SHOD WITH SILENCE.

A Tale of the Frontier.

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

As he came over into the boat he brought all his weapons with him, including his rifle, which was grasped in his right hand. Without attempting to make any use of any of them he wheeled to follow his comrade.

It was at this juncture that Jethro sprang forward. In the confusion of the moment he confounded the two Shawanoes, supposing only one was concerned, and that he who turned his back upon him was he whose pressure he still seemed to feel on his mouth.

"I'll teach yo' better manners dan dat!" roared Jethro, throwing his powerful arms around the Shawanoe in such a way as to pin his hands to his sides at the very moment he was about to lean over.

The savage struggled desperately, but the African put forth all his mighty strength and flung him violently upon the bottom of the boat. Still twisting, squirming and writhing, the warrior was hurled again against the planking, Jethro falling heavily upon him.

"I's got you fast, ole chap!" muttered the sturdy youth, "an' yo' can't help yo' self."

The next moment Simon Kenton strode forward, and stooping over scrutinized the painted face of the struggling captive.

"Do you know who've you got, Jethro?" he asked.

"Yas, I's got de chap dat put his foot in my mouf."

"And he is The Panther, chief of the Shawanoes! You've made a powerful big capture."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prisoner of State.

Jethro Juggens was not especially impressed by the fact that the prisoner fighting so desperately to free himself from his grasp was The Panther, one of the most dengerous chiefs of the Shawanoes.

The African had never before heard his name, but not doubting that he was the individual who had pressed his water-soaked moccasin against his mouth when asleep, he proceeded to "teach him better manners," as he had set out to do.

The noise and confusion roused all the sleepers, who peerd affrightedly out from their cabin to learn the meaning of the tumult.

"We are in no danger," explained Mr. Ashbridge stepping over near the women. "An Indian stole on board and Jethro has taken charge of him."

The females hastily arranged their partially removed clothing and came forth to learn more fully what the strange proceedings meant. The men, including Kenton, ranged themselves around the combatants and watched the issue.

Knowing the terrible chieftain who was thus caught, the scout thought it more likely he would have to interfere to prevent The Panther getting the better of Jethro, despite the great disadvantage at which the former was caught.

Had the conditions been equal Jethro must have succumbed, for the Shawanoe was more wiry, skilful and, like most of his race, possessed a peculiar faculty of twisting himself out of the grasp of an antagonist.

It will be remembered that the African had flung his arms around the Shawanoe at the waist, pinning him fast. The grip, too, was from the rear instead of the front, which was more in favor of Jethro. As long as he retained that hold the fearful Panther was an infant in his grasp.

The first thing done by the Shawanoe, when he comprehended how he was seized, was to let go of his cumbersome rifle and try to draw his knife.

He had succeeded in doing this and facing about, he would have slain the negro with lightning-like quickness. It was that against which Kenton was watching, he having hastened to the spot the instant he saw the other had escaped.

"Keep your grip on him, Jethro," called the scout, who, like the rest, began to see the grim humor of the situation. "I you don't he'll kill you with knife or tomahawk."

"Not much he won't!" replied Jethro, who,despite his tremendous pressure and exertions, felt the eel-like antagonist slipping from his arms. The African fell back on the only recourse at command when this took place. Closing his vise-like arms round the straightened ways to the bottom of the boat.

It was the third time he had done so, limbs of the Indian, he hurled him side- but the violence of the last movement was greater than that of the others combined. The Panther landed on his side with so much force that he lay stunned and motionless.

"I guess he won't stick his foot in my more colored gemman's mouf," muttered the panting Jethro, rising to his feet and surveying his prostrate antagonist.

Kenton stepped forward, picked up the Indian's rifle and handed it to Mr. Altman. Then he deftly withdrew the tomahawk and knife from the girder at the waist. The Panther was now without a weapon with which to defend himself.

"I suppose he thought you looked hungry," remarked his employer; "why didn't you bite the moccasin before he could take it away?"

"He didn't guv me a chance," replied Jethro: "I war sound asleep when I thought dat a whale had flapped his tail ober my face. By the time I woke up and knowed what war gwine on he was scootin'. I scooted, too, and grabbed him as he started to sail overboard."

"But, Jethro, he isn't the Indian that stepped on you," said young Ashbridge.

"What yo' talkin' 'bout, marse George?" asked the African with a reproving look at his young friend.

"It's a fact, the Indian who used your face for a door mat, thinking it was only a part of the darkness, jumped into the water and swam away before you were fully awake."

"He speaks the truth," added the elder Ashbridge.

"Den who am dis chap?" asked the puzzled Jethro.

"Kenton told you he was The Panther."

"He ain't no panther; he's an Injun."

"The Panther is his name and he is one of the worst Shawanoes living."

"Why didn't you tole me dat afore?"

"What difference does it make?"

"I would hab handled him more keerful; wouldn't had frowed him down but twice, and would hab picked out a softer place for him to fall onto."

"If you had tried that he would have finished you," said Kenton, whose eyes were fixed on the motionless figure at their feet; "have care, folks; that chap will come to himself in a few minutes."

"What if he does?" inquired Mr. Ashbridge.

"He'll give us the slip; bring a rope and we'll tie him."

It was Agnes Altman who whisked into the cabin and quickly reappeared with the article requested. The hunters and woodsmen of those times often used the leathern fringes of their dress for such purpose, but only in case of necessity.

"Don't be cruel to him," she said in a sympathetic voice, "he didn't step in Jethro's mouth."

"I wouldn't blame him if that was all he done, for I cal'late when that darkey lays down with his mouth open a chap has got to step powerful keerful not to drop into it, but The Panther is a bad varmint and nothing would please him more than to kill your father, mother and all the rest of us."

The gentle girl was shocked to hear these words, but her tender heart was touched with pity for the warrior who had been so roughly used by the burly African, and she hoped nothing further would be done to the captive.

The Panther had fully recovered his senses, but he remained motionless seemingly with closed eyes. He could speak English quite well and lost hardly a word that was uttered.

He was playing "possum," and on the alert for a chance to elude his captors. His weapons having been taken from him, there was no possibility of his recovering any of them, but he could not have been without hope of outwitting his emenies.

When Kenton knelt over him with the rope in one hand he knew the crisis had come. With incredible dexterity he bounded from his prone position and made a desperate effort to leap overboard. He would have succeeded, too, but for the scout.

The latter was expecting such an attempt, and before the chief could carry it into execution he was forced back on the floor of the boat, the strong rope was twisted and tied about his ankles, and then his wrists were fastened behind his back in the same secure fashion.

At last he was absolutely helpless and the rest could stand back and contemplate the fallen chieftain and know there was no possibility of his harming them or getting away.

Now that the threatened peril had been averted and the people on board the flatboat had recovered from their flurry, Altman said to Kenton:

"We have forgotten something."

"What is it?" asked the scout.

"Yonder is the other flatboat; Girty and one at least of the Indians and probably more are on board; our work is not done until we have punished them."

"How shall we do it? The canoe they came in has floated away."

"But we have one of our own on the other side of the flatboat."

"That will carry three of us if it is handled keerfully."

"I think it might hold more, but that is enough—you, Ashbridge and me."

"What is your idee?" asked Kenton.

"Let's paddle over and shoot all of them! When I recall the poor McDougalls—the strong man, the wife, the little child and the aged father—all slain by those fiends, my blood boils. If I was certain that that demon lying there had a hand in it, I would shoot him, even though he is a prisoner bound hand and foot and unable to raise a finger in self-defense."

"He deserves it," replied Kenton, glancing sideways at The Panther, "for that's the style of the varmints when they have us foul, but somehow or other I can't bring myself to strike a man when he's down even if he is a redskin."

"No, it would be beyond pardon, but let's make a fair battle with the other flatboat. Ashbridge and I will be glad to follow if you will lead. Am I right, Norman?"

The three were standing a little apart and spoke in tones too low to be overheard.

"Nothng will please me better; there will be some risk, but it wouldn't be worth undertaking if there wasn't."

"Very well, it suits me," coolly responded the scout, "as soon as we can fix things we'll start, but it wouldn't be a bad idee to larn how matters are on tother boat afore we make 'em a call."

"How can that be done?"

"I'll ask Girty some question; he won't 'spect nothing and will tell me the truth."

"If he does speak with a single tongue, as these redskins have it, his information should be valuable."

"One of you had better step over to The Panther and keep an eye onto him; even though he's tied hand and foot he may manage to play some trick."

Acting on the suggestion, Ashbridge moved across the slight intervening space and joined the group, who were looking down with varying emotions upon the frightful captive.

The Panther, grim and sullen, had worked himself to a sitting position with is back to the planking at the side of the boat, and his bound ankles thrust against one of the boxes, beside which Jethro Juggens was sleeping when roused in the aggravating fashion related.

The fallen chief did not look up, nor were the coppery lips moved in utterance. Prone, sullen, untamable, defiant, he was ready to meet his fate with the same stoicism that he showed when viewing the sufferings of some hopeless captive tied to the stake and with the fagots blazing at his feet.

Assured that nothing further was likely to occur to disturb them, the women and girls once more withdrew to their cabin.

The incident was an exciting one and naturally disturbed all, but one of the strange facts connected with this human nature of ours is the readiness with which it adapts itself to circumstances.

Agnes and Mable made the others promise not to inflict any further indignity upon the captive and fifteen minutes later the girls and their mothers were unconscious.

"I'd lay down and finish my nap," remarked Jethro, "if I could feel sartin dat som oder injun wouldn't try to step into my mouf."

"Why not lay one of the boxes over your mouth?" asked George Ashbridge. "That would protect you."

"Hoof! I'd like to know how I could breve, smarty!" retorted Jethro, turning his back on his young friend and looking for a place to lie down, for his capacity for sleep was hardly less amazing than his appetite for food.

Ashbridge and his father were left alone. The parent explained what had been decided upon by Kenton, Altman and himself.

The youth insisted upon making one of the party, but the parent would not consent, nor would Kenton listen to it—not because of any doubt of the young man's skill and courage, but rather on that account.

It would be the hight of imprudence to leave the women and children, even for a short time, without any protection except that of Jethro Juggens, especially when such a prisoner as The Panther was on board.

Accordingly the three stepped carefully into the canoe drifting alongside and Kenton lifted the paddle which he knew how to handle so well.

"There's one thing I don't understand," whispered Altman to his friend, as the two placed themselves near each other.

"What's that?"

"When Kenton held his last conversation with Simon Girty on the other flatboat, he did not use a word of English. Both spoke in the Shawanoe gibberish."

"Nor do I see the cause of that," replied Ashbridge.

Had the friends understood the reason they would have had no difficulty in comprehending another interesting incident which speedily followed.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Torch.

It need not be said of Simon Kenton that he was one of the best friends the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio ever had. There are men still living who remember the genial old man who attained the age of four score.

He became deeply religious in later years, and was noted as one of the sweetest singers at many of the old-fashioned camp-meetings in the West during the early years of the present century.

Although the hero of some of the fiercest encounters with the red men and one whose daring was never surpassed among a class noted for personal intrepidity, he often showed the sympathetic tenderness of a woman.

It may be said of him that he always fought honorably and fairly and left a name unstained by a single unworthy deed.

It has already been intimated that he was under deep obligations to the man who was his exact opposite in every respect—Simon Girty, the renegade. This ferocious miscreant, of whom scarcely the slightest good can be told, once saved Kenton from being burned to death at the stake by Indians.

It was Girty who sat on a horse and laughed at the wretched Col. Crawford when a horde of warriors and squaws were torturing him and he begged the white man to shoot him and end his misery.

The one service Girty rendered Kenton prevented the latter from seeking the life of him who was the sworn enemy of all his race.

The scout was ready at all times to do his utmost to defeat the plans of the evil person and hesitated not to shoot down his companions in wrong-doing, but he could not visit injury upon the renegade himself.

This will give the key to the conversation between the two at the time it was conducted in the Shawanoe language.

The listening Girty on his boat was quick to comprehend that the scheme of himself and The Panther had miscarried, even before he learned the particulars.

The warrior who effected his escape so cleverly swam desperately back to the flatboat, and made known the disaster that had followed the attempt to outwit the settlers on the other craft.

The disguised voice of Kenton had prevented the renegade from suspecting the truth, and he was puzzling his brain to understand how it had all come about, when to his astonishment he heard himself hailed in tones which he instantly identified and in the tongue of the Shawanoes.

"Wal, Sime, we got the best of you that time."

The renegade felt that the occasion called for considerable forcible language, which he used in demanding further explanation from his old acquaintance.

"That chap you had the talk with awhile ago was me," replied Kenton. "I used another voice, for I was laying low."

"Wal, you did play it on me fine, Kenton. It's the worst trick I ever had worked on me," replied the renegade, who now comprehended it all. "I don't s'pose thar's any need asking you why you done it, but it doesn't beat the trick one of our men played after he got aboard of your boat."

"But it beat the way The Panther managed things."

"What's the matter with The Panther?"

"This is the boat the Ashbridges are on; there are others beside 'em; we're strong 'nough to lick a company twice as big as yours. I'm talking with a single tongue, now, Sime; I seed your canoe leave the other side of the flatboat and knowed what was up. I kept the rest of the folks out of sight and waited for The Panther and the warrior with him."

"I haven't heerd any gun fired, so I reckon The Panther's all right."

"There's where you're mistook; we've got him here tied hand and foot."

"Is that honest, Sime?"

"As true as gospel."

"I s'pose you'll lift his ha'r and send him under."

"Not while he's a prisoner; I'll give him a chance and then it'll be him or me."

"I pity him," was the complimentary remark of the renegade; "but don't forgit, Kenton, that he'll fight like the devil."

"That suits me; it'll make things powerfully interesting."

"Why are you speaking in Shawanoe?"

"'Cause I don't want my friends to understand what we say."

"Why not?"

"I want to give you warning; we're coming over in a few minutes in our canoe to attack you; they're detarmined and I can't make any good excuse agin it."

"'Spose we stay and fight it out?"

"It'll be bad for you; take my advice and leave."

"How soon are you comin'?"

"Inside of five minutes; I'm doing this, Sime, 'cause of the favor you once done me; don't wait, go at once."

"I'll be gone when you arrive."

"What about the varmints with you?"

"Thar's only two; they'll go with me."

"You're showing good sense, for it's all that will save you."

This in substance is what passed between Kenton and Girty just before the canoe left the side of the flatboat with three fully armed men to assail the party that had exterminated the McDougall family. The reason why the Shawanoe tongue was used is apparent to the reader.

Nothing in the manner of the ranger, however, indicated the harmless double dealing on his part. He handled the paddle with noiseless skill, and warned his companions to be silent and on the alert.

"We've got a powerful advantage," he whispered, "'cause they won't be looking for nothing of the kind; nevertheless and howsumever, I'll paddle down stream and come round by the bow where they won't be so likely to obsarve us."

He carried out this plan. Without approaching the flatboat he sent the canoe skimming with the current until so far below the big craft that it was barely discernible through the gloom. Then, with the same caution, he turned and paddled strait for the boat of their enemies.

"I'll lead the way over the side, if all's clear," he added, checking the canoe under the sloping stern. "There don't seem to be any one on the watch, but wait till I give the word. If we git on board without them seeing us we've got 'em."

Ashbridge and Altman followed instructions in spirit and letter. Firmly grasping their rifles, they sat motionless in the small boat and watched their guide, who stepped from it so deftly as to cause no perceptible jar. Then he silently vanished.

This brought the trying moment. The waiting friends expected each second to hear the sounds of furious conflict and held themselves ready to rush to the help of their guide, but everything remained still.

Although Kenton knew what to expect, since he was aware of what had taken place, he moved about the boat as one moves who is "shod with silence." He went from end to end, peered everywhere and left unexamined no place that could have sheltered a cat.

Returning to the stern he leaned over and spoke in an undertone:

"Every one of 'em has gone!"

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed Altman, stepping out of the smaller into the larger craft. "That's too bad."

"Are you certain there's no mistake about it?" asked Ashbridge.

"Not a bit of it; the boat is ours, for there's nobody to fire a gun or strike a blow."

Not doubting for a moment the word of the scout, the two passed from stem to stern as a person repeatedly searches the same spot for a lost article.

"Now what do you want to do?" asked Kenton when they returned to where he had seated himself.

"There's nothing to do but to go back to our own boat."

"That's all true, but what do you want to do with this boat? It has some lumber in it that'll come powerful handy when you build t'other house, as I reckon you mean to do for Mr. Altman and his folks."

There was force in the remark of the scout. The lumber composing the flatboats of the settlers and pioneers who floated down the Ohio possessed great value to them and was scrupulously preserved.

It was the intention of the little company to erect a separate building for the Altmans as soon as it could be done, and the two crafts would yield enough material to lessen that work to a considerable degree.

"One of us can stay aboard," said Ashbridge, "and he will have no trouble in working the boat."

"Not unless Mr. Girty and some of his friends take a notion to make a call."

"In which event the one in charge can do just as he has done."

"Provided you have the chance to do so. What do you think of it, Kenton?"

"There's not much danger of your being bothered by the varmints; we're too close and the clearing isn't fur off; besides, we won't start afore daylight."

So the matter seemed settled. The arrangements specified was about to be carried out when Ashbridge turned to the guide.

"Are you convinced that none of the McDougalls escaped?"

"Not one of 'em is alive," replied Kenton with a shake of his head.

"They might have been made prisoners—that is some of them—and carried away."

I wish I could think so, but I know the varmints took no prisoners here."

"Pardon me, Kenton, for wondering how it is you can be absolutely sure on that point."

The hunter looked steadily at the other for a moment without speaking. In the faint moonlight Ashbridge felt that those wonderful blue eyes were fixed upon him with piercing power. When Kenton spoke his words were hardly above a whisper, but they were as clear as the notes of a bugle.

"I've seed the 'sign.'"

"Where?"

"Here on this flatboat—everywhere; haven't you seed it?"

"No," replied Ashbridge, suspecting the fearful meaning of the words just spoken; "were all killed on the boat?"

"Every one of 'em," was the impressive reply; "when I was looking through afore I told you how it was searched for 'signs.' They was everywhere, as I said; there didn't one of the four git away; I thought mebbe they would spare the little girl and wife, but they were killed, scalped and flung overboard by Girty and the varmints."

No need for Kenton to explain further. Despite the gloom he had noted the plentiful evidences of the tragedy, so overwhelming in their nature, that not a shadow of doubt could remain.

"I want to leave this boat without a minute's delay," said Altman with a shudder; "it's haunted by my friends; I wouldn't tarry for the world and could never sleep a wink in a house containing one stick of this timber; I shiver now when I reflect upon what has taken place here."

"I share your feelings," added Ashbridge; "we want nothing more to do with this craft, Kenton."

The ranger looked at them again as if in doubt of their real thoughts. Then he said:

"We don't want to leave it for Girty and the varmints, for when they find we've left and there's no risk about it they'll be back on the craft and do what they can to trap others."

"How can we prevent that?"

"Easy enough; burn the flatboat."

"The right thing to do! It will be an appropriate ending to its career," assented Altman; "these timbers are dry enough to catch and burn readily."

"No trouble 'bout that," said Kenton.

The savages who captured the craft had left hardly a shred or splinter of the boxes and luggage that were on board, but it was easy to gather enough to form a pile of combustibles near the cabin at the rear. This was carefully arranged by the scout, who produced his flint, steel and tinder, the only means of ignition known in those days.

The streaming sparks shot from the quick contact of stone and metal quickly caught, the flame began creeping through the pile, fanned by the breath of the scout, and a few minutes later the flatboat, the scene of the woeful tragedy, was doomed.

CHAPTER XV.

The White Cross.

From the time the three men left one flatboat to paddle to the other, fully twenty minutes elapsed. During that period the only persons awake on the last were The Panther, young George Ashbridge and Agnes Altman.

It has been said that when the women and children withdrew to the cabin, after the startling occurrence in which Jethro Juggens bore so prominent a part, all sank into slumber. Such was the fact, but a burden oppressed the heart of Agnes which disturbed not the others.

The last sight of the captive showed him sitting near the cabin, with his back against the heavy planking of the side and his feet partly extended and touching one of the heavy boxes in front.

His hands were fastened behind his back, causing him to lean slightly over and his head was bowed. He was the picture of despair. Not a word escaped him, nor did he move a muscle. Had he been carved in stone he could not have been more mute and motionless.

The sight so troubled the girl that before she had slept ten minutes her eyes opened, with her thoughts still upon the hapless captive.

She had been told that The Panther was a cruel warrior, whose hands were deeply stained with the blood of innocent people, that he had slain mothers and babes, and was on an errand of murder when he fell into the trap set for him.

All this and doubtless much more was true, but it could not extinguish the sympathy that moved her to rise on one elbow and peer through the entrance to the cabin.

Upon lying down the second time she had not removed her clothing, and in the small space she knew how to move about without disturbing any of the friends near her.

Peeping out Agnes saw the Shawanoe hardly two yards distant, just as she had seen him after bidding the others good night. Although she had been asleep but a few minutes, the time seemed much longer, as is the case with all of us when roused under similar circumstances.

"Poor man," murmured the girl, "he has been sitting that way for an hour or more; his heart is broken."

The moon was near the zenith. In climbing the sky it had shaken aside the obscuring clouds so that it shone down with the full power of its dimness upon forest, river and flatboat. It fell upon the head of the terrible chieftain of the Shawanoes as he sat bowed in silent desolation.

The Panther, unlike his companion, had not been in the water. He had paddled to the side of the larger craft and come over the side in regulation style. So it was that his garments were dry and the eagle feathers in his hair unmoistened.

The Shawanoe possessed more natural covering for his head than most of his people. Three colored feathers were thrust among the labyrinths on his crown and pointed upward as though winging the arrows that had been launched by some celestial archer.

A few of the coarse black locks were looped and tangled on his shoulders, but most of them rested on his breast, one strand reaching to his waist. The left shoulder, the nearest to the peering Agnes, divided a heavy lock, so that one-half lay in front and the other back of the shoulder.

Agnes noted in the moonlight the double row of bears' claws encircling the neck, the fringe of deerskin below the girdle at the waist in which had reposed the frightful knife and tomahawk (for the Indian carries his hunting knife differently from the white man), the arm bare to the shoulder and disclosing slight muscular development (the American race being notably deficient in that respect), the skirt similar to that worn by Kenton, the leggings and their fringes and the moccasins, ornamented with many-colored beads. All these she had observed before and gave them only a glance.

It was upon the head and face of the fallen chieftain that she fixed her attention. The hair, flung forward, shut most of the features from sight, but between the fringe of dangling locks the moonlight disclosed the outlines of the forehead and large nose, the rest being veiled by the interposing hair.

In the center of the forehead the chieftain had made a rude cross with white paint. All below was stained of a different color and could not be clearly seen.

The pale rays encircled the upper part of the Shawanoe's face as with a halo and imparted a beautiful significance to the emblem, whose full meaning had never penetrated his brain.

The two white lines, intersecting each other, had probably been traced by the coppery finger, as had the other crude figures invisible in the faint illumination, but to the awed Agnes it seemed as if the hand of heaven had intended the cross as a call to mercy, grace and forgiveness.

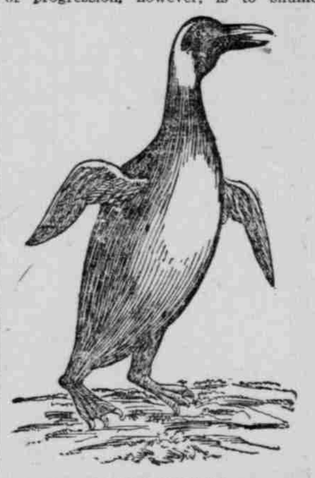
The fierce words of Kenton led her to fear he intended to put The Panther to death in punishment for his manifold dark deeds. Should it not be hers to interpose and do the will of one whose forgiving kindness is infinite?

(Continued Next Week.)

THE PENGUINS.

The Peculiar Habits of These Queer Amphibious Birds.

These amphibious birds, found only in southern latitudes, present to the spectator a very singular appearance from the fact that the legs, which are very short, are placed so far back that the bird sits in a perfectly erect position, while the wings (quite destitute of feathers) are modified into paddles, useless indeed for flight, but capable of being employed as an extra pair of legs when the creature is in haste to escape from pursuit. At such times so rapid are its movements that it might easily be mistaken for a quadruped. Its general mode of progression, however, is to shuffle



THE PENGUIN.

along on the feet alone, the wings hanging down like broken arms, the body giving a half turn at every step and the feet crossing each other.

Where penguins are found at all, they are found in prodigious numbers, as at the Falkland islands, where their deep, resonant cries add greatly to the dreary desolation of the place. While on land their habit of sitting together in long rows, with their bluish backs contrasted with the white breast, gives them a ludicrous resemblance to an infant school of white-aproned children. The female bird lays only one egg, large and of a grayish white color. If disturbed during incubation she will shuffle away at a rapid rate, rolling the egg along between her feet till she reaches a place of safety.

The solitary young bird is covered with fluffy gray wool and is so abundantly fed by both parents that is soon becomes almost too fat to move. They feed on cuttle fish and various crustaceans. There are many species of this bird, the crested variety being really handsome, its bright, golden topknot, which can be erected at pleasure, giving it a very conspicuous appearance. It abounds in dreary Patagonia and is, like all penguins, a very noisy bird.

Last of the Dumas.

He, too, suffers, it is said, from an affection of the liver, and it is also said that he broods over the fact that he is the last of his name. Gen. Dumas, the whole-souled, dare-devil soldier, a full-blooded negro from Martinique, Dumas pere, the living incarnation of gayety and geniality, who was commonly supposed to have fused much of his own cheery personality into the character of D'Artagan, that most lovable of scamps and most winning of vagabounds, both seemed to have escaped the melancholy that is popularly supposed to be the characteristic of their race, and which fell like a pall on the shoulders of their octoroon descendant. For whether it be the effect of his illegitimate birth, which weighed heavily upon him, or his joyless and persecuted childhood, so graphically described in the Affaire Clemenceau, the genius of the oyunger Dumas has always been sad and cynical, his laughter is a sneer, his comedy sardonic, and his greatest creations, excepting the Dame aux Camellias, which was an idealized portrait of his love, are those which show civilized human nature in its worst phases, and delineate graphically the possibilities of total depravity. The last of the Dumas dynasty is now the best exponent of that cynical bitterness which underlies the froth of and frivolity of the French nature and characterizes the final years of the dying century. His departure would not, like that of Garrick, lessen the harmless gayety of nations, but France has lost of late too many of her great literary lights not to hope that the cloud that obscures this particular one will blow aside, leaving Dumas's fin de siecle brilliancy more luminous than ever.

Practical, Though Poetical.

'Tis a poet who furnishes the consoling assurance—
But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right.
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

And Pope years ago gave this pointer:
She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

An Original Remedy.

The idea has been suggested that in certain well known conditions of hysteria a judiciously administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to every one is the perverseness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary means of cure, and it is just possible that the queerer the remedy the more suitable it may prove.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills.

THE PRESIDENTS' LETTERS.

WHAT A FULL SET COSTS A COLLECTOR.

Washington's, $75—Taylor's, Lincoln's and Johnson's, $40 Each—Others Range as Low as $2.

It is a novel yet indeed a valuable collection that has just been presented the Millicent library, Fairhaven, by H. H. Rogers. It is a collection of autograph letters by seventeen of our long line of presidents of the United States.

These letters were collected by Mr. William E. Benjamin, son-in-law of Mr. Rogers, and a connoisseur in such things as autograph letters.

These particular letters are each well-authenticated, single-page specimens, and are framed, each in a handsome oak frame with a steel engraving of the writer. At present only seventeen have been secured on account of the difficulty of obtaining single-page specimens, but as soon as secured the others will be added.

It would be hard to collect a full line of presidential letters written in the white house, and such a collection would be worth not far from $1,000. This collection is not such a one, but two and a half years were occupied in gathering it.

The rarest of these letters, and the most difficult to secure, was that of as recent a president as Andrew Johnson, because of his well-known illiteracy. It is stated that Johnson could not even write his name till after his marriage, and that then his tutelage was imparted by his wife.

On account of this inability to talk fluently on paper, Johnson seldom wrote much.

Another president who seldom committed his thoughts to paper was Zachary Taylor—old "Rough and Ready"—a man more powerful with the sword than with the pen. His letters are few, and mostly are in possession of collectors.

One would think perhaps that Washington's letters would be particularly hard to find, but as a matter of fact his are about third in point of rarity.

Fourth in the list is Abraham Lincoln, whose letters, while by no means few in number, have always been so popular among collectors, that only a limited supply now exists.

One peculiarity of Lincoln's letters—and characteristic of the man, it is, too—is that he seldom wrote a line without saying something. Single page specimens are more plentiful than longer ones.

Among the rarest letters collectors are looking for are those written by William Henry Harrison while he was president. As his term occupied but one month he wrote very few letters. The commercial value of one of these is about $75 to $100.

Speaking of commercial values of autograph letters, it is interesting to not what incidents will radically affect them. For instance, Polk was a verbose writer, seldom covering less than two pages. Till recently Polk's letters were worth $6 each, but suddenly some one found a barrel of them, and the market value is now only about $2.50.

Any incident of historical or biographical moment referred to in a letter will greatly enhance its value. As an instance of this, take Gen. Grant's letters, which are usually worth $10 to $15.

One letter from him to a friend written when he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, a cadet at West Point, is interesting in that it is signed U. H. Grant. His name was Ulysses Hiram. This is worth about seventy-five dollars.

Another of his letters is valued at $35 because it refers to Gen. Logan as a "—— old blackguard," and indicates unpleasantness between these two noted soldiers and statesmen and generally stanch friends.

The letters in this collection are valued as follows:

George Washington	$75 00
John Adams	20 00
Thomas Jefferson	10 00
James Madison	9 00
James Monroe	2 00
John Quincy Adams	7 00
Martin Van Buren	2 50
William Henry Harrison	12 50
John Tyler	4 50
James K. Polk	2 50
Zachary Taylor	40 00
Millard Filmore	3 00
Franklin Pierce	2 50
James Buchanan	2 00
Abraham Lincoln	40 00
Andrew Johnson	40 00
Rutherford B. Hayes	2 50
	$285 00

Among those presidents whose letters in single-page specimens are difficult to find, and which have not yet been found for this colection, are: James A. Garfield, valued at $7.50; Chester A. Arthur, $7.50; Grover Cleveland, $3.50, and U. S. Grant, $10 to $15. Mr. Benjamin is still looking for proper specimens of these, and expects to find them soon.

Mr. Rogers will try to secure a letter from Mr. Cleveland touching on the library itself, and perhaps may, next summer, ask President Cleveland to visit Fairhaven and write the letter in the building at the librarian's desk.

The letter from George Washington is a private one to his favorite nephew, Bushrod. In it we see the "father of his country" in the light of an uncle, as a private citizen—a view we seldom get of our public men:

MOUNT VERNON, Jan. 16, 1789.—Dear Bushrod: The man who lives in my house in town is there, I am told, on courtesy and was only to have reasonable previous notice to remove. Under these circumstances, if you can make the house and stable (for of the latter there was once a very good one) convenient for your purposes, you shall be welcome to the use of them. This lott was once inclosed, but has no fence, I believe at present; otherwise, as you talked of a garden, it would make a very good one as the ground has a good exposure.

"When you have a stable, I will give you a load of Hay, if you think it worth sending for. My waggens being incompetent to the supply of my own stables, having Hay and Wood to draw some distance.

"Your aunt requests your care of the enclosed. Our compliments offered to Nancy and yourself—and I am

Your affecte uncle & friend
"G. WASHINGTON."

John Adams, the second president, wrote the following friendly letter:

"PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 18, 1794.—Dear Sir: Mr. Robert Denison, an English gentleman from Nottingham, in England, proposes to visit the city of Washington. If you can show him the city or any other attentions you will oblige me. He belongs to wealthy and worthy family of Dissenters who have it in contemplation to fly from persecution. He is recommended to me by one of the most benevolent men in England. I am, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"William Cranch, Esq."

Thomas Jefferson wrote as follows:

"In Council, June 15, 1780.—Sir: The resolution of assembly of the 9th instant for calling in the Convention officers to the barracks and an advice of Council in conformity therewith, but prescribing some additional precautions, I sent to Col. Wood, the inclosed letter from him in answer thereto, came to hand this morning by express, who waits final determination on the subject. Objections arise to the measures ordered and others are therein suggested which seem to merit consideration and which the assembly would be pleased to decide on and give such further directions as they think proper for their full information as to the measures already taken. I inclose a copy of the advice of the Council before mentioned.

"I have the honor to be with greatest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedt & most humble sevt.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"The Hon. the Speaker."

Old Hickory wrote the following communication:

"11 Oct. 1821.

"Dr Sir—I am desirous of sending to a friend in New York $300, and for this purpose would prefer to obtain a check on the branch of the U. S. bank in that city. The name of my friend is P. A. Vandorim. Mr. Donelson will hand you a check for this amount here, and I shall be obliged to you to substitute for it a check for the same amount payable at New York. Very respectfully,

"yr. servt.,
"ANDREW JACKSON."

The letter of John Quincy Adams was written when he was United States minister to Holland. The handwriting is the most beautiful in the whole collection, and in many respects is very like copper plate, so carefully and neatly are the characters formed.

"Old Tippecanoe" was apparently having his picture painted when he wrote:

"NORTH BEND, 22d May, 1840—My Dear Sir: I had the pleasure to receive from Mr. Hoyt yesterday yr note of the 9th inst. I did not hesitate to give him my promise to go up to —— on Monday night to commence my sitting to him, although I am heartily wearied of such operations. The affair to which your two last notes have referred has been satisfactorily settled to the satisfaction of Colo P., as the agent of Mr. K., and I have only to offer to yourself & our friend Mr. Curtis my sincere thanks for efficient part which you took in it. Be pleased to present my best respects to Mr. Webster. Yours Very truly,

"W. H. HARRISON."

"P. S.—Our cause is I think progressing throughout the West more than at any former period."

"Old Rough and Ready's" letter was as follows:

"Hone. I. M. Caton—My Der Sir: I understand that Capt. Godard will be ready to set out for N. Orleans tomorrow by way of Mobile in connection with the business spoken of yesterday & probably Mr. Carlile also. I must therefore request you will if possible make out such instructions as may seem to you necessary & proper in the course of the day to be laid before the cabinet at 8 o'ck this evening, at which time I have requested the several members to meet you. Mr. Johnson has been telegraphed to be present at the time referred to. Truly your frien, Z. TAYLOR."

"Washington City, June 9, 1850."

James Buchanan wrote the following letter while he was a member of the Twenty-first congress:

"H. R. WASHINGTON, 11 Feb. 1827.

"Dear Sir—I take leave to call your attention to two letters addressed to you by Gen. Porter, the one dated the 28 October and the other the 8 January last. He has been placed in a very unpleasant situation, by what I trust may be permitted without offense to call the neglect of the department in not answering his letters. I am certain, however, this neglect has not been intentional.

"The settlement made by him and Lieut. Thomas was ratified by the auditor-general of Pennsylvania & immediately forwarded to you. Has this settlement been ratified? or if not, what obstacles exist? Gen. Porter is now pressed by the executive of Pennsylvania for answers to these questions & the public will scarcely believe that he has not neglected this business, although such is certainly not the case.

"I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you on Monday next. Yours respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN."

"Col. Bomford."

As has been said, Abraham Lincoln could say more in a word or write more in a line probably than any man in American history. The following is a sample. It says all that its writer means it to, yet it does not border on verbosity with exhaustive explanation. He needs no explanation:

"WASHINGTON, May 3, 1848.

"Mr. J. T. Towers:

"Dear Sir—I understand that the speech of Mr. Wick of Indiana is printed at your office. Please send to the folding room for me 300 copies of it and oblige. Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN."

Here is Andrew Johnson's letter:

"HOUSE OF REPS, June 13, 1849.

"Sir—Will you be kind enough to send me a letter that I put in the P O box this morning as I came to the house of Reps. —The letter is directed to Mr. James C. Envin, Little Muddy, Tenn., and Frank by me. I have the honor to be

"A. JOHNSON."

The collection will be hung on the walls of the library, and is open to inspection at any time.—New Bedford Standard.

LORD DUNRAVEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

What the Owner of the Valkyrie Has Done to Merit Attention.

Lord Dunraven took his seat in the house of lords as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, who subsequently offered him a minor post in the government. But at that time the young traveler took but little part in politics, and so declined the flattering invitation. His real entry into public life, and, in fact, the foundation of his subsequent career as a politician, are due to an article which he wrote in the New York World on Mr. Gladstone's famous attack on Lord Beaconsfield. The article obtained much attention at the time and attracted the notice of the conservative chief, who was much struck at the clever criticism of the young liberal peer. An acquaintance sprang up between Lord Beaconsfield and the writer, which later on ripened into friendship, and probably had something to do with Lord Dunraven joining the conservative party.

His early speeches were chiefly on foreign policy, and the intimate knowledge he showed respecting treaties of all kinds was an additional link between him and the leader of his new party. His favorite theme was Egypt, and he rarely missed an opportunity of condemning Mr. Gladstone's policy in respect to that country. Later on he interested himself more especially in colonial affairs. Here his personal acquaintance with the North American colonies stood him in good stead, and gained him the ear of the house of lords. Thus it was scarcely surprising that when Lord Salisbury came into office he chose him as under secretary of state for the colonies, a post he again filled on the return of the conservatives to power in 1886.

A Rose Maiden.

If any of the girls have birthdays—and of course they all do have—here is a pretty game for