THE "FORTUNA'S" FATE

I.

Capt. Montague Beresford Pierpoint was hardly the sort of man you would have expected to find behind the counter of a small shanty bank at Aylmer's Pike, Cal. There was an engaging English frankness, an obvious honesty and refinement of manner, about him which suited very oddly with the rough habits and rougher Western speech of the mining population in whose midst he lived. Indeed, to say so much is rather to underrate the uniqueness of his position; for it might, perhaps, be truer to say that Capt. Pierpoint was the only man in the place in whom anyone believed at all in any way.

Capt. Pierpoint walked very straight and erect, as becomes a man of conspicuous uprightness, and there was a certain tinge of military bearing in his manner which seemed at first sight sufficiently to justify his popular title. But he himself made no false pretenses upon that head; he freely acknowledged that he had acquired the position of captain, not in her Britannic majesty's Guards, as the gossip of Aylmer's Pike sometimes asserted, but in the course of his early professional engagements as skipper of a Lake Superior grain vessel. The one thing he really understood, he would tell his mining friends, was the grain trade on the upper lakes; for finance he had but a single recommendation, and that was that if the people trusted him he could never deceive them. Capt. Pierpoint had not come to Aylmer's Pike at first with any settled idea of making himself the financier of the rough little community; he intended to dig on his own account, and the *role* of banker was only slowly thrust upon him by the unanimous voice of the whole diggings. Gradually the diggers got into the habit of regarding this as Capt. Pierpoint's natural function, and Capt. Pierpoint, being himself but an indifferent digger, acquiesced so readily that at last, yielding to the persuasion of his clients, he put up a wooden counter, and painted over his rough door the magnificent notice, "Aylmer's Pike Bank: Montague Pierpoint, Manager." He got a large iron safe from Carson City, and in that safe, which stood by his own bedside, all the silver and other securities of the whole village were deposited. "Any of the boys could easily shoot me and open that safe any night," Capt. Pierpoint used to say pleasantly; "but if he did, by George! he'd have to reckon afterward with every man on the Pike, and I should be sorry to stand in his shoes."

However, even at Aylmer's Pike there were degrees and stages of comparative unscrupulousness. Two men, new-comers to the Pike, by name Hiram Coffin and Pete Morris, at last wickedly and feloniously conspired together to rob Capt. Pierpoint's bank. Their plan was simplicity itself. They would go at midnight, very quietly, to the camp's bank; cut his throat as he slept, pob the precious safe, and ride off straight for the East, thus getting a clear night's start of any possible pursuer.

The day before the night the two burglars had fixed upon for their enterprise, Capt. Pierpoint himself appeared to be in unusual spirits. Pete Morris called in at the bank during the course of the morning to recommitted the previous sum, under pretense of paying in a few dollars worth of silver, and he found the captain very lively indeed. When Pete handed him the silver across the counter the captain weighed it with a smile, gave a receipt for the amount—he always gave receipts as a matter of form—and actually invited Pete into the little back room, which was at once kitchen, bedroom and parlor, to have a drink. Then, before Pete's very eyes he opened the safe, bursting with papers, and placed the silver in a bag on a shelf by itself, sticking the key into his waistcoat pocket. "He is delivering himself up into our hands," thought Pete to himself, as the captain poured out two glasses of old Bourbon, and handed one to the miner opposite. "Here's success to all our enterprises!" cried the captain gaily. "Here's success, pard!" Pete answered, with a sinister look, which even the captain could not help noting in a sidelong fashion.

That night, about 2 o'clock, when all Aylmer's pike was quietly dreaming its own sordid, drunken dreams, two sober men rose up from their cabin and stole out softly to the wooden bankhouse. Two horses were ready saddled with Mexican saddle-bags, and tied to a tree outside the digging, and in half an hour Pete and Hiram Morris found themselves in full possession of all Capt. Pierpoint's securities, and well on their road toward the nearest station of the Pacific railway. They groped along to the door of the bank shanty and began fumbling with their wire picks at the rough lock. After a moment's exploration of the wards Pete Morris drew back in surprise.

"Pard," he murmured in a low whisper, "here's suthin' rather extraordinary; this ere lock's not fastened."

They turned the handle gently and found that the door yielded without an effort. Both men looked at one another in the dim light incredulously. Heautically slept in the bank shanty with his outer door unfastened?

The two robbers passed through the outer room and into the little back bedroom parlor. To their immense astonishment they found it empty.

Their first impulse was to suppose that the captain had somehow anticipated their coming, and had gone out to rouse the boys. For a moment they almost contemplated running away without the money. But a second glance reassured them; the bed had not been slept in. The captain was a man of very regular habits.

Hiram held the lantern, carefully shaded by his hand, toward the door of the safe. Pete looked cautiously at the lock, and began pushing it about with his wire pick; he had hoped to get the key out of Capt. Pierpoint's pocket but as that easy scheme was so unexpectedly foiled, he trusted to his skill in picking to force the lock open. Once more a fresh surprise awaited him. The door closed almost of its own accord! Pete looked at Hiram, and Hiram looked at Pete. There was no mistaking the strange fact that met their gaze—the safe was empty.

"What on airth do you suppose is the meaning of this, Pete?" Hiram whispered hoarsely. But Pete did not whisper the whole truth flashed upon him in a moment, and he answered aloud, with a string of oaths, "The cap'n has gone and made tracks hisself for Madison Depot. And he's taken every red cent in the safe along with him, too! the dirty scoundrel! He's taken my silver that he gave me a receipt for this very morning!"

Hiram stared at Pete in blank amazement. "Perhaps he's got wind of this and cut off the plate to somebody else's hut. If he boys was to come out and catch us here, it 'ud be derned awkward for you an' me, Pete." But Pete answered gruffly and loudly, "Never you mind about the plate, pard. The cap'n's gone, an the plate's gone with him; and what we've got to do now is to rouse the boys and ride after him like greased lightnin'. The mean swindler, to go an swindle me out of the silver that I've been and dug out of that ere claim, yonder with my own pick!" For the sense of personal injustice to oneself rises peremptorily in the human breast, however depraved, and the man who would murder another without a scruple is always genuinely aghast with just indignation when he finds the counsel for the prosecution pressing a point against him with what seems to him unfair persistency.

Pete flung his lock-pick out among the agave scrub that faced the bank shanty and ran out wildly into the midst of the dusty white road that led down the row of huts which the people of Aylmer's Pike euphemistically described as the Main street. There he raised such an unearthly whoop as roused the sleepers in the nearest huts to turn over in their beds and listen in wonder, with a vague idea that "the Injuns" were coming down on a scalping-trail upon the diggings. Next, he hurried down the street, bearing heavily with his fist on every frame door, and kicking hard at the lath walls of the successive shanties. In a few minutes the whole Pike was out and alive. Unwholesome-looking men, in unwashed flannel shirts and loose trousers, mostly barefooted in their haste, came forth to inquire, with an unnecessary wealth of expletives, what the something was stirring. Pete, breathless and wrathful in the midst, livid with rage and disappointment, could only shriek aloud, "Cap'n Pierpoint has cleared out of camp and taken all the plate with him!" There was at first an incredulous shouting and crying; then a general stampede toward the bank shanty; and, finally, as the truth became apparent to everybody, a deep and angry howl for vengeance on the traitor. In one moment Capt. Pierpoint's smooth-faced villainy dawned as clear as day to all Aylmer's Pike; and the whole chorus of gambles, rascals and blackleys stood awe-struck with horror and indignation at the more plausible rogue who had succeeded in swindling even them. The cleanwashed, white-shirted, fair-spoken villain! they would have his blood for this, if the United States marshal had every mother's son of them strung up in a row for it after the pesky business was once fairly over.

When the boys really understood that they had been completely duped, they swore vengeance in solemn fashion, and they picked out two of themselves to carry out the oath in a regular assembly. Each contributed of his substance what he was able, and Pete and Hiram, being more stirred with righteous wrath than all the rest put together, were unanimously deputed to follow the captain's tracks to San Francisco, and to have his life wherever and whenever they might chance to find him. Pete and Hiram accepted the task thrust upon them, *con amore*, and went forth zealously to hunt up the doomed life of Capt. Montague Beresford Pierpoint.

II.

Society in Sarnia admitted that Capt. Pierpoint was really quite an acquisition. As a matter of fact, indeed, the captain was decidedly well born, the son of an English country clergyman, educated at a respectable grammar school, and capable of being all things to all men in whatever station of life it might please Providence to place him.

Somehow or other everything seemed to go wrong with Capt. Pierpoint's cargoes. He was always losing a scow laden with best fall wheat from Chicago for Buffalo, or running a lumber vessel ashore on the shoals of Lake Erie, or getting a four-master jammed in the ice-packs on the St. Clair river; and though the insurance companies continually declared that Capt. Pierpoint had got the better of them, the captain himself was wont to complain that no insurance could ever possibly cover the losses he sustained by the carelessness of his subordinates or the constant perversity of wind and waters.

However this might be, it happened curiously enough that, in spite of all his losses, Capt. Pierpoint seemed to grow richer and richer visibly to the naked eye, with each reverse of his trading efforts. He took a handsome house, set up a carriage and pair, and made love to the prettiest and sweetest girl in all Sarnia. The prettiest and sweetest girl was not proof against Capt. Pierpoint's suave tongue and handsome house, and she married him in very good faith, honestly believing in him, as a good woman will in a scoundrel, and clinging to him fervently with all her heart and soul. No happier and more loving pair in all Sarnia than Capt. and Mrs. Pierpoint.

Some months after the marriage Capt. Pierpoint arranged to take down a scow of flat-bottomed boards, to be built from Milwaukee for the Erie canal. He took up the scow himself, and before he started for the voyage, it was a curious fact that he went in person down into the hold, bored eight large holes right through the bottom and filled each hole as he drew out the auger, with a calked plug made exactly to fit it, and hammered firmly into place with a wooden mallet. There was a ring in each plug, by which it could be pulled out again without much difficulty; and the whole eight were all placed along the gangway of the hold, where no cargo would lie on top of them. The scow's name was the Fortuna.

It took only two men and the skipper to navigate the scow, for lake craft towed by steam propellers are always very lightly manned, and when Capt. Pierpoint reached Milwaukee, where he was to take in cargo, he dismissed the two sailors who had come with him from Sarnia and engaged two fresh hands at the harbor. Rough miner-looking men were, with very little of the sailor about them, but Capt. Pierpoint's sharp eye soon told him they were the right sort of men for his purpose and he engaged them on the spot without a moment's hesitation.

They had disguised themselves as well as they were able, and in their clumsy knavery they thought they had completely deceived the captain. But almost from the moment the captain saw them he knew who they were, and he took his measures accordingly. "Stupid louts!" he said to himself, with the fine contempt of an educated scoundrel for the unsophisticated natural ruffian, "there's a fine chance of killing two birds with one stone!" And when the captain said the word "killing," he said it in his own mind, with a delicate, sinister emphasis, which meant business.

As soon as she was once clear of the wharf, and while the busy shipping of the great port still surrounded them on every side, Capt. Pierpoint calmly drew his revolver and took his stand beside the hatches. "Pete and Hiram," he said quietly to his two assistants, "I want to have a little serious talk with you two before we go any further."

If he had fired upon them outright, instead of merely calling them by their own names, the two conspirators scarcely could not have started more unfeignedly, or looked more unspeakably cowed, than they did at that moment. Their first impulse was to draw their own revolvers, but they saw in a second that the captain was beforehand with them, and that they had better not try to shoot him before the very eyes of all Milwaukee.

"Now, boys," the captain went on steadily, with his finger on the trigger and his eye fixed straight on the men's faces, "we three quite understand one another. I took your savings for reasons of my own; and you have shipped here to-day to murder me on the voyage. But I recognized you before I engaged you, and I have left word at Milwaukee that if anything happens to me on this journey, you two have a smoke-house mark, and must be hanged forthwith. I've taken care that if this scow comes into any port along the lakes without me aboard, you two are to be promptly arrested." (This was false, of course, but to Capt. Pierpoint a small matter like that was a mere trifle). "And I've shipped myself along with you, just to show you I'm not afraid of you. But if either of you disobey my orders in anything for one minute, I shoot you down, and no jury in Canada or the States will touch a hair of my head for doing it. I am a respectable shipowner and grain merchant; you're a pair of disreputable skulking miners, pretending to be sailors, and you've shipped aboard here on purpose to murder me. If *you* shoot *me*, it's murder; if I shoot *you*, it's justifiable homicide. Now, boys, do you understand that?"

Pete looked at Hiram and was beginning to speak, when the captain interrupted him in the calm tone of one having authority. "Look here, Pete," he said, drawing a chalk line amidships across the deck, "you stand this side of that line, and you stand there, Hiram. Now, mind, if either of you chooses to step across that line or to confer with the other, I shoot you, whether it's here before all the eyes of Milwaukee, or alone in the middle of Huron. You must each take your own counsel and do as you like for yourselves. But I've got a little plan of my own on, and if you choose willingly to help me your fortune's made. Look at the thing squarely, boys, what's the use of your killing me? Sooner or later you'll get hung for it, and it's a very unpleasant thing, I can assure you, hanging." As the captain spoke he placed his unexcepted hand loosely on his revolver, and fingered it gently backward. Pete and Hiram shuddered a little as he did so. "Well, what's the good of ending your lives that way, eh? But I'm doing a little speculative business on these lakes, where I want just such a couple of men as you two—men that'll do as they're told in a matter of business and ask no squeamish questions. If you care to help me in this business, you can stop and make your fortunes; if you dont, you can go back to Milwaukee with the tug."

"You speak fair enough, said Pete, dubitatively, "but you know, cap'n, you ain't a man to be trusted. I owe you one already for stealing my silver."

"Very little silver," the captain answered, with a wave of the hand and a graceful smile. "Bonds, United States bonds and greenbacks most of it, converted beforehand for easier conveyance by horseback. These, however, are business details which needn't stand in the way between you and me, partner. I always was straightforward in all my dealings, and I'll come to the point at once, so that you can know whether you'll help me or not. This scow's plugged at the bottom. My intention is, first, to part the rope that ties us to the tug; next, to transfer the cargo by night to a small shanty I've got on Manitoulin Island, and then to pull the plugs and sink the scow in Manitoulin rocks. That way I get insurance for the cargo and scow, and carry on the grain in the slack season. If you consent to help me unload and sink the ship, you shall have half profits between you; if you don't, you can go back to Milwaukee like a couple of fools, and I'll put into port again to get a couple of other hands. Now, answer each for yourselves, Hiram, will you go with me?"

"How shall I know you'll keep your promise?" asked Hiram.

"For the best of all possible reasons," replied the captain, jauntily; "because I don't you can inform upon me to the insurance people."

In Hiram Coffin's sordid soul there was a moment's turning over of the chances; and then greed prevailed over revenge and he said, grudgingly:

"Well, cap'n, I'll go with you."

The captain smiled the smile of calm self-approbation and turned half round to Pete.

"And you?" he asked.

"If Hiram goes I go too," Pete answered, half hoping that some chance might occur for conferring with his neighbor on the road and following out their original conspiracy. But Capt. Pierpoint had been too much for him; he had followed the excellent rule, "*divide et impera*," and he remained clearly master of the situation. Capt. Pierpoint certainly did not spend a comfortable time during his voyage down the lake or through the Straits of Mackinaw. To say the truth, he could hardly sleep at all, and he was very ragged and weary when they arrived at Manitoulin Island. But Pete and Hiram, though they had many chances of talking together, could not see their way to kill him in safety; and Hiram at least, in his own mind, had come to the conclusion that it was better to make a little money than to risk one's neck for a foolish revenge. So in the dead of night, on the second day out, when a rough wind had arisen from the north Borgia and Gonzales, the captain quietly began to cut away at the rope that tied them to the tug. He cut the rope all round, leaving a sound core in the center, and when the next gust of wind came the rope strained and parted quite naturally, so that the people on the tug never suspected the genuineness of the transaction. They looked about in the fog and storm for the scow, but of course they couldn't find her, for Capt. Pierpoint, who knew his ground well, had driven her straight ashore before the wind and beached her on a small shelving cove on Manitoulin Island. There they found five men waiting for them, who helped unload the cargo with startling rapidity, for it was all arranged in sacks, not in bulk, and a high slide fixed on the gangway enabled them to slip it quickly down into an underground granary excavated below the level of the beach. After unloading they made their way down before the breeze toward the jagged rocks of Manitoulin.

It was 11 o'clock on a stormy moonlight night when the Fortuna arrived off the jutting point of the great island. A "black squall," as they call it on the lakes, was blowing down from the Sault Ste. Marie. The scow drove about aimlessly under very little canvas and the boat was ready to be lowered. "In case," the captain said humorously, "of an accident." Close to the end of the point the captain ordered Pete and Hiram down into the hold. He had shown them beforehand the way to draw the plugs and had explained that the water would rise very slowly and they would have plenty of time to get up the companion ladder long before there was a foot deep of water in the hold. At the last moment Pete hung back a little. The captain took him quietly by the shoulders and without an oath (an omission which told eloquently on Pete) thrust him down the ladder and told him to wait in little longer to do his duty. Hiram held the light in his hand and both went down together into the black abyss. There was no time to be lost; they were well off the point and in another moment the scow would have lost all show of reasonable probability.

As the two miners went down into the hold Capt. Pierpoint drew quietly from his pocket a large hammer and a bucket of five-inch nails. They were good stout nails and would resist a considerable pressure. He looked carefully down into the hold and saw the two men draw the first plug. One after another he watched them till the fourth was drawn, and then he took one of the nails firmly between his thumb and forefinger.

Next week everybody at Sarnia was grieved to hear that another of Capt. Pierpoint's vessels had gone down off Manitoulin Point in that dreadful black squall on Thursday evening. Both the sailors on board had been drowned. Still, it was a fortunate thing that such a delightful man as the captain had not perished in the foundering of the Fortuna.

III.

Somehow, after that wreck Capt. Pierpoint never cared for the water again. His nerves were shattered, he said, and he couldn't stand danger as he used to do, when he was younger and stronger. So he went on the lakes no more and confined his attention more strictly to the "futures" business. He was a thriving and prosperous person in spite of his losses, and the underwriters had begun to look a little askance at his insurances even before this late foundering case. Some whispered ominously in underwriting circles that they had their doubts about the Fortuna.

One summer a few years later the water on Lake Huron sank lower than it had ever been known to sink before. It was a very dry season in the back country and the rivers brought down very diminished streams into the great basins. Foot by foot the level of the lake fell slowly till many of the wharves were left high and dry and the vessels could only come alongside in a very few deep places. Capt. Pierpoint had suffered much from sleeplessness, combined with Canadian ague, for some years past, but this particular summer his mind was very evidently much troubled. For some unaccountable reason he watched the falling of the river with the intensest anxiety and after it had passed a certain point his interest in the question became painfully keen. Though the fever and the ague gained upon him from day to day and his doctor counseled perfect quiet, he was perpetually consulting charts and making measurements of the configuration which the coast had now reached, especially at the upper end of Lake Huron.

At last his mind seemed almost to give way, and weak and feverish as he was he insisted, the first time for many seasons, that he must take a trip upon the water. Remonstrance was quite useless; he would go on the lake again, he said, if it killed him. So he hired one of the little steam pleasure yachts which are always to let in numbers at Detroit, and started with his wife and her brother, a young surgeon, for a month's cruise into Lake Superior.

As the yacht neared Manitoulin Island Capt. Pierpoint insisted upon being brought up on deck in a chair—he was too ill to stand—and swept all the coast with his binocular. Close to the point a flat-topped object lay moldering in the sun, half out of water, on the shoals by the bank. "What is it, Ernest?" asked the captain, trembling, of his brother-in-law.

"A wreck, I should say," the brother-in-law answered, carelessly. "By Jove, now I look at it with the glass I can read the name, 'Fortuna, Sarnia.'"

Capt. Pierpoint seized the glass with a shaking hand and read the name on the stern himself in a dazed fashion. "Take me down stairs," he said feebly, "and let me die quietly; and for heaven's sake, Ernest, never let *her* know about it at all."

They took him back and buried him at Sarnia, and all the world went to attend the funeral, as of a man who died justly respected for his wealth and other socially admired qualities. But his brother-in-law knew there was a mystery somewhere in the wreck of the Fortuna, and as soon as the funeral was over he went back with the yacht, and took its skipper with him to examine the stranded vessel. When they came to look at the bottom they found eight holes in it. Six of them were wide open, one was still plugged, and the remaining one had the plug pulled half out inward, as if the persons who were pulling it had abandoned the attempt for fear of the rising water. That was bad enough, and they did not wonder that Capt. Pierpoint had shrunk in horror from the revealing of the secret of the Fortuna.

But when they scrambled on the deck they discovered another fact which gave a more terrible meaning to the dead man's tragedy. The covering of the hatchway by the companion ladder was battened down, and nailed from the side with five-inch nails. The skipper loosened the rusty iron with his knife, and after awhile they lifted the lid off and descended cautiously into the empty hold below. As they suspected, there was no damaged grain in it; but at the foot of the companion-ladder, left behind by the retreating water, two half-cleaned skeletons in sailor clothes lay huddled together among the flour. That was all that remained of Pete and Hiram. Evidently the captain had nailed the hatch down on top of them and left them there terror-stricken to drown as the water rushed in and rose around them.

For a while the skipper and the brother-in-law kept the dead man's secret, but they did not try to destroy or conceal the proofs of his guilt, and in time others visited the wreck until, bit by bit, the horrible story leaked out in its entirety. Nowadays, as you pass the great Manitoulin Island, every sailor on the lake route is ready to tell you this strange and ghastly yarn of the foundering of the Fortuna.—*Longman's Magazine.*

COTTON.

"Tis born of the burden of toil,
From the strength and the speed of the plow,
It springs from the heart of the soil,
And the seeds that are glorified now,
In the soft-furrowed fields of the South,
It rules o'er the realms of the grain.
'Tis green through the gloom of the drouth,
'Tis fair through the fall of the rain.

With blossoms of purple and white,
With leaves that are vernal in hue,
'Tis fed by the air and the light,
'Tis nurtured by sunshine and dew;
It springs from the breast of the earth;
'Tis rife with rare color and heat—
In marvels of magical birth,
"Tis king o'er the corn and the wheat!

The procreant pulses of May
Beat under its ripening boll;
And later it lives in the ray
Of the light that illumines its soul.
'Twas known in the land of the East,
Through ages long silent and dead;
With wonders of whiteness increased,
To the warmth of the South it is wed.

'Tis gathered from valleys and hills;
In quiet it lies in its bower;
With orient beauty it fills
'Vast acres of affluent ground.
Though planted in darkness and gloom,
'Tis safe in the dust of the sod;
It arises in splendors of bloom,
It awakes at the whisper of God.

Oh! lift a large measure of praise,
As strong as the tides of the sea!
Through lengths of laborious days
And conquests of commerce to be
This plant from the heart of the soil,
In the pride of its purified fleece,
With triumphs of glory and toil
Shall reign in the rapture of peace.

WM. H. HAYNE, *in Home and Farm.*

PERSONAL.

DR. GUSTAV OPPERT, professor of Sanskrit at the Presidency College, Madras—who will soon return to his duties in India—has been invited by Profs. Virchow and Bastian to deliver at Berlin a lecture on his new system of classification of languages.

A MEMORIAL bust of John Rogers has been unveiled in St. John's church, Deritend, England, by the mayor of Birmingham. Rogers was the coadjutor of Tyndale in translating the Bible, was burned at Smithfield in 1555, and was afterward known as the "Domestic martyr."

SIR PATRICK GRANT, England's new field marshal, entered military service as long ago as 1819, and has done distinguished service in India. He has now been elevated to a military grade containing only three other members—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Strathnairn.

MR. M. E. BELL, the new Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, was born in Chester county, Pa., and now lives, with his wife and five children, in modest style, in Des Moines, Ia. He is a boyish-looking man, of quiet manners, and is an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THOMAS COATS, SR., one of the original members of the well-known firm of Scotch thread manufacturers, is dead. He was noted for his philanthropy, and one of his notable gifts was a large and beautifully decorated public park to his native town, Paisley. In 1880 he visited this country for his health.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has written a letter on the marriage laws in which he says: "Convocation only talks and cannot act. The bishops can advise the clergy, but bishops and clergy cannot roll back the tide of opinion on the question now under discussion, and they will wait a little longer and the matter will be settled."

LORD COLERIDGE says that every educated speaker of English uses at least three different languages. When he talks he uses words taught in the classical school, he uses literary English and when he reads his Bible he uses an antiquated form of English, which, from its relations to modern culture, may almost be called sacred English.

THE REV. DR. E. L. MAGOON, of Philadelphia, who had already distinguished himself by his gifts of works of art to various institutions, has celebrated his seventy-third birthday by giving to the Women's School of Design in Philadelphia twenty-two choice copies of old masters, copying in miniature himself. They comprise copies of works by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raffael, Correggio, Titian and Andrea del Sarto.

DEAN STANLEY's handwriting was notoriously bad, and his letters, as a rule, used privately to undergo a careful revision of addresses by some member of his household, before they were mailed. Once, it is said, he carried on a theological correspondence with an educated cobbler in England, and the latter, in one of his letters, was very much puzzled by a word in some point made by the dean, because, he explained, he was "unaccustomed to the chirography of the higher orders."

"PRINCE BISMARCK'S medical advisers," says the London *Globe*, "are anything but elated at the prospects of the renewal of their patient's arduous work. They would like him to abstain from all overexertion, and especially shun the least cause for nervous excitement. Dr. Schweninger, the now famous medical practitioner in Munich, who enjoys Prince Bismarck's unbounded confidence, is known to advocate an almost complete abstention from the chancellor's onerous duties, and urges him to make a radical change in his mode of living.

The late Judge Black had a powerful ear for music. His daughter Becky used to play something that pleased him; it was "Lucy Neal;" it became his favorite. Whenever Becky would be playing for visitors the judge would say: "Now, Becky, give us my favorite, 'Lucy Neal;'" and Becky, slyly winking at the guests, would play "Old Dan Tucker," or "Old Hundred." As she concluded the judge would tip back in his chair and exclaim: "That's my favorite!" and couldn't understand what the people were laughing at.

LORD LANSDOWNE has struck a key-note of common sense in declining to receive addresses from distinctively English, Scotch and Irish societies in Ottawa. He wishes them all to regard themselves as Canadians. Such a policy on the part of foreign-born citizens of the United States would be a very desirable improvement upon our present system of lugging Old World national prejudices into our domestic affairs. The sooner a citizen becomes truly American, the sooner he comprehends the needs and advantages of good government, unswayed by demagogues.

CHARLES CARTER, of Philadelphia, writes to correct an article now going the rounds, the substance of which was that a brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee once figured as a defendant in a murder trial. Mr. Carter writes: "Gen. Lee had two brothers older than himself and a half brother still older. The brothers were Charles Carter, who lived and died a Virginia farmer, and Sidney Smith, a captain in the United States navy. The half brother was Henry, the son of his father's first wife, who was a daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee. None of these brothers ever figured in any murder trial."

THE rumor that Mr. Wm. H. Hulburt, late editor of the *World*, was about to marry the duchess dowager, the daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, is not credited in New York. Mr. Hulburt, who is something over fifty-three, has long been a favorite in the Duke of Sutherland's family, and is now his guest at one of the country seats of that nobleman. The duchess herself is a woman of fifty, and is known to have entertained a warm personal feeling toward her father's guest. Out of these circumstances, and these alone, it is said, have the present rumors expanded. It is thought that Mr. Hulburt, however, will reside abroad permanently.

JOHN H. STEEL was born in Cocke county, Tenn., in 1800, and Job Hampton, an aged citizen of Montgomery, Mo., was born in the same county in 1801. They were mised boys together and mustered together in the mountains of East Tennessee. Mr. Hampton went to Missouri about 1830 and Steel about 1834. Last Saturday the two old gentlemen met in Mr. Burkhardt's store in California, Mo.—the first time in sixty-five years. They had an interesting talk over old times, referring to Kit Bullard's mill and French Broad river. Mr. Steel told of a severe fisticuff he had with Andy Johnson. Andy made him a suit of clothes and they didn't fit; they fell out over it and had a severe struggle in the shop before they were separated.

One of the finest observatories in Europe is that which the munificence of M. Bischoffsheim, the Paris banker, is now building at Nice, and which is so far completed that the work of observation has already begun under the direction of M. Perrotin, the French astronomer who conducted the expedition to Patagonia for the observation of the transit. The entire cost of the undertaking will not fall short of $600,000. The large equatorial telescope, which is to cost $70,000 and will be completed, is eighteen meters in length, and the diameter of its object glass is seventy-six centimeters. The building of the Nice observatory is considered a patriotic work which will help to redeem the reputation of France in the world of science.

A SCHOOLFELLOW of St. Gaudens, the sculptor, recounts the struggles and triumphs of that shoemaker's son. His father had a workshop and business place near the rear of the Academy of Design, and was opposed to his son studying art. The boy, however, went to the Cooper Institute drawing classes, and about the early part of the rebellion resolved to make himself a sculptor, and with hardly any means went to Paris. He had a very hard time there, and came back without much encouragement, and for a time it looked dark to him. He went again to Paris and followed art, at different times there his trade of stone-cutter. On his second visit to America Gov. Morgan gave him an order, and the beauty of his models in relief attracted the attention of gentlemen who were making fine homes. His friends now consider that he is among the leading sculptors in the United States.

The number of wealthy members of Congress increases. Col. Lyman, of Massachusetts, is one of the new members who will entertain elaborately next winter. He inherited great wealth. Washburn, of Minnesota, has rented Don Cameron's house and will give lavish receptions. Of the new Senators, nearly all are rich. Bowen, of Colorado, is a mining lord. Sabin, of Minnesota, went from Connecticut twenty years ago, and is very rich. Dolph, of Oregon, is a thrifty corporation attorney. Colquitt is one of the best-to-do men in Georgia, and Gibson, of Louisiana, inherited wealth. There are not many poor men left in the Senate. Count out Blair, Frye, Kenna, Jones, of Florida, and Riddleberger, and the rest are accounted rich.

A GERMAN newspaper having asserted that it had always been the custom of the Jesuits not to select an Italian as general of their order, the *Moniteur de Rome* gives a list of the twenty-two generals of the Jesuits, from the foundation of the company to the present time, proving that eleven were Italians, namely: the Fathers Aquaviva, Vitelleschi, Caraffa, Piccolomini, Gottifredi, Oliva, Tamburini, Visconti, Centurioni, Ricci and Fortis. There have been four Spaniards—Ignatius Loyola, Jacques Lainez, Francis Borgia and Gonzales. Germany has likewise given four generals to the order—Mercurian, Nickel, Retz and Anderledy, the future general, who is a German-Swiss. Holland and Belgium have furnished three—Noyelle, Rothaan and Beckx. No French, English or Portuguese Jesuit has ever attained to this dignity.

GEN. HANCOCK declined to take command of the military division so long under Sheridan, chiefly because he had not been created lieutenant-general. As the senior major-general of the army, more advanced in years than Sheridan, it seems that he is, in simple justice, entitled to the promotion, as much at least as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were before him, and the next Congress will have no possible excuse for not recognizing this claim and doing tardy justice to a gallant, tried and trusty officer. The advancement must come now, if ever, for Sheridan will not reach the age of retirement until 1894, and by that time Hancock will have been some years on the retired list. The latter, no doubt, prefers New York to Chicago as a headquarters, but it is equally probable that he would accept Sheridan's command if he were made lieutenant-general. The salary of that rank is $778 a month, while the major-general receives but $477.

"GAIL" I met Ex-Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who has returned to Washington City and rebuilt his celebrated yellow mansion which went by the name of Stewart Castle. His wife once told me that her husband had founded nine different residences during his married life, and she added that he was "the best man in the world," and took failure and misfortune just as uproariously as success. I said to Mr. Stewart that there was now a good deal of activity in Mexican railroad properties, coffee, lands, etc. Said he: "I think there will be some bursting of a little bubble down there at no distant day." "Why, friend Stewart, do you make that prediction?" "Because I have very little faith in Mexican enterprises. I believe that the American meets them they are cleaned out. The Mexican race cannot increase because as the Americans get where it is they will be crowded back to the dance-houses and in the course of the collisions that arise the Greasers are sooner or later cleaned off. Our destiny is to have that country, and the two races cannot thrive together side by side. In the southern part of California where we have encountered the Mexicans they seem to melt away. There is no genius for raising revenue and paying their obligations."

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

J. M. Brown, of Boulder, Col., writes to a friend in Buffalo: "I take the firstidle hour to write you a full account of my strange adventure after I left you in the city. I went to Schlosser and took a boat for a row around Navy Island. There was no intended suicide, as you hint when you refer to my mental depression. It was a beautiful day and nature appeared in her brightest garb. I had not been long out, when I discovered that the current, and thought of the past and its buried hopes. Some time must have passed, for I was not much more than down the river, but was drifting near the rapids. I had been much nearer before. Concluding it was time to start for home I gave a last glance at the country for a steady pull and made a stroke or two, when one of the rowlocks came off and dropped into the water. In seizing it I lost one oar, which was quickly out of my reach. For one moment my heart leaped into my throat and nearly choked me. I saw that escape was impossible, but I soon became cool and looked at the situation calmly. The boat had turned across the stream. I straightened it around and headed it for a smooth place in the rapids. Whether the presence of swift and sure death brought with it a new revelation, or the intense excitement of the moment lent new faculties to the mind, I know not, but the impressions of those few minutes are imprinted in my memory as if burned with a red-hot iron. Everything was keenly alert. I noted the little speck of rock I had so often watched from the Sisters, and the peculiar curls and eddies around it. I saw the flashes and colors of light that played on the glancing waters. I marked the forms of shades and coloring of the shore and clouds. They were all fixed in my mind as cut in adamant. I had time for all this and more, while sailing swiftly on, till I came to the angle of the horseshoe furthest up stream, where the deep green water pours slow so far without a break. I drew in a long breath and looked up, with the thought, 'This is the last of earth.' The boat did not obey gravity so quickly as the falling water, but shot out far over. For a moment I was enveloped by ascending mists, then by the wild war of contending elements and the stunning roar of thunder, followed by a calm more sweet and restful than I had ever thought possible for the soul to feel, and which no mortal power could disturb. I sank into forgetfulness, for how long I know not, but I found myself lying partly in the water, on the Canada shore, above the old ferry."

LOVE AND FAME.

The poet's soul that had the honey pressed
From man and life,
On eager wings had gone to seek her rest
Far from earth's strife.

Fame said to Love: "The poet's soul is mine,
'Tis mine to bring
To my eternal fields the voice divine
That thus could sing."

Love answered: "Though thy claim I now confess,
'Twas I did give
His verses all the fire and gracefulness
Whereby they live."

Whipping Factory Girls.

Boston *Herald*: If a Toronto corset-maker tells the truth, some of the working-girls in that city are held in a sort of white slavery. "Alice," of Toronto, having seen in the New York *Graphic* that "Ada," of New York, earns $8 a week as a shop-girl and is greatly discontented therewith, writes to our contemporary that in her opinion a working-girl who receives $8 a week ought to be very happy, for in Toronto few girls get more than $3 50 or $4 a week, either behind the counter or in the workroom. "I myself," she adds, "work in a corset-factory and seldom make more than $3 50; and perhaps it will make Ada more contented with her position if she knows that we work-girls have to submit to corporal punishment. It is nearly a year since when, owing to my father's death, I had to go to work. Shortly after getting my place the forewoman told me that I had spoiled a pair of corsets by my carelessness, and that she would either dismiss me or else I must take a whipping. With such an alternative, I submitted to a whipping, and got a very severe and humiliating punishment, and seldom a day passes but some girl—many of them almost women—gets whipped in the factory where I work, and I believe the same is very general." Whipping factory girls! Shade of Wilberforce, can such a thing be done under the British flag? We are, we believe, in a right to be, very slow in believing this story of white slavery in Toronto.

Adelaide Detchon.

Miss Chamberlaine is not to enjoy her present reputation as the greatest beauty in Europe unchallenged by rivals. Miss Adelaide Detchon's handsome face has already attracted much attention in London. A New York correspondent says of her: "The ideal Quakeress in appearance, to my mind, is Adelaide Detchon, and she is so far off from Quakerism as to be an actress. But she has the natural smoothness, the honest openness of eyes, the lily complexion, the inborn demureness—everything to complete the proper aspect. Adelaide is a young lady from Boston, but has been put forward in London as an American beauty. Her able social promoter over there is Mrs. Labouchere, she who made the fortunes of Mrs. Langtry, and then came with her to America only to quarrel and part company. Adelaide is far more beautiful than the Jersey Lily, and, if that is possible, a worse actress."

MARY ANDERSON AND THE PRINCE.

She came; she trod our English land;
A masterpiece from Phidias's hand—
Antique and classical and grand
Looked Mary.

And mashers flew the maid to greet,
Leaving the plebs o'er the street,
And Nelly of the twinkling feet,
For Mary.

In vain for one sweet smile they sued,
She thought their conduct very rude;
You see that something of a prude
Is Mary.

Though titled splendor bade her come
And share the festive "kettledrum,"
Nothing could tempt the maid to roam—
Unless a Bishop was "at home"
To Mary.

Said Bo[illegible]'s Heir, "She'll not refuse
If I should seek to introduce
Myself to this dramatic muse—
Miss Mary."

But little noble A[illegible]t reeked
The haughty damsel's self-respect—
"I keep my circle most select,"
Says Mary.

So, with a calm, impassive eye,
She gave H[illegible] H[illegible]'s the "go-by,"
"Who wants to know you, sir? Not I!"
Said Mary.

Across the Atlantic wave to-day
Columbia's children proudly say,
"Guess naow who snubbed a coming K."
W'y, Mary."
—*London Judy.*

New York Journalism.

Joe Howard writes to the Boston *Herald*: New York journalism understands distinctly that after nearly a quarter of a century's service in the New York *Herald*, during twelve and one-half years of which he was Mr. Bennett's confidential executive, Mr. Connery, well based in worldly goods, tired and half inclined to accept a tempting opportunity in another line of business, tendered his resignation to his employer. Gossip has offensively said that Connery was dismissed—a lie, which was coupled with the suggestion that there was some grave business charge laid at his door. And in confir