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Select Miscellany.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest that wore it—
Brave as the bravest, he marked away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay)
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest, he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart
Was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled
On his pale pure face, not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again)
The fairest form of all the slain,
Like a child asleep—they nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that swept,
The field where his comrades found him
They buried him there—and the hot
Tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom
Wept,
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and
Slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass
O'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and
Lone:
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind mawkish
moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is
strewn,
But his memory lives in the other.

DICK'S CHANCE.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Dick, throwing his paper angrily aside. "I declare the whole thing is really too bad! I was born under an evil star, Charley, and there never was the slightest use for a fellow to try and get the best of his ill luck!"

This last sally caused me to look up into the face of my companion with a glance of surprise.

"Nonsense!" I replied, laughing at his cross visage. "What new misfortune has overwhelmed you now?"

We were seated—Richard Flanders and myself—upon the piazza of the neat little summer hotel at Lakeview, on the Erie road, and comfortably enjoying an after dinner smoke in the cool breeze of the evening, which wafted to our senses the fragrant perfume of a thousand wild flowers, blooming about us on every side. We were in the middle of June, and the weather sultry and warm. There had been a little shower this afternoon, just enough to keep us indoors, and give Dick a chance to grumble, a little.

I know why it was that we seemed to get along so nicely together, for we certainly were the very best and staunchest of friends. I had always borne a great liking for Dick, half, I suppose, on account of his genial manner, and half for the odd way there was about him in everything he did or said. He was tall and good looking; his face was pretty and delicate as any woman's; his eyes were deep blue, and his hair almost golden. Besides physical power, nature had endowed him in every respect; he had just stumbled into a small fortune that yielded him a couple of thousand a year, and certainly ought to make him a favorite with everybody.

But, despite his handsome figure and face, despite his graceful manner, despite the usual brightness of his conversation, it must be acknowledged that Richard Flanders had few friends. He had one great fault; he was an habitual grumbler.

Not but that the best of us do, under certain trying circumstances, complain sometimes; but Dick was a trifle in the way of a cross grained, crusty individual who never was, nor never would, be pleased with anything or anybody. The weather might be clear or stormy, warm or cold, alternately; but it was, somehow, never just what it ought to be. The fire might burn ever so brightly upon the hearth, and diffuse its cheerful influence over every member of the household; but Richard was invariably of the opinion that it imparted either too much or too little warmth. He did not want to be suited, and, what is more, he wasn't going to be if he could help it; so it was always the easiest thing in the world for him to continually find fault with everybody and everything about him.

Nevertheless, he was a nice fellow, and I liked him all the more, perhaps, because he had never taken it into his odd head to complain of me, and

everything had always gone on with astonishing smoothness between us. "It's downright shame!" he cried again, jumping to his feet, and crossing over to my end of the piazza. "I really cannot see why I should always be the most ill fated individual under heaven. It has been the same ever since I was a child; I have never had my own way in anything."

"You are certainly the most-to-be-pitied man in the world," I replied, in a tone of mock gravity. "What with your personal appearance, and a neat income, no cares, no troubles, no sorrow—it makes me shiver to contemplate your agonizing miseries."

"It is all very well for you to laugh, Charley," he snapped, ungraciously, and stopped directly in front of me. "I should like to see you in my place."

"So would I, with all my heart. I'll change shoes with you at once."

"It has always been my fate to meet nothing but disappointments and misfortunes. And to say that it all came through that great, red haired Louis Herold—"

"What!" I cried. "You must not say anything against Louis Herold before me. He is the very best fellow in the country."

"He has the reddest hair, if that is any recommendation. But he hasn't heard or seen the last of me yet."

"I trust not, for all our sakes, Dick," I added, good naturedly. "Come, tell me the whole affair from beginning to end. Louis is too much of a gentleman to treat you shabbily, I am sure, I will bet you a box of cigars that you have only been again at your old habit of grumbling."

Richard crossed over again to the place where had thrown the paper, and came back with the "Journal" in his hand.

"Look at that!" he growled, as he tossed it into my lap.

It was the Paterson Daily Journal I held; half way down down the first column an interesting paragraph caught my eye:

"We are pleased to hear of the safe return of Mr. Louis Herold—our rising young lawyer—with his lovely bride, from their extensive wedding tour at the White Mountains."

"Well," I said, without looking up, "there is nothing very extraordinary in that. You knew that he was married, did you not? I met Louis in the cars, the other day, and he invited me very cordially to call on him."

"He did! Very kind, I am sure. He could not do less than invite us, after the trick he served me."

"Trick! I will vow it is no such thing; Louis has never been guilty of a mean action in all his life."

"Indeed! He must feel quite flattered to have one so eager in his defence. I call him a sneak, and I'll prove it, too. Why, confound him, I wanted to marry her myself!"

"What?" I fairly screamed, bursting into a loud laugh. "You wanted to marry Judge Reynolds' daughter! That must be a rich story you have to tell me, and I am all ears to hear in what way you succeeded in attracting the young lady's attention."

I lighted a fresh cigar, and handed one to Dick, for I knew that he could talk and smoke, and grumble, too, all at the same time.

"The way of it all was this," he began, drawing up his chair and puffing away slowly at his weed. "Before my uncle died and left me the few dollars I enjoy at present, I was a hard working man. O, you need not smile; I was not born independent; I earned my living, once upon a time, and worked for it, too. Well, I was conductor on the Erie, and made two trips daily from Jersey City to Middletown. It was a hard life, I can tell you, but I did not mind it much, as I must do that, or perish in the poor house."

"I had been on the road for about two years, and was beginning to like my occupation, when occurred the melancholy event I am going to relate and which has thrown a shadow over my life ever since. A man never has but one opportunity to make his mark in the world, and woe to the fool that lets this golden chance slip by unheeded."

"It was a lovely May afternoon. I was going through the cars collecting fares, and about the middle of the train I saw Louis Herold seated by the side of a very beautiful young lady. My heart gave a great thump as I stopped to speak with him, keeping my eyes all the while fixed on the lovely girl in the next seat. Before I had looked at her three seconds, I felt that I was head and ears in love, and I trembled like a leaf when I politely asked for her ticket. Judge of my astonishment when the beautiful young lady coolly informed me that she had lost her pocket book! My delighted visions faded like a flash of lightning, and I was even with her in a moment. I had read in the papers about pretty impostors, and I was too old a bird to let a pair of blue eyes cheat me out of the just fare."

"Sorry, mind," I replied, putting on my sternest look. "But you must pay your fare."

"But, sir," she said, with some confusion; "some one has robbed me, and I have not a cent in my possession. I am only going as far as Ridgewood. My father, Judge—"

"Yes, yes; I know. Your respected father, Judge Somebody, will make it all right with the company tomorrow. Excuse me, but I must have your fare. Our rules are very imperative. I must get my pay or else you must leave the car."

"I felt the immense importance of my position. The interest of the Erie Railroad Company were in my hands, and I resolved to save their credit at any cost."

"Get off the car!" she ejaculated. "Why, I cannot walk to Ridgewood, and papa's waiting for me at the depot!"

"Sorry, miss," I replied; "but I have my instructions."

"Here was my glorious chance, and, accused by the hour! I missed it, Louis Herold chimed in just then, and said, with half smile:

"Excuse me; but perhaps I can be of some assistance."

"He drew out his pocket book, and handed me a dollar."

"Take the young lady's fare out of that, Dick; I will go bail for this one's honesty."

"O, thank you, ever so kindly!" echoed the damsel sweetly. "I am so grateful! You must get off with me at Ridgewood, and my father will pay you back. You are very kind sir, indeed you are!"

"I took fifty cents for fare, and handed back the change to Louis. He winked at me then, as if to say, 'I've got the best of you this time, my man,' and I felt that he had. Every time I had a chance to be near the car afterward I looked in. They were chatting as earnestly, and laughing as merrily as if they had been friends all their lives. I avoided passing near them for somehow I felt that it was all over with me."

"When I opened the door and called out 'Ridgewood!' Louis rose and helped the young lady out. I saw her run up to a fat old gentleman standing on the platform, and hold up her cheek for a kiss. Then she called 'Louis up and told her story."

"This gentleman, papa," I heard her say, 'was polite enough to pay my fare the rudo conductor threatened to put me off the car.'

"I am personally and deeply grateful, sir," the old gentleman said, offering Louis a dollar. The impertinence of some of those conductors are truly marvellous. I shall use all my influence with the company to obtain his discharge to-morrow."

"I ground my teeth when I heard this, and listened again; the young lady was speaking."

"O, please not, papa!" she broke in. "He is a friend of Mr. Herold's."

"This last thing I saw, as the train moved on, was that Louis had declined to take the old man's money, and was walking down the platform between him and his lovely daughter. Three days later I met Louis in the street, and he rushed up and grasped me warmly by the hand."

"That was a fine chance you threw away on me, old fellow," he said. "I am very much obliged to you. Miss Reynolds is a splendid young lady, and I was dying for an introduction. Upon my soul, you could not have managed anything better if we had rehearsed it for a whole together."

"Confound him! I could have pulled out a handful of his ugly hair. The next time he met, he was raving about his dear Cornelia. They were engaged. He was a struggling lawyer, just starting, without talent or clients, and Judge Reynolds is an influential man. What was the consequence? Louis Herold has to-day the finest set of customers in the city, and every one says he is getting along splendidly. If I am to believe reports, his wife thinks the world of him, though, for my part, I really cannot see what she finds to admire in such a carrot headed fellow as he is!"

"That will do," I cried cutting him short with a hearty laugh. "I shall not let you say a word against that man's hair. It is not the external adornment of his frontispiece that we must examine; it is the fertility of the brain that works behind it. But, speaking seriously, that was really a beautiful opportunity which you offered him."

Dick was disposed to take my jest in earnest, and as it pleased him to have it so, I gave him his own way about it. He fell back to puffing at his cigar, and nuzzled to himself about the woes and deceptions of this world, until a late hour at night, when I rose and moved that we adjourn to bed.

Six months later, Dick had a wife of his own, who laughed quite as heartily as myself when she heard

his melancholy story; and she assured him that one being has been made happy through his misfortune—herself.

"The little woman has made wonderful changes in the character of Richard Flanders. He is so altered that his own twin brother would scarcely know him."

"The most striking feature of all is that he has done forever away with his old habit of grumbling. He has the most delicious temper in the world, and his little wife looks with great and just pride at the successful result of her patient endeavors. There is a perpetual smile upon her lips from morning till night, and Richard Flanders declares himself as happy as the greatest king."

It was a long time before he could be brought to call on Mr. and Mrs. Herold; but his wife's coaxing prevailed at last, and the two families are now firmly attached to each other.

Dick takes a special pleasure in recounting a certain little episode that took place in a railway train several years ago. He has made it into a little story, intended only for his intimate friends, and which, at my suggestion, he has called "Dick's Chance."

STATISTICS FOR GIRLS.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his notebook she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken back by the following questions:

"How many meals do you eat every day?"

"Why three, of course; but of all the oddest questions—"

"Never mind, dear; I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her slender waist:

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures!"

"Goodness gracious! What can you mean?"

"Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life."

"But I don't want to hear."

"Ah, you are surprised no doubt; but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed—oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 106; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 169; eggs, 3,120; vegetables, (bunches) 700; bread, cake, etc., in sacks of flour, 40; wine (barrels) 11; gallons of water, 3000."

At this the maiden revolted, and jumping up, exclaimed:

"I think you are very impertinent, and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house.

"If she kept talking at that rate, twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,342,124 miles."

The maiden within two months married a well-to-do green grocer, who was no statistician.

Acting Governor Wiltz has cancelled the commission of the Kemmerly justice of the peace. This worthy magistrate had a number of commission agents employed to bring trumped up charges against any unfortunate white citizen whose appearance warranted the presumption that the imposition of a fine would meet with a successful return. A refusal led to incarceration in a filthy cell until the extortion was complied with. A committee of citizens, headed by the mayor of Kennerville, waited upon Governor Wiltz, who, after hearing their grievances, ordered an investigation with the above satisfactory result.—*St. Bernard Eagle.*

"The thermometer up at 96. You'll roast if you wear that shawl!" I am willing to roast," she said pettishly. "Don't you know why she wears that shawl?" laughed her little brother, as he wiped some taffy off his mouth with his jacket sleeve. "You keep still, you John Henry," screamed the dear angel, as she turned a trifle red. The boy then got out of reach and yelled, "I'll tell you why she wears that shawl. When she gets out on the river, Jim puts his arm under it and hugs her, and nobody can see through the game."

A clock having struck the hour of 1, a tender hearted woman exclaimed, "Oh! what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!"

"In this blessed country labor is honored. It is no shame for a man or a woman to work."

A REMINISCENCE OF NIAGARA.

I remember when I was a boy that a man got into the rapids here, having been carried down in a boat, which was broken to pieces. He had the good fortune to be dashed on a rock, to which he clung. It was at the height of the season—August, if I recollect—and he clung there for fully thirty-six hours. Everybody streamed out of the hotels and the village; the banks of the river, particularly on this side, were thronged with people anxious to do something to save. Dozens of plans were suggested; some contemplated, but they all failed.

Thousands of dollars were offered to anybody who would rescue him. The desperate situation of the man had been telegraphed over the country and every train brought crowds of passengers hither to witness it with their own eyes. He was encouraged by shouts from the banks, but whether he could understand anything is doubtful. The world is said to be sympathetic. It is, or it appears to be, unsympathetic because the object for which sympathy is asked is abstract. When it is tangible, visible, all is changed. There was an exemplification. This poor wretch could be seen. He was an ordinary, uneducated man; but he was a man, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race went out to him in pity and intense eagerness to rescue him.

Women of fashion, blue club men, selfish worldlings grew pale as they watched the unhappy wretch, so vivid was their sympathy. Many persons sat up all night looking across the seething, roaring waters at the small, dark figure, still clinging to the rock. The morning came; renewed efforts made, but they all miscarried. The crowd had increased, it was immense. Everybody was excited. Tears were in the women's eyes; the pallor gleamed through the rouge of some of their cheeks. Can't something be done? Must the poor fellow perish before our faces? Is there no way to rescue him? Such questions were incessantly asked, but alas! no reply could be given. The man had good courage and great strength. He clung to the rock with the desperation of a dying soul. To lose his hold was to be dashed over the cataract. Apparatus and contrivances arrived from Buffalo.

New experiments and new failures. Horse shouts still rang across the rapids to hold on—to be of good heart. The stoutest heart that ever throbbled could not gripe that rock forever. It was wonderful how he had endured. A fresh idea had come to the minds of half a dozen mechanics. They were laboring to throw out a harness; every muscle was strained; every eye was bent upon their work. Suddenly the man slipped away. He was exhausted; he threw up his arms; he dashed toward the cataract. A low groan, as from one breast, quaked through the throng; the thousands shivered with terror.

A black object for a moment longer in the hell of the waters, and then disappeared forever. There was an agony of relief. No one moved; no one spoke for awhile. All looked in the direction where the figure had been swallowed up. It was the enchantment of terror; it was the chill of tragedy distinctly wrought which froze every one for the moment to the spot. The old resident—he has lived there forty years—says that on an average about six persons are carried over the falls every year, and that four out of the six are wholly or partially intoxicated and lose their lives by carelessness or recklessness in rowing above the rapids, going beyond the line of danger. But for liquor not more than two lives, he says, would be lost annually.

WILD BILL'S REMAINS.

The Black Hills Times gives an account of the exhuming of the remains of Wild Bill, the celebrated border desperdo, on Sunday, the 3d inst., to be transferred to Mount Moriah cemetery. It will be remembered by our readers that Wild was killed by Jack McCall at Deadwood in 1876, McCall being hanged for the murder afterwards. The Times says it gets information from Louis Schaeffeld, an old-time friend of Bill's, and in whose memory Bill's many endearing qualities are still bright and green. Colorado Charley, a partner of Bill's at the time of his death, has purchased a lot in the new cemetery, and at his own expense procured a fitting monument of Italian marble that is now daily expected, which will be raised over his new resting place as soon as it arrives. At 4 o'clock Sunday morning the body was uncovered, and at nine o'clock it was taken out of the grave. The body at interment weighed about 180 pounds, but upon its removal it weighed not less than 300. There was no odor and no perceptible decay, and it is supposed by those who examined it that petrification had taken place, as it was as hard as

wood, and returned the same sound as a log when struck with a stick. Everything in the coffin was found just as it was placed there, and the rumor that the grave had been rifled was all hush. The only article buried with the body was a carbine, and that was in a good state of preservation. There was no knife and revolver buried with him as reported, and those who should know say that he never owned a pistol in the hills. His hair was as glossy and silky as when in life, and a lock of it is now in the possession of Wm. Learned, musical director of the Gem theatre. His mustache was hard, and seemed, like his body, to have been petrified.

HONESTY FEARED.

A STRIKING STORY OF THE LATE CZAR NICHOLAS.

Of the late Czar, "A Russian Nililist" tells, in the North American Review, a striking story. A young student a relative of the writer, had, with a few friends, formed a literary society in which the works of contemporary political economists, publicists and philosophers were read and debated. The secret police denounced this society as a revolutionary organization, and the young student was imprisoned and condemned to Siberia. All possible influence was brought to bear upon the Czar, but in vain; and at last the young man's mother, meeting the Czar one day in the Summer Garden, knelt and implored her son's pardon, asserting his innocence. The Czar seemed touched, and promised to give the youth a personal interview. The latter was brought to his Majesty the next day, and the Czar, forcing him on his knees before an image of the Savior, exclaimed: "Can you swear before the Almighty God that neither you nor your associates had any criminal design against my life? Can you swear that you believe in the holiness and eternity of the Russian autocracy?" The surprised prisoner answered: "I can swear to your Majesty that neither I nor any of my friends had the remotest idea against your safety. As to the autocratic form of government I cannot conscientiously swear that I believe in its eternity. The history of other countries teaches us that the time must come, even in Russia, when the people itself will take part in the government." The Czar tenderly embraced the student, and giving him a ring drawn from the imperial finger, said: "This is a token of respect from your Czar. You have been sincere and truthful to me, and there is nothing I hate so much as a lie." He then approached the writing table, where lay the student's sentence of exile, and with one stroke of the pen—signed the paper! "I pity you from the bottom of my heart," he said: "you are an honest man, and an honest man, true to his convictions, is more dangerous to autocracy than an unprincipled rascal. Therefore I must punish you, though never was this duty more painful to me than now. God bless you my son, and judge mercifully if I should appear to be in the wrong." Then, once more embracing the student, he dismissed him to Siberia.

SOOTHING THE CATTLE.

I made one trip of about six weeks' duration, behind a pair of Texas ponies in a light road wagon, through five or six counties south of the railroad—my course extending to the borders of the Indian Territory; and I know whereof I speak when I call it a garden district. I had for my driver a young man who had been what they call West a "cow boy"—that is, a herder of the immense herds of cattle which pasture on the great plains; and I was greatly entertained by his accounts of the peculiarities of that occupation, and learned many things new to me. He told me, among other things, that the cow boys, while tending, mounted on their wily mustang ponies, their Texan cattle, which are almost as wild as buffaloes, and as dangerous to a man on foot, are accustomed to sing a great deal to while away the lonely hours. At night they hobble their ponies, and, wrapped in a blanket, lie down to sleep on the prairie, a little way from the cattle. Sometimes in the night a thunder clap or some strange clap will start up the cattle with wild affright and they will snort and paw the earth, and in a moment a wild rush and stampede would commence; but the cow boys would spring up, and while they loose and mount their ponies they commence singing their old songs. The cattle—hearing the well known and accustomed voices—will soon quiet down, thinking all is right, and resume their rest again.

A family is like an equipage. First the father, a draught horse; next the boys, the wheels, for they are always running around; then the girls they are surrounded by fellows; the baby occupies the lap-board; and the mother—well, what's a wagon without a tongue, anyhow?

MARRIED AT FIFTEEN YEARS.

DIVORCED, REMARRIED AND SEPARATED AGAIN BEFORE SIXTEEN.

Louisville Post and News.
A very singular case of marriage and divorce transpired in this city within a few months, the parties being Mrs. Joe Drago, nee Miss Lizzie Rompf, and Joe Drago. Lizzie Rompf, a young German girl, up to the time of her marriage lived with her parents, on Brent street. Her father is an industrious tanner, and Miss Lizzie was a lively, pretty, fifteen-year old girl at the time of her marriage to Drago. Drago is a swarthy, dwarfish Italian of twenty-two, whose occupation has been to peddle ice-cream around the streets in a hand-cart, and to rouse the echoes and the indignation of the citizens with a tin horn. In some way he became acquainted with Miss Lizzie, and whether by virtue of the tin horn, the ice-cream or his personal charms, after a short courtship he married her. This took place about a year ago.

The marriage was with the consent of the bride's parents, and the couple immediately went to housekeeping. But their married life had been of but two or three months' duration, when discord, worse than a tin horn, began to sound between them. The lynx-eyed Italian began to get jealous of his youthful wife, and many a quarrel was the result. Mrs. Drago also found that peddling ice-cream was not a very lucrative business, and her husband contributed scarcely anything to her support.

Finally, in an angry moment Drago drew his pistol on his wife, which frightened her so that she went home to her mother and immediately instituted a suit for divorce. The case meandered in the usual way through the courts, and six weeks ago a divorce was granted.

Meantime the ex-Mrs. Drago remained at home. Her industrious father wanted her to go out to work, but she declined to do so, and a domestic schism was the result.

Ever after his wife left him, Drago followed her and lost no opportunity to be with her. He loved her and constantly begged her to come back and live with him, and finally one day, meeting her away from her parents, who had been keeping a close watch upon her, he eloquently urged her to elope with him. She, thinking she must choose between marrying and working for a living, consented. This was only three weeks after the divorce had been granted. The couple went over to Jeffersonville and proceeded to a magistrate's office. They were so anxious to be man and wife again that they misrepresented the place of their residence, claiming to be from a distant part of the country. The girl affirmed that she was a grass-widow, and there was no trouble in getting a license. And so she was married to the little Italian for the second time all within a year.

The doubly married pair returned to Louisville, and again attempted to keep house. Drago's old jealousy returned, and he kept his wife locked up in the house, not permitting her to see any one.

Their honeymoon lasted but a week, for, at the end of that time, the bride escaped her husband again, and went back home. She called on her lawyers, who had procured her divorce, and wanted them to get her another, but this was impossible, as two divorces can not be granted for the same cases. This second separation occurred three weeks ago.

Drago was very much enraged at this action of his wife, and believing her mother to have been the instigator of the matter, he was violent in his language toward the latter. He was going to get even with the old woman, yet, he said, and his threats so frightened old Mrs. Rompf that she swore out a peace warrant against him.

Drago was put under bonds to keep the peace. He has since left the city. Mrs. Drago is now living with her parents, sorrowful only because she can not get another divorce from her spouse.

To be married twice to the same man, and to be separated from him twice, and all before reaching sixteen years, is an experience which falls to the lot of but few young girls.

A second volume of the story may yet be developed, for Drago is full of love and danger, and Mrs. D. is very uncertain.

A small boy stepped upon a bit of plank and had the bottom of his foot punctured by a nail projecting therefrom. He had heard that a nail wound in the foot produced lockjaw and lockjaw caused death. He therefore set down on the edge of the sidewalk and considered himself to be a goner. "Sammy," said he to his companion, "I've got to die. I'll look with lockjaw in about a minute, then I'll die. I would like to see mother first, but I've got to die and go to heaven and I can't help it."