THE WOODLAND RILL BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

We wander down the aisles of pine,
And turn the brow of the hill,
And there within the wooded vale
Swift flows the woodland rill.
Its banks are lined with brier and vine,
And graceful arching trees,
Whose sun-kissed leaves and cooling shade
Invite the summer breeze.

At early morn, when the bright sun Rounds slowly into sight, And floods the woods and vales around

With a rich, golden light,
The timid partridge and her brood
E'er come to take their fill
From this sweet fountain, crystal clear,
This little woodland rill,

We stoop and quench our thirst from where The waters slowly run, And where they form a little pool Sheltered from the sun. We prize this gift that Nature gives. These waters cool and clear, Which lesp and sparkle through the vale The whole of the long year.

Pure as the tear which sorrow draws
From the eye's hidden well,
Pure as the dew of heaven caught
In the modest lily's bell,
And purer than the rain which clouds
Scatter o'er vale and hill
Are the laughing, sparkling waters of
This little woodland rill.

Here lovers meet, at night's fond hour, To hold communion sweet,
Here hunters cool their heated brows,
And rest their weary feet,
Here beauty lingers longest, here
Are first seen smiles of spring,
And here the joyous birds of song
Their sweetest anthems sing.

Fair woodland stream! a charm thou hast Fair wood and stream is can have be for all who do thee love!

Bound thee, with light and joyous wing,
Fancy doth ever move!
We count life dear if we can not
From Nature pleasures cull;
But thou art glad, for thou dost breathe
E'er of the Beautiful!

APPLETON, Wis.

The Piccadilly Puzzle

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODI IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUME

CHAPTER III-Continued. The case seemed to be more mysterious than ever; instead of the maid it was the mistress. Dowker took a photograph of

the deceased and gave it to Lydia.

"Who is that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Miss Sarschine." she replied, quickly;
but what is the matter with her face?" Swollen by poison."

"Poison?" Yes; on Monday last she was found lying dead in Jermyn street, killed by a poisoned dagger."
"Last Monday night!" said Lydia, with

gasp, that was the last time I saw "Look here," said Dowker, quietly, "you'd better tell me all about it. I am

employed in the case, and I want to discover who murdered your mistress; so tell me all you know.

Lydia Fenny, who seemed to possess

strong nerves, sat down and began to speak deliberately.

"I will tell you everything, and help you to bring the murderer of my poor mistress to justice, but I don't know any one who would have killed her. She lived a very quiet life and had few friends. Lord Calliston came here very frequently, and she was very much in love with him.
Where she came from I don't know, as I have only been with her about a year, he often told her he would make her his wife, and she was always imploring him to do so. About three months ago he met some great lady— "Lady Balscombe?"

Yes, that was the name-and fell in love with her. He neglected Miss Sar-schine and she reproached him. There was a lot of trouble and quarreling between them, and Lord Calliston stayed away a good bit. Three weeks ago I went away for a holiday, and when I came back I found my mistress in a ter-rible state. She had discovered in some way that Lord Calliston had determined way that Lord Caliston had determined to elope with Lady Balscombe, and go off to the Azores in his yacht. Miss Sar-schine was mad with rage; she said she would kill them both, and then thought she'd play a trick upon Lord Calliston

and go off with him instead. This was on Monday last." "The time of the murder," murmured

Dowker.
"She went to Lord Calliston's room in Piccadilly and found out from his valet that he intended to leave town that evening for Shoreham, where his yacht was lying, and that Lady Balscombe was to follow him early next morning. So she came back here, and, waiting till the evening, dressed herself and put on my hat, as less conspicuous than her own She intended to catch the ten minutes past nine train from London Bridge Station, and go right on board Lord Calliston's yacht and insist upon his sailing and leaving Lady Balscombe in the lurch. She went out about seven with that intention, and since then I have heard nothing of her. I thought she had carried out her scheme and gone off with Lord Calliston to the Azores."

"Did you not hear of the Germyn street murder Yes, casually, but I never thought of connecting it with my mistress, and all the servants here live very quietly, so they would never think Miss Sarschine

was the victim. "What was she doing in Jermyn street?"
"I can't tell you. Lord Calliston has

rooms in Piccadilly, so perhaps she went there first and then through Jermyn street on her way to the station.

You do not know any one who had a grudge against her?" "No-no one." Dowker arose to his feet.

"I will call and see you again," he said "but meanwhile give me Lord Calliston's address in Piccadilly and I will find out if Miss Sarschine was at his rooms or that night.'

Lydia Fenny, who was now crying gave the necessary address and followed him to the door.
"One moment," said Dowker, stopping.

Where is the dagger that used to be or the wall? Lydia looked round for the weapons and gave a cry of astonishment.

"Two are gone." "I have the one, but the other-where "Miss Sarschine took it down on Mon-

day, and said if Calliston did not take her with him she'd kill him." "Kill him-not herself?" "No, she had no idea of committing

What are you going to do with the other?" "Try it on a dog, and find out if the

symptoms of death are the same; then will know the companion dagger to this was the cause of your mistre-s' death.' "But who would take it from her and

"That's what I've got to find out. She must have met some one in Jermyn street who killed her with it."

'It can't be suicide?" "Hardly. The wound is in the jugular wein in the neck, so it could hardly have been self-inflicted. Besides, she would

not choose a public street to die in."
"When shall I see you again?"
"After I have found out what took piace in the riceadfly chambers on Monday last."

And Dowker departed, very well satis-fied with the result of his inquiries. CHAPTER IV.

Calliston occupied a suite of rooms in

'No; Miss Sarschine." "Miss Sarschine!" "Yes: she was murdered shortly after THE PICCADILLY BOOMS.

ton?"

pear suspicious.

she left these rooms and after her interview with Mr. Desmond. "Oh, he is innocent, I'm sure," said

a mide street leading off Piccadilly: and

the atmosphere was still impregnated

with a faint odor of stale tobacco-smoke. Opening off this apartment were a dress-ing-room and bedroom, and, though the

whole menage was somewhat limited, yet it made up in quality what it lacked in

Quantity.
When Calliston was away his Lares

and Penates were looked after by a worthy lady, who rejoiced in the name of

Mrs. Povy, generally known by the name of Totty. She was elderly, very stout, with a round red face, the tint of which

was due to health and not drink, as she

seldom imbibed anything stronger than

tea. Totty was addicted to a kind of regulation uniform, consisting of a black dress, a huge white apron, and a muslin cap, set coquettishly on the side of her elderly head. She was one of these

quaint old motherly creatures who never offended, no matter what they say, and

she frequently lectured Calliston on the irregularity of his life, which that noble

pied her present position more from choice than necessity. She had a gruff voice, and her casual remarks had the sound of

positive commands, which she found of

Totty learned from the papers that Lord Calliston had gone off to the Azores

with Lady Balscombe, and expressed her

disapproval of his action in the most em-

phatic manner to Mrs. Swizzle (a friend

of her youth) as they sat over their four

this moment there came a ring at

the door, and Totty hurrying away to at-

tend to it, Mrs. Swizzle made the best

use of her time by eating up the buttered toast as rapidly as she could.

to prosecute his inquiries concerning Miss

Dowker gazed on the substantial figure

before him and sighed.
"A few words with you about Lord

Calliston," he said, softly.

"What's up?" she gasped. "Has Lord
Calliston bin doing anything wrong?"

"No, no," replied Dowker, soothingly,
"I only want to obtain some information

about Miss Sarschine."
"I don't know that kind of pusson,

Mrs. Povy sniffed and would have re-

yielded an ungracious assent.

Where was his yacht lying?

past nine train. His yotsh was to leave

Lady Balscombe went with him you car see it in the papers. I know no more than that?"

How often did Miss Sarschine call on

Once, in the afternoon, to see Lord

"No; he was out, so she said she'd call

"Yes; but Lord Calliston had gon

about eight o'clock to catch his train.

suppose she thought ne wouldn't go til

Dowker pondered a little. So she called here to see Calliston just before

Now, the question was, what had Des-

"Was Mr. Desmond here on that even-

ing by accident?"
"No; he told me he had come to give

Miss Sarschine a message from Lord

Calliston."
"You did not overhear their conversa-

"Me!" growled Totty, indignantly, "I never listen-but when she was leaving

"I think at ten minutes after twelve."

"Did she go out alone?"
"Yes; Mr. Desmond followed shortly

"No; not a word."

Dowker felt puzzled. It was evident

Desmond had given her a message from Calliston that made her angry, and she left the house in a rage, but then this

Sarschine and was then coming away

from the scene of his crime? Impossible, because the doctor said the woman

must have been dead some hours. And yet he might have killed her and gone

down St. James street to avert suspicion;

and then come up again when he thought the coast would be clear. Unfortunately,

he had met Ellersby, and then—well, Dowker made up his mind he would go and see Ellersby, find out what he could

about the meeting, and afterward call on Myles Desmond. He perhaps might give

some satisfactory explanation of his in-terview with Miss Sarschine, and ac-

count for his presence after the interview. If he did not, well, it would ap-

while these thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, Totty had her eyes fastened eagerly on him.

"Well, now I've answered all your questions," she said, "perhaps you'll tell me what it all means?"
"Murder!"

Mrs. Povy became quite excited, for she had a keen relish for horrors. "Lor'! Who's dead-not Lord Callis-

they were having a row."

"Did he say anything?"

with the affair?

you want?"

questions."

for his yacht?"

Monday?'

twelve."

tion?"

afterward.

next morning.
Did he go alone?"

Calliston."
"Did she see him?"

again in the evening.

And did she?"

with Lady Balscombe?"
"Not that I know of."

great use with refractory servants.

very comfortable apartments they were, being luxuriously furnished in the pre-vailing fashion of the day. His sitting-room was hung with dark-red curtains Mrs. Povy, eagerly. "What on earth should he want to kill her for? Besides, and carpet to match, and the furniture being of the kind designed to promote he's in love with Miss Penfold." "Oh, and she, I understand, was going to marry Lord Calliston."
"I don't believe she'd ever have married him," said Totty, disbelievingly; "she's that fond of Mr. Desmond, as ease and comfort, it looked very snug. particularly at night. There was a design in one corner of the room piled up with

a disorderly heap of papers. Over this were fencing-foils and boxing gloves, arranged against the wall, and the pictnever was. Where are you going?"
"To attend to business," replied
Dowker, "and, by the way, where does
Mr. Desmond live?"
"You ain't going to arrest him for this ures mostly consisted of photographs of pretty women and paintings of celebrat-ed horses. There was a small table near

murder?" shrieked Totty.
"No - no-there's no evidence." retorted Dowker, lightly. "Where does he the fireplace on which lay pipes, cigar-boxes, and tobacco jars, and on a side-board a spirit stand, which was much in

favor with Calliston's friends. A small "Primrose Crescent, in Bloomsbury, book-case contained an assortment of French novels, principally of the Zols and Mendes school, and, judging from the shabby appearance of the books, must have been pretty well read. The whole apartment had a dissipated air, and the streethers, was still impregnated replied Mrs. Povy.

The detective took the address and went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Povy.

"You don't think Mr. Desmond did it, sir?" began Totty, "for a more—"
"I don't think anything," said Dowker. putting on his hat. "You'll hear soon enough what is done."

As he hurried away Mrs. Povy shut the door, and retrieved to her works. door and returned to her room, where she implored Mrs. Swizzle to mix her a

glass of brandy.

I've 'ad such a turn," she weiled, "as never was. Oh, it's a blessing Povy died afore he saw his wife mixed up with them nasty police."

CHAPTER V.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT. Dowker walked along Piccadilly think. Dowker walked along Piccaully think-ing deeply about the curious aspect the case was now assuming. As far as he could make out, Myles Desmond was the last person who saw Miss Sarschine alive, and he having gone out a few minutes after the interview, it seemed as though he had followed her. The only thing to be done was to see Ellersby, and as he was stopping at the Guelph Hotel, Dowker went along in that direction. lord accepted with an amused laugh.

The late Mr. Povy had long since departed this life, and having been what is vulgarly known as a warm man, had left Totty comfortably off, so that lady occu-He followed the same path as he surmised the dead woman must have taken, but what puzzled him was the reason she had for going into Jermyn street.

"After she found out Calliston had gone off with Lady Balscombe," he muttered, "the most obvious course would be for her to go home, but she evidently did not intend to do so. I wonder if she walked or took a cab? Walked, I sup-pose. Let me see; it was a foggy night, and she got lost, that is the explanation. But then this man or woman she met; it must have been a friend, as she would hardly have stopped talking to a stranger, unless, indeed, she asked the way. Lord," ejaculated Mr. Dowker, suddenly stopping short, "fancy if this murder turns out to be the work of some tramp; but no, that's bosh; tramps wouldn't use a poisoned dagger—unless they took the one she carried. Hang it! it's the most perplexing case I was ever in."

o'clock tea.

"Ah." said Totty, fixing her eyes pensively on the little black teapot, "it ain't no good being a reformatory. The way I've talked to him about his goings on, and now look at his goings off."

"Perhaps he couldn't help himself," said Mrs. Swizzle, who was tall and thin, and spoke in a kind of subdued whistle. He had by this time arrived at the Guelph Hotel and sent up his card to Mr. Ellersby. The waiter soon returned with the information that Mr. Ellersby was in and would see him, so he went upstairs and was shown into a sitting-room. At one end near the window sat Spencer When Mrs. Povey opened the door she was confronted by a lank figure in gray, which was none other than Dowker, come Ellersby in a comfortable armchair, smoking a pipe and reading a French novel. A remarkably unpromising bulldog lay at his feet and arose with an ominous growl

as Dowker entered the room.

"Lie down, Pickles," said Ellersby to
this amiable animal. who obeyed the
command in a sulky manner. "Well, Mr. "Well," inquired Totty, gruffly, an-noyed at being disturbed, "and what do Dowker, what do you want to see me "That case, sir," said Dowker, taking a

Oh, of course," replied Ellersby, shrugging his shoulders; "I guessed as much. I thought I'd done with the whole affair at the inquest."

"As far as it then went, sir," said the

detective, quickly; "but I've found out a lot more since that time."
"Ah, indeed! The name of the assassaid Totty, angrily.
"Never mind if you know her or not,"
retorted Dowker, sternly, "but answer my "Not yet, sir-I'll do that later on-but

the name of the victim." "Yes? And it is-"Lena Sarschine." fused, but there was something in the de-tective's eye which quelled her, so she "Hum! And what was she doing in

Jermyn street that night?" "When did Lord Calliston leave town "I don't know, sir. That's one of the things I've got to discover." "Well, what else have you found out, and how did you manage to acquire your

"At Shoreham. He went to London Bridge Station to catch the ten minutes information? "That was easy enough," said Dowker, confidentially. "I'll just tell you all, sir, for I want you to give me some informa-"As far as I know," retorted Totty. "It

"Delighted-if I can." "As to the finding out, sir. The hat worn by the dead 'un had a ticket inside, showing it was made by Mme. Rene, of Regent street. I went there and found out it had been sold to a woman called Lydia Fenny, of Cleopatra Villa, St. John's Wood. I, thinking Lydia Fenny was the victim, went there and found that she was alive, and had lent the hat to her mistress last Monday night."

"Curious thing for a maid to lend her mistress clothes," said Ellersby, smiling. It's generally the reverse."

"I thing she did it for a disguise, sir,"

explained Dowker, "because Miss Sars-chine went to Lord Calliston's chambers next morning."
"Did she know he was going to elope in Piccadilly."
"What for?" "Did she see any one when she came "To get information concerning his the second time?"
"Yes; Mr. Desmond, my Lord's cousin."

elopement with Lady Balscombe."

"The deuce!" said Ellersby, in astonish-"This is becoming interesting." "About twelve-between eleven and [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Thinness of a Babble.

The most powerful microscopes render visible a point about 1-100,000 part of an inch in diameter. There is reason for believing that a single molecule is mch smaller even than that. One reason for this has been deduced from the soap bubble. Scientists have measured the thickness of the envelope of soapy water inclosing the air of the bubble when it had become so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet, it was one-fourth the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light-one-sixty-thousandth of an inch—thus making the thickness equal to one-two-hundred-andforty-thousandth of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand a black patch formed adjacent to the pipe from which the bubble was being blown, and the thickness of such patch has been did not connect any one with a design to murder her. Suddenly he remembered that Ellersby had mentioned that he had met Desmond coming up St. James street a short time before the body was found. Was it possible that he had killed Miss found to be only one-fortieth of the thickness of the vielet section, or about onemillionth of an inch .- Electricity.

New Testament in a New Language. Queen Victoria has accepted a copy of the New Testament in the Motu language of New Guinea. This is the first New Testament in the language of her Majesty's latest subjects. It was begun by Rev. J. Chalmers, more than ten years ago, and has been completed by Rev. W. G. Lawes, who has borne a distinguished part in bringing the "Golden Isle" under British rule. The Port Moresby dialect in which the version is made, is the mother tongue of about five thousand natives, but it is the best known of the various languages along the coast, and the missionaries have resolved to make it the literary language for the entire part of the Island from Possession eastward. As it will be the language of commerce, it will doubtless become the victorious and standard language of New Guinea .- New York Observer.

No FIRST-CLASS lunatic asylum is without a man who has discovered perpetual motion.

EMIR SAMORY.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN WEST AFRICA.

From a Slave He Rose to be the Absolute Ruler of a Million and a Half of People - Vanquished by the French.



EWS has been re ceived that the Emir Samory, who has cut a greater figure in western Africa within the past fifteen years than any other native, had been defeated by capital. There

seems no doubt, says the New York Sun. that this prestige and power have at last been destroyed. The French have vanquished their most bitter and formidable enemy, a mán who rose from a humble slave to be the ruler of a million and a half of people and of a country in the western Soudan, east of Liberia and Sierra Leone, that is larger than most European States.

Lieutenant Colonel Humbert left France in September last to organize an expeditionary column against Samory. His base of operations was the French post of Siguiri, upon the Upper Niger. His objective point was Bissandugu, the large capital of Samory. On January 1 he left Siguiri with a torce of a little over 1000 men, of whom 140 were Europeans, and 600 were Tiralleurs, or trained Senegalese soldiers. On January 6 he reached Kankan, and a little beyoud that town he found the enemy de termined to stop his progress toward the capital. Samory had been getting really for the struggle. He had purchased a large number of guns from British merchants at Sierra Leone. The French complain bitterly that munitions of war were provided from British territory to be used against them.

man join him. He had no reason, however, to rejcice in his acquisition, for the wily Samory, by his skilful intrigues, completely crushed the power of his new master, placed himself on his throne, and began his conquering career.

He seized the country of Konadugu and killed its king. The large district of Koni voluntarily surrendered to the conqueror. Then soldiers from all the little States far and wide began to flock to Samory to place themselves under the patronage of the rising star in West Africa. He laid siege to Sanankoro, his native town, and by a brilliant assault captured its tortress. The most important kingdom in West Africa, Wassulu, surrendered to him without a blow. Finally an alliance with the Mandigoes made him by far the most redoubtable chief out of the upper Niger. In the the French and was course of his triumphs he attacked his a fugitive from his first master, defeated him in battle,



made his old patron a prisoner, and the unfortunate chief soon succumbed to the hardships of his captivity. All these events advanced to the highest the power and military prestige of Samory. He Colonel Humbert's force was attacked | compelled the King of Bissandugu, now



CAPTAIN PEROZ ANNOUNCES HIS ULTIMATUM LO SAMORY.

by about 15,000 of Samory's warriors. his capital city, to beg his pardon for in numbers to annihilate the advancing column, but the French had this great advantage: Their guns could be used effectively, nearly twice the distance at which the arms in the hands of the enemy were serviceable. They had beside Maxim guns, cannon and other improved weapons which made them more than equal to almost any native force that

could be brought against them. In the first fight the forces of Samory were completely defeated and fled from the field, leaving many dead behind and sixty of the guns they had bought of the English in Sierra Leone. The little European contingent came out of the fight almost without a scratch. They then advanced on their way to the capital. In front of Bissandugu Samory had marshalled his force for a desperate struggle. The fight was a hard one. Samory lost 150 killed and 300 wounded. The French loss was ten killed and fiftythree wounded. Bissandugu fell into the hands of the French, who entered in on January 12, while the vanquished Samory, deserted by his own friends, fled toward the south.

The story of Samory is a remarkable one. When a little boy he was given as a ransom to the Marabout Sory Idrahina for a woman who had been made captive by that chief. The boy early showed that he had remarkable abilities. His intelligence, courage, and talent for intrigue made him, while still a very young man, the chief adviser of the Marabout. But Samory saw before him a greater future than any his master could give him. At that time the power of the great Mahmadou, who had consolidated many of the little States of West Africa into a powerful empire, had fallen to pieces after his death. Samory looked about him for an alliance among the revivified States which was worthy of his abilities and would give him a chance to carry cut his ambitious projects. He suddenly deserted his master and offered his services to Bitiki, the King of his life, for if he showed any signs of tear it was probable that every member of the embassy would be slaughtered. The next morning he went to the

palace gates with his entire embassy and guard, and demanded an audience with the Emir. The party were finally ad-mitted, and with the French flag flying at their head, they marched into the presence of Samory as he sat surrounded by his officers of state, the women of his household, and 200 of his guard. Then the Captain spoke through his interpreter:

"Almany Emir Samory, a Captain of the French Army, speaks to you in the name of France, which he was sent here to represent. He will read to you now the treaty which the ruler of the French commanded him to have you sign. You will hear all the articles. Then you can reflect on them; but if, as yesterday, you address to the representative of France insulting language, he will destroy the token of friendship which he was told to give you, and will tear in pieces the flag now behind him, which is the insignia of his mission, and will throw the debris at your feet. There will then be war between the French and you, a war with-

claim himself his vassal. The empire of Samory up to the time

of his defeat in January by the French was very extensive. It was composed of 160 of the former little States of that part of Africa. It was limited on the north by the empire of Segu, on the west by the possessions of the French on the upper Niger, and the territory of Liberia and Sierra Leone. Still this immense territory did not suffice for his ambition. He coveted the entire western Soudan, and this greed for the acquisition of territory made him for five years most troublesome to the French. For two years he waged almost incessant war with the French outposts along the Niger. Nothing but the superiority of their arms and military discipline prevented him from sweeping them out of the country. But while invincible among native Africans, the French were too strong for him. At last, after sustaining, for the first time in his career. defeat aiter defeat, he sued for peace, and five years ago a French Embassy was sent with a strong escort to Samory's town, Bissandugu, to sign a treaty with

its former enemy. The embassy was received in a most hospitable manner and was lavishly entertained. No town so brisk, so large and handsome was to be found through out that part of Africa. Samory's horsemen and foot soldiery made an imposing spectacle on parade, and the Chief did ill he could to impress his visitors with an idea of his power. The French mission was led by Captain Peroz, who had been delegated by Lieutenant-Colonel Gallieni to negotiate the treaty. As the business went on perplexities

arose, and at last Samory assumed a haughty mien, and it was evident that the embassy was in danger. He declined to surrender his Niger provinces to the French. One day, in the presence of his counselors, he told Captain Peroz in an insolent tone that his son had been in Paris, where he was received as an equal by the President of the French Republic and the Ministers of State. It was a fact that one of the sons of France's former enemy had been taken to Paris after the cessation of hostilities and had been made the lion of the day by the newspapers.

"This Captain," continued Samory, and the Colonel who sent him here, are merely servants of the men in France who have received my son as their equal. If the Ministers wish to make a treaty with me, let them come themselves, and not treat with the ruler of a country that is much larger than France, though one of their servants. Now go to your quarters," he concluded, and Captain Peroz withdrew from the palace grounds, while on every side the soldier; and people showed by their menacing looks that the lives of the little party of strangers were in danger.

Peroz passe la sleepless night, but before morning he had decided what to do. It was evident that he must beard the lion in his den, even at the risk of out mercy, and God will decide the issue.

Samory has great powers of self-control. During this violent speech he did Corces, who was glad to have the young not betray by a movement or a gesture

any sign of anger or of perturbation. Extending his arm to the Captain he said: "Sit down."

"The servants of France do not sit," replied the captain, "when they speak in e name of their country." Samory made a gesture of indifference.

'Go on; I will hear you," he said. The interpreter then read the treaty n a loud voice. When he had finished Captain Peroz dictated to him the fol-

lowing remark: "Almany Emir Samory, you have heard the wishes of the President of France. Here is the copy of the treaty. Medilate upon it. I shall now return to my camp. I will await your response until the eighth day from this time. If at that time you do not express regrets for the insults you have offered to France in my person, and if you do not express a wish to reopen negotiations upon the basis of this treaty, I shall quit your empire, and woe be to the men of your country who pass the fords of the Niger behind us."

The guards and counselors of Samory seized their guns and needed only a look from their master to massacre the little party. A gesture from their ruler reduced them to order.

"Now go," he said to the French." and I will order all the gates to be opened for you.'

The next day the counselors of Samory came to the Captain to express their regrets for the unpleasant incidents that ad occurred, and to offer to reopen the interrupted negotiations. The Captain replied that it was impossible, for he had just sent a report to his superior officer of the unpleasant occurrences, and would be compelled to await his response before reopening negotiations. Eight days later a letter was received from Colonel Gallieni fixing upon March 25th as the day for signing the treaty. By that act Samory was to abandon all his provinces upon the left bank of the Niger and place his entire country under the protection of the French Government. The great difficulty had been the reluctance of Samory to surrender his provinces upon the west of the Niger. His white enemies, however, have been too much for him, and he was compelled to submit to the inevitable. Thus the treaty was cramed down his throat, and it was under these circumstance that Samory became a vassal of France; and that Government has since called the

with a rod of iron its subjects. Samory, however, has chafed under the yoke, and about a year ago he resumed his aggressions. His rebellious attitude has become more and more pronounced, and it was evident months ago that it would be necessary utterly to break his power. Last year Colonel Archinard made a vigorous campaign against Ahmadu, the ruler of Segu, who, next to Samory, had been the greatest enemy of France. His strongholds were captured, and the once powerful chief is now a fugitive on the border of the Sahara. Having rendered Ahmadu harmless, the French turned their attention again to Samory.

1,500,000 people whom Samory ruled

It is likely that we have heard the last of Samory as a great factor in the affairs of West Africa. The once humble slave was long the absolute ruler of a large territory. He gained his ascendancy in part through the zeal with which he promulgated the tenets of Islam. He pretended to be an apostle, specially commissioned by Mohammed to extend his faith. Those who know Samory say he is not religious, and that there was no sincerity in his expressed desire to convert all the people of his country to Mohammedanism. He found, however, that attacking force was strong enough | the resistance he had offered, and to pro- religion was a serviceable tool with which to advance his interests, and he could be as pious as any one if it served his purpose to assume that role.

Dresses for Girls.

A child's dress of cheviot in gray and brown mixed plaid entangling a dark red thread has a smart little jacket covered with stripes of dark red velvet opening over a yoke waist of the cloth, with a belt of velvet. The skirt is



Another pretty little dress is of gobclin blue wool with three stripes of black braid edged with a thread of gold as a border for the skirt, and a trimming for the deeply pointed girdle. Three rows of the braid surround the arm-holes, too, and the deep cuffs are covered with These dresses are suitable for girls from twelve to fourteen years old .- New York World.



Burglar (appearing unexpectedly)-'Lookin' fer anybody, gent?"

Man of the House (on the warpath)-"Ah-why-er-excuse me-yes-no-Why, you see, the fact is, the doctorer-told me to exercise with Indian clubs; I-er-must have gotten this pistol by mistake."---Puck.

The bulk of the Japanese revenue is derived from the railroads and telegraph lines which it owns.

TEMPERANCE.

THE TROPHIES OF TEMPERANCE. Talk not of the failure of Temperance, Nor ask where her triumphs have been, For wherever her banner hath floated, Oh, there may her trophies be seen! And I know in a beautiful future, From the dawn to the setting of sun, A land she hath blessed and redeemed, Shall tell what bright Temp'rance hath

-National Advocate.

TEMPERATE SOLDIERS BEST. Out of 70,000 British troops in India 18,000 are teetotalers. Sir Frederick Roberts himself says that "for every 5000 teetotalers enrolled, the strength of the British army is practically increased by another battalion."

The authorities in India make an annual event of \$500 ruese for temperature, where The authorities in India make an annual grant of 8000 rupees for temperance work, and give the use of a room in every corps for meetings, as well as allowing refreshment bars to be opened, the profits of which go to temperance work, so that the men are ancouraged in every way to remain true to their pledge.

SPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT.

It is stated that the publisher of the Wine and Spirit Bulletin has bought a tract of fifty acres of land in the suburbs of Louisfifty acres of land in the suburbs of Louisville, Ky.. to be converted into a salect mansion and villa district. It is also announced
that ten of Kentucky's leading distillers and
wealthy liquor dealers have joined in the
enterprise and have purchased lots with a
view of building. What is specially significant about this transaction is the fact that
the title deeds for the estate contain a proviso prohibiting the erection of places for
the sale of liquors.—Chicago Standard.

THE OCCASIONAL GLASS,

It is difficult to convince many otherwise excellent people that there is any harm in taking an occasional glass of wine or other intoxicating beverage at the table or elsewhere. They never drink to excess, it is said, and why should they deprive themselves of a harmless indulgence because other men are too weak to control their appetites. This

of a harmless indulgence because other men are too weak to control their appetites. This is the usual argument, but in the present situation of things at least it is a cruel, selfish, unmanly and unchristian argument.

It is the old cry in a new form. "Am I my brother's keaper?" St. Paul answered this most effectively when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

There is true manliness in this, the true Christ-spirit. "I will deny myself," the apostli might have added, "even so harmless and so important an article of food as meat, if the eating of it shall cause my brother to stumble and fall into sin. It is not absolutely essential that I should eat meat to sustain my life. There are plenty of other kinds of food good and wholesome, to which I may resort. I will restrict myself to these if by so doing I can save a single one of my fellowmen from a life of sin and shame." Would that the moderate drinker would apply such logic as this to himself.—Sacred Heart Review.

PETITION BY TEMPEBANCE WOMEN.

PETITION BY TEMPERANCE WOMEN.

The petition of the World's Woman's

The petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the protection of the home, addressed to the Governments of the world, reads as follows: Honored Rulers, Representatives and Brothers—We, your petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations. We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper, and the time is brought nearer when the world shall be at peace. We know that indulgence in alcohol and opium and in other vices which disgrace our social life makes misery for all the world, and most of all for us and for our children. We know that stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the Governments partners in the traffic by accapting as revenue a portion of the profits, and we know with shame that they are often forced by treaty upon populations either ignorant or unwilling. We know that the law might do much, now left undone, to raise the moral tone of society and render vice difficult. We have no power to prevent these great iniquities beneath which the whole world grooms, but you have power to redeem the honor of the nations from an indefenting the second of the profits world groans, but you have power to redeem
the honor of the nations from an indefensible complicity. We therefore come to you
with the united voices of representative
women of every land, beseeching you to
raise the standard of the law to that of raise the standard of the law to that or Christian morals, to strip away the safe-guards and sanctions of the State from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization throughout all

FROM FATHER TO SON.

A few months ago I was present in Dr. Garnier's consulting room watching the prisoners from the depot filling past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in; they belonged to the respectable working class, and were quiet and well mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had all the appearance of a stalwart working man. The boy was scarcely six years old; he had an inteligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed.

"See here, M. le Docteur," said the father, "we have brought you our boy; he alarms

"See here, M. le Docteur," said the father, "we have brought you our boy; he alarms us. He is no fool; he begins to read; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands."

The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The doctor drew the child kindly toward him and inquired:

quired:
"Is it true that you wish to hurt your lit-With perfect composure the little one re-

With perfect composure the little one replied:

"I will kill him; yes, yes, I will kill him?"
The doctor glanced at the father and asked in a low voice:

"Do you drink?"
The wife exclaimed indignantly:

"He, sir! Why, he never enters a public house, and has never come home drunk."
They were quite sincere. Nevertheless the doctor said:

"Stretch out your arm."
The man obeyed; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, whenever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. He had become a drunkard without knowing it, and the poison that had entered his blood was at this moment filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin.—Fortnightly Review.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. California brandy, according to Senator Standford, is made "to save the wine which

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, says that nine-tenths of the evil that he has to nght against in the social department of his work is caused by drink.

According to statistics the breweries of the world consume yearly 4,000,000 tons of barley and 70,000 tons of hops. British breweries consume 56,000,000 tons of barley and 70,000 tons of sugar.

England is known as a "bright little, tight little island," and it must have been very tight last year after consuming its share of the 142,250,000 pounds sterling worth of alcoholic drink which represents Great Britain's "jag" for 1891.

Mrs. Hitchcock, President of the Nebraska Moman's Christian Temperance Union, writes that they have the names of 8000 children on the p.edge cards, which will be used to decorated the waite ribbon department of the Columbian Exposition. At a certain intersection of streets in Phila

delphia there is a saloon on one corner, a doctor's office and a drugstore on a second, an undertaker's establishment on a third and a burying ground opposite. The Ledger calls this "a model arrangement." The Templars' Standard, South Africa, devotes nearly two pages to a graphic account of a meeting held by 'two American ladies' (Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew and Dr. Kate Bushnell), as a result of which

a Woman's Christian Temperance union was formed in Johannesburg numbering sixty members.

Those who advocate the use of light wines

as a preventive of drunkenness, and point to France as an illustration, should read an article in a recent issue of the Petit Journal, Paris, which declares that of all the dangers menacing the agricultural population of France the gravest and most difficult to fight