Historical Society

The Benton Weekly Record.

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NEWS FROM HOME.

When the heart is very dreary,
Growing sadly over-weary
Of the bonds that keep it lonely
Like a bird in a wicker dome,
Comes a messenger most cheery,
Though it be a letter only,
For in mother wrote that "dearie,"
And it brings fresh news from home.

"News from home!" O, welcome letter!
Strong in power to break the fetter
That encircles her who labors
Far away from all held dear.
Yet it proves the proverb truly
"Tells that joy and grief are neighbors,
For from eyes that frown unruly
Slowly well a glad'ning tear.

Present sorrows wings are taking,
Pleasant memories are waking,
And life's sun beldecks with splendor
Her whom duty called to roam;
Yet the sympathy that's hidden
In those lines so sweet and tender
Makes the tears rise up unbidden
O'er the welcome "news from home."

THE BEST REVENGE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I.—A TERRIBLE BLOW.

We were all so happy and cheerful in our little seaside cottage when Aunt Buchan's letter came and told us that Fred Brastome had "jilted" my sister Agnes. We were thunderstruck! Agnes herself refused to credit the report. They had only been engaged a few months, and the arrangement was a secret. My aunt was ignorant of the actual engagement, but when she wrote and told us that Brastome was engaged to Sir Somebody Something's daughter, and had just inherited his uncle's property quite unexpectedly, it was a terrible blow to us all at home. Yet there were his letters full of affection.

Agnes bore up wonderfully, but at length even she succumbed. We had heard nothing from Fred very lately, and my inquiries only elicited the statement that he had gone abroad suddenly. Even our neighbors, the Pendrewitts, at whose house Agnes had first met him, were away yachting, and we could not get at the truth. I wrote to his bankers and got his address, and then wrote to him (a stiffish letter) for explanation, and waited.

Agnes got worse. We could not rest. I vowed vengeance against the man, and unable to stand the suspense and loneliness, one evening, when darling Agnes' life was almost trembling in the balance, I rushed out to do *something*, ready to encounter any danger in search of forgetfulness of our injury. Only a few weeks since he had gone, and this was the result! I could scarcely credit it.

I went out. It was a lovely night; I stood upon the steps and looked across the moonlit bay, at the southern side of which the light-house rose disdainfully. A flash came full upon my face, and with it came the thought—I will go out to the light-house.

I descended rapidly at first, and then more slowly, and began to think; but still I went down, and met Bob Murray, my boatman, as I entered a shop to make a small purchase.

"Good-night, Bob; going home?"

"Aye, aye, Master Harry. Home it is, and time!"

"Well, Bob, I'm going out."

"Out, to-night? And where, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"To the light-house, Bob; and you must take me there, and call, to-morrow's flood, to bring me back."

"But, sir, my lady? Will she—"

Bob always called my mother "my lady," not that she, except as every woman is, was entitled to the courtesy, but she deserved it, and the compliment passed unnoticed now, as ever.

I silenced him, and he agreed; but after a pause he said, "I'm your man, master Harry, but I think you'd better bide a day or two; there's a look about the sea that I mislike."

"Wind, Bob? I should like a breeze out there to-morrow."

"Aye, aye! Wind is nothing to the light-house. It's the sea! Suppose an accident should happen, suppose a ship—"

"Suppose you give up croaking, Bob Murray, and bear a hand with the boat." I wrapped up my purchase and went out.

He responded with alacrity, and said no more. Somehow his tacit obedience impressed me more forcibly than his presagious well-meant warning. per

"All ready now, your honor," said he, at last.

"Thank you Bob. Will you take the tiller, please?" I knew the coast almost as well as he, and yet I would not have touched the tiller. It was a tribute to his superior skill and to my mother's fears.

We ran out quickly, and in about an hour we were close to the light-house. A simultaneous roar of "Ahoy there!" brought my old friend Dobson to the gallery.

"Boat, ahoy?" he cried. "What cheer?"

"Dobson, ahoy! 'Tis I—*Mister 'Enery!*" (He always insisted upon calling me "Mister 'Enery.")

"Never! Well, and what brings ye here at this time o' night, sir?"

"I want to come in, Dobson, to stay the night. Will you let me come up?"

There was a pause, and at last he said, as we were tossed upon the sea:

"I'll come down, sir—I'll *des*-cend, sir, if you please."

He disappeared, and must have *des*-cended very quickly, for in a moment or two he appeared at a small door opening just above the rock on which the light-house was erected; there he parlyed:

"Ye see, sir, this here's quite out o' regular order; I daren't let you in, not now—Keep her off, Bob Murray, yew; ye'll have her stove in 'three threes'—so ye see, sir—"

"Dobson," I replied, firmly, its no use. Regulation or no regulation, I want to pass the night in the light-house. Here I am. You can, of course, keep me here, if you like; but I'm not going back now."

Dobson paused irresolutely, and Murray said: "It's all right, Jack; I'll come for him to-morrow and take him off."

"Ah!" responded Dobson. To-morrow! Where be thy eyes, Bob Murray, lad?"

Murray made no verbal reply. He impelled the boat towards the slippery rock. The tide was on; a well-judged spring as the boat rose to the wave, and I landed safely on the granite. When I turned round again, Murray was already six feet from my perch.

"Good-night, Bob. Come back to-morrow; tell them I'm coming soon, if they ask for me. I'm all right."

"Aye, aye, sir. Good-night!" Murray ran for home with the sheet hauled well aft, and lying as close to the wind as the flattened sail would draw.

I turned and found Dobson at my elbow. He had heard my parting words, and commented upon them thus, in a tone that chilled me through and through:

"If ye gets ashore much inside of a week, I'm a Dutchman, and, saving your presence, Mister 'Enery, you's another! Come in now—the flood's makin—if you please."

II.—IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

We entered the light-house together, and as we ascended the winding stairway Dobson said:

"Did ye bring aught with ye, sir?"

"Any spirits? I declare, Dobson, I quite forgot. But I'll make it all right."

Dobson's reply had a disdainful ring in it as he replied, "Iain't thinkin' of spirits. Have ye brought any clothing, or anything?"

"Just enough for a night," I replied—"a tooth-brush. Why?" I predicted my purchase as I spoke.

"Because, looks ye here," he said, suddenly changing the tone. He led me to the windward side of the gallery which we just then reached. "D'ye see yonder line upon the sea?"

"Well—what of it? It's a breeze coming up—all the better."

"All the *worser!* Last time I see that with this moon, and after those warnings, was when the *Cu'filly Castle* went down on yonder reef, and only fifty were saved out o' nigh three hundred aboard."

I confess I felt a dull sensation of dread. That some calamity was pending I felt sure. I shivered, not with cold, though, and looked steadily at Dobson. Then affecting a cheerful manner, I replied:

"But there's no prospect of a storm yet, and there is plenty of time for any ship to get an offing if the skipper can read the sky as well as you. At any rate, I'm quite safe here."

"Aye, aye, for that matter, safe enough. But, ye see, Mister 'Enery—well, well, it's all right; come inside."

We went in again and descended the spiral stairway in the solid basement, to the store-room, and thence to the kitchen. Every thing apeared clean and tidy. A stove-pipe passed through the ceiling, doing duty for a chimney, as the small stove did for kitchen range, and I knew that we should not starve. But Dobson's remark respecting the approaching tempest had affected me in spite of my determination to see the adventure through. I was anxious to have something to wean me from the sombre retrospection I had been lately indulging, and so I shook off the feeling of strangeness, and tried to feel as if everything was just as I had in my imagination pictured it—which everything was not.

We ascended through the bed room. There were three beds between the windows, a cuckoo clock, an almanac, the stove pipe tending upwards, some clothing, and two telescopes, and some other nautical necessaries were visible at a glance. The bed room was plainly and rather scantily furnished. Some books were on the single table, and in a cupboard were some blue-lights. A pair of pistols, three cutlasses and bayonets were also noticed by me, and I wondered why firearms were kept there.

As I gazed round the room the "cuckoo" burst open the little wooden door with tremendous energy, and "cuckoo'd" ten times, retreating just in time to escape a blow from the door.

A sailor descended from the upper floor. He was rather astonished to see me, I think, but in a moment he touched his cap, and professed himself glad to see "a friend of his mate's, who was a friend of his, and welcome"—so he said.

"Mister 'Enery's going to take a berth here to-night, Judkins," said Dobson. "You and me will arrange about a shake-down. It's my watch at midnight, so he can turn in as soon as he likes."

"I should prefer being up with you, Dobson," I said; "I want to see the sea, and how things look in the dead of night. It must be very weird and very grand here in a storm."

"Aye, aye, sir. You'll have storm enough. Better sleep while you can, and let the sea take care of itself."

"But I came to sit up," I remarked, "and unless you object—"

"Me, Mister 'Enery! Not a bit of it. Come aloft if ye like; I'll keep ye company."

We went up to the gallery again, and I stood leaning over, gazing steadily, half-dreamily, at the heaving water. The sea was evidently rising, and yet the long, heavy, booming swell rolled in without breaking till close upon the rocks. Then the roar arose, the spray dashed up in vain attempts to reach the gleaming beacon, and fell back back exhausted on the whitened sea.

As I continued to look across the moonlit waves, a strong sensation of the unreality of it all came upon me. I could fancy it was all unreal; I knew and felt that I was in the light-house, and that all was right, that I was in good health and spirits, and yet all the surroundings appeared as if I were in a dream. I could see a shape in the water beneath, a dark form, and lo! suddenly it was clad in white, a female shape, ascending to the gallery. I knew the face in the lantern-light. It was Agnes. Strange illusion! I called out; the form vanished; the spray dashed heavily down to the water, and Dobson approached me quickly and anxiously.

"Did you call, Mister 'Enery?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "The spray very nearly came up into the gallery. It startled me!"

"That's nothing," replied Dobson; "you will have it over the lantern afore to-morrow. Hold up your hand—d'ye feel the salt on it?"

I put my palm to the wind, and then touched my tongue with it. It was quite salt to the taste.

"You'll excuse me, sir; but you's looking pale and wore out. Turn in, and come up at daybreak. That's the time to see the sea, and sunrise too."

I knew the well-intentioned sailor was quite right. I was over-wrought; my nerves were highly strung; I wanted rest.

"Will you call me early, or if anything turns up?"

"I will, sir; you shall know. One of my mates is going ashore at dawn; I'll call ye then for certain sure."

So we bade each other good-night, and I descended to the sleeping-room, in semi-darkness. In ten minutes I must have been sound asleep; the noise of the waves dashing outside, and the rushing sound of the wind, far from keeping me awake, were soothing to my troubled spirit. I slept, nor did the restless cuckoo in the clock, that whirred and chirped the hours through the stormy night, wake me from my dreaming.

III.—MY REVENGE.

I was half aroused by a touch upon the shoulder, and opened my eyes, but the semi-darkness was still before them. Then a voice I knew said:

"Tom's just off, but the morning's wet and stormy, sir. Be advised and stay below; you—"

I had lain down again, and was asleep once more before he had completed the sentence. I must have slept some time, when a dull sound aroused me. I looked about, and it was not till the clock door burst open and the bird came out that I recollected where I was.

"Cuckoo!" I counted six strokes. Then the dull and distant sound came down upon the wind, and I began to wonder what it was. A third time, louder now, and "flatter," so to speak, as if the wind had caught the noise and bore it hard against the stone pillar wherein I lay. I could hear Dobson and his companion hurrying to and fro, and in a few moments, as the former passed the door, I called aloud, and he came in hastily.

"What's the matter, Dobson?"

"Vessel drifting in, disabled. She'll strike, I fear. They are signaling for help. Don't ye hear the guns?"

He was gone. Guns! A vessel in distress! Here was an adventure, indeed. I leaped out of bed and hurried through my toilet, from time to time looking out upon the angry, tumbling sea, driven in beneath a sou'-west gale, in broken hills of water. I ascended the gallery, and the grandeur of the scene beneath took my attention for a moment from the reeling yacht that was drifting helpless by, it seemed, fairly down upon the cruel line of jagged rocks that were now and then visible to windward.

"Now, mate," said Dobson, "you and me must take this job in hand. We'll cross the rock before she strikes yonder, and save the poor fellows. Come!"

To this astonishment, I volunteered to help.

"Excuse me, sir, but you ain't any good in this. You can bear a hand on the life-line, howsomdever; and if we should not turn up to muster, why—"

Without another word they shook hands solemnly with me and with each other, and then descended to the rock. I followed to the door, and made fast the lines they had secured around their waists. The sea was now sweeping over the rocks, and the hissing of the foam was like escaping steam, or the horrid whizzing of an avalanche, which few can hear and live after they have heard it.

The men disappeared round the rock and left me standing at the door irresolute, a life-line in my hand, a bouy attached to it hanging ready for use.

A loud cry attracted my attention—a cracking, grinding noise—the vessel had struck, and as I looked over the rushing, swirling waves, I could see, though indistinctly, three white faces, and three pairs of arms struggling with the water. I was fascinated; I could only stare. Help was yet out of the question, but even as I gazed one swimmer with great presence of mind turned with the waves towards the lee of the light-house to a spot where, in a momentary eddy, he might be saved.

I saw this now, and "pulling myself together," stepped cautiously just without the reach of the hissing waves which swooped in masses down upon the rocks and slid in smooth layers of water, like thick glass, into the boiling surf beneath. When I had reached a coign of vantage the poor swimmer was still bravely battling with the undertow, and in a few moments I hoped to be able to heave the life-buoy to his assistance.

It seems so unreal to look back upon, and were I not sure of all this sad morning's work, I could almost believe it fancy. But there was no time to think what to do. In another moment I had grasped the line and was about to swing the buoy to the struggling, drowning man, when I recognized his features, notwithstanding the wild spray and disheveled hair that was matted by the salt water around his forehead. The swimmer was Frederic Brastome—the man who had all but killed my darling sister—the traitor!

My arm fell listlessly to my side. Agnes was dying, poor darling, almost within sight of the heaving sea which bore her faithless lover on its angry bosom; and should I save his life when he had wrecked hers? No! My revenge was complete! I had him in my power now. The demon tempted me to let him bide and die; and yet a strange sad compassion for the heartless destroyer of my sister's life, in his dire extremity, filled my heart.

He recognized me and called gaspingly for help; for help—*for Agnes' sake!* For her sake! Did he dare to trade his safety on her blighted life? And yet at the sound of her name the thought that she had forgiven him his trespasses against her now prevailed. I called out and hove the life-buoy close to him. He was almost spent, but clutched it with the grasp of a drowning man and soon, assisted by the waves, I hauled him almost senseless to the rock, alive! (The yacht drove on the reef just then, and the crew were rescued after.)

Thank Heaven, I had saved him! Now that he was free from danger I felt more at ease. The black cloud of revenge had passed away, and Agnes' pure influence had worked a wondrous change in me. He lay insensible, but in a short time Dobson and his mate, having hauled the others out of danger, came to my assistance and they carried Brastome in and laid him on the bed. I could not see him, though I saved his life, but afterwards I heard the facts from the other young men, who overwhelmed us with thanks, and their account was this (we were sitting in the gallery when they told us the tale, and how they met their companion—*him*—my enemy, as I judged):

They had borrowed Mr. Pendrewitt's yacht and had sailed to Cherbourg. At that port they had encountered Brastome, who was very anxious to return to England, but had missed the steamer. Knowing who he was, for they had met at Mr. Pendrewitt's house, they volunteered to bring him to our little port, as he said he had received a most urgent letter from a friend. My informant, his own sailing-master, had managed to get good anchorage about ten miles away, at six o'clock the previous evening; but the storm increasing, the yacht dragged her anchor about three a. m. Thus they had drifted, and though they had managed to keep off shore, the set of the tide carried them to leeward, and the yacht bore down upon the reef, struck, and sank in eight fathoms.

I listened to this narrative with very mingled feelings. The letter referred to must be the letter which I had sent. Why did he not telegraph his reply? I was still debating on the course I should adopt, when Dobson came up and said that the other gentleman wished to see me. I followed the sailor, and in a moment was in Brastome's room.

He held out his hand. I hesitated to accept it. "Why, Harry," he said, "how have I offended you? Your letter puzzled me considerably."

"Can *you* ask how?" I replied. "You who have jilted my sister, and blighted her life—and, I fear, caused her death by your dastardly conduct. I saved your life, but I could almost regret it. I have a long reckoning to settle with you."

"But listen to me; you are quite in error. I never injured your sister; I am as true to her as even you could desire. I am indeed!"

"Are you not engaged to be married to Sir William A.'s daughter?"

"Certainly not. *My cousin, who has come into the title, is going to marry her*—I hope to marry Agnes—your sister; and I can't really understand—"

I did not permit him to finish. I wrung his hand nearly off, begged his pardon, and almost cried in doing it. Then I rushed out and wanted Dobson to signal for a boat, which he very properly declined to do; so I sat with Fred and talked about Agnes till I began to think that I had carried my affection quite far enough.

All was explained, and I was happy again, and then the next day! O, what a happy day it was! The sea fortunately abated. Murray came out with the welcome news that darling Agnes was better, and that evening we all went ashore in the highest spirits. The glad intelligence of her faithful swain's return was gently conveyed to her, and she at once got so bright and happy, that we declared she had been 'shamming' all the time; and when three days afterwards she and Frederic were allowed to see each other—well, the meeting is beyond the power of my pen to describe.

Nothing now presented any obstacle to their engagement being announced. About three months afterwards, on a cold January morning, my dear sister was united to the husband of her choice, "for richer, for poorer, till death do them part;" and, judging by external evidence, I am thankful to say that there is no prospect of a separation for many years.

I am very glad now that I heaved the life-buoy at Frederic's head from the Old Channel rock that stormy morning just fifteen years ago. And that was my revenge!

"It isn't dying," said Mrs. Brownsmith, "that troubles me. I am not afraid of death; but it makes me sad to think of leaving my friends. I often think what would become of you if I went, gone!" "Oh! we mustn't let me interfere," replied Brownsmith, eagerly; "don't let me stand in your way, darling." And the house took up the question of, "Resolved, That Brownsmith is a brute," passed it through its three readings without a dissenting voice, and adjourned precipitately for a real good cry.

THE QUEEN'S LATE DRAWING ROOM.

Lady Lonsdale Carries off the Honors—Scant Dressing the Fashion.

Three debutantes attracted attention for their beauty and carried off the palm; these were the Hon. Theodora Keppel, Lady Mary Liddell and Miss Canstance de la Rue. Mrs Salting's pretty spirituelle face and charming figure were much admired. For the rest, the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Walter Campbell, who was apparently clothed in an enormous bouquet. Mrs Arthur Clark Miss Baddeley had it all to themselves; and yet not so, for Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, looking the very quintessence of an English dowager in the sunset of life, yet full of nerve and sparkle, attracted much observation.

With his marvelous instinct for the beautiful and discernment of what is fit, Lord Beaconsfield accorded to Lady Lonsdale alone the honor of leaving the crowd of courtiers surrounding him, and moving across the room to greet her as she emerged from the presence of royalty.

Her ladyship looked superb; her diamonds were magnificent, and on one side of her corsage was fastened a black pearl of fabulous size, set around with brilliants. From her sleeves (by courtesy,) or rather shoulder-straps, hung strings of pearls, which had a curious effect. Her dress, by the way, cost 100 guineas at Madame Mercier's; on the white satin skirt in front, as well as on the train, were exquisitely painted groups of flowers.

One poor lady was dreadfully ill before every one, and another malheureuse found her gown coming undone, and while she curtsied to the Queen, the ushers and men standing about had fearful revelations.

[From the London Truth.]

Lady Lonsdale was universally acknowledged as the beauty of both drawing rooms. Ladies were not less decollete at this second drawing room than at the first. One, in pressing forward, positively lost the whole of the upper part of the dress, and had to be shrouded in shawls. Lord Beaconsfield, who seemed in high spirits, appeared this time in a diplomatic uniform.

As I was walking along St. James street on the morning of the drawing room, I observed a crowd surrounding a brougham. In it was seated a lady alone. Never have I in civilized society and in daylight seen a lady with so small an amount of clothing. Surely she might have covered her nakedness with a shawl. The common people, who do not penetrate within the charmed portals of St. James Palace, stared at her in astonishment, and one somewhat dingy-looking individual suggested that she ought to be suppressed as a "vice."

The Liberal Policy in the East.

The special correspondent of the Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung publishes the following description of an interview with Mr. Gladstone in Edinburgh last week: "In answer to an inquiry, Mr. Gladstone stated it as a great mistake to believe that the great Liberal party favors the aggrandizement of Russia in the East. 'I shall never destroy those strong-holds; but hitherto much has been done to advance Russian ambition, and it is to be regreted that means have been found to do so. I have been much abused,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'in regard to the Austrian incident. I have not been able to read all that was printed on the subject, but I suppose it has been highly colored. I am fully aware of the difference between Austria of old and the regime of the present day.

'I do not for a moment ignore the value of the efforts made by several Austrian Cabinets in paving the way to attain progress; I am only suspicious in regrad to its foreign policy. I detest the name of Metternich, and I detest everything that reminds us of interference with nationalities that have to be freed from thraldom. The liberated Slavic races should have the opportunity to build up a future for themselves, and there Territory must not be annexed by others. Whosoever understands the meaning of the English phrase, "Hands off," will be able to understand my line of policy. What I stated in respect to the Eastern question and the policy followed by Austria I was in duty bound to state. I am the watchful dog that barks. A good watch-dog is bound to do his duty. I do not permit dust to be thrown up. Matters may take another turn—that is possible; but, I repeat, I am the watchful dog that barks! I greatly admire the patriotism of the Austrian people, and esteem the progress-loving Government of Austria; but, I say again, "Hands off" from other people's Territory. There has been some talk about England joining the German-Austrian alliance; but we have to learn a little more of this before signing a sanguine and light-minded certificate."

The Terrible Tarantula.

The particulars of the pitiable death of a child of J. J. Gillespie, County Surveyor of Harris County, by the bite of that dreadful animal the tarantula, which was given as an item two days ago, comes in an exchange. Mr. Gillespie, while engaged last week in the country on a survey, ran across a tarantula of such unusual size that he felt a desire to possess the animal as a curiosity. To this end he captured it, and improvised a place of deposit from one of a pair of extra boots he had with him. In this he placed the tarantula, and shut him in by a blanket thrust into the boot-leg. Returning home at night the boots with other articles were thrown down and the presence of the tarantula was for the time wholly forgotten. That night being cool, his wife and mother of the child took the blanket to cover the little one and went to bed, little dreaming of a terrible reptile. The tarantula, it seems, had adhered to the blanket when drawn from the boot, and was carried with it to the bed.

It is enough to make one shudder to think of that loathsome animal in the bed of a sleeping babe. Entangled in the blanket and seeking to escape, it must have came in contact with the body of the infant, which probably, excited by its crawling touch, moved so as to excite its ire. The child was bitten and died in a few hours from the poisonous bite.

"Nowhar Near De Top."

It is generally supposed that the "average American" bears the world in his love of big titles, and in his use of them; but the freedman beats his white fellow-citizen all hollow. We hear from Texas of one who is head centre of a lodge—exactly of what sort we don't know, but we suppose it must be a lodge in the wilderness, or, perhaps, in Solomon's phrase, a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. This "culled pusson" will spend two months' wages to "report" at a grand junction "jamboree" of his "lodge." The titles of the officers of these associations are something wonderful. An office-boy down there asked leave of absence for a day to attend a meeting. "Why, Selp," said the master, "I didn't know you belonged to a lodge." "O, yes, boss," replied Africanus, "is: Supreme Grand King, an' ise nowhar near de top nuther." Who shall say that the abolition of slavery was not worth all that it cost?

Thier before the severe judge: "What a disgrace! Are you not ashamed, an old man like you, to be brought here accused of theft?"

"Pardon me, your Honor: de ice braid me undeservedly. I begin stealing when I was very young."

A MAN OF ABILITY:

But He Wasn't Appreciated by the Restaurant Man.

John Forrester was very correctly named, for, until a few days ago, he had spent his life it the woods. Several days ago he threw aside his maul, came to the city, and now handles the somewhat lighter rock hammer. The story of John's downfall shall be briefly related. Shortly after arriving in the city he was attracted by a sign bearing the inscription, "Meals at All Hours." Entering the place, and meeting the proprietor, he said:

"You keep a tavern here, don't you?"

"No; I keep a restaurant."

"I don't know much about your new names; but you feed folks here, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to board here three days, or, I reckon, until I get a job of some kind. I see your sign says 'Meals at all hours.' You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly I mean it. I'll board you three days for three dollars."

"And give me my meals at all hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, take the three dollars. I never set myself up as a regular eater, but I'll buck agin you for the next three days. I think that I can stand her about that long. It's eleven o'clock. Give me something to eat."

A meal was brought out, and quickly dispatched; and remarking that he would be back on time, Mr. Forrester left. At twelve o'clock he came back and ate again.

"You needn't stare at me," he said to one of the waiters.

"You are a regular boarder, are you?"

"The regularest one you've got. I don't intend to miss a meal. I've got a chance now to get even for bein' hungry many a time."

At one o'clock John came back and remarked, as he hung up his hat, "I'm on time. It's one o'clock. Fetch me suthin' to eat." The waiter went away muttering, and brought in rather a slim meal.

"Look a here," said John, "don't try to go back on your contract. I reckon you did rather underrate my ability, but I'm a man."

At two o'clock John came back and took a seat. The proprietor came in and asked him what he wanted.

"I want my dinner, supper or breakfast, just what you are a mind to call it."

"You have already eaten here three times to-day."

"I know that."

"Why do you come again?"

"Because it's two o'clock."

"It is not supper time."

"No, but it's two o'clock time."

"I don't understand you, sir. What do you mean?"

"Your understanding may have been injured by my surprising ability. I came here with the understanding that I was to have my meals at all hours."

"The contract has been adhered to; you have come irregularly."

"No, sir: I've come here regular. It was the agreement that I was to have a meal every hour, and I am agoing to stand up to it if it packs my stomach as tight as a green-melon. You are trying to impose on me because I'm from the country. I have made arrangements with a boy to wake me up every hour to-night, and I'm coming here to eat. That's my business now, and I'll act fair with you, and eat every time. Give me an oyster stew, a can of coffee, and some ball sassags."

The proprietor handed the man three dollars, and requested him to leave. A fight ensued, and John was led away by the police. When he completes his rock pile engagement he will sue the restaurant for damages.

How to Cure a Toothache.

Some months ago an English tourist, lingering in a country church-yard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man, who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face, and the utter dejection of his appearance. "Here at least is one true mourner," thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on the top of a heap of dry mold and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and with his own teeth, extracted a tooth from it.

Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper and put in his pocket. "Can you tell me why he did that?" asked our tourist of an old man who stood beside him during the funeral ceremony. "Ay, surely, your honor; the poor boy was very bad wi' the toothache, an' it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull wi' your aint teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes an' wear it as long as he lives." "You don't tell me so! Do you think the remedy will be effectual?" It's like enough, sir," replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. "It's Ave years, an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since.

The Dark Stock in Ireland.

A good deal is said about "the dark stock" prevailing in the west and south-west of Ireland. But one of the chief sources of that element is entirely overlooked, probably because too recent and too obvious to arrest the attention of the paleolithic and neolithic ethnologists. The source in question is the Spanish, due to the close commercial and even social intimacy maintained by Spain with the west coast of Ireland down to quite recent times. There were important Spanish trading stations at Dingle, Valentia, Cahirciveen, Bantry, Timoleague, Galway and elsewhere. Many of the old houses in these places are built in the Spanish style, and it may not be generally known that Valentia Island was actually held by the Spaniards until expelled during the vigorous administration of Cronwell. Many of the peasantry in Kerry and Galway bear an unmistakable Spanish expression, and this factor ought certainly to be taken into account in dealing with the complicated problem of Irish ethnology.

Prescription—The advantages which accrue to druggists through the use of abbreviated Latin in prescriptions received a good illustration in Boston, the other day. A young man went into a druggist's shop and handed him a prescription on which a few grains of chloride of zinc in a pint of water was ordered in regular prescription form. The total cost at retail was probably about one cent, but the druggist unblushingly asked for seventy-five. When remonstrated with for charging so much for putting up a prescription, the ingredients and cost of which were named to him, he answered that he did not suppose that the customer could read the prescription, and, as he could, only ten cents would be charged. In this state of affairs it seems advisable to learn to read prescriptions.

"Oh, dear! I feel so tired," sighed Mrs. Hickenlooper as she sank into a chair. "Well, I should think you would be," growled Mr. Hickenlooper, as he put on his coat to go out, "you tramped around more'n seven miles this afternoon making your silly calls. I shouldn't call myself half bright if I did such a thing." And then he went down street and walked nine miles around a billiard table poking ivory marbles with a stick, as 25 cents an hour, and she thought how hard he had worked at his business, poor man, when he came home at midnight and dragged his aching limbs into bed. Ladies, women are just like that.

Ferocious Spanish Robbers.

They make a Raid Upon a Congregation in a Spanish Church.

Recently a band of robbers entered Rodes, a Catalan village in Lerida County, Spain. It was Sunday. Nearly all the inhabitants were at church. The curate was in the pulpit preaching a sermon. Three of the robbers boldly stalked into church. They (as indeed all the band were) had their faces smeared with soot, a rifle was slung over their shoulders, a revolver was in their hands, in their belt was a bowie-knife. Elbowing their way to the pulpit, they went up the steps, knocked down the curate, bound him with ropes, threw him on their shoulders and went with their burden to the parsonage. As they quitted the church they warned the congregation that whoever budged would be shot down. Their companions appeared at the door to show this threat to be no idle menace.

Nobody dared move. Once in the parsonage, the poor curate was seated, still bound, on a chair, and ordered to surrender the 1,500 ounces of gold they knew were in his possession. He declared he had no money. They thrust bowie-knives fifteen times in his legs and arms, and as he persisted in his declaration, they put him on his feet and belabored him with a cudgel. He thereupon confessed that he had 3,600 reals, but that this sum was all that he possessed. The robbers lighted a sheaf of wheat and held the poor curate's head over it. His hair, eyebrows and eyelashes took fire. He shrieked with pain. These screams brought his servant, and she ran to ring the alarm bell. The robber felled her to the earth. Furious at being baffled of the 1,500 ounces of gold, which they knew were in the curate's hands, they ordered him to kneel that he might be shot. They were about to execute their cruel design when one of their comrades entered with the 1,500 ounces of gold which, after a long search, he had found, together with some very valuable arms. Thereupon they left. Such was the terror they inspired, no body dared give pursuit.—*Madrid Correspondent.*

Arctic Fruit.

The successful expedition of Professor Nordenskjold has proved that the shores of the Arctic Sea are not so inhospitable as has been generally supposed. Perhaps the most interesting of the minor discoveries made by the learned explorer is the finding of a new remedy against that dread of all navigators and the particular scourge of Arctic expeditions—namely, scurvy. It appears that there was not a single case of this disease during the whole voyage, and this remarkable fact is due not to the employment of lime-juice and other anti-scorbutics in ordinary use, but to the use of a curious little berry, hitherto unrecognized, produced by a plant which finds an ephemeral existence in the snow and ice during the short Arctic summer. The berries, are found in great abundance, and are said to be a favorite fruit with some of the natives of the great ice world. Its flavor resembles that of the raspberry, but is more acid. The mode of preparation adopted on the voyage of the Vega was to dry the berries, and then to preserve them in the milk of the reindeer, which was then allowed to freeze. In this state the fruit can be preserved for an indefinite period.

Remarkable Timepiece.

In an old record is found the following account of a Japanese timekeeper: This clock, in a frame three feet high and five feet long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along, encircling in its windings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly-creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting upon a plum-tree branch, by its wings proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto near by, and, running over the hill, hastily disappeared.

"A Lump in His Throat."

Had he said he was a hundred years old you would have believed him. He was so old and thin and trembling that it was painful to note his progress. In one hand he carried his staff, and in the other a little clay flower-pot with a small rose in it. His limbs finally gave out, and he sat down on the curb-stone to rest. A pedestrian who had known the good old blackman for years passed that way and said:

"Well, Uncle Billy, aren't you lost?"

"Deed, I han't, sah, but dis ole frame o'mine tires out purty quick now-a-days. Ize had a heap o' walkin' th-day, an' Ize gwine back home wid a lump in my front."

"What's the matter, uncle?"

"Did you know dat my ole woman was dead? Yes, sah, she died las' full, jist befo' de snow came. She was tooken off purty quick, wid some sort o' fever. It wasn't much of a fun'rral. I had to go up to de graveyard in de wagon wid de coffin, an' den I stood by while dey buried de body in de poo' field. Tell you, sah, dat was a sad day fur me. It's put de aige on me powerful fast."

"Yes, you have grown old very fast. What's your trouble to-day?"

"Deed, sah, you—see dis little flower? I bought dat to put on her g-grave up dar. 'Scuse my voice, sah, but Ize got de heart-ache, an' I can't keep de tears back!"

"And you've been up there?"

"'Deed I hev. When we buried de body I looked at de trees an' gravestuns an' paths aroun' dar, an' I fought I could walk right to de spot whenever I wanted to. I went up dar dis mawnin' to put dis flower on de grave, but I war all turned 'round, an' I couldn't find de spot. I looked and looked, but twan't no use, an' Ize takin' de flower home agin."

"I wouldn't feel bad, uncle."

"Ize tryin' to brace up, sah, but Ize got so ole and trembly dat I feel like a chile. No, tain't no use to feel bad. I 'spec' de body will rest jest as well widout de flower, only Ize bin feelin' sorter tender hearted o' late, an' I dreamed dat de grave looked lonesome." "Don't worry—it will be all right. The grass will cover the grave and make it look as well as any."

"I reckon it will, sah. I will soon get de tears outer my eys if I kin fink dat way. Joggin' 'long down from de graveyard I war wonderin' if dey would bury my ole body longside o' hers?"

"Perhaps so."

"O! I hope so, sah! I know dat de dead can't talk, nor see, nor feel, but somehow it seems as if we'd boaf rest easier if I war clus by, an' when I go into Heaven I want to be locked arms wid de wife whose love would hev lasted forever but for death. Am you gwine? Wual good by. I'll sot yere fur a little time yet. My ole eyes keep fillin' right up, an' I can't see de way till I grow stron