A STORY OF THE "BAREFOOT BOY."

On Haverhill's pleasant hill there played,
Some seventy years ago,
In turned up trousers, battered hat,
Patches and freckles and all that,
The Barefoot boy we know.

He roamed his berry fields content,
But while from bush and brier,
The nimble feet got many a scratch,
His wit, beneath its homely thatch,
Aspired to something higher.

Over his dog-eared spelling book,
Or schoolboy composition,
Puzzling his head with some hard sum,
Going for nuts, or gathering gum,
He cherished his ambition.

Kind nature smiled on that wise child,
Nor could her love deny him
The large fulfillment of his plan;
Since he who lifts his brother man
In turn is lifted by him.

He reached the starry heights of peace
Before his head was hoary;
And now at four score years again
The blessing of his fellow men
Waft him a crown of glory.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

ARMSTRONG'S REVENGE.

ONE bright June morning, not many years ago, a big ungainly farm servant, holding by a halter a large and uncouth ploughhorse, stood before the shut door of a battered wooden building, the surroundings of which at once proclaimed it to be a smithy, although through the chinks in its weather-beaten walls no forge fire gleamed nor cheery hammer rang. The plough man, astonished to see the place shut at an hour long after that at which the blacksmith usually started work, retired a pace or two and gazed up at the chimney; and not seeing even the faintest trace of smoke issuing thence, he turned and looked about him with a puzzled expression on his face. A man breaking stones on the other side of the road noticing the farm servant's bewilderment, approached, and, after the usual morning salutation, proceeded to explain what had become of the blacksmith. We will give that explanation in our own words:

Hamilton Armstrong was the name of the blacksmith in question. His workshop was situated close to a wayside station on the main line of one of the great Scotch railways but at a considerable distance from any town or village. Being, however, kept pretty busy at work for the neighboring farmers, and being consequently well-to-do, and having, moreover, as his nearest female neighbor a very pretty girl the daughter of the porter at the station, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should wish to make her his wife. Unfortunately, this was more easily determined on than done, for he had a rival. This rival was the driver of a goods train which was almost daily shunted into the siding near Sarah's house, to allow of a passenger express passing, and he took advantage of this momentary respite to chat with the porter's pretty daughter. Whether it was because he was a far-away bird that his feathers seemed fairer than Armstrong's in Sarah's sight, or whether he was intrinsically a man of more worth, the gossips—for there were gossips even in those solitudes—were not agreed. Rightly or wrongly, however, Sarah gave him the preference.

Having made up his mind to ask Sarah to be his wife, Armstrong was not long in finding an opportunity for doing so. Though he knew he had a rival, he was hardly prepared to hear from Sarah that she had already promised to marry Duffy, the engine driver. But Armstrong was not going to yield without making a special effort to win her. He pleaded long and fervently with her to retract her promise to his rival, whom he was persuaded she had only accepted because he had been the first to ask her. But Sarah was quite sincere, Duffy being really the man of her choice; and Armstrong pleaded in vain.

For the next week or two the blacksmith moped about, and did scarcely any work. On the day on which Sarah's marriage was to take place he left the smithy in the evening, and went wandering into the country, returning late at night. Next morning he went away again, now walking with uneasy step along the quiet country lanes, and now sitting dejectedly by the roadside, muttering to himself. The neighbors soon came to hear of his strange behavior; and it was whispered that he must have gone out of his senses, as an uncle of his had done under a similar affliction.

"That was yesterday," the stonebreaker wound up, "and he's away along the road by the railway this morning. They should look after him, or he'll be lying down in front of some train, or jumping down into the deep rock-cutting and breaking his neck."

If Hamilton Armstrong had not gone mad, as the people supposed, he certainly acted like a madman. Stung to the quick by his rejection, he had no heart for his work. He shut up his smithy and went out to try to walk off the fever that burned within him. Proceeding along the path by the side of the railway, his heart filled with bitter hatred, the idea of taking terrible revenge on Duffy gradually shaped itself in his mind. At first he tried to shut his ears to the suggestion of the tempter; but little by little he grew familiarized with the idea, until he got so demoralized that he began to think in a speculative way how he could best avenge himself upon the engine-driver. Duffy's train always passed the station, going east, about 7:30 in the evening. Shortly before it came the 7:27 passenger train. The device of placing an obstruction on the line suggested itself only to be immediately set aside. At this point in his meditations, the sound of a signal going down suggested to him the idea of tamping with the signals.

He returned home and retired to rest. Tossing restlessly on his bed, he was revolving in his mind his various schemes of revenge, when a diabolical idea struck him of a plan whereby he would be able to accomplish his object without leaving any trace of foul play, so that the whole blame of the catastrophe would fall upon Duffy, who would not survive to tell his side of the story, or even if he did, and asserted his innocence, would not be believed. Armstrong noticed that if the counterweight at the bottom of the signal-post were lifted up, it would allow the signal arm to go down, just as if it had been lowered by means of the lever in the signal-cabin, the wire between the cabin and the counterweight remaining motionless all the time; while as soon as the counterweight was lowered again, no trace would remain of the signal having been touched. By adopting this mode of lowering the signal, the objection to his last mentioned plan would be done away with. The only danger would be that the pointsman might notice that the signal was down; but that was not likely, as the lifting of the counterweight would not affect the lever in the signal-box, and it was improbable that the signal-man's eyes would be drawn toward the signal when he was not either lowering it or pulling it up. This plan would enable Armstrong to get some distance away, and so prevent suspicion fastening upon him; and the fact of the signal being found all right afterward would preclude all possibility of a suspicion of the signal having been tampered with.

Armstrong had begun his speculations with the view only of discovering how he could be avenged on Duffy, if he wished to avenge himself. The successful issue of them in a plan securing at once death to his rival and immunity from detection to himself was the cause of his resolving to go further. Thus, by imperceptible degrees, he had been drawn into plotting to murder.

In an almost gleesome mood he rose in the morning and hastened along the embankment to the signal which he proposed to use for his dreadful purpose. The signal stood at about the deepest part of a long rock-cutting, and was planted on the slope of a small embankment above the cutting. An examination of the place satisfied Armstrong that the best plan to adopt would be to attach a long cord to the counterweight, and, taking the cord in his hand, to climb the signal post, so as to command a long stretch of the line and to able to lower the signal-arm at the right moment; for to be a moment too soon or too late would be fatal to his plan.

His plan was now matured; but a long period of waiting elapsed before an opportunity of carrying it into effect presented itself. With the patience and perseverance of a wild animal waiting for its prey, he betook himself evening after evening to the signal by various roundabout routes, so as to insure that no one would know that he went to the same place every day, affixed his cord to the counter-weight and waited—only to see the passenger train dash past without slackening speed and pass the distance-signal without stopping.

At length, when the days had crept in considerably, and thus rendered the evenings more suitable for the carrying out of his plan, as one evening he listened anxiously in the dusk to the sound of the approaching passenger train, a thrill of pleasure shot through him, he noticed that it was slackening speed. Taking the cord in his hand, he climbed rapidly up the signal-post, and was overjoyed to find the passenger train stopping just on the station side of the distance signal. Trembling with excitement, he turned in the direction whence the goods train would come and anxiously waited the sound of its approach. Several seconds, which to him seemed hours, elapsed before there was any sign of the approach of the goods train. The passenger train, however, still stood at the distance-signal, throwing up long oblique lines of light in the misty air. At length, with fluttering heart, he caught the faint sound of Duffy's train approaching, and soon the headlights, overshadowed by a cloud of steam, golden with the furnace-light, began to twinkle dimly, like stars at twilight, in the distance.

"Now or never," thought Armstrong, taking two or three turns of the cord 'round his hand. He then tugged lustly at the cord, but the counter weight would not rise. With an oath he twisted his legs 'round the signal-post, passed the cord through the lattice-work a little above him, so as to obtain a better purchase, seized the chord with both hands and pulled with all his might. The weight yielded to this violent effort; the signal-arm descended. Armstrong's wild laugh of joy at the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose was almost immediately stifled by a cry of terror and pain. In his excitement he had forgotten that his head was immediately below the signal-arm, and his savage tug at the counter-weight had brought the signal-arm down upon his head with a terrible and fatal force. His nerveless limbs loosened from the signal, and falling with a thud upon the sloping enbankment, he was shot over the edge of the sheer precipice that formed one side of the rock-cutting and landed upon the opposite line.

Meantime the goods train had entered the rock cutting. The signal-arm having been lowered until it was in line with the signal-post, and having been checked by the entanglement of the chord in the lattice work when it had only returned half way, stood at clear. But for this accident, Armstrong's fiendish scheme would have been frustrated; for the support being taken away from the counter-weight, it should have descended, and so elevated the signal again. And now, to gratify one man's jealousy and hatred and punish one man, a hundred innocent men and women in the passenger train were to be sacrificed.

As the goods train came on, rattling and roaring through the cutting, the driver and stoker, all unconscious of the imminent peril in which they were, stood on the footplate watching the signals and the line in front of them. A glance at the signal, as he caught sight of it showed Duffy that it stood at clear. His eye than wandered downward toward the rails, when suddenly it was arrested by a dark object lying on the other line.

"That's surely a man lying on the up-line, Tom,' he remarked to his fireman, laying his hand upon the regulator.

"Good God," so it is!" cried Tom, in great excitement.

Without another word the steam was shut off, the link grear reversed, and the brake applied, for the two men knew that the up-express was due in three minutes, and that if the man who was lying on the line—who might be unconscious through drink or through having fallen over—was left there, he must inevitably meet with a horrible death.

As the train stopped with a shock and a bumping of buffers and clanking of coupling chains along its whole length, Duffy jumped down into the six-foot way with the engine-lamp in his hand. Bending over the huddled-up form, he held the light above the blood-covered face and peered into it. A few seconds elapsed before Duffy moved; and Tom, wondering why he had knelt so long looking into the unconscious man's face, jumped down beside him and asked: "Is he dead, Duffy?"

"Yes," answered Duffy, raising his head as if he had just wakened out of a dream.

"Who is he?" continued Tom.

"Armstrong, the smith."

At this moment the brakeman of the train came along to see what was wrong; and after Tom had explained the matter to him, they lifted the dead man and carried him to the van. Duffy and Tom then returned to the engine and were just about to start the train to advance to the station and see what could be done with Armstroug, when Tom caught sight of some one running along the line with a lamp in his hand.

"What's up?" cried Duffy.

"Who can this be, and what can be wanting?" asked Tom.

At this point the man with the lamp approached the engine; and when he had come within the light of the furnace, the two men recognized him as the signal man. "It's a blessing you noticed it!" he cried, panting with the exertion of running so fast.

"Noticed what?" both men on the engine exclaimed simultaneously.

"Something's wrong with the signal. It's standing at clear just now, and yet the lever's right for danger. I heard you passing it without slowing up, and then I noticed the signal was wrong. I'm glad you saw the train in front in time to pull up."

"Is there a train in front?" Duffy asked.

"There is. The 7:27 passenger's blocked there by a trunk that went off the rails."

All at once the whole matter became clear to Duffy. Armstrong had been trying to wreck the train, and had apparently fallen down into the cutting when putting the finishing touches to this trap for his enemy. Although Duffy thought this perfectly plain, he did not breathe a word of his thoughts to those around him. Was not his enemy lying dead in the van? He would let bygones be bygones.

"No; we didn't notice that," he said to the signal-man. "We stopped because we saw a man lying on the up line."

Here the signal man climbed on to the engine, and the up express went thundering past, creating a miniature and momentary hurricane as it went.

"It's Armstrong the smith," added Duffy. "He's dead."

"Is that so?" the signal-man exclaimed, and then lapsed into silence, feeling unable to say anything appropriate to the circumstances.

"I'll go up and see what's wrong with the signal," Duffy said to the pointsman after a pause.

Reaching the signal, they found the trellis-work of the signalpost, and let the counter weight fall again. It had not suggested itself to the signal-man that any connection existed between the dead man on the line and the mysteriously lowered signal; but in spite of Duffy's reticence, the cause of the accident became perfectly apparent to him when he saw the cord attached to the signal counter-weight, and put that fact and the fact of Armstrong's being found dead on the line together.

"If ever anything was providential," said the signal-man, as he and Duffy returned to resume their respective duties "that is. Here's a man that intends to wreck your train; he falls over the embankment just when he gets the thing arranged; then you come on seemingly to a certain smash, when you happen to see his body on the line, pull up just in the nick of time, and are saved."

The signal-man had not probed the matter to the bottom; for the exact purpose of the cord had not occurred to him any more than it had to Duffy. Duffy was pained at the signal-man's discovery of the crime, and said nothing.

When they had reached the train, and the signal-man had told his version of the story to Tom and the brakeman, Duffy, who had stood aside while the story was being narrated, approached the men and said: 'Now, lads, you know what Armstrong was trying to do, and why he did it; but that is no reason why anybody else should know. We'll not say a word about the signal; but when we take back the corpse we'll say that we found him dead on the line, and that he had seemingly fallen over the embankment down into the deep rock cutting, and been killed."

The three men solemnly promised to do this, and in spite of the post-mortem examination, in the report on which considerable stress was laid upon the peculiar nature of the wound upon the scalp, and the Procurator Fiscal's inquiry, no one ever elicited more from these men than Duffy that night allowed them to tell.

Strangest fact of all, the engine driver has never told his wife. That is the only secret he has from her.—Chamber's Journal.

A Drummer's Lively Experience.

"Drummers are capable of doing, some pretty slick things when they want to." The speaker was an ex-drummer. "I knew a young member of the 'profesh'" he continued addresing a reporter, "who played good one on a tobacco house in Savannah on one occasion. A severe hurricane passed over the southwestern portion of Georgia, and the young drummer happened to be down in that section at the time. The firm here knew that he was there, and they were alarmed. They wired, but were unable to get a reply to any of their dispatches, as the lines in that section were on the ground. The tracks were washed and trains did not move for a week. The young drummer, failing to get word from his house, and being unable to leave where he was stopping, fell in with a company of young men and had a royal big time. He had some prize sample cigars and he opened box after box and they were smoked up. He had a good deal of premium chewing tobacco and the country boy helped him chew it. When the weed ended he was without samples. During the excitement he did not stop to think in what a predicament he would be when he would start out with a score of empty grips. He 'stuck' by the boys, enjoying himself with the boys until toward the end of the week, when he received a dispatch from the house reading like this: 'Are you safe? Wire particulars.' It flashed in his mind to put up a pitiful story and he sent them this: 'Escaped with my life, but samples gone; send more.' It was a great hit. The proprietors replenished the sample cases and, in addition, sent their representative several boxes of fine Havanas for his own use."

The young man made his rounds on the extras and came into the city as fresh as you please, receiving the congratulations of friends and the firm.

Self-Judgment.

I heard the other day of a habit peculier to a certain merchant here in Boston which strikes me as being particularly wise and profitable, says Taverner in the Botson Post. Every night on his return home either just before dinner or immediately afterward, he sits down and spends from ten minutes to half an hour in thinking over the events of the day. Considering in the solitude and silence of his library the various transactions in which he has taken part, he concludes in what respect he has done wisely, in what respect foolishly, and draws an appropriate lesson for the future. All the hasty acts which he has committed during the preceding hours are passed in impartial review. He inquires of himself, candidly, whether he did not treat the bookkeeper with injustice, and whether the epithet that he addressed to Patrick, his coachman, was a deserved rebuke or merely an ebullition of ill-temper, for which some reparation ought to be made. In fine, this wise merchant sits in judgment upon himself every twenty-four hours, casting up not only a financial but a moral account, taking stock of his business ventures and of the duty he owes to his fellow man. I doubt not that we should be better, happier, certainly wiser, and probably richer, if we did likewise.

A SPANISH BLUEBEARD

There was once a Spanish gentleman of high rank, who led a very wild and dissolute life, but now desired to settle down to his own estate and take to himself a wife, who would preside over his household in a fitting fashion. Being rich and handsome, his wickedness went for naught; and soon he was betrothed to a lovely lady, whose family were pleased with the alliance, and who brought him a fine fortune.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, and he brought his bride home to his palace, the poor of the place gathered as usual about the door; and one—a withered old beggar-woman—was loud in her praise of the lady's beauty, and begged to be permitted to present her with a boquet of wild flowers that she had gathered in the woods.

"A poor offering, my lady," said the woman, "but all the poor gypsy has to give."

The lady took the flowers with a smile, and dropped a coin into the gypsy's hand. As she entered the door she bent her lovely head and inhaled the perfume of the flowers.

The servants remembered the action, and her smile, as she passed into her apartment, leaning on her husband's arm, for it was the last they ever saw of her. An hour after she lay dead, and all the doctors in Madrid could not tell what had killed her.

The young widower was very sad for a long time, but by and by he began to find life bright once more, and chose for himself a second wife. This lady was lovelier than the first, though not so rich. Her predecessor's fate did not alarm her, for she was strong and full of health. Death seemed to be very far from so radiant a creature, as she stood before the church altar and plighted her troth to the man with whom she hoped to pass her life; but those who remembered the first wife's fate shuddered as at the fall of eventide she entered the gates of her husband's villa. The same old gypsy who had greeted the former bride stood amidst the crowd.

"Heaven and the saints bless you, lady!" she cried. "I greeted her who came before, and faded like a flower. May you live until your hair is as white as mine. Flowers are all I have to give. Will you honor me by taking them, lady?"

The bride, as the other bride had done, accepted the offering, and repaid the gift with a coin.

She held the blossoms loosely in her hand, and passed into the hall. A banquet was prepared, and she partook of it. Wine was on the board; she tasted of it. When the dance began none danced more gayly than the bride. It was a merry wedding and when at last, in the hours of the morning, the music died away, the guests departed and the lamps were extinguished, the beautiful girl turned, with smiles and blushes to seek her place of rest. As she crossed the threshhold of the hall she stooped and picked something from the floor.

"My poor gypsy's flowers," she said, "I will not reject the humble token of kindness," and bending her face over them, she passed out of sight.

Half an hour afterward the husband also entered the bridal room. All was still. The lamplight fell over the pillows, but no fair head rested upon them. He looked about him; in the corner of the room lay what looked like a heap of rumpled satin at first sight. He advanced toward it, and saw a hand that grasped convulsively a little bunch of white flowers, and with a cry of horror, cast himself beside the body of his bride. She was dead; she bore no wound, no sign of injury about her. Again the physicians could not find the cause for the death, and people began to whisper tales of evil spirits who haunted this fatal bridal chamber and did to death the fair beings who braved them by entering it.

Again the gentleman was a widower; again he suffered much sorrow, but it was not eternal. He began in time to seek another bride, but in vain. No one would risk the fate of those other young and lovely women. No one would have this Bluebeard, the mysteries of whose castle were so terrible, and for years the widower went a-wooing without winning, until one morning, meeting the Donna Mora on her way to church, her black eyes veiled beneath her black mantilla, he made a grand impression, and was permitted ere long to offer his hand and heart with true Spanish gallantry.

Donna Mora, who was a widow, listened not ill pleased.

"I do not detest you, Senor," she said, "and I frankly tell you so, but you have had strange bridals heretofore. I do not feel tired of life, and desire to enjoy myself a little longer. Let me know why your first wife died. You must surely know."

"On my soul, I do not!" said the gentleman.

"I believe you," said the lady. "Listen to me, then. I am ready to marry you, but before I do, I must be allowed to inspect your house from roof to cellar. You must vacate it, and give me the keys, and I must go there alone with my sister, I will discover the mystery, if there is one."

"Donna Mora," said the gentleman, "do as you will. I vacate the dwelling at once. There are the keys. The long one of steel opens that fatal chamber, which I beg you not to enter—the bridal chamber of my dead brides. Adieu! Thanks for your promise, which I shall hasten to claim when you summon me."

He kissed her hand and rode away.

She at once made ready to seek the dwelling of which she had heard so much. The lumbering carriage held her, her sister, two brothers, maid, man-servant and pet poodle very well. And, at last, they came in sight of the old Moorish building, and paused to inspect it.

"I begin to tremble," said Donna Anna.

"I have no fears," said Donna Mora.

Then she ordered the coachman to drive closer, descended and unlocked the gate with her own hands. All was still; only the echoes welcomed them.

Their feet awoke more upon the stairs; they made Donna Anna nervous. Donna Mora was as brave as a man.

They inspected every room, they peeped into every closet, they opened the bridal chamber and saw the dust that had gathered upon its ornaments, and from the neighbors they drew the whole story—all that was known. And for the first time Donna Mora heard of the old gypsy and her flowers.

Then she waited, pacing the floors of the empty rooms, while Donna Anna watched from the window, and the brothers smoked cigarettes in the court-yard. What was she waiting for? She told no one.

At last—"Sister, is any one coming? I thought I heard a step," said she.

"It is an old gypsy with some flowers," said Donna Anna.

And Donna Mora said: "Bid her come in."

Then passing between the smoking brothers, who scarcely looked up, and by the little dog, who growled, entered an old woman, shriveled and yellow, who courtesied and said, "May the good stars shine for the pretty senoritas and the brave senors. I have heard that the lady who is to be mistress here has come, and I am old and may not live to see her a bride, and would fain welcome her.

Then Donna Mora answered "I am the lady."

"Then may I offer a few wild flowers," said the gypsy, "and my good wishes for the senor has been my benefactor. A poor gift, lady, but do not scorn it."

She held the flowers toward Donna Mora, who took them and put them down upon the table.

"Donna Anna," said she, "bring my dog here. Brothers seize the gypsy."

In a moment more the struggling woman was held in a strong grasp, and Donna Mora, holding her dog in her lap, pressed the flowers to his nostrils.

"If he lives, free her. If he dies, have her arrested," she said quietly.

Donna Anna hid her face. The brothers sternly regarded first the woman, then the dog; the latter had begun to tremble. In a moment more he uttered a whine, long and terrible to listen to. Donna Mora dropped the flowers. The poor creature lay motionless across her lap. He was dead.

"Have the woman arrested," said Donna Mora, again. "It is she that has murdered those two poor women with her poisoned flowers, as she would have murdered me."

But to the Senor, when they met once more, she said this:

"I know the ways of gypsies, and their art of poisoning flowers. I know also that an injured gypsy girl is always avenged by her tribe. He who is false to one woman let no other woman trust. Adieu.—*N. Y. World.*

Kerrected.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like to see a gal makin' her honest way.
I heerd some tale in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high for the busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell
She came in her reg'lar boardin' raound tew visit with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.
Jake ain't no hand at grammer, though he haint his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer afoolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient an' said, in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' fer some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy, mornin' an evenin' long,
Tell he dussent open his mouth fer fear o talkin' wrong.
One day I was pickin' currents daown by the old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter marry me?
An' Mary Ann kerrectin'—"Air ye willin yeou sh'd say."
Our Jake he put his foot daown, in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin me;
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late, an' "I be."
Ef folks don't like my talk then they needn't hark ter what I say;
But I ain't a-goin' ter take no sass from folks from Injun Bay;
I ask you free and final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry me?'"
An' Marry Ann sez, tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I be!"

—Florence E. Pyatt.

The Congo River of To-Day.

From an article under the above title in the *Century*, by one of Stanley's former officers, we quote the following: "On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In physique these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their heads from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty pounds' weight.

"Throughout the cataract region the general accepted money currency is Manchester cotton cloth made up into pieces of six yards each. The European cost of the cloth paid to these natives for transporting a load to Stanley Pool from Matadi, including rations, amounts at the present day to five dollars for a load of sixty-five pounds. Five years ago the cost was only one-third of this amount; but it has increased on account of the opposition of the various trading houses that they have established stations at Stanley Pool for the ivory trade on the upper river."

A Saline Country.

Everything in the country of the River Chai, in central Asia, is described by a recent traveler as covered with salt. It is seen on the walls of the houses and on the banks of the river, and the water one drinks is very salt.

A writer in an eastern journal, talking about church choirs, says they have become the training school for the opera stage. "The good deacons may not believe it possible, but a glance at the history of the most popular soubrettes and prima donnas shows that they graduated from church choirs."