

THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WHATCOM AND SAN JUAN COUNTIES AND THE WHOLE NORTHWEST.

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ENDYMION.

The rising moon has had the stars
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.
On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
He dreamed not of her love,
Lose sleep, his slumber, though,
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
His sleep, impassioned gaze,
It comes, the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity
In woman's smile and passion,
To seek the elected one,
It lifts the bonnets, whose shadows sleep
As life's oblivion, the sun's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes,
Of him, who slumbering lies,
O'erworn, O' slumbering eyes,
O'erworn, whose destinies
Are fraught with sorrow and pain,
Ye shall be loved again,
No one is so accursed by fate,
As one who suffers in a dream,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds to his own,
Responds - as if with sweet wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings:
And whispers, in its own sweet way,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"
(H. H. HALLIST.)

WAS HE DEAD?

On the afternoon of March 20th,
1876, as Captain Wroughton, of the
schooner Caribbean, a San Blas
trader, homeward bound to New
York, was passing from the Howard
House, in Aspinwall, to the office of
the British consul at the railroad
depot, he was accosted by a man,
evidently a sailor, who begged for a
chance to work his passage to Jamaica,
where the schooner was advertised
to stop on her voyage northward.
Being a likely fellow, and telling a
reasonably plausible story, his re-
quest was granted, and he was taken
before the British consul - for the
Caribbean sailed under the flag of
that nation - and shipped.

He signed the articles as Abraham
Sherrie, indicating his name in a bold
but very peculiar hand, and with the
initial letter of both given and sur-
name in printed capitals. He wrote
with his left hand, having lost the
thumb and first two fingers of his
right, as he stated, from frost.

The man had evidently been for
a time on one of the debauches with
which the average sailor signals his
terms ashore, and Captain Wroughton
judged it expedient to send him on
board the schooner at once. There,
during the remaining couple of days
that preceded her departure, he be-
came a decided favorite with the
crew and proved himself an able
seaman.

In person, he was a man of less
than medium height, stoutly built,
and with arms of disproportionate
length and remarkable muscular de-
velopment. His head was large, and
endowed with a shaggy growth of
black hair, which thatched a beard-
less face, strongly pitted with small-
pox, and scarred from a knife-wound
which had laid open the left cheek
from the outer line of the eye to the
upper lip. This wound, in cicatrizing,
had so contracted the muscles of the
face that the corner of the mouth was
drawn up, and the position of the
nose slightly shifted, lending the
entire visage the resemblance of a
constant and most unnatural grin. A
remarkable physical peculiarity was
that his chest was covered with a
dense mat of hair, while the limbs,
like the face, were absolutely and
naturally as free from any capillary
growth as a child's.

Circumstantial as this description
already is, it will, with the reader's
permission, be even slightly added to.
The physical peculiarities of Abra-
ham Sherrie were balanced by more
than one mental attribute worthy of
note. He claimed to be a native of
Newfoundland, but his English was
strongly marked by the accent pecu-
liar to Somersetshire. His education
had evidently been above the com-
mon standard of his class, and he
spoke French, Spanish and German
with remarkable, though not absolute,
correctness and fluency, even for a
seaman, whose profession, usually
renders him more or less familiar
with strange tongues. A notable
personal characteristic was that,
although habitually profane in
speech, he never swore in English.
On March 24th, the Caribbean
sailed for Kingston. In making the
castings necessary for the dead beat
to windward from the Columbian and
lower Central American ports to
Jamaica, she was caught in a furious
norther and blown so far inshore
as to sight the palm trees on Puerto
Islands, off the harbor of Cartagena.
The gale, which had continued for
over twenty-four hours, fortunately
moderated, and allowed her to crawl
off shore again, and on the 27th she
interrupted course. During this gale,
which was accompanied by constant
and heavy squalls of rain, the crew
remained on deck and suffered severely
from exposure. The only one seri-
ously affected, however, was Abraham
Sherrie, who, still unrecovered from
the effects of his debauch in Aspin-
wall, was additionally weakened by
the extreme strain, and fell into a
day, totally incapacitated him for
duty.

On the morning of April 1st,
while weathering the dangerous
Bazo Nuevo reef, one of the seamen
who was tending the jib-sheet looked
down the fore-castle hatch and saw
Sherrie on the floor at the foot of
the ladder. He was lying on his
face, with one arm doubled beneath
his chest, and the other wound
around the bottom of the ladder.
Supposing that he had attempted to
get up and fallen, the sailor, as soon
as the schooner went in stays and re-
leased him from duty, went below to
his assistance and found him dead.

Death, or - to use a phrase more
appropriate, perhaps, in view of the
character of the subject - suspension

of animation, must have occurred
some hours before. The limbs were
rigid and the flesh quite cold. The
skin, naturally, and even during ill-
ness, florid, was faded to the dry
texture of parchment; and the eyes
existed merely as yellow balls, the
pupils having been rolled up under
the eyelids until quite hidden. The
most terrible feature of the entire
figure, however, was the face, on
which the hand of death had fast-
ened an awful exaggeration of the
remarkable sardonic expression pecu-
liar to it in life, and which in every
distorted line seemed to grin into
space, with a frightful, sightless leer.

At four bells (two o'clock) in the
afternoon the Caribbean was laid to,
and the body of Abraham Sherrie,
attired in the scanty suit it had worn
in life, and with fifty pounds of coral
rock from the schooner's ballast at-
tached to each ankle, was launched
overboard from the lee-gate entry. The
body had been laid out on a common
light plank, and, through the kind-
ness of the seamen entrusted with
the duty of committing it to the deep,
this plank was sent over the side
along with its ghastly burden, and
they sank together.

As the schooner gathered head-
way and resumed her course, one of
the seamen, who had been watching
the descent of the corpse through the
clear water, declared that it had
slipped its ballast and was rising
again. Before this assertion could
be verified, the Caribbean had gained
way before a ten-knot quarter breeze,
and left the scene of the burial a
mile behind. All that remained to
the San Blas trader of Abraham
Sherrie was an appropriate entry of
his death and burial in the log-book,
and the recollection of it in the
minds of his late messmates.

The matter had quite faded from
Captain Wroughton's memory, when,
in September last, business called
him to the British Consulate at St.
Thomas. The consul was momentar-
ily absent, and the captain sat
down to await his appearance. On
the table at his elbow was a heap of
documents. One of the former he
picked up, when the current of air
created by the movement fluttered a
couple of the lighter memoranda to
the floor. As he stooped to pick them
up, his eye caught the signature of
one, and some suggestion of familiar-
ity in the calligraphy caused him to
examine it more closely. It was af-
fixed to the printed form of a con-
sular instrument noting the commit-
tal to the public hospital of a pas-
senger by the bark Soldene, from
Belize, and was signed by the subject
of it himself, Abraham Sherrie. The
signature was written firmly and in
very curious angular characters, with
the inclination backward in the let-
ters common to the writing of left-
handed people. The initial letters of
given and surname were in printed
capitals.

Again and again the captain
studied the document. There, be-
yond a possibility of a doubt, affixed
to an instrument bearing date July
11th, 1876, was the signature of the
man whom he had buried within
sight of the white water of the Bazo
Nuevo, at two o'clock on the after-
noon of April 1st, and after he had
been dead at least ten hours.

There was something so unaccount-
able about the thing that the captain
felt a chill creeping through his
veins, and the characters on the pa-
per in his hand faded into a picture
of the funeral and its attendant cir-
cumstances. The man had certainly
been dead. The burial was no hasty
affair, undertaken without proper ex-
amination. He had inspected every
circumstance attendant on Sherrie's
demise himself, and could have sworn
to the fact of his death at the judg-
ment seat itself. Besides, if his own
impression, it existed in the fact that
decomposition, always rapid in the
tropics, had certainly set in before
the final ceremony at the gangway.

And yet, here was the name. He
might perhaps be mistaken in the
minor details; but the substitution of
printed capitals for the ordinary
written characters was a peculiarity
scarcely likely to be repeated by two
distinct men.

As he turned this over in his mind,
he recollected suddenly the remark
made by the sailor after the burial -
that the corpse had slipped its ballast
and was coming to the surface again;
and the blood rushed to his head in
an idea - an idea that the entrance of
the consul, in company with another
gentleman, for a moment put to flight.

After the first greetings, the re-
presentative of Her Britannic Majes-
ty presented his companion.
"Colonel Abraham Sherrie."
"You will excuse my left hand,
captain," said the colonel, extending
that member; and, with a stare of
stupid amazement, the worthy skip-
per saw that the right sleeve was
empty. "An overdose of your Yan-
kee lead at Fredericksburg ended
the usefulness of the other. Why,
what's the matter - are you ill?"

When the captain had regained
sufficient of his normal composure to
speak, he extended the mysterious
paper which he still retained in his
troubled hand.
"Is that your signature, colonel?"
he asked, huskily.
"Yes, of course. I landed here
with such a bad fever that I preferred
the regular attendance of a hospital
to the chance treatment of a hotel.
I only weathered the weakness finally
two weeks ago."

"Do you know anybody who writes
like that?"
"No - yes, by Jove! I knew one

man who wrote by £5000 too much
like that, and practiced at the bottom
of my cheeks. He was superintendent
of my logwood cuttings in Honduras.
A queer, ugly fellow, smart as a steel
trap, who had been a little of every-
thing in his time, and whose acquain-
tance I made while in the Confed-
erate army. He cleaned out my bank
account in Belize while I was in
England last year, and cleared out
on a coaster for somewhere. I came
on his track in Aspinwall last Spring,
but haven't heard of him since."

The riddle was solved. Casting
about for any name but his own, the
mysterious seaman had taken one
which he knew, and in writing it had,
probably involuntarily, imitated the
signature from the consequence of a
previous imitation of which he had
heard. "It's a queer story, as you say,"
the speaker went on, after the slight
pause which succeeded the conclu-
sion of his yarn, "but a true one -
at least as true as sailors' yarns
usually are; for Captain Wroughton
spun it to me himself, three months
ago, in this very galley."

EARLY POWER TO COMMAND.

The following list of great gener-
als whose superior capacity was ex-
hibited in early manhood was com-
piled by the late Braxator Major-
General Emory Upton.

Philip of Macedon ascended the
throne at twenty-two, was the con-
queror of Greece at forty-five, and
died at forty-seven.

Alexander the Great defeated the
celebrated Theban band at Chereona
before arriving at the age of eighteen,
ascended the throne at twenty, had
conquered the world at twenty-five
and died at thirty-two.

Julius Caesar commanded a fleet
before Mitylene and distinguished
himself before the age of twenty-two;
completed his first war in Spain and
was made consul before the age of
forty; conquered Gaul, twice crossed
the Rhine, and twice invaded Britain
before the age of forty-five; won the
battle of Pharsalia and obtained the
prize of Rome at fifty-two. He died
at fifty-six, the victor of five hundred
battles and the conqueror of one
thousand cities.

Hannibal was made commander in-
chief of the Carthaginian army in
Spain at twenty-six, and had won all
his great battles in Italy, concluding
with Cannae, at thirty-one.

Scipio Africanus, the elder, distin-
guished himself at the battle of
Ticinus at sixteen, and at twenty-
nine overthrew the power of Carthage
at Zama.

Scipio Africanus, the younger, had
conquered the other Carthaginian
armies and completed the destruc-
tion of Carthage at thirty-six.

Genghis Khan achieved many of
his victories and became emperor of
the Mongols at forty-two. He died
at fifty-five.

Charlemagne was crowned king at
twenty-six, was master of France and
the larger part of Germany at twenty-
nine, placed on his head the iron
crown of Italy at thirty-two, and con-
quered Spain at thirty-six.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great
captain, had gained a great reputa-
tion and was made commander-in-
chief of the army of Italy at forty-one.

Henry IV. of France was at the
head of the Huguenot army at six-
teen, became King of Navarre at
nineteen, overthrew his enemies and
became King of France before the
age of forty.

Montecuculi, at the age of thirty-
one, with 2000 horse, attacked 10,000
Swedes, and captured all their bag-
gage and artillery; gained the vic-
tory of Fribourg at thirty-two; de-
feated the Swedes and saved Denmark
at forty-nine; and at fifty-three de-
feated the Turks in the battle of St.
Gothard.

Saxe was a *maréchal-de-camp* at
twenty-four, *maréchal-de-camp* at
forty-four, and at forty-nine gained
the famous victory at Fontenoy.

Vanban, the great engineer, had
conducted several sieges at twenty-
five, was *maréchal-de-camp* at forty-
three, and *commissaire-général* of
fortifications of France at forty-five.

Turenne, passing through the
grades of captain, colonel, major-
general and lieutenant-general, be-
came a marshal of France at thirty-
two, and won all his distinction
before he was forty.

The great Conde defeated the
Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two
and won all his military fame before
the age of twenty-five.

THE LIFE OF A MILLION.

The registrar-general of England
has published a very interesting sup-
plement to the thirty-fifth annual re-
port, in which he estimates the
march of an English generation
through life. He starts with the as-
sumed fact that 1,000,000 children
are born, and of these he informs us
that 511,745 would be boys, and
488,255 would be girls. This dis-
proportion of the sexes is very
speedily reduced, for the evils with
which infants struggle in their
cradles are more fatal to the boys
than to the girls. The most fatal
five years in the life of the genera-
tion is that when they are entirely
dependent on careless nurses or
ignorant mothers, for one in every
four of the million, or 101,387 of the
boys and 121,735 of the girls will die
before they are five years old. The
million is thus reduced to 736,818.
The next five years the deaths are
few, and they are fewest of all in
the third five years, that between ten
and fifteen. This full growth of child-
hood seems to be the healthiest pe-
riod in the whole life of a genera-
tion, but somewhat more so for boys
than for girls. Then follow five
years of somewhat more liability to
disease and death. This liability is
still further increased in the next
five years by consumption and other
ailments incident to the period when
growth had ceased. But in this
whole march of twenty years through
childhood and youth our million,
which have decimated twice over in
five years of babyhood, loses but
102,773 of its number, and an army
of young men and women in almost
equal proportions, and 634,045 in to-
tal strength, marches over the divid-
ing line of the first quarter of a cen-
tury. During the next ten years
less than one in ten will die, and
there will still be 568,993 living at
thirty-five years of age, while two-
thirds of the women will be married.
The next ten years will be more fatal
than the last, and of those who saw
thirty-five, 66,078 will fail to reach
forty-five, and of the million who
started, only 2915 over half a million
will attain that period of life.
From that point the rise of the death
rate at each decade is terrible; 62,052
died between twenty-five and thirty-
five; the number increased to 66,078
between thirty-five and forty-five;
but between forty-five and fifty-five
the deaths rise to 81,800; and from
fifty-five to sixty-five 124,086 will
have fallen. The number who will set
out over the next reach of ten years
is 309,920. But the march for the
next ten years is a Balaclava charge
into the jaws of death, but nearly
one-half of them (in actual numbers
149,905) will be left behind in the
grave before those ten years are
over, and only 161,164 reach their
seventy-fifth year. The remnant
rapidly diminishes and at eighty-
five only 38,575 remain. Another ten
years and there are on the field only
2153 people of venerable age, of
whom nearly nine out of every ten
will pass away without reaching the
centenarian's fame. The number
which will probably cross the
threshold of a second century is 223
but none of a more than 110; for the
last of the million will probably
come to his grave in his 108th year.

DESICCATION. - A new process, re-
cently invented to prevent staleness
of eggs is spoken of as the crystalliza-
tion process. By its agency the
natural egg is changed into an am-
ber-hued vitreous substance, which,
while reduced in bulk, has imparted to
it the property of remaining in an
edible condition for years, and re-
sisting the deteriorating effects of
climate. What is more singular than
this is that when thus treated the
eggs can be transported to any place
without injury, and can afterwards
be restored to their original condition
when desirable by adding the water
which has been artificially removed
from the shell. This simple process
is called "desiccating." Companies
have been organized in New York
and St. Louis for this purpose. It
is said that neither salt nor extrane-
ous matter is employed in produc-
ing "desiccation." The egg is merely
reduced, by the removal of the
water, to a consolidated mass of yolk
and albumen. The new process
should be thoroughly tested, as most
of the methods of preserving eggs
which have been presented to the
public have resulted as well as pre-
serving the eggs.

WHITE OAKS. - ANYONE who has
learned anything at all of New
Mexico has heard of White Oaks. It
has become celebrated throughout
the world as having near it the rich-
est gold mines that have been dis-
covered in the West. Specimens
showing wire gold and nuggets were
among the most prominent attrac-
tions at the Denver Exposition, and
from this camp were exhibited the
two largest masses of free gold ore
there shown.

Recent developments of the most
important mines, the Homestakes,
Little Mac and Henry Clay, have
confirmed beyond all doubt the first
impressions as to their value. The
ore bodies are found to be many
times greater than even the
most sanguine had predicted, and in
the deepest shafts the character of
the mineral is steadily improving.

Mr. Sam Thompson, of Clarksville,
Ark., was struck by lightning, which
ran up his arm and down his body,
splitting his boots open. Strange to
say the man was not seriously in-
jured.

It is weak and vicious people who
cast the blame on fate.

DOM PEDRO'S KINGDOM.

In front of the Hotel Braganca, at
Petropolis, the summer court of
Brazil, an elderly man, with a soured
and cynical face, was occupying one
of the seats. He had lived long in
Brazil, and it was whispered of him
that he had a grievance against the
country in the shape of a broken
contract, an unpaid claim, or some-
thing of that sort. Near by him sat
a young compatriot - they were both
Americans - whose expression, though
haggard, was not unkind.
"Live here as long I have," the old
man was saying, "and you yourself
will be a confirmed malcontent. I
was as light-hearted a boy as ever
you saw when I first came to this
country to make my fortune. Look
at me now. I've lost contentment,
health, ambition, and character."
"You don't seem to like Brazil,"
said the young man.
"I never attempt to disguise my
dislikes," was the reply.
"But it's a rich and beautiful land,"
continued the young man, leading his
companion admiringly on.
"Yes," the cynic said, "as Florida
and Louisiana are rich and beauti-
ful; but it is not rich in men, and
never can be. The upper classes of
Brazil are shiftless, proud and poor.
All of these yarns which you read at
home about immense Brazilian
wealth, diamond kings, barons living
in palaces, and planters rolling in
luxury, are the work of enterprising
novelists and journalists. This is a
poverty-stricken country, if ever
there was one. They tax both im-
ports and exports, and yet they can't
pay their debts, or even the interest
on them. The aristocracy are too
proud to go into business, and so
they scheme for employment under
the government. The fathers per-
suade the government to buy up the
railroads and take control of the tele-
graphs, in order that they may make
easy and respectable positions for
their idle sons. First, the young
men are educated under the auspices
of the empire, and then, when they
are graduated, they immediately
clamor for official positions of honor
and emolument. If they secure the
coveted places, and are requested to
do some work, they shrug their
shoulders, and are indignant at the
very idea of such a degradation."

The young man mentioned the
case of the French physician who
had come over from Paris to attend
the emperor's daughter through the
perils of childbirth. "He got a
twenty-five thousand dollar fee and
expenses paid," added he.
"But," said his companion, cynical
as ever, "see how he was received by
his professional fraternity in this
country. The jealous native physi-
cians descended to scurrilous abuse,
and even published doggerel poetry
against him in their medical journals.
And in those discussions of theirs
even the person of their sovereign
princess was not treated with that
sacred respect which is due from all
gentlemen to the woman in affliction,
for whom we, in our litany, especially
pray the innermost secrets of her
sick room being banded from one
column to another of the daily pa-
pers."

"I say, Mr. -" exclaimed the
subject man, abruptly changing the
young man, "I want to ask you a ques-
tion."
"Fire away."
"At the ball which we had in the
skating rink, the other night, I was
introduced to the pretty Donna
Tagarella, and had a dance with her.
What do you think she said to me?"
"She probably remarked that the
weather was warm, or inquired if
you had heard Fricci sing, or if you
liked *feijoado*."
"No," she asked me at what hotel I
was staying."
"Not a surprising question."
"Then she asked me if I had
brought my *amiga* with me. Now, I
want to know just what *amiga*
means."
"What does *amiga* mean?" re-
peated the cynic. "What does the
French *amante* mean? Or in plain
words, what does 'mistress' mean?
That's what *amiga* means."
"I thought and feared as much,
and I blushed and stammered when I
attempted to reply. She laughed
quietly, seemed to enjoy my con-
fusion, and turned the conversation
by asking me if I was a married man.
Now, I may be just from the coun-
try, and a little green, but it does
seem to me that that question was a
very outspoken one. Either the
young American gentlemen who
have been here before me have not
led the most blameless of lives, or
else there is a remarkable freedom
of action and speech in the best
Brazilian society, for Madame Tag-
arella is assuredly in the first rank."
"It does sound rather free," said
the ungalant cynic; "but then, as
far as I can learn, these young Bra-
zilian matrons are not over-prudish
when their husbands are out of
sight - a position in which the dis-
creet spouse rarely places himself
when there are handsome young men
around. Nothing personal intended."

"Sure enough," said the young man
thoughtfully. "Now I understand
and appreciate at its true value the
distinguished courtesy extended to
me yesterday afternoon by the hus-
band in question. I met him on the
street, and casually remarked to him
that I was on the way to call on his
wife, and he kindly volunteered to
accompany me."
"More cautious than kind," ob-
served the cynic. "Still, social morals
in Brazil are no worse than business
morals or political morals. The fact
is that no morality that has ever yet
been discovered can stand the crucial
test of a hot climate."

WARNING AGAINST HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

Some years ago, a poor woman was
discovered lying dead on the floor of
her room in a low part of Westmin-
ster, with such marks of violence
upon her body - notably a deep longi-
tudinal cut on the head, which had
uncovered a bone of the skull itself - as
to point to the conclusion that she
had been the victim of foul play.
Her husband was taken into custody,
and put upon trial for murder. In
making his defense, he accounted
for the bruises, blood-stains, and
other collateral evidence in various
plausible ways; and for the scalp
wound by showing that the room
was an attic with a broken skylight
in the roof, and insinuating that a
sharp-edged piece of glass must have
fallen on his wife's head as she stood
underneath. The surgeon who had
been called in to view the body, in
giving his evidence, expressed his
opinion that a piece of glass in fall-
ing would not have sufficient force to
cut into the bone. Notwithstanding
this and other facts tending to prove
that there was no moral doubt as to
the guilt of the accused, the balance
of legal testimony against him was
not strong enough to convict, and he
escaped. The surgeon - long since
risen to the top of the professional
tree, and now a man of European
reputation - was at that time curator
of an anatomical museum, where, in
the department devoted to zoology
and comparative anatomy, stood the
skeleton of a cow. A few weeks after
the trial above quoted, a violent
thunderstorm, accompanied by hail,
burst over London one night, and
much damage was done; amongst
other things, the museum skylights
were extensively shattered. When
the curator arrived next morning, he
found a speculum of broken glass
actually sticking upright in the very
edge of one of the sharp prominences