CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : ID HO.

IT took ten tons of paper for the new edition of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

GEN. BOULANGER has sold the manuscript of his book on the German invasion for $40,000.

IN writing of novelists, Robert Louis Stevenson refers to George Meredith as "the king of us all."

M. TAINE'S health is greatly improved, and he has resumed work on his "History of the French Revolution."

ABSCONDING Teller Pitcher, of the Union Bank of Providence, R. I., has scored the greatest error of the season.

. E. D. L. N. SOUTHWORTH has one hundred and fifty girl babies named after the heroines of her stories.

ISAAC BRADLEY of New en, Conn., has gone to England as general manager of the Gatling Gun Company of Birmingham.

MRS. GRANT has received $411,00 0 as her share in the profits of Gen. Grant's memoirs, of which 310,000 sets have been sold.

EDWARD BURGESS, the yacht designer has been made an M. A. by Harvard. It was only a short time ago that his wife made him a PA.

NATANIEL HAWTHORNE was a shy man. His son Julian says: "I never saw my father in the act of composition—no one ever did."

SPEAKING of international copyright, there is a multitude of American authors who would be delighted if England would sell their books.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the inventor, will send to each crowned head of Europe a perfected phonograph. Such a present will speak for itself.

STAGG, the famous Yale pitcher continues to refuse tempting offers from professional baseball clubs. His friends say he is lacking in ambition.

SOMEBODY who claims to know asserts that Mrs. Langtry is now worth nearly $500,000. What a beautiful woman she is! Her figure is so well rounded, don't you know!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY announces that she is willing to retire from active work as a Woman Suffragist in favor of some one younger. This suggests the possibility that in time Patti may quit giving farewell concerts.

DR. J. LELAND MILLER, of Sheffield, Mass., has given $40,000 to Williams College to found a Professorship of American History, Literature and Eloquence. It will be the first professorship of its kind in the country.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN was given a great ovation at the Yale Commencement. When he remarked in a speech that he so loved Yale that he had sent his only two beloved sons there the assembled collegians cheered with wild enthusiasm.

AT Tucson, Ari., last week burglars entered the house of a man who bears the name of Julius Cæsar, a name not unknown to the public. Cæsar's house, however, was as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and the thieves went away unsatisfied. Upon what meat doth this Julius Cæsar feed that he hath grown so impecunious?

THE Pullman family will hold a reunion in August on Pullman Island, one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Sir George M. Pullman's mother will celebrate her eightieth birthday in that month. Her famous son will present her on her birthday a deed of Pullman Island, on which he has erected a beautiful house for her occupancy.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE may be an old man, as his opponents assert, but he is still able to cope with the best of them. President Lincoln once expressed the regret that all his generals did not drink the same kind of whisky used by Gen. Grant. If English statesmen could all grow old gaining the same degree of wisdom which Gladstone displays Great Britian would be in a happier state than at present.

YALE has conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon Samuel L. Clemens, who is known to fame as "Mark Twain." This is the first time that an educational institution has shown any recognition of the elevating influence wielded by American humorists. By granting Mark Twain a degree Yale has proved that the professional wit has risen in the scale of intellectual endeavor since the days of John Phœnix and Artemus Ward. Hitherto colleges have shown no appreciation of jokes more modern than those of Plautus. It is just possible that a Chair of Humor may yet be established at one of our progressive universities.

THE new electric type-writer relieves the operator of every duty except pressing down the keys. The carriage moves automatically to the starting point whenever the end of a line has been reached, and also moves up one notch or line at the same time. But the most important office of the new instrument seems to be its use in receiving and transmitting telegraphic dispatches. It is said at the Patent Office that the instrument can be used both as a transmitter and receiver of intelligence over a single wire, no matter how great the distance may be. The receiving instrument does not require the attendance of an operator, but prints the dispatch automatically. The instruments at both ends of the line print the dispatch sent, and so a safe-guard against mistakes is provided. It is claimed that the electric type-writer will be valuable as a legal aid to business, and offers many advantages over the telephone. One advantage claimed for it is that no matter whether a person called up is at his place of business or not the message can be printed through the medium of his type-writer and will be there for perusal on his return. The dispatches printed are in letter form and not an endless tape. The instrument has been christened the dynamograph.

It Dines off Wool and Fur.

"Well," said the careless young person resignedly as she looked at her sealskin jacket and her otter-trimmed suit, "I suppose the moths will play the mischief with all my winter things before next season."

"What makes you think that?" demanded the good housekeeper.

"They always do," replied the careless young person in tones that indicated that she felt a certain sad pride in being singled out by fate as a victim.

"That is nonsense, perfect nonsense," said the good housekeeper in most unsympathetic tones. "If you lived in a properly regulated house you wouldn't know what a moth looks like. I never have them in my house. How do I keep them out? By simply not giving them anything to live in or on. I don't make nests of woolen rags around on purpose for their accommodation. I don't have anything woolen around in summer except things in daily use. I take up the carpets of the rooms not in use or sometimes I put down matting all over the house and put away the carpets, or if they are down I keep some good moth powder and put it around in the less frequented corners.

"How do I keep them out of the carpets after they are taken up?

"I don't know how I'd get them in unless I took particular pains to. There is no sense in the world in any one having anything moth-eaten. There is forty ways of preventing it, each easier than the last. To begin with, you can have a cedar chest or a cedar-lined closet if you live in your own house. It costs something in the beginning, but nothing so oppressive as people generally imagine, and there it is for the accommodation of your children's children."

"I'm afraid they'll never arrive to get the good of my cedar chest," interrupted the young person pertly.

"If you haven't a chest," went on the good housekeeper, ignoring this side issue, "yon can put them in an ordinary trunk and put in 10 cent's worth of camphor and defy all the moths in Christendom."

"I don't like my things smelling of camphor," objected the young person.

"I like my things smelling of camphor better than having no things to smell of anything," was the satirical response, "but you don't need to have camphor. If you'll just do up your furs and winter woolens in cotton cloth, wrap them up in one big sheet, you'll be perfectly safe—or you would be if you had some one with a grain of common sense to do up the bundle for you. It won't do to roll a sheet around the middle and leave it open at both ends. The sheet must thoroughyl enwrap your things, with no loose corners or cracks. Moths won't go through cotton, and if they have no other way to get at your sealskin they'll go with out it."

"I haven't any sheet," objected the young person, mischievously. She wanted to exhaust the resources as well as the patience of the good housekeeper, but that lady was equal to the occasion.

"Well," said she, "paper will do just as well. If you'll save the big sheets of wrapping paper that your new spring things are now coming home in you can do up all your winter ones in a way that will baffle the most enterprising moth that ever wiggled."

"But I think they have already gotten in the jacket."

"They haven't gone far if they have; all you need to do is to shake and beat it out well and then sprinkle it well with powder before you put it away. The moth powders are generally good things."

"But they are poisonous, aren't they?"

"As harmless as arrowroot. They don't poison the moths, they suffocate them."

And the young person saw no way out of being obliged to take care of her things for once.

The Hardiness of American Half-Breeds.

The experience of the teachers of the Lincoln Institution confirms the views here expressed, that the mixed Indian is more exempt from pulmonary disease than the pure Indian; and, further, that if the former are attacked by disease they offer greater constitutional resistance to it than the latter. This view is also confirmed by the large experience of Capt. R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, who says in his last report: "Our experience is that the mixed bloods resist disease and death from pulmonary troubles better than the full bloods, and our best health conditions are found among those we send out into families, due, I think, very largely to the regular occupation and varied diet." Similiar views have been expressed by others who have resided among the mixed or half breed races in the northwestern part of Canada. These people are said to be strong and hearty, long-lived as they remain in their native climate. They regard themselves as the equal of the whites, and lose in a patronizing way on the Indian. Their families are usually very large, and the female sex is said to be very handsome. Quite recently I had occasion to investigate the question whether pulmonary consumption tends to exterminate the American Indian, and then I found that nearly all those Indian agencies which show the lowest consumption rate are precisely those which contain the largest number of mixed bloods. Of course, it is just possible that the presence and the absence of pulmonary consumption in certain tribes is purely a coincidence; yet I think from what has been said concerning the improved physical condition of the mixed Indian, it is quite evident that the greater immuity of these tribes from consumption is due to the fact that they comprise a large element which has a superior power of warding off disease.—Popular Science Monthly.

What He Meant.

Donn Piatt is noted for the ellegibility of his hand writing, and when he sent a note to a friend the other day the friend was shocked to read a postscript which read: "I am in a blamed hornet's nest." After some further study it was discovered that what Piatt had really written was: "I am in a blessed haven of rest." He meant the Providence Hospital. —Journalist.

A 10-Year-Old Named Peru.

"Yes, sir," said old Jack West, reflectively, "I've been shipmates with many a nat'al born brave man, but the bravest un I ever shipped yet with was a 10-year-old name' Peru."

"Name' what?"

The old tar deliberately knocked the ashes from his clay pipe and, having performed that manœuvre with the calmness and dignity becoming a boatswain's mate, he glanced coolly at his interrogator.

"Name' Peru."

"How came 'im name' Peru?"

Old Jack laid his pipe in his lap, and drawing his jackknife and navy plug, slowly began shaving of strips of tobacco, until his critical glance measured a pipeful. Then crumbling the todacco in his left hand until it was almost powdered, he tucked the knife back in his belt and emptied the tobacco into his pipe.

"Who took my matches?" asked the old man, as he fumbled in his pocket.

A light was handed him, and presently as the smoke curled upward, Jack settled his broad back comfortably against a convenient chest and looked thoughtfully upward.

That was his invariable way of announcing ready, and they all knew it.

"Let's have the yarn, Jack."

"Well, boys, it's like this: It was back in '39, w'en I was younger 'an I am now, an' down yere on the South Pacific with the flagship, Marion. I was the spryest man in the gig's crew in them days, an' 'pulled for ole Admiral Lane; long time ago it was, too. Well, one evenin' in April the Admiral wanted to go ashore, and they sung out for the gig's crew, an' in a shake or so we were alongside the quay in Callao. The boat's crew was left in the gig, and I'll boun' they was all snoozin' w'en the ole Admiral stepped in an' piped sorter quick like:

"Cast off there, boys and pull for the ship."'

"An' there he was with the tiller-ropes in his hand, with a basket er bottles handy, and crouched down between his feet like a scared houn' was one of the cutest chips of a lubber you ever lay your eyes on."

'I heard the Admiral say presently:"

"'What's your name, nigger?" and the little shaver piped back, sorter tremblin':"

"'Peru, senor.

"Them wasn't' " the days w'en a lubber could boast about like he owned the ship, nor yit the time w'en coward folks was in demand, but somehow or other they all liked the little shaver. He would tremble if the wind blowed, but he was so humble like an' handy that they all had a kin' word for the little Peru. Jes' tell 'im an' he would go, an' a better shoeblack for Sunday inspection I ain't seed yit. The Admiral had a little gal 'long with 'im, er orphan, an' she was a mighty pretty one. Maybe the Admiral didn't love that little gal o' his'n. Bless my soul, there warn't anything good enough for her, and if anybody besides the Admiral knowed it, that feller was little Peru. W'en skies was good that little gal would come on deck, an' little Peru was happy as a king, an' the ole Admiral would ust smoke his big pipe an' pace the quarter eck an' look as if he didn't care whether it ained or snowed. You never seed a prettier picture in the chaplain's book than them little shavers made way back in '39. Peru he would look as trim an' happy as you please, an' that little gal with long hair an' a laugh—why these yer mermaids ain't no circumstance."

"Well, one might the storm came on sudden like, an' you can shiver my Yankee timbers if it warn't a storm. Royal and to'gallants was down and topsails to the las' reef, but the old ship pitched an' rolled an' heaved like you never seed. I lowed as how me an' Davy Jones would be shipmates if that thing didn't stop fore long, with the mast a swayin' an' creakin.' The water rolled over her bows an' swept the decks as clean as a whistle—chicken-coops, kegs an' all. There was the old Admiral with his arms wrapped in the riggin' gear an' sheltered like by the mast, and Peru, with his big eyes a shinin' an' stickin' like a leach alongside the Admiral. It was wuss and wuss, an' along 'bout w'en it was gettin' dark already, I heerd the little gal say:

"Papa! Where is papa?"

"She must er got scared down in the cabin, an' there she war at the cabin ladder. Jes' as she started fur the Admiral the ship gave one big long lurch, an' the green seas rolled aft like a flash of lightnin'."

"I heerd one little scream, an' seem like I can sorter remember a white face as the water rolled past, an,' then it was over. The little gal was gone. An' the Admiral? It beats me to see a woman cry, but I never want to see such agony again. He was crazy, an' if me an' Tom Bowen an' old Ben Towns hadn'er grabbed 'im the Marion wouldn't er had no Admiral sure. It was so quick.

"Little Peru? There was an old cracked life preserver strapped there to the mizzen mast w'at I'd use for a pillow ever since we left 'Frisco. And before you could wink the life preserver was gone and Peru was gone. Right overboard an' the waves like the hills. I jes shuddered all over.

"The ship was put aback and the lifeboat lowered an' manned. They knew that little Essie was gone, an' Peru was gone, an' not a man flinched as she dropped into the foam.

"I watched the brave fellows as they pushed oft, an' I felt mighty solemn, boys, for they don't git back often in a storm like that. In a little while they was lost in the dark, an' you couldn't hear them hail any longer.

"It was awful. We must have been half a knot from where the little gal went over, an' driftin' in spite of all we could do. Them minutes was mighty long ones, an' I jest knowed if that crew ever got back they wouldn't bring neither Essie nor Peru, an' it would kill the Admiral. There he was with his glasses a peeking into the dark, an' the lads a watchin' an' a hopin.'

"Sudden like he threw down the glass and yelled:

"'Boat ahoy!'

"I thought the brave Admiral had just gon crazy from grief an' anxiousness, but I listened an' it seemed like I heerd the hail returned. It was faint an' mist like, jes as they say the Flying Dutchman hails you at night.

"The old Admiral clasped his hands an' said:

"'Thank God! Thank God?'

"Then he put his hands to his mouth, an' yelled again:

"Boat, ahoy!'

"An' the answer came back faint:

"Aye—aye—sir?'

"And the Admiral cried an' laughed, an' laughed an' cried till the tears came into my eyes.

"I knowed, you see, that they never could pick up a baby even if she could a lived through it all, an' I pitied the Admiral, fur the disappointment would kill 'im. He never seemed to imagine that the little gal might not be there.

"The water was calmin' down, an' the wind, too, an' the hails kept gettin' clearer an' clearer, till presently you could make out a boat pullin' for the ship. An' w'en we was erbout a deck's length off, the coxwain dropped his oar an' got up in the boat an' said:

"'Admiral, we've got the little gal, sir!'

"And every soul on that ship cheered. It came natural an' altogether. They didn't need no feller to start 'em over together by wavin' his cap—it jist come at once like, an' such glad hearty cheers as I never heard the like of. They throwed 'em a rope, an' they eased up alongside an hooked on. The old Admiral was there a cryin' an' a laughin', and' as the boat was hoisted they handed him the gal. The Admiral just got on his knees an' folded her clost an' kissed her again an' again. Let me tell you right now, lads, there wasn't a dry eye in that ship's crew.

"Boys, the little gal was wearin' that old life preserver. I was holdin' the lantern, an' maybe my hand was a tremblin' or maybe my eye was dim, for it seemed to be sorter wavy like to me.

"She was leanin' her head on his shoulder, an' he was holdin' her hand in his. I don't think the Admiral could have noticed the life preserver till she tried to unlace it. The Admiral unlaced it for her, an' it seemed like he was puzzlin' hard as he did so.

"As he dropped it on the deck she said:

"The old Admiral didn't say nothin.'

"'When is Peru comin' back, papa?'

"The Admiral bowed his head like he was prayin,' and the little one said:

"Don't cry, papa. Peru will come, for he promised to meet me again.'"

The Young Girl and Her Beau.

He—"Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty?" She—"I don't think it half as becoming as her light brown."

Capt. Stern (of the malitia)—"Laura, I love you." Laura—"Captain, I can't believe it." "Silence, Laura! No insubordination. Remember that I am to be your superior officer."—Life.

A busy Chicago banker was to be married to an Omaha girl, and the day fixed was July 4 at high noon. The day came, but the groom did not materialize, and at 9 a. m. this telegram was received: "For heaven's sake tell us what is the matter. This is your wedding-day, and the hour approaches." He was scared half out of his wits, and bounced around like a hen with her head cut off. Then he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this answer: "Thought I had three days of grace. Don't let it go to protest. Coming on the next train." The wedding was late, but it was a merry one, and all was forgiven.—Washington Critic.

Our Foes in the Air.

It is a wonderful fact that the air we breathe contains foes as deadly and invisible as the malignant spirits with which the ancient opinion peopled it. Most epidemics are due to these unseen enemies. To be sure, it is true that the earth and organic bodies on the earth, and not in the air, generate them. They are taken up as dust, and, being little heavier than air, are long suspended in it."

They are known by the general name of microbes—microscopic forms of life. Only a few of the many classes of microbes are harmful, just as only a few of the millions of species of larger vegetables grown are poisonous.

In 1883 an epidemic fever, characterized by great depression, inflammation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and by and incessant cough, swept over the world from east to west. Its advent was sudden, and in most cases the person was well again in less than a fortnight. It was quite fatal, however, to the aged and the weak. This was the famous influenza.

The same malady has repeated its ravages—sometimes over extensive tracts of country, sometimes only locally—many times since the Middle Ages. If it is of microbic origin,—as is probable,—what inconceivable swarms of microbes must have filled the air! Of course, no precaution could avail, except the habitual maintenance of high health and good hygienic conditions.

Malaria is due to microbes which reach their victims either from the air, by inhalation, or from drinking water which has absorbed them. Boil the water, avoid the night air, sleep in the higher rooms of the house, and guard against all excesses.

Typhoid fever is caused by microbes from the discharges of a previous patient which either have found access to drinking water, or have been taken up dried into the air. Microbes flourish in all kinds of moist filth. The chief safeguard is general cleanliness, the boiling of all suspected water, and ample ventilation and sunshine.

Diphtheria, scarlet-fever, whooping-cough and measles are due to microbes given off from the skin or breath of the patient. They either float in the air of the room, or become attached to the furniture, walls and bedding. Avoid infected rooms and persons. Attendants should keep their stomachs in an active condition with digestible food, but should not overload them. Most microbes are digested and rendered harmeless by a vigorous stomach.

The surest prophylactics—as preventives are called—are high health, cleanliness, abundance of air and sunshine, the boiling of water and milk, and the avoidance of whatever depresses the physical system—loss of sleep, protracted watching and all excesses, and cheerful courage.

Absurdities of Life.

It is absurd.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water up to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean, dry market.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life and its evils, which necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who can not bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

To buy a horse from a near relation and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

The perpetual struggle of affectation to pass for an oddity.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries ignorant of the history, constitution and manners and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

That any man should despair of success in a world so overstocked with fools.

That when a man is indebted to you for a large sum of money, and has no means in his possession, or in prospect of paying you, it being utterly impossible for him to earn it by his own industry, you immure him in prison.

To be passionate in your family and expect them to be placid.

To take offense at the address or carriage of any man with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

To laugh at the appearance and manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.—Labor World.

Boxing Their Ears.

The champion fish-story and a fish-story it is, in every sense of the word—comes from Cape Breton Island, and is quoted in the American Magazine. Do we believe it? We believe that it is what we have called it, the champion fish story.

One-half the stories which are told of the catches at the fishing-grounds in the vicinity of Whycogomah, would fill volumes, but none of them have reached the sublime height of what is claimed for a small lake near Guysboro. The narrator's hero is himself.

He says that one winter, being tired of salt beef, and wanting trout, for a change, he cut a hole in the ice on the lake. He had evidently selected a good day, for the fish took his bait so rapidly that it was downright hard work to keep pulling them out.

So eager were they, indeed, that they would often jump for the bait before it had even touched the water.

Our sportsman was an inventive genius, and decided to profit by this phenomenal appetite. Getting down on his knees, he dangled the bait about a foot above the hole, and awaited further developments.

Almost immediately a fine trout jumped for it, and promptly received a dexterous box on the ear, which landed him far out on the ice. So numerous and so hungry were the fish that the angler's hand was kept constantly busy slapping them, as they jumped for the alluring bit of pork which hovered over the opening in the ice. Every slap yielded a fish.

This continued until sheer fatigue put an end to the novel pastime, and the quantity of fish taken was estimated at somewhat over four barrels.

Margherita's Vendetta.

Near the French market in New Orleans a young Sicilian, Luigi Rossi, was killed on New Years' eve of 1882. An American gentleman who was arrested for the murder proved by the testimony of a companion that while he was returning late from some festivity, he was assaulted by Rossi, and killed him in self-defense.

He was honorably acquitted but remembered with remorse that he himself had been drinking freely that night, and, as he was coming rapidly round a corner, Rossi had stumbled against him.

He cursed the Sicilian, and he was by no means certain in his own mind that he did not strike him with his his fist. At any rate, in spite of his friend's testimony, the city became hateful to Charles Stannard after the tragedy, and he settled in another part of the state.

The affair passed out of the minds of people, but among Sicilians it was a vivid memory. Over the body of her brother, her only relative, Margherita had been led to take the oath of the vendetta.

"You are only a girl, it is true," said Manuel Salcetti, the head of the Silicians, "and you are but fourteen; but some day you will be a woman, and on you, as Luigi's only blood kin, the vow of the vendetta is laid. Wherever you meet the murderer, even if you know that your own life will be the penalty, you are sworn to avenge your brother. Do you know what will happen to you if you break your vow?"

"Luigi's spirit will curse me!" sobbed the girl. "My people will drive me out, and if I starve, they will give me no bread; if I am sick, they will turn from me. They will cry Maledicta!' when they meet me, and when I am dead, they will spit on my grave, and say 'Maledicta!' over it."

"You know your lesson, girl," said Manuel, sternly. "You have lost one brother, but we will all be your brothers, and help you to your revenge."

Perhaps the readers of the Companion think the vendetta, or vow of vengeance, belongs to an older day and a different country from ours? It hardly seems possible that in the nineteenth century, and in an American city, such a relic of a savage period can live and flourish; but we in New Orleans know that it is as common among the Corsican and Sicilian population as it is on the soil which originated it and made revenge a holy obligation.

There are mysterious murders in their quarters, where, one by one, a whole family are killed. Law is powerless to bring these criminals to trial or to identify them, for they all band together to protect and hide the guilty. It is a point of honor, too, with the family and friends of the victims never to give information against their enemies, nor appear in court as witnesses against them. They will bide their time and kill them some day, but they would scorn to denounce them.

Margherita grew up a handsome, high-spirited girl. She had no relatives, but her people never suffered her to want. She kept the name of her brother's slayer in a little locket she wore round her neck, and would look at it, grind her teeth, and renew her vow of vengeance. The vow did not require that she should pursue Charles Stannard into another country. She was too poor for that, besides she needed the help of her friends in her vendetta; but she held herself in readiness for him when he should return to the city, which he might do any day.

She learned English, so that she could make inquiries among the Americans, and few who noticed the handsome Sicilian at her fruit-stall in Canal Street dreamed that she had consecrated herself to such a purpose.

She had never seen Mr. Stannard, but many of her people knew him well by sight, and when he returned, there would be enough to identify him. So she waited in stern patience.

The hot summer of 1886 brought fatal illness to the Sicilian quarter. Margherita was one of the first victims, and as the family in which she lived were all ill, at the urgent request of the physician who attended her, she was removed to a hospital. As a rule, Sicilians prefer to be sick, and recover or die, in their own quarters,—but Margherita had no kinsfolk to remonstrate. She was carried to a charitable institution, which is visited, and in a measure supported, by the benevolent ladies of the city, and the low fever which prostrated her strength and clouded her mind did not abate for weeks. She was too ill to know or care where she was, but one pleasant autumn morning her languid eyes opened, and she was conscious of the strangeness of her surroundings.

She watched the white curtains of the open windows waving to hnd fro in the soft breeze, and then her eyes fell on a lady who was arranging some roses in a glass which stood on a small stand near her bed. A lady with a lovely face; and somehow to the girl the perfume of the roses and their delicate tints were ever after always associated in her mind with this first glimpse of Helen Carroll.

Miss Carroll looked up from her task and saw the girl's eyes fixed upon her.

"Ah, you are better?" she said, with a pleased smile, advancing to the cot and laying her hand Margherita's wrist. "Your skin is cool and moist at last. Do you understand me? Can you speak English?"

"Yes," said the girl, faintly.

"Ah, that is well. You will soon be strong again, but you must not talk, and you must mind what I say. I'm your nurse, you see, and you must take some of this soup now."

She raised Margherita in her strong young arms, and fed her as if she was a helpless infant; then beat up her pillow, and turned them, and laid the weak head back.

"Now you look ever so much better!" said Miss Carroll, with her beautiful smile. "Try to sleep a little."

Margherita was too weak to feel surprise. How she came in such a comfortable bed, with such a lovely lady for a nurse, did not trouble her in the least, and not until she recovered did she know that she owed her life to Helen Carroll's faithful care.

People called Miss Carroll eccentric. Young rich and handsome, she cared nothing for society, but, as people said, she was always taking up some craze, and her latest was philanthropic work.

Her world prophesied that she would weary of it in a month, but a year had rolled by, found her faithful to her self-imposed duties enlarging the sphere of her usefulness. She had been attracted by Margherita's beauty when the girl was first brought to the hospital, and made her her special charge. As the girl grew better, the interest deepened, until the thought of parting with her became more and more distasteful to Miss Carroll.

"You will soon be able to return to your family, Margherita," she said one day, as she supported the invalid to an easy chair near the window. "Several Sicilians were here last week inquiring about you but you were to weak too see them, and their English was so bad I could not understand them."

"I haf no fam'ly," Margherita said sadly. "No padre, no madre, no nobody."

"But whom, then, do you live with?"

"My people is good to me, but no blood like mine in dis country. Some day may maybe I go back to Sicily; some day when I free again."

As she spoke the last words, with a shudder her hands touched the black cord to which was suspended the small brass locket which held the doomed name.

"Free!" echoed Miss Carroll, with a laugh. "Everybody in this country is free. Ah, I understand! That is a love token, isn't it, Margherita? You held on to that locket like grim death if any one touched it, and now you want to be free from the lover who gave it to you."

Margherita laughed scornfully.

"A love token," she repeated, "yes, yes. Love and hate! love and hate! But you understand not. Ah no. I can tell not even you, for you are like the saints in heaven. Ah Dio mio, I go away and see you no more! What will Margherita do when de days go and de nights come, and de sweet good face looks at me no more?"

She burst into tears and wept vehemently. To her passionate Southern nature, adoring Helen as she did, it seemed as if she must die deprived of the sight of the woman whose kind eyes had looked at her, and whose sweet voice had spoken to her as no human being ever did before.

"What will I do?" she cried. "I have no gladness to be well, when I see you no more!"

"Listen," said Helen, touched to the soul. "Since you care so much you shall not lose me. I, too, am almost alone in the world. An old aunt lives with me, and if you wish you shall live with us. She is an invalid, and you can help me to take care of her. I'm sure, too, you'll make an excellent housekeeper."

Margherita clasped her hands, not in delight, but in perplexity. It is countrary both to the traditions and customs of the Sicilians to take service. They will starve cheerfully before condescending to perform any domestic duties for thesor. But love for the friend who stood before her triumphed over all obstacles, for she knew that if she parted with Miss Carrol she could never expect nor wish to see her in the Sicilian quarter. With a quick movement, she took Helen's hand and pressed it to her lips.

"I gif myself to you," she said, simply; "but for money, no. You will nevair gif me money, or I go." She rasied her proud little head with the hauteur of a queen.

"So be it," said Helen, with a smile. "You shall settle that question as you choose. There are more ways of helping you than by wages."

Margherita paid a short visit to her Sicilian friends before she went to Miss Carroll's. At first they tried to dissuade her, until an idea was suggested by Manuel himself.

"Let her go. The young lady is American and rich. He is American and rich, too. Perhaps they know each other, and he will go there to exisit, and Margherita's vendetta will come to her hand. Ah yes, she must go there."

Margherita heard, and shuddered. Ah! when she was with her young lady she forgot her vow. How could she associate it with those kind eyes which looked lovingly at her, and at every one who needed charity and kindness. Would she not shrink from a girl who, like Margherita, held herself ready to commit a crime? Not that the Sicilian either thought, or called "vendetta" a crime, she only felt the influence of love and kindness upon her own savage nature, and knew that the fulfilment of her vow would raise an eternal barrier between herself and her benefactress.

A year passed. Margherita grew more and more invaluable in Miss Carroll's household. Such a patient nurse for the invalid, and such a capable housekeeper as she became! Her fiery nature was not changed, but she learned to control it when she saw Helen's grieved and shocked looks at her ungovernable outbursts of temper. One day, entering Miss Carroll's room, she found the young lady laughing and crying over a letter she held in her hand.

"Congratulate me, Margherita!" she cried. "My dear Brother Charles you have heard me speak of, my only brother, is coming home, to live. He will never leave me again. Oh, how perfectly happy I am!"

Margherita knelt by Helen's side, her favorite attitude when alone with her friend, and raised the lady's hand to her lips. Her brilliant eyes shone with reflected joy, as she said: "I am glad with you. This brother, why stay he away so long?"

"It is a sad story," her face clouding, "I could never bear to speak nor think of it when he was away. But you are more like a friend than a servant, Margherita, and I will tell you. Five years ago he killed a man. It was in self-defence, but Charles never ceased regretting it. He thought perhaps he had been to blame, so he went away and settled in another part of the State."

"Five year ago he kill one man," Margherita repeated, with a quick catch in her breath. "But your brother name Charles Carroll?"

"No, he is only my half-brother, our mother was the same. His name is Charles Stannard. Why! what is the matter, Margherita?"

the girl had sprung to her feet, her eyes wild, her face ghastly, and her hand clutching the black cord which held the locket.

"Your brother!, she repeated. "Ah, Dio mio, your brother!"

"Are you ill, Margherita?" asked Miss Carroll. "What excites you so? Go and lie down and I will bring you some ether."

Without another word Margherita tottered to the door like a blind person feeling her way, while Helen Carroll was searching in a closet for the remedy she prescribed. When she went to the girl's room expecting to find her there, there was no sign of the Sicilian. It was a most mysterious disappearance, and for a month Miss Carroll looked confidently for the return of her wayward protegee. Nothing had been heard of her amongst her Sicilian friends. She had as completely disappeared as if the ground had swallowed her; and more than a year rolled by without tidings.

One morning Miss Carroll was summoned to the parlor.

"It's a nun, Miss Helen, and she says she won't keep you a minute," the servant said.

The nun rose from her chair as the lady entered, but did not advance, and kept her hands tightly clasped before her. The white frilled cap and sweeping black veil for a moment confused Miss Carroll, but the next in astonishment, she cried out:

"Margherita! Oh, where have you been, and what means this dress?"

The nun retreated from Miss Carroll's outstretched hands with a repellant gesture.

"Ah! I cannot touch you," she said. "Listen; the man your brother murdered was my brother; and I swore the vendetta against him. But how could I hurt you, break your heart, who was an angel to me? I must keep my vow or do this"—touching her nun's habit. "I hate de convent, I hate de life, but for you I make myself dead to de world. My people say not 'maledicta' to a nun, and dey spit not on her grave. For you, all for you, but I touch not your hand. I gif my life for you. Addio! Addio! you vill see your poor Margherita no more."

Before Miss Carroll recovered from her astonishment the nun was gone.

She is still living in a convent on the coast, a sombre-faced nun who does her daily round of duty mechanically, but whether she regrets the act of self-sacrifice which consigned her to what she considers a living tomb, no one will ever know from those silent, resolute lips.

MARIE B. WILLIAMS, in the Youth's Companion.

Children's Lunches.

From Good Housekeeping.

A child at play from morning until night, in the open air, will make way with an incredible amount of food, and be healthier for so doing; but let it rely upon the regular hours for taking it. It will then enjoy the blessing of coming to the table hungry, for that certainly is a blessing, as those deprived of an appetite can heartily testify. Nor is it any sign of distress that they are clamorous for their meal to be served, their keen appetites only assuring you there is not much probability of complaints being made of the dishes set before them, provided there is always enough. A prominent physician and surgeon once said of his three children who were then well grown youths, and the picture of health: "We never allowed our children to lunch between meals, and they were all good eaters; we never allowed tea and coffee, and they were all good sleepers." All those same children have since graduated from colleges and are holding high positions to-day in the professional world, robust and of excellent habits, though inheriting a frail constitution from a mother who died young. The annoyances and discomforts arising from this habit of lunching must be innumerable; the interruptions of your time for reading, sewing, or socials calls, by a hungry child, demanding attentions, that will not be set aside; the untidiness that must follow the preparations of even plain bread butter, for one, two, or three children; the extra step required from either servant or parent, these alone make a strong plea against such a habit; but when we consider the violation of the whole dietary system, and all the evils that of stands waiting to give them a grip their punishment for their indulgence we cannot help crying out against the evil and urge a better understanding of all laws of digestion, and what is quite as important, of indigestion.

English Novel Writing.

London Letter, Philadelphia Times.

A well-know novelist, hearing the excess of psychological lore in her latest publications eulogized by a learned critic, replied with nonchalance: "Study, delving, laborious scholarship, patience! O, bless me, no! I picked it all up at Mr. Chela's at homes," referring to the standard bearer in occultism. Not by dint of any one of these cliques is society given tone, but in their incorporated strength lies its value. Novel writing is pursued as a more lucrative business than in America. The whirl of life scenes provides material for the fiction writing world. Those who have a career prepared for them aforetime, in state department or city office, go after 3 o'clock to a suburban house, where for the remainder of the day and night they are devoted to the trade of word-linking. And for those who find the sweet village environs the only spot supplying the charm of restful retirement are annexed to London by a private chamber, to which they come daily to accomplish five hours' uninterrupted story writing. This process of flitting to and fro from fireside to desk, from busy town to the tranquil valley of the Thames, keeps one ever within hearing of the oracle of civilization.

She—"Sir! what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He—"Do you object?" She—"Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."—San Francisco Post.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"Well, sir," said the old captain to me—a retired shipmaster, with the gaze of a vulture under the apparently sleepy lid, and a face full of lines and discoloration like the wrinkling of currents in the glassy swathes of a dead calm on some dingy spread of water off the West African coast—"I had been always a bit superstitious up to then, but I own that that job cured me. But it made me see also that it isn't reasonable to be too contemptuous of one's fellow-creatures who believe in spirits and manifestations of which there is no organ, sense or quality in human body to take notice of, saving credulity.

It comes to this, sir: human nature never gets beyond a certain pass. We sail to that point, and then the wind shifts, and we drop astern. From time to time it is put into us to think foolishly, that the thoughtful amongst us may understand how little ahead of the old folks we are in spite of all our discoveries. I've watched this fad of ghosts amongst us of late; the growth of societies which aim to enlarge men's knowledge of what doesn't exist, and it takes me back to the days when I was a young 'un, when there were still witches in the country, and old women were ducked and drowned for sailing athwart the moonlight on broom-sticks. We were a bit coarser then in our superstitions than now, made our ghosts hags instead of spirits of beauty, fled from candles in turnips, and reckoned when old Bogey wanted us he arrived down the chimney. But the quality remains the same. It is only brightened in these times, polished up and made to look in other days finer. Now, however, to give you my yarn.

"I was master of a ship of eight hundred tons. We were loaded with a general cargo, bound to the east Indies. It is many years ago, when ships' companies were numerous, partly through the compulsion of the navigation laws, partly because owners wanted their ships to keep afloat, partly because you wouldn't have got sailors to ship if there had not been hands to do the work; and my complement numbered between forty and forty-five men. In a crowd of this kind one doesn't take particular notice. When the crew are few you come to know your Jims, and Joes, and Toms, as you come to know your dogs at home, or as a man who is worth only a few shillings is not only conscious of what he has in his pocket, but can tell you the character of the coins also. We were without passengers, simply a well manned cargo vessel, all of the olden time, though a handsome boat in her way; frigate-built, painted ports, wide channels, great black tops, the yards square enough to serve a line of battle-ship, and the royals, when mast-headed, sitting close against the trucks—the properest topping off to my taste, to the fabric of a full-rigged ship. We had been out a fortnight, when in the afternoon there came on a sudden squall. The fore and mizzen topgallant sails were clewed up, with a hand standing by at the main top gallant halliards. I noticed some figures in the forerigging going aloft to roll up the sail there, and then on a sudden there was a commotion: a running of men forward and a gathering of them into a heap around something. I told the mate to go and see what was the matter. He returned with the news that a man in the act of going aloft had fallen dead on the deck of the rail. We were without a doctor, and all hands looked to me in a case of this kind. I walked to where the man lay, and found him to be an able seaman; an old yellow-haired man, whose face I had before taken notice of for the ghastly complexion of it; a sort of dusky, parchment-like hue, the color of a sailor's duff that's been too long in the coppers. The lids were half closed, nothing but the whites showing; the lips set hard in a sort o half grin, without froth, and the arms outstretched in the posture of a crucified person. Short of a skeleton, to my notion, one ought to never be able to say cock-surely, pointing to a body, 'this is death.' The fellow might be in a faint or in a fit, or in a cataleptic; his body in death's straight jacket, and the mind within all alive and wondering what the deuce has gone wrong outside. I ordered him to be carried to his bunk and to be rubbed, and to be treated as if he was to be brought to, and if that failed then to be stowed away out of sight of the men, but not to be stitched up for a bit, so that if there was any spark of life in him it might have a chance. The fact is I wanted to make sure he was a dead man before he was tossed overboard—a very proper feeling in me, no doubt, though there was a touch of morbidity in it, too, for, to tell the truth, the one quite horror of my life in those days the thought of being buried alive, and what I feared for myself I was not the sort of a man to put upon another."

"Well after two days we were all agreed that he was dead, so I gave orders for him to be stitched up and brought to the gangway, and next morning after breakfast we held the service. It was always my desire that matters of this kind should be carried out with proper solemnity. I considered it worked as a wholesome influence among the sailors, who were made to understand that a dead seaman on the ocean was to be treated as if he were a dead pauper out of a workhouse; that a show of respect and regret, at all events, should go to his funeral, since a shipmate is a shipmate the wide world over. The body, stitched in its hammock, with a sinker stowed away in the clews, was placed upon a grating and covered with the ensign. Then the grating was lifted by four men and brought to the rail, one end of it resting there, the other end supported by two men, who stood ready to whip off the ensign and let the body slide when the time should come for so doing. All hands gathered around, washed and clean. It was a quiet morning, a light breeze of wind blowing the ship under all plain sail, everything silent aloft, the deck heaving slightly to the small beam sea. I came out of the cabin with my prayer-book in my hand and started to read, the men baring their heads, with the grinding here and there of a jaw upon a hunk of tobacco standing high in the cheek-bone, and much wistful and inquisitive peering at poor Jack's outline by eyes bleared by the gales of wind into which they had started. I was proceeding, reading with great emphasis and solemnity, when there arose from under the ensign a short muffled, groaning sort of cry of 'For God's sake cut me adrift, mates. I'm suffocating.' The prayer-book fell from my hand, the two fellows who were holding the grating let go of it and bolted forward, whereupon off rolled the body on to the deck amongst the feet of the sailors, who, letting fly a volley of curses in their alarm, bolted in all directions, some of them even jumping into the rigging. Had a bombshell exploded amongst us the clearance effected could not have been more complete.

"The mates had run away as well as the seamen, and the cowardice of all hands quickly put temper enough in me to rally my nerves. 'Quick,' I bawled; 'cut the poor wretch adrift or he'll be suffocated in good earnest, and it will be a worse murder done than had we buried him.' On this the chief mate and some others came to the body, shouldering one another, and ripped open the hammock. Well, dead or alive, 'twould have been better to have given the thing its last toss than to have witnessed such a sight. You see it was warmish weather, and the body besides had been but I'll say no more on that; only that such an apparition rising before the stoutest army that eyer took the field would have sent it flying without waiting for the buglars to sound. But he'd called out that he was suffocating, and we looked to see him move, all hands comming up in bunches at a time, till there we were all of a heaving and squirming muddle, with this horror in the midst of us, and the men squirted juice in all directions through sheer loathing. 'If that man ben't dead,' said the bo'som, 'my eyes ain't mates.' 'Did he wriggle at all?' said I, addressing one of the fellows who held the grating, 'before you let go and run away?' The man answered he hadn't noticed any movement. 'He spoke, anyway,' said the mate. 'Well, pickle my eyes for onions if there was ever a rummier start than this,' cried the carpenter, stooping to look close at the man, and then recoiling, with a heave of the breast and a long wipe of his mouth down the length of his hairy arm. I ordered the body to be carried to a cabin, and put the second mate, along with a seaman, to watch it, but their report to me was that if the fellow was alive he gave no signs of it, but that, on the contrary, he was imitating death so incomparably as to oblige them to beg me to allow some others to relieve them, as they did not feel strong enough to go on. I then viewed the body myself, and no longer having a doubt, gave orders that it should be stitched up afresh, and once again brought to the gangway. It was now eight bells in the afternoon. O course it was right that this old Jack should be buried decently, and I resolved to go through with the funeral service, but I let it be known that there was no obligation upon the men to attend, outside the few who were needed to do the work. Nevertheless, all hands turned up as before. Well I started to read as I had in the morning, but at the very moment of my pronouncing the same words I was delivering when the interruption happened there came a most audible but half-choking and half-smothered groan or grunt of "Oh, Lord, they mean to drown me after all!" from under the ensign. The fellow that held the right corner of the grating let go, and went backing among his mates with a cry of dismay, but the other man, bawling out with a face darkened by passion, "You old villian! how many burials d'ye expect, and be d—d to you!" tilted the grating, and away flashed the hammock overboard. We all stood looking on like idiots. For my part, captain as I was, I hadn't a word to say for a moment. In fact I was thunderstruck. The groan of the corpse was scarce out of my ear before the body was gone, and yet you couldn't think of us as having drowned him either, for nothing could have seemed deader than did this old Jack when I took my last view of him. However, no purpose could be served by making a fuss it was one of those breaches of discipline that defy your cool reason though you may handle them as you will in a passion. Besides, a moment or two's reflection coupled with a look round, satisfied me that the men would be easier in their minds for being quit of the body, and so, telling the mate to send the hands forward, I went to my cabin: but more mystified, under a live er consternation of mind, in short, than I would suit me to admit to everybody. It was idle to talk of tricks. I might have reconciled myself to some notion of that kind had I made one or two or three spectators but there had been forty or fifty of us all lumped together, and the reality of the thing came out in the sincerity of the fright, for the morning panic was much greater than I have put it, whilst the terror in the afternoon might have shown as wild had the fellows at the grating let fall the body again amongst the men.

"Well, at 10 o'clock that night I left the deck to lie down. All was quiet. The influence of that day's work was expressed in the manner of the men, who had moved and talked very soberly, with subdued gestures and tones, and in dog-watches I had noticed them hanging together in knots, conversing like people fresh from an execution. I was aroused from my sleep by the second mate, who had charge of the deck. 'There's the whole watch below, sir, come aft to complain that they can't get any rest.' 'What's the matter,' said I, starting up. 'Why, they say they can hear old Jack's voice calling to them down in the forepeak.' 'Old Jack's voice?' I cried, and with that I followed him on deck, where, sure enough, I found all hands massed together on the quarter-deck. 'What's the matter, men?' I called out, leaning over the rail at the break of the poop to speak to them. The carpenter spoke up: 'There's old Jack hailing us in the forepeak, sir.' 'Nonsense, man.' 'Smite me, sir, if it ain't the blooming truth; not only hailing, but a cussing of us for having drowned him.' 'But you must know that that can't be,' said I; he's leagues astern and fathoms deep.' A voice answered; 'He's cussin' us all the same. He swears he'll haunt us all overboard,' I told the second mate to go forward and report if he could hear of this strange voice. A shadowy group of men went with him; indeed I doubt if he would have had heart to drop into the fore-castle alone. Presently he returned, coming aft with a run and speaking with a broken breath: 'It's true, sir,' he gasped, 'if it isn't old Jack it's the devil. I heard him say, "I'll punish all of ye for drowning of me. Head as you will 'tis old Jack as is at the hellum now, and so stand by!"' 'But, good thunder!' cried I, 'how is a man's voice going to sound in the forecastle out of the forepeak? Answer me that, you fool.' 'Well, come forrards and hear it yourself, sir,' he exclaimed, sullenly.

"I instantly assented and walked forward, followed by all hands; and not without a beating heart I admit, but with a good air of carelessness upon me I stepped into the forecastle. It was a top-gallant forecastle entered by two doors abreast of the windlass ends; a slush lamp swung under the beam, and the light was very weak. I entered with the second mate, and stood listening. For some miutues nothing sounded but the hard breathing of the seamen, who filled the doorways, squeezing the foremost in, though these pressed back like a wall, making such a jam as might account for louder snorings. Queer creakings and groanings arose out of the slightly swaying hull in the silence, with the faint sound of the bow wave softly washing from the cutwater. Then on a sudden I heard a dim, hoarse voice—weakened, as it were, by the deck between, with a note of rage in it as though the fellow could scarcely articulate for his teeth being fixed—exclaim: 'Curse the ship, I say! curse all hands in her, says I. I'm a murdered man, and I'll haunt ye all.' 'There, sir,' cried the second mate, backing to the men, whose breathing was now stormy with emotion. Scarce was this said when one of the seamen, who had apparently been, forced foward by the pressure of the others was run almost up to me by the long arm of the chief mate; who, unperceived by me, had worked his way into the crowd to learn what was going on. This mate stood over six feet high and was a giant in strength, and the head of the fellow whom his shoulder-of-mutton fist grasped by the scruff of the neck was on a level with his chin. 'Here's the ghost sir,' said he. The sailors now came bundling in in a swarm. 'This is the ghost,' repeated the mate, giving the fellow a shake which threatened to throw his head off his neck. ''Tis deuced clever, my lad, but it's a joke that wants sea room,' another shake. 'Own to it, own to it!' he cried, 'before I screw your neck off.' 'I own to it,' said the man. 'Own to what,' I asked. 'Why, sir,' answered the mate, 'he has the trick of throwing his voice, and wonderfully well he does it, too. I had my eye on him this afternoon and suspected him. I'm sure of it, now, for he didn't know I stood close behind him.'

"Some of the men muttered. I instantly perceived that they looked upon this as a conspiracy between me and the mate to allay their fears, and clearly seeing that it must be as the mate said, and heartily despising myself for the alarm I had felt throughout the day, I immediately formed a resolution. 'Your name's Andover?' said I to the man. 'Yes, sir,' he answered. 'You confess it was you who made old Jack talk on the grating and down here?' I do, sir,' he answered, with a writhe, for the shoulder of mutton clung to him as a vise. "Prove it to the men,' said I, and I'll forgive you. You can let go of him, Mr. Moore.' The man coughed; a moment after we all heard old Jack cursing us all in the forepeak. The deception was exquisite; in sober truth, my admiration of the skill of the fellow was altogether to great to suffer me to punish him, even had I not promised him forgiveness. A few further examples of his genius sufficed to reassure the sailors, and I went aft, leaving them to deal with him as they choose. However, he managed to make his peace by entertaining them with his art as a ventriloquist. Indeed, after the first spasm of temper they were too well pleased to believe that old Jack was really dead and gone, and too much astonished by Andover's cleverness to feel much resentment. I often had this man in the cabin afterward to amuse me. He had the face of a born comedian, and I strongly advised him to start as ventriloquist ashore, where, I don't doubt, under proper training, he might have proved a fortune for himself or for an employer. But, unhappily, he got into some scrape at our first port of call, and I had to leave him behind me; and when, long afterward, I inquired after him, I gathered that he had taken to drink and died in a hospital. Yet I recall him with gratitude, for he quite cured one of my superstitions."

Fuller's Shrewdness.

They are telling the following story in Washington to illustrate Mr. Fuller's skill as a lawyer. It is said that one of his earliest exhibitions of cleverness which brought him fame was the defense of several Polanders charged with murder. Fuller succeeded in getting them separate trials, and then defended them one after another. It was so managed that the offender thought to be the least guilty was tried first. The trial was a long one, but Fuller ultimately triumphed and secured an acquital. The other cases were at once called, when, to the amazement of everyone, Fuller introduced in their behalf a full confession by the one who had just been acquitted. With circumstantial detail the criminal told of the murder, making it plain beyond question that he was the guilty party. He could not be tried again, as the law provided that a man could not be put twice in jeopardy for the same crime. At the same time the confession cleared all the other defendants.

Country Wit.

Buffalo Express:

"Country boys are not such squash-heads as they sometimes look," said the sociable drummer at the Broezel House. "One day last week I was out riding with a fellow who seemed to think it his mission to say or do something smart every minute. Presently we overtook a barefoot urchin driving a cow home from pasture, and my companion reined up the horse and spoke to him, saying: 'Say, my little man, what time will it be at 6 o'clock this after-noon?" Without a moment's hesitation the lad answered: 'Twill be bedtime for hens and fools. You're not a hen, but 'twill be your bedtime all the same.' "

A Huron, Dakota, saloonkeeper who defied Judge Spencer's injunction to sell no more liquor was fined $250 by the court. He must pay the costs or go to jail for 125 days.