Tennessee has instituted a new procedure in lynching a man out of a new trial.

make the man

Home is the place where we can wear the old slippers and slipshod manners.

Andrew Carnegie has come out for spelling reform, but not hard enough to write it Karnagi.

sea daily, exclusive of those who are ropes" in the matter of procuring the guessing when work will begin on the polsons which they use. They either Panama canal.

Scientists say there is no such thing as an equinoctial storm. Oh, well, that kind of a storm by any other name is just as disagreeable.

After all, Esperanto, which has been adopted as a "language" by the London Chamber of Commerce, looks as well as any cable code.

ing a trip to Italy should secure a com- of self-destruction out of their hands plete outfit of armor-plate touring suits, must be evident to anybody who reads with rapid-fire batteries.

to be worth \$100,000,000 for every that can be devised. What is more to pound he weighs. Lots of us would be the purpose is the circumstance that the willing to undertake a load like that.

medicine and try to find a cure for for example, but he can buy rat polson tuberculosis. This should make her containing enormous quantities of that press agent's work comparatively easy. drug. He cannot purchase a grain of

cense five years ago has just led the enough strychnine to kill a regiment. Of girl to the altar. Her father must what avail are the "polson laws" unhave been patient about settling gas | der such circumstances? And even if bills.

A New York lawyer who admitted that he charged a client \$115 for col- tained with which half the population lecting a \$39 bill was told by the Judge that he was a disgrace to the bar. The proper fee, of course, was \$30. | sale of pistols and lakes and rivers fur-

It must not be forgotten that it was absolutely impossible for the man who of the cheap pistols. The whole matter declared that fine words butter no parsnips to have any adequate under that while it is unquestionably proper standing of the comprehensive scope of to restrict the sale of poisons the presthe modern jolly.

Aprominent lawyer asserts that women are to blame for 80 per cent of the divorce cases. However, it will certainly not be denied that the women are to blame for an even greater percentage of the marriages.

It may freely be admitted that the majority of drugs-perhaps all drugshave a psychical as well as a physical value. Cures by suggestion, conscious or unconscious, alone or in association with drugs, are undeniably brought about.

leged that members of Congress franked gray streaks just the same. Of course planos, beds, dining room furniture and carriages through the mails there was no protest, but when one said that a should, but in a group of twenty girls row had been sent in that way the I actually counted thirteen whose hair House committee on postoffices called was turning gray rapidly. Their hair the editor up to explain that there are

trumpets Mexico, after an expenditure of \$35,000,000, has opened an interocean are not given to worrying, so I thought railroad line across the isthmus of Tehuantepec and is reaching out on both sides for international trade. Mr. Wallace the other day advised Americans to keep an eye on this railway, and it girls never leave their hair alone,' she certainly will be a rival to the Panama canal, with the advantage of perhaps eight or ten years the start.

bills in shoe boxes in bedroom closets up to \$22,000 is not to be commended. It is unsafe to keep over \$20,000 in the house, though doubtless many Kansas beard's chamber. The matron said it farmers grow careless through handling their increasing wealth and do not realize how large a sum they have on hand. It is a good plan for farmers to count their money every week or two and deposit all above \$20,000 in some good

Much of the feeling against motor cars in the country is due to a disregard, or an apparent disregard, of the rights of others. The feeling would melt rapidly if all automobilists understood human nature as well as one man in Missouri. On the back of his machine is a large sign, "Thank you!" When a farmer has pulled out at one side of a narrow road to let the auto mobile get by, and then, looking after It a little crossly, perhaps, sees that sign, he smiles and feels better. Other motorists in the same region have adopted the plan, and now, it is said, the der. farmers will even pull an automobile out of a hole without making sarcastic remarks about the superiority of horse fiesh to gasoline.

Sensible Americans are disposed to laugh when they read that King Edward of England has thrown the world of extreme fashion—those who live for tailors and dressmakers—into a turmoil by changing the crease in his trousers, but they will be disposed to applaud Queen Alexandra if her latest example prove the vogue. The vulgarity of the display of diamonds and other gewgaws has become outrageous in England. Therefore the Queen is frowning upon the barbarous display and is setting the example and the fashion by wearing studiously simple ornaments, such as little brooch or small collar. These modest ornaments shine conspicuously by contrast with the coronets, ropes, sunbursts and "tararas." Let us hope that the fashion of simplicity will go people are sick to go to sea.

so far that the prevailing habit in America among the millionaires of carrying around with them a whole jewelry shop and of being robbed of their wares continually will fall into desuetude.

Agitation respecting the enforcement

of the so-called polson laws regulating the sale of deadly drugs inevitably recalls the familiar but truthful observation respecting the futility of attempting to make people virtuous by act of parliament. It is certain that the sale or use of poisons cannot be appreciably diminished by any law that can be framed. The reason is evident enough. Two classes of people-other than physicians-buy poisons. The first and most numerous class is composed of victims of drug addictions, such as the morphine habit and the More than 3,000,000 persons are at chloral habit. These people "know the have a physician's prescription or they can write prescriptions for themselves and there is no law requiring an affidavit or a notary's certificate with each prescription calling for poison. The drug users are shrewd and acute and they can and do find means to get the powerful narcotics that have become necessary to them. No law will reach these unfortunates. The other class of people who want to purchase deadly drugs is made up of would-be suicides. American automobilists contemplat- The impossibility of keeping the means the daily newspapers. The man who is bent upon suicide will accomplish his The new Rockefeller baby is said end in spite of any preventive measures poisons most commonly employed by suicides are sold with little or no re-Olga Nethersole is going to study striction. A man may not buy arsenic, strychnine but he can buy a pint or a A man who secured a marriage li- quart of somebody's "elixir" containing the sale of poisons were absolutely stopped how would the situation be improved when cheap revolvers are easily obcould make its quietus if suicidally disposed? There is no restriction upon the nish lethal facilities for people who have not money with which to buy one may be summed up with the statement ent laws are not likely to have much effect in that direction. In this as in similar matters the work of reform must begin with the individual. If there are no drug "fiends" or wouldbe spicides there will be no necessity

TOO CAREFUL OF THE HAIR.

avail

College Girls Made Prematurely Gray by Excessive Shampoos. Olga Nethersole is suing a paper for | not got over marveling at the ways of | himself with the question, "Then you \$100,000 because it said all her plays college girls. "But what impressed and don't believe in total depravity?" Let shocked me most," she said, "was the us hope that it may be decided, when unusual number of gray-haired girls. the case comes to trial, whether the Of course, I don't mean entirely gray, memory is or is not provided with a but so streaked with it that it was age can, by the Savior's miracle, be noticeable. It made no difference whether the tresses were brown or yellow, titian or black, there were the there were beautiful heads of hair that looked as young and fresh as they did not look neglected. It was well kept and glossy, but there were more gray hairs than a girl of 30 should With almost no preliminary blare of have. It did not seem as if they could

> maybe the strenuous life of work and play was responsible. "The matron of the dormitory had s different theory. 'It's because the sald. They wash their tresses once a week and sometimes twice a week

Come with me and I'll show you.'

"She took me around to the back of The habit of keeping bunches of \$100 | the building, and there hanging out of a number of windows, in the sunshine, were several heads of hair. The sight was as grewsome as a Blue could be seen every day in the week, and was the end of the shampoo-the drying process.

"Those girls simply wear their hair By blessed ways before untrod, out, and that's all there is to it,' she insisted, and it really seems as if it Victory that only perfect is were the only practical solution of the Through loving sacrifice, like his mystery."-New York Press.

Agricultural Politics.

A young farmer who had been elected to a western state legislature, and instructed to follow the lead of the state central committee of his party, was recently taken to task by some of his constituents for voting against a "party" measure.

"My friends," he replied, "when was a boy one of our neighbors got a new hired man-a chap from the city. One day he took him out to a pasture

"'You start in here,' he said, 'and plow right to that old red cow.' "Then he went off about his work.

Toward noon he came back to see how he had plowed a rambling furrow all | lxxviii: 25.-Mark G. Pearse over the field, and was still at it. "'Here!' he shouted. 'What do you mean by that sort of work?'

"'Why,' said the man, 'you told me to plow to that red cow, and I've been is always the hope, that though the plowing toward her all morning, but she keeps walking all over the field.'

you told me to plow to a red cow, and I should like to have you, as farmers, compare my furrows with that cow's

What has become of the old-fashion ed woman who described having lost her temper by saying, "I just rar'd

There is a sea sickness on land, too;



The Vices of the Rich Only those who are behind the scenes have any adequate idea of the extent to which card-playing is injuriously affecting large sections of society. Men and women whose lives are spent in noble work and service would find it difficult to believe that there is a huge army of human beings whose days as well as nights are given up to gambling over the game of "bridge;" but the fact is so. How widespread the craze is may be judged from the fact that the Bishop of Simla has preached and published a sermon on the evil, and that a current English monthly review devotes space to an investigation of the effects of bridge-playing upon the brain. Our land is in the midst of strenuous times, and it is pitiable to think that in these days of historic omen there are thousands of grown-up people who can find nothing better to do with their time than to devote it-afternoon and evening alike-to gambling over a pack of

A contemporary records that two la dies, whose names are given, have ar ranged to spend from £30 to £40,000 each upon "a London season of notable splendor and lavish expenditure." An estimate of the items of the outlay is given, and it is noteworthy that in one of these two cases "actual entertaining" is set down as costing from £8,000 to £10,000. Amidst such a vision of sinful luxury as these figures call up, it is impossible not to be haunted by the pallid face of Lazarus at the gate, or to push aside the reflection that there will ultimately be a solemn audit of this abuse of wealth in a city which has its huge army of the famishing .-

The Building Power of Confidence. We cannot help one in whom we have no confidence. Therefore we must have confidence in many a one who for polson laws. So long as there are gives little evidence of being worthy such persons the laws will be of little of our confidence. And it is always possible to find something to build upon, and to build with, in the most unpromising of our fellow-creatures. It takes power, of course, to discern the glimmer of worth in that which is debased and The non-collegiate woman who had unworthy. Campbell Morgan, when exjust returned from a three days' visit pressing his confidence in the redempto her sister at a woman's college had tive possibilities of men, interrupted ' was the answer, "but I believe that the thing depraved is a great thing." What was made in God's imrestored to God's image. There is the ground of our confidence.

The Secret Workings of the Heart. "The outward character and conduct -the whole moral life with all its inward experiences and outward manifestations-its inward spirit and its outward influence, is but the outflowing or development of the silent thoughts, the secret feelings, and the hidden prinquickened from the germ into maturity, and blossoming and fruitage. A be caused by worry, for college girls person's characteristics, and their conhave their beginning in the sentiments, thoughts, feelings, as the flowing stream and rolling river issue from the highland spring. Hence the extreme necessity of a careful, constant vigilance over the secret workings of the heart and the silent musings of the soul."

In Christ. In Christ I feel the heart of God

Throbbing from heaven through earth life stirs again within the clod: Renewed in beauteous birth, The soul springs up, a flower of prayer, Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God From his pure height reached down, To lift us to our crown :-

Holding his hand, my steadled feet May walk the air, the seas On life and death his smile falls sweet Lights up all mysteries : Stranger nor evil can I be In new worlds where he leadeth me.

We in our pride are apt to think that to humble ourselves is to be forced to an unwilling surrender, a hard necessity of submission. But with our graclous Father, to humble is not to humiliate. The true and best humanity lot and set him to turning the sod un- is that which love wins from us as the sunshine and soft breath of spring woo the flowers from the hedgerow. Of old, when God would humble Israel, He fed them with angel's food, or, as it rendered in the margin, "Every one did the fellow was getting along, and found eat the bread of the mighty."-Psalm

Purpose of Life Fulfilled.

If there is a special form and an unseen purpose to every life, then there form may be broken, the purpose of the life may yet fulfil itself in some "Now, I'll admit, gentlemen, that other day, even in spite of-nay, through the breaking of-the form.-Phillips Brooks.

> Act in the Living Present. Opportunity is a shy creature, and does not wait long for any hesitant soul to make up its mind to follow its leading. "Come with me and I will do you good!" says Opportunity, "and always adds immediately, "Come now!"

ability and favorable occasion ite all about-as did the bits of broken bread which fell on the greensward above Galliee when the Master had multiplied the loaves, but if they are not at once gathered up they will decay and perish, and we shall go hungry and unsatisfied. Act now in the living present, and the future shall take care of !tself.

Remember the Living. Some of the roses that we gather along life's pathway should be placed n the hands of those who are yet walking with us, and we should not walt to strew all our flowers on their

rganised Years Ago in Wilds

WOMAN'S LUMBER CAMP.

graves.

Missouri-Has Been Profitable. "I met a woman away back in the zark mountains of Arkansas a few days ago who organized the first lumterritory," said W. G. Archer, of Owensboro, in the Louisville Courier Journal. "She is one of the most pe cultar characters of the State and is ow nearly 100 years of age. Not only has she logged off the timber and massed a small fortune, but she still lives in an old log cabin, far from any buman habitation, and she allows no attendant or servant to live about her

"During Grant's first administratio this woman was the wife of a German diplomat living at St. Louis. She was ong the most prominent of the Ger- he drove out the rivets. man families of the city, but some serious charges were made against her forced to fiee the country. Taking refuge in the mountains, the husband soon died.

"Left to her own resources and without friends or money, the woman, secure some method of livelihood. Learning that there was a good demand for fine lumber in Missouri, she prepared to organize a logging camp and succeeded in taking the pine timber from the mountain side and haulconstructed in the neighborhood, and carried was not yet exhausted! every log had to be moved by mules or

"Forced to work with the roughest men in the West, the woman became learned to govern her employes with an Iron hand. Not a whisper concerning her integrity ever escaped the mountains but once, and the bearer of the tale was killed by her own hands

"When she first went to the moun tains Mrs. Massie knew nothing but German. Forced to learn English, she picked up her knowledge of the language from the employes in the logging camp. And what English it was! She was conscientious in her studies and soon learned the use of each word she heard. As large, expressive oaths are the most important adjunct of loggingcamp language, she naturally learned these in addition, not from choice but from circumstances, and to this day she is unable to talk half a dozer words without swearing profusely. "If her oaths are noticed she be comes much embarrassed and will apologize with the statement that she

AS TO THOSE FLYING FISH.

Austrian and English Authorities Take Entirely Opposite Views. Two papers on the eternal flying fish problem have appeared almost simultaneously and express widely divers

In the one published in the Jahrbuch of the Austrian geological survey Dr. Abel, after describing the various kinds of fossil flying fish, concludes that neither the typical flying fish nor the ciples the heart has cherished and flying gurnards ever use their pectoral fins as active organs of flight. On the contrary, the initial impetus by mean of which these fishes are launched into sequence to himself and to society, all the air is due entirely to powerful, screwlike movements of the tail fin, and this impetus is sufficient to carry then to the end of their journey, the "wings" acting merely as parachutes. In other words, the fight is precisely similar to that of a flat stone when thrown so as to ricochet from the points where it touches the water until it finally falls.

In the second paper, published in the Annals and Magazine of Natural His tory, the author, Lleutenant Colonel C. D. Durnford, takes precisely the opposite view, maintaining, on mechanical grounds, that the aeroplane theory, as the above may be called, is an absolute physical impossibility owing to the fact that the wing surface is far too small as the pillar of fire that led the Israelin proportion to the size and weight of ites. There were yet human beings near the body to sustain the fish during its him! And turning his face from the long flight.

This being admitted, the only alternative is to suppose that the "wings" are moved with an exceedingly rapid vibratory motion throughout the whole flight, and are thus, after the first initial impetus, the propelling power. The movements which many observers have noticed when a flying fish touches a wave are not movements de novo, but merely such a slowing down of the continuous rapid vibrations as to render them visible to the eye. If Colo- with their backs to her, the musket-sho trustworthy-as they seem to be-his

case appears to be proved. The next point, however, to ascertain is whether the muscles which work the pectoral fins of flying fish are really capable of imparting to them the power of maintaining these rapid and continuous vibrations which are the essential part of the new theory.-London Field.

He Had Intelligence.

A gentleman who happened to be needing a resourceful boy, says a writer in the New York Tribune, was in a drug store one day when a shabby urchin entered.

The boy advanced boldly to the clerk, took a small camel's-hair brush from his pocket, and said:

"Here, smell this an' gimme ten cents' worth. I've forgotten the name." The clerk smiled, smelled, and took down the lodin bottle. The bystander hired the boy on the spot. ized at once the full terror of their po-

A woman's idea of a model husband There is no opportunity for to-morrow, is one who takes house cleaning philobut only for to-day. The fragments of sophically.

for The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

······

of which she had heard so much, and,

dier not on guard went to the forecastle

While he listened James Lesly, William

Cheshire, William Russen, John Fair

cured, Cheshire leaped down the after

listening soldier, touched the singer on

the shoulder. This was the appointed

signal, and John Rex, suddenly termin-

ating his song with a laugh, presented

his fist in the face of the gaping Grimes.

'No noise!" he cried; "the brig's ours,"

and ere Grimes could reply he was seized

the prisoner down here. We've got her time time, I'll go ball!" In obedience to

this order, the now gagged sentry was

flung down the fore-hatchway, and the

hatch secured. "Stand on the hatch-way, Porter," cries Rex again; "and if

forward to the companion-ladder! Lyon,

keep a lookout for the boat, and if she

As he spoke the report of the first

usket rang out. Barker had apparent-

of the stateroom, reading. "V missy?" he said, "we'll soon be on

altogether foreign to the subject.

Sylvia answered by asking a questio

Bates," said she, pushing the hair out

"A coracle. C-o-r-a-c-le," said she,

The bewildered Bates shook his head.

"Never heard of one, missy," said he, bending over the book. "What does it

" "The Ancient Britons," said Sylvia.

Mr. Bates-'and seated in their light cor-

acles of skin stretched upon slender

volume-a "Child's History of England

A carriage! Oh, you silly man! It's

"Hallo! What's this? What do you

"Sorry to disturb yer," says the

did not lose his presence of mind.

vict, with a grin, "but you must come along o' me, Mr. Bates."

Bates, at once comprehending tha

of the cushions of the couch was under

his right hand, and snatching it up, he

flung it across the little cabin full in

the face of the escaped prisoner. The

soft mass struck the man with force

sufficient to blind him for an instant.

The musket exploded harmlessly in the

air; and, ere the astonished Barker could

recover his footing, Bates had burled him out of the cabin, and, crying "Muti-

ny!" locked the cabin-door on the inside.

her berth, and the poor little student of

"It's a mutiny, ma'am," said Bater

"Go back to your cabin and lock the

door. Those bloody villians have riser

on us! Maybe it ain't so bad as it

looks; I've got my pistols with me, and

Mr. Frere'll hear the shot anyway

Mutiny! On deck there!" he cried at the

full pitch of his voice, and his brow

grew damp with dismay when a mocking

laugh from above was the only response

the state berth, the bewildered pilot

cocked a pistol, and snatching a cutlass

from the arm-stand fixed to the butt of

the mast which penetrated the cabin, he burst open the door with his foot, and

rushed to the companion-ladder. Barker

had retreated to the deck, and for an

instant he thought the way was clear,

Thrusting the woman and child into

The noise brought out Mrs. Vickers fro

English history ran into her arms.

me terrible misfortune had occurred.

wild and savage appearance."

of her blue eyes, "what's a coracle?"
"A which?" asked Mr. Banes.

spelling it slowly. "I want to know."

comes too near, fire!"

way to papa."

say?

leugh.

do here, sir?"

"Come on, lads!" says Rex, "and pass

by Lyon and Riley and bound securely.

CHAPTER XII .- (Continued.) By and by, having eaten of this mir-aculous provender, the poor creature be-to tell his little playmate that she would gan to understand what had taken place. soon be on her way to the Hobart Town The coal workings were abandoned; the new commandant had probably other taking advantage of his absence, the solwork for his beasts of burden to execute, and an absconder would be safe to hear the prisoners singing. He found here for a few hours at least. But he the ten together, in high good humor. must not stay. For him there was no rest. If he thought to escape, it becoved him to commence his fourney at and James Barker slipped to the hatchonce. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the the aft-hatchway as the soldier who was rations of six men. Was it not possible on guard turned to complete his walk. ber camp in that section and who has to cross the desert that lay between him and passing his arm round his neck, logged all the pine timber out of that and freedom on such fare? The very pulled him down before he could utter supposition made his heart beat faster. a cry. In the confusion of the moment It surely was possible. Twenty miles a the man loosed his grasp of the musket lay was very easy walking. Taking a to grapple with his unseen antagonist, piece of stick from the ground, he made and Fair, snatching up the weapon. the calculation in the sand. Eighteen swore to blow out his brains if he raised days, and twenty miles a day-three a finger. Seeing the sentry thus sehundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! With prudence, it could be from the arm-racks to Lesly and Russen. done! He must be careful and abstem-

Having come to this resolution, the Barker, leaving his prisoner in charge next thing was to disencumber himself of his irons. This was more easily done the companion-ladder. Russen, left unthan he expected. He found in the shed than he expected. He found in the shed an iron gad, and with that and a stone

Before dawn the next morning he had traveled ten miles, and by husbanding husband's honesty, and they were his food he succeeded, by the night of the fourth day, in accomplishing forty more. Foot-sore and weary, he lay in a thicket, and felt at last that he was beyond pursuit. The next day he advanced more slowly. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of whose name is Massie, was forced to this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Dawes pressed forward, and stumbled over a corpse!

He recognized the number imprinted on the coarse cloth at that which had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder ing it to Kansas City and St. Louis. had been committed! A murder!—and This was long before railroads were what else? Thank God, the food he turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding and wild with terror, he reached a spur of the range, and looked little less than a man herself and around him. He raised his eyes, and right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the narrow steel-blue reach of the harbor from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the Osprey making for Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon her deck. A faint cry of rage escaped him. During the last three days in the bush he must have retraced his steps, and returned upon his own track to the settlement! More than half his allotted time had passed, and he was not yet thirty miles from his prison.

For four days he wandered simless through the bush. At last, on the twelfth day from his departure from the Coal Head, he found himself at the foot of Mount Direction, at the head of the peninsula which makes the western side of the harbor. His terrible wandering had but led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night brought him round the shores of Birches Inlet to the landing place opposite Sarah Island. His stock of visions had been exhausted for two days, longer thought of suicide. His domnant idea was now to get food. He would do as many others had done before him-give himself up to be flogged and fed. When he reached the landing place, however, the guard house was empty. He looked across at the island prison, and saw no sign of life. The

settlement was deserted! The shock of this discovery almost de prived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his jaded and lacerated body by the strength of his flerce determination to reach the settlement; and now that he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleled horror, he found it de serted. He struck himself to see if he was not dreaming. He refused to be lieve his eye-sight. He shouted, screamed and waved his tattered garments in the

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him. He retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward toward the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to fling himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance on the left horn of the sea beach. A thin blue streak, uprising from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire.

The dying wretch felt inspired with new hope. God had sent him a direct sign from heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapor seemed to him as glorious hungry sea, he tottered, with the last effort of his failing strength, toward the blessed token of their presence

CHAPTER XIII Frere had gone on a brief fishing ex pedition. At last a peremptory signal warned him. It was the sound of author further maintains that the wing ket fired on board the brig. Mr. Bates was getting impatient, and with a scowl Frere drew up his lines, and ordered the two soldiers to pull for the vessel. The Osprey yet sat motionless on the water, and her bare masts gave no sign

of making sail. To the soldiers, pulling but Lesly and Russen thrust him back with the muzzles of the loaded muskets. nel Durnford's mechanical data are seemed the most ordinary occurrence in He struck at Russen with the cutlass the world. Suddenly, however, they nomissed him, and, seeing the hopelessnes ticed a change of expression in the suller of the attack, was fain to retreat. face of their commander. Frere, sitting In the meanwhile, Grimes and the oth in the stern-sheets, with his face to the er soldier had loosed themselves from their bonds, and encouraged by the fir-Osprey, had observed a peculiar appear ance on her decks. The bulwarks were ing which seemed to them a sign that all was not yet lost, made shift to force up the fore-hatch. Porter, whose cour every now and then topped by strange figures, who disappeared as suddenly as they came, and a faint murmur of voices age was none of the fiercest, and wh floated across the intervening sea. Presently the report of another musket-shot had been for years given over to that terror of discipline which servitude inechoed among the hills, and something dark fell from the side of the vessel duces, made but a feeble attempt at resistance, and forcing the handspike from into the water. Frere, with mingled him, the sentry, Jones, rushed aft to help alarm and indignation, sprung to his the pilot. As Jones reached the waist feet, and, shading his eyes with his hand, Cheshire, a cold-blooded, blue-eyed man shot him dead. Grimes fell over the looked toward the brig. The soldiers, resting on their oars, imitated his ges corpse, and Cheshire clubbing the musture, and the whale-boat, thus thrown ket coolly battered his head as he lay out of trim, rocked from side to side and then selzing the body of the unfortunate Jones in his arms, tossed it in dangerously. A moment's anxious pause, the sea. "Porter, you lubber!" he cried, and then another musket-shot, followed exhausted with the effort to lift the by a woman's shrill scream, explained body, "come and bear a hand with this other one!" Porter advanced aghast; all. The prisoners had seized the brig "Give way!" cried Frere, pale with rage and apprehension, and the soldiers, realbut just then another occurrence claimed

niserable pair of oars could take her.

sotion, forced the heavy whale-boat through the water as fast as the one life was spared for that time. Rex, inwardly raging at this unexpected resistance on the part of the pilot flung himself on the skylight, and tore it Mr. Bates, affected by the insidious

the villain's attention, and poor Grimes

up bodily. As he did so, Barker, who had reloaded his musket, fired down into the cabin. The ball passed through the stateroom door, and, splintering the wood, buried itself close to the golden curls of poor little Sylvia. It was their hair-breadth escape which drew from the agonized mother that shrick which, pealing through the open stern windows, had roused the soldiers in the boat.

Rex, who by the virtue of his dandy isma yet possessed some abhorrence of useless crime, imagined that the cry was influence of the hour, and lulled into a one of pain, and that Barker's bullet had taken deadly effect. "You've killed the child, you villain!" he cried.

"What's the odds?" asked Barker, sulkily. "She must die anyway, sooner or later."

Rex put his head down the skylight, and called on Bates to surrender; but Bates only drew his other pistol. "Would you commit murder?" he asked, looking round with desperation in his glance. "No, no," cried some of the men, will-

way and got upon deck. Barker reached ing to blink the death of poor Jones. "It's no use making things worse than they are. Bid him come up and we'll do him no harm."

"Come up, Mr. Bates," says Rex, "and I give you my word you shan't be injured.

Will you set the major's lady and child ashore, then?" asked Bates, sturdily facing the scowling brows above him.

Bates, hoping against hope for the return of the boat, endeavored to gain time. "Shut down the skylight, then," There were three muskets in addition to the one taken from the sentry, and said he, with the ghost of an authority in his voice, "until I ask the lady."

This, however, John Rex refused to of Fair, seized one of them and ran to "You can ask well enough where you are," he said. know his own duty. He came back to

But there was no need for Mr. Bates to put a question. The door of the state-room opened, and Mrs. Vickers appeared, the forecastle, and passing behind the trembling, with Sylvia by her side. "Ac cept, Mr. Bates," she said, "since it must be so. We should gain nothing by refusing. We are at their mercy-God help us!"

Amen to that," says Bates under his breath; and then, aloud, "We agree!" "Put your pistols on the table and come up, then," says Rex, covering the tables with his musket as he spoke. 'Nobody shall hurt you.'

Mrs. Vickers, pale and sick with terror, pased rapidly under the open skylight, and prepared to ascend. Sylvia clung to her mother with one hand, and with the other pressed close to her little

those fellows come up knock 'em down with a handspike. Lesly and Russen, bosom the "English History." "Get a shawl, ma'am, or something," says Bates, "and a hat for missy." Who's to command the brig now?" asked undaunted Bates, as they came

ly fired up the companion-hatchway. When Mr. Bates had gone below, he "I am," says John Rex; "and with found Sylvia curled up on the cushions these brave fellows I'll take her round the world.' "What are you going to do with us?"

asked Bates. "Leave you behind. Come, look alive there! Lower away the jollyboat. Mrs. Vickers, go down to your cabin, and get anything you want. am compelled to put you ashore, but I have no wish to leave you without clothes." Bates listened, in a sort of dismal admiration, at this courtly con-He could not have spoken like that had life depended on it. "Now, mr little, lady," continued Rex, "run down with your mamma, and don't be fright-

(To be continued.)

ened.

reading gravely, "were little better than barbarians. They painted their bodies with woad—that's blue stuff, you know, AN EXECUTION BY GUILLOTINE. art Schurs Describes a Speciacle He

wooden frames, must have presented a Witnessed When a Boy. "Well," said Bates, "I think it's a caryoung man in Cologne had murriage, missy. A sort of phearton, as they call it." dered his sweetheart, and had been condemned to death. The execution, Sylvia, hardly satisfied, returned to by the guillotine-for the left bank of the Rhine was still under the Code -and after perusing it a while with Napoleon-was to take place at daws knitted brows, she burst into a childish of day in a public square between the cathedral and the Rhine, and be Why, my dear Mr. Bates!" she cried. fore the eyes of all who might choose waving the history above her head in to witness it. The trial had excited triumph, "what a pair of geese we are! the whole population to a high degree; now the people looked forward to the final catastrophe with almost morbid "Is it?" said Mr. Bates, in admiration interest. My locksmith guardian was of the intelligence of his companion.
"Who'd ha' thought that now?" and he of the opinion that neither he nor I was about to laugh also, when, raising should miss the opportunity of behis eyes, he saw in the open doorway holding so rare a spectacle. the figure of James Barker, with a mus-

Long before sunrise he awoke me, and together we went to the place of execution in the gray morning light. We found there a dense crowd, numbering thousands of men, women and children. Above them loomed the black scaffold of the death machine. Deep silence reigned; only a low buzz floated over the multitude when the condemned man appeared on the scaffold, and then all was slience again. The sturdy locksmith held me up in his arms, so that I might look over the heads of the crowds in front.

The condemned culprit stepped forward; the assistant of the executioner strapped him to a board which extended from his feet to his shoulders, leaving his neck free; the victim glanced at the ax, suspended from a crossbeam; the next instant he was pushed down so his neck lay under the gleaming blade; the ax fell like a flash of lightning, severing the head from the shoulders at a whisk, A stream of blood spurted into the air, but the hideous sight was quickly concealed from the gaze of the public by a dark cloth. The whole deed was done with the rapidity of thought. One scarcely became conscious of the terrible shock before it was over. A dull murmur arose from the onlooking throngs, after which they stiently dispersed; the scaffold was taken down and the blood on the ground covered with sand before the first rays of the morning sun shone brightly upon the cathedral

I remember walking home shuddering and trembling, and finding it impossible to eat my breakfast. Nothing could have induced me to witness another execution.-McClure's Magazine.

Different. She had said "yes" and he was taking the measure for the solitaire. "Darling," he said, "you are the

only woman I ever proposed to." "I'm afraid you have a poor memory, dear," she rejoined. "You once told me you had been engaged to a

"True," he replied, "but th't was during leap year."

She Supplied Them. Tragedian-I hear that Rowland Rantts went out on a tour through the West.

Comedian-Yes, lecture tour, I be Tragedian-I thought it was tragedy. How did it happen to be a lec-

ture tour?" Comedian-His wife went along.