

GLOBELETS.

A DEAD MAN'S HEART BEATS.

Interesting Experiments With Electricity

Gen. Sherman and party spent last Saturday on the summit of Mount Washington...

The postmaster at Sorono, New Mexico, has been found a defaulter to the amount of \$2,300.

The churches in Montreal offered thanksgiving prayers last Sunday for the British success in Egypt.

The silver and ore recently found in Hillstone township, Burks county, Pa., is not rich in silver, but contains traces of gold.

Gen. J. D. Cox, delivered an address at Cincinnati, Sept. 16, on the battle of Antietam, which was the twentieth anniversary of the battle.

A protest has been made at Victoria, British Columbia, against permitting the Chinese to take any part in the reception to the vice-regal party there.

The Philadelphia Times says "it begins to look as if the temperance cyclone which has been sweeping over the West would soon be felt farther East."

Julian Hawthorne intends to bring out in November, "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," the novel said to have been left in manuscript by his brother, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The people of Matamoros celebrated the independence of Mexico with much enthusiasm, notwithstanding the yellow-fever quarantine and partial inundation of the city.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's lectures are being translated and circulated by Buddhist priests in Japan to counteract the teachings of the Christian missionaries.

Sir G. Macpherson Grant, of Ballinalloch, M. P., has refused an offer from Lord Dunmore of 1,000 guineas for his famous polled bull Justice, which was wanted for Lord Dunmore's American property.

Vicar-General Welsh, of Philadelphia, conducted the ceremony at the laying of the corner stone of the Church of the Holy Trinity at South Bethlehem, Pa., last Sunday. Five thousand persons were present.

Senator Logan went to the Arkansas Hot Springs a few months ago for the cure of a rheumatic affection. As a result of his visit an army hospital is to be established there, at a cost of \$100,000.

The Rev. J. S. Breckenridge, in the Sands Street Methodist church, Brooklyn, last Sunday, estimated that every liquor seller in the United States had a class of 100, while the classes of school teachers averaged only eight.

Ex-President Hayes ran up a bill of \$255 with the Yosemite Stage company when he visited the Yosemite valley. The other day the Yosemite commissioners refused to pay the bill, which the company had presented to them.

Doctor Norvin Green, who is to retire from the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph company, is said to be worth as much as \$10,000,000. His salary is only \$15,000 a year and his immense fortune has been made in stock manipulations.

Mr. Gladstone will meet his Scotch constituents early in October and make one speech, which will be delivered in Edinburgh. He and Mrs. Gladstone will be the guests of Lord and Lady Roseberry at Dalmeny, during their visit to Midlothian.

Mr. Wing, of Mendon, N. Y., lost a valuable horse the other day in a singular manner. A mouse gnawed a hole from the manger into the grain bin, and through it the grain rushed into the feed trough. The horse feasted during the night and died the next day.

Sir Garnet Wolsley, the greatest, or at least the most successful English general, is said to be a total abstemious man, never drinking intoxicating liquors. That is more than could be said of the United States' greatest or most successful general during the war of the rebellion.

Historian Freeman during a recent visit to Schenectady was presented to an Indian, "the last of the Mohawks." "My friend," said Mr. Freeman to the red man, "permit me to remark that you greatly resemble a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, Mr. Oscar Wilde."

The Rev. N. A. Oker, D.D., died near Perryville, Pa., September 17. He was rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Norfolk, Va. He was a native of Pennsylvania and had been rector of St. Paul's church twenty-six years, and was one of the most prominent clergymen of his diocese.

It is said that the Murraysville, Westmoreland county, Pa., gas well is raising quite a commotion in that neighborhood. The gas comes up with a great rumbling sound, large chunks of solid ice are thrown up at intervals to a considerable height, and the earth quivers for a mile around.

The chiefs of the war party in Egypt are surrendering on all sides and the soldiers are being disarmed by the British. The khedive will shortly review the British troops in Cairo, after which the Household troops will go back to England. The prisoners, it is said, will be tried by court-martial.

Two Georgia darkey politicians were discussing the physical condition of our next governor, when one of them said: "Aleck Stephens is a mighty small man. You could wrap him up in a pocket handkerchief." "Yes, dat's so," answered the other; "but it would take a tablecloth to hold his brains."

An Ohio boy daubed a man's wagon with paint. Then the man caught the boy, stripped him, and covered his body with stripes of the same color that had been used in disgracing the vehicle. Next the boy's father went over to whip the man, and got whipped instead. At that point matters rest for the present.

Ex-Vice President Wheeler is soon to be married, if society gossip in Malone is to be credited. Congratulations are premature, as the name of the lady has not yet been given to the public. It is further stated that Mr. Wheeler's health has greatly improved of late, which is not to be wondered at in view of the gossip.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" was verified in the experience of a Sumpter county, Ga., farmer, who says that all the ears of corn that were pointed in the direction the wind came from on Saturday night were already shucked when he got up on Sunday morning. The wind had blown the shucks back, leaving the ears exposed.

Brownsville, Texas, is in a most deplorable condition. The ravages of yellow fever have caused it to be quarantined, and it is isolated from the outside world, except by the meagre news brought by telegraph, her business is at a standstill and her poorer people are almost destitute of food. As if these calamities were not enough, the Rio Grande river has overflowed its banks and flooded the streets with dirty water. Life can be little better than a burden under such conditions.

BARTERING A SPOUSE.

A Negro of Camden, N. J., Trades His Wife for a Setter Dog.

"Yes sah! I did swap my wife Rachel off to another nigger for a yellow and white setter dog. Wasn't she my wife, and whose business is it any how?"

The speaker, Moses Blake, a black-headed representative from the eastern "sho," is employed by Charles J. Welsh, a coal dealer, at Second and Pine streets, Camden. For over a year he has made his home in Mr. Welsh's stable, on Spring street, near Pine.

He is extremely ignorant, and has but the faintest conception of the binding nature of the marriage vows. About seven months ago, his wife, a saffron wench, left him owing to a domestic rumpus, and has been living away from him ever since. Neither has spoken to the other during that time, though they have frequently met. The wife, however, has been the subject of the loving attentions of another ebony-headed coal hewer named James Green. The latter, to all appearances, conceived a strong attachment for the woman and a corresponding hatred for her liege lord. To such an extent did this feeling grow that many times the men have been on the verge of carrying each other with razors.

About two months ago an incident occurred which came near extinguishing Green's lamp of life. Both were engaged in unloading a boat full of coal for Mr. Welsh. Green was in the hold of the chucker. Blake was occupied in holding the rope which guided the big iron bucket in its descent and ascent from the hold of the boat. While the bucket was descending it suddenly jibed and struck the woolly head of Green. The blow rendered him senseless for a long time, and his skull's thickness alone saved him. Blake was blamed for his carelessness, but the latter stoutly maintained that it was entirely an accident. He has always been the most offensive of the two and of late has threatened the life of Green. The former's behavior has served to scare Green, who had begun to fear that probably his opponent might carry out his threat. Consequently when he found opportunity to appease the wrath of Blake he was not slow to avail himself of it. It was not long before he told him that Blake had remarked he would like to own a setter dog, the property of Green. The latter immediately approached him and offered him the canine. The extraordinary interview closing the bargain was best told in Blake's own words:

"You see I was workin' here in de stable when up comes dat shiner Jim Green and says he to me: 'Moses Blake, I has a little business wid you. Can't you come out heah for five minutes until I tells you?' Well, you see I comes out, and de first ting he says is: 'Moses, I'd like to be friends.' I said nuffin to dis, and den Green he says to me: 'You heah I would like him setter dog Nellie. 'You can hab dat animal' he said, 'if you 'gree not to bodder me any more and surrender all claim to dat wife of yours, 'cause I's like to marry her.' When I come to think ob it I concluded dat it would be a pretty good bargain, for you see dat my wife would be free in a little while, anyhow; and so I said all right, and we 'ranged de business in two minutes."

"By how would your wife be free in a little while?" he asked the reporter.

"Why, young fellow, I's married by de 'squires, and don't you know dat a 'squire's marriage is don't good for a year?"

"Only good for a year?" murmured the astonished news-gatherer.

"Certainly," replied the negro, with a loud yah, yah; "a 'squire's marriage only holds good for a year, and de mayor's marriage two years, while de minister's marriage lasts all de time."

Green and the woman are now living together happily, while the setter dog is being well taken care of by Blake.

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT.

On the top of the Crumpley Tree

The Quangle Wangle sat; But his face you could not see; On account of his beard; For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide, With ribbons and bibbons on every side, And bells and buttons and lace, and lace, So that nobody could ever see the face Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said To himself, on the Crumpley Tree: 'Are you jelly, and are you best food for me? But, the longer I live in this Crumpley Tree, The plainer than ever it seems to me. That very few people could see my face, And that life on the whole is far from gay!'"

Said the Quangle Wangle Quee: But there came to the Crumpley Tree Mr. and Mrs. Canary; And they said: "'Did you ever see Any spot as charmingly airy? May we build our nest on your lovely Hat? O please let us come and build a nest, Of whatever material suits you best, Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee."

And, besides, to the Crumpley Tree Came the Struck, the Duck and the Owl, The Frog and the Bumble Bee; The Frog and the Bumble Bee (The Bumble Bee with a Corkscrew Neck, And the Frog with a Turnip Leg, We may build our homes on your lovely Hat, Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that, Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee."

And the Golden Gander came there, And the Pigeon, who has no toes, And the Dog with a luminous nose, And the Blue Baboon who played the flute, And the Great Green Frog who sang, And the Attery Squash and the Bisky Bat— All came and built on the lovely Hat. Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said To himself on the Crumpley Tree: "When all these creatures come, What a wonderful noise there'll be! At night, by the light of the Mulberry Moon, They danced to the tune of the Blue Baboon, On the broad green leaves of the Crumpley Tree; And all were as happy as happy could be. With the Quangle Wangle Quee."

UPSET IN A SQUALL.

One evening, when I had been a member of the Stoic Club for two or three weeks, and was already acquainted with most of its members, I was sitting in the smoking-room with my friend Fred Warwick, lawyer and litterateur like myself, but considerably more successful in both capacities. We were alone, and our conversation had begun to flag, when the door quietly opened, and a man whom I had not seen before lounged in. Exchanging a friendly greeting with Warwick, he threw himself into a chair at the opposite side of the fire and lit a cigar. To me every "Stoic" was an object of much interest and some awe, and I therefore took a good look at the new comer. He was a man of about 30, rather over the middle height, and with a certain grace in every movement and attitude. His features were handsome, and his expression—though his face had lighted up as he recognized my friend—was thoughtful and almost melancholy. This air was heightened by dark, wistful eyes and a heavy, drooping black mustache, contrasting vividly with a complexion of unusual pallor. The whole appearance of the man was striking and even distinguished.

Scarcely had he begun to smoke his cigar when a servant entered and handed him a note. He read and re-read it, and then gazed doubtfully into the fire, passing his hand across his forehead with a gesture of perplexity. Then he rose, and, turning aside a little, drew something from his pocket. From where I sat I could see, as the light fell on his hand, that it contained a little heap of silver, in the midst of which glittered one solitary gold piece. After apparently reckoning the amount, he bade my companion good night and hastily left the room.

"Who's that?" I asked, as the door closed.

"That?" rejoined Warwick, whose usually cynical face had worn, as he spoke to the other, a cordial, almost tender, expression. "Oh, that's poor Revelle."

"Why 'poor'?"

"Because he is poor, I suppose. But he's one of those fellows with whose names the adjective seems naturally coupled, half in love and half in pity."

Thoroughly interested by this in the handsome stranger, I pressed my friend with further questions, and with that I learned the story of poor Revelle. He came of a good family, and his father, the owner of a small estate, had in his day made no mean figure in politics. Young Revelle, educated at Eton, was intended for a similar career, but on the father's death it was found that through neglect and reckless speculation his affairs were hopelessly involved. The more Revelle looked into them the blacker did the prospect appear. The old estate had to go, and Revelle faced the world stripped of his possessions, but with his rigid sense of honor fortified and his father's debts paid in the uttermost farthing. He had saved from the wreck of his fortunes sufficient to make provision for his sister and two maiden aunts, his only relatives, and leave a scanty pittance for himself.

Struggling upward from his icy plunge, he began to experience something of a brazen sensation, when he received a blow more stunning than any mere reverse of fortune. He had been betrothed to a beautiful girl, a second cousin of his own having been an unsuccessful aspirant to her favor, and having since engaged himself to Revelle's sister. On discovering his altered position, Revelle had at once released his fiancée from her engagement, and his old rival had treacherously seized this opportunity of urging his claims, and urging them successfully. This double treason would have had a petrifying effect on a heart less sensitive than our poor Revelle's. Ripped at one swoop of fair play, his mistress and friend, he turned his back upon old associations, contemptuously degrading some half-hearted offers of assistance.

After various expedients to elude it, his little income, it was suggested to him to till his talents displayed in odden-days as an amateur actor, and adopt the stage as a profession. He did so, with the usual result. The clever amateur was little better than a "sick" on the professional boards. He failed, however, in the calling sufficiently to his liking, and, as his moderate ability was aided by personal and other advantages, he had seldom much difficulty in obtaining provincial engagements. For the present he was out of business, and had come to London, the headquarters of the theatrical, as of every other, market. He had certainly little claim to be a member of the Stoic Club; but he had been persuaded to have his name put up, and no one who had ever shaken him by the hand felt disposed to give his vote against poor Revelle.

"He has few intimate friends beside myself," said Warwick, as he finished his brief history, "but we all loved him. Unfortunately, too, he has suffered himself to become the prey of a set of sponging scoundrels who infest the lower ranks of his profession like a plague. I'd lay any odds that that note he got to-night was a begging letter from some lazy, tipping blackguard, who could, if he chose, earn treble poor Revelle's income. But it grows late and late in the Fleet street. Good night, old fellow."

About a year after the evening just described I was spending a June holiday on the shores of one of those lovely lochs that open northward from the Firth of Clyde. Warwick was once more my companion; but, amid my own struggles and anxieties, I had lost all save a recollection of poor Revelle. A success, long and ardently worked for, had given me a right to enjoy the first real holiday I had known for many a long day, and I exercised that right in a quietly-luxurious fashion. My friend and I walked and talked and smoked and fished and cruised together, and were as supremely, if less demonstratively, happy in each other's society as were the young married couple who lived in the cottage next to the one occupied by us while on shore.

As was natural enough, we gradually formed a slight acquaintance with this pair—Hammond by name—who were merely holiday visitors like ourselves. The bride was a pretty little thing, rather vain and weak-minded, to tell the truth, while the husband was a gentlemanly, frank-minded fellow, though Warwick, the severe, never thoroughly liked him. They were very devoted, taking long walks together almost every day, or cruising about the loch, in a lug-sail boat, which, in spite of frequent warnings, Hammond handled not only clumsily but recklessly. The last of these warnings was destined to come from me.

It was a fine afternoon, but one on which it required no great weather lore to predict a succession of those treacherous squalls—so common and so fatal on the Highland lochs—which in a few minutes dash the smiling waters into angry billows and threaten destruction to such small craft as are not handled in a seamanlike manner. Seeing Hammond and his wife embark, I signalled to them, shook my head and pointed to the hills; but the young husband responded with a laugh and a wave of his hand, and presently the boat flitted white-winged round a jutting promontory, while the sun glinted on the girl wife's bright hair.

As I resumed my walk with a shrug my thoughts soon reverted to my own affairs. I was not in the best of humors. A slip on the hills the day before had resulted in the spraining of an ankle and a wrist, and to-day Warwick had gone to Glasgow, the nearest civilized center, to replenish his flybook. I soon limped home, and took refuge in a book and pipe. Before long a sudden darkness caused me to look up. I knew what was coming. Without further warning down the loch swept a tremendous squall, accompanied presently by fierce torrents of rain. As the wind howled louder and louder, not so much on account of its intrinsic attractions as from a fond desire to look once more upon his false love, whom he knew to be here.

Night and day we sought for the body of our gallant martyr, but it was never found; and now the fickle waters of the Firth laugh or sing dirges as their fancy sways them over poor Revelle.

gatta at the opposite side of the loch had literally emptied the village of its male population, with the exception of a few tottering old men and babes; but on the pier stood a group of women with shawls over their heads, pointing seaward, gesticulating and jabbering in Gaelic and English. As I drew near I could see through the driving rain Hammond's boat coming on for the shore with sail full set. The sheet seemed to have been made fast, for he was struggling wildly with it, while his poor frightened wife impeded his efforts by clinging to his arm. He had evidently quite lost his head.

"Cut the sheet!" I shouted, though almost hopeless of his hearing me.

"Cut—cut!" shrieked the women.

"Your knife, man!" chimed in a feeble chorus of doctars.

All at once he heard either heard us or else hit on the obvious expedient himself, for he began fumbling in his pockets. Too late! Already the lee gunwale was over his head, and the waves rushed in and the boat went over. Then rose a scream from the women, while I held my breath, watching for the two heads to reappear. Thank God, there they were! Hammond clung desperately to the upturned keel of the boat, supporting his wife the while. He could not swim, as I knew, and screamed for help. Whence was that help to come? A properly-handled boat might easily have lived; and I knew that, in the absence of the men, some of these women—good, brave souls!—were well able and willing to pull an oar or manage a tiller and steer; but there were no boats. They, too, were away to the regatta.

The sole hope lay in the arm of a strong swimmer, if only he could be found. As for the old men, they were out of the question, while, had I ventured into the water in my maimed condition, I should probably have been drowned, and should certainly have been of no use. I never felt so helpless in my life. How I longed for Warwick, with his cool dog and his powerful arm!

Long as I was idle, while the cries for help grew fainter and more despairing, and the boat, capsized and helter-skelter, drifted slowly toward the mouth of the loch. It was terrible to stand thus doing nothing, and I know not what rashness I was meditating, when a man suddenly rushed his way through the crowd—a tallish man of distinguished air, with pale face and heavy black mustache. Where had I seen him before? I did not recollect at first, but as he flung off coat, waistcoat and shoes and coolly entered the water, I exclaimed involuntarily:

"Good heaven! It is poor Revelle!"

No one paid attention to my words, for all eyes were fixed on the swimmer, who breasted the waves with a long, steady stroke. Breathless silence was ours, amid the howling wind and the lashing rain till he reached the boat. Then we sent forth a cry of joy and encouragement. We could see him disengaging the half-fainting girl from her husband's clasp, see him turn his face shoreward, see him begin the ladder journey back. Bufting the waves he came, now disappearing and anon appearing again, but nearer and nearer, till at last the excited women rushed among the breakers and dragged the rescuer and rescued ashore.

The young wife, as I have said, had seemed high fainting; but she was no sooner ashore than she struggled to her feet and gasped out:

"Oh, save him—save him, too, or let me die!"

Then, kneeling at Revelle's feet, as he stood with heaving chest and streaming garments, she cried again, with clasped hands:

"Oh, for the love of God, save him!"

For a few seconds they remained thus, she looking up imploringly at his face, he looking gravely down at hers—a strange picture in the rain, and the spray, and the tempest—till suddenly her eyes opened wide with an expression that seemed one of recognition mingled with terror, and she faintly

Revelle looked after her as she was borne off by sympathizing women, and his countenance appeared agitated by strong and conflicting passions. All at once he seemed, as it were, to awake, and his habitual expression of sad gravity returned. Shaking himself as a dog might, he pushed back his wet hair, and with something like a groan once more turned his face to the sea.

Knowing what we shall presently know, who shall say what angels, good and bad, during those few brief moments fought for the mastery in that noble breast?

Again we saw him reach the boat; but the interval was longer this time, for not only was the distance greater, but the swimmer's strength was less. There was, too, more delay in beginning the return journey, and Hammond seemed to struggle with Revelle and impede him. I knew what it was to be thus grappled by a drowning man, and held my breath once more. Suddenly I felt my hand

grasped. It was Warwick, just returned. "Thank God!" I cried, and pointed to the boat. In an instant my friend was cleaving the water, amid the sobs and the prayers of the lookers-on. What happened thereafter he shall tell himself.

"I easily reached the boat," said Warwick, when, with broken voice, he told the tale, "and found Hammond, half mad with terror and exhaustion, clutching poor, tired Revelle in a way that would hardly have sent both to the bottom had not assistance come. Revelle could hardly speak, but he recognized me, and gasped out something about being surprised to see me, poor fellow, as if I had met unexpectedly in the Strand. I got Hammond from him and made for the shore, telling him to follow me. Knowing him of old as a swimmer, and not being aware of his former feat, I thought he could do the distance with ease. So—God forgive me!—I saved the cowardly villain and left the honest, brave man to drown."

For poor Revelle never came ashore. The wind had abated, and the rain, changing to an impenetrable mist, hid all from our sight. And for whom had he died? For the false love and the doubly-false friend who formerly blighted the life that was in the end thrown away upon them. Neither Warwick nor I had, of course, been aware of the identity of our young neighbors; but there could be no doubt that Revelle well knew for whose sake he thus rushed upon death. He had been acting in Glasgow, and his engagement ended a day or two before, he came to this neighborhood, not so much on account of its intrinsic attractions as from a fond desire to look once more upon his false love, whom he knew to be here.

Night and day we sought for the body of our gallant martyr, but it was never found; and now the fickle waters of the Firth laugh or sing dirges as their fancy sways them over poor Revelle.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Romance of the West.

On the 29th of September, 1865, sixteen years ago, James Baxter left Stone county, Michigan, with his wife, intending to emigrate to Louisiana. Some place along the border he fell in with a man who gave him the name of Isaac Young, and who obtained permission to join the Baxters, as he claimed to be traveling in the same direction they were going.

Young was about thirty, very plausible, and quickly ingratiated himself in the good graces of Baxter and his wife. He confided to his companions everything regarding his financial resources and future plans, and Baxter, in return, made a similar revelation. Among other things he informed the young man that he had sold his farm for two thousand dollars, and that he carried the money, in twenty-dollar gold pieces, in a belt strapped around his waist.

Some time after this the emigrants camped one night at a point between Dyke's Mill, La., and Magnolia, Ark. The spot selected for a camp was at the head of a lonely glen, which was shaded on either side by tall pines, and thickly carpeted with luxuriant grass. A spring of clear, cold water gushed from a ledge of rocks half-way down the glen, and a number of fallen pine logs furnished ample material for fuel.

When a simple repast was prepared and eaten, Baxter lit his pipe, and saying he would return soon, strolled down the glen. Young and Mrs. Baxter remained seated by the blazing fire, talking about the incidents of the day's travel.

An hour passed. Baxter did not return. His wife grew uneasy, and Young, to quiet her fears, as he expressed it, started down the glen, saying he would bring him back. The woman waited impatiently. One, two, three hours went by, yet neither appeared. Mrs. Baxter was now thoroughly frightened. She called loudly for her husband, but received no response. Only the echo of her own voice came back to her, borne on the night wind which swept down the valley and through the tops of the swaying trees. She ventured down the glen, trembling, calling, listening; but she neither heard nor saw anything. Both her husband and his companion had disappeared as completely as if they earth had suddenly opened and swallowed them up.

Almost distracted, she returned to the camp, where she paced to and fro until morning came, then, mounting one of the horses, she hastened to the nearest house, and soon had a body of men scouring the country in search of the missing men. The search was continued nearly a week without finding a trace of either Young or Baxter, when it was abandoned. The men engaged in it told Mrs. Baxter bluntly that the affair was preconcerted between the two men, and that her husband had heartlessly deserted her. The wife, so strangely bereft, would not accept this theory. She insisted that her husband had been murdered by Isaac Young, and that time would show that she was not mistaken.

Acting on this supposition, she returned to her former home, and gathering all her available means, instituted a thorough search. She advertised, employed detectives, secured handbills with accurate descriptions of her husband and Young, but all to no purpose. Nothing came of it, and the affair seemed a mystery which no human skill could unravel.

Years went by, and still she remained in her mountain home, hoping and praying for tidings of her missing husband—or even a clew that would point to his fate. The suspense in all these years had been trying. Since that memorable night she had become an old woman. By the sale of nearly all the effects which remained to her after her husband's disappearance, she had been enabled to buy a little cabin and a few acres of ground, and have enough money remaining to keep her, with close economy, from actual want. And alone in that little hut she waited for tidings of

the man to whom she had linked her fate.

Recently startling news reached that solitary woman in her mountain retreat. It came in the shape of a letter written, it was said, and dated at Melbourne, Australia. The writer said he had that day assisted to bury a man of the name of Saunders, but whose papers, which the writer had been charged to examine, showed he was Isaac Young, an American, and who confessed to a horrible crime. Then followed a detailed account of the night in the glen, sixteen years ago.

It seems Young had made up his mind to rob and murder Baxter from the time he learned that Baxter had two thousand dollars. He followed him quietly down the glen, stole upon him unawares, and struck him a blow with a stick of wood which killed him instantly. To secure the body under some loose earth and

was the work of a very few moments, and before Mrs. Baxter had time to follow down the glen Young was miles away. He hastened to New Orleans, took passage to Australia, changed his name, and speculated with his ill-gotten gains. He prospered amazingly, and, unlike the traditional murderer, died undetected and wealthy.

He directed that Mrs. Baxter be found, if living, and paid two thousand dollars, with interest from the date of the murder, and he begged her to forgive him. This was all that the letter contained, but subsequent investigation proved it to be true. Baxter's bones were found at the foot of the glen, and decently buried, and the Australian party turned out to be Isaac Young, the murderer.

Mrs. Baxter declined the money with indignation, but she may yet conclude to take it.

The story is as strange as it is true.

A THEORY ON SPANKING.

An Eastern exchange, edited by an old maid, says:

"Never whip children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in the daytime, and have hours of play and thought in which to recover happiness. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in bed happy."

That's all right, of course, to some extent. We used to talk that way before we were a parent. We knew a good deal more about children anyhow before we had to grapple with them than we do now. We used to be a greater stickler for moral suasion and love and parental gentleness than we are now.

Our theory now in relation to children is changed from what it was formerly. We maintain now, after several years' study of the primary biped, that there is a style of child that cannot go to sleep at night unless spanked.

We have in our mind a little child of the masculine style of architecture, who will lie and sob, and kick the clothes off and be mean and restless for two hours if you forget about him, but if you go and turn down the coverlid and fan his person with an overshoe he will quiet down and be asleep in five minutes.

He is not to blame for being the victim to this habit, but he is that way, and he can't help it. He is tied to his spank just as you, gentle reader, are tied to your maturer habits.

Strange freaks do often grow into confirmed habits that are almost impossible to shake off. Children are often the victims of strange and unnatural customs like other people.

This child, for instance, did not at first apparently care whether he had his spanking at 8 p. m. or earlier, but later he was so regular in his demand for corporal punishment that you could set your watch by him. He was also so attached to a certain style of Arctic overcoat that you couldn't accomplish anything by padding him with any other style of chamois. Love is a good thing, and we often wish that more of it had been lavished on us during our past life, but after all there are children who do not yearn for affection half as much as they do for armed aggression. Of course your conscience smites you at intervals when you go past the little bed after the conflict is over and peace and slumber are the victors. Something may come up in your throat when you see the little rebel lying with his feet on the pillow and his head down at the foot of his cot, and a little tear on his eye-lashes. You feel, perhaps, as though it looked like taking an undue advantage for a 200-pound man to catch a 6-year-old boy when he is unprepared and paddle him with an overshoe, and yet sometimes it has to be done.

We know that in our own case corporal punishment was resorted to while all the other boys in the family escaped with moral suasion. The result is just what might have been expected. We are the only one of all that promising collection of boys whose promissory notes have gained a world-wide circulation to-day. While the other boys were contented to plod along and run up little petty accounts at the store, we struck out boldly toward fame and insolvency.

You can encourage a child with a press-board sometimes and thus give him an impetus which will aid him all through his life.

AN EDITOR'S GENEROSITY.

A newspaper man dining at a local chop house recently called the waiter over and said:

"Here are some tickets for the dime museum. Would you like to go?"

"Yes sir," replied the waiter, "very much."

He got the tickets, and smiled his thanks.

The newspaper man was congratulating himself on having got rid of the pasteboards, but having his doubts about the waiter's wishing to visit the museum he thought it would be a good idea to tell him to give the tickets to a friend in case he was busy himself, so he said as he was passing out: "Will you be there to-night?"

"O, yes," said the waiter with a smile, as he eyed the newspaper man from head to foot, and vainly tried to decide whether he was the champion thin or fat man:

"I'll be up there to-night to take a look at you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is foolish to give advice too readily, it is also foolish to be too ready in seeking it. Advice should only be asked from those whose opinions we value, and by whose judgment we are willing to be guided.