

### Saved by the Doctor.

The episode I am going to relate occurred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to, they will remember that there exist one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing, about twenty years ago, a hut, which was known at the homestead as the Deep Water Station, and it was here that my lot placed me as a hutkeeper. I lived at the Deep Water Station for two years.

I remember I was sitting at the hut (the Deep Water Hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim blue hills; long shadows were fast spreading; the deep water-hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and stars seemed dropping like silver specks on the paling sky. Long Mat, the shepherd, was later than usual.

The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon after the white fleeces of the sheep slowly appeared from out the somber shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the quick, muffled fall of horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to await the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill;" and as usual came inside to ask me if I wanted anything, and to light his pipe.

"I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said pleasantly, but with a little anxiety; "the black fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both Mat and myself; but there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather late this evening; but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them pass the belt before you came."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door and Mat entered.

"Good evening," he said quietly to Mr. S— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'." One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong, pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've enough powder and lead. The blacks are about; do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer Mr. S— proceeded to undo his horse and was about to mount when Mat (who was an American) said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of the sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black fellows about, said Mr. S—, delaying to mount; "but the ride is safe enough; I've got my rifle with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a panikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him inquiringly. He kept his eyes wandering over and around the flocks while he explained, "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear wound on the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmints wrigglin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a pill, but I saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway, and quivered in the slabs behind.

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after, and he rolled heavily across the hut door, completely blocking up the entrance.

Mat muttered away: "First-rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar the door, Bill! Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! Ps! Ps! Here lad." The dog leaped on the shepherd. "By gum," he said, "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S— was coolly reconnoitering through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet, brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remember thinking, as I threw water on the fire so as to extinguish the light, that the black fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up and the light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first we could discern the outlines of the trees, and then, as the night gathered, the white seared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence.

Mat, Mr. S— and myself had our barrels through the loopholes and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shuddering of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and, notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of the frogs along the river, there seemed to be a frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign or sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly around the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the

white fleeces mingling with the color of the grass—the still shadows of the trees—the far black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Darn my eyes," said Mat, for the first time breaking silence, "if de 'Ole Parson' ain't sighted one of the niggers!" The "Ole Parson" was a patriotic wether that was afflicted with the foot-rot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has, and by gum there's a crowd; the whole tribe hev come to visit. Not enough in shade, boss," concluded Mat, after another interval, and in a half whispering tone.

The next moment the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from his ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging, "fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S—) changed the position of his gun and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed as safe as houses; let's physic another or two, and maybe they'll make tracks," again muttered the shepherd, in a tone of suppressed glee. "Cook, why the devil don't you shoot? Squint around that first block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns, but, owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of the opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied, for an instant I could see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost instantly.

Just as the shepherd said "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly towards the hut, and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive me, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S— asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd," much in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying, "I've only one more pill to keep our skins whole. We'll hev to trust to Doctor."

"Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all sorts of tricks. Amongst others, he repeatedly took written messages to the station, when attached to his collar, and I presume this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of procuring relief."

"Mister, d'ye think you kin rite a message in the dark, or by the moonlight, askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the darkies dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of the rotten slab behind your back. Here, Doctor."

The message was scrawled and fastened to the dog's collar in little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As I before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly toward the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the man fell under our shots, there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared he spat upon the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his cheek for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God!" said I involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he arn't, darn ye!" snapped Ben. "He's just touched, and no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S—; "the black devils have struck a light somewhere, and they're going to burn us out. Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark roof above our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black fellows had gathered courage. Believing that our ammunition was expended, many of them had left cover and might be seen fitting about like specters. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were almost constantly falling.

The fire brands were thrown no more; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued for a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spoken by any of us. Our soul dependence was on the Doctor; and if help did not soon arrive it was certain we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; they're goin' to give us fits. How's the moon?—well aback

of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll just go out and bid them good evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them my heels open it. You see we can't spare ammunition."

While speaking Mat unbarred the door. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me; "D'ye see that devil with the blazin' log? When he gets close to the wattle, open the window and prop up the pillow. Take care of their spears yourself."

As soon as the black fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long little shutter with some noise and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time the black fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade as the butt end of his gun fell crashing on the head of the fire bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself, and, painfully struggling to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him; "it's better as it is, till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was all expended, and they thronged around the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling flames on the roof put an end to our trouble. The hut was on fire, and there was nothing left for us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S— would not try without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack.

The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position. "There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along his weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave the door. He'll never do it; and our last bullet brought down the ringleader."

There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside, and the door fell back as Mr. S—'s gun swung down on the crowding savages with terrific force, felling two of the foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists. Mat and the squatter towered above their opponents like giants, fighting with terrible energy. The black fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening his grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember a hurrah outside and the cracking of rifles.

"That was a good backhanded blow, boss," said Mat faintly; "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D'ye hear that? Hooray! Knowned the Doctor I'd do it," said he, with renewed energy; "take that," and I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain as the station hands rushed in. The Doctor soon recovered. So did Mat, who is now one of the richest men in the colonies. I—well I have a large scar across my breast.

### A Monster Sewing Machine.

The largest sewing machine in the world, a Singer, has recently been finished. The machine weighs over four tons, and is in some respects of new design, uniting much simplicity of construction with great strength of parts. It is adapted for general manufacturing purposes of the heavier sort, although specially made for stitching cotton belting, an article which is just now taking the market as a cheap and servicable institution for the gearing and the ordinary leather belting. The material used is of great strength and toughness, and is sewed together in piles or layers up an inch in thickness. The belting in being sewed together is passed through heavy feed rollers some nine inches in diameter, and more than eight feet in length, getting stretched and pressed in the process. There are two needles at work with two shuttles which can be removed from the bottom without disturbing the overlying piles of belting. The rollers between which the work passes are actuated by reversible worm and cam motions, and the machine has in addition to these roller feeds, what is known as a top-feed motion, suitable for a lighter class of work. The stitch, as in the ordinary sewing machine, can be adjusted from one-eighth inch upward, and the pressure of the rollers on the work passing through the machine can be regulated at the will of the operator. The machine, which is driven by steam, has been made for a manufacturing firm in Liverpool.

At the Orleans Railroad station in Paris the other day, eight thousand pilgrims were gathered for a trip to Lourdes. A large number were crippled and bed-ridden. The station was blocked up with stretchers and mattresses upon which emaciated and helpless forms were reclining. Babes abandoned, and their wan and scared faces were pitiable. The incapable numbered one-fourth of the entire band.

### An Actress' Romance.

The appearance of Miss Ada Cavendish, the English actress, at the Arch Street Theater, says the Philadelphia Times, will lend much interest to her romantic history, which has never been published in this country before. Some forty years ago one of the most celebrated law cases ever tried in England came before the lord chancellor for trial, after being fought from court to court. The issue in question was the legitimacy or illegitimacy of a certain member of the Cavendish family. If the lord chancellor, after examining into the case, should decide that this man was legally born, he would, by virtue of prior birth, be the head of the family and heir to the vast estate that fell with the title of duke of Devonshire. So great results hung on "my lord's" opinion. But the case was never decided, the claimant was so hampered by circumstantial evidence, rather than direct proof of his rights, and the defense saw so clearly that their opponent could make it unpleasant for them, that both parties agreed to a compromise, the details of which are worth reciting, as a curious illustration of the standard of morality in the English aristocracy of that day, which generally approved of the compact.

It was argued that the claimant should be acknowledged as legitimate and the head of the family, taking the title and possessions of the duke of Devonshire for life; but he was expressly forbidden to marry, and on his death the title and property passed to the opposing party. Under such circumstances the duke, being but human, naturally formed attachments which the law did not sanction. Most of these, however, were of short duration, but when he had been about nine years in possession of his title he met a Miss Cameron, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to whom he became strongly attached. This lady was of gentle blood, of great personal beauty, and one of the most brilliantly educated and accomplished women of the age. During several years' acquaintance she learned to return the affection of her titled lover, and he, to do him justice, used all the means in his power to protect her good name.

Being forbidden to marry by his legal settlement of the suit, he offered Miss Cameron what is known as a morganatic marriage in Europe. This marriage is conducted as follows: The contracting parties are united in wedlock by a regularly-ordained clergyman, marriage certificate being furnished as usual. The wife in this case was known as Miss Cavendish, not as the duchess of Devonshire. Her children were legal, bearing the family name. At the death of the father and mother, intestate, the children inherit his personal estate, the widow having her dower right of one third, but the Devonshire estates and titles pass to the nearest of kin of the dual line. This style of marriage was long since invented to give the kings, princes, and nobility generally of Europe, a chance to follow the dictates of their hearts without shame, where reasons of state policy forced them into loveless political marriages. Morganatic marriages are generally very happy, and are not regarded in Europe, especially on the continent, as fastening any shame on the parties participating therein; neither do they entail any loss of social position.

Miss Cameron accepted the duke's offer, and was morganatically married to him. They lived together in perfect happiness for eleven years, being parted only by the death of Mrs. Cavendish. The duke survived her about eleven years, but he was a changed man from the day of her death. Formerly genial and hearty, a lover of society, the turf, etc., he became crabbed, nervous, and silent. He shut himself up at Brighton and very seldom saw any one to his dying day, in 1870.

One child (a girl) was born to this marriage, and was called Ada Cavendish. On her the parents lavished their tenderest love and devotion. She was carefully reared, like any young scion of the British aristocracy, and her beauty, sweet, joyous disposition and brilliant talents combined to make her their idol and the center of one of the happiest homes of old England. A few years after the mother died the daughter, following her natural bent, placed herself under the tuition of Mrs. Charles Pelby, of the New Royal Theater, London, at which theater she soon made her debut as an actress. From that time until the day of his death the appearance of his daughter in a new roll was the only thing which could tempt the old duke from his seaside retirement. She was a faithful and devoted daughter, and at her father's death came into possession of his entire personal estate, amounting to £10,000—\$50,000—and some magnificent jewels. Miss Cavendish has steadily risen in the theatrical world, her success as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," rendering her famous in England and America.

### Speech and Size.

The Power of Speech.—A man who cannot use his eyes should use his tongue.

Man's darkened soul can call for a light when it cannot strike a light.

The spiritually blind man can utter a loud and exceedingly bitter cry that shall pierce heaven and enter into the ear and heart of God.

Size.—Bigness is not greatness, and yet smallness is in itself no blessing, though it may be the occasion of a man's winning one.

Happily for little men the giants have seldom any great wit.

It is not pleasant to see every one about you a bigger person than yourself. Yet this is a slight many do see who are not dwarfs in stature.

### Hints on Calling.

Do not stare around the room.  
Do not take a dog or small child.  
Do not linger at the dinner hour.  
Do not lay aside a bonnet at a formal call.

Do not fight with your cane, hat or parasol.  
Do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day.  
Do not turn your back to one seated near you.  
Do not touch the piano unless invited to do so.

Do not handle ornaments or furniture in the room.  
Do not make a display of consulting your watch.  
Do not go to the room of an invalid unless invited.

Do not remove the gloves when making a formal call.  
Do not continue to stay longer when conversation begins to lag.  
Do not remain when you find the lady on the point of going out.

Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood.  
Do not open or shut doors or windows or alter the arrangement of the room.  
Do not enter a room without first knocking and receiving an invitation to come in.

Do not resume your seat after having arisen to go, unless for important reasons.  
Do not walk around the room, examining pictures, while waiting for the hostess.  
Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.

Do not prolong the call if the room is crowded. It is better to call a day or two afterwards.  
Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.

Do not tattle. Do not speak ill of your neighbors. Do not carry gossip from one family to another.  
Do not, if a gentleman, seat yourself upon the sofa beside the hostess, or in near proximity, unless invited to do so.

Do not, if a lady, call upon a gentleman, except officially or professionally, unless he may be a confirmed invalid.  
Do not take a strange gentleman with you, unless positively certain that his introduction will be received with favor.

Do not, if a gentleman, leave the hat in the hall when making merely a formal call. If the call is extended into a visit, it may be set aside. When sitting or standing, the hat may be gracefully held in the hand.

### A Wonderful Feat of Memory.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would pass a shop window and glance into it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see which could remember the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjurer, this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host:

"Well, sir, I shall tell you, without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library."  
"Come, come," said he, incredulously, "that is too good."

"We shall see, replied Houdin. "Let some of the company go into the library and look, and I shall call out the names from this room."

They did so, and Houdin began: "Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco: 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall;' next to these, four volumes of half calf: 'Boswell's Johnson;' 'Rasselas;' in cloth; 'Hume's History of England,' in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting," and so on, shelf after shelf, to the unspeakable wonder of the whole company. More than once a gentleman stole into the drawing-room, certain he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; but there sat the conjurer, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

A Boy's Essay on Statesmen.—Thar waz a statesman. His colar was 16 and his hat was 5. He went to a meetin' to orate. He said "ax me a question if you want to no." So when he was a swetin under his shirt a man hollered and he said: "Wot is tarif any way?" And the statesman he larfed kinder short, and he sed, "I want no foolin' around me. I am a b-a-d man, and I carry a cane." So he gave his cane a whirl and laid it on the table. Then this orful man down among the spitons sed again: "How much is tarif a peck, anyway?" An' the statesman sed, "yeal hot, 'I am a free man, and I won't be adjourned, so I demand the law." And then the law, dressed as a polishment, got the orful man by the back-hold, and tuk him to the kaboze. And when in the kaboze he did not ax any more tarif qeshions, but fot the cokroches all night. An' the statesman went home with his cane.—Cleveland Herald.

The tree keeps its trunk in good order during the winter so that it shall be able to leave early in the spring.