A Buccaneer of the Sixteenth Century.

Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine for August.

The greatest of all the buccaneers, he who stands pre-eminent amongst them, and whose name even to this day is a charm to call up his deeds of daring, his dauntless courage, his truculent cruelty, and his insatiate and unappeasable lust for gold, was Captain Henry Morgan, the bold Welshman, who brought buccaneering to the height and power of its glory.

Having sold himself, after the manner of the times, for his passage across the seas, he worked out his time of servitude at the Barbadoes. As soon as he had regained his liberty, he entered upon the trade of piracy, wherein he soon reached a position of considerable prominence.

The first attempt Captain Henry Morgan ever made against any town in the Spanish Indies was the bold descent upon the city of Puerto del Principe in the island of Cuba, with a mere handful of men. It was a deed the boldness of which has never been outdone by any of a like nature—not even the famous attack upon Panama itself. Thence they returned to their boats in the very face of the whole island of Cuba, aroused and determined upon their extermination. Not only did they make good their escape, but they brought away with them a vast amount of plunder, computed at three hundred thousand pieces of eight, besides five hundred head of cattle and many prisoners held for ransom.

But when the division of all this wealth came to be made, lo! there were only fifty thousand pieces of eight to be found. What had become of the rest no man could tell but Captain Henry Morgan himself. Honesty among thieves was never an axiom with him.

Rude, truculent, and dishonest as Captain Morgan was, he seems to have had a wonderful power of persuading the wild buccaneers under him to submit everything to his judgment, and to rely entirely upon his word. In spite of the vast sum of money that he had very evidently made away with, recruits poured in upon him, until his band was larger and better equipped that ever.

The next towns to suffer their poor Maracaybo and Gibraltar, now just beginning to recover from the desolation wrought by L'Olonoise. Once more both towns were plundered of every bale of merchandise and of every piastre, and once more both were ransomed until everything was squeezed from the wretched inhabitants.

Here affairs were like to have taken a turn, for when Captain Morgan came up from Gibraltar, he found three great men-of-war lying in the entrance to the lake awaiting his coming. Seeing that he was hemmed in the narrow sheet of water, Captain Morgan was inclined to compromise matters, even offering to relinquish all the plunder he had gained if he were allowed to depart in peace. But no; the Spanish admiral would hear nothing of this. Having the pirates, as he thought, securely in his grasp, he would relinquish nothing, but would sweep them from the face of the sea once and forever.

That was an unlucky determination for the Spaniards to reach, for instead of paralyzing the pirates with fear, as he expected it would do, it simply turned their mad courage into as mad desperation.

A great vessel that they had taken with the town of Maracaybo was converted into a fire-ship, manned with logs of wood in montera caps and sailor jackets, and filled with brim-stone, pitch, and palm-leaves soaked in oil. Then out of the lake the pirates sailed to meet the Spaniards, the fire-ship leading the way, and bearing down directly upon the admiral's vessel. At the helm stood volunteers, the most desperate and the bravest of all the pirate gang, and at the ports stood the logs of wood in montera caps. So they came up with the admiral, and grappled with his ship in spite of the thunder of all his great guns, and then the Spaniard saw, all to late, what his opponent really was.

He tried to swing loose, but clouds of smoke and almost instantly a mass of roaring flames enveloped both vessels, and the admiral was lost. The second vessel, not wishing to wait for the coming of the pirates, bore down upon the fort, under the guns of which the cowardly crew sunk her, and made the best of their way to the shore. The third vessel, not having an opportunity to escape, was taken by the pirates without the slightest resistance, and the passage from the lake was cleared. So the buccaneers sailed away, leaving Maracaybo and Gibraltar prostrate a second time.

And now Captain Morgan determined to undertake another venture, the like of which had never been equalled in all of the annals of buccaneering. This was nothing less than the descent upon and the capture of Panama, which was, next to Cartagena, perhaps, the most powerful and the most strongly fortified city in the West Indies.

Down they poured upon Panama, and out came the Spaniards to meet them; four hundred horse, two thousand five hundred foot, and two thousand wild bulls which had been herded together to be driven over the buccaneers so that their ranks might be disordered and broken. The buccaneers were only eight hundred strong; the others had either fallen in battle or had dropped along the dreary pathway through the wilderness; but in the space of two hours the Spaniards were flying madly over the plain, minus six hundred who lay dead or dying behind them.

As for the bulls, as many of them as were shot served as food there and then for the half-famished pirates, for the buccaneers were never more at home than in the slaughter of cattle.

Then they marched toward the city. Three hours more fighting and they were in the streets, howling, yelling, plundering, gorging, dram-drinking, and giving full vent to all the vile and nameless lusts that burned in their hearts like a hell of fire. And now followed the usual sequence of events—rapine, cruelty, and extortion; only this time there was no town to ransom, for Morgan had given orders that it should be destroyed. The torch was set to it, and Panama, one of the greatest cities in the New World, was swept from the face of the earth. Why the deed was done, no man but Morgan could tell. Perhaps it was that all the secret hiding-places for treasure might be brought to light; but whatever the reason was, it lay hidden in the breast of the great buccaneer himself. For three weeks Morgan and his men abided in this dreadful place; then they marched away with one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden loaded with treasures of gold and silver and jewels, besides great quantities of merchandise, and six hundred prisoners held for ransom.

Whatever became of all that vast wealth, and what it amounted to, no man but Morgan ever knew, for when a division was made it was found that there was only two hundred pieces of eight to each man.

When this dividend was declared, a howl of execration went up, under which even Captain Henry Morgan quailed. At night he and four other commanders slipped their cables and ran out to sea, and it was said that these divided the greater part of the booty amongst themselves. But the wealth plundered at Panama could hardly have fallen short of a million and a half dollars. Computing it at this reasonable figure, the various prizes won by Henry Morgan in the West Indies would stand as follows: Panama, $1,500,000; Porto Bello, $800,000; Puerto del Principe, $700,000; Maracaybo and Gibraltar, $400,000; various piracies, $250,000—making a grand total of $3,650,000 as the vast harvest of plunder. With this fabulous wealth, wrenched from the Spaniards by means of the rack and the cord, and pilfered from his companions by the meanest of theiving, Captain Henry Morgan retired from business, honored of all, rendered famous by his deeds, knighted by the good King Charles II., and finally appointed Governor of the rich island of Jamaica.

Other buccaneers followed him. Campeche was taken and sacked, and even Cartagena itself fell; but with Henry Morgan culminated the glory of the buccaneers, and from that time they declined in power and wealth and wickedness until they were finally swept away.

France's Wonderful New Rifles.

Evening Post.

The Lebel rifle, the new arm with which the French infantry will be supplied before next spring, is according to all accounts, a wonder, and several models of the gun which have been received here have excited great interest. The new rifle is known by the name of its inventor, Lebel, and is smaller and lighter than the rifles now in use; the French soldiers call it "the little gun." The most authentic descriptions given to the gun agree in attributing to it a carrying power beyond that of any rifle heretofore in use. The models received in New York are not known to be accurate copies of the Lebel gun, and experiments with them are impossible, owing to the fact that the powder used is a secret compound of which the French government has the monopoly.

According to all accounts the Lebel gun will carry its bullet nearly a mile and a half, and with a more certain aim than has been possible with ordinary rifles. The bore of the gun is very small, and the ball which is of steel and sharply pointed at one end, is said to revolve at a speed of a thousand revolutions a second. In the tests made by the French government this bullet has penetrated a brick wall eight inches thick at a distance of 500 yards; it will go through any kind of armor which can be worn by soldiers, and at a distance of more than a mile will pass through a man as easily as at 10 paces. The gun has no recoil under fire, and the powder gives out no smoke whatever. It has been said that the powder used must be a type of the smokeless hunting powder already in the market, but this is denied by the inventor, who says that he uses an entirely new compound. The Lebel gun is, of course, a repeater, and the cartridges are so small that each soldier carries 220 rounds of ammunition, as against 116 rounds, formerly considered the maximum.

Thackeray's Letters.

From the Arkansaw Traveller.

The Wagonville Tire of recent date contains the following under the head of "Literary News":

"A man named Thackeray is now writing letters for Scribner's Magazine, a copy of which has reached us. In some places, where the printers have not been able to read the copy, the manuscript has been run in, which we think is a sharp piece of satire against the correspondent, who, it appears to us, is not very particular. Mr. Thackeray, we believe, is an Englishman and is trying to make a reputation as a humorist, but we have written a good many articles for the Tire that are a heap funnier, and yet the newspapers throughout the country have paid no attention to them. We sent one of these articles to Scribners Magazine, and, although they were endorsed by the County Judge and Deputy Sheriff McWhalen, who is about as good judge of a joke as any man in Bumton county, yet it was thrown aside to make room for a lot of those horse chestnuts sent in by Thackeray. We do hot print this to stir up strife, but to let our people know that the magazines are not after the best matter. We have sent another article headed, "How Uncle Billie Monroe Killed a Coon," and if it is thrown aside, our people will want to know the reasons why.

Water Supply From Artesian Wells.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser claims for that city the best water supply in the United States. It says: "Montgomery is a city of between 25,000 and 30,000 people. Every one of these, every horse and cow and hog, every factory of whatever description, every shape of man or beast or machine, has all the pure artesian water it wants or needs; and if any man is unable to pay for it the city and the works supply it with abundant public fountains. The water is supplied from artesian wells sunk in the northern edge of the city. It is distributed over the city by over forty miles of mains; two reservoirs with a capacity of three and one-half million gallons are kept full; a stand pipe of 417,000 gallons contains a still further supply. This stand pipe is on one of the highest hills in the city, is 105 feet high, and gives a pressure of 110 pounds to the square inch. The pressure sends a stream of water from a hose above the highest building in the city. The power is supplied by two engines with a daily capacity of 3,000,000 gallons each. In short, every portion of the city is supplied with more pure water than it can consume, even in case of fire. The reserve always on hand is ample for any conflagration, and the consumption of the whole place is moderate [illegible]

The Real Estate Boom.

Reports from various cities of the Country Bradstreets Journal, a New York business publication gives special reports from 23 cities showing a large advance in prices of real estate, not only in the West but also in the East. The statement is very comprehensive and indicates that a boom in real estate throughout the country will be very generally felt before the close of ehe year. The causes of the real estate boom Bradstreet's believes are briefly the revival in general trade and the investment of funds which have been locked up for several years past awaiting investment. These investments have naturally led to speculation and to a general rise in prices. From the careful special reports in Bradstreet's from the various cities we glean the following interesting facts.

The rise in New York has been uniformly upward since 1879. In Brooklyn activity is principally confined to the outlying wards, where real estate has advanced from 30 to 60 per cent. In Philadelphia the boom owes its inspiration very largely to the business depression prevailing four years ago. In Boston there has been a steady demand at fair value for several years and the northern suburbs have had a special growth with an inadequate supply of detached houses. In Chicago during the last three years of depression in general business realty has been active and strong. In St Louis business property centrally located shows an advance of 20 to 30 per cent, and property in the suburbs is in general request. In Duluth, Minn., suburban property has shown the greatest increase, advancing from 100 to 200 per cent for lands situated from one to three miles from the city. The boom at Fort Smith Ark., was caused by railroad extensions recently made, and the demand has been mainly for suburban property. At St. Joseph, Mo., speculation in real estate reached its maximum height during February last and was caused by investment by prominent business men in real estate adjoining the city limits. In Rome, Ga., the rise in real estate resulted from the building of new lines of railroad and the influx of capital which has engaged in developing the mineral resources. In Louisville an organization of citizens has forwarded the improvement in realty value with excellent results. In Cleveland prices have increased about 20 per cent for desirable business locations, and in the suburbs have advanced considerably. A rise of 30 to 40 per cent in farm lands in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio, is noticed, and in Minneapolis the greatest relative speculative activity of late has been shown in suburban property. The population of Minneapolis in 1880 was 46,000. It is now estimated at 150,000 and is still rapidly increasing. In Richmond, Va., active speculation in real estate began about six months ago and extends throughout the entire city and suburbs. In Cincinnati the advance in real estate commenced about a year ago and a successful effort toward substantially improving the city streets was a factor in the improvement. Increased numbers of fine suburban residences are in course of erection. In Davenport, Iowa, real estate had been very low since 1879. The growth of the city has led to a growth in real estate values. The boom in Kansas City, Mo., has been continuous for the past three years with more than three-fourths of the capital invested coming from the East. Suburban property from one to three miles from the city cannot be bought except in one or two cases for less than double the valuation of 12 months since. The boom in Birmingham, Ala., began a year ago and has steadily grown, with an outflow of population and construction of railroads as factors. Business lots worth in January, 1886, $5,000 are worth $15,000, and building lots have advanced from $1,500 to $3,500. At Chattanooga, Tenn., decided rise in real estate was noticed about the middle of December, 1886, caused by the unexampled growth of the city, its population doubling between 1873 and 1883 and again between 1883 and 1886. Activity in reality has been very marked in suburban tracts. At Wichita, Kansas, its adaption as the centre of a rich agricultural section and a railroad centre has given it great activity. Business lots on the principal streets which sold for $3,000 three years ago are now worth $20,000, Some families are living in tents awaiting the completion of houses. Three thousand houses will be erected during this year. In Nashville, Tenn., real estate speculation began last fall, first in vacant lots and then extended to improved property. It was caused by the organization of new manufacturing industries. At St. Paul, Minn., a rise began the latter part of September, 1886. From $400 to $600 per front foot was then charged for choice business property. Now from $700 to $1,200 is asked.

Cure For Alcoholism.

From the Connecticut Home.

I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. It reduced me to degradation. I vowed and strove long and hard, but I seldom held victory over liquor long. I hated drunkenness, but still I drank. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work or sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months hand-running. At length I was sent to the house of correction as a vagrant. It my family had been provided for I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation. Explaining my affliction to a fellow prisoner, a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings, and suffused a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have had no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.

Her "Jersey."

Farmer Simpson was "nigh," in country parlance; he would "skin a flint" for his personal advantage. Even his daughters complained among themselves of his stinginess, the eldest threatening to go out to service, and leave him to fill her place with a hired handmaiden. "I don't even have decent clothes to my back," she said one morning, over she churn, to pretty Miss Deane, one of the summer boarders, and an "early riser."

"I've asked pa," she continued, "if he wouldn't give me what butter I could sell from one cow,—and he's just drove home two noble ones; but, no. He don't care if my meetin' dress is all out at the elbows."

"It's a shame!" cried impulsive Jessie Deane. "If you even had a Jersey to wear with that blue shirt, you could get along without an entire dress. See here, Mary Ann, I'm going to ask him myself."

She ran lightly to the yard where Farmer Simpson was milking, leaving Mary Ann to watch her in awe at such boldness.

"Mr. Simpson," said the self-appointed embassadress, "there is something you can give Mary Ann that would please her very much."

"Them plaguey cows ag'in!" muttered the farmer to himselt. "What does she want of one of 'em?" But he added aloud, "What's that, Miss Deane?"

"Why, it's only one of these new Jerseys that everybody likes so much?"

"She wants a Jersey? Wal, I vum! If she's goin' to pester me for any on 'em, I should think she might put up with a common critter."

"But these are very fashionable, you know, besides being so useful."

"'Taint fashion, Miss Deane; 'taint fashion," said the farmer, shaking his head. "It's butter an' milk ye've got to go by."

Jessie was puzzled, but she stuck to her point.

"I am going to have some things send down next week," she said. "Do let me order a Jersey for her! I'd give it to her myself, but she's too proud to take it."

"Order a critter sent down from Boston! You forehanded folks do beat all. No, Miss Deane; if Mary Ann has got to have a cow, she can take old Short horn. I don't go to buyin' any fancy stock for her."

"Then Jessie began to laugh, but she stopped in time to escape being thought crazy by Mr. Simpson.

"But can she really have old Shorthorn," she persisted, "and began with to-day's milk?"

"I s'pose so," said the farmer, gruffly, ashamed to refuse; "but women folks do spend a powerful sight o' money!"

"Aha!" thought Jessie as she tripped back through the wet path. "So Mary Ann can buy her Jersey herself!"

And she did. Moreover, her father is ignorant to this day of the important distinction between an article of dress and a "critter."

The Sleep of Death.

An interesting description of the "sleepy disease," peculiar to Africa, is given in the "Journal of an African Cruiser." The persons attacked by this singular malady are those who take little exercise and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassada and rice. Some observers ascribe it to the cassada, which is supposed to be strongly narcotic. Not improbably the climate has much influence, the disease being most prevalent in low and marshy situations.

Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few minutes needful to take a little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months death comes—with a tread that the patient cannot hear—and makes the slumber a little more sound.

I found the aspect of Queen Maumee's beautiful granddaughter inconceivably affecting. It was strange to see her so quiet, in a sleep from which it might be supposed she would awake full of youthful life, and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading away from the eyes that loved her.

This young girl was but fourteen years of age. With some difficulty she was aroused and awoke with a frightened cry—a strange and broken murmur—as if she were looking dimly ont of her sleep and knew not whether our figures were real or only the phantasies of a dream.

Her eyes were wild and glassy and she seemed to be in pain. While awake there was a nervous twitching about her mouth and in her fingers but being again extended on the mat and left to herself these symptoms of disquietude passed away and she almost immediately sunk again into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her.

This poor doomed girl had been suffering—no, not suffering, for, except when forcibly aroused, there appears to be no uneasiness, but she had been lingering two months under this sleepy disease.

The Founder of Cleveland, O.

On or about November 1 next there will be unveiled in Cleveland, Ohio, a bronze statue of the founder of that city, General Moses Cleveland. A clay model of the work has been completed. The figure stands seven feet and six inches high. The general is represented standing erect, with a staff and an old-fashioned surveyor's level in his hands. He is bareheaded, and is dressed in the ordinary outdoor garb of his time. The pose is natural and easy and the face striking. There is more of naturalness and flesh and blood depicted in the countenance than can be found in most of the alleged portraits of the old surveyor in existence. The sculptor worked principally from a lithograph of a portrait painted on ivory in an old-fashioned breastpin, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Windom, Conn. The likeness is thought by members of the Cleveland family who have seen the model to be as perfect as possible. The pedestal will be of polished Westerly granite and will be about seven feet high and six feet in diameter. It will bear the inscription: "General Moses Cleveland, founder of the city, 1796."

Dr. E. D. Standiford, of Louisville, Ky., has presented to that city 140 acres of land conveniently located and splendidly adapted to park purposes. It is a gift worth over $100,000.

NORHTWESTERN LAND.

How It May be Obtained Without Much Effort. From the New York Tribune.

At great distance from markets, in sequestered regions, removed from every social, religious and educational privileze, may still be found free, fertile lands of good quality. So rapid is the march of progress that many of these in a short time will be in easy reach of new railroads. But as one cannot forsee with certainly the course of such improvements, it is best not to risk too much in expectation of future conveniences. Four immediate avenues for obtaining desirable lands remain to the emigrant. 1. The railroads yet possess a vast body of first-class territory, which is offered for sale at low prices and long time. 2. Countless quarter-sections are held by men who acquired them under pre-emption or tree-culture rights, for speculative purposes—merchants, clerks, railway employes, carpenters and all classes of city residents. The increasing vigilance of the authorities and the growing difficulty of "proving up" such claims have caused general alarm among the myriad holders who have not yet attempted to acquire a patent and who become daily more disposed to sell out their improvements for whatever they can get. Cases are by no means rare where such pre-emptors have lately relinquished first-class quarter-sections within ten miles of railway stations, for a consideration from $25 to $50, transferring their rights to the new comer. As there are all through the northwest great quantities of land still held on this uncertain tenure, which the investigations of government render daily more hazardous, there will be abundant opportunities to pick them up. A bonafide settler, succeeding to such property, would, of course, have no trouble in making proof and obtaining title. The frontier also abounds in restless characters who after a few years in a place are eager to move on, and who having obtained a deed for a quarter-section will sell out below the market price of railroad land. Still another class, merchants deluded into the belief that a "ranche" can be made a valuable business adjunct and who have taken up and attempted to run one, may be found in numbers disgusted and ready to sell out low. Yet another class is common enough—the discontented and homesick, lacking in courage, incapable of good management or for varied reasons finding frontier life a failure, will sell improved farms below cost. If one has money this is the best way to acquire a favorable position and immediate income. In short, the Northwest is still in many places, covering thousand of miles of fine country, in a state of chaos, where men are coming and going, restless and uneasy, and wherein a visitor with money who will take time to search and act promptly when he finds what he wants, will have no trouble in striking a good bargain. 3. If one has no money to invest as above, but must of necessity acquire land gratis and is bent on being near the railway, his only course is to "jump" deserted or spurious claims.

The term jump has fallen into disrepute in the East, as implying violation of another's rights. In the West it is used in two senses. It has this sinister and unpopular significance, and has also a merely technical sense which imputes no discredit. When a newcomer finds a claim whose original occupant has disappeared, and on which the improvements required by law have been omitted, or a claim held dy a non-resident for speculation only on such flimsy pretexts of improvement as would work forfeiture if brought to test, he can file a contest and by proving such vacancy or illegal holding become possessor of the land. This also is called "jumping," bnt is regarded justifiable, and an actual settler thus displacing an alien holder is welcomed and approved. Such opportunities abound on the borders, but are hard for a stranger to find unless he makes a systematic study of his selected locality. Everywhere are great bodies of apparently vacant land, and one inquiring is told that such and such a quarter is held as a pre-emption by an honest clerk in town who visits it regularly and is making improvements enough to hold it rightfully. The next was taken up under soldier's scrip and is deeded. The next is a tree culture, and so on. All appears to be invincibly possessed. But if one will look over the region carefully, search out such quarters as appear most neglected and are preferable for his purposes, and then visit every settler within five miles and make inquiry, he would soon find out the real facts and may learn that one of these claims is held illegally and could be properly contested. His original informant may have tried to mislead through desire to get the property himself or with intent to hide it for the benefit of some relative, or from personal dislike to the applicant. Nothing but a thorough hunt will unearth these opportunities. In time all the body of land now seemingly taken up which the stranger hurries past will be thus examined and tested, and many a hidden quarter of royal fertility pass into possession of painstaking men. Let no one, however, suppose that this process of gaining land can be easily abused. Contest should be attempted only where it is clearly justifiable, or the jumper will find the neighborhood hostile and the effort to get possession fraught with difficulties and expense. The Government leans toward justice, and will not knowingly work hardship to any settler who can establish good intentions and who has been driven by misfortunes into temporary delinquency. Fourth, the good old fashioned way is still open, and is as likely to be successful now as in the past. The vigorous and independent emigrant can go beyond the surveys and 'squat' in as choice a valley as he pleases, with every likelihood that if he complies promptly with the laws when survey is made he will come into undisputed title to his quarter-section, as so many of our forefathers did. On the whole the chances of obtaining farm lands are as good in the northwest as anywhere, if not better, while the varieties of soil and climate exceed those offered now in any region of the country.—Woodruff Clark.

The penetration of largest guns on shipboard in 1860 was less than four inches of iron, and less than three feet of granite. It is to-day thirty inches of iron, ten to twenty feet of granite, and seventy-five feet of earth.

The British Museum.

I made but two brief visits to the British Museum, and I can easily instruct my reader so that he will have no difficulty, if he will follow my teaching, in learning how not to see it. When he has a spare hour at his disposal let him drop in at the museum and wander among its books and its various collections. He will know as much about it as the fly that buzzes in at one window and out at another. If I were asked whether I brought away anything from my two visits, I should say, certainly I did. The fly sees something, not very intelligently, but he cannot help seeing them. The great round reading room, with its silent students, impreseed me very much. I looked at once for the Elgin marbles, but casts and photographs and engravings had made me familiar with their chief features. I thought I knew something of the sculptures brought from Nineveh, but I was astonished, almost awe-struck, at the sight of those mighty images which mingled with the visions of the Hebrew prophets. I did not marvel more at the skill and labor expended upon them by the Assyrian artists than I did at the enterprise and audacity which had brought them safely from the mounds under which they were buried to the light of day and the heart of a great modern city. I never thought I should live to see the Birs Nimroud laid open, and the tablets in which the history of Nebuchadnezzar was recorded spread before me. The Empire of the Spade in the world of history was founded at Nineveh by Layard, a great province added to it by Schliemann, and its boundaries extended by numerous explorers, some of whom are diligently at work at the present day. I feel very grateful that many of its revelations have been made since I have been a tenant of the travelling residence which hold so many secrets in its recesses.

There is one lesson to be got from a visit of an hour or two to the British Museum—namely, the fathomless abyss of our own ignorance. One is almost ashamed of his little heartbeats in the rushing and roaring torrent of Niagara. So if he has published a book or two, collected a few fossils, or coins, or vases, he is crushed by the vastness of the treasures in the library and the collections of this universe of knowledge.

I have shown how not to see the British Museum; I will tell how to see it.

Take lodgings next door to it—in a garret, if you cannot afford anything better,—and pass all your days at the museum during the whole period of your natural life. At threescore and ten you will have some faint conception of the contents, significance and value of this great British institution, which is as nearly as any one spot the naul vital of human civilization, a stab at which by the dagger of anarchy would fitly begin the reign of chaos.—August Atlantic.

The Changes of Fifty Years.

The London Standard has an interesting article upon the difference in customs and morals which Victoria's reign of 50 years has seen. After referring to the high-stocks, snuff-boxes and top-boots which were just going out when her majesty came in, the Standard thus describes English drinking habits of that period:

Fifty years ago almost everybody drank, and the majority of people got drunk. To get tipsy at table was so general that it was not regarded as disreputable, and very frequently the gentlemen were so far gone that they prudently declined to join the ladies. In the "Pickwick Papers," which describe a period not far from that during which the queen ascended the throne, not only the elder Weller and Mr. Stiggens got tipsy, but Mr. Pickwick, a distinguished virtuoso, and Squire Wardle a country gentleman and justice of the peace, did so without any one thinking there conduct in the slightest degree offensive. People sat down to heavy dinners at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and when 5 was fixed as the fashionable hour, good conservatives declined to budge. As for 7:30, 8 and 8:30, it required a long struggle to bring about this change, and a still more severe fight before huge suppers and much punch ceased to be strict social observances. In one famous university there was a "nine-tumbler club," into which no man was eligible for admission until he drunk nine glasses of hot whisky and water, and could then say "Biblical criticism" with a reasonably clear articulation. Even Lord Campbell, though opposed to "the habitual soaking of port wine or whisky punch," expresses himself in his autobiography favorably toward "an occasional booze," as having "a tendency to excite the faculties, to warm the affections, to improve the manners and to form the character of youth. Toasts were still drunk at table; men "took wine with the ladies" and "challenged" each other in a manner highly conducive to excess and the gout. Dinners a la Russe were unknown; heavy joints were the rule, and the art of carving an indispensable accomplishment; light entrees were called "kickshaws" and were scorned as French, and therefore contemptible. Dueling had gone quite out in 1837, and swearing was still the "ornament" of many a gentleman's conversation." Education was far lower then, and morals were not, as a rule, so high. The universities were closed to all save men of one faith, and practically of much the same social standing; while gambling-hells were almost openly patronized.

The improvement over this picture has been due to the enlightenment of the masses and the elevation of the tastes of all classes.

The Heights of Economy.

Elmira Gazette.

"There's one thing I want to ask you, Mary," said a parent, the other day, to his daughter, "and it is this: Is Freddie inclined to be economical? If he is not, it is better for you to break your engagement at once." "Economical, father?" replied the blushing young maiden, as she wound a pair of long sinewy arms about her dear papa's neck, "I should say he was. Why, the first thing he does every night when he calls is to turn down the gas real low, because, he says, the monopolists charge such an outrageous price for it." And she looked up into her father's face with such an innocent look, that plainly said "Isn't he grand?" that the indulgent father had not the heart to say anything more.

A ROMANCE WITH A MORAL.

Sad Dawn of a Wedding Day for a Young Man of Pennsylvania.

Walter Wade, a bold, dashing stock and provision speculator, came home from California to fulfill a promise of marriage with Miss Fannie Eckert, which was to take place, says a Glenview, Pa., special. The most elaborate preparations had been made, and the relatives and friends of the young lady waited with every emotion of pleasure for the happy event. But Wade's recent ill-luck in the speculative field drove him to despair, and rather than face the disappointment which would inevitably follow, he attempted suicide and now lies hopelessly insane at the home of his parents some distance from this place.

Walter is the only son of Werner J. Wade, who soon after his marriage fell heir to a large fortune. After the young man had completed his collegiate studies and graduated with high honors, he decided to take a trip to California before settling down, and so informed his parents. They entreated him to remain at home, but to no purpose. Appealing to his father he said: "Loan me $1,000 and I will return it with interest."

His father immediatefy filled out a check for the amount and handed it to him. The next day, after spending an hour with his intended bride, he started for California in pursuit of fame and fortune. Four years afterward his family and friends were surprised to see him arrive home. He entered his father's house as though his absence had been but for a day, drew up a chair to where his father sat, and taking from a well-filled pocketbook $1,250, he handed it to his father, saying:

"Here is the borrowed money with 6 per cent interest.

This was all so rapidly done that Mr. Wade had hardly time to realize who it was and what it meant. As he related to his parents, he had met with phenomenal success, and by shrewd and conservative speculation amassed a million dollars. After a few days' stay, during which time he renewed his pledges of love to Miss Eckert, who in the four years of waiting never doubted his sincerity, he departed again. Letter after letter was received by her, in which he boasted of his continued success, and said that he was now perfecting arrangements to come home to remain. The wedding was therefore fixed for June 16.

But Wade's character was too weak to resist the temptations that now beset him. An irresistible fondness for wine and champange suppers took posession, which was soon followed by every form of wild and reckless dissipation. Then luck turned against him, and he began to lose money, until his fortune was nearly all swept away. Depressed in spirits, the dashing speculator returned home. His general appearance was dejected, but by the aid of a stimulent he managed to assume his old spirits. In this way the suspicion that might otherwise have been excited was overcome.

A few days ago he remarked to his father that he desired to write some business letters, and for that purpose he retired to his room, giving instructions that his privacy must not be intruded upon. Everything in the way of preparation for the wedding next day had reached a point of completeness, and at 5 p. m. a friend of the groom called to see him. As the matter was urgent, his father went up stairs and called him. He repeated the call, and, receiving no response, forced the door open. To his horror he beheld his son suspended from the halter-strap, with the end knotted around the top of the bed-post, almost dead from strangulation. He quickly cut the strap and placed the body on the bed, and then quietly but quickly, summoned a physician. The doctor said that another minute would have produced death, and that while he might possibly survive, he might be helplessly insane.

The business letters which he was supposed to be writing were to Miss Eckert and his parents. They told of his dissipation and his losses at gambling, and of his complete ruin. He says in his letter to the young lady:

"For many months I had a constant sun of ill-luck. The ardor of gambling, unlike the every other passion, is rather increased than diminished by loss and disappointment. Without being warned, therefore, by ill-success, I still went on until the last of my money was gone. I then began to draw gradually on the $10,000 you placed in my hands for safekeeping until the day of our marriage in small amounts. Following the bent of my evil genius, sum after sum was taken, and all alike buried in that accursed vortex which had already swallowed up so much from me."

To his father he says: "Eighteen months ago I attached my name to a paper, the prospectus of which was a profitable land scheme. It originated with sharpers, and I was victimized. Periodical sprees were indulged in, and with a hope of retrieving some of my losses, I came east for a change. I was a persistent bull on the stock market, and lost heavily last December. I thereafter invested heavily in pork and wheat and was completely swamped."

Immediately after the occurrence the house was closed and Miss Eckert and a few friends were quietly notified. Miss Eckert was completely prostrated. For a few hours she sat by the bedside of her lover and listened to his ravings over the stock and provision markets. Wade is 35 years old.

Uniform Progress.

From the Epoch.

It may interest the curious in such matters to note how closely the increase in the assessed valuation of New York real estate follows the increase in population. In 1870 there were $842,000,000 of taxable real estate to 942,000 persons, or barely $788 per head. In 1880 there were $942,000,000 of taxable real estate to 1,206,000 persons, or about $781 per head, while at present there is $1,250,000,000 of taxable real estate to an estimated population of 1,600,000, showing also a proportion of $781 per head. Keeping in view the speculative and inflated scale of valuation applied to much New York city property in 1870, and the subsequent return to the coin basis of currency, the reduced proportion between population and valuation in recent years is not surprising. Taking everything into account, the substantial uniformity of the proportion between the two elements of the visible greatness of the city is very instructive.

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