THE FAMILY STORY

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WE sat together in the veranda at Shepheard's Hotel. Cairo lay beneath and around us—Cairo filthy, multi-colored, melodorous, but always picturesque. Suddenly an Arab boy came around the corner, and with a salaam the deepest, handed some mail to Grimshaw. Then he squatted down on the veranda boards, with his great black eyes fixed on my companion's face, waiting for further orders.

"Your boy, Captain?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Grimshaw, "but a good deal more than that. I should be buried in the Soudan now if it were not for him yonder."

"Tell me about it, please," I asked, rather eagerly; for this small Arab in the clear, white tunic, and brilliant turban interested me mightily.

Grimshaw settled himself back in the bungalow chair and began:

"You know, of course," he said, "that I was in Khartoum with Gordon. I am not regularly belong to the General forces, but I had volunteered as one of his aides-de-camp. Well, we were shut up in that death trap City of Khartoum, surrounded on every side by the forces of the Mahdi—myriads of fanatical Soudanese Arabs following the high priest of bloodshed. We English were but a mere handful of men; our 'auxiliar" forces were wretchedly small. Our only hope was aid from Egypt; and, as the whole world knows, it never came. Poor Gordon was allowed to fall a victim to the Mahdi's sword, and most of the garrison were slain. With the exception of Slatin Bey, who became a Mussulman, I think I was the only European who got out of the doomed city with his life. That I did so was due to Ibrahim."

"Here the Arab boy—hearing his name mentioned—looked up and smiled, showing a row of teeth exceptionally even and white.

"A few days after we entered Khartoum," continued Grimshaw, "I was patrolling the town under Gen. Gordon's order, when we came across a great rabble of boys, hallooing and shouting at a deafening rate. I sent an Egyptian soldier to discover the cause, and he reported that the young 'fuzzy-wuzzies' (it is so that Private Atkins of her Majesty's troops denominates the Soudanese) were 'having fun' with one of their number. I was then, as now, intensely interested in native manners and customs. Halting my men, I entered the boisterous cordon of boys to determine the reason of their tumult.

"The little rascals were teasing one of their number. 'Teasing,' indeed, in this case, is too mild a word. They were beating and stoning the lad, who lay bruised and half-blinded in the gutter. His turban was off, and his already scant clothing had been torn to shreds. I sprang into the middle of the mob and demanded the cause of such brutal treatment. At first they affected not to understand my Arabic, and went on beating their victim, but when I had soundly cuffed one or two and summoned my interpreter to my aid, I succeeded in making them answer.

"'He is the renegade's son,' said a ringleader—'Hassan, the renegade's son. Stone him, in the name of the prophet.'

"Then I understood. The poor boy's father had taken service with Gordon, leaving his offspring to suffer all the cruelties which the Khartoum children, egged on by their elders, were able to inflict upon him. I lost no time in calling up a few men and sending that pack of youthful fanatics to the right about. They went away, vowing dire vengeance on the 'renegade's brat,' and I raised my protege from the dust. He had fainted from pain and loss of blood, but one of our surgeons soon brought him to. When he opened his eyes and saw me he smiled like a little coffee-colored angel and wanted there and then to give me his best salaam. Of course I made him lie down again, but he blurted out his gratitude for preservation so vigorously that he came near fainting again.

"Next day his father, Hassan, one of Gordon's servants, came to see him. The two had a long talk, and finally Hassan announced that for his son's sake he had decided to leave the General and go back to his cobbler's stall in the bazaar. Ibrahim—for the lad whom I had helped to rescue was the same one now sitting before you—soon recovered, thanks to his native, tough constitution. He left my hut, absolutely refusing to touch any of the money which I offered him.

"'Protector of the poor,' he said in his quaint, grandiloquent Eastern way, 'you have saved your servant's life. Can not the mouse once repay the lion that had been his benefactor? Lo! I am the mouse, effendi; and you are the lion. Perhaps some day I may repay you. Salaam, friend!' Then he backed out of my hut, and I saw him not for many days.

II.

"One evening, while hurrying through the bazaar on my way to Gen. Gordon's quarters, a boy sprang out of a cobbler's stall and handed me a tiny bundle—slipping away into the darkness before I had time to do more than recognize him as Ibrahim, son of Hassan. I carried the bundle to the General, and together we undid its fastenings. Have you ever deciphered an Oriental object letter? I mean a letter which is not written upon paper, but of which the sense is conveyed by objects—flowers and the like. The bundle handed me by Ibrahim was just such a communication. It contained a queer collection of articles. They were: A piece of broken knife blade, a scrap of green cloth, two nowers (marigolds, I think) with only the heads remaining, a brick from the walls, and, lastly, an iron affair, which I at once recognized as the point of one of those sticks with which camels are urged onward.

"Gen. Gordon lost no time in unraveling the mystery of this missive. 'The green cloth,' he said, 'means the Mahdi, because his sacred flag is green. The knife blade stands for a sword, and the decapitated flower means that our heads are going to be cut off. The brick, I take it, hints of treachery inside the walls. The camel-spike advises you to fly from Khartoum immediately. Where did you get this?'

"When I told him the source of my information he was inclined to poohpooh Ibrahim's letter. 'It is a boy's fear and fancy,' he said. 'We shall be relieved in a few weeks.'

"But the Mahdi's men formed an impenetrable circle around the town—a circle that grew narrower and narrower. Day after day we scanned the desert horizon for some sign of the expected relief, but without avail. Day after day the impression grew stronger upon each and all of us that we were doomed.

"During an early morning walk Ibrahim accosted me as suddenly as he had done before. 'Fly, effendi,' he whispered. 'The city is betrayed. My father and other Mussulmans have decided to let the Mahdi within the gates. Disguise yourself and fly before it is too late!'

"I shook my head, for duty kept me in Khartoum; and Ibrahim retreated with tears in those big, honest eyes of his.

III.

"The very next night his warning was fulfilled. It would be idle, my friend, to tell you over again all the horrors of the capture, or rather betrayal, of Khartoum. The Mahdi's soldiers were like fiends incarnate. Spent with fatigue and slender fare we could not stand before them. Gordon, poor fellow, was slain, and a remnant of us was driven, fighting for life, from hut to hut across the city. Finally, with empty revolver and broken sword, I found myself in the stairway of a rude minaret, waiting for the death which I felt would be inevitable. It is all very well to meet death boldly on the field of battle, with comrades and friends around one, but to sit down in a dark stairway and count the minutes until its coming might make the bravest man in the world feel uncomfortable. All around I heard the hideous sounds of slaughter and watched through a tiny loop-hole in the wall the red flames shooting across the sky (for it was midnight, and a starless midnight to boot). A sick feeling stole over me. To remain cooped up thus seemed intolerable. I had just resolved to rush into the thick of the Soudanese and sell my life as dearly as possible when a footfall on the stairs below arrested me.

"It was the sound of a naked foot, and as I peered, every sense on the alert, into the half-light by the minaret doorway, I vaguely distinguished a dark form and two shining eyes. Was it one of the Mahdis in search of human prey? I gripped my broken sword tighter and prepared for action.

"'Effendi!' whispered a voice, 'is it you, protector of the poor?'

"The voice was that of Ibrahim, son of Hassan. My heart gave a leap for gladness and I answered him that it was, indeed, myself.

"'It is good,' he exclaimed. 'My lord, I have come to save you. Hasten down and don these garments which I have brought you. They belong to the old blind priest who lodged with my father. He died last night, but nobody knows of it yet. You can pass as the old priest and escape. Make haste, sahib, make haste!'

"I saw the chance and seized it. Before you could have repeated the proverbial 'Jack Robinson' many times I had pulled those baggy Mohammedan clothes over my soiled and bloodstained uniform. A turban took the place of my khaki helmet, and around my face I draped the white hood which the Soudanese Arabs wear. Then, before I could protest, Ibrahim coolly seized a handful of mud and liberally daubed my face.

"'The sahib is too white,' he explained. 'The old blind priest was always black and dirty—so kick off your boots, sahib, and let me daub your feet.' Off went my boots; and in a minute or two my legs from the knee down were as brown (and as dirty) as they well might be.

"'You are all right, now, effendi,' said Ibrahim, 'let us make for the Cairo gate.'

"With all my heart I thanked the boy; but he would listen to no thanks. 'You saved my life; I'll save yours,' he said. 'Remember, effendi, the mouse and the lion. Let us hasten to the gate.'

"'But you are not coming——,' I began; when my protest was interrupted by a troop of black Mahdists surging into the little bystreet where we stood. Never shall I forget the sight they presented, in the false light of the burning city, with their huge piles of hair, their ferocious faces and their spears and scimeters a-drip with blood. I had given myself over for lost, when Ibrahim, gripping my hand, led me onward, calling in sing-song tones: 'Room for the blind priest. Room for Amed, son of Ali, the soothsayer. The light of Allah is upon the blind priest.'

"Taking the hint I plucked up courage enough to shout the war-cry of the Mahdi. The 'fuzzy-wuzzies,' entirely deceived, joined in my cry. 'Bide your time, holy father,' said one of them; 'we'll give you plenty of Christian heads later on.' . . . Then they left us—whooping like demons down the street, but Ibrahim plucked at my sleeve and mechanically I followed him. Many times we met parties of the Mahdists, but in the darkness our ruse succeeded beautifully, and we reached Cairo gate in safety.

"Around the gate, despite the confusion, a strong guard had been posted. In the open space without many scores of camels were sprawling.

"'A camel for the Mahdi's messenger!' cried Ibrahim in his shrill voice. 'Ho, brothers! A camel for the blind soothsayer, Amed, son of Ali, who bears the Mahdi's defiance across the desert.'

"A dozen dusky warriors surrounded us, and as many awkward camels were prodded to their feet. One of these ungainly beasts was made to kneel, while Ibrahim made a great show of helping the supposed blind priest to a seat upon his back.

"Just then a tall fuzzy-wuzzy—clearly an officer—rushed forward. 'Who is this?' he demanded. 'Where does this man go? The orders are that no man shall leave the gates before daybreak.'

"My heart sank, but fortunately for us the natural superstition of the Arab came to our aid. 'Have a care!' cried one of the soldiers. 'It is a blind priest—a soothsayer. He may curse you.'

"The officer stepped back involuntarily, eying me with fear. 'Give us your blessing, holy father,' cried a dozen onlookers.

"Here was a new predicament. I could not remember enough Arabic at the moment to give the desired blessing; but a whisper from Ibrahim recalled to my mind a simple form of words; which, eked out by discreet mumbling, on my part and the loud responses of the boy, suited the Arabs well enough. They prostrated themselves—the officer with the rest—amid a great cry of 'Allah Ackbar.' Then Ibrahim smote our camel soundly, and away we went, through the outposts, speeding fast from the gory City of Khartoum.

IV.

"The perils and adventures of the journey were too numerous to be told at one sitting, but it was nearly a month after that awful night that our camel limped into Cairo, carrying on its back two emaciated fugitives who had once been an officer of the line and an Arab boy.

"Ibrahim has been all around the world with me since, and will probably continue to be my comrade until one of us twain departs this life forever, eh, Ibrahim, old friend?"

The Arab lad smiled, and spread out his hands. "My fate is thine, effendi," he said, "you saved my life."

"On that score, Ibrahim," answered Capt. Grimshaw, "I think we are quits. Remember Khartoum."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE POLO BROTHERS.

They Wandered Into the Unknown Lands of Cathay.

Many hundred years ago, in the year 1295, let us say, before Columbus discovered America, or the art of printing had been invented, a strange thing happened in Venice, Italy. Three men, dressed in outlandish garb, partly European and partly Asiatic, appeared in the streets of that city, making their way to the gates of a lofty and handsome house which was then occupied by members of the ancient family of Polo. The three strangers, whose speech had a foreign accent, claimed admittance to the mansion, saying that they were Maffeo and Nicolo Polo, brothers, and Marco, son of Nicolo, all of whom had been absent in the wild and barbarous countries of the far East for more than twenty-four years, and had long since been given up for lost.

In those days nobody in Europe knew much about the regions in which the three Polos had traveled; and what little they did know was from vague and few reports. Two friars, Plano Carpini and William Rubruquis, it is true, had reached the borders of Cathay, or Northern China, and had brought back accounts of the wonders of that mysterious land, of which they had heard from the subjects of the Great Khan, who reigned over a vast empire. But nobody among the learned and most traveled people of Europe knew exactly what manner of people lived, or what countries lay, beyond that western boundary of Cathay. None knew aught of the inhabitants (or if there were inhabitants) of the regions that we now know as India, Sumatra, Japan, Corea, and the eastern coasts of Asia and Africa. It was supposed that the farthest extreme, or eastern edge, of Cathay ran off into a region of continual darkness, a bog or marsh where all manner of strange beasts, hobgoblins, and monsters roamed and howled. And it was not surprising that when the three Polos, for these were they, came back from that desperately savage country and claimed their own, they were laughed to scorn. It seemed reasonable to believe that the three, having been gone so many years, had wandered off into the Sea of Darkness and had perished miserably or had been destroyed by the wild creatures of that terrible region.

How the three Polos so far convinced their relations, who were in possession of the Polo mansion in Venice, that they were willing to let in the newcomers, we do not know; but John Baptist Ramusio, who has written an entertaining history of the Polo family, sets forth what was done by the three Polos to prove that they were what they claimed to be, after they had taken possession of their house. They explained that they had been in the service of the Great Khan, or Emperor, of the Mongol Empire, and that they had amassed wealth while in the region variously known as Cathay, China, Mongolia, and the Far East.—St. Nicholas.

A Chinaman Sees a Piano.

A Chinaman, lately returned from a trip to Europe, treated his countrymen to the following description of the piano:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast, which they can make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."

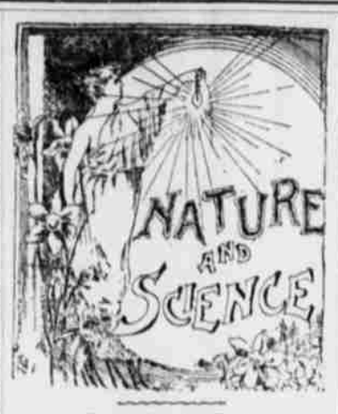
Gold Ring in a Sturgeon's Nose.

Thaddeus Swizzle, an Eastern Shore fisherman, captured in his net on Thursday night last a sturgeon with a gold ring in its nose. The fish weighs about 60 pounds and the ring, which is fully 18 pennyweights, has evidently been in the strange resting place for several years, as the flesh was grown around it. Mr. Swizzle removed the ring with his jackknife and let the sturgeon go.

English Postal Orders.

More than 40,000,000 postal orders are now issued annually in England, and the amount thus sent through the post exceeds £16,000,000.

Lawyer—Do you think that you are capable of filling the position, young man? Boy—Capable! Why, my last boss said I knew more than he did. That is why I had to leave.—Vanity.



Strengthening Iron.

It was formerly believed that cast iron, when subjected to long-continued shocks and jarring, became "crystallized" and brittle; but Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, Jr., of Philadelphia, has recently shown, by a series of experiments, that instead of being weakened, cast iron is really strengthened by repeated blows and concussions.

A Ghostly Cat.

An invention calculated to terrify mice and rats is described in Popular Science News. It consists of a metallic cat, which, being covered with luminous paint, shines in a dark room with a mysterious radiance which, the inventor thinks, will be more effectual than traps, or even genuine cats, in ridding houses of rodent pests.

Carnivorous Plants.

That such plants as "Venus' fly-trap" actually catch and squeeze to death flies and other insects alighting on their leaves has long been known, but the discovery is comparatively recent that the plants digest the softer parts of their prey by means of a peptic ferment secreted by the leaves. These, then, are real instances of plants feeding upon animals.

Marvellous Measurement.

At the recent "conversazione" of the Royal Society in London a pendulum instrument was exhibited, intended to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth. It was asserted that this instrument would render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of arc. In other words, if a plane surface were tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in a thousand miles, the instrument would reveal the tilting!

A Beach of Iron Sand.

On the western coast of the northern island of New Zealand immense deposits of magnetic iron sand are found. The sand is brought down by many streams from the slopes of Mount Egmont. The cliffs consist of a mixture of ordinary silica sand and iron sand, but the waves sweeping the beach carry the lighter silica sand away, leaving an almost pure deposit of iron sand fourteen feet in depth. Furnaces have been erected by which the sand is smelted and formed into pig iron.

Killed by Light.

Dr. James Weir, Jr., who has studied strange inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, says that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern, when placed in illuminated aquaria, seek out the darkest places, and he believes that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoidance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave. Doctor Weir has seen an eyeless spider trying to avoid the light, and animalcules from the waters of the cavern hiding under a grain of sand on the stage of his microscope. He thinks the light in these cases is in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.

An Air Tester.

An instrument for measuring the amount of impurity in the air of a room or shop was shown at the Zurich Industrial Exhibition recently. It consisted of a glass bulb containing a red liquid which turns white on contact with carbonic acid gas. The liquid in the bulb was kept from the air, but once in every 100 seconds a drop, drawn automatically from the bulb through a bent tube, fell upon the upper end of a stretched cord and began slowly to descend the cord. If the air was foul with carbonic acid the drop turned white at the upper end of the cord, and the purer the air the farther the drop descended before changing color. Alongside the cord ran a scale, like that of a thermometer or barometer, indicating the degrees of impurity of the atmosphere.

Queer Facts About Colors.

According to information given by a German officer to the Horse Guards' Gazette, an experiment was recently made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men two were dressed in light gray uniform, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet! Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared. Experiments in firing at blue and red targets, according to the same authority, proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance than red.

Mausoleum in a Tree.

One of the most curious mausoleums in the world was discovered the other day in an orchard at the village of Nobedenitz, in Saxe-Altenburg. A gigantic oak tree, which a storm had robbed of its crown, was up for public auction. Among the bidders happened to be a Baron Von Thummel, scion of a family of ancient lineage that has given the world of literature one charming poet and the Fatherland many distinguished statesmen. The Baron, who lives on a neighboring estate, had ridden to the auction place quite accidentally. Finally the tree was knocked down to him for 200 marks. Upon his arrival at the castle he told an old servant of his purchase, describing the tree and its situation. The old servant said he remembered attending the funeral of a Bardon Thummel seventy or eighty years ago, and that the body had been buried in a 1,000-year-old oak, belonging to the parsonage. Investigation clearly proved that the orchard had once been the property of the village church, and that at one side of the old oak was an iron shutter, rusty and time-worn, that the people of the town had always supposed to have been placed there by some joker or mischievous boys. The iron shutter proved to be the gate to the mausoleum of Baron Hans Wilhelm Von Thummel, at one time Minister of the State of Saxe-Altenburg, who died in 1824, and wished to be buried "in the 1,000-year-old tree he loved so well." In the hollow of the tree Baron Hans caused to be built a sepulchre of solid masonry, large enough to accommodate his coffin. The coffin was placed there, as the church records show, on March 3, 1824, and the opening was closed by an iron gate. In the course of time a wall of wood grew over the opening, which had been enlarged to admit the workmen and the coffin, and for many years it has been completely shut, thus removing the last vestige of the old use to which the old tree had been put.

Chinese Treatment of Children.

However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them toward their children. The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well-behaved and respectful toward their elders, and rarely, if ever, receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On almost any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones always appear to be well provided with pocket-money to buy toys and candies.—St. Nicholas.

Statues of Corpses.

The pleasing possibility of transforming the dear deceased into a marble-like statue that may be set in a niche or on a pedestal was suggested to the members of the Academy of Sciences of Paris recently by Mr. Mortin, who read a paper detailing his discovery of a process of converting animal matter, before decomposition sets in, into a substance resembling marble, being sufficiently hard to allow of its being sculptured. He called the attention of the society to the possibility of his invention, which he has taken the precaution to patent, being utilized to preserve human bodies after death. Inasmuch as this marble-like substance can be sculptured, it is possible to remedy little physical defects that, unnoticed or at least not obtrusive in life, might detract from the attractiveness of a statue. This process is a step ahead of the St. Louis silver-plater who for ten years has been experimenting upon a plan to succeed embalming by hermetically plating in gold, silver or nickel the ancestors of such people as are willing to undergo the expense of having them decorated for future inspection.

Victor Hugo's Youthful Work.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet and novelist, is famous everywhere. He began his literary career at the age of 13. At 16 he drew up his first novel in two weeks! The Academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at 17. At 20 his first volume of poems was so good that he received a pension of $200 from the French Government; and you are all aware how he came to be one of the greatest, as well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man laid to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than this grand and gifted Frenchman.—St. Nicholas.

"The Woods of Shorne."

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm trees, supporting leafy, intersecting arches of golden green; its nave and transepts are carpeted with the softest moss, in which a footfall is silent; its screens are of hawthorn and honeysuckle; its chancel is strewn with the growing violets; and its chapels are adorned with rhododendrons and ivy. Through and upon it all floods the softened sunlight; over our heads sings a vast choir of birds; and around us the melodious hum of the bees sounds like soft organ notes. Here and there in the woods we come upon handsome, russet-plumaged pheasants strutting about, rabbits hopping fearlessly across the clearings, and squirrels scampering from tree to tree.—St. Nicholas.

Cushing's Heroic Deed.

In 1861, at the very beginning of our civil war, a young lad named William Barker Cushing entered the navy as a volunteer officer, though he had previously been through the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was only 19 years old, but a braver or more reckless sailor never grasped a cutlass or stood by a gun. Never a fight but he was in the thick of it, never a battle but Cushing's name was mentioned in orders. He dared do anything that man dared. One dark night, at Plymouth, N. C., he took a boat's crew and, stealing quietly away, he crept up beside the Confederate ram "Albemarle" and taking the chances of almost certain death, he sank her by a torpedo fired from his steam launch. Then he fought at Fort Fisher with great bravery, and, what is ever rarer, he used sound judgment, securing for his command all the fruits of the victory.—St. Nicholas.

A woman never seems to have any good times until her husband dies, and she gets his life insurance.

Every man is more or less of a fool about some things.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

Miss Kate Sanborn's forthcoming book, "The Little Zoo," is said to be an amusing and picturesque account of animals in literature.

It is said that Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," receives higher pay for his writing than any other living American author.

Hamlin Garland is going to write a life of Gen. Grant for Mr. McClure. He has recently been in Mexico studying the scenes of Grant's Mexican campaign.

E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, is now in Egypt. He is writing a romance, the scenes of which are laid in Greece during the time of the war of independence.

Sightseers of Victor Hugo's old home pay a franc in order to see one of the famous author's teeth. It is elegantly mounted in a plush-lined case, carefully covered with a crystal shade.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labor of reading for and writing the "Decline and Fall." It is one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the labor of one man.

One of the many good qualities of the works of William Dean Howells is the fact that, in addition to his graceful style, which gives such a charm to even commonplace character and incident, his stories, as a rule, unfold a healthy moral lesson.

Alfred de Musset's sister refuses to have any of his works in her possession published, as she says they will not add to his fame as a poet. She likewise refuses to let his letters be seen, among which is the correspondence between the poet and George Sand.

Speaking of the retirement of James Payne from the editorship of the Cornhill Magazine, the Bookman calls to mind the almost forgotten fact that the most spirited and the most unfortunate thing ever done by the Cornhill was to purchase George Eliot's "Romola." The sum paid was immense, but the novel was too heavy for the general reader and the circulation of the magazine fell off about 10,000.

Good Rule for Travelers.

Ex-Governor Brown is arranging his affairs preparatory to his departure for Europe on June 6. He said yesterday that he expected to meet a number of Baltimoreans during his trip abroad. He intends to spend some time in Buda-Pesth and to study the model street railway of that city. The ex-Governor says he can speak no language except English, but in his travels abroad heretofore has managed to get along quite well.

Said he: "I have found that there is but one safe rule in traveling abroad, and that is to imitate the elephant and follow your trunk. In my former travels I made it a point to get my trunk checked through, or registered, as they call it. When I saw the baggageman put my trunk on a car I at once got into that train and took a forward seat, where I could see the baggage car door. Whenever I saw the baggageman take my trunk out of the car I got off. In this way I never made a mistake, though I could not speak the language of the country I was traveling in and had no interpreter.

"On one occasion I was at the station in Berne, Switzerland. The station was a union affair and so many trains were coming and going that I got uneasy for fear I would get on the wrong train. So I sat on my trunk and waited. While I was sitting there I was approached by a young lady who, like myself, could speak English only. She wanted to know which train to take. I told her to do as I was doing—sit on her trunk. She did so. I gave the same advice to a man, and both of them went right. It's the only safe rule, for the baggage generally goes right."—Baltimore American.

Strange Race of Simians.

In the island of Borneo is a race of wonderful monkeys. They are called the proboscis monkey, from their long nose. They are very large; indeed, they are the largest of their species, measuring four or five feet in height, when standing in an upright position. These creatures are seldom or never seen on the ground, spending almost their entire time in the tree tops, where they are perfectly at home. They are the most difficult to tame of all the simians, being very wild and unmanageable, and also on account of their size. This monkey gets his name from his curious countenance, which resembles a man with an exceedingly long nose, and they can also be recognized by a beard and side whiskers which extend from ear to ear under the chin, like the farmers' beards in the comic papers.

They so much resemble a human being that travelers in the interior often used to mistake them for a race of people. One of them was exhibited some fifty years ago throughout England, the advertisements calling it the "Wild Man of Borneo."

The natives who inhabit the interior of the island believe that these monkeys are descended from an old man who retired to the forest to avoid paying tribute to the King, and they hold him in the greatest respect for being clever enough to devise the means of evading the responsibilities of society and escaping the powerful hand of the ruler. On this account also they cannot be induced to kill or injure one, thinking and believing that it might be a relative. They inhabit the central mountainous portion, principally, and are generally found in troops in the vicinity of streams. Borneo has many other curious and wonderful plants and animals, but this is the best known.

Education of Women in Turkey.

Turkish girls of the better class in the cities after they are too old to attend the primary schools, are largely educated at home by governesses, many of whom come from England and France, but, unfortunately, do not usually represent the highest culture of those nations, so that real love of study is not as a rule developed under their influence. Turkish women have a great aptitude for foreign languages, and those we meet on the steamers of the Bosphorus often speak French, and it is not unusual for them to speak German and English also. It is a well-known fact that many Turkish women are engaged in trade, some even carrying on an extensive business involving frequent journeys to Egypt and other places, which presupposes the ability to read and write, as well as some knowledge of arithmetic. Moreover, conversation with the Mussulman women in the capital reveals some progress at the present time in independence of thought, and, while social conditions have unavoidably arrested the development of Turkish women as a class, forces are slowly but surely working among them that will result in their final emancipation.—Forum.

Breeds 'Possums.

A young English farmer, H. I. Twigg by name, has recently purchased a large tract of land in Kentucky, near Richmond, and announces that he has established a 'possum farm. Were he a Yankee it would be suspected that the announcement of the 'possum ranch was part of a scheme to colonize the adjacent district with colored people, possibly buyers of small tracts of land. But Mr. Twigg is said to be quite sincere in his undertaking, having figured out that, as 'possum is considered such a delicacy as to command fancy prices, there is money in the scheme. He has under advice of an experienced old colored gentleman, who has assured him that "the 'possum am a very dainty eater," planted on the ranch a large number of persimmon and haw trees and hazelnut bushes.

He has started in with twenty 'possum in the warren, and, calculating upon the remarkable fecundity of the animals, expects by next fall to be able to supply the Louisville demand at least.

A similar experiment is being made in the cultivation of rabbits in Sullivan County, this State. The difficulty is to secure food for the growth on a limited reservation, and ultimately the animals overrun the surrounding country and become a pest as, for instance, the opossums of Long Island.

General Putnam and Major Small

An instance of personal regard overcoming the war spirit was told by Maj. Small to John Trumbull, while the artist was painting in London, after the revolutionary war, his well-known picture of the battle of Bunker Hill. Maj. Small is the British officer seen in the center of the painting, turning aside the bayonet of a grenadier who is about to pierce the dying Gen. Warren.

When the British troops advanced on the redoubt for the second time, Small, with other officers, was in the lead encouraging his men. They had advanced nearly to the breastwork when a volley was poured in upon them which was terribly effective. The British troops fell back, and when Small looked around not an officer was left standing. He glanced at the Americans, and seeing several muskets leveled directly at him, gave himself up for lost. At this moment Gen. Putnam, an old comrade of Small's in the French and Indian war, rushed forward, and striking up with his sword the muzzles of his men's pieces, cried out:

"Don't fire at that man, my lads; I love him as I do my brother!"

They were so near each other that the Major says he "heard the words distinctly." Bowing, he thanked Putnam, and walked away unharmed.—St. Nicholas.

A Brave Defender.

The author of a book on early Canadian life says that a young girl was one afternoon on her way to the spring for a pail of water, when she heard her pet lamb bleat, and saw what she supposed was a large dog worrying it.

Being a brave girl she dropped the pail, seized a stout stick which lay on the ground, and rushing forward began to beat the brute with all her might.

The animal let go the lamb and turned upon the girl, showing his teeth and snarling. She saw then that she had to deal with a wolf instead of a dog. The sharp ears, bushy tail and gaunt figure were convincing. But she was not frightened; excitement and fears for her pet gave her courage, and when the wolf again seized the lamb she valiantly attacked him and again he released his prey. She used the club vigorously and rained blows upon the wolf, crying for help meantime.

Her brother, hearing her outcry, ran with his gun toward the spring, but the wolf saw the re-enforcement coming and fled into the woods.

When Inspiration Came.

Bellini could not compose unless he had a large store of bitter almonds or sugar plums on hand. He worked slowly, from the fact that his time was divided between his notes and his sugar plums.

Lortzing was also somewhat queer in his ways. When his working hour arrived, which was generally from 10 a. m. until 2 p. m., he would provide a large quantity of black coffee.

Then, locking the door carefully behind him, he would begin to sing at random, and drink between times. Whenever he struck a few good notes he would jot them down.

Herold, the French composer, was also an eccentric. He not only ate oranges while composing, but made his singers eat oranges at rehearsal.

Schubert had a jovial way of wooing the Muses. He would produce several large bottles of wine when his working hour arrived, and would vary the monotony by drinking copious libations.

Protect the Toads.

In portions of Europe gardeners not only take especial care of the toads in the garden, but frequently buy to keep the stock good. Underground shelters are made for the toads by covering a small hole with a board or shingle; this practice might be imitated by American gardeners.

A garden well stocked with toads would be greatly protected from many of the insects that are now so destructive to many kinds of vegetation.

Two Boston Ladies.

Mrs. Wilson tried to get Mrs. Jones' cook away from her (relates the Boston Traveler), and actually went to Mrs. Jones' house when she was out and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner, Mrs. Jones did not notice her. Some one who sat between them said: "Mrs. Jones, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" "No, I believe not," said Mrs. Jones; "she sometimes calls on my cook, I understand. Waiter, some ice."