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A Confession.

I met her on the cars to-day—
I've often met her there before.
She has an arch, enchanting way
Which women envy, men adore.

She is not young—no more am I!
Indeed, my beard is white as snow;
But Time has slyly passed her by,
Nor left a wrinkle on her brow.

Her eyes are blue as heaven's blue;
Her forehead with the lily vies;
Her cheeks have caught the rose's hue,
Her hair the sunset's golden dyes.

We meet and chat, and when we part
Perhaps we kiss, but neither tells!
And then for hours within my heart
There's music sweet as chiming bells.

Our talk's not of indifferent things—
Of books and pictures, birds and flowers—
But things akin to wedding-rings,
Of boys and business, girls and dowers.

Indeed, it is most grave and staid,
As doth become our time of life;
For we are passing into shade,
And I'm her husband, she's my wife.

The True Nobleman.

No airs, no rudeness, no pretence,
No lack of plain good common sense;
No boorish manners to annoy,
No vicious morals that destroy
True manliness and grace;
He wears upon his face
A gentle, honest air,
And no deceit is there.
His true address, and not his dress,
Commend him, and his manliness
Wins the good favor of the few
Who know him well, and know him true.

He leans not on the broken reeds
Of ancestral renown, and deeds
His father did long years ago.
Blue blood in royal veins may flow,
And be so cold and thin
That take proud heart within
Warms not in "weal or woe,"
So cold its pulse and slow,
By all men be it understood,
The noble man trusts not in blood;
He asks no privilege of birth—
He would be valued at his worth.

Knowing his rights, he "dare maintain"
His principle without a stain
Upon his lips; he bravely pleads
For others, and he intercedes
For the downtrodden poor,
For the heart-sick and sore;
He dries the tear he finds,
The broken heart he binds.
His word is good as any bond;
He loves this life, yet looks beyond;
Wealth cannot spoil him, for his trust
Is not in heaps of yellow dust.
His face and speech inspire the soul
To upward flights and self-control;
It gives the soul a sense of wings,
It lifts it from terrestrial things.
When he is host or guest,
A blessing seems to rest
On all who hear and see
Such true nobility.
The throb which his brave heart repeats
In kindred bosoms warmly beats;
A benediction lights his face,
His speech is gentleness and grace.

IN A MAD HOUSE.

The Story of an Eldest Son.

I am the eldest son of a gentleman who had a good property in one of the northern counties of England. I had one brother, a year younger than myself—a wild, dissipated gambler. Often I have paid his debts out of my own allowance, rather than let my father know of his misdeeds. Each time I did so William—my brother was so called—promised never to touch a card or back a horse again; and each time, after a few weeks' quiet life, he returned to his evil courses with redoubled energy, and soon got as much in debt as ever. When I was about twenty-eight years old my father died, leaving me heir to all his property, which was entailed. Hitherto I had lived a quiet country life; but now, forced by business to frequent the busy haunts of men, I began to like the excitements of the world and the gay pleasures of society. Rich, good-looking, and easy-tempered, I was soon a favorite with those whom I came in contact with. Simple in the ways of the world, and unsuspicious by nature, I was silly enough to suppose that it was the man and not the money they courted; and it flattered my pride and conceit to be so much thought of and sought after. To crown my happiness, I grew fondly attached to a beautiful girl, who seemed to return my love; and before I had known her many months we were engaged. I need not tell you her name, nor need I give you a description of her, more than in saying that she was tall, dark, with long raven locks and black, flashing eyes; of rather a Spanish beauty—commanding and imperious-looking. I was intoxicated with her type of beauty, and worshiped her madly. I obeyed every look or gesture, and, blinded by my foolish, insane love, I became her abject slave, only living for the pleasure of serving her and being near her.

Oh! fool, idiot that I was, to suppose that such as she could love a poor, weak, silly creature like me! But soon I was to be undeceived. My brother came to stay with me at the same time that she and her mother were visiting me. He, too, seemed struck with her beauty and told me, in a joking, laughing sort of way, what a lucky fellow I was.

"You elder brothers," he said—half bitterly, I thought—"are always in luck, in love or war. With a nice snug income, and dear old country place, you are going to marry the handsomest woman in England, with whom you are deeply in love, and no wonder; and who, as a matter of course," he added, with a half-sneering smile, "is equally devoted to you or your acres. Oh, happy accident of birth! Now look at the unhappy younger son, as illustrated by myself. Unlucky at my birth, the same evil genius pursues me through life. Born with the same, or rather ten times greater, desire to enjoy the 'good things of this life,' brought up together in comfort and luxury, and not educated in a manner to fit me for fighting in the 'battle-field of life,' I come to man's estate, and discover myself dependent on the generous bounty of a brother, whose only claim to superior sagacity is the fact of coming into the world a year before me."

So saying, he turned and hurriedly left me. I felt grieved that he should in his heart blame me for his want of luck. I had always given him what I considered to be a just proportion of my yearly income; but if he had received ten times that amount, it would all have gone in betting and gambling, and in a few months he would have been as poor as ever.

Things went on quietly and without change for a week or two. Then I began to be sensible of a change in her behavior to me. I could not say in what. Only now she seemed to avoid being alone with me, and at times spoke shortly and impatiently to me. For a long time I tried to make myself believe was only fancy; but by degrees the it heart-breaking truth forced itself on me. She was ceasing to love me. Perhaps learning to love another. If so, who was it who was robbing me of my idol? Who could it be but my own brother. Alas, alas! how could it be otherwise? Living in the same house, meeting every hour of the day, was it possible for my brother to resist such perfection? Still, I might be mistaken, and I determined to watch them closely. For days I saw nothing to indicate that my surmises were correct, and I began to think that it was but a lover's fears, and my heart grew light and happy again; and I went to find her, intending to tell her of my idle, groundless suspicions.

As I went through the garden, on my way to a greenhouse where the servants told me I should find her. I came suddenly on a sight which checked my further progess. Standing under the shelter of a tree were two people, a man and woman—he, with his arm round her, tenderly supporting her, while she looked up in his face trustingly and lovingly.

It was my brother and my promised wife. As I stood still, rooted, as it were, to the spot, spellbound, their lips met in a long, clinging kiss.

With a groan, I turned and fled from the accursed spot, and reaching my room, threw myself on the bed, wild with grief and despair, and unable to collect my scattered thoughts. Nothing but the one terrible truth was ever before me: I had lost her! And he, my brother, whom I had loved as myself, had robbed me of her. Still, strange to say, no feeling of anger or resentment stirred my heart. Could I blame him for loving her, or her for loving him? He, who was handsomer far than I, clever, and learned in the ways of the world, was a more fitting mate for her than I was—poor, simple, weak-minded, blinded fool. I lay for hours, crushed and stunned, in a kind of stupor, and at length fell asleep, worn out by mental agitation.

Next morning I awoke calmer, and able to think over the discovery I had made. With a decision and strength of mind very unusual to me, I determined to seek out my brother, and tell him I knew all. Then I would see her, and release her from her promise to me. Better for her to be happy with another than to be my miserable, unloving wife. As for me, I would leave England, and travel; better so than see her the happy, devoted wife of another man. I found my brother, and told him what I had seen. I can not tell how it came about; my memory fails me about all that took place at that time. He must, I think, have misunderstood me; for we quarreled, and he struck me to the earth. He left my house at once, and I have seen him only once from that day to this, and then but for a moment, and unseen by him.

Bruised by my brother's hand, I was ashamed to meet *her*. But more grieved than angered by my brother's conduct, I wrote to her a simple letter, telling her all, and offering to release her. Her reply came only too soon. It was a kind but ready acceptance of my offer. She could not, she said in it, deny her love for my brother. She still loved me with all the strength of a sister's love—alas, how cold to the love I felt for her!—but her heart was given to my brother, and with him alone could she be happy. At the same time, she added, that if on further consideration I insisted on making her my wife, she would, although reluctantly, perform her promise, and would try to make a good, faithful wife, but never a happy one.

What could I do but give her up? Was I, to satisfy a mean, selfish love, to drag the woman I professed to love beyond the whole world, into a wretched unhappiness, full of life-long regrets and blighted hopes?

When we met again it was as brother and sister. But the shock and struggle were more than I could bear, and I sank into ill health, becoming nervous, and at times fanciful. My doctors advised change of air and scene, and accordingly I prepared to start for a tour on the Continent. But before I could get away a diabolical plot was prepared and put in practice by my brother, which was to rob me of money, home, and even reason itself.

About a week before I proposed starting I was rather surprised at receiving a call from two gentlemen, both strangers to me, who introduced themselves as consulting physicians, and said they had been requested to call and see me by my brother. Although astonished at such a display of interest on my account being shown by him, I never for an instant suspected any sinister design on his part, and answered most of the questions put to me without hesitation. So much so, in fact, that the two doctors rose, and, wishing me good-morning, said they were very glad to be able to report so favorably on me. As they were leaving the room they stopped for a moment, and said a few words together in an under-tone. I only caught *her* name, and felt myself redden at the sound.

"Yes," said one, "you are right; we ought to try that subject."

Then, turning back, they began asking me what I took to be impertinent questions. I ordered them to leave, but they only questioned me further; until, wild with passion, I lost all self-control over myself, and tried to push them out. Little I suspected then that they were paid by my brother to examine me, and find an excuse for pronouncing me mad. Once in an asylum, I could easily be kept there, and my cruel brother would be able to enjoy my property undisturbed.

A few days after what I have just told you took place I received a letter from my brother apologizing to me for his behavior, and asking me to forgive him, and to meet him at a certain town, about twenty miles from my place. It was a cruel, hypocritical, deceitful letter, but I joyfully believed it, and gladly promised to meet him, eager to be once more reconciled to him.

When I got to the inn at the town where I was to meet him, I was told that he had not yet come, but that he had engaged a room; and I was shown into it. I waited a long time patiently, expecting my brother to come every moment; but he never came. Soon after dark, two men—rough, ill-looking fellows—came into the room without knocking. One of them walked straight up to me, and said I was to be good enough to go with them. I asked what their business was, but got no reply than other before—that I was to go with them. I told them I would not do so without knowing what they wanted. The one who had spoken first replied that they had authority to take me with them, and that it would be better for me to go quietly, and not compel them to use force. I stepped back, and, seizing the poker, told them that I would use it against the first one who laid a hand on me. Then I rang the bell violently. To my surprise, the two men stood still, and made no attempt at escaping; and when the people of the inn came up to see what was the matter, they appealed to them to help them secure me. While I thus stood at bay, as it were, a door opened at my back, and before I could turn round, some one threw a thick cloth over my head, completely covering me, and rendering me perfectly powerless to resist. Still I struggled, but hopelessly, and I was soon overpowered, gagged and blindfolded; then my arms were pinioned to my side, and I was led out into the open air, and pushed into a carriage, and driven rapidly away. I soon gathered from the conversation of those beside me that I was being taken to a mad-house; and could not but surmise—what was the truth—that it was at the instigation of my brother that I was being taken there. The whole villainous scheme was now clear to me. The visit of the two doctors—real or sham, I knew not; the letter written to entice me from home, so as to carry me off easily, and without making a disturbance. My cruel, wicked brother, not content with stealing my love from me, was about to incarcerate me in a private asylum, so that he, being next heir to the property, might freely enjoy it without my having the means or the power of exposing him. After about an hour's drive we stopped; and I was hurried out of the carriage into a house, and led, still blindfolded, up a long stair. When my eyes were uncovered I found myself in a small room, scantly furnished, without a carpet on the bare boards, and lighted by a small narrow window, barred on the outside with heavy iron bars. A small wooden bedstead at one end, and a single chair, were the only signs of habitation visible. It was a prison, not a bed-chamber.

I was at once unbound and ungagged, and left alone to my own bitter reflections. Day after day my life was the same solitary, monotonous existence—the only exercise I got being an hour's walk, in company with a brutal keeper, who took a malicious pleasure in thwarting and bullying me. Letters I wrote in abundance, but none of them ever gained a reply; nor do I believe they were delivered.

Escape seemed impossible, guarded and watched as I was; and I began to lose all heart, and each day I became more hopeless and despairing. Gradually my health began to fail, and I got nervous and excitable, unable to keep still through the day or to sleep at night. This was what my jailors were waiting for to finish their hellish purpose. I was forced to take medicine every day, and sleeping-draughts at night, containing morphia, until my poor brain began to wander, and for a few weeks I was raving mad. Then they relaxed their tortures; they had gained their end.

As I recovered my reason my faculties seemed to be sharpened, and I began to plan means for escaping. I pretended to be subdued and timid, and by this means got greater liberty. But I could not devise any plan for getting outside the bated walls; and, had it not been for a trifling accident, I might probably have been still a prisoner. I was so quiet, and my keepers believed me to be so tractable and harmless, that when I was taken for my daily walk it was not thought necessary to confine my arms in a straight waistcoat, and I was sometimes taken for rambles outside the asylum grounds.

One day my keeper, who was very fond of trout-fishing, wished to have an hour or two's fishing in a stream a few miles distant. Of course his piscatorial pursuits had to be carried on with great caution, and without the knowledge of his master; and I was always bound over to secrecy. I was always well pleased when a fishing-day was proposed, as these were the only pleasant days I had; and I hoped that some day or other I might by their means get an opportunity of escaping.

On the morning in question we got to the stream, after calling at a friend's house for my keeper's rod and tackle, and my keeper began his amusement, making me keep close to him all the time. As we walked along the banks of the small river we came to a deep pool, a favorite spot for trout, and my keeper set to work eagerly. As he walked gently along, keeping his eyes intently fixed on the water, in expectation of a rise, his foot caught on the root of a tree, and he stumbled forward, and fell head-first into the deep water. Now was my chance; and without waiting a moment to see whether he could swim or not, I turned and fled, without knowing or caring in what direction I went. Toward evening I found I was within a few miles of my own place; and, impelled by an inward impulse, I walked toward it, intending to take one last look at it before leaving England. I had often thought over what I would do when I got free, and had decided to first make good my escape to another land, and then take means to recover my rights, and punish my brother for his unnatural conduct.

When I got to my house it was dark; but the new moon shed a soft, silvery light over the familiar scenes, and, overcome by the sight of the many spots endeared to memory by the remembrance of my former love and happiness, I sat down on a garden-seat, and burying my face in my hands, burst into a flood of tears—the first I had shed for years.

As I sat there I heard voices, and had barely time to hide myself behind some bushes, when *she* and my brother came down the gravel-walk, arm in arm, and sat down on the seat I had just left. They were talking lowly; but I was so close to them that I distinctly heard every word. I was the subject of their conversation. She was pleading for me.

"Can not you remove him now, dear William?" she said. "Surely, now there is no danger. They say he is quiet and gentle. Could we not bring him here and give him part of our house, and try to lessen his dreadful misfortune?"

"It is like your gentle nature, dearest wife." Was she then really this monster's wife? "But I can not suffer you to live near such a dangerous madman," he said, in answer. "It is true that now he is quiet; but brought back among old scenes, with all their sad memories, his brain might again fail. Ah, you can not imagine how dangerous and determined he is when excited! Never will I forget his fierce look when he stood, poker in hand, the night we took him to the asylum. Had I not gone into the next room, and opening the door behind him, suddenly thrown a table-cloth over his head, he would have done mischief."

Oh, brother, brother!

"I often think of that dreadful time, dearest," she replied, shuddering, and drawing closer to him. "How your kind, tender heart must have bled for him! And yet he was ever gentle to me; and, before I knew you, I thought I loved him dearly."

I could not stay and listen longer. Another moment and I must have rushed forward and told her all. I fled.

Although they must have heard my retreating footsteps, they were unable to see me; and I made haste to leave the home of my fathers, never to return. Why should I disturb her happiness by denouncing the man she loved and was wedded to? No, I would go, and leave her in happy ignorance.

But before doing so I would write to him and warn him not to betray her, as he had done me. I went to Liverpool, and finding a ship about to sail for Melbourne, engaged a steerage passage in her, paying for it by the proceeds of a valuable ring I had on my finger, and of which, for a wonder, I had not been robbed in the asylum. It is many years now since I left England—how many I do not know, nor do I wish to remember. My brain has never recovered the treatment I received so long ago; and at times I lose my reason, and have several times attempted to destroy myself—I have never any wish to injure others—and I have been four times in the Yarra Bind; but with kind, judicious treatment—very different to what I received in the private asylum—I have always soon recovered and been discharged.

A kind friend—the only person who knows who I am and where I am—often writes to me; and through him I hear that my brother is a kind husband to her whom I still love better than any thing on earth. He has given up all his evil ways, and is one of the most respected men of his county, a justice of the peace, and a great promoter of charitable institutions.

A machinist died lately at the age of fifty-four, in Rhode Island, who had been unable to do any work for twelve years, and who had never received over $1.50 per day wages, and yet he left a snug little fortune of $15,000, all from his own earnings. He was not penurious, was married, had one child, and educated her, lived comfortably, and dressed neatly. He merely saved small sums, beginning with $200 when he became of age, and added the interest of his deposits to the principal.

Effect of a Rattlesnake's Bite.

A letter from Cornwall, N. Y., says: On Saturday, Joseph Hulse, a wood-chopper of this place, was bitten by a rattlesnake. While on Storm King Mountain, five miles up, he encountered a serpent, and wanting one for a friend who had rheumatism—the belief of many hereabouts being that snake grease is a cure for it—he chased the snake, which took refuge in a wood-pile, and Hulse seized him by the back of the neck, but so near the head that it contrived to turn and plant one of its fangs in the index finger of his right hand. Hulse held fast to his snake, nevertheless, stamped its head off, and then spent half an hour in looking for white ash leaves, which are believed to be an antidote for the poison. He found none to suit him, however, and started for Cornwall. He was bitten at 7 o'clock, and it was 11 o'clock when he reached the village, and Dr. Beattie was summoned.

At this time the arm and finger were very much swollen, and very gangrenous, the action of the heart had almost ceased, and the man seemed like one in a state of intoxication. Dr. Beattie hastily cut the finger open, and administered two quarts of whisky in twenty minutes; laudanum and quinine were also given in large quantities, and notwithstanding the loss of three half-pints of blood from the finger, the pulse increased, and Hulse became perfectly conscious. He is, after eleven days, in apparently good health, with excellent appetite, but as black as any African. The black is occasionally streaked with blue, purple and green, which appear and disappear alternately. He is in the hands of Mr. John Brooks, and may be seen by any physician or other person who is desirous of making an investigation.

A Wicked Joke.

A cruel hoax was perpetrated on Mr. C. Trimble, of No. 28 Kossuth-place, Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., and others. It appears that the Victory Lodge of Good Templars, of which Mr. Trimble is an old member, had some difficulty with some of the new members, arising out of their annual election, which took place six months ago, ever since which time the disaffected have been endeavoring to break up the lodge and obtain possession of the lodge-room furniture. At length a meeting of all members in good standing was called to take place at Mr. Trimble's house at 7:30 o'clock. This was advertised, and some parties, supposed to be the disaffected, sent postal cards around to different persons who had advertised for positions, or missing property, or for other things, that if they would call at Mr. Trimble's at 7:30 o'clock (on the evening appointed for the meeting), their wishes would be met. Upward of fifty of these cards were sent, and the result to Mr. Trimble was electrical. At the time given out for the meeting, men and women were seen pouring toward the house. They literally filled it. Mr. Trimble, not taking in the situation, nervously asked what was wanted. Some wanted situations, some loans, some lost property, and one detective wanted information in relation to the Oyster Bay murder. Some of the women had gone a long, weary way with children in their arms. Some had come from Staten Island, Breslan, Rondout, and other places. The parties who perpetrated the hoax are suspected, and no expense will be spared to bring them to justice.

Catching Squirrels on a Fish Hook.

I have caught with a hook and line, says a correspondent of a Boston paper, nearly all kinds of fish, besides turtles, frogs, ducks, and other fowl, but while fishing for trout in the Wellingsley brook in Plymouth, Mass., I discovered a new field of sport. While I had just taken out a splendid trout from under a rock, and was about baiting my hook, I saw a good sized squirrel jump upon the rock. My pole was of good length, and I improved the opportunity by placing the hook near his head. At first he brushed it away with his paw; but after a while, either out of spite or for love of the sport, made a jump and took the hook in his mouth. At that moment I "drew upon him," and soon saw him dangling twenty feet in the air. Such a dancing and climbing up the line and then down the pole was a lesson to common fish. I finally laid the pole on the ground, and then came a series of gyrations and various antics. Not being acquainted with that kind of fish, and fearing that any attempt to disengage the hook would be bad for the fingers, I shouldered my fish-pole and marched to the blacksmith shop near by, where, with the aid of two assistants and a pair of blacksmith's tongs, the hook was detached and the fellow set at liberty. Not three minutes later, however, he was capering along the fence as if nothing had happened.

Population of Canada.

There are returned 622,719 families in the Dominion, the total population showing a slight preponderance of males, who number 1,764,311, to 1,721,450 females. In matters of religion the Catholics are credited with a total of 1,492,029, to 1,993,732 "Protestants," which means "not Catholics," embracing every shade of belief and unbelief, from Judaism and Spiritualism down to deism and atheism. As to the origin of the people of Canada, it seems that 2,892,763 of the inhabitants are set down as having been "born in Canada," leaving only 599,998 foreigners. The more detailed and infinitely less trustworthy table is as follows: French, 1,082,940; Irish, 846,414; English, 706,369; Scotch, 549,946; Germans, 202,991; Dutch, 29,662; Indians, 23,037, Africans, 21,496; Welsh, 7,778; and Swiss, 2,962. After all that has been said about the intense national spirit which the formation of the Dominion was to create and foster among the people, it seems that there are no such folks as "Canadians" officially recognized. Indeed, all through the Dominion, when the word "Canadian" is used, it is applied to the inhabitants of French origin.

BADLY TREATED.—A man in San Francisco recently was so unfortunate as to be robbed of $15. With the old-fashioned idea in his mind that the police and the Courts are ordained for the purpose of enforcing justice, he complained of the theft. Whether he recovered any portion of his money, or whether the thief was detected or punished, we do not know; but we do know that the poor fellow who made the complaint has just been released after seventy-eight days' confinement, having been locked up as a witness all that time.

There is in Paris a woman who has for the last fifty years supported herself by an industry of which she enjoys the monopoly. She supplies the Garden of Acclimatization with food for the pheasants, which food consists entirely of ants' eggs. These she collects in the woods, and receives about twelve francs for what she brings from each of her expeditions. These last three or four days, during which she sleeps on the field to watch the insects at dawn, and to find her way to their treasures. She is almost devoured by the ants, of which she takes little notice, but at the end of her harvest time, which is from June to the end of September, her body is in a pitiable condition.

Captain Jack's Cave.

The Boston *Transcript* publishes an extract from a private letter giving an account of the first visit of a white man to Captain Jack's cave:

"I directed Bogus Charley to take the lead to the famous caves which no white man had ever visited, and to see which was the object of my expedition. Bogus was in doubt whether he could find the trial, it had been so long since he was there—some two years. But I told him to make the trail, and we started off in single file, Bogus on the lead, then myself, C., J. and the enlisted men. I had a carbine, C. and J. pistols, and the soldiers Springfield breech-loaders; Charley had no weapons, so if he meant treachery he would be the first victim It was intensely hot, and after tumbling and scrambling over rocks for four hours, Charley came to a halt, saying he had lost the trail. I ordered a rest of a few minutes, and then told Charley to try again.

"We were then almost to the middle of the lava beds, which were from twenty to twenty-five miles long by from seven to nine miles wide—that is to say, we were about four miles from our starting-point in a straight line, though we had traveled about seven. In about half an hour Charley, as he raised a crest, discovered a juniper tree, which was the mark he had been looking out for, and informed me that the caves were within three hundred yards of that tree, which latter was distant from us about five hundred yards. We made the last quarter-stretch in a hurry, and sure enough there was a cave. Charley descended first, and then turned to me, as I began to descend, and said, 'Leave your gun.'

"I gave my carbine to one of the men, and descended about thirty feet. Charley and I proceeded to the mouth of a cavern, and as I went in Charley said, 'You first white man ever come here.' I entered the first cave, which I found to be three hundred feet long by forty-five feet wide and thirty to thirty-five feet high, lighted from the top by two holes in the roof extending to the surface of the ground; there were side galleries and tunnels running from the floor to the outside surface of the ground in all directions. Eagle nests adorned the ceilings, and mountain sheep tracks dotted the dust which lay several inches thick on the bottom of the cave. Stalactites hung on the sides. This was the first cave and the largest. After passing through this, we came into daylight again, into another crater, on the opposite side of which was a hole large enough for a man to conveniently enter. Charley went in first, and finding it dark, we got some sage brush to burn for light. As we had no means of keeping a light, and the bottom of cave No. 2 was strewn with large rocks, difficult to climb over and among, we went as far as we could and then turned back. The third cave was opposite the entrance to No. 1, and upon examination presented the same features as the others. The first cave entered was the largest. We then turned our faces lakeward, found our traps unmolested during our absence, and had dinner."

Serpents in India.

An English writer, evidently not having before his eyes the recent debate in Parliament in regard to the great destruction of life in India by wild beasts, or else remembering that about Bengal there are some 66,000,000 people, and that, therefore, 10,000 in a year killed are not many, writes to the London *Times* to say that tigers flee, rather than seek, the dwellings of men. This is certainly natural, seeing that an ordinary man-eating tiger wants but one man at a time, and can afford to lie and wait by the side of any road through which there is traffic until some lonely and therefore, eligible person comes along. That tigers learn to do this there is no manner of doubt, but yet it is true, as the correspondent of the *Times* says, that the loss of many lives is due to the carelessness of the natives. They have hard work to do, in cutting bamboo, for instance, and therefore do it, though it takes them into dangerous places. Men and women go singly in to the very heart of the jungle to work so anxious (although the *Times'* correspondent does not say so) are they for the results of labor. They have no arms to protect themselves with, for since the rebellion they have been deprived of weapons, and, therefore, they are often eaten. Where pluck is great, and presumably food is easily accessible, the *Times'* correspondent has known no instance of the devastation of a village by a man-eating tiger. What the correspondent apparently wonders at is, that without arms, with no means of defence yet with starvation ahead of them if they do not go into the jungle, people are found foolhardy enough to run the risk of having a tiger's teeth at their throats.

The Family Pill Box.

The surfeiting we all undergo during this season of fruit brings into action the family pill-box. It is a little singular how much hunting has to be done to find that box. The party who last needed its services doesn't remember where he left it, and doesn't care to think of it at all, while he whose turn now occurs isn't exactly tortured to death by anxiety. We are not quite sure but that there is a faint hope down somewhere in his breast that it may not be found at all. He feels lumps forcing in his throat as he peers among the bottles and boxes which constitute the pharmacy at his house, and when the box finally appears, and he feels it in his hand, there is a sensation at the pit of his stomach as if somebody was trying to turn that organ over with an old brass candlestick. Some people swallow a dose of pills without a qualm and afterwards go around looking as proud and overbearing as a boy whose father plays in a band, but the most of us are more delicately constituted, and counting out a dose of pills while some one else gets the water, and observes that he doesn't see how anyone can swallow the awful things, is about as serious an undertaking as can be found on record. There is something too awfully solemn about it to describe. And it is a little singular that while a man can swallow whole whortleberries, cherry pits, and even buckshot, without any uneasiness at all, yet a single pill will catch in his throat, at a particularly ticklish spot, and hang there for hours, and make faces at his stomach. And a man in a fix like that is not exactly the party we would select to concoct mottoes for a festival.

GUNS AGAIN.—Will any thing induce reckless people not to leave their guns and pistols loaded. We suppose there is no hope of bringing about such a result. A young man in Somerset county Maine, left a loaded gun banging up in the shed. His brother, eleven years old, took it down, playfully pointed it at three little girls who were playing in the yard, saying he was going to shoot them. The children started to run away, but he did shoot one of them, and she instantly fell dead.

How to live on nothing a year and lay by something—Borrow more money than will cover your expenditure, and never pay. Lots of people do it all the time.

A Diamond Story.

The *Figaro* tells a remarkable story: There is now living in Paris a lady—whose name is not divulged—who has become celebrated throughout all Europe for her adventures and for her magnificent diamonds. The value of these diamonds was estimated at eight millions of francs.

Among her intimate friends Madame X. counted Sir Joshua D. a gentleman of cold and reserved bearing. He was very attentive to her. But, unfortunately for Madame X. the devoted Englishman did not love her for herself, but for her jewels, and he was in reality the chief of an organized band of robbers.

His plan was well laid. In the month of January last year he induced the his band of Madame X. to have the ceiling of his apartment frescoed, and recommended to him for that purpose an Italian painter, who, Sir Joshua said, was an excellent workman. The painter, a member of the robber band, came from Milan, and improved the time he was at work in the room by taking an impression of all the locks. A month after this, Sir Joshua suggested to the husband that his wife's diamonds were not in safety, and that Madame X. ought to buy a jewel-case for them, at the same time remarking that he knew a very good English maker. The new jewel-case was accordingly made in London, and the diamonds were placed in it.

At the end of two months later, on the warm recommendation of Sir Joshua, permission was granted by Madame X. to another of his confederates, a Munich jeweller, to copy the designs of some of her jewelry, ostensibly for the Empress of Germany.

The plan was then complete. A *valet de chambre*, in the employ of Sir Joshua, opened every day the jewel-case which had been provided with a secret and invisible opening in the back of the case. It was only necessary to press a button and a secret spring opened the box.

In this way all the diamonds were removed one by one, their places being supplied by imitation stones, which were made with such inimitable perfection by the Munich jeweller that they exactly resembled the genuine diamonds. Madame X. did not perceive any change, and the robbery was only discovered by chance. A few days ago one of her intimate friends, a lady who was going to London, borrowed from Madame X. a splendid solitaire.

"Take good care of it," said Madame X., as she gave it to her friend; "It would be worth fifteen hundred thousand francs if it did not have a little defect."

The lady wore the diamond at the Covent Garden Theatre, and while there one of the best known jewellers of London, Mr. B., was in her box.

She called his attention to the brilliant, saying what a pity it was that it had a defect.

Mr. B. examined it and could not detect any flaw.

He asked to be allowed to see it by daylight on the following day. He did so, and pronounced it an imitation diamond.

The English police were notified. Sir Joshua, fortunately, had been arrested two days before this in London, on suspicion of being concerned in the Bidwell forgery case. He was examined by Mr. Williamson, the chief of the detectives, about the diamond robbery. At first he denied all knowledge of the affair, but afterward, thinking that the truth was known, he related all these interesting details, and gave the address of many of his accomplices.

Figaro adds that the whole band was then in London, and probably all would be captured; that the friend of Madame X. had not dared to reveal her terrible loss to her, and that she would first learn it from the London police on the same day that it was published in the columns of the *Figaro*.

Love by Wire.

The report of Mr. Scudamore, the Director of Postal Telegraphs in Great Britan, contains a romance of the most original description. After saying how successful he found the system of employing male and female clerks together, and how much the tone of the men has been raised by the association, and how well the women perform the checking or fault-finding branches of the work, he goes on to speak of friendships formed between clerks at either end of the telegraph wire. They begin by chatting in the intervals of their work, and very soon become fast friends. "It is a fact," continues Mr. Scudamore, "that a telegraph clerk in London, who was engaged on a wire in Berlin, formed an acquaintance with and an attachment for"—mark the official style of the language—"a female clerk who worked on the same wire in Berlin; that he made a proposal of marriage to her, and that she accepted him without ever having seen him. They were married, and the marriage, which resulted from the electric affinities, is supposed to have turned out as well as those in which the senses are more apparently concerned." Nor must the prudent reader run away with the idea that these young persons were very rash or that they married without due acquaintance. For it is a fact that a clerk at one end of a wire can readily tell by the way in which the clerk at the other end does his work "whether he is passionate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-natured."

"ONE OF THE OLDEN TIME."—The oldest white inhabitant of Minnesota has been heard from. His name is R. S. Spalding, and in a recent letter he says: "I claim to be the first white child born in what is now the State of Minnesota. On the 26th of February, 1827, I was born inside the walls of Fort Snelling, near St. Peter's. My father, Stephen Spalding, run a canoe with me in it, in 1828, to St. Louis, and from that day to the present I have never returned to Minnesota. Born in Minnesota, raised in Missouri, and graduated in the Rocky Mountains, I have caught more beaver than all the Newhouse traps combined. I fought in the Mexican war, and God only knows how many Mexicans I killed (though I don't know as I killed any.) On the 10th of August, 1859, I discovered the first gold ever found on the west slope of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The mines I discovered were good, but my own were good—for nothing."

A BOSTON STORY.—South End gossips about the story of a lady who recently returned from Europe. Two years ago she married a Boston physician and bestowed upon him a fortune of $20,000, with which the couple took up their residence on the Continent. The husband has deserted his wife, it is said, and squandered her fortune for the benefit of a titled foreigner, in consequence of which she has returned to her relatives in a town on the line of the B. and A. R. R. The parties are all very well connected, and the narrative excites great surprise and comment.

The *Ironmonger* says that stove-luster is blacker, more brilliant, and more durable when mixed with turpentine than with any other liquid.

Dead on the Cars.

A Countess Dies Upon a Railway Train—A Frantic Husband.

I have the saddest story to tell you, my dear *Globe*, that my pen has ever traced. You may have seen the brief statement of the fact in other papers, but we were in the midst of the sad scene, and it is terribly vivid yet. Starting for a trip to Chicago and St. Louis, our party were in the gayest of spirits, which not even the pouring rain we found at Omaha could dampen, for our transfer train was very comfortable. At Spoon Lake, on the Missouri's eastern shore, our Pullman cars were waiting for us. There was a little confusion and delay in securing our sections; then hats and water-proofs were doffed and consigned to our African porter, and we settled ourselves for quiet chats till the dining car bringing our supper should be attached. In and out among our seats, with childhood's innocent courage, there flitted a baby girl, whose sweet face tempted us all to pet her. The words she tried to say were sometimes English, oftener French, and her nurse evidently belonged to la belle France. They were on their way thither, but, she said, "pauvre Madame was very ill in the compartment," pointing to the one little state-room in the car.

We saw a tall gentleman passing back and forth with an anxious look, but we little guessed how near the shadow of death was hovering. At Galesburg we saw the invalid as we passed through the car, and the palid face shocked us all—with the pinched, drawn look about the mouth, and the half-shut eyes so fixed and glassy. It was pitiful to hear the husband's anguished calls; to see how utterly unconscious she lay, and to feel that she was fast "drifting out into that unknown sea that flows all round the world." A physician was with us, and no effort was spared to keep the fluttering life, which in health must have been so brilliant. The face was exquisite in its chiseling, the dainty hands were strangely peefect, and on the pale fingers gems glittered and flashed; costly raiment lay in heaps about her, and evidently her years had been passed in rare luxury. It was hard to stand beside her now and watch the life fade, to touch the forehead and find it damp with the chill, prophetic moisture, and to feel that with the roar and rattle of the train about us we must know that death stood in our midst.

The car was very full. In one corner a group were busy with cards; in another section men with bronzed faces were talking of Texas stock; little children ran about in merry play, and the darling so soon to be motherless nestled in the arms of her sobbing nurse, with a grieved, wondering look that was very pitiful. I think we shall none of us ever forget the moment when the physician's verdict was given, and we whispered it from one to another. The lady was a Catholic. No priest was on the train, and the poor husband's frantic prayers as he held the crucifix aloft or pressed it to the paling lips, were touching beyond all words. The servants knelt beside their master, kissing the lifeless hands, while we stood near hushed and awe-stricken; and when the last fluttering sigh had passed, no mother's hand could have been more tender than the stranger touch that closed the eyes an I folded the hands in final rest. With streaming tears on his black cheeks, our porter came and went, doing all that could be done. The conductor was unwearied, and the gentlemen on the train attended to all the sad details that were necessary. We are apt to think of "railroad men" as bluff specimens of American manhood—keen, shrewd and avaricious—but we who were on that train, and who remainded till the party started for New York the following day, will never forget the gentle kindness of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy officials. Mr. Doyle, the General Passenger Agent, and Mr. Strong, the Superintendent, put aside all other business and devoted time and thought to the stricken group, as if they had been of their kindred. Fatigue was unheeded, every detail was arranged with the tenderest forethought, and the poor Count was relieved of all care, while the stunning force of the sudden blow left him almost distracted.—*Cor. Boston Globe.*

A Michigan Lumberman.

A paragraph in a recent Michigan paper has elicited from the Pantiac *Gazette* the following respecting the landed wealth of a citizen of that State: "Dr. David Ward's great wealth rests in his immense amount of cork pine lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, amounting to over 150,000 acres, every forty of which he has been over himself, making a careful estimate of the number and dimensions of the trees, and noting all the characteristics of soil. His land was nearly all selected from close observation years before most people had an idea of their ultimate value, and the very best taken; location upon streams and facilities for running the timber to market were carefully considered, so that to-day he owns the finest tracts of really available and valuable cork pine in the United States, and the most of it. His pine lands may be summarized as follows: On the Saginaw, 30,000 acres; on the Manistee and Au Sanble, 90,000 acres; on the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, 30,000 acres. Total, 150,000 acres. In addition he owns 20,000 acres of the very best hard-wood timbered lands for farming in the central and northern part of the State, besides all his valuable property in Oakland County, and 13,000,000 feet of logs afloat. Placing the same valuation upon his pine lands alone, as other persons are selling detached tracts in the vicinity of his, and it aggregates the sum of $6,500,000, and we may here say that that amount of greenbacks stacked up would not obtain the deeds of his pine property alone. The difference in pine land is very great, as between cork and other qualities, and acre by acre the cork nets more than three times as much as any other variety." In Wisconsin fully a dozen lumbermen boast that if their pine lands were laid out into strips a mile wide they would reach across the State, or over two hundred miles in length.

Fancy Aprons and Blouse Waists.

Pretty aprons of Swiss and organdy muslin are being made up as additions to house toilets. Those trimmed with pockets of embroidery, edged with Valenciennes, are very dressy. Bretelles or fichus to match are sometimes worn with these aprons. They are composed almost entirely of Valenciennes. The belt is covered by a ribbon sash, the ends trimmed with Valenciennes. Bows of ribbon of the same color and shade ornament the pockets and