

WHAT AUNT DORCAS DID.

"I never saw such nice, serene-looking old ladies as Aunt Dorcas and Aunt Jane," said merry Dora Davis, as she sat down with father, mother and a circle of brothers and sisters before a winter fire one January day.

"Too prim and precise for my taste," spoke up Joe, the scapegrace of the family. "I never see them but what I fancy they were born in short aprons and white caps. Dora, if you don't help me out with this calculation, I'm ruined entirely."

"Then you must be ruined, young man," said Mr. Davis, turning toward him. "I notice your sister helps you too frequently."

Joe made a comic gesture of resignation, then lifting his right hand, he exclaimed:

"I am one whom the vile blows and buffets of the world have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world!"

In so tragic a manner that the *paterfamilias* turned away to hide a smile, while the rest of the little circle shouted with laughter. Then Joe made pretense to dash away any quantity of tears, and resumed his task with a haggard, woe-begone look, that was not changed by the mirth of the others, though little Pete declared that he must be laughing inside.

"Your aunts are very good women," resumed Mr. Davis, folding up his newspaper, "but I can assure you they were not always so sedate, and I can remember their merry laughter and pretty faces long before time and grief had sobered them."

"You don't tell me they were ever young?" queried Joe, his mobile face full of astonishment.

"Young and a good deal more full of fun and mischief than ever you were, you young mad-cap. Why when the court used to sit in Lansing, father has had as many as ten or fifteen lawyers in the house, and those two girls entertained them in such a manner that their fame went through the country. They were full of pick, too. Did I ever tell you how they kept house at Fernfall?" he asked, turning to his wife, who shook her head.

Fernfall was the old family mansion, the scenery about which was remarkable for its great variety of ferns, and its pretty and numerous waterfalls. It had once been a place of great repute, in old Colonial times, sheltering Governors and Generals and distinguished men and women, and though partly falling to decay, it still retained traces of its grandeur, had its haunted room, and in fact was the scene of some remarkable incidents.

"Tell us about it!" went chorusing round the table. "It's just the night for a story."

"So I never told you how Dorcas cut off a man's leg, my dear?"

It was the wife's turn to look astonished now.

"Dorcas—cut—" and there she paused, her sewing suspended, an expression of incredulity crossing her countenance.

"Yes, my dear, Dorcas did perform that remarkable feat—not to make a pun of it. Fernfall was deserted by the sober heads of the house, who took advantage of the lull in business and company one pleasant autumn to pay a visit to one of their children in the neighboring town, a married son.

"Another son was expected home on the very day they left, but the girls declared that I—nine years old then—was plenty of protection, and, even if Jack did not come, they were not in the least afraid.

"I half believe they were delighted to have the house to themselves, for no sooner had the elders gone than Dorcas sent out invitations for two miles round for an evening party, and I carried them, on the back of old Prescott, the family horse. I remember it took me all day, and at every farmhouse they were making cider.

"I would not dare tell in these temperance times how many mugs of sweet elder I was obliged to drink. Certain it was that I ate two dinners and an unlimited amount of cake; so much, that when I returned and smelled the sweet odors of more cake just out of the oven, which had been prepared for the party, I ran away from the house in disgust as soon as I had delivered my errand.

"Well, the party came off, and a happy, frolicsome party it was. Very different, Dora, from yours last winter, when the girls were so loaded down with trimmings, flounces, and bouquets that they could do nothing but dawdle through quadrilles, and fan, and do the polka.

"The girls who came to my sisters' party wore neat and pretty dresses. I don't remember a flounce, and I'm sure such a thing as a train was unheard of. I know some of them wore nice little aprons with pockets in them, and others, a little more fashionable, perhaps, covered their hands with a sort of lace mitts. There was no dancing, but good, downright old-fashioned, honest plays, that set the room in a roar with forfeits.

"The party, though got up on such short notice, was a success. The only drawback was the absence of my elder brother, who was a great favorite among the ladies. By twelve o'clock the last carriage load had left the house; two girls sisters, remaining by special invitation.

"It was on the great hall steps from the porch of which our company departed when, as the Hills covered wagon drove off, I thought I saw a man pass stealthily along in the shadow of the beech trees. It did not startle me at the moment, as I turned round to look, and the figure had passed from sight.

"I did not say anything to my sisters about this, but took especial pains to see to all the fastenings, even to an inner window that was seldom locked, and that led from the kitchen into the dining-room.

"The girls, meantime, were having plenty of fun while they looked after the remains of the feast, locking them away in the great kitchen closet, and dancing back and forth in the bright yellow blaze of the fire. They laughed and joked with each other over some fancied conquest, which was natural, not heeding that the old clock was rapidly telling off the minutes toward one.

"It was a bright moonlight night, and I stood at the window, still a little anxious as I looked through the bars, for the window was grated half-way up.

"So this is the only man in the house?" said Sally Strade, a lively little brunette. "Do you feel equal to the protection of four helpless women?" she asked, coming toward me, and looking, as I thought, rather down upon me, because I was so small.

"I dare say I blushed, and looked awkward and annoyed, for Dorcas spoke up—'I'd as lief have Neddy as Jack; he's brave in every inch of his little heart,' she said, with a bright smile. 'Yes, Ned will protect us and the family jewels. By the way, I believe I'll sleep with the rent-book under my head, and if any thief comes with 'Your money or your life,' why, I'll give up—my money. I suppose, like any other coward, Ned wouldn't though. Ned would fight, wouldn't you little brother?"

"I was very grateful for her defense, and, being a rash boy, I was ready at almost any time for a fight, but I did not feel very brave just then.

"Just look at the boy; he is actually putting up the bar," said Jane, as I lifted the heavy oaken stick, that, like the window-fastening, was seldom, if ever thought of.

"I like that," responded Dorcas, "and was going to suggest it, only I feared it might be thought silly in me."

"In a little while the lights were put out and the household wrapped in slumber. I remember I tried to keep awake, but soon asleep.

"It was two o'clock in the morning, we saw afterward, when some body shook me, and I sprang up in bed, quite terrified.

"Hush! don't speak!" said Dorcas, in a low voice. "I think there's somebody down stairs trying to get into the house."

"It's that man!" I made reply. "I saw him out in the shadow last night when the folks went away."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I was afraid it might frighten you!"

"In a few moments I was dressed, and we both crept down stairs, Dorcas carrying a lantern.

"The noise could still be heard. We opened the dining-room door. My sister gave a cry, made a spring, and almost quicker than it takes me to write it, she had the heavy sash upon a man's thigh, and the great billet that we kept for retaining it in its position when opened, across the upper square of the window, keeping the sill fast. The man outside uttered cries of pain. It was impossible for him to move or extricate himself in any way.

"I know who it is," said Dorcas. "Hold your gun up."

"I forgot to mention that I brought down father's old fowling-piece. There wasn't an atom of powder in it, but it looked well.

"I'll serve him so that he won't forget us," said Dorcas, and going into a small side-room where I had deposited an ax—my working-room by the way—she came out and literally backed off the lower half of that unfortunate leg."

Every face was now the picture of horror.

"I couldn't have done that," said Joe. "What a plucky little wretch she was!"

"What did you tell me that for, papa? I shall never like Aunt Dorcas again!" was Dora's exclamation, while her mother shook her head in disapproval.

"By the time the man's leg was off," continued the narrator, gravely, "the other girls were up, varying the entertainment with shrieks and exclamations. Dorcas took the leg up with some shreds of the pantaloons, and coolly tossed it out of another window; then she lifted the sash, and let the prisoner go free.

"Barbarous!" was the vote of the horror-stricken audience. "Dora, don't ever call her nice again."

"There's one thing I forgot to mention," said Mr. Davis, "that may change your opinion."

"They all looked the question no one asked.

"The leg was—a wooden one!"

There fell a moment of grave silence, then, the flood of sympathy broken up, there was a recess of mirth and a recantation.

"She knew the man, and knew he had a wooden leg. He had been suspected of dishonesty for a long time, and Dorcas had now established the proof."

"She should have kept the wooden leg," said Joe, after tranquility had been restored.

"She did. The thief dragged himself off somehow, and we found the trophy under the window, where it was thrown. Ask her sometime to show you 'Old Dot's walking stick,' and see how she will laugh. She'll show it to you, too, a mutilated and not over-precious relic."

And so ended the story.

Possible Danger.

It is perfectly amazing to see the carelessness with which children are trusted to indifferent nurses, or to no nurses at all, in the public streets and squares, as if they were really things of no consequence, or nuisances of which one could have a good riddance, instead of being really the apple of the eye to whole families.

One would think that the fate of the lost child, whose disappearance has been anxiously sympathized with by almost every family in Christendom, would be a

warning to every parent in the land, and especially to all wealthy parents, to surround their darlings with every barrier of safety; but, on the contrary, it seems to have made but very little serious impression, children still being frequently trusted to themselves with a mysterious faith in Providence.

Those parents who are poor in this world's goods, as the saying goes, run very little risk of this nature, as it is but rarely that the attempt is made to steal a child simply to use it in the work of beggary, and their children may usually play about the door and in the parks and squares with impunity. But let a father be a notoriously wealthy man, it is ten to one but desperate characters in desperate need have him more or less in mind; and if he is able to pay a good ransom for recovery, he is very unwise to run the risk of being obliged to do it, or of giving the rascals a chance to try whether he will or no.

We have seen parents whose wealth was counted by the million send their little bevy of babies out to play in the square alone, or perhaps with only one of the nurses, and she very likely with a novel to fill the gaps of her flirtation with the roundsman, when, in view of the opportunities afforded, it seemed to us a question whether they ever saw the whole number again or not.

We have only to consider the reckless lives of such black-hearted men as those supposed to be implicated in the great outrage of this sort which has made the hearts of so many mothers the world over beat with pity and fear, to see the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of a repetition of the outrage wherever it can be made profitable, and to feel the necessity of every precaution that can be taken.

We do not mean, of course, that the children of cities and their neighborhood are thus to be refused their out door life and sports, but only that they are not to be unobserved during any moment of it, and that nurses are to be fully impressed with the responsibilities of their position, and be shown all the horror resulting from unfaithfulness or negligence, not merely in that of the loss of the child's fate among the ruffians, the effect of the degrading influences upon its own nature, and the terrible uncertainty always to hang over the family thenceforth as long as they live.

One is often obliged to wonder why the mothers of children have them so little with them in public; why it has become almost a matter of caste to send a child out with a nurse, and so seldom to go out with it one's self. It is only the mothers among the poor who can not have their children always with them. One would think it would be a luxury in which the mothers among the rich might be glad to indulge themselves. Certainly, as a merely ornamental luxury, they might allow it, for there is no sight so attractive—not even that of a young and lovely single woman, with her damask cheeks and glowing eyes—as that of a mother with her flock of rosy cherubs about her; and the greatest ornament that any pleasure-carriage can have, it is admitted, is a group of children, or even one gayly dressed little darling, on one of the seats, for the bright colors, dimples, floating locks, sweet voices, and general sense of accompanying innocence and helplessness, make the thing lovely as if the carriage were overflowing with flowers.

Still, even the idlest of mothers has social duties in which she will be obliged to absent herself from her children; and their stout little legs can do an amount of running and endure an amount of fatigue that would put most mothers under the sod if they undertook to keep up with them at all; and it is to no bondage of this sort that we would advise them, but merely to the weighty instruction of servants, to the intelligent enforcement of a rule that their nurses shall never lose sight of the children for one instant when outside of the hall door, and to their own recognition of the danger which they run in a community where so many wretches go at large, if they fall into any habit that may be observed of leaving their children unprotected.

Among parents there is no father but would offer his whole fortune to the last dollar for their redemption, no mother of them all, rich or poor, but would give their hearts' blood to save them, since love of children is the strongest trait in all human nature; but in the meantime, a little precaution, a little thought, a little more care in the selection of nurses, a little more insistence in their training, would obviate the necessity of any such sacrifice or suffering.

Turkish Hostility to Giaours.

Distrust of the Giaour has not subsided among either the authorities or the populace. The other day in Varna, the representative of an American newspaper and your correspondent were walking under the cliffs within a quarter of a mile of the hotel, when three overgrown youths began pelting us from the top and shouting 'Giaour!' A large stone struck one of us, and we charged up the hill, upon which our opponents decamped. The next day I was walking with our Vice-Consul when some rude louts laid wait for us on the top of a gateway, and as we went under threw some dirt, which just missed my companion. Stern fate never followed a wicked boy with such determination as Mr. Dalziel showed. In and out, over rocks, plains, and sandhills, went the Consul after his quarry, while an ugly-looking crowd gathered and watched the chase with evident sympathy for the pursued. After some ten minutes' chase, the young Mahomedan rolled over on the sand and cried for quarter. The victor thereupon lifted him up, and, after soundly boxing his ears, left him with an admonitory kick, which, I hope, will not fail to improve his manners. I thought at one moment there were slight symptoms of a rescue, and as we had just been

discussing the relative merits of "pin" and "central" fire, I took the occasion of the break of interesting to the capture to sit down and thoughtfully examine the construction of my weapon. The crowd, seeing that the fun was over, dispersed, men following their donkeys with a resigned air of conviction that it is the will of Allah that for the present the juvenile faithful are no match for English Consuls. At any other time this trivial incident would be beneath notice; but such straws show with what intense gratitude these people regard us after all our sacrifices in their behalf.

The Trauant.

I don't believe papa will let me go," said Cecil Harrington, soberly.

"Why not?" demanded Willie Beam. "My father never objected to my going! And you're as old as I am!"

"Yes," said Cecil, "but papa don't like me to have anything to do with firearms."

"Oh, your granny!" contemptuously retorted Harry Percy. "Just like the old codger, that said his son must never go near the water until he had learned to swim! How are you ever going to learn to fire off a pistol, if you never take one into your hands?"

"Papa thinks it isn't safe," said Cecil.

"That's all nonsense!" retorted Willie. "Why, I've had a pistol ever since I was six years old. And father often lends me his fowling-piece. Oh, come along! I'll be such fun! Six of us boys and a big lunch basket, with cold chicken and boiled eggs and gingerbeer in it! And all day in the woods, shooting squirrels, and birds, and woodchucks, and things! A regular hunting party, don't you see? Just like Trapper Dave in the dime novels."

Cecil listened longingly. Although he felt convinced in his heart that his father would not give consent to any such delightful expedition, he yet imagined how pleasant it would be. And Willie Beam had offered to lend him a real little six-barreled pistol, and it was so like being "grown-up-folks!"

"I'll make a try for it, at all events," said Cecil.

So when his father came home he ran out to the gate to meet him.

"Well, my son, what is it?" said Mr. Harrington, kindly.

"Papa," said Cecil, "there is six of our fellows going out into the woods to spend Wednesday shooting birds and squirrels. And Willie Beam says he'll lend me his little pistol. And it's my birthday, so I thought, perhaps—"

"But Mr. Harrington shook his head at once.

"No," said he, "certainly not!"

"But why not, papa?"

"How old are you, Cecil?"

"Nine, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Harrington, "when you are sixteen I will buy you as nice a gun as can be purchased in this city, and teach you how to use it. Until then I have expressly forbidden you to meddle with any sort of fire-arms. Nor do I think it advisable for you to go wandering through the woods with half a dozen giddy-pated boys a whole day."

Cecil's brow grew gloomy, and his lips pouted out; he turned sullenly away. But his father took no notice of his ill humor.

"It's too bad!" thought the lad to himself. "Papa treats me exactly like a child! And I'm as big as Will Beam, anyhow! And it's a great pity if a fellow can't have a little amusement on his own birthday!"

All through tea time Cecil looked as black as a thunder cloud, and he could scarcely be induced to answer a civil question when any one spoke to him. Little boys do so like to have their own way!

His schoolmates learned of Mr. Harrington's decision with noisy displeasure. "He wants to make a regular milk-sop of you, Cecil, my boy," said Willie Beam, who fancied himself almost a man.

"Every boy of any spirit has his own gun or pistol now-a-days," said Percy.

"Now, look here, said George McDermott, lowering his voice to a whisper, "don't you be treated like a baby!"

"But how can I help it?" argued poor Cecil.

"Easy enough," said George. "Make believe you're going to school just as usual, with your strap of books over your shoulder, and instead cut for the woods. No one will ever know. And I really think you are justified in asserting your own independence a little, after the way your father treats you."

Cecil hesitated an instant, and then set his lips firmly together.

"I'll do it," said he.

So upon Wednesday morning, when he reached the little by-path that led on the right hand to the school-house, and on the left to the woods, he took the latter route, and leaving his books hidden away under a stone wall, ran as fast as he could toward a party of boys who were lingering on the edge of the woods.

Willie Beam was there with the extra pistol and a little tin box of ammunition, and Cecil was uproariously welcomed by the others, but somehow he didn't feel half as happy as he expected to.

The day crept by. Either there were no birds and squirrels in those woods, or else they were unusually shy. At all events, our young sportsmen got no game. And while they were sitting at their lunch under the shadow of a great walnut tree, two or three rough-looking boys came up and joined themselves, uninvited, to the party. And while they were quarreling over who should have the first shot from Harry Percy's gun, the weapon itself went off, lodging its contents in the fleshy part of the thigh of one of them.

The boy fell fainting to the ground, and Cecil, nearly terrified out of his wits, never stopped to see the end of the matter, but took to his heels as fast as he

could, not knowing whether he, as one of the party, would not be liable to arrest and punishment for what had happened.

And unluckily, he selected as his nearest way home the short cut through old Mr. Melton's apple orchard.

Now, it happened that Mr. Melton had been very much annoyed by tramps and vagabonds entering his grounds, and helping themselves unceremoniously to his half-ripe fruit. So upon that very day he had unchained Leo, his savage bulldog, and placed him on guard in the orchard.

"I'll see if I can't catch some of them ere young rips!" said old Mr. Melton.

Consequently, when he heard the growls and roars of Leo, and the cries of a boy's voice he did not feel very sorry for the culprit.

"Hold on tight, Leo, good Leo!" said he, as he made his way slowly up from the barnyard. "Now, young chap, I'll trouble you to tell me what business you've got on my premises. Why, with a long whistle, 'It's Mr. Harrington's boy! Loose him, Leo, loose him! How came you here, Master Cecil?"

And while, with one hand he held the collar of the savage animal, who was still licking his lips, and eyeing his late captive with red, swollen eyes, the old man stared at the boy.

Poor Cecil! who was terribly frightened, and had his trousers legs nearly torn off from him, managed to explain that he was in a great hurry to get home, and that he supposed it was the shortest way to pass through Farmer Melton's orchard.

"Well, and so it would ha' been," said the old man, who could not help smiling, "if it hadn't a-ben for old Leo. Come in, my lad, come in, and the old woman'll sew you up, and brush the mud a bit off you."

But Cecil declined this good-natured invitation, only stipulating that Leo should not be let loose again until he was safely out of the place. To this Mr. Melton readily agreed.

"I hadn't nothing against you, Master Cecil," said he. "Law bless you! it's only them tramps and loafers as torments one out of one's life!"

And Cecil made haste homeward, a sorry sight, all dust and rags, and limping on one leg where Leo's teeth had taken such a terrible grasp.

As he entered the gate at the foot of his father's garden, an unexpected sight met his eyes. A pretty little miniature tent was pitched on the lawn, music was playing, a table was spread, and a party of boys and girls, about his own age, were playing croquet, fox and hounds, and a variety of other games. Cecil stood in amazement.

"Oh, Cecil, where have you been?" cried his little sister, Mary, hurrying forward. "This is your birthday surprise party! And when mamma sent to the school for you, you hadn't been there at all! And why is your leg bleeding? And what is the matter with your trousers? Oh, Cecil, what has happened?"

His father advanced, just as Mary was putting the last question, and to him Cecil tearfully confessed his fault.

"Go to your own room, Cecil," said Mr. Harrington, sternly, "and spend the remainder of the day there! A boy who disobeys his parents, deserves no birthday indulgence!"

And Cecil Harrington will never forget the day he passed, in his solitary room, reflecting upon his conduct and its consequences. It did him good, however, and to this day he is a better and more obedient boy than when he played truant in the woods.

Divided After Many Years.

From the Detroit Tribune.

One day, three or four weeks ago, a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and to leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if only an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale, and weak, and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy, and before he realized who it was, the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can ye forgive a feller? We was allus fighting and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the other's neck and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both of us!"

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped:

"D—did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave with heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure feeling and true nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good?

Beck's Death.

Some years ago a man, named Beck, living in our State, went upon a voyage to California by sea. This was before there was a railroad and a telegraph across the plains. When the ship got down in the neighborhood of the West India Islands, it encountered a hurricane, and things got to be so bad that the captain finally announced that the vessel would certainly go to the bottom. Thereupon Beck wrote a note to his wife, saying that the ship was about to sink with all on board, and that when this reached her he would be lying dead at the bottom of the sea. Then he put the note in the bottle sealed the bottle, and cast it into the water. The ship, however, came safely through the storm, and after an unusually long and tedious voyage, arrived at San Francisco. In the meantime somebody picked up the bottle, sent the note to Mrs. Beck and announced the loss of the ship in the newspapers. Mrs. Beck went into mourning, the life insurance company paid her the money due from Beck's policy. Beck's lodge passed resolutions of regret, his family divided up his property, and the community settled down comfortably in the conviction that Beck was finally and hopelessly dead.

About eight months afterward, however, Beck suddenly arrived in town without announcing his coming. As he stepped from the cars a policeman looked at him a minute, then seized him by the collar and hurried him around to the coroner's office. Before he could recover from his amazement the coroner impaled a jury, offered the bottle, and the note, and the actions of the insurance company in evidence, and promptly got from the jury a verdict that "the said Beck came to his death from accidental drowning."

Then Beck went to his house and found his widow sitting in the front porch talking to Myers, the man to whom she was engaged to be married. As he entered the gate his widow gave one little start of surprise, and then, regaining her composure, she said to Myers:

"Isn't this a new kind of an idea: Dead people coming around when common decency requires them to keep quiet?"

"It's altogether wrong," said Myers. "If I was a corpse I'd lie still and get quiet flickering around on the face of the earth."

"Henrietta, don't you know me?" asked Beck, indignantly.

"I used to know you when you were alive; but now that you're gone, I don't expect to recognize you until we meet in the better world."

"But Henrietta, I am not dead. You certainly see that I am alive."

"Not dead! Didn't you write to me that you were? Am I to refuse to believe my own husband? The life insurance company says you are deceased; the lodge says so; the coroner officially asserts the fact. What am I to do? The evidence is all one way."

"But you shall accept me as alive," shouted Beck in a rage.

"Mr. Myers," said the widow calmly, "hadn't we better send for the undertaker to come and bury these remains?"

"Look here," said Myers. "I'm the last man to do a dead friend an injury, but I ain't going to have an old playing this lady hysterics. You pack up and go back, and dive into the ocean and stay there now, or I'll have you hustled into a sepulcher quicker'n a wink."

"This beats the very old Harry," said Beck in astonishment.

"No answering back now," said Myers. "When I want communications from the other world, I'll hunt up a spiritualist medium, and get my information out of knocks on a table. All you've got to do is to creep off into the water somewhere and behave. I thought the fish had eaten you up long ago. Why didn't you take your clothes off so's to give them some kind of a chance?"

"You're perfectly certain I'm dead, are you?" said Beck getting calmer.

"Why of course."

"Can a dead man violate the laws?"

"Certainly not."

"Well then, I'm going to hammer you with this club, and I reckon you'll find me the most energetic corpse in New Castle County."

They say that the fight was terrific. First Beck was on top, then Myers, and as they rolled over and over in the porch, the widow stood by and enjoyed the scene excepting when she saw a chance to help. Myers, by poking Beck with the leg of the chair. Finally Myers explained that upon the whole he believed that he had enough, and when Beck had given him a few supplementary thumps, he got up and gazing at the prostrate Myers and at the widow, he said:

"Take her, take her, mister! You're welcome to her. I wouldn't have her if she was the only woman in the temperate zone. But let me tell you before you get her, that when you're consolidated with her, you'll wish something'd happen to send you down to the bottom of the ocean and anchor you there. She's got a tongue like a fish-woman, and a temper like a she-hyena."

Then Beck slammed the gate and left; and he started life afresh in New York. Myers has written to him since to say that the only grudge has against him is that he didn't kill him in that fight in the porch. For the widow has made death seem blissful to him, and Beck's answer was that the reason why he spared his life was that he wanted to make his revenge fiendish.

The wit of the rejoinder is as good as Thackeray's reply to Montalambert at the Derby. The Frenchman noticed on the course several men dressed as sailors, but who were not the genuine article. "Ah," said Montalambert, "these, I suppose, are some of what you call your British tars?" "No," said Thackeray, promptly "they are only Epsom salts."