

A NEW YORK LOVE SONG.

From the Independent. I love you, Love, for good or ill, As brown bees love sweet honey...

A DIVING-BELLE.

Or the Most Romantic Incident in My Life By W. Payne, Esq.

Seventeen was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—under water. What think you of that? Are not such circumstances of first love new?

It was on a Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday at our office in the city, and I was spending it in the improvement of my mind at the Polytechnic Institute, London.

I had sat in the stately hall—which is something between a theater and a dissecting room—to behold the wonders of science; I had gazed upon that wondrous apparatus for learning to swim upon dry land, until my limbs were on the point of striking out for an imaginary shore, and I had gazed upon the electrical eel in repletion.

When a great bell was rung, and a sonorous voice exclaimed: "Experiments connected with the diving-bell!" Upon this a great rush was made from all parts of the building to that circular pond of clear, green water, the excessive depth of which has always been a marvel to me.

Into whose cellar does it descend? What sewer does it forever threaten with untimely flushings? From what fountains do its pellucid waves arise? And how the intrepid diver made his toilet in the presence of the company, being loaded with heavy weights, as though he were some desperate criminal, and having on his head a helmet fixed, to be presently screwed round by the assistants—a proceeding which appeared to the unscientific eye like wringing his neck.

Covered with poly in the shape of India rubber tubing, this monster tangle of machinery descended by an iron ladder into the pond, the bottom of which was already strewn with half-pence. After these were made plainly see him waddle and stoop, made more hideous than before by the watery medium—foreshortened, at right angles to himself, exaggerated, disproportioned, slow—the most horrible picture of cupidity that the mind is capable of conceiving.

Above him arose large and many bubbles, and now and then he would emerge as to his head and shoulders, and tap his metal helmet with the half-pence, to let us know—as though we had not watched his horrid movements all along—that he had picked them up. Incredible as it may appear, I was attracted toward this amphibious pursuit of his; I felt as though I too should like to explore these airless depths, and make my business in those night-worlds.

When he came out at last, like a ten-trunked sea-elephant, and bowed in his repulsive manner to the spectators, I was almost afraid that he was going to offer "any lady or gent" the loan of his apparatus. I was infinitely relieved when I saw it put away in a cupboard, for now no unnatural temptation.

"Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?" exclaimed the sonorous voice. "The machine is now about to descend." My heart came into my mouth, and then retired about half way down my throat as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice as I gazed out: "Stop a minute; take me in, please do." The crowd that had already surrounded the machine parted to left and right to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

"I wouldn't do it myself for an 'undred pound," observed one gentleman, for the purpose of reassuring me, I conclude; and a friend of his replied: "No, nor yet for two; it's what I call foolhardy."

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite shilling for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggles, and was quite a popular oration. A narrow seat ran around the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend into the water, and to come up again, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand, that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that I could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice by a signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced.

A certain round spot with a number of little round holes like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have got out again and sacrificed my shilling, is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. I would have given forty shillings to be once more gazing—under the light of heaven—at the least remarkable object of interest in the institution. All the crimes I had ever committed during a checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still testing for passengers, but I hadn't the moral courage for such a step this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were acting two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

"You had better put your legs up, gentlemen," said the page, "there will be less chance of falling out at the bottom when we get under water."

"Less chance?" gasped I, as I hastened to obey his suggestion. "Do you mean to say there is any chance?" "Do you mean to say there is any chance?" "Do you mean to say there is any chance?"

"Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what will happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this."

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been altogether, when the director suddenly exclaimed: "By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming."

"A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?" inquired I. There was not

room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's.

"Is there no room?" inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life. "Plenty of room, Miss. Legs down!" cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces it is possible to imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it, and finding the bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some gaudy garment which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

"Is there any danger?" asked she in soft low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in token of steady herself, for she had very little to sit upon. "I almost regret that I ventured to come."

"Oh, say not so," returned I. "Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; that is the only way to keep yourself from falling."

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek, but she did take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

"What an oppression I feel about my forehead!" observed she, "my brain seems on fire."

"So does mine, my dear young lady," replied I, "and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

"So does mine," said she. "I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions."

"Why, we ain't off yet," observed the page, contemptuously, who had been (most unjustifiably) listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma and we bailed beneath us the cool and treacherous waves.

"What a terrible situation!" ejaculated my fair companion.

"Not altogether," returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

"We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us," added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. "Heaven preserve us, what was that?"

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside my eye, and then it went on firing a salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for support. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm I mechanically encircled her waist, with my right hand I grasped half a dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was Peter; on the other, Science.

"What are those dreadful guns?" inquired the young lady.

"Guns!" cried the page, laughing. "That's only the timpanin of your ear or a busting, bless yer. It'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your'd will like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. Acomin' up, you'll like it better."

"Girl," whispered I, in tones of comfort, "you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder."

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us.

"I hope and trust, my good boy," said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, "that it is not that electrical eel."

"Do believe, if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, that he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in paroxysm of mirth, and left us without any protector."

"Lor' bless ye, miss," replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, "that's the beating of the air pump, that is; if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all 'hooky with us in this 'ere bell."

"Hooky!" ejaculated the terrified young creature. "What dreadful language he does use. You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?"

I trembled as the dear girl made this extraordinary inquiry, for I thought that terror was depriving her of reason. Could she imagine that an overcoat would save us ever so many fathoms under water as we now were?

"Alas, no!" said I, thinking it best to humbug her. "I left my waterproof coat above and also my umbrella."

"I asked," returned she, "because I seem to breathe nothing else but India-rubber."

"Perhaps it is this peculiar atmosphere which cradled her words, as it were as soon as she had uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek right close to hers, to catch the precious tones."

"They pump the air through India-rubber tubes," answered I.

"How wise you are," said she admiringly. "How nice it must be to know everything."

"Very nice, please, to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world. I have read of sirens and mermaids. How dare you touch that lady's dress?" cried I, with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

In his revivals, offers up prayers for the press. Why don't he pray for the sinners? They are the ones who need prayers.

Noristown Herald. An article in an agricultural paper is called "How to Eat Strawberries." A man who doesn't know how to eat strawberries should be compelled to live on dried apples and salt macaroni.

HOW MR. BROWN TENDED THE BABY.

Mrs. Brown had shopping to do—particular shopping that no one but herself could attend to; but what should she do with baby? She couldn't take him with her and if she left him at home he was sure to have colic and scream himself to death, or get hungry and in either case no one could manage him as well as herself.

Mr. Brown was sure he had seen enough in four months of Baby's existence to take care of him for an hour or two, so Mrs. Brown donned hat and cloak and after many directions in regard to anise seed tea, warm feet joggling the cradle, pins, etc., sallied forth.

Brown sat quietly in his chair for about ten minutes, and then he began to grow tired of nothing livelier than the ticking of the clock, and he thought that tending Baby was not such exciting sport, after all. He fidgeted about a few minutes, muttering to himself: "I wish the little rascal would wake up; I guess I'll look at him, but I'll be real quiet about it; for I wouldn't disturb him for anything; no, not for the world," so he tipped over to the cradle, and after gazing a minute at the unconscious youngster, it occurred to him to feel if his feet were warm, so he stripped off the covers and turned up his long skirts, and after a few minutes' examination, he concluded that there was nothing the matter with Baby's feet.

"I don't want to disturb him," he said again, "but I guess I'll turn him over on his side; 'tain't good for babies to lie in one position so long; it makes 'em tired," so he turned and patted and fussed, until he succeeded in doing what he was dying to do—get Baby to open his eyes.

"Oh, Baby, you're awake, ain't you? he said, as he pretended to be astonished. "Well, pap'll take you right up before you cry. Yes, yes, so he will; there."

But Baby did not want to be taken up; he wanted to be let alone, so he puckered up his mouth and began to cry. Brown trotted, patted, coaxed, felt of his feet, looked for but nothing would quiet it. After doing it with his long skirts, he eased up a little, and Brown exerted himself to the utmost to amuse it. He drummed on the stove, swung the ivy-holder, until the floor was covered with broken branches, picked up the guitar and broke two strings trying to show Baby how to "ring the bells," lit the gas to make it brighter, built pyramids with the slop-jar and wash-pitcher, went to his wife's worsted bag and took the brightest zephyrs to play ball with, and yet the baby would not be satisfied.

When he demanded what they were, she replied that her physician would inform me. I tried to appease her, but in vain. All I could do was to put her off till the following Monday.

She had scarcely left the office when her husband called on the clerk's embezzlement, as I supposed. He, too, wished to consult me in the most confidential manner—not about the Stinson matter, but about his wife! He had discovered that she was untrue to him! I was even more thunderstruck than at the wife's charge, and when I inquired, as in her case, what proofs he could adduce, he replied to the effect that she had stolen a silk dress and a shawl charged to her she had never got, but she had seen them worn by Miss Parmer, a young woman who had been in her house for a couple of years as governess and seamstress. Evidently the woman had obtained the goods under false pretenses, and she wanted her arrest.

This was getting pretty thick. I dismissed her for a few days, promising her faithfully that the affair should be attended to, and justice meted out to the guilty party. I sent for my shrewd detective, and put this complicated case in his hands.

He succeeded in ascertaining the whereabouts of the missing clerk, and determined without a doubt that the silk dress and shawl were, as charged by the wife, in possession of the governess. When I got the whole story I sent for all the parties concerned, inviting them separately, and without the knowledge of the other to come to my office at a certain hour on a certain day.

They came in one by one, looking agitated and turning white as they discovered each other's presence.

When they were assembled I addressed them individually, without explaining anything or making any preliminary remarks. I first addressed myself to the old man, saying: "Mr. Nesmith, you wanted a warrant against this clerk for embezzlement?"

"Yes, sir," he answered severely. Young Stinson nearly jumped from his chair with astonishment and indignation.

"Mrs. Nesmith you wanted a warrant against your husband for infidelity?"

"Yes, sir," she said, stoutly, "and I'll have it, too."

Nesmith could only stammer out: "What!"

"And you, sir, wanted a warrant against your wife for infidelity?"

"What!" she gasped, looking as if she was going to faint.

"Yes, sir, and I will have it," says Nesmith. Then I continued speaking to the wife, pointing to the seamstress, who, the picture of innocence, had, up to this, kept looking from one to the other as if to ask how all this turpitude concerned her.

"And you furthermore, Mrs. Nesmith, wanted to arrest Miss Parmer for obtaining goods under false pretenses."

As Mrs. Nesmith bowed assent, the seamstress started from her seat pale with fright and amazement. I did not spare them in the explanations I made them of this quadruple imbrogio. First, I showed that the husband had been maintaining for some time illicit relations with the pretty seamstress; had presented her with the dress and shawl; and by some fatal oversight had omitted to caution the salesman not to put the items in his wife's bill.

After the wife had expressed her triumph at having been right as regarded her husband's laxity of conduct and baseness of principle, I adduced conclusive proof of her liaison with Stinson, from whose indiscriminate amorous tendencies sprang that indubitable evidence which convinced both husband and wife of each other's infidelity. As to the matter of the embezzlement, it appears that on the Saturday afternoon prior to his call on me in the evening, the old merchant had had \$1,700 in his

ocket-book in the lower outside over-coat pocket to take to the bank for deposit. But some of the clerk's friends, fell asleep, and the pocket-book dropped to the floor. He awoke in half an hour and hurried to the bank. Arriving there he found no pocket-book. It was 3 o'clock. He went back to the store, made inquiries, and was told that Stinson had been seen to rush out of the store very excitedly with the pocket-book in his hand, and had not been seen since.

A general search was made for the clerk, but he could not be found. He was, however, traced to the railroad depot; hence came the application for the warrant.

The facts were, the clerk entering the office after the old man left, found the pocket-book on the floor, guessed in a minute what had happened, and rushed after the merchant, but could not find him. A despatch boy met him on the street with a despatch informing him that his mother was dying, and that if he wished to see her alive he must take the next train.

He had only a few moments in which to catch it, so he scrawled a few lines to the old merchant, explaining all the circumstances and gave the note to the boy who promised to deliver it without delay, but never delivered it at all. The clerk jumped on the train, taking his pocket-book, of course.

The sickness and death of his mother had detained him at his country home until he was sent for by me, when he lost no time in coming back, and then and there returned the pocket-book and its contents intact. As they were all in the same boat, no one of them could reproach the other, so there was a general forgiveness. Husband and wife kissed and made up; the young seamstress was discharged with a cordial certificate of good character. The mutual doctor's bill was paid by the husband without demur or comment, and by the merchant the young clerk was liberally furnished with capital to go west and start in business for himself, which he did and prospered and married.

ONLY A NEWSPAPER.

"Only a newspaper!" Quick read, quick lost, Who sums the treasure that it carries hence? Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy stars and jewels?

Star-eyed intelligence! And ye, the nameless! Best beloved host! My heart recalls more than one vanished face.

Struck from the rank of toilers—early lost, And leaving not a trace.

Martyrs of news! Young martyrs of the press! Princes of giving from the largesse of brain; One leaf of laurel steeped in tenderness, Take ye, O, early slain.

Though in the authors' pantheon, no niche obscure Your waning names can hold forever fast, The seeds of truth ye blow afar are sure To spring and live at last.

On lonely wastes, within the swarming marts, In silent dream, in speaking deeds of men; Quick with momentum from your deathless hearts, Your thoughts will live again.

—Mary Clemmer Ames

A QUEER STORY.

How an Attorney Settled a Very Complicated Case.

A certain prosecuting attorney in the interior of New York state, in relating stories of his youth, told the writer the following: The business of a very busy week was over and I was sitting one Saturday night, enjoying a few moments' relaxation, when an old merchant insisted on seeing me. Mr. Nesmith was very rich, and commanded respect outwardly from the community, but I, who knew his inner life, was aware that he pursued a course of dissipation and profligacy ill-suited to his years and standing.

He was in a state of great excitement and indignation, and was determined to get a warrant for the arrest of his confidential clerk, William Stinson, on a charge of embezzling \$1,700.

The young man had been in his employment for years, and bore an unspotted character. I knew him well, and would not credit the accusation. Therefore I refused a warrant until Monday, when I could take up the matter.

Mr. Nesmith later in life had married a very pretty girl, and was thought to dote upon her, while she delighted in being "an old man's darling." She was one of those guileless creatures who seem all innocence and confidence.

On Monday morning while I was awaiting Nesmith, his wife was announced, and requested a conversation.

Like her husband she was extremely agitated, but on a different cause. After much stammering, blushing, and circumlocution, I drew from her that she wanted a warrant to arrest her husband for adultery.

I was thunderstruck. I argued that there must be some mistake—that his devotion to her was well known. She laughed ironically, and confessed that her apparent happiness was all a mockery to deceive the world; that in reality they lived a cat-and-dog life; but for their children they would long ago have separated, but that now forbearance ceased to be a virtue. She had, she averred, the most convincing proofs of his infidelity.

When I demanded what they were, she replied that her physician would inform me. I tried to appease her, but in vain. All I could do was to put her off till the following Monday.

She had scarcely left the office when her husband called on the clerk's embezzlement, as I supposed. He, too, wished to consult me in the most confidential manner—not about the Stinson matter, but about his wife! He had discovered that she was untrue to him! I was even more thunderstruck than at the wife's charge, and when I inquired, as in her case, what proofs he could adduce, he replied to the effect that she had stolen a silk dress and a shawl charged to her she had never got, but she had seen them worn by Miss Parmer, a young woman who had been in her house for a couple of years as governess and seamstress. Evidently the woman had obtained the goods under false pretenses, and she wanted her arrest.

This was getting pretty thick. I dismissed her for a few days, promising her faithfully that the affair should be attended to, and justice meted out to the guilty party. I sent for my shrewd detective, and put this complicated case in his hands.

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The scandal was hushed up—not a breath of it ever transpired to the general public, and husband and wife showed the liveliest gratitude to me for my pains in the matter, whenever and wherever they met me—by cutting me dead.

A MILLIONAIRE BRIGAND.

Lerada. Who in Love, War and Gold-Getting Made Things Hum.

From the Alta Californian. There are many interesting incidents related of Lerada, the remarkable Indian who for eighteen years ruled the Tepic part of the Mexican Republic. When a boy he was engaged in herding sheep and cattle on a ranch near the town of Jalisco. Every day he passed on his way to and from school a very pretty girl, of a good family, and an acquaintance began between them. She always had her books, and on her return from school the two would retire to some quiet place where she would teach him to read and give him his first ideas of arithmetic and geography. He was exceedingly apt in learning and anxious to acquire knowledge, and he improved it in such a manner that he soon became recognized among other Indians as superior to them. His master often ill-treated him and Lerada was often heard to say he would revenge himself. The acquaintance with the girl ripened into love, which was reciprocated. He had asked of her parents that he might marry her, a proposition that was scorned, the family calling him a beggar. But he one day killed his master and then fled to the mountains, taking a number of Indians with him. After increasing the number to eighty men, he one night entered Jalisco, went to the house of the family who he deemed had insulted him. He forced the cura of Jalisco to go with him to the camp on the mountains, and when there made him marry her to the girl to the road as a brigand and was a terror for miles around. Many times troops were sent after him that never returned. About this time came the French, who, hearing of his many exploits and influence with the Indians, made overtures to him to join them, promising \$30,000 per month to pay his men. Lerada accepted and went, with 8,000 men, to Mazatlan, received the first installment, came back to Tepic, disbanded them and put the money in his pocket. He afterward received the sum regularly and as regularly he pocketed it. This was the beginning of his political prominence, and he rapidly made advancement in his endeavors for a complete control of the government of this section of the republic. He appears to have been a terribly revengeful man, and any one that he imagined had done him an injury lived but a little time after. On one occasion a ball in Tepic, he observed an official of the government in conversation with a senator with whom he was enamored. He directed one of his own officers to go to him and tell him to leave the house. Lerada, seeing the official still conversing with the young lady, again called his officer and asked if he obeyed him, and at the same time pointed to the pistol which he was carried asking if he was aware to what use such an instrument was put. "Now go to that man," he said, "and take him by the beard and lead him from the house." The officer, well knowing that if he disobeyed his own life would be forfeited, did as he was told.

On another occasion he sent an Indian to get a sum of money from his place at San Luis to Tepic. The Indian stole both, pawning the watch. He was apprehended and shot, and so, too, was the pawnbroker and the innocent purchaser of the watch from the latter—both were arrested and shot by order of Lerada. But his ambition for extended power lurked. His frequent successes had led him to believe that he could capture Guadalupe and with 8,000 Indians he started for that city, when, after a well fought battle he was routed and obliged to return to Tepic, having lost the prestige he had gained in eighteen years, as well as the confidence of his officers. The latter "went back on him" and one "gave him away," receiving, as he said, a considerable sum for the information; and so at last Lerada was captured and soon after was shot near the bridge crossing the river passing the city. He begged earnestly for his life, one person assured me he offered to liquidate the American debt released. But it was of no use; his death was inevitable, and while protesting that his actions had been for the good of the Indians, whose chief he was, the drums were rolled, a volley of musketry was heard, and the career of Lerada was at an end.

As to his health, during his lifetime, there are many stories. One is that barrels of gold and silver were carried at his order to the mountains and there deposited by four men, who, after finishing the work were, of course, shot, that it might not be divulged. There is at Santiago an old man who tells that he, in company with another American, came to Tepic in the night-time, escorting Lerada and six mules heavily laden with gold and silver bars, brought from the mountains in the vicinity of Santiago, and which were deposited in Lerada's house; that after their arrival he was sent out to buy mules, and as he had a weakness for "vine colored" he drank too much, got drunk and did not return to the house. In the morning the mules were found astray, Lerada was on his way to Guadalupe, and

the other man, his companion, never was heard of again. His ideas of discipline were as severe as his ideas on many other things. It was his custom to review his 24,000 Indians on the first Sunday of every month at 8 o'clock a. m., and it was expected that every man would be present or with a sufficient excuse. As they had to come from many leagues away it would not seem strange if there were many delinquents. On one occasion, at one of these reviews, when those present were in line, one unfortunate arrived ten minutes late. He was called before the chief, and, after being reprimanded before the whole army, was led to a tree and shot.

The family of Lerada, his wife and two daughters, reside at San Luis. She is in very comfortable circumstances and is represented as a very lady-like and amiable person.

His Second Choice.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?" "What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie!" Hester began. "Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact, I think not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman, who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you this other night, the only remark he made about them was; 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Oh, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say: '