footsteps on the deck. He heard the heavy tread of the Captain and the mate.

He struck his forehead with his palm.

"But there is more—this is but a trifle. Where is his wealth, I wonder—where does he conceal it? He talks in his sleep about it; it's hoarded somewhere. By Heaven, I'll know where!"

So the strong ruling passion of the man raged and possessed him in those moments. Here was the key of his strange conduct—conscientiousness of his benefactor's wealth and the determination to discover and seize it.

When the Captain's steps were again heard descending the stairs Louis darted into the cuddy and concealed himself again behind the curtain.

PART I.—CHAPTER VII.

JOSE GARDEZ.

Captain Willis entered his cabin again, closed the door, seated himself by the table and leaned his head on both hands.

He had said to the mate that he wanted to go below and make some preparations before he came up to share the night-watch with him.

What he really wanted was a few moments' solitude for deliberate thought. And when this man needed to go away by himself and think, there must have been some serious trouble.

He had not been accustomed to take serious thought about any thing. His judgment was generally good, his will was always strong, and he was apt to decide upon what seemed the proper course off-hand.

Thus he had done now. Because of the vexations and annoyances that were besieging him as an American in Havana, he had decided without reflection that any thing would be better than another day of such petty miseries. Deliberately, he could hardly have gone to sea with a crew of thieves, pirates and refuse of the city. The possible consequences of such a step might have occurred to him. But he had acted hastily, almost passionately; and the serious consequences were upon him before darkness of that day. One man necessarily slain by

own men, as a mutineer; another in iron bonds, but likely to break out at any hour; with but two men in the vessel upon whom he could depend, and he and they likely to be worn out by the watches which this state of things rendered necessary, and thus to fall an easy prey to the others—this was the wretched prospect that appeared to the Captain as he sat in his cabin.

He was not given to useless reining. If he had been, he would have condemned himself severely for his precipitancy.

His reflections were interrupted by a rap at the door. He said: "Come in," and Jose Gardez entered.

Captain Willis was of course in bad humor at this moment, and the sight of this man added to the flame.

"What the deuce brought you here?" he shouted. "Haven't you learned that you've no business in my cabin till you're asked?"

"I was asked, sir," the man replied.

"Who asked you?"

"Mr. Hardy, sir. I went up to him a few minutes ago, and told him what I am going to tell you now; and he said he couldn't leave the deck, but told me to come right to you."

The manner and tone of the man were perfectly quiet, as well as respectful. The Captain's heat was over. He eyed his visitor curiously.

"I thought you couldn't speak English."

"I could not, yesterday, because I was in Havana. Now we're at sea, the language has come back to me."

A faint intimation of more strange happenings in store agitated the Captain's mind. He passed his hands through his hair, shook his head vigorously, as if to clear it, and then looked the man straight in the eye.

"You've something to tell me," he said. "Say it—quick!"

"Captain Willis, I want to tell you, in the first place, that you can depend on me to stand by you against the lot of ruffians you have shipped. I'm in earnest about this; I mean it. Yet I must tell you that not one of them, nor all of them, deceived you as I have."

The Captain answered not a word. A suspicion of the strange truth broke upon his mind and held him dumb.

"I shipped on your vessel by the name of Jose Gardez; that is not my name, it is Henry Crawford. I said I was born in Cuba, of Spanish parents, I am in fact an American, a native of New England. I said I could not speak English; it is my native tongue, though few Americans can speak Spanish better. I pretended to be an able seaman; all I know of seamanship is what I picked up by observing sailors on several voyages as a passenger.

I was never aboard the 'Old Campeador' in my life. I was never at Cadiz. In fact, 'my' and the speaker's voice plainly showed his appreciation of the drollery of the idea, "if I had been the Spaniard that I claimed to be, I could not have told you more lies than I did yesterday."

"But what for? What object had you in all this masquerading?"

"The truth is, Captain Willis, I wanted to leave Havana immediately; in fact, there was the most pressing necessity for it. I knew you—or at least, I knew you who were; I had seen you and heard you talk, and I greatly desired to leave in your vessel. You never would have taken me had I frankly told you who I was; or rather, I never could have been so selfish as to put the burden of that knowledge on you. Hence the need of my masquerading, as you call it."

"Do you tell me that you have seen me before, and heard me talk? Where, pray?"

"Yesterday—at the Paseo."

Captain Willis rose excitedly from his chair. The man before him removed the grizzled hair from his forehead, took the patch from his eye, produced a handkerchief from his pocket which

was stained with some brown liquid, and wetting it in the water-jug, rapidly removed every trace of the bronze tint from his face. Then he straightened up his shoulders, folded his arms, and looked quietly at the Captain.

"Great Heavens—the escaped patriot for whom all Havana is searching!"

"The same, at your service," said Henry Crawford, with a smile.

PART I.—CHAPTER VIII.

A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

The cabin-table had stood between the two men during this interview. Captain Willis walked round it, seized his visitor by the right hand, and with his left clapped him heartily on the shoulder.

"Welcome, sir—welcome to the hospitality of the 'Nellie Willis,'" he exclaimed. "I am at your service; everything on board is at your command. I admire a brave man, and a braver than any I never saw. I feel as though you'd done me a favor by making me the means of your escape."

"Perhaps it's better that you came in disguise; perhaps you couldn't have fooled those hawk-eyed officers any other way, but you wrong me, sir—you do, indeed—when you say I wouldn't have received you had I known who you were. You don't know Aaron Willis as you will before

you see Boston light. The man who can dare and suffer what you have for Free Cuba—the fellow that has the blood and pluck to do what you did yesterday, and do it successfully—I tell you, sir, he's welcome to my friendship all his life and my life, if he will have it."

The Captain's eyes moistened with the warmth of his enthusiasm. Henry Crawford was greatly moved by it, and strongly returned the grasp of his hand.

"Now, my lad," said the Captain, "when I have run up on deck for a moment to see if every thing is going on right with those devils for ard, I'll have a long talk with you here. You'll want to tell me all about yourself, and I surely want to hear it. Talk about not wanting you along! Why, you're just the man I want to help me manage my rascally crew that you saw me make so good a beginning on. Sit down there, across the table. I've got a bottle of old Madeira in one of my lockers, and before you begin we'll drink to the memory of brave Lopez, the freedom of Cuba and the good health of that young dare-devil, Harry Crawford. Tut—don't blush, man—you deserve it."

Crawford was still standing.

"Come, sir—sit down!"

"Captain Willis, you seem to forget my position here. I can't say I regret the imposition I practiced to leave Havana on your vessel; that was to save my life, and any one would have done it under like circumstances. But I felt bound to disclose it as soon as it was safe for me to do so, and also to tell you that you can rely on me to stand by you on this voyage, just the same as you can rely on the mate and Dick Purvis. Now that I have told you this, I am simply a common sailor—and a poor enough one, too—on your bark. I've been a soldier, though; I carried a sword under General Lopez; but I know what authority and obedience are. My place is forward, sir."

"Your place is here in this cabin, just now, and till the end of the voyage. A fiddlerick on your scruples, sir! You saw me teach that rascal on deck this morning who was Captain; and by—, sir, I'd have you to know it, too!"

Crawford smiled at the Captain's good-natured rudeness, about half of which he saw was assumed, and no longer hesitated to sit down.

"And had it occurred to you," continued the Captain, as he placed the bottle and glasses on the table, "that some of those rascals would be likely to stick a knife into you, or throw you overboard? You couldn't make them believe very long that you were ever of their kind."

"Beg your pardon, sir—but there's where you're mistaken. I'm a pretty good actor, as you must have noticed by this time. Let me go back among the crew, and in twenty-four hours you shall know just what they want to do, and when they propose to do it."

"No, the risk is too great. Your heart is in the right place, young fellow, and you're such a man as I don't meet once in five years. You've done quite enough for the present; the chances yesterday were about one in a million that you'd be alive to-day, and I propose to have you take care of yourself now. Here's your glass; drink heartily, now, the toast I gave you."

"Provided you'll add to it the safety of your good ship and long life to her master."

"As you say."

The friendship of the two being thus pledged, the Captain said:

"Wait a few minutes till I look at the deck and after the course, and then you shall tell me all you choose to about yourself."

"I've nothing to conceal; you shall hear the whole, sir."

After the captain had gone, Henry Crawford sat quietly for a few minutes engaged in deep thought. His whole life had been eventful, remarkably so; and the experience of the last month, the last week, the last two days, were such as befall very few men. He rapidly reviewed them, and then turned to his present situation. He was young, hope was naturally buoyant in his breast, and gentler thoughts soon possessed him. We should like to think him a truthful person, but when he told Captain Willis that he had nothing to conceal, he certainly did not tell the whole truth. From an inside pocket of his vest—the left side of course—he took a small picture-case and opened it. In it was a daguerrotype, such as was produced in those days; the picture of a very sweet and very lovely young woman, with dark brown hair and deep blue eyes, cheeks of beautiful pink and white, and a smile which made the heart of the darling young patriot beat faster as he remembered it. Just then he heard the Captain's feet descending the stairs; he pressed his lips to the picture and replaced it next his heart, where it had lain in all his perils.

The table was quite near the half-opened door of the cuddy, and Crawford's chair was still nearer. In his eagerness to hear and see all that occurred, the concealed listener had left the shelter of the curtain and now stood behind this door. Peering around it, his eyes were not five feet from Crawford's hand as he leaned his chair back and held up the picture to gaze upon it. The cold, sinister eyes of the spy also saw it—and he recognized it! Unbounded madness filled his evil heart at the sight. From that instant the dark schemes against Captain Willis that were working in his brain began to embrace Henry Crawford also. And the intense desire to hear every thing that was yet to be said in the cabin possessed Louis Hunter. He would not retire to the curtain again, but at the greater risk of discovery, he kept his place behind the door.

When the Captain reached the deck again, he paused a moment to survey the magnificent scene around him. The sun was low in the west, and lighted up the vast expanse of water, which was now agitated by a fresh westerly breeze which swelled the sails and drove the bark rapidly on her course. Far off to the south were the Cuban Mountains, lying blue and dim upon the horizon, the great Pan of Matanzas off to the southwest looming up near the coast.

The mate came aft and touched his



MUTINOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

"They've had their dinner from the coppers, sir, and I unshackled that pirate down below long enough to let him eat."

"Very good, Mr. Hardy. What's the going on there forward?"

"There being nothing else for them to do just now, sir, I set them all to scrubbing the deck. I thought it better to have them all in sight together as much as possible."

"Quite correct, Mr. Hardy, and very thoughtful of you. What a splendid breeze!"

"Yes, sir—if it holds, we'll be on soundings in twenty-four hours."

"We will indeed. What's the course?"

"Northeast, sir."

"Make it another point to the north."

"Aye, aye, sir—another point to the north."

"Tell the cook to bring down supper for two to the cabin in half an hour. By the way, have you seen Mr. Hunter?"

"Not since we weighed anchor, sir."

"Where can he be? Not forward?"

"No, sir; I've been all through the ship forward, above and below."

"Confound the fellow—what's the matter with him?"

"I really don't know, sir."

"Of course you don't. And what do you think of our Spanish able seaman now, Mr. Hardy?"

The Captain smiled broadly at the question, and the two then exchanged some comments over the strange episode, which it will be unnecessary to repeat.

The Captain walked forward, near where the crew were at work. Sullen eyes and angry glances were directed at him as he passed, and one of the negroes shook a fist behind his back, but all were careful not to be seen at it.

Captain Willis went to the bow and looked over. The foam flew before the cutter as the bow rapidly cleared the deep. He looked back and saw the sails billowing out with the rising breeze, and heard the pleasant creaking of the spars and cordage.

"This promises a good run," he soliloquized.

At the head of the cabin-stairs he gave a final direction to the mate.

"I'll be up in an hour to relieve you, Mr. Hardy, when you can go below and get your supper, and I'll find a way to relieve Dick at the wheel. I think we'd better both keep the deck to-night, while things are so uncertain aboard, and the bark is making such speed. We'll nap it, on and off, as it happens."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Again in the cabin, Captain Willis produced some Havana cigars, and settled himself to hear the guest's story.

"I must talk fast," said Crawford, "so I had better not smoke now. And I should have said before that I have learned enough aboard ship to understand the trick of the wheel pretty well. I know you'd like to have help there, for I've seen and heard enough to know that there's only two aboard that you can trust beside me."

"Good! Thank you! Your help will be worth every thing to us just now. I'm afraid we shan't get much sleep for a week; we'll be in the Bahama channel to-night, and on soundings sometime to-morrow, if this wind holds; and then Purvis will have to be busy with the lead. But let that go now; the Irish have a saying that I like—which is, never bid the devil good-morning till you meet him."

PART I.—CHAPTER IX.

THE PATRIOT'S STORY.

"You just said (Henry Crawford yesterday) that it was a million to one yesterday that I should be alive to-day. I took a desperate chance, most certainly, and had a wonderful escape; but there have been some things in my education and experience which made it possible for me to succeed in such an attempt, where hundreds would be sure to fail. For instance, I had the most careful training in athletics; I learned to run like a deer and box like a prize-fighter. I don't brag; but my muscles are hard as steel. Any thing that quickness and strength could do for me would be certain to be done. Then I traveled some years ago with a theatrical troupe, and learned the trick of disguises of costume, voice and face. All these things, you will easily see, have helped me to safety in the cabin of this bark, instead of putting me in the garrote-chair. I shan't speak of these things again; I mention them at the start, so that they need not be again referred to."

"The name I gave you a few moments ago is my real one. I will be twenty-five years old next week. My mother died when I was born; I was an only child, and, some way or other, escaped being entirely spoiled. My father—Heaven rest him!—died three years ago. He was an importer in Boston, and very wealthy."

"Not Myron Crawford?" the Captain interrupted.

"That was his name."

"Bless me—can it be possible! Why, my lad, I sailed his ships before you were born. But come to look at your face closely, I might have seen his looks in it."

"He always thought he was wealthy (the young man went on), and I supposed when he died that I had inherited great wealth. The settlement of his estate showed that it was heavy liq-

cumbered, and liable for other people's debts, and, to shorten a long story, I found myself with hardly a dollar in the world. Last spring I went to New Orleans, where I fell in with the filibusters. But there is something to be told before we get to that.

"My dear father liked the climate of Cuba, and he made many visits to the island. These were usually arranged for my school-vacations, so that I could go with him. Before I became twenty, I had passed altogether as much as two years there. I became about as proficient in the Spanish tongue as a native, and Havana is quite as familiar to me to-day as Boston. These facts will explain some other things about my escape that seem wonderful to you."

"The standing and correspondence of my father made him acquainted with friends among the best and richest people of the island, and you may imagine that our visits were most delightful. I became enamored with Cuba—its soil, its climate, its great wealth of vegetation. I began to see when I was not more than sixteen years old what I believe now to be true—that it is by nature the most favored corner of the globe. I read the history of the island, and I could not but see how the iron tyranny and grasping avarice of Spain were dwarfing it. Once I spoke to my father on the subject, and he gave me some very good advice.

"My son, read about Cuba, learn all you can about Cuba, and think all you want to—but don't say a word till you get back to the United States. There's nothing too cruel or too mean for these Spanish authorities to do; and free speech is an expression that is not in their dictionary."

"I heeded his advice."

"It was on the last of our summer visits to the low latitudes that I met the man whose heroic death you witnessed yesterday. My father had known him for years, and had many commercial dealings with him; but circumstances had prevented his accepting the offer of his hospitalities at his magnificent tobacco plantation back of Matanzas. At this time we passed there two of the most delightful weeks of my life. This was in 1847; our war with Mexico was then raging; I was a youth of twenty-one; my father died the next year. Lopez was at this time forty-eight, and one of the most charming of men. He would talk by the hour of his military career in South America and Spain;

but I could not get him to say anything of Cuba. He would smile at the enthusiasm of my talk about the island and its great possibilities; and I remember that he once said:

"Ah, well, Senor Henry, I fear you won't be so sanguine about poor Cuba when you have seen as many years as your father or myself; yet, *gracias Dios*, who can tell what may happen! I believe that Cuba has a great future; but sometimes I fear that I may not live to see it. But you may."

"Time passed, my father died, and I was found to be almost penniless, and I went into the counting-house of one of his friends. I filled a place at the desk for more than two years, for which I was perfectly capable; but the confinement was disagreeable. I had seen so much of life and the world that I craved change and excitement. As I told you, I went to New Orleans last spring. I promised to tell you everything; but you'll excuse me if I leave out my falling in love in Boston just before I left."

"I'll excuse nothing of the kind," promptly interrupted the Captain. "Falling in love is the most natural as well as the most absurd thing a youngster can do. If you're making a clean breast of it I want the whole."

"There's very little to be told about it. The lady was visiting at the home of my employer. We met and loved. I have her picture and she has mine. If fortune is kind to me now that I am going to give up roving and settle down to hard work, I shall marry her some day. That's all about that."

"My journey to New Orleans was undertaken to look after a promising venture that my kind employer had put me on the track of. At the Saint Charles Hotel I met General Lopez. He was delighted to see me, and we spent the whole morning talking over old times in Cuba. Many questions that I asked him about people I had met there he could not answer; and when he saw that I thought strange of it, he said, with a laugh:

"The fact is, Senor Henry, I've not been to Bella Cuba lately—that is, not to stay. They have confiscated my estate there, and set a price on my head. You surely have read of the unsuccessful Round Island and Cardeñas expeditions."

"Why, certainly," I said; "but it never occurred to me that you were the leader of them."

"Yes, I'm the man. I was burning to strike for Free Cuba when you used to talk so eloquently about our dear Isle at my home; but the time had not then come. It has now. I verily believe, I have five hundred Cuban refugees in this city, ready to embark. The gallant Colonel Will Crittendon, of Kentucky, brings me an hundred more. I am negotiating now for arms, and striving to conceal my intentions from the United States authorities. In July or August I shall land on the soil of Cuba with these patriots. The island will rise. Spanish oppression will be driven out. Freedom for Cuba will follow—perhaps annexation to the United States. We—"

"We—"

"The lady who has been for many years successful as an authoress under the name of Marlon Harland is Mrs. E. P. Terhune, of Newark, N. J. She is a sensible, middle-aged woman, with a motherly way about her."

"Blessed are the poor, because they can move instead of cleaning house.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

"A newspaper paragraph estimates that there are 800,000 railroad employes in the United States who receive annually \$400,000,000, an average of \$500 each."

"The Times says it is the custom in Philadelphia to send young ladies to dancing school up to seventeen or eighteen years of age, and then turn them loose on society to learn how to talk."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The Celebrated and Well-Authenticated Case of the Fakir of Lahore.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter says in his "Physiology": "It is quite certain that an apparent cessation of all the vital functions may take place without that entire loss of vitality which would leave the organism in the condition of a dead body, liable to be speedily disintegrated by the operation of chemical and physical agencies." It is also apparently a fact that such "apparent cessation of all the vital functions" may continue for an indefinite period when the right conditions exist. The best known illustration of this is the case of the fakir of Lahore, who was buried for six weeks, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, as attested by Sir Claude Wade, the British resident at the court of Loodhianna, in 1837. In this thoroughly authenticated case—which, however, is but one of a class of similar facts known to Anglo-Indians and travelers—the fakir was first put into a linen bag, the bag was put into a wooden box, fastened with a padlock, the wooden box was deposited in a cell in the middle of a large brick vault every aperture of which but one was bricked up, while the remaining door was built up with mud above the lock, and fastened with the Rajah's seal. As a final precaution a company of soldiers was detailed to guard the vault day and night, four sentries constantly patrolling its four sides during the whole period. When at the expiration of six weeks the vault and the box were successively opened Sir Claude Wade, who with Runjeet Singh had entered the building and taken their places close to the body so as to see everything, says this is what appeared before them: "The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared milled, as it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat at the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

"The servant then recommenced bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his right and his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee, or clarified butter, for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head his body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, when the fakir, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible: 'Do you believe me now?'

Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the fakir with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of muslin and silk, and shawls forming what is called a *khalat*, such as is usually conferred by the Princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed, and in another half hour the fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed." *Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.

An Unnecessary Expenditure.

Mr. Skinnphint—Wasn't that the postman at the door just now?

Mrs. Skinnphint—Yes. He handed me a letter.

Mr. Skinnphint (smilingly)—I thought so; I heard you thank him. He gets well enough paid for delivering letters. It isn't necessary for you to spend any thanks on him. (Sotto voce) That woman will break me up yet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

A Great Exodus of Emigrants from the Docks of the Mersey.

It is to the great landing stages of the Liverpool docks that we must look to obtain an adequate notion of this ever-flowing westward, which, through these islands. With the last few days we have published a description of the departure of emigrants from the Thames; but in London these sights are seen only on a puny scale, as compared with the great emigration from the Mersey. On Wednesday alone no fewer than five great ocean steamers sailed away from Liverpool, chiefly for Canada, the United States and the Brazils, bearing with them nearly four thousand human beings, most of whom that day must have taken leave forever of the old world. The scene of preparation on the landing stages, as described by an eye witness, was curious,