Shine Land.

light of a lovely shore,
d in the morning light;
motor at noon it were,
sked not at the fall of night;
g or cloudy—'twas all as one,
ds seemed bathed with the sun;
nations could not understand,
the country Sunshine Land.

s the secret? A simple thing—
make you smile when once you know
it by the tender Hours of spring,
illion blossoms were all aglow;
ry, so many, so small and bright,
overed the hills with a mantle of light;
e wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze
mmed
the beneyed fields of Sunshine Land.

he sea we two were bound,
ou, dear child, would we choose for

ld sail and sail till at last we found
a fairy gold of a million flowers.
darling, we'd find, if at home we staid,
many and small joys our pleasures are
made,
e near than we think—very close at hand—
the golden fields of Sunshine Land.
—Edith Thomas in N. Y. Weekly.

A PHANTON PORTRAIT.

"DEAR MIKE: Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening with him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potations, I think we shall be a match for him. Come early and be a friend for life.
DICK GRAVES."

I had nothing particular to do, so I sent word 'round to Dick that I should turn up, having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves. Why he paid them we never knew. There was a kind of traditional friendship between the families certainly, but Quiller was a man who scoffed at tradition. He was in every way out of sympathy with a set of ardent and impecunious painters. As journalist, as traveler, as man of the world, he had outlived his enthusiasms. Life contained no new experiences, no surprises for him. It was only a monotonous round of the known and the expected.

Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of the talk to Teddy and myself; and we had the ill luck as the punch circulated to light on a vein of humorous stories, at which we laughed consumedly ourselves without evoking even a smile from the guest of the evening.

"Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches?" said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "There are some you have not seen;" and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvasses.

Quiller resumed his seat and sat half-absently, half-contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings; possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye and propped it on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves' usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half-exultant. I turned to speak to Graves and saw that Quiller had got up and was standing gazing at the picture with a look of fascination or of fear. Here at last was something that interested him.

"Where did you get that?" he asked abruptly.

"What do you think of it?" said Graves, slowly.

"It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brien.

"It's a wonderful model," said I.

"A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.

"Ah, that's it," said Graves. "It's more than human."

"Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way again.

"Pon my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. I's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I sha'n't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."

We settled ourselves by the fire with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.

"I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of summer, and after loafing 'round Newlyn for a while I went to the south coast, to try and find some place that had been less painted. I staid a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at ——"—naming a small seaport town—"where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship inn' and looked 'round for some place to hang up my pallet. After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good-sized room added, with a high north light. On the south side the kitchen and 'parlor,' which opened one into the other, had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months, on the understanding I was to keep it on if I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me, but I lived most of the time at the Ship inn, and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in cold and wet I had to do some work indoors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. One day I had been painting a young girl from the village, the granddaughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting on a few touches to the background, when I heard a sound close behind me, like a very gentle sigh. I looked 'round quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting, with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start I made, and then I went all through the house to see if anyone was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I locked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solace of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it. In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy, but when I got back to the studio a curious thing happened. Right across the face in my picture were a couple of brush-marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and finally I had to apologize for my suspicions. We searched the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was forced to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh, which had so startled me at first, I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language in which to express despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvas, however, and I took to carrying my works back with me at night to the inn, where they were secure from interference.

"I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town and the 'Ship' was invaded by a low set of fellows, who got drunk and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall, but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvas, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by on a stool, paints, brushes, and pallet. They had been there, that is to say, for there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and dark hair; he had my pallet in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that it thrilled one to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing. Then I heard that little gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so utterly weary and heartbroken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more accustomed to the light, and there in the moonlight, on the very chair in which Annie had sat was a woman, leaning slightly forward, young, beautiful, and very pale—but you have seen the picture. I looked at her more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her the face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture; it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance 'round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter; he had thrown down the pallet and brushes, and was standing looking at his work; then he turned slowly and held out his hands with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and came a step forward with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in his a cloud crossed the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed, the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the pallet lying on the floor to convince me I had not been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remembered anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was the picture, just as you see it, and on the floor were the pallet and brushes. I picked them up and looked curiously at them. If you'll believe me, I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that pallet, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."

We sat silent for some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and, glancing up, I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.

"And did you never have any explanation of the thing?" said I at last.

"No," said Graves. "I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

Quiller had risen and stood near the fire.

"I think I can give it," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

Graves stared at him; no one spoke, and he went on as if unwillingly.

"That must have been Drake's cottage you had; he was here before your time—I dare say you never heard of him. He lived there with his wife—and that's her portrait."

Graves' stare of surprise became more profound, and Teddy and I looked on in silent wonder. Quiller went on, speaking like a man that has been carried quite out of himself:

"There was a tragic story told about Drake and his wife. He was a good deal older than she, and changeable and moody in his ways; and she, poor child, was ambitious to help him to be great. At first he was tender and thoughtful toward her, and then he seemed to forget how fragile and sensitive she was—he neglected her, and grew more and more morose and moody. He used to get very savage about his models, and complain that it was impossible to get any one with intelligence enough to sit decently. Once his wife asked him whether she could not sometimes help him by sitting, and he only laughed at her, I remember. 'You—you!' he said; that was all. Then the poor child had an illness, which, if she had been happier, might have ended differently and been a new happiness to both of them; but she was too worn out with sorrow and disappointment, and in the end she died. In her delirium she was always calling to her husband: 'Let me help you; let me be of some use; only once, dear; paint me only once;' and poor Drake, who woke up to a sense of his loss, was heart-broken at his inability to satisfy her. The tenderest and most passionate tones of his voice never reached her, and she died without ever knowing him again. After that Drake was a changed man; he seemed to have only one idea—to paint the portrait of his wife. Canvas after canvas he spoiled, and when I went to see him he would say: 'She can not rest until I have done it. I must succeed; sooner or later I must satisfy her.' At length he became so unmanageable, eating nothing and spending long sleepless nights walking about the country, that his friends came and took him away. He died some months after in an asylum."

"By Jove!" said Teddy O'Brien when Quiller had finished, and then relapsed into silence.

I looked at Graves, but he was lost in a wonderment too deep for words.

"The portrait's very like her," said Quiller, with a strange awe in his tone. "I'm glad poor Drake succeeded at last."

"You think——" said I, and broke off.

Quiller was putting on his coat. He answered my unspoken question with a solemnity for which I was not prepared.

"For twenty-two years these two poor ghosts have been waiting their opportunity. Let us be thankful that in the end they found it."

He seemed to forget to take leave of us in any way and went without another word. As the door closed each of us drew a deep breath of relief. Dick raised his head with an air of stupefaction.

"That's a rum story," said Teddy O'Brien. "Why did you never tell it before?"

"The rummiest thing about it is the sequel," said I. "Dick, old man, is your part true?"

"I don't know," said Dick; "I begin to think it must be."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien, did you make it up?"

"Every word of it—on the spur of the moment."

"Did you know——"

"Not a word. Quiller seemed struck by that picture, and it was the only sign of human interest he had shown, so I thought I'd humor him. I didn't mean a ghost story when I began, but it somehow developed into that. I would have given a good deal to take a rise out of him, but I never hoped for anything so complete as this."

"It was a curious coincident that you should have taken Drake's cottage," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Yes," said Dick dryly; "but the most curious part of it all is that the cottage was made up, too."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien again.

"And who painted the head?"

"I painted it myself," said Dick, "and I began to think it must be a deuced good picture."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Talleyrand as King-Maker.

[The Talleyrand Memoirs in the *Century* narrate, briefly, Talleyrand's appointment at the head of the provisional government, and his reception by Louis XVIII.]

The duties of my position kept me in Paris and made it impossible for me to go and meet Louis XVIII. I saw him for the first time at Compiegne. He was in his study—M. de Duras brought me to it. The king, on seeing me, held out his hand, and said to me in the most amiable—nay, the most affectionate—manner: "I am very glad to see you; both our houses date from the same epoch. My ancestors were more clever than yours; had it been the reverse, you would say to me to-day, 'Take a chair, come here, near me, let us speak of our affairs'; whereas to-day it is I who say to you, 'Sit down and let us talk.'"

I very soon did my uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, the pleasure of repeating to him the compliments paid by the king to our family. I repeated them the same evening to the Emperor of Russia, who was at Compiegne, and who with much kindness asked me *if I was satisfied with the king.* These were his own words. I have not been weak enough to relate the opening of this interview to any other person.

[In] the year 1807, when the Emperor had conquered, one after the other, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and held the whole destiny of Europe in his hands, what a grand and magnificent role might he not have played!

Napoleon is the first and only power that could have given to Europe a real balance; a goal which for centuries she had tried in vain to reach, and from which she is now more than ever distant.

For this he only needed, first, to urge Italy to unite, by giving it the house of Bavaria; secondly, to divide Germany between the house of Austria, which would stretch to the mouth of the Danube, and the house of Brandenberg, which could have been strengthened; and, thirdly, to reawaken Poland by giving it to the house of Saxony.

With a true balance of power Napoleon might have given Europe an organization in accord with the moral law. A true balance would have made war almost impossible. An appropriate organization would have brought to each people the highest civilization of which it was capable.

Napoleon could have done these things, and he did not do them. If he had done them, he would have had everywhere statues to mark the gratitude of the people; every nation would have bewailed his death. Instead, he prepared the way for the state of affairs which we now see, and brought upon us the dangers which threaten us from the Orient. It is by these results that he ought to be, and will be, judged. Posterity will say of him: This man had great intellectual force, but he did not know what true glory meant. His moral power was slight, almost absent. He could not bear success with moderation, or misfortune with dignity; thus the moral force which he lacked was the undoing of all Europe, and himself as well.

Placed as I was for so many years in the midst of his plans and in the very crater, so to speak, of his politics, and an eye-witness to what was done or plotted against him, it did not require great astuteness to see that the countries recently subdued to his rule, all these new principalities created for and placed under the dominion of his own family, would be the first to strike the blow at his power.—*Talleyrand Memoirs in Century.*

Getting Even.

I had some important business to transact with a merchant in an Ohio town, but we had scarcely got seated in his private office when in came a drummer for a Chicago house. He was probably new to the road, and he wanted some of his cheek shaved off. He was politely informed that nothing whatever was wanted, but he talked and hung on, and had to be fairly turned out. In half an hour he returned to the attack with a fresh stock of gall, saying:

"I know you must want something, and I'm bound to have an order."

Again he was turned away, and again he returned to the attack. The merchant was now mad all the way through, but he concealed the fact and quietly remarked:

"Come to think of it, I do need a few things. Get out your order book."

"Ah, ha! I knew you would give me an order if I hung on long enough!" exclaimed the drummer. "Nothing like perseverance in this profession."

The merchant ordered 2,000 pounds of sugar, ten chests of tea, 1,000 pounds of coffees, and a lot of other goods, figuring up a big bill, and the drummer was on his high heels as he withdrew.

"Pretty big order," I observed.

"No order at all," he replied.

"How?"

"He'll mail it to Chicago to-night, and to-morrow I'll countermand it by telegraph. Did it to get even with him for hanging on, you see. All the fun in this thing is not on the side of the traveling men."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Indiana Precious Stone.

Wilhelm Vaddie, an eccentric character and naturalist, residing near Versailles, Ind., who spends much of his time searching in the woods among the hills, deep gulleys, and ravines, found a stone about four inches long, that has a number of diamond-shaped points on the surface. A Cincinnati jeweler is said to have offered Mr. Vaddie $2,000 for his treasure.

MAMMY BROWN.

An Old Virginia War Time Figure Who Has Survived Until the Present.

One of the most familiar and beloved faces in the Virginia hospitals during the war was that of an old colored woman. By the side of the sick and dying she was always to be found whether they wore blue or gray. The face of old Mammy Mary Brown was the face of an angel of mercy to many during this time.

She belonged to the old Nell estate. Her mother, who died within the last three years, lived to the age of 112, and was, up to a few weeks of her death, a brisk, bright-eyed old lady. She was visited by many of the "quality folks," as she remembered the Revolutionary war, being a child of some five years old at that time. Mary, at the age of 22, was bought by Mr. Towsen (afterwards Major Towsen), who was then just married. Nine children were born into the family, the mother dying when the last child was an infant in arms. So to Mary fell the care of the children, and they could not have fallen into better hands. Her life was given up to them. She never married, affording almost the only case on record where the colored damsel has failed to take unto herself a better half. Some years before the war Mr. Towsen moved to Philadelphia, taking Mary with him. Of course she was free upon crossing the line, but her deep devotion to the family kept her with them, and she returned with them to the south. She had cause to be proud of her little brood, seven of which were boys, for they grew into noble men and women. When the civil war came it was with an aching heart that "mammy" saw her beloved boys don their soldier clothes to leave her.

But she had no time for repining. Those four years were full of unselfish deeds for her. She was always nursing the sick, taking the covering from her own bed that they might not go cold, buying them dainties from her own scant stock of money.

Sleepless nights she watched by the side of some poor, dying fellow, whose last faint words were those of thanks and blessings for his nurse. She made from two to three hundred suits of soldier clothes, sewing them for the most part during her night watches by the sick.

At one time when the troops were stationed at Manassas, before the first battle there, she made a barrel of blackberry cordial, for the most part picking the berries with her own hands. How those thirsty, worn out boys did cheer when that barrel arrived! The story of an old colored woman having made it for them was told. "Boys," said one poor fellow, "let's give her three cheers." And cheer her they did.

Mammy was twice cheered by the soldiers at Manassas—the second time at the reception of some much-needed clothes she made.

All this time her heart was bleeding for her own especial seven. Before the close of the third year there was not one of them left. "It do seem," she said on one occasion to Gen. Mosby, "dat de good Lord hab set His mark ob death upon them." They all died in her arms.

All the boys made her the confidant of their joys and woes alike, ever finding her a most sympathetic listener. On one occasion mammy lost all of her few remaining possessions while traveling from one town to another. "Dey's wrapped in an old blue counterpane," she told one of the soldiers, "and dar is a bottle of juach brandy in de bundle. Ef yer finds der counterpane yer can hab de bottle."

It is needless to say that with such a reward offered, most diligent search was made, but without avail. The old blue counterpane has never come to light. The soldier, who has now changed into a portly judge, who counts his dollars by the ten thousands, never meets mammy without saying (with a twinkle in his blue eyes), "I am still looking out for that blue counterpane, mammy, and remember, the bottle's mine when I find it."

After the war mammy went to live with Major Towsen's daughter, where she has been ever since. She finds much comfort in a new set of boys, though they can never take the place of her dear dead soldiers. The twin boys are her particular delight.

Mammy is over 90 now, but still brisk, and looks quite equal to several generations. Her life has indeed been full of good works, ever marked by a loving, unselfish spirit.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Realism Knocked All the Poetry Out of the Young Woman.

An incident which is said to have taken place recently in Paris may be of use to some of our girl readers, says the *Canadian Queen.*

A young woman of high culture and gentle breeding had been obliged to earn her living as a governess and grew impatient of the monotony of her life and its few chances of advancement. She fancied that she had great histrionic talent and that she could amaze the world and make fortune on the stage.

She went to a well-known tragedian and told him her story and her ambitions. Now, the tragedian happened, fortunately, to be a man of much sense and kindness of heart. He did not tell her that she lacked ability, knowing that she would not believe him.

"You shall choose for yourself," he said; "but you should see this fairyland close at hand before you enter it."

"I go to the theater every night, monsieur!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes! Before the curtain! For one month you shall have a seat behind the curtain. If at the end of that time you wish to become an actress I promise my aid to you."

A line from him to the stage manager procured for her a chair in the wings. There she sat night after night, not seeing the enchantment, the fun, the brilliant, gay touches which made a picture for the spectators, but the coarse canvases, the machinery, the paint and the dirt, the hard, monotonous work, the jealousy and squabblings, the weariness of body and soul out of which the players made the picture.

Before the first week was over she left the place in the coulisse never to return, declaring her gratitude to the man who had so shrewdly interposed to save her.

Origin of Mermaid Stories.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaid stories have been founded. Its average length is from eight to twenty feet. It has a hand much resembling that of the human species, and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine seaweeds, and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bull. Long hair in the female species and hair and beard in the male add to the resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food, and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton, or beef, according to the part of the body from which the meat is taken.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

St. Louis is the largest fur market in the United States, and on coon skins it is far ahead of any other city.

A King in a Tortoise-Shell.

The cradle that a queen should choose for her princely little baby must be a very grand affair, don't you think so? Perhaps made of choice or costly woods or even of a precious metal. In either case it must, you think, be most beautifully shaped and perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching over the favored mortal baby as he sleeps softly amid his clouds of fine linen and delicate lace.

This may all be. What made me think of it was something that I heard a traveler tell about within a few days.

This traveler had lately come from France. While in that country he had visited the town of Pau, among the Pyrenees Mountains. In this town, high up, looking over the valleys, stands an old, old castle, dark and gray and gloomy. It was built in the olden days when there was much fighting, and nobles and princes had to live in castles, with walls made so thick and strong to keep out their enemies that the blessed sunlight was kept out too, and the big rooms and halls were dark and dismal enough. Here in this castle of Pau, in the year of 1553, said the traveler, lived the old King of Navarre, and here, in this same year, was born his grandson Henry, Prince of Navarre, afterward known the world over as Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre. He was called great not only because he knew how to head the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people, and tried to make them happy and prosperous as well as glorious.

So his people loved him, and after his death they cherished everything that had belonged to him with the greatest care. Here, in his castle of Pau, is still treasured the cradle in which the royal baby was rocked to rest.

It is a cradle made all of tortoise-shell.

Shouldn't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate—no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big sea-turtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-house), and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of on soft cushions, and luxurious linen and lace.

The traveler did not tell the friend with whom he was talking whether or not the turtle-shell cradle was mounted on rockers. If not, how could the cradle have been rocked without giving the poor little baby a most terrible *jouncing?*

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he didn't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I shouldn't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it isn't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated *quite* so tenderly at the first.—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in St. Nicholas.*

A Statement from Mrs. Fremont.

In a recent number of *The Century* Mrs. Fremont gives the following account of how she balked an official attempt to delay General Fremont's second expedition to the West:

"In the month of March, 1843, I accompanied Mr. Fremont to St. Louis, where the second expedition was fitted out; that through, he left for the frontier, where the men and animals were gathered. Following out my duty of secretary, I was to open the mail and forward to the camp at Kaw Landing, now Kansas City, all that in my judgment required Mr. Fremont's attention. One day there came for him an official letter from his colonel, the chief of the Topographical Bureau; it was an order recalling him to Washington, whither he was directed to return and explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer; saying that it was a scientific, not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed. I saw at once that this would make delays which would involve the overthrow of great plans, and I felt there was a hidden hand at work. Fortunately my father was absent from St. Louis, and I could act on my instinct. Without telling any one of the order I put it away and hurried off a messenger to Mr. Fremont—one of his men, Basil Lajeunesse, who was to join him with the last things. I feared a duplicate letter might have been sent on to the frontier; but the river mail was very irregular and slow, and I charged Basil to make all haste, for much depended on that letter. I wrote Mr. Fremont that he *must not ask why,* but must start at once, ready or not ready. The animals could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort. 'Only go.' There was a reason, but he could not know it; my father would take care of everything. And as we acted together unquestioningly, he did go immediately. . . .

"Not until after I received the good-by letter did I write in answer to his colonel who had sent the order of recall. Then I wrote him exactly what I had done; that I had not sent forward the order because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would break up the expedition; that the journeys to and from Washington, with indefinite delays there, would lose to the animals the best season for grass and throw them, underfed, into the mountains in winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and that Indians knew nothing of the rights of science, but fought all whites; that these tribes were in number and the party not fifty men, therefore the howitzer was necessary; that as I knew a military order must be obeyed, I had not let it be known to any one, but had hurried off the party.

"When my father returned he entirely approved of my wrong-doing, and wrote to the Secretary of War that he would be responsible for my act, and that he would call for a court martial on the point charged against Mr. Fremont. But there was never any further question of the wisdom of his arming the party sufficiently."

The American Girl.

After much observation of the women of many countries, the conclusion is inevitable that the freedom of early girlhood, the looking upon men as brothers, friends, and honorable gentlemen, the being thrown on one's own good sense as a guide, above all, being trusted by father and mother, and lover, not being suspected or watched by a "black mesour," or a too suspicious duenna—that all this has made a very noble race of American women, who can be trusted with the future of the nation. She may be slightly in need of a few hints, but we believe in "pretty witty Nancy."—*Mrs. John Sherwood, in Harper's Bazar.*

Coins with Holes in Them.

The French five and ten centime pieces are hereafter to be coined with holes in them like Chinese currency.

THE EARTH.

An Interesting Talk About the Origin and Birth of the Planet We Live On.

Accepting the theory of astronomers that our sun and the millions of other suns were evolved from masses of nebulous matter, we should like to know how the earth and the rest of our sun's planetary brood came into existence. The Bible tells us something about the earth's infancy, and inferentially about the other planets. "The earth was without form and void," we are told. There was no division of land or water—nothing but chaos. This agrees with well-known scientific facts. Geology takes us back to the time when land and water began to take form as we see them now.

But we should like to know something about the earth's history farther back than the Bible and geology take us. We are satisfied with the evidence as to its childhood, but when and where was our dear old earth born? How came the sun's eight planets, and the little asteroids, to be made into balls and placed outward in space at distances ranging from 35,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 miles from the parent sun? Even the astronomers do not pretend to say positively how this mighty work of world-making was accomplished, but some of them have a theory that seems plausible and that fully harmonizes with demonstrated facts.

What are called spiral nebulæ—nebulous bodies which are evidently rotating or whirling, have lately been studied with greater care and minuteness than ever before. It seems probable that these spirals indicate a stage in which masses of nebulous matter began to concentrate and begin the initial work of making a star system after the manner of our solar system.

The attraction of nebulæ, as we know by analogy, would cause a rotary motion, parts nearest the nucleus moving with the greatest rapidity, and other parts moving more slowly in proportion to their distance from the center. Such a nebulæ as this would extend billions of miles in space. The different velocities of the parts would naturally produce spirals, and as the process of condensation went on the nucleus would become a comparatively solid body, like our sun, while spirals, at various distances therefrom, would, by their own attraction, become more closely defined as individual rings.

In course of time, perhaps millions of years, these rings would gradually draw together and assume the spherical form that seems to be the ultimate shape of all heavenly bodies. If this supposition be true, the earth was once a section of spiral nebula. As the sun settled down into comparative solidity the nearest spiral ring became the planet Mercury, the next one Venus, the next the earth, and so on out to Neptune, nearly three billion miles away.

And if planets are thus evolved from spiral nebula surrounding the sun or star, then it logically follows that our moon, and the moons of the other planets, are the spherical outgrowth of nebulous rings. Astronomers who believe in this theory declare that Saturn's rings will eventually increase the very liberal allowance of that planet's moons.

But if this planet-making theory is correct why can not the completed planets of a star be discerned through the telescope? Because the stuff of which the planet is made becomes thousands of times smaller when completed than it was in the nebulous state. A woman's dress may not be more than four feet high and two feet in diameter; but probably there are twenty yards of stuff in it. The spirals of which our planets were made must have been billions of miles in diameter, but the diameter of the largest planet is only 80,000 miles.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE OSSAWATTOMIE'S BOYS.

How Owen and Jason Brown Disposed of Their Little Fortune.

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, whose soul goes marching on, has two sons, Owen and Jason, who went into the valley where Pasadena sits in the sunshine of the California paradise, and there struggles against adversity and fought pinched circumstances in a long and hard contest.

A Lewiston gentleman who is just home from Washington, met in New York last week an old friend, an attorney of much note, who recently settled the estate of one of these sons, who has recently died at or near Pasadena. The attorney told the Lewiston gentleman a story whose moral will be found touching, no matter how badly it may be told in this place, and whose theme is heroic along the better line of heroism. This attorney found the affairs of the deceased in good order, but his estate small. He obtained from the surviving son a memento of John Brown, a letter written to one of the sons nearly fifty years ago, a good letter, with one or two bits of honest, manly advice in it. In progress of looking up the affairs the attorney found out this, that the two sons had lived along in a rather pinched way paying for their little place, working hard and patiently, uncomplaining in their toil, and that they finally had saved $200 for a little nest egg against future troubles. About two years ago or more, as everyone knows, Charleston, S. C., fell in earthquake. There was want and suffering—a misery in some sections paralleled only by the flood at Conemaugh. When those two brothers heard of it, forgetting that South Carolina had embodied the element that had slain a father, and bearing only the cries of want and distress, they sent their entire little fortune to Charleston and it was used in allaying the miseries of the men and women who in a certain way had been responsible for their father's death.

There's the story. You can think it over, especially in the light of its unostentatious giving, and perhaps you may see its moral. The fact that it has been unnoticed so long, and that one of the sons has died, without seeing even a newspaper reference to the incident, is proof enough that it was a gift of pure generosity and nothing else.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A Great Shot.

In the time of the second empire there had been at Compiegne a great and elegant hunting party, with a tremendous massacre of hares and pheasants and other game. Standing in chosen spots, the emperor and his followers had the game driven up before them and had nothing to do but shoot it down. These high-born hunters had but to stoop to pick up the game that they shot; but they did not even do as much as that. Their valets, dressed in picturesque costumes, went about picking up their game for them. As the hunters returned after the day's sport it was noticed that Prosper Merimee, who was one of the party, was the only one whose servant was not laden with game. He was left completely in the lurch, as it were, without having taken as much as a sparrow. "Well, well!" his literary fellows exclaimed, "how did they manage to get away from you?" "When game is so plenty as that," said Merimee, gravely, "the merit of a marksman lies in hitting nothing. So I fired between the birds."—*Argonaut.*

A Gardena (Cal.) farmer sold $1,600 worth of strawberries from his patch.

IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

Lieut. Brancroft's Experience on the Island of Java.

"I visited 'The Valley of Death' when on the Island of Java three months ago," said Lieut. Leon Bancroft when talking to a Chicago *Tribune* reporter. The Lieutenant is connected with her Majesty's service in India, and registers from Calcutta.

"The place is called the Valley of Death," explained the officer, "on account of the deadly fumes there. But the natives cannot account for the poisonous odors, nor has their presence ever been explained. The deadly place is about thirty-five feet below the surrounding ground, looks like a dry bed of a stream, and is about one mile in circumference. As I approached the place I noticed a suffocating smell, and was attacked with nausea and dizziness. A belt of this fetid atmosphere surrounds the valley. I passed through it, and in purer air was permitted to view the awful spectacle, for it was awful. Before me I saw scattered all over the barren floor of the valley skeletons of men, wild hogs, deer, and all kinds of birds and small animals. The entire bed of the valley is one solid rock, and I could not discover a hole or crevice in any place from where the poisonous fumes came. The hills surrounding this desolate strip are covered with vegetation, and although the neighboring mountains are volcanic they do not emit sulphurous odors, or present any indication of a recent eruption.

"There is no apparent cause for the strip of deadly fumes surrounding the valley. After I passed through it I became bolder and approached the edge of the deadly place. I was anxious to reach the bottom of the valley if possible, but was afraid to make the attempt, as I had been warned to give the place a wide berth. I determined, however, to see what the fumes smelled like, and started to descend. My pet Irish terrier was with me, and as soon as he saw me step over the side of the bank he rushed down ahead of me. I endeavored to call him back, but was too late. As soon as the little animal reached the rocky bed below he fell over on his side. He continued to breathe for ten minutes. I don't believe I was ever nearer death's door than I was at that time. Four or five times I was tempted to rush down to rescue him, but I subsequently learned that such a move on my part would have been certain death. For ten minutes I suffered the agony of seeing my dog die, and then turned and fled from the spot. While there I saw a bird fall a victim to the deadly fumes. It evidently intended to fly to the bottom of the valley, but before it reached the ground it fell dead. I don't believe it lived half a minute after entering the deadly atmosphere.

"No one has yet been able to explain the cause of the fetid emanations from the earth, the natives say, and so many lives have been sacrificed in attempting to explore the valley that they have determined to keep away from the spot forever."

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Tradition Concerning Sleeping Bear Point and the Manitou Islands.

The folk lore of the Indians of Michigan is almost a thing of the past, but few of their legends being preserved at the present time. To be sure, there are a few of the old natives, whose locks have been whitened by the recurring frosts of many winters, who preserve a few of the traditions of their tribes. Such a one is Wien-da-goo-ish an aged brave, whose huge proportions gave him the name mentioned, which, translated into English, means giant. Being in a communicative mood a few days ago he related one of his tribal traditions concerning the Manitou Islands and Sleeping Bear Point. He said that many years ago, before the primeval woods of Michigan and Wisconsin had been invaded by the ruthless white man, the wild animals of the forests were possessed of spirits, and that the medicine men of the tribes were able to talk with them.

Once upon a time a huge she-bear was compelled to desert the shores of Wisconsin and with her two cubs take to the waters of Michi-gamo, the great lake, on account of fires that were raging in the wilderness. The heat was so intense that the mother bear concluded not to return to the Wisconsin shore, but struck boldly out for the banks of Michigan. When nearly across the lake the two cubs sank from exhaustion and were drowned. The old bear swam about the spot for hours, but her cubs rose not again. Finally weariness compelled her to seek the shore, reaching which she climbed a huge bluff and lay down to sleep. That bluff was Sleeping Bear Point, and from that day to this the spirit of the old bear has remained on that bluff, and from the spot where sank the two cubs there gradually arose two beautiful islands, the North and South Manitou, or, as it means in the vernacular of the Ottawas, Spirit Islands. The spirits of the cubs are supposed to abide on the islands, and that of the mother bear keeps a constant and loving watch over the homes of her loved ones, where they are bound to remain until terrestial time shall be no more, when they will be transported to the Indian heaven, or happy hunting grounds, not as victims of the huntsmen, but as guardians of the Indians who love them.

On stormy nights the Indians say the spirit of the mother bear moans and cries from her post on the great sand bluff, in anxiety for the fate of her young, the shores of whose home are being assailed by the treacherous waves which caused their death.

Call for a Half-Cent.

The 1-2 cent has become a necessity in trade, and the American Newsdealers' association will petition congress to establish a 1-2-cent coinage. On 1-cent papers the dealer's profit is only 1-2 a cent, and in many instances the 1-2 cent is lost because there is no coin of this value. An appreciable loss arises from this source in the course of a year. It is a favorite way in marking retail goods of all kinds to rate them in such a way that the 1-2 cent comes in, and in every case goes to the dealer. This odd cent in a large establishment certainly amounts to several dollars daily, while the buyers lose and the seller gains, for want of the 1-2 cent coin. The infinitesimal divisions of industry and retail supplied long ago made these small coins a necessity in Europe. A centime is a fifth of a cent. Switzerland has a centime piece, Belgium a 2-centime piece, Germany has the pfennig, equal to one-fourth of a cent.—*Age of Steel.*

Value of Old Records.

It is said that the Confederate archives captured at the fall of Richmond and other Southern cities have saved the United States hundreds of thousands of dollars in the Court of Claims. No sooner does an alleged "loyal" Southerner file a petition asking for compensation for property taken or destroyed by Federal troops than an officer sets to work to hunt through these voluminous archives to find evidence to prove the "disloyalty" of the petitioner. Often the search is successful, and not infrequently it happens that the claimant is confronted with writings of his own which go to show that he was in full accord with the Confederate Government.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Home Life Among Royalty.

Life at Sandringham is very simple, says Lady Elizabeth Hilary in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* The Prince breakfasts with his sons and any male members of the royal family who may be there; the Princess breakfasts in her private apartment, while the young princesses break their fast in an old-fashioned room still known as the school-room.