

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

By and by, having eaten of this miraculous provender, the poor creature began to understand what had taken place. The coal workings were abandoned; the new commandant had probably other work for his beasts of burden to execute, and an absconder would be safe here for a few hours at least. But he must not stay. For him there was no rest. If he thought to escape, it behooved him to commence his journey at once. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the rations of six men. Was it not possible to cross the desert that lay between him and freedom on such fare? The very supposition made his heart beat faster. It surely was possible. Twenty miles a day was very easy walking. Taking a piece of stick from the ground, he made the calculation in the sand. Eighteen days, and twenty miles a day—three hundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! With prudence, it could be done! He must be careful and abstemious.

Having come to this resolution, the next thing was to disencumber himself of his irons. This was more easily done than he expected. He found in the shed an iron rod, and with that and a stone he drove out the rivets.

Before dawn the next morning he had traveled ten miles, and by husbanding his food he succeeded, by the night of the fourth day, in accomplishing forty more. Foot-sore and weary, he lay in a thicket, and felt at last that he was beyond pursuit. The next day he advanced more slowly. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Dawes pressed forward, and stumbled over a corpse!

He recognized the number imprinted on the coarse cloth at that which had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder had been committed! A murder!—and what else? Thank God, the food he carried was not yet exhausted! He turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding and wild with terror, he reached a spur of the range, and looked around him. He raised his eyes, and right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the narrow steel-blue reach of the harbor from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the Osprey making for the Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon her deck. A faint cry of rage escaped him. During the last three days in the bush he must have retraced his steps, and returned upon his own track to the settlement! More than half his allotted time had passed, and he was not yet thirty miles from his prison.

For four days he wandered aimlessly through the bush. At last, on the twelfth day from his departure from the Coal Head, he found himself at the foot of Mount Direction, at the head of the peninsula which makes the western side of the harbor. His terrible wandering had but led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night brought him round the shores of Birches Inlet to the landing place opposite Sarah Island. His stock of provisions had been exhausted for two days, and he was savage with hunger. He no longer thought of suicide. His dominant idea was now to get food. He would do as many others had done before him—give himself up to be flogged and fed. When he reached the landing place, however, the guard house was empty. He looked across at the island prison, and saw no sign of life. The settlement was deserted!

The shock of this discovery almost deprived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his faded and lacerated body solely by the strength of his fierce determination to reach the settlement; and now that he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleled horror, he found it deserted. He struck himself to see if he was not dreaming. He refused to believe his eye-sight. He shouted, screamed and waved his tattered garments in the air.

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him. He retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward toward the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to fling himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance on the left horn of the sea beach. A thin blue streak, uprising from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire.

The dying wretch felt inspired with new hope. God had sent him a direct sign from heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapor seemed to him as glorious as the pillar of fire that led the Israelites. There were yet human beings near him! And turning his face from the hungry sea, he tottered, with the last effort of his failing strength, toward the blessed token of their presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Frere had gone on a brief fishing expedition. At last a peremptory signal warned him. It was the sound of a musket fired on board the brig. Mr. Bates was getting impatient, and with a scowl Frere drew up his lines, and ordered the two soldiers to pull for the vessel.

The Osprey yet sat motionless on the water, and her bare masts gave no sign of making sail. To the soldiers, pulling with their backs to her, the musket-shot seemed the most ordinary occurrence in the world. Suddenly, however, they noticed a change of expression in the sulenace of their commander. Frere, sitting in the stern-sheets, with his face to the Osprey, had observed a peculiar appearance on her decks. The bulwarks were very now and then topped by strange figures, who disappeared as suddenly as they came, and a faint murmur of voices oated across the intervening sea. Presently the report of another musket-shot echoed among the hills, and something dark fell from the side of the vessel

into the water. Frere, with mingled alarm and indignation, sprang to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked toward the brig. The soldiers, resting on their oars, imitated his gesture, and the whale-boat, thus thrown out of trim, rocked from side to side dangerously. A moment's anxious pause, and then another musket-shot, followed by a woman's shrill scream, explained all. The prisoners had seized the brig! "Give way!" cried Frere, pale with rage and apprehension, and the soldiers, realized at once the full terror of their position, forced the heavy whale-boat through the water as fast as the one miserable pair of oars could take her.

Mr. Bates, affected by the insidious influence of the hour, and lulled into a sense of false security, had gone below to tell his little playmate that she would soon be on her way to the Hobart Town which she had heard so much of, and taking advantage of his absence, the soldier not on guard went to the forecastle to hear the prisoners singing. He found the ten together, in high good humor. While he listened James Lesly, William Cheshire, William Russen, John Fair and James Barker slipped to the hatchway and got upon deck. Barker reached the aft-hatchway as the soldier who was on guard turned to complete his walk, and passing his arm round his neck, pulled him down before he could utter a cry. In the confusion of the moment the man loosed his grasp of the musket to grapple with his unseen antagonist, and Fair, snatching up the weapon, swore to blow out his brains if he raised a finger. Seeing the sentry thus secured, Cheshire leaped down the aft-hatchway and passed up the muskets from the arm-racks to Lesly and Russen. There were three muskets in addition to the one taken from the sentry, and Barker, leaving his prisoner in charge of Fair, seized one of them and ran to the companion-ladder. Russen, left unarmed by this maneuver, appeared to know his own duty. He came back to the forecastle, and passing behind the listening soldier, touched the singer on the shoulder. "This was the appointed signal, and John Rex, suddenly terminating his song with a laugh, presented his fist in the face of the gaping Grimes. "No noise!" he cried; "the brig's ours," and ere Grimes could reply he was seized by Lyon and Riley, and bound securely.

"Come on, lads!" says Rex, "and pass the prisoner down here. We've got her time, I'll go bail!" In obedience to this order, the now gagged sentry was flung down the fore-hatchway, and the hatch secured. "Stand on the hatchway, Porter," cries Rex again; "and if those fellows come up knock 'em down with a handspike. Lesly and Russen, forward to the companion-ladder! Lyon, keep a lookout for the boat, and if she comes too near, fire!"

As he spoke the report of the first musket rang out. Barker had apparently fired up the companion-hatchway. When Mr. Bates had gone below, he found Sylvia curled up on the cushions of the stateroom, reading. "Well, missy?" he said, "we'll soon be on our way to papa."

Sylvia answered by asking a question altogether foreign to the subject. "Mr. Bates," said she, pushing the hair out of her blue eyes, "what's a coracle?" "A which?" asked Mr. Baas.

"A coracle, C-o-r-a-c-l-e," said she, spelling it slowly. "I want to know." The bewildered Bates shook his head. "Never heard of one, missy," said he, bending over the book. "What does it say?"

"The Ancient Britons," said Sylvia, reading gravely, "were little better than barbarians. They painted their bodies with wood—that's blue stuff, you know, Mr. Bates—and seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, must have presented a wild and savage appearance."

"Well," said Bates, "I think it's a carriage, missy. A sort of pheynton, as they call it."

Sylvia, hardly satisfied, returned to the book. It was a little, mean-looking volume—a "Child's History of England"—and after perusing it a while with knitted brows, she burst into a childish laugh.

"Why, my dear Mr. Bates!" she cried, waving the history above her head in triumph, "what a pair of geese we are! A carriage! Oh, you silly man! It's a boat!"

"Is it?" said Mr. Bates, in admiration of the intelligence of his companion.

"Who'd ha' thought that now?" he was about to laugh also, when, raising his eyes, he saw in the open doorway the figure of James Barker, with a musket in his hand.

"Hallo! What's this? What do you do here, sir?"

"Sorry to disturb yer," says the convict, with a grin, "but you must come along o' me, Mr. Bates."

Bates, at once comprehending that some terrible misfortune had occurred, did not lose his presence of mind. One of the cushions of the couch was under his right hand, and snatching it up, he flung it across the little cabin full in the face of the escaped prisoner. The soft mass struck the man with force sufficient to blind him for an instant. The musket exploded harmlessly in the air; and ere the astonished Barker could recover his footing, Bates had hurled him out of the cabin, and, crying "Mutiny!" locked the cabin-door on the inside. The noise brought out Mrs. Vickers from her berth, and the poor little student of English history ran into her arms.

"It's a mutiny, ma'am," said Bates. "Go back to your cabin and lock the door. Those bloody villains have risen on us! Maybe it ain't so bad as it looks; I've got my pistols with me, and Mr. Frere'll hear the shot anyway. Mutiny! On deck there!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice, and his brow grew damp with dismay, and his brow laugh from above was with a mocking thrusting the woman and child into the state berth, the bewildered pilot cocked a pistol, and snatching a cutlass from the arm-stand fixed to the butt of the mast which penetrated the cabin, he burst open the door with his foot, and rushed to the companion-ladder. Barker

had retreated to the deck, and for an instant he thought the way was clear, but Lesly and Russen thrust him back with the muzzles of the loaded muskets. He struck at Russen with the cutlass, missed him, and, seeing the hopelessness of the attack, was fain to retreat.

In the meanwhile, Grimes and the other soldier had loosed themselves from their bonds, and encouraged by the firing which seemed to them a sign that all was not yet lost, made shift to force up the fore-hatch. Porter, whose courage was none of the fiercest, and who had been for years given over to that terror of discipline which servitude induces, made but a feeble attempt at resistance, and forcing the handspike from him, the sentry, Jones, rushed aft to help the pilot. As Jones reached the waist, Cheshire, a cold-blooded, blue-eyed man, shot him dead. Grimes fell over the corpse, and Cheshire clubbing the musket coolly battered his head as he lay, and then seizing the body of the unfortunate Jones in his arms, tossed it into the sea. "Porter, you lubber!" he cried, exhausted with the effort to lift the body, "come and bear a hand with this other one!" Porter advanced aghast; but just then another occurrence claimed the villain's attention, and poor Grimes' life was spared for that time.

Rex, inwardly raging at this unexpected resistance on the part of the pilot, flung himself on the skylight, and tore it up bodily. As he did so, Barker, who had reloaded his musket, fired down into the cabin. The ball passed through the stateroom door, and splintering the wood, buried itself close to the golden curls of poor little Sylvia. It was their hair-breath escape which drew from the agonized mother that shriek which, pealing through the open stern windows, had roused the soldiers in the boat.

Rex, who by the virtue of his dandyism, yet possessed some abhorrence of useless crime, imagined that the cry was one of pain, and that Barker's bullet had taken deadly effect. "You've killed the child, you villain!" he cried.

"What's the odds?" asked Barker, sulkily. "She must die anyway, sooner or later."

Rex put his head down the skylight, and called on Bates to surrender; but Bates only drew his other pistol. "Would you commit murder?" he asked, looking round with desperation in his glance.

"No, no," cried some of the men, willing to blink the death of poor Jones. "It's no use making things worse than they are. Bid him come up and we'll do him no harm."

"Come up, Mr. Bates," says Rex, "and I give you my word you shan't be injured."

"Will you set the major's lady and child ashore, then?" asked Bates, sturdily facing the scowling brows above him. "Yes."

Bates, hoping against hope for the return of the boat, endeavored to gain time. "Shut down the skylight, then," said he, with the ghost of an authority in his voice, "until I ask the lady."

This, however, John Rex refused to do. "You can ask well enough where you are," he said.

But there was no need for Mr. Bates to put a question. The door of the stateroom opened, and Mrs. Vickers appeared, trembling, with Sylvia by her side. "Accept, Mr. Bates," she said, "since it must be so. We should gain nothing by refusing. We are at their mercy—God help us!"

"Amen to that," says Bates under his breath; and then, aloud, "We agree!" "Put your pistols on the table and come up, then," says Rex, covering the tables with his musket, as he spoke. "Nobody shall hurt you."

Mrs. Vickers, pale and sick with terror, passed rapidly under the open skylight, and prepared to ascend. Sylvia clung to her mother with one hand, and with the other pressed close to her little bosom the "English History."

"Get a shawl, ma'am, or something," says Bates, "and a hat for missy."

"Who's to command the brig now?" asked undaunted Bates, as they came up.

"I am," says John Rex; "and with these brave fellows I'll take her round the world."

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Bates.

"Leave you behind. Come, look alive there! Lower away the jolly-boat. Mrs. Vickers, go down to your cabin, and get anything you want. I am compelled to put you ashore, but I have no wish to leave you without clothes." Bates listened, in a sort of dismal admiration, at this courtly convict. He could not have spoken like that had life depended on it. "Now, my little lady," continued Rex, "run down with your mamma, and don't be frightened."

(To be continued.)

Different. She had said "yes" and he was taking the measure for the solitaire. "Darling," he said, "you are the only woman I ever proposed to."

"I'm afraid you have a poor memory, dear," she rejoined. "You once told me you had been engaged to a widow."

"True," he replied, "but that was during leap year."

She Supplied Them. Tragedian—I hear that Rowland Rantts went out on a tour through the West.

Comedian—Yes, lecture tour, I believe.

Tragedian—I thought it was tragedy. How did it happen to be a lecture tour?

Comedian—His wife went along.

In His Line. The fugitive Cossack landed in America and applied to the construction department of a large telegraph company for work.

"Bah!" scoffed the foreman. "You won't do. What do you know about stringing wires?"

"Nothing," replied the ex-Cossack, "but I know how to plant Poles."

In the Adirondacks. Eva—What glorious air up in these mountains. I declare it is really intoxicating.

Dick—Then I shall be cautious how I breathe it.

Eva—Why so?

Dick—I am afraid I might get a tight.



"Are you Hungry?" "Yes, Siam." "Well, come along; I'll fix it."

Downtown—How did Binkers, the architect, become so poor? Uptown—He built a house for himself.

Dressmaker—And would you have leg-of-mutton sleeves, madam? Customer—Most certainly not. I am a vegetarian!—Punch.

Teacher—Can you tell me the difference between "like" and "love"? Small Boy—Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

Conductor—Why don't you get up and give that lady a seat? Passenger—She might say, "Thank you," and I have a weak heart.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ethel—And are you sure you love me, George? George—Sure? Ask my boss. He says if I don't stop this dreaming all day long he'll discharge me.—Puck.

"Yes, old man, we're fixing to go to housekeeping; what has been your experience with servant girls?" "Hush! Come over here where my wife can't hear."—Houston Post.

"Papa," said Ruth after her first day at school, "I don't want to go to school until I learn more, for to-day the teacher asked me ever so many things I didn't know."

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team. Bell—What does it say? Nell—it says: "Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?"

Fond Wife—You'll think of me sometimes while you are away, dear? Fond Hubby—Not likely. Didn't the doctor say I was to go away for my health and avoid all worry?—Scraps.

Cholly Callow—At any rate the fortune-teller said I had the make-up of a gentleman about me. Miss Snapper—About you? Then why in the world don't you put the make-up on?—Chicago News.

"Wonderful thing—this eddication," said the old man. "In what way?" "In this way: John knows just enough Latin, an' Greek, an' French to know nothin' at all about makin' a livin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Haven't you ever thought of going to work?" asked the farmer's wife of Sauntering Sam. "Yes'm," replied the veteran tramp; "I thought of it once—but I was deeleerious at de time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Meeks—My wife called me up on the phone six times to-day. Weeks—What for? Meeks—The last five times were for the purpose of calling me down because I didn't answer the first time she called me up.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Have you 'The Art of Making Up'?" asked the lady of the clerk in the book store. "I don't think I have, ma'am," replied the young man. "I quarreled with my wife a week ago, and I can't get her to say a word to me."—Yonkers Statesman.

"See here!" snapped the landlord, who had responded to the tenant's hurry call for a plumber, "I thought you said the water in your cellar was two feet deep. It's only a few inches." "Well, that's as deep as my two feet," retorted the tenant, "and that's too much."

"I don't see what a man wants with two wives!" snorted Mrs. Enpeck, as she threw down a paper containing an account of the Smoot case. "I don't either," said Mr. Enpeck fervently. It must have been the way he said it that made Mrs. Enpeck so mad.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"There are great things in store for you," said the fortune-teller to the young man; "but there will be many obstacles to overcome. There is a woman continually crossing your path, a large woman with dark hair and eyes. She will dog your footsteps untiringly." "Yes—I know who that is." "Ah, you have seen her?" "Yes; she's my washwoman."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

It was the wedding day, and the unfortunate bridegroom was making his exit with the usual accompaniment of rice and old boots. He snatched his hat from a peg, seized an umbrella from the hall stand, and was going out of the door, when the bride's father called after him: "You've taken my umbrella, Henry. Bring it back at once. I've six daughters, but only one good umbrella."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there's something wrong with my stomach." "Not a bit of it," replied the doctor. "God made your stomach, and He knows how to make stomachs. There's something wrong with the stuff you put into it, maybe, and with the way you stuff it in and stamp it down; but your stomach is all right." And immediately the patient discharged him.

Careful of Mother's Health. "Harry, did you not hear your mother calling you?" "Course I did."

"Then why don't you go to her?" "She's nervous. If I should go too quick she'd drop dead," and Harry went on with his playing as if nothing disturbed his mind.—Albany, N. Y., Journal.

The man who pays the bills looks terribly unlike the white-robed fairy with a wand in the story books.

WOES OF A STRANDED GIRL.

She Has a Hard Time Here, but Worse in England. "I've found a place at last," said the pretty English girl in the dove-colored gown, according to the New York Press, "but you can't think what it is. Walking on the stage. Just walking on and walking off without saying a single word. Imagine it. I, who in England played 'Zaza' with great success, who was for a time with Irving, who have played leading woman again and again—walking on and off the stage without saying a word!

"I am going to take it as a huge joke," she smiled lightly. "I am going to make the best of it. It is very hard for an English girl to make headway here in New York. Very hard. Many of my friends are without work. They can't even walk on and off."

"Never mind," said the woman to whom she was talking, "you will walk on and off so gracefully that they will give you something else to do. I will wager that in less than a week they will let you open your mouth, in another week they will let you speak. What, if in a month they should let you speak a whole sentence? Wouldn't that be lovely?"

The English girl smiled as she smoothed down the fingers of her long gray gloves.

"I do play a little something on the piano," she said.

"What greater opportunity would you have, then?" exclaimed the woman, for the girl was an exquisite pianist. "In a very little while they will let you play more."

"I can't make my own selections," she sighed. "I have to play something that belongs to the play."

"You can't tell me anything about the difficulty of breaking into a big foreign city and trying to help run it all at once," mused the woman, reminiscently. "I know all about it. I came here to New York once upon a time, not so very long ago, and did so well with my work that I said to myself: 'I will go to London and do better.' So I went down to the sea in a ship and eventually landed there."

"Talk about trying to get a place on a stage in New York! 'Try getting something into a London newspaper or magazine for awhile. I was simply lost. There were a million newspapers and it seemed more than a million magazines, small, large and medium. The editors were polite, they accepted some of my stuff, but when they published it I couldn't find it. Each editor ran about seventeen magazines and it was the rule to publish work without the writer's name unless the name was of some consequence."

"Fortunately, I had some money left from the sale of my little Kentucky home, or I would have starved. I got so disgusted I skipped to Paris and spent my money foolishly, having a good time."

"But the stranded girls I heard of in London! Terrible. There was one across from me in an attic room in Russel square who killed herself—threw herself out the window on the spikes of an iron fence. She hadn't a sou. I am not so very generous, but if I had known of it, I certainly would have divided up with her a little anyway. That's the trouble. You don't know of it until after they have made away with themselves."

"And there were hundreds of them in those little old rooms up under the skylights in the American quarter. You know those rooms. One big room with a dozen paper partitions you can hear the sobs through. Awful little rooms," repeated the woman with a shudder. "Terrible condition of affairs. Young girls without money in that London whirlpool. Women without money. A thousand times while I was there I thanked my stars that I was not penniless, too."

"There should be some provision made by the mother country for women and girls who invade foreign cities. A committee should be appointed to meet them at the docks and find places for them. I mean the pretty, charming, cultivated girls who find it difficult to get something to do. There is a demand for servants in all countries. There is less demand for brains, culture and refinement."

"There is one man in London—Mr. Chamberlain—who is a committee and an eleemosynary institution rolled in one, so far as helping stranded American girls to get work or go home is concerned. He'll go straight to heaven when he dies for that if nothing else."

ONE OF THE '49ERS.

Old Fellow Tells of the Gold Seekers' Trials.

James A. Wainwright, of Oakland, Cal., one of the original forty-niners, who fought their way to California during the great gold rush, was in St. Louis for a short time last week. Mr. Wainwright, who is nearly 80 years old, came here from Philadelphia, where he had been visiting a grandson. He was met here by a nephew, Frank Blair, of Chicago, and the two dined at the Planters and later departed together for Oakland.

Mr. Wainwright is active and able to travel alone. He made the trip from Oakland to Philadelphia alone and returned as far as St. Louis, where his nephew met him. The two will finish the journey together.

Mr. Wainwright grew reminiscent last night when he was seen in the lobby of the Planters.

"I can tell you," he said, "it is far different traveling these days than it was fifty-six years ago. That is a long time ago and I am probably one of the few original forty-niners who has not crossed the great divide. I was living in Ohio when the gold rush came on. I was working on my father's

farm, and all the neighbors boys had caught the fever and I suppose I was only 21 years old, but boys in those days seem to me to have been much older and larger than their years.

"There were no railroads and the trip would have to be made by wagon. A large number of outfits were starting from St. Louis, and four of us boys came here. It was a far different city in those days, I can tell you, from what it is now.

"Outfits were starting for the West every day and I joined one of them. It was a strenuous trip and we had many an experience. The Indians were cutting up high jinks and we almost had to fight our way across. In one of the Indian fights one of my companions who had started on the trip with me, was injured and died a few days later. We buried him on the plains, poor fellow, and searching for his grave now would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"California was reached after months of hard work, and then the search for gold began. We were partly successful, but after a few months of prospecting and hard work I made up my mind that I could make my fortune sooner by going into business. I had made some money and with it I started a supply store near one of the big camps. A few weeks convinced me that I had adopted the better course.

"Justice in those days was rapid and such a thing as a small technicality bringing about a stay and a new trial was not to be thought of. As is always the case, a bad element was attracted by the gold fields and this element lived by robbing the more industrious workers. Robbery was punishable by death, and the guilty man was generally discovered and paid the penalty.

"I remember one incident that was somewhat amusing and yet rather gruesome. A worthless chap by the name of Billings, located near our camp. He had a pretty wife and two children, but he was a brute pure and simple. He never did a bit of work and yet he seemed to have money enough to buy whisky, and then after getting drunk he would beat his wife. A committee of the reliable citizens of the camp took his case in hand one night and decided that it would be better if Billings was out of the way. He had been suspected of several jobs and was soon brought before the committee charged with the crime. His trial was short and he was sentenced to be hanged.

"Just before the sentence was to be carried into effect one of the committee spoke about the wife and asked how she was to get along without some support. Another man said that the only thing to do was to get her another husband. Well, Billings was hanged and the camp was rid of a bad man. Two days later Mrs. Billings was married to a thrifty miner who had always had a liking for her, and everything was as good as made up.

"Those things all happened many years ago," said Mr. Wainwright in conclusion, "but they do not seem to be so far back to me."—St. Louis Republic.

Our Greatest Arsenal.

During the Civil War Rock Island was called into unexpected service. At the very outbreak of hostilities the island suggested itself as a suitable place to care for the prisoners of war, and extensive barracks were constructed, with a hospital, officers' quarters and other necessary buildings. Over 20,000 confederate prisoners were confined there.

Horace was indeed wise when he counseled to prepare for war in times of peace, but that advice was disregarded, and when, in 1858, war was declared with Spain, it found us unprepared, but the Rock Island Arsenal promptly responded to the call. The force of workmen was increased from 500 to nearly 3,000, and the necessary articles were poured out in like proportion. Even then it was 114 days before the soldiers could be made ready for action.

Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of the delay, our victory might have been less decisive.

It is not the object of the arsenal to encourage war, but to prepare for it when it becomes inevitable; in the words of Washington: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."—Four-Track News.

Ocean Angling.

Every day through the spring and summer and autumn, and almost every day in winter, a boat leaves one of the East River piers bound for the deep-sea fishing banks. Every passenger on board is of that true democracy, the democracy of the rod and reel. Not death itself is more of a common leveler than the fishing rod, and who crosses the gang plank of this fishing steamboat leaves class distinction behind.

The professional man feeling business for a day, the clerk with a holiday on his hands, the mechanic thrown into idleness by a strike, the invalid who finds the city irksome and longs for a sniff of the sea, old men, young boys and all ages and stages of mankind between, may be seen in the stream of people that dribbles along the pier while the sun is yet dodging behind the Brooklyn house-tops. The man who would go deep sea fishing must be up betimes, for it is a good three hours' run to the fishing banks.—Four-Track News.

Perhaps the neighbors wouldn't disapprove of it so much if, when a father licked his boy, he called it a bazing.