

### THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

A cold winter's night, several years since, found a stage-load of passengers gathered around the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night.

After we had eaten supper, we repaired to the bar-room, where the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Vinney, and said his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was during the early part of last spring, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was a pleasant—mean warm. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of. After I had eaten, I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and it was very dark out doors. Now I wanted to be in Jackson the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for which I intended to dispose of on my way home.

"The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along through the mud very well after that. So I asked the landlord if he would see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off at about two. He expressed some surprise at this and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about out and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning.

"There were a number of persons sitting round while I told this, but I took little notice of them; only one arrested my attention. I had seen that week notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bill gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the individual. He said he did not know him. He had come that afternoon and intended to leave the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I ever was acquainted with him.

"I was resolved not to let the landlord in the secret, but to give information to the sheriff and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately rose and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast. However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village.

"At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pine. The road lay directly through this wood, and as near as I can remember the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east and the road ran nearly west, so I thought I should have light enough.

"I had entered this wood and gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a jump and jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from some source. What could it be? I looked quietly around but could see nothing, yet I knew the sound that I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt something besides the jerk from the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant.

"Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined that somebody had taken this method to obtain a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep there; but this passed away as soon as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was there had broken in. My next thought was of the suspicious individual I had seen at the tavern. He heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then creep over and shoot me or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"In a few moments my horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol and having twined the reins about the whipstock, carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind and examined the hump. This door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hump, which slips over the staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hump was secured in its own place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench stood in a leather pocket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was all most new, made of a stout frame of white oak and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary mortal could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew I should come to a hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud.

"About ten minutes after this I heard

a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force was being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me; so I sat down on the footboard.

"Of course I knew my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this!" he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head so as to make him think I was in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

"Let me get out and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for."

"I got in here to sleep on the rags," he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going, the distance of twelve miles. I slipped back on the footboard and took the whip. In fifteen minutes we cleared the wood, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four, one right after the other. I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls if not two would have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then I said:

"O God save me!—I'm a dead man!"

"Then I made a shuffling, as though I was falling off, and finally settled down on the footboard again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with my whip-stock, and she peeled faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got nearly he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts on the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there for the top of the cart is framed with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had it made so I could carry loads there.

By and by, after all else failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'Whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock. We were not an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it; I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth, and say I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that my passenger was safe, yet I was glad when I came to the old flour-barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jacksonville, and in ten minutes more hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old fellow," said I, as I got down and went to the back of the wagon, 'you have had a good ride, haven't you?'

"Who are you?" he cried, and he swore as he asked the question.

"I am the man you tried to shoot," was the reply.

"Where am I? Let me out."

"Look here; we've come to a safe stopping place, and, mind you, my pistol is ready for you the moment you show yourself. Now lie quiet."

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained the case. After this I got one of them to run and rout the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of day light were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad day light. In less than that time the sheriff came and two men with him. I told him the whole affair in a few words, and then made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. I then slipped the wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched to the lock-up and, I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in the top of the vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them must have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with heavy charges of powder, and his pistols were heavy ones.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the right villain.

"I afterward found a letter in the post-office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, informing me that the fellow who had tried to kill and rob me was in prison for life."

### What Kills.

In the school, as in the world, far more rust out and wear out. Study is tedious and wearisome to those who study least. Drones always have the toughest time. Grumbles makes poor scholars, and their lessons are uniformly "hard" and "too long." The time and thought expended in shrinking would be ample to master tasks. Sloth, gormandizing and worry kill their thousands, where overstudy harms one. The curse of heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles, and derange the whole vital machinery. Fretting, fidgeting, ennui and anxiety are among the most common causes of diseases. On the other hand, high aspiration and enthusiasm help digestion and respiration, and send an increased supply of vital energy to all parts of the body. Courage and work invigorate the whole system,

and lift one into a purer atmosphere, above the reach of contagion. The lazy groan most over their "arduous duties," while earnest workers talk little about the exhausting labors of their profession. Of all creatures, the sloth would seem to be the most worried and worn.

### UNNUMBERED GRAVES.

BY EMANUEL.

Yon hillside with its shafts of gleaming white, Bathed in the glory of the setting sun Holds many a grave, where, hidden from our sight, Some loved one sleeps, life's toil and labor done. But there are graves above whose slumbering mold No polished marble bears its stately head, And where no fragrant flowers above unfold To waken pity for the quiet dead.

These are the graves deep down within our hearts, Where lie the hopes and dreams of early years, Buried from sight; but signaled by such mark, As only can be made by blood and tears. Some early love that crowned us in our youth, And made life glorious for one short, sweet hour; Some cherished promise, robbed of strength and truth, Crushed by the morning of its new-born power.

Here is the spot where memory has engraven The form and face of one we called a friend, One for whose welfare we would even have braved Censure and heartache to the very end. But 'twas not wisely done, and so we draw Before the treachery of the smiling eyes A heavy veil. The cold world if it saw Would proffer pity in a thousand lies.

So life goes on. We lay the forms away, Of things we loved, not wisely, but too well; And in the lapse of years we learn to stay The fretful chanting of their funeral knell. We learn to smile before the smiling throng, Although the sadder fangs be deeply set; And, perhaps, our voices in the song, To soothe the pain we never can forget.

And thus we learn to envy the calm rest Of those who sleep beneath the silent sod; Bound by life's galling chains, we know this best.

But how our heads and pass beneath the rod. And when we see the mourners, heavy-clad In robes of black, haggard, with tear-dimmed eyes, We know their lives would be more bright and glad, Could they but reason,—It is life to die.

Mourn not the slumbering dead, but rather say, Blessed are the sleepers. Years may come and go; Heads that are brown and gold may turn to gray; But that is done with earth and tears and woe.

Somewhere, we know, beyond the world of stars, They will at last have found sweet Lethe's stream. Some time we'll meet them at God's judgment bar, Where life is love, and love one long, sweet dream.

—Opden, (Utica) Freeman.

### LORY, THE ALSATIAN.

Translated from the French. Lory, the blacksmith of Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines, was not in good humor that night. He was vexed and ill-tempered.

Usually when the forge fires were out, and the sun had set, he sat on the bench in front of his door and enjoyed the pleasant fatigue caused by honest work and the heat of the day. Before dismissing his apprentices he would drink with them long draughts of cool beer, while the factory hands passed, going from their work. That night the old man remained at his forge till it was time to take his seat at the table, and while he lingered no longer, he seemed to go unwillingly. Looking at him, his wife thought:

"What has happened to him? Perhaps he has had news from the regiment, and dare not tell me? Perhaps Christian is ill!" She dared not ask what the trouble was but busied herself in keeping quiet the three little blonde heads that chattered around the table, while munching their rashies and cream.

At last the blacksmith put away his plate in anger:

"Ah! the wretches! Ah, the scoundrels!"

"What now, Lory, with whom are you angry?"

"With five or six scoundrels," he burst out, "who have been going about town since morning, in French uniforms, and walking arm-in-arm with the Bavarians. Some more of those who have what do they call it—chosen Prussia for their country; and to think that every day we see those false Alsatians returning! What drink did they brew them?"

"But think, Lory, poor children; it is not quite their fault. They are sent to such a distance—Algeria, in Africa. They are homesick out yonder, and what a strong temptation it is to return to their native land and be soldiers no longer. Lory struck the table with his clenched fist.

"Hush, mother! You women don't understand. Forever living with children, and for them alone, you make everything small enough to fit your babies. Now I tell you these men are scoundrels—renegades—the vilest of cowards; and if our Christian were capable of such infamy, as sure as my name is George Lory, and that I served seven years in the Chasseurs of France, I would run my sword through his body!"

In his excitement, half raising himself from his seat, the blacksmith pointed to his saber hanging on the wall above the portrait of his son, a zouave, painted in Africa. There was the honest Alsatian face, swarthy and bronzed by the sun, the surroundings, whitened and softened as brilliant colors are by a high light. The sight calmed him suddenly, and he laughed at himself.

"I am a good one to worry myself in this way—as though our Christian would think for a moment of turning Prussian—he who brought down so many during the war.

His good humor being restored by this thought, he gayly finished his dinner and then went to La Ville de Strasbourg, to drain a couple of glasses of beer.

Now Mother Lory is alone. After having put the babies to bed (they are still heard in the next room, prattling like a nest of young birds going to sleep), she gets her work and begins to mend, sitting in the garden, just outside the doorway. From time to time she sighs and thinks:

"Yes, I suppose for they are cowards and renegades, but nevertheless their mothers are very happy to have them return." She remembers the time when her son, before he left for the army, was on that spot at the very same hour of the

day, attending to the little garden. She looks at the well where he filled his watering-pots, in his blouse, his long hair on his shoulders—the beautiful, bright hair that was cut off when he joined the zouaves. Suddenly she starts. The door in the corner of the garden wall, which opens into the fields, is open. Still, he who enters creeps along the wall like a thief, and slips between the trees and bushes.

"Mother!"

Her Christian stands before her, his uniform disordered, shamefaced, confused, and with thick utterance. He had returned with the others, and for the past hour had hung about the house waiting for his father to go out before he dared to venture in.

She should scold him, but she cannot. It is so long since she has seen him, and kissed him! Then he gives her such good reasons for returning; He was so unhappy away from the forge, from his country, spending his days so far away from those he loved, and the discipline becoming more rigid from day to day, and being called a "Prussian" by his comrades because of his Alsatian accent. She believes every word he utters. She need not look at him to believe.

Still conversing, they go into the low studded room. The little ones, awakened, come in their white dresses, with bare rosy feet, to embrace and welcome the big brother.

His mother would have him eat, but he is not hungry; still he is thirsty, and gulps down great draughts of water, over all the beer and white wine that he has been drinking since morning at the inn, to give him courage to face what he knows will be his father's anger.

They hear steps approaching the house. It is the blacksmith returning.

"Christian, it is your father. Quick—hide yourself, to give me time to speak to him—to explain."

She pushes him behind the huge porcelain stove, and with trembling hands takes up her work.

In her haste, the zouave's cap has been left upon the table. It is the first thing that Lory sees as he enters. The mothers pallor and her agitation betrays her. The truth flashes across Lory's mind—he sees it all.

"Christian is here," he cries furiously, and grasping his saber. With a wild gesture he rushes toward the stove, behind which cowers the zouave, pale and sobered, leaning against the wall for fear of falling.

The mother throws herself between them.

"Lory, Lory! do not kill him! It was I who wrote him to come back—that you needed him in the forge!"

She clings to his arm, weeps and entreats. In the darkness of their room the children are crying, frightened by the voices, so changed by passion that they do not recognize them.

The blacksmith stops, and looking at his wife: "Ah! you wrote him to come back? Very well let him go to bed; tomorrow I will see what is to be done."

On the morrow Christian, awakening from a heavy sleep, full of nightmares and causeless terrors, finds himself in the room that had been his in childhood. The sun is shining warmly and brightly through the leaded, diamond-shaped panes, over which a hop-vine makes a verdant network; below the hammer sounds on an anvil.

The mother is at his bedside; in fact, so much did she fear her husband's anger that she had not left her son during the night. Lory has not slept, either; till morning he wandered through the house, weeping, sighing, opening and shutting the clothes-presses. Now he gravely enters his son's room. He is dressed as for a journey, with high leggings, a broad hat, and a heavy iron-bound stick; he goes directly to the bed.

"Come, get up."

Christian, somewhat confused, is about to put on his uniform. "No; not that," says the father sternly.

Trembling, mother interposes: "But he has no others."

"Give him mine. I have no further use for them."

While Christian is dressing, Lory folds the uniform carefully—the short jacket and the full red trousers. The bundle made up, he hangs about his neck the tin box that contains the way bill.

"Now let us go down," he says, and all three descend to the forge without exchanging a word.

The bellows roar, and every one is at work. Seeing once more the open shed, of which he had thought so often when far away, the Zouave remembers his childhood, and how often he has played between the heat of the road and the sparks of the forge glittering in the black dust. A feeling of tenderness comes over him, and an intense desire to obtain his father's forgiveness, but whenever he raises his eyes, he meets an inexorable look.

At last the blacksmith speaks: "Lad," said he, "there is the anvil, the tools—they are yours, and all that also," added he, pointing to the little garden spread out before them, full of sunlight and buzzing bees, and green peacefulness, like a picture, seen through the smoky frame of the doorway. "The beehives the vineyard, the house, all belong to you. Since you have sacrificed your honor for these things, it is but just that you should have them. You are master here I am going! You owe five years to France, and I go to pay your debt."

"Lory, Lory! where are you going?" cries the poor mother.

"Father!" entreatingly falters the son but the blacksmith is gone, with long strides, not turning once to look back.

At Sidebel-Abbes, at the headquarters of the Third Zouaves, there is a new volunteer, aged 55

### A Responsible Situation.

I wish to employ an energetic man of forty, to sit in my hall and be my Agent—answer and peddler-conciliator. I cannot say that the work is light, but the wages will be good. I want him to be well up in scripture, so that he may be able to entertain the man with the big bible to sell. He must know music so as to baffle the man who has sworn to sell my house an organ. He must be able to detain the agent of Borum & Bleedum's unrivaled sewing machine, and so control the conversation that the kind-hearted agent shall depart feeling that enough has been said. He will have to be kind to the man with brooms, but, at the same time, firm. To the person who appears

as agent of the Consolidated Encyclopedia of Medieval Literature, he must exercise urbanity and not attempt to curtail the conversation, this work having been subscribed to by Mr. Goldpot and Mr. Silverware, leading citizens. In fact, as to all these agents, he must be patient, respectful, polite. There is one visitor, though, upon whom I shall permit him to expend his pent-up feelings. He shall be not only allowed, but authorized, to smash into 900,000 fragments the person who comes and leaves a patent medicine circular, and asks that the circular be returned when called for. Address: Encouragement, box 200,000.—*Courier Journal*

### The Vitality of the Shark

During the spring of the year 1862, when the war was in progress, a number of army officers left Boston in the new sailing ship "Merchant" for a voyage to Ship Island.

Among the passengers were Dr. Hooker, Lieutenants Prince and Emerson, and the writer; and we all witnessed the scene I am about to describe.

Early one morning, Dr. Hooker called from the deck to us below that a shark was following the ship. We took this to be a practical joke and did not move from our state rooms.

But when we did go on deck, about six o'clock, we looked over the stern of the ship and there saw an enormous, shovel-nosed shark following us, but keeping his distance about two hundred feet. Every person on board was called to look at the huge fish.

The old sea captain said it was no unusual incident to have a shark follow a ship for an entire voyage. They subsist largely on the waste matter thrown overboard; and, as they are very fast swimmers, can always keep up with a vessel.

It was proposed by Captain Lewis, one of the captains on board, to make an effort to capture him.

We threw into the ocean pieces of bread and other articles of food, and were greatly interested to see him eat them. The ship was searched but there was not a harpoon to be found; there was not even a shark hook. The prospect of capturing this great fish was not very bright until Captain Lewis proposed to make a noose and lower it down into the water, and thus entangle him.

But Sir Shark kept away from the rope. I then proposed to put a piece of pork, big as my hand, on a common fish line, and by a little maneuvering of the bait induce the fish to pass his head into the noose. But he was very cautious and would not wear the ship when I lowered the piece of pork, until two little pilot fish, that rode on his back, one on each side of the great fin, came forward and inspected the bait, then returned and took their places.

They had barely time to finish this action when the shark swam under the stern of the ship and, opening his ponderous jaws, attempted to take the bait. But I held it just above his nose, noting he possessed no power to leap or jump up as many fish do.

I also watched with curious interest the pilot fish, which, having performed their office, were now quietly clinging beside the fin of his back.

While Captain Lewis was preparing a noose which was to be slipped over the shark's head, I asked about the pilot fish.

"Every shark has one," said the captain, "and sometimes two; and when the shark is without one he is shy and will seldom approach very near a ship."

These pilot fish seemed to be five or six inches long, and a yellowish-brown color, having longitudinal dark stripes on their sides and resembling much the perch of New England ponds. It seemed strange that so powerful a fish should place so much dependence on such insignificant creatures.

The captain again lowered his rope, but the current of water drew it aside and the attempt to entrap the fish was again a failure.

Then, some one suggested holding the noose open by retaining the "bite" in hand, and when the shark put his head over the rope in order to get at the pork still dangling from the end of the little line, to let the noose drop and pull away at the end till the large rope tightened around his body. This was tried, but the shark slipped out. He was however, so hungry that he immediately returned, and the maneuver was repeated and with success the second time.

The moment Captain Lewis got the noose around his body, eight or ten persons pulled away at the rope, and it was hardly a minute before it began to tighten around the shark's body, and, as it did so, it slipped down to his tail; and when he felt it getting uncomfortably tight he turned slightly and gave one flap with his mighty tail that nearly took the whole of us overboard. Captain Lewis, with the rapidity almost of thought, made a turn of the rope about a fastening, but so powerful was the fish that he seemed to retard the movement of the ship, if not to drag her backwards.

A large number of men now got hold of the rope and succeeded in drawing him out of the water, and left him suspended under the stern.

We looked for the pilot fish, but in vain; they had disappeared during the excitement and struggle.

After the shark had time to expire—for he never stirred after being pulled out of the water—the sailors hitched a tackle to him and swung him around to the side of the ship, where he remained until nearly noon-time, when the sailors got permission to open him and take out the blubber, which is charged with oil that is extremely serviceable about a ship. This was found to contain several pailsful of oil.

After dinner, one of the passengers, Dr. Hooker, signified his desire to have the jaws of the shark as a memento of the unusual scene. So the great creature was drawn on deck and the rope taken off.

Scarcely was this done, when, instead of being dead, he was found to be so thoroughly alive that he cleared the deck of men in two moments; for, as he commenced his contortions and twistings about the deck, we all scampered to places of safety.

His vitality struck us with wonder and alarm. He had hung on the outside of the ship, in the boiling sun, during more than half a day. He had been despoiled of a portion of his vitalizing apparatus; yet now, after we had supposed him dead for hours, we found him able to keep the whole ship's crew at bay.

The men soon commenced hostilities, but still for a long time he was able to maintain himself against the great odds. He bent his body and with surprising strength threw himself from side to side; and, as he did so, he opened his huge jaws and barely missed from time to time seizing our legs. He showed successive rows of sharp teeth, and by the aid of his cartilaginous tail, he turned forward and backward and obliquely along the deck and really seemed to be empowered with a million lives.

For two full hours did the battle continue. At last a thrust through the heart was the finishing touch. He gave one spring, twisting his body powerfully, and fastened his great jaws upon a spare spar that was lashed at the side of the deck; and, afterward, we found it hard to disengage his grip, and could only do so by tearing out splinters from the spar.

We found he measured fifteen feet in length.

The two doctors on board were ardent physiologists, and they did not desire to let such an opportunity slip to obtain an increase of knowledge.

So they began their investigations by examining many parts of the shark, and they finally removed his heart.

The fact about to be recorded is properly vouched for, and yet it seems almost incredible.

Although the shark was dead and emptied of blood, yet his heart, when removed from his body and resting on the deck, kept up its contractions for a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour, just the same as when in place, and performing its office of pumping the blood to the various parts of the body.

This wonderful power seems to be in harmony with the belief of some scientists, who say the heart possesses a nervous center and power over its own life, separate and distinct from the brain, for the protection of life in times of accident.

### A Female Belle of Old Ireland.

At the almshouse on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., a woman above one hundred years old has just died. She had spells of teeling young, and would tell over to herself the events in her life of fifty and seventy-five years ago, but could tell little of the last ten years. She came to this country in 1825, and has been supported by charity ever since. In her young days she was a favorite domestic in the household of the Marquis of Beresford's family. Although living under the roof of the leading Orange family of Ireland at that dark and troubled period, she nevertheless wedded an outlaw with a price upon his head. He was taken prisoner at the memorable battle of Oulart Hill, and sentenced to be hanged. His young wife heard of his capture and sentence, and invoked the all-powerful Marquis of Beresford to interpose his clemency in saving the life of her patriotic husband.

The Marquis, for once in his life, was inclined to be merciful to "rebels" and gave a reluctant promise that he would interest himself in saving from the gallows the hero of Oulart Hill. And, so the story goes, that as Myles Ryan was about being led from his dungeon to the scaffold, a tree pardon was granted him, without his knowledge of the influence that saved his life. The pardon was read in the presence of the yeomanry, who were so enraged at the escape of one of their victims and he, too, the most dangerous and conspicuous of the batch of doomed men that they concluded he should not escape their vengeance, even if a royal pardon had been granted.

Myles Ryan had scarcely emerged from the precincts of the prison gates when he was clasped in the arms of his rescuer, the faithful Catharine, whose heart was too full to express her gratitude save in tears. While the happy couple were walking arm-in-arm, alternately embracing each other and offering fervent prayers to heaven for the miraculous escape of Myles from the gallows, they were overtaken by a troop of yeomen, who fell upon Myles and sabred him to death. The devoted Catharine, in striving to shield him from the merciless blows of his assassins, received a sabre cut on the head which laid her prostrate by the side of her husband. From the sight and that blow she never fully recovered.

### Billy Bang's Hat.

There are a great many people who feel uneasy when the hat is passed round, but a hat like this one must trouble bad debtors worse than any body else. A facetious reporter in the City of Brotherly Love does up an odd character there in the following fashion:

Billy Bangs is a collector of bad bills in Philadelphia. Everybody knows Billy there, and he collects the worst kind of bills—bills that people were willing to throw away if it were not for Billy.

As it is, they give their bad bills to Billy to collect. Billy Bangs wears a very high hat—a family relic. On the top he has painted in flaming letters: "Bad Bills Collected."

Thus arrayed, with everybody looking at his hat, he goes