

## ANSELMI AND THE HARE.

Anselmi, the priest from Italy, who when the poet Dante named the greatest saint in history, whose high wisdom justly claimed obedience from monks and kings, who, as it chanced upon a day, where stately English trees outstretched their spreading boughs along the way.

From out the wood there rushed a hare, with following hounds on her track; a voice and hand were lifted up. The good priest made the sign of the cross.

They paused amazed, for wild with fright, the trembling creature swiftly sprang beneath his horse, as if she saw. Her hopes of safety on him hung.

"Behold," he spoke with gentle voice, "how she beneath my horse's foot hath sought a refuge. Think ye not, to send her safely forth were meet?"

"In need man flees to God for aid, that mercy which he seeks on high, shall he not grant the thence his aid? That, fearful, shrinks, afraid to die?"

Then sped the hare into the wood, with bounding leaps and nerves astrain. And, with a blessing for each man, Anselmi, the priest, rode on again.

N. Y. Independent.

## THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

Fort Ludlow is a beautiful place to the few people from the city who, nervous and tired from a long winter of overwork, go down there in the sunny springtime for a day's rest. When, upon landing from the little transfer steamer you are received by an officer, the number of whose stripes immediately decides in the minds of the garrison your position in the world, and taken to his quarters, there to receive the hospitality of the fort; when, later, you wander out alone upon the green, grass-grown ramparts, and look away over the sparkling blue water which nearly surrounds you, then you feel as if at last you had reached a place of absolute rest and peace from the everyday worries of life. You envy those blue-tinted wooden pilings stones with the great derrick far down towards the water's edge, you smile contentedly to yourself as with half-closed eyes you dreamily breathe in the salt air, and just before you sink off into your sunnap, you think "This soldier's life is certainly the pleasantest and most peaceful in the world." I know that this is what you would do and think for so thousands have done and thought, and so—which, by the way, is far more important to this story—I myself have done and thought.

But a little later I was awakened from my comfortable nap upon the ramparts, and taken, most unnecessarily, as it seemed to me to call upon the officers' mess. There it was that I began to think differently of the pleasures of this soldier's life. We began at the colonel's house and never finished until we had said our last glad farewell to the little wife of one of the lieutenants. All the ladies were most hospitable, insisted upon our drinking tea and eating crackers, and refused utterly to allow us to tire ourselves by talking, they themselves attending to that part of the entertainment. And, curiously enough, they all said the same thing in a slightly different way. Each spoke of the long, lonesome winters at the fort, when for days communication with the city was shut off, each said how good it was to see new faces, and each, with the exception of the colonel's wife, who talked about all the rest, had something to say or intimate about the wife next highest in command. The talk was of a general, but very suggestive nature. The lieutenant's wife had a "but" for the captain's better half; the latter lady smiled knowingly when the major's wife was mentioned, and asked if we had yet met young Lieut. Bowles. The major's wife said she was so sorry for the colonel, with his large family and young wife, who, of course, being only a step-mother, could not have had much experience. When finally we had finished our round of calls and were wandering slowly outside the walls, I said to my friend, "Life here is hardly as pleasant as it at first looks. Hey! old man?" and my friend only smiled.

All of which goes to show that things in the old days being much as they are now, the heroine of my friend's story led anything but a happy life, and, upon the whole, proved herself a noble woman by deciding and acting as she did. It proves, moreover, that my friend's conclusion was correct. As we lay outside the ramparts, in the warm afternoon sun he told this tale.

"During the war this fort was commanded by Col. Baxter. He was a brave old man, of more use out of the active fighting than in it, and just the officer to command this place, which at the time was of some importance from the fact that it served as a prison for Southern captives. They told odd stories of old Baxter, and from all accounts he was not of the mildest disposition towards his prisoners or his own men. Of all who suffered from the colonel's tyranny, however, the most tried was his young wife. She had been married to him by her parents when she was still very young, and having gained a right to his name and money, had lost, as it seemed, all hope of happiness. The old man undoubtedly loved her, as was often proved by the license he allowed her in many things, but he loved her in a way that could call for no response, and he made her life most wretched. To add to her distress she was almost worshipped by every officer in the fort, and as a consequence sincerely hated by their wives.

"So matters stood here at the fort in midwinter of '63. There were at the time few prisoners confined here, and, if the colonel had chosen the life might have been almost pleasant. As it was the only bright spot in the long, monotonous days was in the morning visit of the colonel's wife to prisoners. The old man's permission that this daily visit might be paid had cost the young woman much pleading and many tears, but now that it was accomplished, the deed of charity seemed to bring a little joy into her sad life.

## ON ETNA'S PEAKS.

ITEMS OF THE LATE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

Some Notable Convulsions of the Earth in Years Gone By—Hot Lava Streaming Down the Mountain Sides—The St. Germain Tragedy.

THE ERUPTION of Mount Etna, and the fall of the Bionnassay glaciers at Mont Blanc, were the two natural convulsions which startled Europe this year.

Of the two, the fall of the Bionnassay glaciers, though the minor convulsion, was the more appalling, for as it turned out it resulted in the greater loss of life. The eruption of Mount Etna has yet caused none. An attendant earthquake did indeed do great damage to the village of Giarre, which lies directly to the east side of the volcano, a black and desolate space three miles in width bounded on three sides by perpendicular cliffs from 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. But no lives seemed to have been lost in Giarre, and though the lava flow threatened Nicolosi, which is a little town at the foot of the mountain, consisting of one long street bordered by one-story cottages of lava, which in the eruption of 1856 was safe by only a few hundred yards when the lava ceased rolling toward it.

Mount Etna is located in the north-east portion of the island of Sicily, adjacent to the sea and near the city of Catania. It is an isolated mountain of conical form, and separated from the other mountains of Sicily by the valley of the river Alcantara. It is 10,935 feet in height, and has a circumference, at its base, of 90 miles. Its volcanic phenomena are presented on a greater scale than those of any other European volcano, and attracted great attention from the ancients.

Eighty-one eruptions are recorded since Etna has had a history, the earliest in the time of Pythagoras, the most recent in 1874. Of these not more than nineteen have been of extreme violence, while the majority have been of a slight and comparatively harmless character. The recent eruptions were in the years 1868, 1874, 1879, 1883 and 1886, that of 1868 being the last to be classed among the exceptional disturbances. The eruption of 1886 commenced on May 18 and continued until the first week in June. There were premonitory symptoms in the form of earthquakes and a fall of hot cinders, which were thrown as far as Messina, some eighty miles distant. A lava stream was then seen to be issuing from a crater in the side of Monte Penitello, about a mile south of the English house where the government observatory is situated. Twenty-four hours afterward streams of lava were seen coming out at seven other points, and a day later these seven new volcanoes all joined the principal crater, so that red hot lava was poured down simultaneously in a volume nearly two miles in breadth. The rate of descent was reckoned at an average of

"The colonel never saw a letter which a year or two afterwards came to his wife. He was not in the room to see the tears come slowly to her eyes as she read the words:

"That night when I saw your face in the dusk, looking at me, while you pointed with your hand in the other direction, then for the first time did I realize the risk you ran, and I felt ashamed to profit by your danger. You saved my life, and gave to me the woman who is now my wife. From the promise I made to you she will never know your name, but she joins with me in wishing all happiness to the colonel's wife."

My friend ceased and pointing across the ditch said, "That window was away is where the man escaped, the sentry box against which you are leaning is where the colonel's wife stood. She had a hard time, poor thing, and might have done worse, but then, after all, a soldier's isn't the pleasantest life."—Halsey DeWolf, in Harvard Advocate.

## HE'D STARVE FIRST.

He Loved Chicken Sandwich Much, But Pennies More.

At Perryville, on the Pennsylvania railroad, a thin old man with a mouth like a cruller climbed on board of a south-bound train. He carried an umbrella tied up with a shoestring, and an old valise which looked as if it had been with Lou at Appomattox.

He sat down on a cross seat near the door, deposited his property and beckoned to a train boy who was passing with a basket of sandwiches. "Get anything ter eat, young feller?"

"Sandwiches—ham, chicken and tongue."

"Are they fraish?"

"Certainly."

"There ain't no 'certainty' about it," objected the old man emphatically. "the sandwich business is ticklish in hot weather."

"They're fresh," said the boy impatiently. "only been made an hour."

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"No wings, sir, all clear meat."

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"Can't, sir, they are all wrapped up. Take one?"

"How much do you ask for 'em?"

"Ten cents."

"Great day 'n' mornin'!" gasped the old man, horror-stricken. "ten cents for two bites of bread and a smelt of chicken! I'm hungry enough to eat a peckaxe, but I'm game and I tell you, before I pay ten cents for one little sandwich, I'll set here and roll my eyes and swallow all the way to Bowtimmer."

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## THE STORY OF A WATCH.

PRIVATE CONDON LOST A WHISKER FOR ITS SAKE.

The Rajah Lost Three Teeth, the Captain Got His Watch and the Thief Got a Little Lift on the Downward Road.

"What a magnificent watch!" The remark was a natural one. I was showing a friend one of the most valuable jeweled watches ever made, which had become my property by inheritance. It was a double case gold watch of the old turnip variety.

The outer case, which was of thick gold, was simply incrustated with emeralds and diamonds the former being particularly fine and the watch itself was as perfect as skill could make it.

"Yes, it is," I answered, "but I always feel somewhat ashamed of owning it. We came by it in a rather shady way, I think."

"How was that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I had an uncle who was an officer in the East India service, and it was through him we came into possession of the watch. I have heard him tell the story more than once of how he managed to get hold of it, and it is not a bad example of what risks a man will take to get the price of a drink. Let me tell it as my old uncle used to."

"We were stationed at Rangoon in '55, and the heat there was something awful. Except the fellows of the regiment, the general command, the station and a few civilians there was nobody to talk to. The rajah of the province, who had a splendid palace near by, had no love for the Europeans, though we had been called out once to save the obese old wretch from the just vengeance of his subjects, whom he feared right and left."

"It had been a warmer day than usual and the limp Europeans had not even the energy to play rackets. It was a day to be devoted to the indolent 'peg.' After mess men sat out on the veranda smoking and cursing India. There was suddenly quite a stir of excitement. The colonel had come down from his bungalow and was talking with the senior major and adjutant. We all wondered what could have brought Old Blazes out at this hour of night. We soon learned, however, that he had been attacked by one of our men in his own grounds and robbed of a watch and chain by a private of our regiment."

"The next day there was the dickens to pay. The political commissioner had a chance of airing his authority, and mixed Pickles' the general, between twinges of his disgraced liver, gave vent to awful threats, and confined the regiments to their cantonments."

"Every endeavor was made to discover the culprit and an order had been issued that if the man would give himself up he would be treated as leniently as possible, but should be held identified later on by the rajah deal would be the penalty. The rajah was in the mean time nursing his rage at home. He had lost three teeth in the encounter, and his lip was badly cut."

"Among the prisoners brought up before me the morning after the robbery were Privates Patrick Condon and John Bennett the one an Irishman, the other a cockney, who, however, were great chums. Their crime was fighting. Their faces were quite sufficient evidence. The cause I learned was that Bennett had cut the jaw of Condon's whiskers, of which he was particularly proud, while the latter was in a drunken sleep. As it had been a fair square-up fight, and they were both excellent soldiers I forgave them, and the battered warriors made a bee-line for the canteen."

"It was a week after this that the regiment was ordered to parade for the purpose of the rajah's identifying his assailant. It was an early morning parade, but I could not help noticing that Pat Condon had evidently renewed the contest. Both he and Bennett were badly bruised again."

"The regiment was drawn up in line with open ranks. The rajah moved slowly down, escorted by the general, the colonel and the political commissioners. How stolidly those soldiers looked to the front—not a move or even a turn of the eye. My men were as steady as the rest, but I felt half inclined to laugh at the diabolically ugly face of Condon, when a thought struck me; he's got battered on purpose! I knew he was devil enough to commit the robbery, for he held the 'nigger' in but poor esteem."

"Nearer and nearer the procession came to the man. Had he been carved out of stone he could not have been more stolid or indifferent. The rajah, as usually stopped in front of him and made some joke about the man's appearance, at which the general laughed. They passed, and I breathed more freely. A man was subsequently picked out, but it was certainly the wrong one, for the identified man had been on guard duty when the assault was committed."

"A few days after this Private Condon came to my private quarters. He was a privileged old soldier, and he often came to ask for a loan, when he and Bennett were very thirsty and had not the wherewith to quench the inward fire. He generally came straight to the point, but this day he was nervous."

"At last I learned that he had the rajah's watch and chain; wanted forty rupees on it and two days' leave of absence for himself and chum. I hesitated at first. I didn't want to see the fellow hanged, and though the loot was packed in a small box, I felt sure it was cheap at the price. I bought it and sent it home the next day by one of our fellows who was going home on furlough. The rajah joined the mutineers at the outbreak of the mutiny, and disappeared, and Condon was killed at Delhi."

"My uncle died some years ago, having lived comfortably off the proceeds of the chain alone, every link of which was a setting for a valuable diamond. He had no qualms about possessing them, especially after the man had turned mutineer."

Singular Recognition.

A New York man who made a flying trip to Canada met a friend on the streets of Montreal, who looked at him closely and exclaimed:

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