

When in the formation of coal all the other circumstances were alike, M. A. Carnot is of the belief that different species of plants gave rise to coal of very different properties.

An invitation to hold its next meeting at Vienna has been accepted by the International Congress of Hygiene, which has concluded its fifth session, held this year at The Hague, most successfully.

Water filtered through porous eng-lazed porcelain is absolutely free from microbe. With a single such vessel, 0.20 metre long by 0.25 metre in diameter, Mr. C. Chamberland obtained about 20 litres a day of physiologically pure water.

Experiments by G. Gore, LL. D., prove that carbon, boron, and silicon may be separated from their metallic compounds by electrolysis; but, although carbon was slowly deposited in several cases, in no instance was it obtained from an aqueous solution or in a crystalline state.

In the Province of Viatica, Russia, there are produced annually 72,000,000 pounds of tar, 5,400,000 pounds of pitch, and 2,100,000 pounds of turpentine oil. It is stated that the annual product of birch oil amounts to 144,000,000 pounds, (4,000,000,000, poods), an indication that the demand for it is now great.

It is now proposed to make a tunnel and railroad through the Spilgen. The project is regarded with great favor by those interested in Lombardian railways, and support is looked for from Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and other parts of Germany. The estimated cost of the whole work is about \$16,200,000.

Guchant and Quinquand say that subcutaneous injections of increasing doses of aqueous solutions of pure urea invariably terminated in tetanic convulsions and death. The convulsions resembled those produced by strychnine, and were followed by death in the course of from one to ten hours.

A system of rail for street railways, introduced by M. Marsillon, is under a trial by the Compagnie des Omnibus, of Paris. It consists of an ordinary bridge rail and counter rail of the same section bolted to an iron longitudinal sleeper. The absence of wood makes the system a very durable one, but it is very inelastic.

Large steel works will soon be in operation at Bilbao, Spain, which there will manufacture iron, hematite. A Spanish company, which has obtained important concessions from the Government, is to engage in this enterprise. Now blast furnaces and other appliances are in course of construction for the smelting of the ore and for the conversion of the product into rails, bars, and beams of various sections.

M. P. Osseguive shows that the method of sterilizing liquids by maintaining them at a temperature of 60° C. for 30 minutes is open to certain objections. It kills soluble ferments and a very considerable proportion of albuminoid matters. Thus, for example, blood so treated is not merely deprived of living organisms which may have been present, but undergoes other changes.

Cast iron, says M. L. Forquignon, if heated for several days to a temperature of from 900° to 1,000° centigrade, neither melts nor softens, but is converted into malleable iron. Its surface is covered with a grayish efflorescence. Its fracture is sometimes of a uniform black like that of a lead pencil, and sometimes mottled with large black points which are regularly distributed in the metallic paste.

In a note upon astronomical measurements, and especially on the choice of a common meridian, M. A. d'Abakis proposes in favor of the west coast of Florida, one of the Azores, for the chief meridian, or else for its antipodes, should the latter be chosen. He also proposes the adoption of a unit of 18,000 kilometers for the measurement of celestial spaces, this unit to be called a megiste, from the Greek megiston.

Basing his views on very wide experience, those of Sir Joseph Fayrer on the treatment of snake poisoning are far from encouraging: "To conceive of an antidote (as that term is usually understood) we must conceive of a substance so subtle as to follow, overtake, and neutralize the poison in the blood, and that shall have the power of counteracting or neutralizing the poisonous and deadly influence it has exerted on vital force. Such a substance has still to be found nor does our present experience of drugs give peculiar anticipation that we shall find it." Six years ago he expressed that opinion, and it appears he has since seen no reason to modify it.

A Message from the Late Prince Leopold.

A new spiritualistic medium has arisen, and numerous members of the royal family have honored him with their visits. The late Duke of Albany was so much impressed with what he saw at one of these sittings that he was troubled with having a special double table made, framed in oak with elaborate brass mountings, and fitted with a patent Branah lock. Armed with this he presented himself one morning at the medium's apartments, and a small piece of pencil having been dropped between the slates, they were duly locked (the key being attached to the Duke's watch-chain), and under these conditions—conditions which would appear to preclude all possibility of fraud, the pencil was soon heard grating over the surface of the slates, and, when the key was applied to the lock and the sides opened, there was a long message. The late Duke always considered this a crucial test, and from that day was a firm believer in the truth of "direct spirit writing."

His Royal Highness always maintained that the majority of the written messages he received came from his lamented and favorite sister Princess Alice of Hesse, and a man of the late Duke's abilities and attainments was not all a likely subject to be easily imposed upon by a clever conjurer, as suggested in some quarters. So convinced, indeed, was the Duke of Albany of the possibility of departed spirits communicating in this way with those on earth, that before his departure on that fatal journey to Cannes—where, perhaps, some foreboding of what was to happen—he deposited the slate he had made with the medium, providing, if anything happened, that it should be written in this particular slate, and thus establish direct proof of the correctness of the phenomena.

For many days after his decease attempts were made to obtain the promised message; but, up to the present date, none has been received, and the believers in spiritualism, for a reason well-known among themselves, continue to assert that none will be received until some long period has elapsed.—Society.

Do all you can to stand, and then fear lest you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

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OUR LAST WALK.

A MYSTERY.

If I wished to tell a love-tale, I should begin this winter—the sweetest memory of my life, and relate when and where Walter Linton and I first met; should describe my pride and happiness when I knew that he wished me to become his wife. The love we bore each other through life—ay, even after life—may be made manifest as I write these lines, but it is not because I loved him. I have this to tell. "Other women have loved as I love, and have mourned as I mourn; my life, so far as the joy and grief of it go, is but the life of thousands."

Had Walter Linton, when he first asked me for the heart which was already his own, been but a poor struggling man, I should have given him all as freely as I did then. If he had been, I could have waited patiently for years, or until fortune smiled upon him. Feeling this, I had no false sentiment as to sharing the worldly goods that were his, although I was a penniless girl and brought nothing in my hands. Of course, kind friends around wondered why Walter did not choose a wife who would bring him wealth as well as love. Ah, no one could have given him more love than I could give him; that was all he wanted or asked for. He was twenty-three, and his own master; I was twenty and utterly alone in this world. So we were married—just six weeks after that happy spring day on which he told me I was dearest to him.

Our home—a dear gray old house, full of pleasant corners, was Draycot Hall, Somersetshire, not far from the Mendips Hills. Walter had recently inherited the house and the estates of Draycot, and when we took possession of our kingdom, which was a most as new to Walter as it was to me, life seemed to hold all that could be desired. Walter's income was sufficient for the life of a quiet country gentleman—a life which he settled down, and appeared to find every wish gratified in that happy existence. Shooting, fishing, and hunting gave him plenty of amusement, and the land, part of which he farmed himself, brought occupation and interest enough to make him feel that his life was not altogether an idle or useless one.

But, as the happiness complete, the children came—a girl, then one, two, three, four, five. How merry and busy the old house grew with them, the sturdy rogues! How proud Walter was of them! We were not very rich people. Compared to that of some of our country neighbors, our income was insignificant. Draycot Hall, although not such an imposing pile as the name might suggest, was by no means a small house; and, like all rambling old places, cost a good deal of money to keep up. Even when we began life together we found, at the end of the year, that our expenditure and income nearly tallied, and as my family increased, and an increasing number of friends came to us, our income was not so ample as it seemed. But in spite of this our life was too happy for us to think of grumbling.

One summer evening on the lawn, the air was cooled by late fallen rain, and sweet with fragrance rising from the fresh flowers of the day, I was engaged in the plants not yet closed. Our latest given child slept on my knee; and as we watched the sun sink slowly down behind the Mendip Hills, my husband said: "Helena, how shall we manage to start all these boys in life?"

I laughed at such a distant obligation. We were still young, and it seemed that so many years must pass before the baby on my knee would want a starting hand. I kissed the child's little white fingers. "Why, Walter," I said, "you are looking a long, long way into the future." "Yes, my girl; but days nappy as ours pass very quickly. It will not seem so long before we shall be obliged to think about it. What shall we do then? We have no money even now, you know. By-and-by we must send these babies to school; after that they will want money to help them on in professions. How are we to do all this? Our income won't increase."

"We must try and economize," I answered, impressed by the really serious look he took.

"But how? As it is, we can scarcely make both ends meet. I am afraid I am selfish in living as I do. I have serious thought of going into some business and trying to make a fortune."

I begged, beseeched him to dismiss the wild idea. Were not happy enough with all we now possessed? Why change our mode of life, which was so peaceful and contented? Besides, in my heart of hearts I doubted if my good, easy-going Walter was quite fitted for a commercial career. He kissed me as I pleaded eloquently for a continuation of our present happiness, and for a time the subject dropped.

Yet I could see, from remarks he now and then made, that the thought lingered in his mind, and I began to fear lest, some day, he might put it into practical shape, when the anxieties attendant on money-making or money-losing might be ours. It was some months after our conversation that old Reuben Dyke, a well-known character in the village of Draycot, came to the Hall. He wanted to see the master of an important business, he said. This old Reuben was the greatest gossip of the place—the ale-house oracle—middle in everyone's business, and unsolicited adviser-in-general to the little world around him. He was a great authority among the villagers many of whom would back his opinion against the united wisdom of a Daniel and a Solomon. His talk and broad Somerset accent always amused us, and, as he was insured him a better reputation than his virtues merited.

To-day he entered the room with an indescribable look of mystery and secrecy on his shrewd old face. He carefully closed the door after him, and sat down in a respectful good-day. Then, drawing quite close to us, he spoke in guarded whispers.

"I be jest com, zur, to tell 'ee that 'ere 'ave a bid a chap a stayin' at the Blue Boar vor the last two or three days. Mebby, zur, as you've a zeed un about—a dawkish, picket-nosed sort of a chap."

"Yes, I saw him," answered Walter. "What about him?" "Now, look here, zur. None of 'em could 'it you out make out what a w'er up 'e is, 'e went one o' them outside, you see. 'E w'erdn't no lookin' after a shop-keeper. He w'er a f'reetin' about aater land. Zo we up and ax'd un what a farm a w'er aater, or if a did want to buy any land hereabouts? He laughed and zed, zee, he: 'We be gwa'in to make a rail-road right up droo these yer valley.' Zee I, 'I hope my head won't yache to me doin' a rail-way out Mendip, vor the is a devilish poor country. 'True,' zee he; 'but there be a lot o' coal jest under—along Hayvat and Upper Langford.' Zee I, 'Zo I've a-zeared; and then I zeed in a minute which way the cat w'er jumpin'.' He w'erdn't gwa'in to make n'er a rail-way; he wanted to zenk a coal-pit, and get how'd o' zome land under a w'er name. Zo, if I w'er you, zur, and if I w'er Mr. Llewellyn, I should jest keep my eyes open; vor I shouldn't wonder if, one o' these here days, he w'on't be along and offer 'ee a hundred and fifty a zeer vor some o' your poorest land. But my advice to you, zur, is—doan't 'ee zell 'it nor vor double the money."

After this important communication, Reuben bowed himself out; retiring probably to the kitchen, in order that he might regale himself with meat and drink and our servants with the latest village gossip. Walter and I sat digesting his news.

"I wonder if there can be any truth in 'it," said Walter. "I'll go down to-morrow and see that fellow at the inn, and ask him point blank about 'it." But on the morrow the fellow at the inn was there no longer. He had departed and left no address. The landlord only knew him as plain Mr. Smith. We never saw or heard of him again—whatever his errand may have been, it was not revealed to us; but, nevertheless, old Reuben's conjecture as to the object of his sojourn at the Blue Boar quite unsettled Walter's mind. The thought that untold wealth might be lying under our very feet was always present to us, and at last he resolved to employ experts who were competent to give an opinion on the matter, and settle our hopes and doubts.

So, very soon, we were visited by Captain Thomas Davies of Aberfeldy, and Captain James Thomas of Cwmtyfel, two gentlemen whose strangely accented English, redundant with such words as "Intend," and "Intend to coodness," was a source of great amusement and enjoyment to both of us. They inspected, diagnosed, experimented, and then reported. My poor dear love! shall I ever forget your excitement, your joy, as we perused together the glowing report of the experts? What wealth you dreamed of and counted up! Not, I know, that you wished for riches for your own sake—it was for the sake of wife and children that the desire of acquiring a large fortune obtained such a hold on you. Ah me! how certain, how clear and straightforward all seemed! Had not the mining capitalists calculated, with an accuracy that is almost infallible, every ton of coal that lay hidden beneath our green fields? Do their figures prove beyond dispute the profit each ton raised must bring? After every contingency had been guarded against, what read like Aladdin's wealth lay waiting for us to stoop down, take and enjoy.

Then other gentlemen came to our quiet home—legal gentlemen—gentlemen who were called financiers—gentlemen learned, very learned, it seemed to me, in acreages, crops, and soils. Old safes were unlocked, old plans and musty deeds extracted from their recesses. I heard the word "Mortgage" frequently; and Walter told me he had resolved to sell the quiet, sleepy little village. Men and women of a very different type to that of laborers round about. Slatternly unkempt women and strong surly men who knew not the traditions of the land. Men who were supposed to beat their wives once a week, and who, we knew, played havoc with our neighbors' costly preserves. He insisted upon that work being highly paid for—how spent so large a proportion of it—how hard-earned wages in drink that the landlords of the opposition village inn actually shook hands in their unexpected prosperity; while our kind, old, easy-going rector fairly cried at the way in which he saw the old and unwelcome parishioners were denouncing the old ones, and old Reuben Dyke seemed to look almost patronizingly upon us, as two deserving young people helped to fortune by his great sagacity and wisdom.

So it went on, month after month; yet I saw no signs of the advent of that promised wealth. So far as I could understand it, the seam of coal hit upon by those clever captains was a failure. It broke, or dipped, or something else, so the continuation had to be sought elsewhere. Thereupon Captains Thomas Davies and Davies Thomas came over again, inspected again, and reported so cheerfully that Walter's face lost that look of anxiety that I had lately seen upon it, and he pushed on the work more briskly than before.

Then they told me the right seam had been found—Walter was radiant. Out of the first money gained he would send Thomas Davies and Davies Thomas a hundred apiece, as an extra recognition for their skill and good counsel. Larger sums than before were furnished by our financial friends, who came to the Hall once or twice, and were, I thought, very rude and familiar in their manner. Machinery and engines were erected, more men engaged, and in time great black beams began to accumulate, and grimy black faces met me at every turn.

And Walter was cheerful. He would soon be out of the clutches of his oblig-

ing friends. The shock was over. He had told me so long; he was now looking at Reuben's fairly in the face, and, as usually happens, found them not so terrible in aspect as he had imagined. He buttoned his bank-notes in his breast pocket and started for the railway-station. He felt better and stronger to-day, and as the morning was so beautifully fine, was tempted to walk the five miles, instead of driving, as he usually did. We were early risers, so he had plenty of time, and I thought the walk would do him good. Perhaps it was the feeling of newly restored confidence—perfect and true—which now existed between us that made his farewell to me that morning even more affectionate than it was wont to be—made him insist upon having all the children brought down, and taking many a kiss from these little rosy pursed-up lips—made him pause when he reached the furthest point to which my eyes could follow him, and turning, wait me one more farewell.

I should have walked with him at any rate, part of the way, but household duties had to be attended to; so, after watching his tall figure disappear at the turning of the drive, I re-entered the house, hoping that the day would pass quickly, and hasten the evening which would bring him back again.

Months and months ago I had promised a friend, who sighed in far-away lands for English fields again, to make this spring, a little collection of dried ferns and sent it to him. The ferns of the last few months had driven the promise from my mind, but as, this morning, I pictured our own projected emigration, my thoughts turned to my distant friend and my broken promise came back to me. I determined that on the first opportunity I would make amends for my neglect.

Ferns, many of them scarce ones, grew plentiful in our pleasant country; but on the road that Walter must take on his way to the station they flourished in unusual abundance. I could obtain many varieties close at hand, but some few grew further off; so I asked Walter, if he should chance to meet with any specimens of these particular sorts, to pick a front or two, which he could place by the leaves of the book he carried. I wanted, especially, a specimen of the Northern Shield Fern, which even here is not very common, growing as it does in little patches, sometimes miles apart. He laughed at my idle request, but promised to attend to it.

The day wore on, and the sun got low. It was time to send the dog-cart to meet the train. Long before the time had elapsed in which, by any chance, it would return, I was waiting at the window to welcome Walter home again. I waited and waited, until so many weary minutes crawled away that I was fain to conclude he had been detained in Bristol until the next and last train.

I nursed my disappointment, and killed an hour in reading. The hour when I might surely expect him had come and passed. The train must be late. I opened the window, and waited and listened for the sound of his coming.

At last I heard the ring of the horse's hoofs, and saw the approaching dog-cart dimly, by the light of the stars. I ran to the door, eager to greet my husband; but as the horse drew up on the gravel, I could only see one figure in the dog-cart—that of James, our groom. He told me that his master had come by neither train, so, after waiting he had driven back alone.

I turned away, very miserable and sad at heart, but, strange to say, felt no fear of the dark. Business had, of course, detained him. It seemed unkind not to have let me know in some way of doing so. There was not the slightest chance of his returning to-night, the distance being far too great for driving. I must wait until to-morrow.

It was only when I went to bed—long, for almost the first time since we were married—that I fell far below me, and fancy brought horrid ideas to my mind—that the possibility of evil having befallen my husband came to me. The large sum of money he carried, the lonely road, the black-faced colliers about the neighborhood—all combined to fill me with a nameless dread—a terror which I could scarcely put into words, much less into words. Yet I strove with my tears, trying to strangle each one as it was born.

"I shall see him to-morrow. To-morrow I shall him." I repeated over and over again; and as that morning at last dawned, I fell into a restless sleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Mosquito's Machinery.

A writer in the London Sportsman thus describes a mosquito as seen under a microscope: It appears that in the "bill" of the little beast alone there are no fewer than five distinct surgical instruments. These are described as a lance, two neat saws, a suction pump, and a small Corlis engine. It appears that a "sucker" settles down to his work upon a nice tender portion of the human frame the lance is first pushed into the flesh, then the two saws, placed back to back, begin to work up and down to enlarge the hole, then the pump is inserted, and the victim's blood is siphoned up to the reservoirs carried behind, and finally, to complete the performance of the cruelty, the wretch drops a quantity of poison into the wound to keep it irritated. Then the diminutive fiend takes a fly around just to digest your gore, and makes tracks for a fresh victim, or if the first has been of unusual good quality he returns to the same happy hunting ground. The mosquito's marvelous energy, combined with his portable operating chest, makes him a terror and a pest.

The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a German newspaper: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectfully dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

"Wonder what Foo Chow ages will say when the story of the war between France and China is told?" remarked the slim-legged boarder. "Who cares what it says?" said the gruff fellow at the foot of the table. "What business have future ages. Pekin isn't our affair!"

And Walter was cheerful. He would soon be out of the clutches of his oblig-

FORESTS AND RAINFALL.

General Observations Show no Connection Between the Two.

A young correspondent inquires if the opinion is correct that forests increase the fall of rain, and whether more rain comes down in wooded than cleared regions of the country. In answer, we may state that we have always held the opinion that forests do not sensibly affect the clouds in their onward march miles above, from which the rain is pouring; and that there is no practicable difference between the distance from the tops of forest trees, or from the foliage of a corn field or of a meadow to the high clouds above. Both would operate, if at all, in the same way. The difference in distance between trees fifty feet high and corn eight feet high, to clouds two miles high, would not be one two hundredth part, and it would be as likely to draw water down, if at all, from two miles as the other. But facts disprove the theory. Many loose observations are quoted to sustain it; but where accurate records are kept, although varying with the changes of the season on both sides, some giving diminished rains where the woods have been cleared, and others increased rain, the average is very nearly equal. The signal service has kept records of the rain for from forty to sixty years, at posts in Ohio and Kentucky; for the first ten years, when the forests were mostly standing, the rain was slightly less than for the last ten years, when they had been largely cut away. The annual average for the first period was 34.01 inches; for the last, 49.93 inches—a very small difference, and doubtless to be accounted for wholly by the variations of wet and dry summers.

This opinion appears to have been adopted in the first place by some one who made a single observation, or else who thought it a handsome theory; and writers, without full examination, have copied it, and continue to copy it down to the present time. It is a common and correct opinion that forests preserve the moisture of the earth's surface, and prevent its drying up by springs by the shade which they afford and by the agency of leaf-mould at a time of the year when their green leaves are not pumping up the water through the stems from the subsoil which holds them; and it is not improbable that this may have contributed to the erroneous notion, and the mere retention of water mistaken for its fall.—Country Gentleman.

INDIAN JUGGLERS' WILES.

Two of Their Famous Tricks Explained.

The one class who interested me particularly in India were the jugglers. My investigations led me to state positively that the most remarkable stories told about them are fictitious, based upon the flimsiest foundation of fact. Let us take, for instance, two performances, the mysterious basket and the mango-growing tricks. I have seen both of them over and over again, and have found the same easily-detected frauds to exist in every case. The baskets are bell-shaped and have a false bottom, between which and the exterior wall of the basket there is ample room for a small child to stoop and away. The spectators are not allowed to touch it, or to come very near to the basket, and in a casual glance at the interior one is not apt to detect the false bottom. The basket is placed over the child, who squats upon the hard ground, and after sufficient time has elapsed for the youngster to crawl into its place of concealment, the juggler horrifies the audience by passing his sword through the basket, and then upon upstating it shows that the child has disappeared. Meanwhile a duplicate child that closely resembles the first one enters upon the scene from the background and the wonderful trick is completed. The famous mango-growing trick is even simpler than this. You have, of course, read how a man of mysterious arts plants a mango seed in a flower pot, and then makes a dwarfed fruit-bearing tree spring up from that seed. The facts of the case are simply these: The seed is planted and the pot is then placed under a sort of tent, whose voluminous folds must not be touched by any one. The juggler, however, has concealed the earth in the pot and does a lot of manipulating while his hands are concealed in the tent. Meanwhile a fellow-juggler is performing a series of other tricks to amuse and distract the attention of the spectators. When juggler number one has had time to change the pot for another that is hidden in the folds of the tent, he opens one side of the canvas a little, and the earth in the pot can be seen with a half-grown mango tree in it. After another interlude of the same sort, the tent door is again opened and a third pot is disclosed, which contains a little tree bearing a mango.—San Francisco Call.

THE TERROR OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A Kentucky Outlaw and His Unpunished Crimes.

While a number of mountaineers were standing about the United States court-room in Louisville, Ky., waiting to be called as witnesses in the moonshine distillery cases, an officer stepped up and laying his hand upon the shoulder of a roughly-dressed young fellow, said: "You are wanted for murder." The young man's name is Lincoln Banks, and he is now in jail. He lives in Letcher county, one of the wildest of the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky. Although but 22 years old, he is one of the most daring and reckless men in all that section of the country. His personal bravery, his fearlessness of any kind of danger, his coolness, and the accuracy of his aim with any kind of a firearm have made him the terror of the mountains.

One instance of his free and easy manners is enough to show his character. He had some trouble with a young man named Byman, and swore that he would kill him. One night a party was given to which Byman took a young lady. While the fun was at its height, the door was suddenly flung open and Banks walked in. He had a cocked pistol in his hand. Without removing his hat he asked in a thundering voice if there was a sundress was present. There was no answer for a moment, and then Byman sprang into the middle of the floor, which had by this time become deserted, and taking quick aim fired at his enemy. The shot was a close one, making a bloody line across Banks' temple. Six shots followed in rapid succession. When the shouting ceased, Byman was found dangerously wounded, and the sound of the hoofs of a flying horse told that Banks was making his escape.

Some weeks ago Banks got into a dispute with a young man named Coon Moore. Moore was a quiet, well-behaved fellow, who interfered with nobody, and was more than ordinarily peaceful. No one seems to know what caused the quarrel. One day Banks gathered a gang about him and marched them up the mountain to where Moore lived in a lonely little cabin. On the way there he stopped at a wild mountain gap. Great black cliffs rose up on every side. Turning to the crowd of rough, half-drunken men around him, Banks said: "That's where I'm going to bury Coon Moore." A messenger was sent up to Moore's house, while the party waited for him in the gap. A ruse was used to get him in the gap, and when his unsuspecting victim appeared in sight Banks carefully concealed himself and his friends. Suddenly he sprang out from behind a rock, and leveling his pistol at Moore fired. It was only a single shot from a man, and Moore lay dead with a bullet through his heart. The people seem to have been afraid to make any attempt to punish the young murderer, so awed were they by the terror of his name, and nothing was done until he reached Louisville. He will be taken back to the mountains and will doubtless be tried and acquitted. A moonshine who got the red hot facts usually mentioned three or four other murders that have been committed in Letcher county in the last months none of which have been reported through the press, and not one of which has been punished.

The Siege of Gibraltar.

A little past nine o'clock on the morning of Sep. 13, 1782, the battering ships opened fire, the King's Bastion and the Orange Bastion, on the sea face, being the principal objects of their attacks. The first mischance was that a brick south-west wind sprang up, and hindered the co-operation of the gun-boats. Secondly, the English refused to consider the fire of the land batteries at all, and directed every gun and man possible against the battering ships. Means for heating shot had been prepared, and the red-hot shot was fired with the same vivacity and skill as the cold. The Spanish prisoners afterward complained bitterly that they had been told that the fire of hot shot could not be long maintained. In the afternoon the enemy was in visible trouble. In the evening he was silenced, and by the early morning of the 14th, eight out of the twelve batteries on the sea face remaining took fire subsequently, and the 14th was passed by the naval brigade in rescuing the remains of the crews under a sullen fire from the batteries upon the isthmus. Some slight damage had been done to the fortifications, but the loss of the garrison was only 16 killed and 68 wounded. They had only 96 guns in action, and they had fired more than 8,900 rounds. The superiority of guns on shore over shipping, both of the old type, was never more decisively shown. In the first moment of angry disappointment the Spaniards wished to attempt the garrison by a general assault from sea and land. Fortunately for them they were over-ruled by the Duke de Crillon, who refused to expose the crews of the ships and soldiers to certain destruction. Though the siege was formally continued until the peace in 1783, active operations were at an end. One more extraordinary device was indeed entertained and partially executed. Miners were sent in the night to a point close under the north-eastern part of the rock, where the guns of the garrison could barely touch them, and instructed to mine the place. This magnificent folly of attempting to blow the face of a mountain into the air by a gallery at its foot had actually been tried before in the short siege of 1727. The garrison were content with annoying with musketry all who showed themselves, and with blowing showers of stones down on them by the explosion of small charges of powder in the face of the rock.—The Saturday Review.

LAUGHLETS.

A Meadville girl who has fallen in love with a journalist refers to him as her paper mach.

There is not much difference between spending money on a lottery and a lot of rye.

"How do you measure your profits?" asked a friend of a lapidary. "By quartz, of course."

When a young man is fingering the cash left him by his grandfather, can it be said he is revelling in his ancestral souls?

It is idle for a man to say he is no longer young. He is longer. Age crooks and shortens a man.

Says Wm. H. Payne, the poet: "Two rival spirits roam the world." He undoubtedly refers to whisky and beer.

It is worthy of notice that while the price of new rye goes up and down almost every day the charge for old rye maintains a wonderful steadiness.

It takes twenty-six years for a man to become a physician in Germany. Land is scarce over there and they can't spare much space for cemetery lots.

The characteristic closeness of the Scotch crops out in the fact that a Scotch sea captain who saw a sea serpent upon the beach the poor reptile thirty-five feet in length.

"Mr. Doughnut—My daughter, the bride." "Most charmed, indeed. I have not yet met your husband—that is to be the ab—groom." "Groom," indeed! Sir, there is no groom here. No, sir; my daughter isn't marrying a coachman."

The health question (in a railway compartment)—Lady: "I repeat to you, sir, that the smell of tobacco makes me dreadfully sick." Male traveller: "Very sorry, madam, but the Government recommends the fumigation of travel cars."

A stranger in a small town, having lost his way, accosts a gentleman on the street: "Please, my good man," he says, "tell me the way to the post office." "I am not a good man," says the person accosted, with conscious dignity. "I am the Mayor."

INDIAN JUGGLERS' WILES.

Two of Their Famous Tricks Explained.

The one class who interested me particularly in India were the jugglers. My investigations led me to state positively that the most remarkable stories told about them are fictitious, based upon the flimsiest foundation of fact. Let us take, for instance, two performances, the mysterious basket and the mango-growing tricks. I have seen both of them over and over again, and have found the same easily-detected frauds to exist in every case. The baskets are bell-shaped and have a false bottom, between which and the exterior wall of the basket there is ample room for a small child to stoop and away. The spectators are not allowed to touch it, or to come very near to the basket, and in a casual glance at the interior one is not apt to detect the false bottom. The basket is placed over the child, who squats upon the hard ground, and after sufficient time has elapsed for the youngster to crawl into its place of concealment, the juggler horrifies the audience by passing his sword through the basket, and then upon upstating it shows that the child has disappeared. Meanwhile a duplicate child that closely resembles the first one enters upon the scene from the background and the wonderful trick is completed. The famous mango-growing trick is even simpler than this. You have, of course, read how a man of mysterious arts plants a mango seed in a flower pot, and then makes a dwarfed fruit-bearing tree spring up from that seed. The facts of the case are simply these: The seed is planted and the pot is then placed under a sort of tent, whose voluminous folds must not be touched by any one. The juggler, however, has concealed the earth in the pot and does a lot of manipulating while his hands are concealed in the tent. Meanwhile a fellow-juggler is performing a series of other tricks to amuse and distract the attention of the spectators. When juggler number one has had time to change the pot for another that is hidden in the folds of the tent, he opens one side of the canvas a little, and the earth in the pot can be seen with a half-grown mango tree in it. After another interlude of the same sort, the tent door is again opened and a third pot is disclosed, which contains a little tree bearing a mango.—San Francisco Call.

THE TERROR OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A Kentucky Outlaw and His Unpunished Crimes.

While a number of mountaineers were standing about the United States court-room in Louisville, Ky., waiting to be called as witnesses in the moonshine distillery cases, an officer stepped up and laying his hand upon the shoulder of a roughly-dressed young fellow, said: "You are wanted for murder." The young man's name is Lincoln Banks, and he is now in jail. He lives in Letcher county, one of the wildest of the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky. Although but 22 years old, he is one of the most daring and reckless men in all that section of the country. His personal bravery, his fearlessness of any kind of danger, his coolness, and the accuracy of his aim with any kind of a firearm have made him the terror of the mountains.

One instance of his free and easy manners is enough to show his character. He had some trouble with a young man named Byman, and swore that he would kill him. One night a party was given to which Byman took a young lady. While the fun was at its height, the door was suddenly flung open and Banks walked in. He had a cocked pistol in his hand. Without removing his hat he asked in a thundering voice if there was a sundress was present. There was no answer for a moment, and then Byman sprang into the middle of the floor, which had by this time become deserted, and taking quick aim fired at his enemy. The shot was a close one, making a bloody line across Banks' temple. Six shots followed in rapid succession. When the shouting ceased, Byman was found dangerously wounded, and the sound of the hoofs of a flying horse told that Banks was making his escape.

Some weeks ago Banks got into a dispute with a young man named Coon Moore. Moore was a quiet, well-behaved fellow, who interfered with nobody, and was more than ordinarily peaceful. No one seems to know what caused the quarrel. One day Banks gathered a gang about him and marched them up the mountain to where Moore lived in a lonely little cabin. On the way there he stopped at a wild mountain gap. Great black cliffs rose up on every side. Turning to the crowd of rough, half-drunken men around him, Banks said: "That's where I'm going to bury Coon Moore." A messenger was sent up to Moore's house, while the party waited for him in the gap. A ruse was used to get him in the gap, and when his unsuspecting victim appeared in sight Banks carefully concealed himself and his friends. Suddenly he sprang out from behind a rock, and leveling his pistol at Moore fired. It was only a single shot from a man, and Moore lay dead with a bullet through his heart. The people seem to have been afraid to make any attempt to punish the young