Good-Night.

BY MARY R. HIGHAM.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good-night! God keep you in his care always.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere.

A TERRIBLE INTRUDER.

BY MARION NORTHCOTT.

We were alone in the house—Maude Chaplain and I—and did not altogether like the position in which we were placed.

While the daylight lasted, and there seemed so much life about the farm, it seemed very pleasant to have the house to ourselves, to be able to wander together through the quaint old rooms and to talk on the subjects very dear to both of us, without the dread of being over-shadowed by the London female cousins and the roystering youths who had come to spend a month of the shooting beneath our roof. For a time we reveled in our comparative solitude, and pitied the female cousins, the eager sportsmen, poor papa and the rest of the household, who had been beguiled into accepting an invitation to Mrs. Rattletrap's picnic at the Scrubs, a piece of moorland some eight miles distant from our house. We were all expected, but my old school-fellow, Maude, pleaded headache, and I was not sorry to have an excuse for staying at home with our guest. We had met but seldom since we left the prim school at Taunton; and although Maude had already been with us a week, what with the noisy clatter of our friends, the croquet tourneys, the lawn dances, and the other pleasant ways in which our evenings were spent, we had hitherto had no opportunity of indulging in those mutual confidences so dear to women who are in the blissful state known as "engaged." There was a particularly tender bond of sympathy between us, inasmuch as I was in bi-weekly correspondence with her brother John, to whom I signed myself "yours affectionately," whilst her betrothed was Harry Somers, who had been a visitor to our house from his childhood. Ere they drove away in the afternoon, the other girls twitted us rather severely for not joining them, and it seemed a general opinion that Maude's headache was nothing more than a sham. But the gentlemen said little; in my opinion their hearts would have been gladdened had all the party abstained from attending the picnic, their inclinations tending toward the wheat stubble in "Five-acre field" and the adjacent turnip patch, where a fine covey had sought shelter the night before. But as the girls were resolved upon going, the males, of course, were obliged to act as escort. By-and-by papa was induced to join them, and thus it was Maude and I were left alone.

So engrossing was the subject of our conversation that we were surprised when the housemaid brought in the tea, and dropping a courtesy, asked if Sarah, the cook, might go with her down to the village, until ten o'clock, to take in the festivities with which Farmer Ashcombe was celebrating his harvest home. It then occurred to my memory that the servants had asked me for this holiday a fortnight priviously, and that I had given a half acquiescent response. In the hurry of my domestic duties, and the excitement occasioned by a house full of company, I had, however, forgotten the circumstance until now.

"Where is Ben?" I inquired, referring to one of the carters who inhabited a snug little cottage on the farm, and was consequently required to place himself at our service when wanted.

The domestic dropped another courtesy, and announced that the individual alluded to had gone to Wells with a load of barley, and would not be back until late.

"And the boy Smith?"

"Please, 'm, master told him a might go when a 'ad fed the poultry and fastened 'em up for the night, and a 'as been gone this quarter of an hour."

"I hope he made sure the turkeys and geese were all right, for papa saw a fox cross the meadow this morning."

"Oh, yes, 'em, a is a careful lad is Smith, and he's got 'm all right 'enow, I'll be bound," responded the maid.

I hesitated a moment as to wheather it was altogether safe to be thus left; but as I had given a half promise to the girls, and I knew it would be a sad disappointment to them not to go, I dismissed my apprehensions, and told them they might leave the tea-things and be off at once.

Noticing that after a time Maude became less conversational, I inquired the reason; but receiving naught but evasive answers, I questioned her more closely.

"You are not afarid, are your, dear?"

"I shall only be confessing the truth when I tell you that I was very sorry to hear you give your consent to the servants leaving us. Suppose any person has been watching the house, and was to seize the oportunity of committing a robbery?"

"My dear Maude," I responded, "nothing of the sort ever happens in these parts. Living, as we do, some distance from any town, we know all the persons resident within a radius of, say, four miles."

"But how about tramps? Are they not dreadful people, sis?"

"Perhaps, Maude, even they are more sinned against than sinning At all events tramps seldom, if ever, come near us. You see we lie off the main road. The lane leads to the farm, and nowhere else."

"But," persuaded Maude, "that fact would be all the worse for us if a tramp should come here."

"Really," I replied, "I shall get quite angry with you if you pursue the subject further. To put an end, however, to all your fears you shall come with me, and we shall bolt the outer doors."

The alacrity with which Maude rose from her chair was a good proof that the proposed measure was of a welcome nature, so, proceeding from the drawing-room, we walked to the lawn, and fastening the gate which opened on to the lane, we re-entered the house We then locked, bolted, and barred the back premises, saw that all the windows were fastened, and then came back to the drawing-room.

I must confess that when we had secured all the approaches to our citadel, I was myself a good deal more at ease than I had been previously.

Slowly the autumn sun sank beneath the range of hills fronting our dwelling, tinging the sky with radiant hues which varied momentarily.

I could have sat for hours watching the numerous hues that swept across the heavens, but with the uprising moon and gathering twilight I saw that Maude was once more becoming nervous.

"Won't you close the shutters?" inquired Maude.

"Not unless you particularly wish it, dear," I replied.

"But I do," she answered.

I was about to shut out the moonlight view, and make a desperate effort to change the conversation, when Maude, who had her eyes fixed on the lawn, suddenly clutched my arm, and involuntarily retreated a step. "Sis," she cried, "what is that moving in the laurels?"

I looked, and in a moment observed emerging from the shelter of the laurels, but still remaining beneath the dense shadow of the overhanging tree, what seemed to be the figure of a man. He looked in height very short, almost dwarf-like, but was stout of frame, and appeared dressed in white, or was without a coat; what seemed to be his shirt-sleeves being alone seen as he raised his arms when freeing himself from the bushes.

"Oh Sis," exclaimed Maude, "it is a man. Let us give him all our jewelry, or mayhap we may be murdered ere any of our people may come back."

"Maude," I cried, "for heaven's sake, endeavor to retain your senses. You yesterday remarked the double-barrelled gun which hangs over the mantlepiece in the kitchen, and asked me if it were loaded! Do you think you could fetch it to me while I keep watch here?"

She nodded; I knew her fright prevented her speaking. Clasping her hand tightly within my own, and then releasing it, I said:

"Bring it to me then; the gun is perfectly safe so long as you do not touch the trigger.

Whilst Maud was gone it seemed to me as though the figure drew closer; it was careful to remain within the shadow of the tree, but it struck me as exceedingly strange that, although the white-sleeved arms were continually raised, as though their owner had just awakened from a sound sleep, I could not see the creature's head.

In a very short time I heard Maud's approaching footsteps. As she placed the gun in my hand I felt that her fingers were cold and trembling.

At that moment the mysterious being drew a few paces nearer, and seemed to have a limping gait, whether from natural imfirmity or drunkennes I could not tell.

Flinging open the window, and raising the gun, I cried at the top of my voice "Who's here? Answer, or I'll fire!"

A few seconds elapsed, but no response came to my inquiry.

"Who are you?" I again shouted.

My fingers closed upon the trigger, then came a flash of light and a loud report—the intruder upon the lawn staggered and fell.

Simultaneously poor Maud sank fainting on the carpet.

Not daring to move from the room, I rested the gun against the table, and raising Maude's head in my hands, endeavored to restore her to consciousness. What seemed to me hours, but what really could not have been more than twenty minutes, passed, and then came the sound of vehicles driven rapidly up the lane. I heard my father clamoring for admittance, and hurrying to the door, fell almost swooning into his arms.

As coherently as I could I told him of our adventure, and that the body of a man lay beneath the laural bushes; so resigning me to the care of one of the gentlemen, he hurried to the spot indicated. In a moment after, his cheery voice sounded through the still air, "I've got him; but he's more frightened than hurt. Why, girls, its a representative of yourselves! It's nothing *but a goose*."

Neither was it. That boy Smith, who was so much to be depended on, had for once proved himself unworthy of his trust, and this poor bird, in its futile endeavors to seek his companions, had in our nervous fancy, become magnified to the proportions of a housebreaking desperado; its outstretched wings in the shadow, to which it so persistently kept, helping to carry out the delusion we had entertained. Of course we were pretty considerably rallied about the matter, but we never after volunteered to remain in the house alone.

"The Wust Boy."

BY M. QUAD.

All the old women for blocks up and down Sixth Street called him "the wust boy," and Jim did much to win the title and keep it. He fought every thing and every body, harassed cats and abused dogs, and various attempts have been made during the last year to get him settled in the Reform School. The "wust boy" has made a now departure, and though it may not be lasting, as it is for the better, it will probably furnish opportunity for some other boy to step in and claim the unenviable title.

"The wust boy" cared nothing for the sight of crape on the knob, and a funeral procession was as good as a parade to him. Surprise was, therefore, manifest on every countenance when he softly knocked at the door, the other week, and said:

"I hain't got no good clothes to go to the funeral, but I'd like to see the old lady's face agin afore she's covered up in the ground."

A motherly old lady in his neighbor hood had passed away. So far as the public knew, he hated her, as he seemed to hate all the rest, but the public didn't know. If Jim had condescended to explain, he would have said:

"Well yer see, one night, when that big Tom Skip laid fur me, and had me as good as mashed, this 'ere woman rushed out and pulled him off, and slammed him agin the fence till his elbows echoed. Then agin she left me play with the children, and axed me into dinner, and morne'n once she's took up fur me and said the neighbors didn't give me a fair show."

They let him in to see her dead face, half expecting to see some ghastly trick on his part, and never dreaming that he would lean over and kiss the cold cheek, and that tears would come to his eyes.

"Where's the children?" he asked, as he turned from the coffin.

"Up stairs, poor things."

"It's going to be tuff on 'em, isn't it?"

"Yes; they will see hard times, poor darlings."

"There's a leetle bit of a feller 'mong 'em what's named Pete," continued the "wust boy:" "what'll it cost a week to pay his way?"

The woman smiled at the idea, but seeing how earnest Jim was, one of the women replied:

"O, about fifty cents, I guess."

The boy went out without a word, and in the course of half an hour another lad handed in a piece of wrapping-paper, in which was inclosed a silver quarter. On the paper was scrawled the words (the work of three or four boys):

"I hoap she's gon to hevven, and I'll taik car' of little peter at fifty sents a weak. Hear's the fust 'stalment.
Gim."

The next day he sent in the balance, and last week the "insalment" was forthcoming. Jim has a boot-black's kit, and has gone to work, and the old women who called him the "wust boy," now look after him and exclaim:

"Well, now, but who'd a-thought that boy had a soul in him!"

Under the Limes.

How sweet in winter-time we feign the spring
How fair by night we dream the day shall be?
Can any April-tide such freshness bring,
Our eyes on any morn such brightness see?
Half heedlessly we hear the first bird sing,
Behold the first shoots breaking on the tree;
And when we wake, our reason fain would cling
Prisoners to fancy, fearing to be free.

For like the crossing leaves, that day by day
Grow larger, till they weave the linden shade,
Our pleasures so are woven to a whole;
Not in the part we see how glad are they;
But after find ev'n fairer than we prayed;
Their dreams and memories left within the soul.

A BROTHER'S CURSE.

An Irish Story.

The best "holding" of land on the Ballybane property was that of old MacDermott. His crops were always first sowed; and first home; his haggard, the nearest and best hatched; his fences in the best condition, and his house the snuggest in the village. Darby was never a day behindhand with his rent. The first of May and the first of November found him, wet, or dry, good season or bad season, at the office with his old worsted stocking, in the corner of which his half-year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always minded his business, and attended to his duties, and had few troubles in the course of threescore and ten yeas. He had two sons. Martin, the eldest, a dark, handsome man, with a square, heavy face and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eyes—a man whom every body respected, but very few liked; and Owen, a fair curly-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favorite; and when he died, it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first-born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck; Martin was strong, and healthy and handsome, had been his father's favorite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops and everything was the property of Martin; and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago, two hundred pounds in ready money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well off, there were few men in Ballybane who did not envy them—Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbors as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting-car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland farm, as the MacDermotts' holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked too, just as usual, only that during his father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupations a mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended and the supper over, he ordered the fire and lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin MacDermott's on one side was held by Michael O'Bryne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side, a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a good-for-nothing old fellow named Patrick Havernan, who was a little better than a nuisance to the entire neighborhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed, and Owen MacDermott, without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and full of hope and joy Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, and a general holiday; and early in the morning Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit and went out. A little way down the road he met a young girl, also dressed in her best—a crimson stuff dress, a gay shawl, and a cross of ribbons of all colors of the rainbow on her shoulder. Her hair was twisted carelessly around her head, and her soft blue eyes had a startled look in them.

"O, Ownie, avourneen, I was afeared you were not coming, and sure, sorra a bit of shamrock you have in your cap this blessed mornin'. Why is that dear?"

"I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin'," he answered, looking tenderly into the sweet, shy face. "Julia, I have good news for you this mornin'; let us walk down the lane, and I'll tell you and look for my shamrock at the same time."

Together they turned down a lane, or rather footpath, bordered on one side by a thick blackthorn hedge and a broad meadow on the other.

"Julia," said Owen, "you know I'm fond of you since you were a wee shy, delicate little creature. I never had any sweetheart but yourself, and now I want you to fix the day; I am going to take you all to myself. You know Pat Heverman's holdin'; I went to the office yesterday, and asked for it, and the agent as good as promised me it. Now, Judy!"

"I am so glad, Owine," was all the girl answered, very softly, but there were tears of genuine delight in her eyes as she looked up at him. Well it was that neither of them saw the dark face that watched them from the other side of the hedge, or heard the muttered threats that were hurled after them, or they might not have enjoyed the remainder of the day as they did.

St. Patrick's day in Ireland, forty years ago, used to be very different from what it is now; and when Julia O'Byrne and Owen MacDermott entered the market town of Gort, after a long ramble through the fields in search of a shamrock, it presented a gay appearance. The principal street was lined with stalls, filled with apples and ginger-bread, gay crosses and sugarsticks. There are tents full of boys and girls, eating, drinking and laughing; large pots of boiling bacon and potatoes, barrels of porter and kegs of potheen, and Irish pipers playing with all their might. From stall to stall, from tent to tent, Owen and Julia wandered, enjoying every thing till late in the evening, when they met Martin MacDermott and Julia's father, both evidently in high spirits, and chatting confidentially. They went into a tent together, and, after an hour's chat, came out more good-tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen.

"Come here, my colleen!" O'Byrne said, in rather a thick voice. "I have made a match for you and Martin. Go over and sit by the side of him."

"With Martin, father?" the girl said, looking with dismay at the stern, dark man she almost hated, and certainly feared. "With Ownie, you mean?"

"Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martin—Martin, the master. Poor Ownie has nothing."

"He's promised Hevernan's farm, father."

"No, my dear; it's me that has Hevernan's houldin'," Martin said, with a sinister smile; "and it's me you're goin' to marry."

Owen walked up to his brother, and looking him straight in the face, said, in a clear, calm voice: "What do you mean, Martin MacDermott?"

"What I said just now—that I got Hevernan's houldin', and I took my oath to marry Julia O' Bryne. I told it to her father half an hour ago."

You mean to say you are goin' between me and the colleen I have loved—the colleen I have loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are goin' between me and these few dirty acres of Havernan's, that I asked first and bespoke—between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in the world—you that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!"

"I'm going to marry Julia," Martin replied, with sullen determination.

"Julia, what do you say?" Owen asked, turning to the girl, wha stood silently weeping.

"I must answer for her," O'Byrne said. "I promised her to Martin, and I'm not going back on my word, I can tell you. What have you to show? How do you mean to keep her?"

"What do you say, Julia?"

"I wish to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else—never, never, as I hope for luck!"

"God bless you for them words, darling! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere."

"Julia," said her father, raising his hands to heaven, "if you ever marry that boy, ever speak to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees. You don't know what a father's curse is. Don't bring it on my child, if you love her. Never come across her again, Owen MacDermott!"

"You hear that, Julia? What am I to do?" Owen asks.

"Go away, and never come near me again, or he'll curse me, Owen. Go away!"

Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, called down a bitter curse on his only brother; "May you never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking. May every thing you put your hand to turn to ashes! May your children live to hate and dishonor you, Martin MacDermott!" and with one long look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlegar. Ten pounds of the money left him by his father he took; the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went, or what became of him, no one knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died, and Julia, from sheer inability to resist any longer, became the wife of Martin MacDermott, though she feared the very sound of his voice, and trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant, but she scarcely needed that, for she had no will and no wish to do anything but what he bade her. She had children, but one after another sickened and died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin, his shabby surlishness making him generally disliked. When they were ten years married, Julia died in giving birth to twins—a fine healthy boy and girl. Both lived, and all the affection their father had for anything he centred on the boy he called Darby, after his own father. The little girl, Julia, he cared nothing about, allowing her to grow up just as best she could. The farm Martin took so treacherously from his brother, he gave up long before, as nothing ever sown there prospered, and indeed, acre by acre, the Upland farm had been going for years. Darby MacDermott grew up to be a fine, handsome man, first and foremost in every mischief the village could afford, and at twenty years of age got transported for seven years for treason-felony, as he had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848. Julia was an idle, careless girl, who spent her time in gossiping in the neighbor's house, instead of taking care of her father, a weak, helpless old man, who toiled early and late, trying to keep a roof over his head. All his wretched schemes had turned out badly. They had not in them the ring of a straightforward and honest man. Above all, the trouble and disgrace of his son Darby completely broke him down and he took to his bed, only wishing and wanting to die. "It's the curse—it's Ownie's own curse!" he would moan for hours, as he lay alone without a soul to hand him even a drink of water. "Sure, I might have known it would come."

At length the climax of Martin MacDermott's suffering was reached, the measure of his punishment filled up. For three years he had not paid a sixpence of rent, and he was dispossessed, turned out of the house in which he was born, and his father and grandfather before him, to die by the way—left homeless and friendless by the roadside on a dreary November morning.

Remembering his unkindness to an only brother, his harshness to his poor, timid, patient wife, his blind indulgence of his son, in the face of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughter, and his mean, scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble; and so he was taken to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had been once a happy homestead. * * *

And Owen, when he left the tent that ever memorable St. Patrick's night, it was with the resolve of going away for ever—anywhere, so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become hateful to him. He walked all night, and at the break of day found himself just outside the town of Ballinsaloe. There he had some breakfast, and at the inn he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his servicees, and as he appeared a quiet, respectable young man, they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good-by to the cattle jobbers, and took a passage to America in the Golden Cross. On board he made himself so useful and agreeable to the Captain that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years Owen worked patiently and steadily, and then his master promoted him to be clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till he became a partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and a gentleman, came home-longings. The Upland farm, the lane where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market-town—all used to come before him as he sat in his grand, lonely house, and at last he resolved to pay his native place a visit.

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March and determined to remain quiet till the next day, when he felt pretty sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little town than he anticipated—far fewer changes than there were in himself. But when St. Patrick's day dawned, clear and frosty, he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland Farm. How his heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desolate, which had been the home of Julia; and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground where his father's house stood! Faint and sick, he entered the first cabin he came to, and asked a drink of water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a stool, which he did, and after a few minutes, silence he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl with a face that would have been pretty but for its sulky expression, had a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over her shoulders, looking up from a heap of flax she was carding, and examined the stranger attentively, as he asked the old woman what had become of the MacDermotts.

"Come here, Judy, and tell his honor what became of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family. This is his daughter, sir."

"And Martin, what has become of him? Is he dead?" Owen asked, breathlessly.

"No; it would be a good job if he was," the girl said, sullenly; "he's in the poorhouse!"

Owen buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. Surely his curse had fallen hot and heavy; far, far hotter and heavier than he meant it should.

"Girl! did you hear of your Uncle Owen? I am he. Take me to your father. And this is Julia's daughter! I might bave known; you are so like her."

It was hard to make poor old Martin MacDermott understand that his brother had come back, and was rich, and was willing to help him; but when it did dawn on his feeble mind, his sorrow and his gratitude was touching to behold. "Take me away, Ownie—take me away from Ballybane. I can never hould up my head among the neighbors again. Sure I'm a broken-down ould creature; but I have a small taste of the spirit of MacDermott left yet, in spite of all my troubles. Take me an' Julia away, Ownie."

There was now demonstrated a beautiful instance of magnanimity. Owen took his brother and his niece to New York; but Martin did not live to enjoy the splendid home of Owen. Six months after they landed he died, without any visible or local cause—simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress of her uncle's establishment, and before very long married the son of his partner, and had a fine house of her own; and when Darby's term of transportation expired, his uncle took him to live with him. The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it, and he is now one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in New York. His children climb on the knees of a white-haired, gentle old man they call Uncle Owen, and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his eldest boy's golden curls, "Your Owen is like me, nephew, I can see that. I'm a happy old man. I could not have been so had I committed any horried act of vegeance. In doing good for evil that I am truly blest."

Careful habits lead to wealth. Fold your bank note when you put it in your pocketbook, and every time you take it out you will find it increases.

A Prairie Duel.

Some five years ago, Adam Goldie left his native county of Shanon, Mo., where he was engaged in cattle raising, for Northern Texas, where he passed two years, and there one of the most exciting incidents of his career happened. His fame as a marksman among the Texans soon became notorious. In the vicinity of Goldie's ranch lived William Darrell, or as he was familarly termed, Bloody Bill. This Bloody Bill was a noted ruffian and desperado. His feats in marksmanship were likewise astounding, and probably no man in the Lone Star State excelled him in handling the rifle. He became jealous of Goldie's fame, and managed to pick a quarrel with him, which resulted in a challenge. After a short consultation, they decided that a duel should be fought, but, in consequence of the extraordinary skill of the parties, at a long distance.

On the open prairie, about two miles distant, grew two post oak trees. They were four hundred and twenty yards apart, and were the only trees on that spot. All around was open, timberless prairie. It was decided that Goldie and Bill should both take up a position behind their respective trees, and then blaze away at each other. The Texans hoped by this means to prevent a fatal termination of the duel. The preliminaries being settled, the whole party mounted their horses and rode out on the prairie to the selected spot. Goldie took up his position behind one of the trees, and Bill ensconced himself behind the other. The remaining party of the crowd then rode to a slight undulating eminence to the right, where they were to remain as spectators. One of them was to give the signal for the beginning of the combat by firing his rifle in the air, and the report was to be the signal to the duellists to begin their bloody work. Goldie waited anxiously the detonation of the rifle, which suddenly sounded on the air.

Then began the duel at the longest range ever recorded. Goldie advanced from behind the tree in a kneeling posture, when, whiz! his sombrero was perforated by a ball from Bloody Bill's rifle. Quick as lightning he dropped full length on the ground in time to escape the other two bullets which came in rapid succession. He lay still, brought his rifle into position as he was stretched upon the ground, and then remained immovable. Presently he saw a diminutive figure which he knew to be Bill (who was nearly one inch taller than Goldie) advancing cautiously from the shelter of the tree. Quickly taking aim, he fired twice in succession, and then retired behind the sheltering trunk. One of the bullets he discovered had passed through the lobe of Bill's left ear. There was a cessation now of firing for some time, when Goldie espied his opponent's head and shoulders exposed. Quick as lightning his rifle was at his shoulder, and the detonating report was heard. Bloody Bill's hat was carried away by the bullet. Goldie now rather incautiously advanced from his shelter, and became the target for six bullets in rotation, one of which made a hole in his coat sleeve, and another through his pants. He beat a hasty retreat.

The duellists remained gazing at the distant trees, each watching for the indistinct form which represented his adversary. Each peered cautiously from behind the tree, endeavoring to get sight of the other. Goldie at last saw Bill again advance, and the former stepped rapidly to the front, and quickly brought his rifle into position. Almost simultaneously the clear sharp report of two rifles rang on the air, and both men fell. Goldie managed to raise himself and crawl behind the trunk of a tree. He had been wounded in the left shoulder. Presently he was joined by the Texans, who had been witnesses of this most exciting duel. They had already ridden over to Bloody Bill and found him dead. A bullet had penetrated his temple.—*St. Louis Post.*

CANNIBALISM.

An Account of the Horrible Practice In the Marquesas Islands.

Among the passengers by the Grayhound, arrived at this port from Tahiti, was an American, named Lewis Chase, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has never seen a civilized country, and has seldom looked upon the face of a white man. San Francisco is the first glimpse of civilization he has had since he left his native home in Danbury, Conn., twenty-seven years ago.

The group of islands on which Mr. Chase has passed his quarter of a century is the Marquesas, where before his own eyes he has seen cannibalism practiced both as a fine art and as a display of human ferocity. This horrible practice is indulged in principally to gratify a deadly spirit of revenge which one tribe of natives hold against another. In the many brutal and bloody civil wars which they have waged against one another the slain and captured victims are eaten with a vengeance. In their religious rites, also, they offer up human sacrifices captured in battle. When a victim is selected for a cannibal feast his body is washed clean and the hair of his head is burned off. If the feast is not of a religious character, the victim is simply beaten to death with war clubs, and when dead his body is again washed and placed in a large oven dug into the earth. The hole forming the oven has a fire beneath, and over this is a pile of round stones. On the top of the stones mats made of strong material are placed, in which the body is wrapped up. These mats are then covered over with a great pile of leaves, and all is again covered with another layer of mats. The fire beneath absorbs enough of air to keep it burning steadily, and a volume of steam is generated. This escapes slowly through the mat and leaves, and gradually the body becomes cooked through this simple but certain steaming process. The cooks are of superior skill in their profession, and can tell to the instant when the body is sufficiently "done" to suite the taste of the guests. When ready to take it out of the oven all the material covering is carefully removed, and when it comes to the last layers surrounding the victim the mats are taken off with a sensitive touch, lest any of the skin on the body should be torn away. When all is bare, and the body looks brown and beautifully cooked, a shout of demoniac laughter rends the air, and the cooks are complimented in the highest terms by the hosts of cannibals thirsting to enjoy the dreadful luxury.

The brain and the eyes are considered the greatest delicacies, and are always given to the Chiefs. The breasts, thighs and the outer portions of the calves of the legs are the next greatest luxuries, and in this category also may be placed slices cut off from other portions of the body. All the parts mentioned belong to the Chiefs and Chiefesses, of high and low rank, according to their relative social status, while the rest of the body and the entrails are savagely devoured by the common natives. The flesh is eaten from the hand, and to give it greater relish, dipped in native sauces. Cocoanuts, yams and various kinds of nuts, are also among the edibles, besides certain varieties of fish; but the *piece de resistance* is the human portion of the spread. While the feast lasts the greatest hilarity prevails, and after it is over a fearful drunken orgie follows, whenever the liquors, native or imported, can be procured. Scenes of the wildest character accompany the revel, and for days after the cannibals are in a state of semi-unconsciousness. They quietly retire to their huts and allow sleep and Nature to restore their shattered constitutions. Sleep is their greatest restorative, and after a fearful debauch they will lie as if dead for a space of from ten to fifteen hours.

Mr. Chase was witness to a fearful and revolting act of cannibalism practiced at the little harbor of Atawana, two years ago. A young and beautiful girl had been captured and brought in a canoe to Atawana. She belonged to a tribe which was fiercely hated by her captors, and they determined to avenge themselves upon her. She was taken out into the center of the village, stripped and bound. Then, with war-clubs, she was beaten, and fell as if dead to the ground. But while life yet lingered a woman of Atawana rushed up to the prostrate body, and, with a ferocious yell, dug her fingers into the eyes of her victim, plucked them out of their sockets and ate them in the presence of the infuriated and applauding multitude. Her whole body was then cut to pieces and divided up among the cannibals present. While indulging in the almost incredible brutality, shouts of joyous vengeance were heard on every side. The cannibals fairly reveled in devouring nearly every atom of the body. They washed down the flesh eaten with native intoxicating drinks, and, after the carnage was concluded, a triumphant war-dance of vengeance followed.

Great pomp and solemnity surrounds victims intended for religious sacrifices, and none but high priests can officiate in the most solemn ceremonies. The priests have numerous attendants, mostly young boys, who are being educated for priestly honors. The victim selected is usually a man of note among his tribe, and while he is in the hands of his religious torturers, previous to the act of sacrifice, receives some consideration. When the hour arrives, he is placed upon a large stone, to which his body is bound firmly. The priests then chant low wails, which increase in volume until it seems as if they were shrieking. Charms, spells and incantations are then brought into play, the priests occasionally placing their hands upon the intended sacrifice to the moment of his death. The instant seclected for performing the operation being reached, the chief high priest advances toward the victim, and feeling for the beating of the heart, announces to his attendents that he is ready to commence. He then takes a knife and deliberately cuts out the heart, the victim writhing in agony during the process. To speak or utter a word during this frightful process would be cowardice, an evidence that the sacrifice had acknowledged the power of his enemies. The heart cut out, it is handed to a young priest, who bears it off to the highest Chief, the priest considering this the gretest honor of his life. The victim quickly expires, and then the whole body is cut up and divided among those waiting to receive their portions of it. The flesh of a religious victim is more highly prized than that of any other, all the portions considered most choice being reserved for the high priests and high Chiefs.

The cannibals have epicurean tastes, and a fine sense of the various shades of delicacy of different classes of victims. The flesh most highly prized is that of the African, and a colored man who, in life, neither drank liquors nor smoked, if he falls into the hands of the Marquesas cannibals is certain to have the highest respect shown him. He will be fed luxuriously, and tended carefully up to the time that he is to be sacrificed. The bodies of missionaries take second rank, because in life they are supposed to have used neither liquors nor tobacco. Sailors are not esteemed a luxury, because their flesh is thoroughly saturated with smoke, whisky and salt water. Children and women are great luxuries. Persons advanced in years are seldom eaten, as their bodies are too full of well-developed and tough sinews. Mr. Chase has never seen a white person offered up a sacrifice to the cannibal appetite, but there are well-authenticated cases of such being the fact. A missionary and two colored men are known to have been eaten on Dominique Island, one of the most savage of the group. In recent times the cannibals rarely sacrificed a white victim, but they are entirely willing to do so if the opportunity offers. It is not safe to trust them with a tender Anglo-Saxon lamb, or anything in the shape of humanity that would be certain to take a first prize at a baby show. These not being procurable, no objections would be offered to making a good square meal out of a nice, fat, healthy missionary. Sailors are the only class of white men for whom the cannibals cannot get up an appetite at a moment's warning.—*San Francisco Chronical.*

MAD-HOUSE HORRORS.

Incarceration of Sane Persons in English Asylums.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Stories as to sane persons being confined in mad-houses are apt to be received with too much credulity by foolish people, and to be scouted in too off-hand a manner by intelligent ones. The truth no doubt, lies halfway; and if it be not absolutely easy to get sane persons treated as lunatics, neither is such a thing impossible. The laws of almost every country empower asylum proprietors to receive and detain persons brought to them by virtue of a certificate signed by two doctors; although it is provided that the medical men shall examine the patient separately within twenty-four hours before he or she is shut up, such a safeguard would obviously be insufficient, even if every doctor all the world over were infallible and unimpeachably honest. The best safeguard against abuse of the lunacy laws is the publicity which nowadays can so easily be given to acts of oppression. At the same time there must be circumstances under which even this protection is worth little. The French papers are now making an outcry over two instances of sequestration which deserve noting, because the two victims may be regarded as good types of the sort of sane persons who are most liable to be dealt with as lunatics. The one was a young man of property, who, after squandering a good deal of money, wanted to crown his extravagances by marrying a woman of low character. His relatives finding it impossible to make him hear reason, appealed to the family doctor as to whether the young man was not afflicted with the "perversion of the moral faculties much representing the early symptoms of general paralysis," and the doctor decided that it was so. He signed a certificate, it was countersigned, and the young man was forthwith clapped into a *maison de sante*, whence he was soon released, owing to the vigorous exertions of his intended bride. The second case was that of an old savant of rather eccentric habits, who buised himself about chemical experiments, and lived a solitary life in company with a housekeeper. Some nephews and nieces, hearing that the old gentleman had amassed a good deal of money, became anxious as to the use he was making of it, and paid him a visit with the presumed object of ascertaining how his will would be worded. The story is that the replies being unsatisfactory, it was decided that the uncle would be all the better for medical treatment; and here again the family doctor was called in. The savant's housekeeper, however, proved too much for the nephews and neices, and after some battling with asylum proprietors, who maintained that the old gentleman was really mad, and would be dangerous if released, the interference of some newspapers got the patient restored to freedom. Now, even if in these cases the doctor gave certificates too easily, that does not prove that either of them acted with intentional dishonesty. On the contrary, in the great majority of cases of unjust confinement, doctors have been shown to have signed certificates with perfect good faith. A party of respectable persons call upon a physician and say: "Here is our uncle, who is in his dotage, and making ducks and drakes of his money. He lives with a designing woman, who denies us access to him, and exercises such complete authority over him that he cannot even see that she is robbing him and hurrying him to an early grave, in the hopes of becoming his heiress. We think it would be better for our uncle if he were put in some nice quiet house where his health would be properly cared for." A family doctor need not be a foolish man or mercenary one to think that it would indeed be better for an old gentleman to be rescued from the clutches of a vulgar harpy; and he will be the more disposed to believe this if, upon paying a visit to the suspected lunatic, he is received with splenetic outburst. It is, anyhow, very difficult for a physian to determine in one short visit whether a man who talks rationally has some mental twist which renders him incapable of administering his own affairs. He is generally obliged to take for granted most of what the suspected lunatic's relatives say on this subject; and he reflects that if any mistake is made the asylum physicians will easily remedy it by setting the alleged lunatic at liberty, and that meanwhile the latter will be none the worse for a little treatment. But both these modes of reasoning are fallacious; for, in the first place, a sane man always suffers a good deal from unjust confinement among madmen; and, in the next, it is by no means easy for a man recognized as sane to get released from a house where he is incarcerated under a certificate.

Once a man gets into an asylum he finds himself confronted by an absurd proviso which has been inserted in the lunacy laws of almost all countries, and which requires that a lunatic shall only be released at the request of the friends or relativvs who confined him. The practical effect of this is to remove all responsibility from the shoulders of asylum proprietors, who may be terrorized by unscrupulous relatives into detaining a man long after they have begun to suspect that there is nothing the matter with him. For if these asylum people evince a desire to discharge a patient the relatives have only in effect to say this: "Do as you please, but if mischief comes of your action we shall hold you responsible. We now warn you again that our relative has been guilty of innumerable mad acts, (here the antecedents of a patient can be blackened to any extent), and we know that if he be set free our lives will be endangered by his desire for revenge. Just wait awhile, and you will see your patient have an outbreak which will convince you that your present favorable opinion of him was too hasty." What is an asylum doctor to say in answer to such a serious speech? If he were to release a patient who soon afterward committed a crime under the impulse of vertigo, his responsibility would be very heavy. As it really takes a twelve-month to determine whether a man is or is not subject to certain of the subtler forms of epilepsy, any opposition to an alleged lunatic's release almost invariably leads to his being detained for this time, which is often quite enough to unhinge the intellect of a man of irritable mood. It may be urged that mad-houses are periodically inspected; but this really does little toward assisting wrongly alleged lunatics; for, if a doctor says to the inspector that a patient who looks rational is only in a "lucid interval," and will have "on of his attacks" in a few days, the inspector can not refuse to believe him. Besides, it is seldom that unjustly-confined men can state their case with the coolness and candor requisite to impress a belief in their sanity on those who hear them. Abuse in the working of the lunacy laws will probably never be reduced to a minimum until it is enacted that private asylums shall not be used as places of perpetual detention for the insane. If a person be recognized as hopelessly dangerous to society he should be confined in a state asylum (not always gratuitously) managed by salaried officials having no pecuniary interest in having him shut up. Private asylums might still be maintained, but solely as curative establishments—private hospitals, so to say—and a patient should not be suffered to linger in one beyond a given time unless by his own consent freely given in a lucid moment. It is always to private mad-houses that wrongly-accused lunatics are taken; but the owners of such places would no longer have any inducement to accept doubtful cases if they knew that after a while their patients would be taken from them and put into the hands of responsible physicians. This would be giving lunatics a court of appeal, as it were.

Facts and Fancies.

A gentle Miss., once seized with chill,
Was feeling most infernal Ill.,
When came an Md., for to know
If N. Y. service he could do

"O.," cried the maid (for scared was she
"Do you Ind., Ten., to murder Me?"

"La.," said the doctor, "I Kan. save
You from a most untimely grave,
If you let me Conn., your case,
And hang this liver pad in place."

"Am Ia., fool? the patient cried—
"I cannot Del., the brute replied,
"But no one can be long time Ill.,
Who Tex. a patent blue Mass., pill."

"Ark!" shrieked the girl, "I'll hear no Mo.,
Your nostrums are N. J.—no go."

—*St. Louis Journal.*

Last fall's tile, is not this fall's style.

Did you ever see an Indian Pawnees over-coat?

Many a son of Erin who comes to the country has a hod road to travel.

"Youh never can tell by the looks of a mule's ears 'ow far he can kick."

The regular spring chicken at this season of the year should roost as high as it can spring.

By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk, the butter fly or the gum drop.

Hungry Traveler: First of all, have you a sole? Irish Landlady: A sowl, is it! Now do I look like a baste!

Putting a bent pin in a chair is a very amusing practical joke. It never fails to excite a man's rise-ability.

A correspondent asks: "What did William Tell?" So far as we remember he said: "Oh, shoot the apple anyway!"

What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival? The one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.

"Look out for the paint!" shouted a boy in the gallery of a Chicago theatre, when the hero of the play kissed the heroine.

I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden leg manufacturer.

The miser followeth not strictly the scriptural injunction: "Forget and forgive." He is always forgetting but never forgiving.

"The deuce take that tray," said a diner at a hotel, when the waiter spilt its contents over his broadcloth. "Sir, the deuce can't take the tray," replied the waiter.

An Irish shoemaker lately advised a customer, when he complained of his new boots being tight, not to put them on until he had worn them for a day or two.

Said a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected. I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

Timerous passenger (in an Irish railway carriage): That wheel sounded cracked to me, porter. Porter (testing the wheel): It is, sorr. But faix, oi think she'll get as far as Dublin!

The New York *Mail* can't see why it should be a sign of ill-breeding for a man to walk with his hands in his trowsers' pockets. It is not so It is simply a sign that he is not a candidate for office.

"Prisoner, do you wish to say anything in your defense?" "Nothing, your Honor, except this—lemme off light; this is the eighth time I've been up before you. We're old copardeners, as it were.

A woman at a hotel table in Springfield, Mass., refused a potato that a waitress brought to her because it was not mealy. The waitres took it away, and returned with one of monstrous size. The guest regarded that as an enormity, and boxed the waitress's ears. The waitress realiated by scratching. Then the two women fought like cats until parted by force.

The Effect of Politeness.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monky who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long steady stare at each other, but the dog was evidently recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by raising his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanor showed that he felt the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

Love For the Beautiful.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C Street, Nevada, some weeks ago, and wanted to know how much it would cost to dye a man's hair and moustache. The price was named, and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man come here?" asked the barber.

"He's dead," replied the woman; "and the last thing he said when he was passing away was, 'Sally, fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautifully but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with an old gray-bearded man in it. So I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead."

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that "he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Comstock."