OLIVE'S LOVER.

[Cornhill.]

There is a short story told by Goldsmith of a man who lived a double life, adding to his more material existence a second, and so far as he was concerned equally real, existence in dreamland. Unlike the visions of others, his dreams followed one another in well continued series, till he only woke to eat, drink, and loiter away a few harsh hours on earth before plunging once again into the scenes of his ideal life. He loved, wooed, and that successfully, the fair lady of his dreams. They lived together in happiness till an untoward fate snatched her from him, and he remained alone and widowed. Under such circumstances as these his lot became too hard to bear. When awake he was unmarried and lonely; when asleep, desolate and a widower. Gradually his strength failed him, and though he still continued to alternate between one life and the other, the melancholy which filled his sleeping hours pressed upon him with such a heaviness that one morning when they came to waken him he was found dead. One mystery, of course, history cannot solve. Did he die in his dream or did he cease dreaming? But without waiting for answer to such a question we may lay the moral to heart, and remember not to lie on our backs when we go to bed. Thus much by prelude.

It was in the suburbs of one of our large northern towns that the family lived which provides the heroine of this story. Wandering up from the noisy highway there ran a quiet lane, shaded to gloom with high trees, which hid the houses from the passers-by. One of these houses was the residence of a doctor with a large family, and still better, with a large practice. Many as the children were in number, the real centre of the household was fixed in the person of the second daughter, Olive. Her sisters, indeed, were good enough and pretty enough to serve as attraction for many a lawn-tennis party, but she seemed to stand apart from them rather by a certain indefinable charm of manner and power of social sympathy than by reason of any peculiar gift of beauty. To such she could scarcely lay claim, and though not deficient in intelligence, she gained no reputation as a wit, while she failed in most of the little practical enterprises which she undertook. Yet despite, and perhaps almost in consequence of these deficiencies, she continued to rule her sisters and parents, and so to madden the hearts of all the youth of the suburb that they went in their multitudes to all the places where she played tennis, and expended their hard-earned money in bouquets when the neighborhood ventured on its somewhat miniature balls. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she, at least, remained heart whole and free. So often had she to exercise her prerogative of rejection that it seemed hardly possible that she would ever be able to fly in the face of habit by answering a suitor in the affirmative.

For some time before the beginning of our story there had been little of note in the annals of the family. One sister had been married and another become engaged, but Olive lived on, contented and happy, oftenest, indeed, quietly at home, but sometimes making short rounds of visits among friends.

On her return from one of these short tours of courtesy her manner seemed as though it had undergone a change. The old quiet was superseded by a fitful restlessness, and though she was still lively at times she loved best to seek out quaint paths in the surrounding country, where she might wander unobserved and unhurried. She would come in from her rambles flushed and bright, and then would join gayly in the outbursts of mirth so common in a large family. But the cause of the change was soon revealed. One morning she had wandered into the lane before breakfast, and when she came back she had brought the usual budget of letters, which she had taken from the postman at the gate. There was one which she had hidden in her pocket, only to rest there for a time, since no sooner was the meal over than she darted off to read it in private, but shortly afterward returned to her mother with her version of the old, old story.

It ran in this wise: While staying at Swansea with some friends she had met a young man, a barrister. They had fallen in love, but he, as he had no means of his own, had striven, apparently with success, to conceal his feelings; and so they had parted without any understanding, and indeed, according to her, without any knowledge of their mutual attachment. But now a change had come in his fortunes. A distant relative had died in New Zealand, leaving him heir to his sheep-farm, which report had exalted to a most fabulous value; yet even after every method of discount had been exhausted there still remained enough to make him a very wealthy man. No sooner did he receive the news than he wrote a hasty letter to Olive, in which he besought her to be his wife. He would, indeed, have come down to the North himself, but the condition in which the estate was left made it necessary for him to take a short trip out, while the necessity of settling his affairs and making a few preparations rendered the few hours still remaining before the departure of the overland mail far too short to allow of his absence. It was a fine, manly letter, and the few words that accompanied it addressed to the parents made them hesitate in their resolve to refuse or postpone their consent till he could ask it in person. Thus it was that on the eve of his departure he received a letter which gave him the answer he wished.

Thenceforth he was swept on in his preparations by a hurricane of joy, and yet, being prudent and a barrister, unburdened by too many briefs, he cultivated an acquaintance with a solicitor and made his will. This, at least, he told her, and the reason which he assigned was hardly such as to ease a fond heart, for he wrote that he wished to leave her everything he had, in case an accident of some kind should overtake him. But love was not much damped by such forebodings, and Olive seemed content with the written vows of ardent love, though the ocean widened between her and her receding lover.

But now her very life was transformed. She would sit for hours reading over the few letters she had had time to receive, or talking with her friends of the days when she knew him, but did not know that he loved her, while oftenest of all she loved to calculate when he would return and where he might be. Indeed, the one great question which exercised the whole family was, When could Henry be back? It is not necessary to add that she was ever on the lookout for the postman, and her father laughed again and again at the new-born punctuality of her habits, and at the sanctity which attached to letters, which she always received with her own hands. Her devotion in this respect was almost ludicrous, and fortunately it was well rewarded, while she herself was encouraged in her new habit of early rising by the coincidence that on the one or two occasions when she was late no letters came by the mail.

Time flew by and her lover's approach was expected. She had received news of the vessel by which he intended to return, and, as this letter was posted only just in advance, his arrival was reasonably expected in a few days. But the vessel which was to have brought him only brought a letter in which he explained the cause of his unfortunate detention. The agent whom he had confirmed in the management of the property, owing to the failure of a company in which he was concerned, had been obliged to quit the country, and Henry Brinton (such was his name) overtaken by the news at Sidney, had been forced to quit the vessel and return once more to New Zealand. But shortly afterward another letter announced that he was once more on his way home, and this time he asked that, as he had been so delayed, the marriage might take place the week after his return. Of course there were many objections, but, equally, of course, these objections were overruled, and the day of the ceremony was fixed on the Wednesday after the arrival of the traveller.

Unfortunately, the chapter of accidents was only at its beginning. As they speedily found, the marriage was not to take place when arranged, for another letter told Olive how Mr. Brinton had been attacked by fever in the Red Sea, and of the desperate extremity to which he was brought. At the bottom of this letter, written in a strange hand, there was a faint pencil scrawl in which the lover himself had tried to send his own brief message of affection, despite the weakness which scarcely allowed his fingers to guide a pencil.

A terrible time of anxiety spread itself out before those at home. Olive seemed to fail in health and to shun all exertion, while all her interest centered in the visits of the postman, for whose arrival she would watch wistfully, and too often in vain. It was only at his approach that she shook off the lassitude which had become habitual; on such occasions she would run to the gate, and even walk down the lane to meet him and to see whether he had a letter for her. Sometimes she returned brighter than she went, for then she had a letter and knew at least that he still lived. They followed his course closely. It was at first but a poor consolation to hear that he had been put ashore at Malta, but after that letters came more frequently, and each one seemed to give further accounts of improvement, till at length it was announced that he was coming over to the mainland to make the best of his way home. There was something of comfort in the thought that the distance which lay between them could be bridged in days, and anxiety grew less and hope more hardy as mail after mail brought the news of increasing strength.

Once clear of the hot South his health seemed to return with a sudden bound, and when a letter came from Paris there seemed no longer room for doubt as to his speedy return. In the train to Boulogne, however, he showed signs of fresh feebleness, once indeed fainting away, to the alarm of an old friend who had come over to France to meet him. When he revived his first remark, as his friend wrote to Olive's mother, was a true evidence of the strength of his attachment, for, with a faint smile, he said: "Ah! I've quite falsified my little Olive's pet theory." She, it seems, with girlish petulance, had oftentimes maintained that nobody need faint if only their mind was made up to resist the impulse. At Boulogne he was taken into the hotel and put to bed. To his friend's mingled horror and amusement he showed symtoms of having caught the measles, a matter soon put beyond a doubt by the opinion of an English doctor staying in the house. Fortunately the attack was but slight, and the lapse of three weeks saw him restored to a state of health more satisfactory than that which he had enjoyed since his first illness.

Now, indeed, we must return to Olive. At last her hopes were nearing their fulfilment. She grew more cheerful, brighter, and every morning she came down stairs humming a light song of gladness, while her eyes listened softly with the feelings of love rendered more potent by the trials it had undergone. She and her father were to go up to London to greet him on his arrival, but at the last minute their departure was postponed by a letter from the friends with whom they were to stay. They were in great trouble—indeed, wholly unable to take them in. But this matter seemed of slight account, as the next day they heard that Henry had reached town, and proposed, after a delay of two days, to come straight on to the North.

Their surprise was all too hasty, for a few days proved that it had been better for them to go up to town despite all inconvenience. The measles had left a weakness of the eyesight, and after seeing his doctor Henry Brinton found it necessary to remain for a week longer to consult an oculist. It was not without feelings of trepidation that they awaited the account of the interview; but when it came they were once more to experience the feeling, so often repeated in their case, of relief. He wrote that there was little the matter with his eyes, and that he could come down the day they would receive his note. They met the train he had chosen, but he was not in it—a fact easily accounted for in the evening, when they got a hurried scrawl to say that he had been forced to attend at a police court to give evidence in a trumpery case of assault, of which he had been a witness the day before. This over, there was nothing to delay him, and he would leave by the newspaper train on the following morning. The day came, and with it the appearance of breakfast. Still, to any one who can view the conditions of the case without prejudice, it must appear consolatory that none of their appetites were keen, since they were bound to be unsatisfied through the necessity of hurrying down to the station some half hour before it was necessary.

Olive, with her sister and father, paced up and down the long platform in an excitement hardly unnatural under all the circumstances. They all felt irritated, first with the train because it did not come before its time, then with themselves because they had hurried. Olive herself was the calmest of the trio, though her eager eyes showed how she felt, and her tightly interlaced fingers were an evidence of the constraint which she was putting on her emotions. At last the bell rang, and slowly the train swept into the station. They had hurried forward to welcome him—Olive to meet her lover, the others to greet a stranger. But where was he? At first they had waited for him to step out on the platform; then not seeing him they went hurriedly along the train peering into carriage after carriage, but the most diligent search could convince them of but one thing—his absence. There was no passenger by the train, hunt though they might. The train moved out, and they remained perplexed and bewildered. As the last hope seemed to vanish a low cry from Olive reached her father, and he turned just in time to catch her before she fell to the ground. He called a cab and put her in, thinking as he did so that the strain was now going to tell upon her, and that a sharp illness would be the probable result. Yet by the time home was reached she seemed better, and, despite all their efforts, she refused to go to bed. She insisted on staying up and waiting—for what? They would have telegraphed, but remembered just in time that Henry, in his last letter, had said that he was leaving the hotel at which he had been stopping in order to sleep at one nearer the station, so that they had no address to which they could send a message. It was a terrible day, for the hours crept by and yet no news came, till some time after midday Olive, looking anxiously from the window, spied out the postman in the distance and hurriedly ran to meet him. There was a letter to her in a strange writing; but all the news it contained was in a few lines, which said how Mr. Brinton had met with an accident at the station which prevented his travelling that day. With this they had to remain content as best they could. The others went about their duties with heavy hearts; but Olive sat drearily gazing down the lane, watching for the lover who did not come, while her lips seemed to form the refrain of the old childish sport, "He cometh, he cometh not."

So the day wore away; but just as dark seemed to close in and preclude all further hope of news the whole household was startled by a loud shriek. They rushed down to find Olive lying motionless on the hall floor, her hand clenched over a letter just opened. The last post had been delayed, and once more she had been the one to receive the letters. One glance at the note revealed all. It was from a stranger, who stated that Mr. Brinton had met with a severe accident, from which concussion of the brain of so fatal a character had ensued that he had died some five hours after the fall. All this was told in the most hurried of scrawls, so brief and hasty that the writer had forgotten to add his address or to give any details as to arrangements which might be made.

Of course, the first care with the doctor was to see his daughter; but when she had been put to bed he sat up to consider the whole matter. He would, of course, have hurried up to town himself but for the impossibility of leaving his patients at a moment's notice; while, in addition, it seemed scarcely wise to go till Olive woke out of the unconsciousness into which she had fallen. Next morning, indeed, she was better, though her white, drawn face and listless manner betrayed the full extent of the shock. Even then she was hardly able to do more than lie languidly back in a chair, letting others do all that was necessary in getting mourning. Her chief employment seemed to be that of reading over and over again the announcement of death which had appeared in the morning papers. It must be owned that the punctual appearance of this had allayed much of the uneasiness in the worthy Doctor's mind, though he wished most fervently that, in addition to stating that death was due to an accident, it had contained some information as to the place where the ill-fated Henry Brinton had died. Still he rested content in the knowledge that the solicitors to the deceased would communicate with him when they came to examine into the will.

A few days had worn away when Olive received a letter stating that the funeral had taken place at the Highgate cemetery. This news turned her thoughts in a fresh direction, and she followed her father into his study with the request that he would take her up to see the grave as soon as he could. The only thing which delayed his consent a minute was a doubt whether the condition of her health did not prohibit such a scheme as unwise; but when he noticed the plaintive—even piteous—endurance with which she pressed her request he gave way, thinking as he did so that it would be just as well for him to go up himself and see after matters. The opportunity was a welcome one on that account, for as he received no communication a fear came over him lest the silver (nay, the golden) lining to their cloud should prove illusory.

They went to London the next morning, but as she obviously shrank from meeting any one, whether stranger or friend, he decided to drive off to the cemetery at once, and then to try and discover some place where she would be willing to go and rest for an hour or two. All throughout the drive her nervous excitement increased, till he feared that he had made a mistake in allowing her to encounter so severe a trial. The burial-ground reached, she asked her father to let her stroll on while he went in to inquire the locality of the grave. He watched her as she went slowly into the by-path, feeling all a father's sadness for the heavy sorrow that had come and bowed the slight figure that looked so fragile in its deep mourning; then he turned and asked the attendant to tell him where the grave of Mr. Brinton was. As he awaited the answer, which was a little delayed, he could not avoid commenting himself on the denseness of a memory so clogged that its machinery was long in bringing out the required note. His thoughts were broken in on by the voice of the man.

"I don't think there has been a burial in that name, sir."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was on Tuesday last."

"Tuesday," echoed the attendant, and once again he seemed to wind up his memory to its necessary work. But with all the winding he could not recall the name. At last he said he would go and look in the register; but the register contained no entry of the name of Brinton. Not content with looking through the list of funerals on Tuesday they glanced at all that had occurred since, and then went so far back as to make sure that he had not been buried on the day previous to his decease. It was all to no purpose, and when the Doctor ceased his search he stood in the porch of the lodge, the perspiration standing on his brow, while his important bearing and evident indignation only heightened the mockery of the scene. At first he had given way to a little outburst of wrath, bidding the official find the grave, look for it, and not stand gaping there. It was the last straw to lose the grave after losing a future son-in-law. Then the folly of his anger dawned upon him, and he had come to the open door, and now stood looking down the path at the bereaved girl, who passed slowly on, scanning each new-turned mound with an unconcealed apprehension. He had to tell the news to her. Thanking the officials, who, at first irritated, were now half sympathetic in their manner, he went quickly along the path till he overtook Olive. She turned to meet him with an inquiring glance which took no heed of the signs of perplexity on his countenance.

"Olive," he said, trying to assume the light tone in which he would utter some mere commonplace; "Olive, I'm afraid there's been some mistake."

"Yes, father, what?" but the tone in which the question was uttered showed a lack of interest; there was but one subject about which she felt anxiety.

"Why," and in trying to break the news he put it as bluntly as possible, "it seems that Henry was not buried here."

For the time she thought he merely referred to the part of the cemetery where they were. Her lips were just parting to reveal her thoughts when he went on: "He was not buried in this cemetery at all. In fact, my dear, we've come to the wrong place."

"Where was it, then?" and this time the dreaminess of tone seemed gone.

"Oh," he said, "I don't quite know; indeed, there has been an entire mistake, and we must try and find out."

What more he might have said was stayed when he saw the look of despair that spread over the young girl's countenance. He hurried her away, called a cab, and drove off once more to the station. Now his only wish was to get her home in safety. His anxiety was not without ground, for even before they reached the North she sank into a half-conscious condition, and when they got her to her room it was only too evident that the excitement of the past days had induced a severe attack of brain-fever. Of course she could not be left, so the Doctor, determined to get the mystery solved as soon as possible, went to his brother, who lived in the same town, and asked him to go up to London and make inquiries in his stead.

The next few days were chiefly marked by the increase of anxiety and the absence of news. Only one letter had been received, and that letter intimated that nothing had yet been discovered of the smallest importance. Meantime everything betokened severity in the illness that had overtaken Olive. There was little hope of her recovery, thought the Doctor, as he stood by her bedside that very evening after the receipt of this note; yet even he did not know how near to her was an end of the weary series of disappointments and trials that had been crowded into so brief a time. As he turned to quit the room he heard her murmur the name "Henry," and when he glanced round in haste he spied the new stillness that had come over her face. She had died with the name of her lover on her lips.

By his plate on the morrow he found a fresh dispatch from his brother. As he opened the envelope to take out the letter an inclosed slip of paper fluttered to his feet. He did not stay to pick it up, but began reading at once:

THE CLARENCE, Wednesday.

My dear Douglas: Please read this letter when you are by yourself, as the news which it contains is, I am sorry to say, anything but pleasing. When I wrote to you this morning I had not made up my mind as to the course of action for the day, but the letter was hardly posted when I determined to go to the newspaper office and see if I could get any clue to the place from which the advertisement of Mr. Brinton's death had been sent. Accordingly I went in. They were very polite when I told them the reason of my errand, and the manager of the department came to me at once. He sent for the original of the advertisement, which came through their country agent. Now I must ask you to take heed to yourself, for here comes the terrible revelation: The announcement of the death was written in Olive's handwriting. Of this I have no doubt whatever. On further inquiry we found that it had been paid for by a postal order drawn at your own post-office—a fact impressed on the mind of the clerk who opened the note because he had lived not far from there when a child. I fear the whole thing was an illusion.

Enclosed is the original of the announcement.

Your affectionate brother,
E. A. CAMPBELL.

He read the letter twice over, for he scarcely caught its purport in its first perusal. Then stooped and read through the paper that had fallen to the ground. The news was only too true. For a moment he sat quiet; then, and not till then, did it strike him that Olive, and Olive only, had taken in the foreign letters from the post-office.

PROFESSOR M. W. HUMPHREYS.

Recently Elected to the Chair of Greek and Literature at the University of Virginia.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., August 17.—Professor M. W. Humphreys, Ph. D., who has recently been elected to fill at the University of Virginia the chair of Greek Language and Literature, is worthy to uphold the repute of that school in the foremost university of the South, and to maintain untarnished the name won for it by Gessner, Harrison, Gildersleeve, Price, and Wheeler.

Dr. Humphreys was graduated with distinguished honors at Washington and Lee University, and after serving there for a short time as assistant professor of ancient languages went to Germany to prosecute his studies in classical philology. After a residence of one semester at Berlin and two at Leipzig he received his doctor's degree. His dissertation was handed in after a residence of only fifteen mon hs—a thing quite without precedent; the German universities regularly requiring at least six semesters (three years) of residence for Germans, and at least four semesters (two years) for foreigners. And the dissertation was not only accepted, but was highly commended by such men as the renowned philologian, Dr. F. Retzschl.

After his return to America he remained for a short time at Washington and Lee; was then appointed to a chair in Vanderbilt; and on the opening of the University of Texas was called to the chair of Greek in Austin.

These years of faithful and effective teaching have been also years of productive energy. To this the pages of the *Transactions of the American Philological Association* and of the *American Journal of Philology* bear honorable testimony. While in the proceedings of the association Dr. Humphreys's name appears as member of the executive committee; as second vice-president (1880); as first vice-president (1881); and last as president (1882).

Such an impression did these philological essays produce in Europe that in 1879 Dr. Humphreys was engaged by the famous palaeographist, Charles Graux, *rédacteur en chef* of the *Revue des Revues* (published as a supplement to the French *Revue de Philologie*), to act as *rédacteur général* for America, a post which he still fills. On the death of Graux in 1881 a memorial volume was published in his honor by a commission of specialists. The papers were to be original in every respect and were subjected to a very rigid scrutiny by the commission. Dr. Humphreys was selected as one of the contributors, and his paper was received with the highest eulogiums.

In addition to these original investigations, Dr. Humphreys has also found time for undertakings more useful to the student. His edition of the *Clouds of Aristophanes* is to be followed by an edition of the *Birds*. He has also in preparation an edition of *Thucydides*. And he is at work on the edition of *Sophocles*, which is to accompany Professor Gildersleeve's edition of *Pindar*.

Still in the prime of life, he is called to a chair around which are assembled the best minds of the rising generation of the South. All lovers of letters and scholarship may, in truth, felicitate themselves that these young men will come in contact with an intelligence so stimulating and a life so full of honorable and successful endeavor. And all lovers of Virginia and her University will rejoice that this new element of strength is added to her honored faculty.

QUIP.

Unknown Charms of Bute.

The parish minister of Cumbrae habitually prayed for that island and the *adjoining* islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Like him, the Buteites consider their "calf country" *the* central metropolis. A native, when in London, asked a *capitalist* how he liked Rothesay. Oh, what a surprise he got! "Rothesay! Where is Rothesay?" (Geographical explanations.) "Ah, yes; I go to Oban every year, pass Rothesay. Yes, I remember Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, small coast villages." Others were interrogated. Some of them had seen Rothesay in passing, some had passed Rothesay and not seen it. Crestfallen, dejected, sad, the islander returned, determined to popularise his native town, or die making the effort. Town councillors were duly buttonholed. Revolution! A pungent writer once made the solemn remark that if Cleopatra's nose had been the least bit shorter that circumstance wou'd have altered the whole *face* of the globe. "As great results from trival causes come," so we have now large lithographed pictures, setting forth the charms of Bute and Rothesay, prominently displayed at every railway station, and in all public places. Henceforth let no son of Saxon plead ignorance respecting the beauties of Bute. He has this book to read, he has the pictorial show-cards to look at. The scales of ignorance have been removed from his eyes. A healthful, pleasurable holiday retreat discovered. Bravo, Rothesay! Forward Buté! Here nestles the noble Marquis of Bute of antiquarian taste, who speaks like a book on the here of Scotland, as witness his recent speech at the unveiling of the Wallace statue within sight of Stirling Castle and Bannockburn.

LION-TAMERS.

STORIES OF MEN WHO GO INTO THE CAGES.

A Tamer Is Very Nervous At Times, Mostly on Account of the Fleas.

[Paris Letter.]

Another lion-tamer has just been devoured. The event occurred in the out-of-the-way town of Bourges, and, strange enough, behind closed doors, while the man was putting his animals through their training. As most readers delight in stories of the kind, I went down to Asnieres, near Paris, where Bidel resides, and interviewed the great lion-king on the subject.

Bidel has a fine house at Asnieres, in the Rue de la Comete, near the Avenue d'Argentuil. He is now a rich man. The entrance to his place is by a large monumental gate, with stone plasters supporting sculptured lions' heads on either side. There is a pretty, well-trimmed garden, and beyond it the house, or rather a French country château, built in fairly good taste, after the manner of what our modern French architects call the style of Louis XIII.

The owner of this fine property received me very courteously, as most Frenchmen know how. I noticed that the walls of the room in which we conversed were covered all over with genuine Gobelins tapestry. On peeping into the dining room I caught sight of the dressers and sideboards, which were loaded with old china and rare pottery. The tall wood-carved chimney in the background had been magnificently decorated by Rosa Bonheur, the renowned French artist, with representations of "Nero" and "Sultan," Bidel's pet lions.

Bidel is a stout, thick-set man, with a dark eye, jet-black hair, and a powerful, sturdy frame. In the autumn of last year he was mangled by Sultan He has now fairly recovered from the shock his nerves sustained on that occasion, but still retains a lively sense of the danger to which he was exposed; so much so, in fact, that he has given up all idea of again entering Sultan's cage, or, indeed, that of any other of the wild beasts which go to make up his really fine collection of animals.

"I was born at Rouen in 1840," said the tamer, "and am consequently forty-seven years of age. My mother kept a strolling menagerie, and we travelled for many years over France and Italy; after which we came up to Paris. I began the training of animals in my youth, and entered a lion's cage for the first time when a mere stripling. So you see I was born and bred to the business, and have had opportunities from infancy to study the habits and tempers of all sorts of wild beasts, a thing seldom afforded to most of those who follow my profession."

"Is there any difficulty in finding men who have not had those advantages to perform with lions?"

"No; some one or other turns up occasionally who is able to do it. But it is easy for us to see from the style of the performance whether a man has been bred to it or not."

"How long does it take before man and beast are fit to appear in public?"

"It depends a great deal on the man, and in a measure on the animal he has to work with. Now, there is Alexiano, my pupil, who has thoroughly daunted that almost irreclaimably fierce lion, Sultan, by whom I was nearly torn to pieces last fall. From the first hour he entered the cage he got complete control over the brute, and accomplished in a few days what might have required as many months in another. He is one of the most dogged, unflinching tamers I have ever met, all brawn and sinew, and as stout-hearted as an elephant. He was born at Orleans, and is by seven years or so my junior."

"Would you, if occasion required, enter a cage of strange lions and perform with them?"

"Certainly; I have done so on more than one occasion."

"Have you ever felt nervous?"

"Why, yes; more especially on account of the fleas!"

"But you must have experienced some apprehension, surely, when you were mauled by Sultan?"

"Had I given way to the slightest touch of fear on that occasion I should not be here to talk the matter over with you. When a man begins to feel qualmish it is high time he should give up lion-taming."

"Were you present when Lucas was killed?"

"No; I was not in Paris at the time. That was under the empire. The accident occurred at the old Hippodrome, when it stood near the Triumphal arch and before it was burned down. Lucas, although a Spaniard, was somewhat of a tippler. He had the rashness to enter the lions' cage when excited by drink, and was torn to pieces by an animal with which he was performing. A lad of eighteen ventured into the inclosure and brought out his mangled remains. He was decorated by the Emperor, but went out of his mind soon afterward from the mental strain of the moment."

"Do most tamers of wild beasts die a violent death?"

"No. It is usually the result of imprudence. A smart trainer never gives a chance away. He may, of course, get scratched or bitten, but he is rarely eaten."

"Have you known, besides yourself, any renowned trainers who have made a fortune and retired from business?"

"Why, yes; scores. There is Van Amburgh, and Charles, commonly reported as a victim of his art, who died peacefully of consumption in his bed; and Henri Martin, who had won renown long before the French historian of that name had penned a line, and of whom all modern masters in the art of taming wild beasts speak with respect and veneration, quietly departed this life a few years ago at the advanced age of eighty, in his little house at Overchie, a village near Rotterdam, where he had lived in retirement for forty years among his collections of butterflies and his books on botany."

"Then you think the death of this man at Bourges was brought about by carelessness? Did you know him?"

"Yes; his name was Agop Shaninion. He was of Turkish extraction, about forty years of age, and belonged to Redenbach's menagerie. He was also the husband of Nouma Hawa II., a female lion-tamer, who has since gone out of her mind, and is now in a lunatic asylum. Lagardere, the animal which killed Agop, is as gentle as a spaniel. On a sign from the finger, Lagardere would lie down as if dead, and suffer himself to be dragged about the floor of his cage by the tail. He could be mounted like a horse, or sat upon like a sofa. No more docile wild beast could well be found anywhere. Agop knew this and was reckless. He was putting the animal through its lessons in a careless manner; the lion stretched itself on its side, the trainer sat down as usual on its ribs, when the beast turned up its head, caught Agop by the nape of the neck, and crunched the unfortunate tamer's backbone with his jaws. After that Lagardere rose, threw the body back over his mane, and proudly walked the cage with the dead man's neck still firmly held by his fangs. A boy, who happened to be inside the booth at the time, raised an alarm, and rushed to the rescue with a prong. The neighbors came in and the lion was finaly forced into an adjoining cage, when the trainer's corpse was got out. It is clear to my mind that Agop either sat down too heavily or too suddenly on the beast's side, and with his back turned toward the animal. A careful trainer, however tame the lion may be, should never altogether lose sight of his charge."

"Who is Miss Victoria, your pupil? She is not English, surely?"

"No; she is M. Alexiano's wife. Victoria is her maiden name, and we add to it the title of "Miss," *pour la frime*, by way of parade."

"Are you acquainted with any other female tamer of account?"

"Perhaps Mme. Soulet, better known by the name of Nouma Hawa I., who was so dreadfully lacerated at Verviers in November last and has now completely recovered from her wounds. I know of no other worthy of being placed on a footing with Mme. Alexiano."

"And how did Mme. Soulet meet with her accident?"

"It was after this wise: The regular trainer of Brutus, a young lion two years old (the mother of which, by the way, devoured her trainer at Rome in 1883), being absent, Mme. Soulet determined to put the animal through a rehearsal of its performance. M. Grenier, one of the grooms, was in the cage when the lion was admitted. On the appearance of Mme. Soulet with her whip, Brutus flew at her throat, tearing part of her lower jaw away, and otherwise mangling her. She screamed for help, and Bonvillant, the principal keeper, rushed into the cage and bravely flew to the rescue. Seizing the brute's jaws he forced it to let go its hold of Mme. Soulet, who found strength to escape from the cage. M. Soulet himself had entered the cage in the mean time, and was attacked in his turn, receiving a severe clawing. A fearful struggle ensued between Bonvillant and the lion, the man fighting for dear life in the deadly grapple. At length the brute was driven off by pitchforks, and, more dead than alive, the gallant keeper got out, only to swoon away on the menagerie floor. Though shockingly mangled, Bonvillant is now considered out of danger. All the wounded persons, of course, received immediate surgical attendance, Brutus the while looking on with indifference, apparently none the worse for his prodding."

"And you, M. Bidel, how are you getting on after your severe encounter with Sultan?"

"Oh, pretty well. I feel rather weak still, but the partial paralysis of the jaw, which came on afterward, prevented my re-entering the cage. As it is only a local affection, the doctors say I shall entirely get over it if I remain quiet for a few months."

Let me conclude this letter by repeating an anecdote told by Delmonico, the negro lion-tamer, several years ago. I had asked Delmonico:

"What influence has the human eye on wild beasts?"

"'Well,' he replied, 'I should say about the same influence the eye of one man has on another. A story is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, now dead. On one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He said: 'It is by my showing them that I'm not the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye.'

"Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting opposite, Van Amburgh said:

"'You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him.'

"Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself gradually, got up, and came across to Van Amburgh. When he got close enough he drew back his arm and struck the tamer a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clear over the chair, with the remark:

"'You'd stare at me like that again, won't you?'"

CHARLES VALENTINE RILEY.

Entomologist of the Agricultural Department and of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

In his capacity as Entomologist of the Agricultural Department at Washington Professor Riley obtains information with regard to insects injurious to vegetation. He investigates the character of insects sent him to point out their modes of infection and the means by which their depredations may be avoided. To him it also falls to arrange specimens of injuries done by insects, and of the architecture of their nests. The Professor

has a lively correspondence and is a very busy man. Officially he is at the head and front of all the "buggy" men in the United States, and his researches have, we need scarcely say, a practical side of great value to the agricultural interest of this nation. It goes without saying that he has made wonderfully comprehensive collections of insects. The Agricultural Department and the Smithsonian Institute have almost numberless evidences of industry, for the inspection of people interested in entomology.

Charles Valentine Riley was born in London, England, in the year 1843. He came to the United States when a youth seventeen years old. During the next three years he worked in the field out West. He was only twenty years old when he became entomological editor of an agricultural paper published in Chicago. After spending five years in that way, he was, in 1868, appointed State Entomologist of Missouri. In partnership with the State Entomologist of Illinois he, in the same year, began the publication of a monthly magazine having his special study as its subject. Since his appointment to be Government Entomologist the Professor once got the department to print in book-form a description of the myriads of strange-looking bugs, worms, and beetles that he had discovered, and he wanted to continue the publication from year to year, but "Sunset" Cox, who is nothing if not practical, even when most jocose, got hold of the first volume one day, on the floor of the House, and for more than an hour kept his colleagues in a roar with his comments on the pictures and his quotations from the descriptions of the insects in the good Professor's book. The witty congressman did not think the ordinary man could understand anything in the book, and the House agreed with him; so the publication was stopped. With or without a book Professor Riley's useful work proceeds, and is of incalculable value to grape-growers, cotton-growers, and growers of many other things.

PERILS OF THE SEA

HOW THEY ARE MET AND OVERCOME—APPREHENSIONS OF LANDSMEN.

How, with All the Material Progress of the Age, Man's Insignificance is Shown on the Seas.

[Exchange.]

The modern song and story makers are not as fond as were their predecessors of the olden time of referring to waves that "run mountains high," "crested billows soaring above the maintop," and all that sort of thing. That kind of literature and ministry to the popular idea gassed out with the big ships—disappeared from the ocean of reading matter just as square-rigged craft of every description vanished upon the advent of ocean steam vessels, and are now scarcely to be found in any of their old haunts or situations. The romance of the sea and its navigation was inseparable from sails and rigging, and hulls, which depended rather upon the skill of a commander than any powers afforded by inanimate agencies, for the safe and successful prosecution of voyage and venture.

Nevertheless, the sea has not changed during all the years since creation, and the attributes of old ocean remain the same as when Paul the Apostle made his coasting trips, or Columbus the discoverer set the example of long voyages. The winds roll up the waves in precisely the same manner to-day as in the days of Noah. Currents are as deceitful, lee shores as terrible, icebergs as dangerous, hurricanes as formidable as when the navies of the earth were in their infancy. Mankind has perfected the methods and multiplied the inventions for meeting or providing against all these natural manifestations; but the Almighty, who, looking upon His work in the first place, saw that it was good, has made not the slightest change in its order since the beginning, nor in any sense met half-way the endeavors of His creatures to obtain supremacy.

And so it is that, notwithstanding all the advances which man has made in the direction of overcoming the natural obstacles to navigation of the ocean, it still remains that he has not progressed in the least in most desirable ways and in matters of vital importance. For example: Fogs, as an element opposed to marine operations, are not a whit less dangerous to-day than in the days when the great admirals of the nations modelled their vessels upon the washer-woman's tub. The combing, breaking "sea" will tear in pieces the modern-built hull just as quickly and as completely as was the case when the Armada foundered.

Collisions at sea are even worse now than in the olden time, for rates of speed are higher, and when mistakes occur they are sure to be more disastrous than when a simpler order of things prevailed. In the matter of security against fire the dividing of ships into compartments, whereby practically many hulls are made of one, and similar provisions against accident or bad management, there is something to be said for human invention and discovery, but in many supreme points nature still holds an irresistible front.

But the landsman's measure of the perils of the ocean is not very likely to represent that which affects the captain of the first-class "liner" among steamships; nor is the estimate of danger of even the most experienced passenger by any means sure to impress the veteran navigator equally. The one recognizes lurking mishaps in a fog, and is tried to the verge of endurance during its prevalence, while the other whistles carelessly because the sea is smooth and the winds are lulled. The captain notes with a concentration of apprehension the gathering of icebergs on every hand, well knowing that the slightest change in the weather, or the sudden drawing of a curtain of mist, may put him at his wits' end in extricating his vessel; and all the while his passenger delights in the sunshine gleaming from a thousand pinnacles, and the grotesque marshalling of the unique army. The captain, finding his craft in the midst of powerful tide-ways and influenced by hidden currents, rees with awe and distrust that wind and waves are rising in conjunction, and that the waters present more and more the formation, peculiar to the situation, of perpendicular walls, seemingly and actually ready to topple over upon whatever opposes with an overwhelming force.

These are not fancy pictures of possible dangers which might confront the navigator, as exceptional experiences in a long career. They are ever present, practical situations, which the trans-Atlantic steamship captain must be familiar with, and in the midst of which he lives and works. That his vessel is propelled by steam-power is something in his favor, which is almost neutralized by the fact that she is sure to be of size and proportions, and to present difficulties in navigation far in excess of that which would be the case if she depended solely upon sails for propulsion. A break in machinery during a furious gale; contact of such bulk, be it ever so slight apparently, with an iceberg; blind cruising under so tremendous responsibility in the midst of dense fogs, sometimes for days; the decision of a thousand questions which may arise, of what is best to be done or avoided—the captain's dread is not of the snoer-nasaral, the unusual, the extreme in waves, or storms, or gales, but of the ordinary evils of the sea, which are inseparable from its navigation and traversing, which have existed unmitigated since creation's dawn, and which will continue to the end.

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