THE WRECK OF THE CATTLEBOAT.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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Anyway, be the cause what it may, Kettle was pitched violently out of his bunk in the deep of one night, just after two bells, and from the symptoms which loudly advertised themselves it required no expert knowledge to tell that the vessel was beating her bottom out on rocks to the accompaniment of a murderously heavy sea. The engines stopped, steam began to blow off noisily from the escapes, and what with that and the cries of men and the clashing of seas and the beating of iron and the beast cries from the cattle decks the din was almost enough to split the ear. And then the steam siren burst out into one vast bellow of pain, which drowned all the other noises as though they had been children's whispers.

Kettle slid on coat and trousers over his pyjamas and went and thumped at a door at the other side of the alleyway.

"Miss Carnegie?"

"Yes."

"Dress quickly."

"I am dressing, captain."

"Get finished with it and then wait. I'll come for you when it's time."

It is all very well to be cool on these occasions, but sometimes the race is to the prompt. Captain Kettle made his way up on deck against a great avalanche of water which was cascading down the companionway. No shore was in sight. The ship had backed off after she had struck and was now rolling heavily in a deep trough. She was low in the water, and every second wave swept over her.

No one seemed to be in command. A dim light showed Kettle one lifeboat wrecked in davits and a disorderly mob of men trying to lower the other. But some one let go the stern fall so that the boat shot down perpendicularly, and the next wave smashed the lower half of it into splinters. The frenzied crowd left it to try the port quarter boat, and Kettle raced them across the streaming decks and got just to the davits. He plucked a greenheart belaying pin from the rail and laid about him viciously.

"Back, you scum!" he shouted. "Get back or I'll smash in every face among you! Good Lord, isn't there a mate or a man left on this stinking farmyard? Am I to keep off all this two legged cattle by myself?"

They fought on, the black water swirling waist deep among them with every roll, the siren bellowing for help overhead and the ship sinking under their feet, and gradually, with the frenzy of despair, the men drove Kettle back against the rail, while others of them cast off the falls of the quarter boat's tackles preparatory to letting her drop. But, then, out of the darkness, up came McTodd and the steamer's mate, both shrewd hitters and men not afraid to use their skill, and once more the tables were turned.

The other quarter boat had been lowered and swamped; this boat was the only one remaining.

"Now, Mac," said Kettle, "help the mate take charge and murder every one that interferes. Get the boat in the water and fend off. I'll be off below and fetch up Miss Carnegie. We must put some hurry in it. The old box hasn't much longer to swim. Take the lady ashore and see she comes to no harm."

"Oh, aye," said McTodd, "and we'll keep a seat for yersel', skipper."

"You needn't bother," said Kettle. "I take no man's place in this sort of tea party." He splashed off across the streaming decks and found the cattleboat's captain sheltering under the lee of the companion wringing his hands. "Out, you blitherer," he shouted, "and save your mangy life! Your ship's gone now. You can't play hash with her any more." After which pleasant speech he worked his way below, half swimming, half wading, and once more beat against Miss Carnegie's door. Even in this moment of extremity he did not dream of going in unasked.

She came out to him in the half swamped alleyway, fully dressed. "Is there any hope?" she asked.

"We'll get you ashore, don't you fear."

He clapped an arm around her waist and drew her strongly on through the dark and the swirling water toward the foot of the companion. "Excuse me, miss," he said, "this is not familiarity, but I have got the firmer sea legs, and we must hurry."

They pressed up the stair, battling with great green cascades of water, and gained the dreadful turmoil on deck. A few weak stars gleamed out above the wind and showed the black wave tops dimly. Already some of the cattle had been swept overboard and were swimming about like the horned beasts of a nightmare. The din of surf came to them among the other noises, but no shore was visible. The steamer had backed off the reef on which she had struck and was foundering in deep water. It was indeed a time for hurry. It was plain she had very few more minutes to swim.

Each sea now made a clean breach over her, and a passage about the decks was a thing of infinite danger, but Kettle was resourceful and strong, and he had a grip round Miss Carnegie and a hold on something solid when the waters wrenched him, and he contrived never to be wrested entirely from his hold.

But when he had worked his way aft a disappointment was there ready for him. The quarter boat was gone. McTodd stood against one of the davits cool and philosophical as ever.

"You infernal Scotchman, you've let them take away the boat from you!" Kettle snarled. "I should have thought you could have kept your end up with a mangy crowd like that."

"Use your eyes," said the engineer. "The boat's in the wash below there, at the end of the tackles, with her side stove in. She drowned the three men that were lowered in her because they'd no' sense enough to fend off."

"That comes of setting a lot of farmers to work a steamboat."

"Aweel," said McTodd, "steamers have been lost before, and I have it in mind, captain, that you're helped."

"By James, if you don't carry a civil tongue, you drunken Geordie, I'll knock you some teeth down to cover it!"

"Oh, I owed you that!" said McTodd. "But now we're quits. I bided here, Captain Kettle, because I thought you'd maybe like to swim the leddy off to the shore, and at that I can bear a useful hand."

"Mac," said Kettle, "I take back what I said about you're being Scotch. You're a good soul"— He turned to the girl, still shouting to make his voice carry above the clash of the seas and the bellow of the siren and the noises of the dying ship: "It's our only chance, miss, swimming. The life buoys from the bridge are all gone. I looked. The hands will have taken them. There'll be a lot of timber floating about when she goes down, and we'll be best clear of that. Will you trust to us?"

"I trust you in everything," she said.

Deeper and deeper the steamer sank in her wallow. The lower decks were swamped by this, and the miserable cattle were either drowned in their stalls or washed out of her. There was no need for the three to jump. They just let go their hold, and the next incoming wave swept them clear of the steamer's spar deck and spurned them 100 yards from her side.

They found themselves among a herd of floating cattle, some drowned, some swimming frenziedly, and with the inspiration of the moment laid hold of a couple of beasts and so supported themselves without further exertion. It was no use swimming for the present. They could not tell which way the shore lay. And it behooved them to reserve all their energies for the morning, so well as the numbing cold and the water would let them.

Of a sudden the bellow of the steamer's siren ceased, and a pang went through them as though they had lost a friend. Then came a dull, muffled explosion, and then a huge, ragged shape loomed up through the night like some vast monument and sank swiftly straight downward out of sight beneath the black, tumbled sea.

"Poor old girl," said McTodd, spitting out the sea water. "They'd a fine keg of whisky down in her messroom."

"Poor devil of a skipper!" said Kettle. "It's to be hoped he's drowned out of harm's way or it'll take lying to keep him any rags of his ticket."

The talk died out of them after that, and the miseries of the situation closed in. The water was cold, but the air was piercing, and so they kept their bodies submerged, each holding on to the bovine raft and each man sparing a few fingers to keep a grip on the girl.

The next incoming wave swept them clear

One of the beasts they clung to quickly drowned; the other, strange to say, kept its nostrils above water, swimming strongly, and in the end came alive to the shore, the only four footed occupant of the steamer to be saved.

At the end of each minute it seemed to them that they were too bruised and numbed to hang on another 60 seconds, and yet the next minute found them still alive and dreading its successor. The sea moaned around them, mourning the dead; the fleet of drowned cattle surged helplessly this way and that, bruising them with rude collisions, and the chill bit them to the bone, mercifully numbing their pain and anxiety. Long before the dawn the girl had sunk into a stupor and was only held from sinking by the nervous fingers of the men, and then the men themselves were merely automata, completing their task with a legacy of will.

When from somewhere out of the morning mists a fisherboat sailed up, manned by rugged, kindly Irish, all three were hauled over the gunwale in one continuous dripping string. The grip of the men's fingers had endured too long to be loosened for a sudden call such as that.

They were taken ashore and tended with all the care poor homes could give, and the men, used to hardships, recovered with a dose of warmth and sleep.

Miss Carnegie took longer to recover and in fact for a week lay very near to death. Kettle staid on in the village, making almost hourly inquiries for her. He ought to have gone away to seek fresh employment; he ought to have gone back to his wife and children, and he upbraided himself bitterly for his neglect of these duties. At last the girl was able to sit up and see him, and he visited her, showing all the deference an embassador might offer to a queen.

She listened to his tale of the wreck with interest and surprise. She was almost startled to hear that others, including the captain and two of the mates, were saved from the disaster besides themselves, but at the same time unfeignedly pleased. And she was pleased also to hear that Kettle was subpœnaed to give evidence before the forthcoming inquiry.

"I am glad of that," she said, "because I know you will speak with a free mind. You have told me so many times how incompetent the captain was, and now you will be able to tell it to the proper authorities."

Kettle looked at her blankly. "But that was different," he said. "I can't say to them what I said to you."

"Why not? Look what misery and suffering and loss of life the man has caused. He isn't fit to command a ship."

"But, miss," said Kettle, "it's his living. He's been brought up to seafaring, and he isn't fit for anything else. You wouldn't have me send out the man to starve? Besides, I'm a shipmaster myself, and you wouldn't have me try to take away another master's ticket? The cleverest captain afloat might meet with misfortune, and he's always got to think of that when he's put up to give evidence against his fellows."

"Well, what are you going to do, then?"

"Oh, we've got together a tale, and when the old man is put up on his trial the mates and I will stick to it through thick and thin. You can bet that we are not going to swear away his ticket."

"His ticket?"

"Yes, his master's certificate, his means of livelihood."

"I think it's wrong," she said excitedly, "criminally wrong. And, besides, you said you didn't like the man."

"I don't. I dislike him cordially. But that's nothing to do with the case. I've my own honor to think of, miss. How'd I feel if I went about knowing I'd done my best to ruin a brother captain for good and always?"

"You are wrong," she repeated vehemently. "The man is incompetent by your own saying, and therefore he should suffer."

Kettle's heart chilled.

"Miss Carnegie," he said, "I am disappointed in you. I thought from your poetry that you had feelings. I thought you had charity, but I find that you are cold."

"And you," she retorted, "you that I had set up for myself as an ideal of most of the manly virtues, do you think I feel no disappointment when I hear that you are deliberately proposing to be a liar?"

"I am no liar," he said sullenly. "I have most faults, but not that. This is different. You do not understand. It is not lying to defend one's fellow shipmaster before an inquiry board."

The girl turned to the pillow in her chair and hid her face. "Oh, go," she said, "go! I wish I had never met you. I thought you were so good and so brave and so honest, and when it comes to the pinch you are just like the rest. Go! Go!"

"You say you don't understand," said Kettle. "I think you deliberately won't understand, miss. You remember that I said I was disappointed in you, and I stick to that now. You make me remember that I have got a wife and family I am fond of. You make me ashamed I have not gone to them before. Goodby, miss."

"Goodby," she sobbed from her pillow. "I wish I could think you are right, but perhaps it is best as it is."

In the village street outside was McTodd, clothed in rasping serge and inclined to be sententious. "They've whisky here," he said, with a jerk of the thumb. "Irish whisky that's got a smoky taste that's rather alluring when once you've got over the first dislike. I'm out of siller mysel' or I'd stand you a glass, but if you be in funds I could guide you to the place."

Kettle was half tempted, but with a wrench he said "No," adding that if he once started he might not know when to stop.

"Quite right," said the engineer, "you're quite (hic) right, skipper. A man with an inclination to level himself with the beasts that perish should always be abstemious."

He sat against a wayside fence and prepared for sleep. "Like me," he added solemnly, and shut his eyes.

"No," said Kettle to himself, "I won't forget it that way. I guess I can manage without. She pretty well cured me herself, and a sight of the missis will do the rest."

When Coal Was Prohibited.

It makes the present generation smile to read the accounts which have come down to us concerning the prejudices which were formerly entertained against certain articles which are of everyday consumption.

For instance, it is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the house of commons petitioned the king to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel.

A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offense and by the demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found according to which a man was hanged in the time of Edward I. for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. It took three centuries to entirely efface the prejudice.

Antiquity of Playing Cards.

The game of cards was first played in the east and seems to have had a military origin. Cards were introduced from Asia into Europe at the time of the crusades and were first used by necromancers to foretell fortunes. They soon became a popular amusement in the south of Europe, where the Saracens and Moors taught the people how to use them, and card playing spread to all parts of the continent. The state records of Germany mention the fact that Rudolph I., in 1275, was fond of the game and played with his courtiers.

After the invention of paper the manufacture of cards became extensive, but declined somewhat when card playing was forbidden by several of the German states and by the English government on account of the supposed immoral tendency. Before the era of paper cards in the orient were made of ivory, papyrus and canvas, less frequently of the precious metals and quite commonly of wood.

The River Jordan.

The Jordan is the "Descender." During its course it falls over 1,200 feet. At no point is it navigable even by a small craft to any considerable distance and presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigated flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.

Experienced.

He—The love I have declared for you, my dear, is a perfect love.

She—And will you swear that you have never loved another?

He—Ah, darling, you forget that practice makes perfect.

A COLUMBUS STATUE.

The Story of a Brass Founder's Transformation of Gambrinus.

A story is told of a brass founder who was one day visited by a friend acting as agent for one of the cities of Central America. The agent asked what it would cost to cast a statue of Christopher Columbus for the public square of the city. The amount was far in excess of the sum which the man had at his disposal. He was about leaving in despair of being able to secure the statue when the brass founder said:

"Come back in the junk yard and let us see what can be found there."

He went back, and the brass founder showed him a colossal statue of Gambrinus, recently removed from the front of a large brewing establishment. Under his feet rested a beer keg, in his hand was a large and overflowing schooner, his beard was long and shaggy, and about his brows was wreathed a garland of barley and hops.

"Why, this will never do," said the commission merchant. "I want a statue of Columbus."

"Wait until I have touched this one up. Come back in about a week and see what you think of it. If it suits you, you can have it for the amount you have at your disposal."

As soon as the visitor had gone the brass founder set two men at work on the figure of Gambrinus. They removed the beer keg from under his right foot and placed there an anchor and a coil of rope, from his hand they removed the goblet and substituted a globe, with the continents traced on it; from his brow they took the wreath of barley and hops and substituted a wreath of laurel and then proceeded to trim up his whiskers. The finishing touch consisted in putting at the base of the statue "Cristoforo Colombo."

When the commission merchant came, he was delighted with the figure and, purchasing it, shipped it to the Central American city, where it adorns the public square and is looked upon with veneration by the citizens of that town. —New York Times.

Bunkoing a Japanese.

"J. P. G." was only an enlisted man in Uncle Sam's navy, but his messmates called him "the Swell" because whenever he went ashore he carried a suit of civilian's clothes. At Yokohama, in his fine raiment and a white felt hat, he passed himself off to a Japanese coal merchant as the paymaster of the fleet and contracted for several thousand tons of coal. The price named was $14 a ton.

"What is my rake off?" he asked the dealer, who offered a generous commission. "Make the price sixteen dollars a ton and have —— thousand tons ready for delivery at the earliest possible hour tomorrow morning," he said.

The merchant opened wine, and when thoroughly warmed up the sailor remarked, looking indolently at his watch: "By the bye, I'm expected to visit the club tonight, and it is probable that I may need a little more money than I have in my pocket. Perhaps you had better advance me three or four thousand dollars on account."

Of course he got what he wanted. Next morning the vessels were surrounded with scores of barges laden with coal, and it was all the officers could do to prevent the Japs from unloading their cargoes. The dealer dared say nothing, for he had entered into a conspiracy to defraud the government, so he pocketed his loss in silence.—New York Press.

Now They Never Speak.

A coolness growing out of the following conversation has sprung up between Jones and Smith.

"I had a splendid time last night," said Jones. "I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodman mansion."

"Are the Goodmans nice people?" queried Smith.

"Well, I should say so. They are very aristocratic. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius."

"You don't tell me so? And you say you were there?"

"Yes."

"You were invited, were you?"

"Of course."

"And to be invited a man has to have plenty of money or a great deal of genius?"

"Precisely."

"Well, Jones, I am very glad to hear you have become rich all of a sudden. Lend me five pounds!"—London Answers.

The Camphor Eater.

It is surprising what a number of camphor eaters there are among the well to do classes. The idea seems to prevail that this gum, taken in small and regular doses, gives a peculiarly clear creaminess of complexion, and scores of young women buy it for this purpose. The habit is, moreover, very difficult to cast off, for camphor produces a mild form of exhilaration and stupefaction, and in many instances where very large doses have been swallowed the habit has become a sort of slavery.

These camphor eaters all have a dreamy, dazed and very listless air, and in most of them there is an ever present longing to sleep or at least to rest. Extreme weakness generally follows the taking of regular doses, and I have seen cases where it has been almost difficult to tell the effects from those of alcohol. As to the complexion, if a ghastly pallor be an improvement camphor certainly produces it.—Clinic.

Reasons For a Divorce.

The Druses sometimes divorce their wives for apparently the most trivial causes. Thus a man named Soleiman Attala had a wife, Isbakyeh. The woman frequently worked for us, and on several occasions I had to complain that she talked too much and worked too little. At length I was obliged to tell Soleiman that owing to his wife's laziness I could employ her no longer. Shortly afterward I went to England.

On my return after a couple of months' absence I was surprised to find that Soleiman had divorced Isbakyeh and had already married another woman. On inquiring from him the cause of this he replied, "Your honor told me that you would not employ my wife again, so I thought I would get rid of her and marry another woman whom you would employ."—Blackwood's Magazine.

CHEAP STATUETTES.

HOW THEY ARE MADE, HARDENED, FINISHED AND COLORED.

Italians From Tuscany Excel the World in Their Production—The Demand For These Casts That Comes From Our Schools.

While it is not difficult to secure good American workmen for carrying out schemes of interior decorations, it is impossible yet to get native born men capable of modeling statuettes and busts such as are sold on the street corners and in many of the art shops. All the workmen employed in factories that produce these are Italians, chiefly from Tuscany. This is equally true of those who follow this trade in Germany and France. The Tuscans appear to have a natural ability for that sort of work that has given them the monopoly of it.

The great majority of these busts and statuettes are copied directly from the originals wherever they happen to be, and then the molds are made from that copy and sent to all parts of the world, the statues being cast in the place where they are to be sold. In the larger shops in New York city, however, a certain amount of original work is done in order to keep pace with the popular demand for representations of the hero of the hour. A great many of our most distinguished poets, authors and statesmen whose busts are exposed for sale on the street corners never sat for these portraits. Some workman modeled the head after a photograph and occasionally has produced such good work that it is almost a pity the sculptor's name should remain unknown.

The chief purchasers of these casts from the larger makers are the high schools all over the country. They demand, of course, not only classical subjects and copies of ancient bas-reliefs and architectural details, but also busts of famous men and women from every period of the world's history. Such a wide range of subjects is covered by this demand that seven and eight thousand titles are included in some of the catalogues issued. The factories where these figures are turned out exhibit in their showrooms an assortment and confusion of time, place and nature bewildering to look at.

The process of casting these statuettes is a comparatively simple one when the mold is once completed. The material used, plaster of paris, is cheap, and a very excellent quality is produced in this country. When the statuette comes out, it is pure white and covered with ridges made by the different sections of the mold. These ridges are carefully removed, and then the cast is placed in an oven heated at about 180 degrees. After it has been baked for a certin length of time it is plunged into a solution of stearic acid and kept there until thoroughly saturated. Then, when it has dried, the yellow color is gained by applying to the surface a solution of beeswax, turpentine and coloring matter. This color will not wash off, and, of course, any shade can be produced at will.

"The demand for nude statues in the art schools is growing less every year," said one of the largest makers of these casts. "That is because people are realizing more and more that artists must draw from the human figure itself if they wish to understand the human form. We get more orders now for draped figures in the art schools and for busts in the high schools. Until very recently the busts of most of the celebrated Americans which we sell had been made in Italy from photographs sent over from this country, and many mistakes occurred in matters of detail, like the cut of the coats and collars. We are trying to do these now in a more modern and characteristic way and occasionally have been furnished with photographs by their families."

The statuettes which are carried about the streets wrapped in harmonious yellow tissue paper or are displayed on the sidewalks or on the steps of unoccupied houses are made by quite a different set of manufacturers. The larger dealers do not sell to these street peddlers at all. The peddlers have their own little workrooms, which furnish them with their stock at a much lower rate than the regular dealers charge. No originals are made in these ateliers, and most of the molds are gained by taking them from a cast bought from some other firm. The stearic acid bath is left out of the process, and consequently the color of these cheaper works washes off.

The peddlers of these statuettes stand in about the same relation to sculptors and sculpture that the hand organ players do to music and musicians. They reflect fairly accurately the popular taste, and, according to their testimony, it is the Tanagra figurines that in the long run sell the best of all their stock. From time to time there is a market for the bust of some particular man, and those sales are always temporary. Grotesque figures are always in demand and copies of the various models of Venus with which the public are familiar. Rows of Cupids and of monks' heads, winged Victories and busts of Wagner come and go as popular favorites, but the Tanagra figurines have a steady sale that insures their presence in the stock of nearly every street peddler.—New York Post.

Coaling a British Visitor.

A big British battleship coming here to attend a patriotic function of some kind on the invitation of our government ran short of coal, and Uncle Sam, as host, agreed to fill her bunkers free of charge. This courtesy was done through the medium of a Jersey City merchant, who supplied fine furnace coal, worth from $6 to $7 a ton and presented his bill to the English captain. "Send it to the navy department," said the latter, and to Washington it went, to be returned by the next mail with a memorandum attached saying that an error had been made in the charge, "the government contract calling for coal at $3 a ton." And that is all the smart Jerseyite ever received.—New York Press.

Foolish.

Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrook, once saw a deaf member of parliament trying his best to catch with his ear trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

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About Ozone.

Many people talk about ozone without so much as knowing what ozone is. There is a prevalent idea that it is something you get at the sea and that it is good for the lungs. What that something is, however, few people have sufficient curiosity to inquire. Ozone is what chemists call an allotropic form of oxygen—that is to say, it is oxygen in a highly active and concentrated condition. In ordinary pure air ozone exists, but only in what chemists call "traces." Larger amounts are found in ocean and mountain air. It instantly disappears when brought in contact with decaying matter, dissipating itself, as it were, in the act of oxidizing that matter.

Ozone is known to occur more plentifully during thunderstorms, and we have, of course, the analogy of its being artificially produced from oxygen by electrical discharges in the laboratory. On the body ozone is believed to act as a stimulant; hence the popular notion of its beneficial effects as experienced by the sea, but in any greater amount than mere traces it is a violent irritant. One authority goes the length of asserting that it is doubtful whether it is beneficial to animal life at all.

Colored Swedes.

A little Swedish monthly magazine published in New York city requested its readers a short time ago to send in accounts of the experiences they had when they first arrived in this country. Here is the prize specimen: "In my unsophisticated days I once started out to call upon a girl I had known in the old country. I was told that she lived at Madison avenue and —— street. When I reached that corner, I was in doubt which house to try, but I finally went up the steps of one that faced on the avenue and rang the bell. A girl came to the door. 'Does Miss Nelson live here?' I asked as politely as I could.

"'I don't know any such person,' she answered, and I was turning away when she called after me, 'Is she white?'

"That irritated me. 'Did you ever know any Swedes who were colored?' I asked.

"'Well, I have seen some green Swedes,' was her retort, and I did not continue the conversation.

Trials of a Lecturer.

A well known English woman lecturer tells these stories at her own expense:

"I was," she says, "on a tour through the provinces, and one night as I appeared on the platform in a small town the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman.' This was intended as a sincere compliment.

"On another occasion a bluff old farmer, who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question, announced me as follows: 'This lady's come here to talk about her rights,' he said. 'She's hired the hall, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle on't.'"

Away From Home.

It is becoming the fashion for a woman to seek a maternity hospital that her children may be born amid conveniences lacking at home. The children are sent away from home to school. They are married away from home, and members of the family are taken to hospitals for their final illness and buried from an undertaker's parlor. It is becoming a fashion to take everything from home except the family rows. They are still sacred to the family hearth.—Atchison Globe.

Italian Brigandage In 1848.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an impatient house demanded the drawing of the curtain preliminary to the first act. When at last it was upraised, Il Passatore and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the affrighted audience. The chief stated that he should levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected. The gang made off with their booty unmolested. — Lady Presturch's "Essays."

Gold.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.50—that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equaled by no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire and by malleability its property of flattening without splitting under the hammer.

Make Some One Happy.

Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

A Lesson In Washing.

Pliny the Great could see things in front of his nose as well as afar off. "I notice that the women rub the washing in cold water," he wrote one day. "Let them heat the water, and the alkali in the soap will be freed and take far better effect." And only after that did women know how to wash.

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Great Speed.

An extract from the New York Evening Post of Oct. 2, 1807, may afford some amusement to travelers by water in this progressive age:

Mr. Fulton's new invented steamboat, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this noon with 90 passengers, against a strong head wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged that she moved through the waters at the rate of six miles an hour.