

THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON.

After the Board of State Prison Directors, sitting in session at the prison, had heard and disposed of the complaints and petitions of a number of convicts, the warden announced that all who wished to appear had been heard. Thereupon a certain uneasy and apprehensive expression, which all along had sat upon the faces of the directors, became visibly deeper. The chairman—a nervous, energetic, abrupt, incisive man—glanced at a slip of paper in his hand, and said to the warden,—

"Send a guard for convict No. 14,208."

The warden started and became slightly pale. Somewhat confused, he haltingly replied, "Why, he has expressed no desire to appear before you."

"Nevertheless, you will send for him at once," responded the chairman.

The warden bowed stiffly and directed a guard to produce the convict. Then, turning to the chairman, he said,—

"I am ignorant of his purpose in summoning this man, but of course I have no objection. I desire, however, to make a statement concerning him before he appears."

"When we shall have called for a statement from you," coldly responded the chairman, "you may make one."

The warden sank back into his seat. He was a tall, fine-looking man, well-bred and intelligent, and had a kindly face. Though ordinarily cool, courageous, and self-possessed, he was unable to conceal a strong emotion, which looked much like fear. A heavy silence fell upon the room, disturbed only by the official stenographer, who was sharpening his pencils. A stray beam of light from the western sun slipped into the room between the edge of the window-shade and the sash, and fell across the chair reserved for the convict. The uneasy eyes of the warden finally fell upon this beam, and there his glance rested. The chairman, without addressing any one particularly, remarked,—

"There are ways of learning what occurs in a prison without the assistance of either the warden or the convicts."

Just then the guard appeared with the convict, who shambled in painfully and laboriously, as with a string he held up from the floor the heavy iron ball which was chained to his ankles. He was about forty-five years old. Undoubtedly he once had been a man of uncommon physical strength, for a powerful skeleton showed underneath the sallow skin which covered his emaciated frame. His sallowness was peculiar and ghastly. It was partly that of disease, and partly of something worse; and it was this something that accounted also for his shrunken muscles and manifest feebleness.

There had been no time to prepare him for presentation to the Board. As a consequence, his unstockinged toes showed through his gaping shoes; the dingy suit of prison stripes which covered his gaunt frame was frayed and tattered; his hair had not been recently cut to the prison fashion, and, being rebellious, stood out upon his head like bristles; and his beard, which, like his hair, was heavily dashed with gray, had not been shaved for weeks. These incidents of his appearance combined with a very peculiar expression of his face to make an extraordinary picture. It difficult to describe this almost unearthly expression. With a certain suppressed ferocity it combined an inflexibility of purpose that sat like an iron mask upon him. His eyes were hungry and eager; they were the living part of him, and they shone luminous from beneath shaggy brows. His forehead was massive, his head of fine proportions, his jaw square and strong, and his thin, high nose showed traces of an ancestry that must have made a mark in some corner of the world at some time in history. He was prematurely old; this was seen in his gray hair and in the uncommonly deep wrinkles which lined his forehead and the corners of his eyes and his mouth.

Upon stumbling weakly into the room, faint with the labor of walking and of carrying the iron ball, he looked around eagerly, like a bear driven to his haunches by the hounds. His glance passed so rapidly and unintelligently from one face to another that he could not have had time to form a conception of the persons present, until his swift eyes encountered the face of the warden. Instantly they flashed; he craned his neck forward; his lips opened and became blue; the wrinkles deepened about his mouth and eyes; his form grew rigid, and his breathing stopped. This sinister and terrible attitude—all the more so because he was wholly unconscious of it—was disturbed only when the chairman sharply commanded, "Take that seat."

The convict started as though he had been struck, and turned his eyes upon the chairman. He drew a deep inspiration, which wheezed and rattled as it passed into his chest. An expression of excruciating pain swept over his face. He dropped the ball, which struck the floor with a loud sound, and his long, bony fingers tore at the striped shirt over his breast. A groan escaped him, and he would have sunk to the floor had not the guard caught him and held him upright. In a moment it was over, and then, collapsing with exhaustion, he sank into the chair. There he sat, conscious and intelligent, but slouching, disorganized, and indifferent.

The chairman turned sharply to the guard. "Why did you manacle this man," he demanded, "when he is evidently so weak, and when none of the others were manacled?"

"Why, sir," stammered the guard, "surely you know who this man is: he is the most dangerous and desperate—"

"We know all about that. Remove his manacles."

The guard obeyed. The chairman turned to the convict, and in a kindly manner said, "Do you know who we are?"

The convict got himself together a little and looked steadily at the chairman. "No," he replied, after a pause. His manner was direct, and his voice was deep, though hoarse.

"We are the State Prison Directors. We have heard of your case, and we want you to tell us the whole truth about it."

The convict's mind worked slowly, and it was some time before he could comprehend the explanation and request. When he had accomplished that task he said, very slowly, "I suppose you want me to make a complaint, sir."

"Yes,—if you have any to make."

The convict was getting himself in hand. He straightened, and gazed at the chair-

man with a peculiar intensity. Then firmly and clearly he answered, "I've no complaint to make."

The two men sat looking at each other in silence, and as they looked a bridge of human sympathy was slowly reared between them. The chairman rose, passed around an intervening table, went up to the convict, and laid a hand on his gaunt shoulder. There was a tenderness in his voice that few men had ever heard there.

"I know," said he, "that you are a patient and uncomplaining man, or we should have heard from you long ago. In asking you to make a statement I am merely asking for your help to right a wrong, if a wrong has been done. Leave your own wishes entirely out of consideration, if you prefer. Assume, if you will, that it is not our intention or desire either to give you relief or to make your case harder for you. There are fifteen hundred human beings in this prison, and they are under the absolute control of one man. If a serious wrong is practised upon one, it may be upon others. I ask you in the name of common humanity, and as one man of another, to put us in the way of working justice in this prison. If you have the instincts of a man within you, you will comply with my request. Speak out, therefore, like a man, and have no fear of anything."

The convict was touched and stung. He looked up steadily into the chairman's face, and firmly said, "There is nothing in this world that I fear." Then he hung his head, and presently he raised it and added, "I will tell you all about it."

At this moment he shifted his position so as to bring the beam of light perpendicularly across his face and chest, and it seemed to split him in twain. He saw it, and feasted his gaze upon it as it lay upon his breast. After a time he thus proceeded, speaking very slowly, and in a strangely monotonous voice:

"I was sent up for twenty years for killing a man. I hadn't been a criminal: I killed him without thinking, for he had robbed me and wronged me. I came here thirteen years ago. I had trouble at first—it galled me to be a convict; but I got over that, because the warden that was here then understood me and was kind to me, and he made me one of the best men in the prison. I don't say this to make you think I'm complaining about the present warden, or that he didn't treat me kindly; I can take care of myself with him. I am not making any complaint. I ask no man's favor, and I fear no man's power."

"That is all right. Proceed."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Child Government.

One of the hardest tasks of a mother's life is the government of her children. That we can make children mind is perhaps the boast of many of us; but to make our government coincident with proper development, to restrain and not destroy all individuality; to punish only when the act merits it, to advise at just the moment when their minds are in a state to appropriate the lesson for their good; to guide, yet not retard originality; in other words, to make them thoughtful, unselfish, lovable, easy and graceful as well as obedient is another much more difficult thing.

Every mother has a guide, if she will study and thoroughly understand herself, for almost invariably children inherit something of their mother's disposition and traits. In knowing self then we can anticipate their natures, knowing what to guard against.

Am I not right in saying, the truest mother is she who can most vividly recall her own childhood; who, forgetting at times her motherhood, can, in realization, and appreciation, be as a child with her children, enjoying their games; imagining all their yearnings, awakening, step by step, as they do to knowledge?

That person has most influence over a child who is most in sympathy with it. Sympathy makes children easy, graceful and above all truthful. True sympathy does not mean giving cake and candy in the morning, and then in the evening when you are hastening with supper, and your little boys get in the way while playing with an imaginary train of cars, giving him a sound slap on his back.

In school work or in business life, we all like the one who is bright and active. Is it consistent, then, to suppose that this same activity will not manifest itself in their homelife? Yet how often we try to check it? How often we say, "There is one thing better than crushing impulse, it is using impulse." So long, then, as their make-believe plays are pure and instructive, let them play. It encourages originality, inventiveness and independence, and lays the foundation for business life. Not only ought we to allow them to play, but we ought to suggest and improve upon such portions of their games as are not correct to real life. The mother who takes this interest in her children will find them developing, and abstaining from evil ways without much effort on her part.

One of the secrets of successful control is the power of a mother to distinguish and discriminate between the real causes of an act. Was it from direct disobedience, was it from carelessness, or ignorance, or was it really the result of an accident? Each one of these calls for a different mode of treatment. To construe an act as intentional when it was purely accidental, and punish as such, never corrects the fault, but makes a child sullen, and even defiant. To scold a child for something, when it knew no better, but did the best he could, makes him fearful, silent and awkward. It checks originality and retards his confidence, a thing which will be more precious to you by and by. Especially on the nervous, sensitive child is its effect more noticeable. To such a one sympathy and a correct understanding of his motives are as essential to its proper growth as sunshine is to certain flowers.

Some individuals do inherit a sullen disposition, but I am confident that many more are cultivated, through wrong accusations and unjust punishment. To understand ourselves, to study our children, and have respect for their individuality, this should be our aim. Instead of saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," would it not be well to say, "Spare the rod and study the child?"

Time passes quickly, and soon our "babies" become men and women, but the one thing imperishable is the result of our early teachings.

The palace hotels of New York are employing maids to wait upon guests at a cost of 50 cents per hour. The maids must be able to do hair-dressing and to array a lady for a ball.

MORTGAGE COVENANTS.

An Open Letter to Sir Oliver Mowat Ancient the Subject.

Sir—In speaking of the abolition of the personal covenant in mortgages—there are three kinds of mortgages to be considered:

1st—The person or company who lend a specific amount or percentage of their own valuation of the property, said valuation and all expenses in connection with the loan being paid by the borrower.

2nd—Mortgage securing balance of purchase money, sometimes almost the whole amount.

3rd—Mortgage to secure an antecedent debt.

The question is, is the covenant necessary to the life of the mortgage, or beneficial to the mortgagee—and is it injurious, on the other hand, to the mortgagor or his property—and in considering this question, we must not forget that there are probably 97 mortgages to the three mortgages—and legislation should be the greatest good for the greatest number, though up to this date the 97 votes, (probably through carelessness or ignorance,) do not seem to have as much power or say as the other three.

I submit that the Covenant is absolutely unnecessary to the mortgage, and is positively injurious to the mortgagor and the country at large, oft times making wrecks and exiles of our countrymen. The maxim and business principle of every mortgage should be made by law to be,—"Never lend more on property than you would be willing and perfectly satisfied to take it for at any time." For above that amount the mortgagee is the real speculator, and certainly deserves no more consideration than the unfortunate mortgagor who may be wiped out of all his margin or equity.

Let us consider the different kinds of mortgages separately:

1st—An application is made to a Loan Company—who are not allowed or supposed under the present law to take a 2nd mortgage, nor mortgage on chattels, though in fact, that is exactly what the law, through the covenant allows them to do, viz: distract anything on the premises)—the applicant signs a document agreeing to pay all expenses, legal or otherwise, including valuation—the rule now is to lend 50 p.c. of this valuation; this is strictly adhered to by all first class Loan Companies. Tell a good Loan Company that the applicant is a good man financially, and they will tell you that they are not "note shavers," that while they are pleased to have a good man on the covenant, they only lend 50 p.c. on the valuation, and on suitable property—they are not compelled to lend until satisfied.

Now, if through misfortune, or otherwise, the borrower cannot pay up, who is the hardship—the Company who can take the property at 50 p.c. of their own valuation, or the borrower who stands to lose the other 50 p.c. entirely.

The effect of the abolition in this case would be, that the money would be really, and in fact, lent on what it only pretends to be now, namely, on the property mentioned in the registered instrument.

Let us suppose though that the borrower wants more than 50 p.c. to help him in business perhaps—he knows or soon finds out the Company's rule,—and seeks a private lender—this is where the Bond would come in: the mortgage would be for the whole amount, with special Bond showing the personal liability, after all remedies under the mortgage had been exhausted, to say all over 50 p.c.—but that up to that amount the land only be held.

The effect here would be that each party would know exactly how much they were speculating outside the land itself and govern themselves accordingly.

I say a certain percentage—for it would never do to allow the lender to take back a personal Bond for the whole amount, else what is the necessity of the valuation of the property, and it must be remembered, that borrowers generally, are not the choosers, and not in a position to dictate, and the law should step in and state what percentage of a valuation (obtained at the time of lending the money) could be recovered by personal Bond alone.

It would mean that lenders knowing their position would base their valuations accordingly,—it would do away with a good deal of undesirable speculative building, and establish the Building and Loan Business on a solid basis.

The soundest Loan Companies and the shrewdest lenders on landed property, believe in and desire the abolition of the personal covenant clause, though there are some Shylocks who fain would take the very heart of the unfortunate mortgagor and gobble up the property too, but who would afford scorn were they compared to the pawnbroker, who if he lends too much on an article has to "grin and bear it;" if it is destroyed by fire, moth or rust, he is the loser; if it happens to be stolen, it must be produced when called for. This is the class of mortgagee that needs looking after; his legalized action has driven some of the best men out of our land—and bowed others down with writs, costs, judgments and executions.

NOW WE COME TO MORTGAGE NO. 2.

The person or company who is desirous of getting rid of a property which, according to their own valuation, is worth ten thousand dollars, (but which they probably got for a loan of 50 per cent. from some unfortunate who got behind), they will take one thousand dollars down, balance at 6 per cent.—as interest they say is what they want—now tell me who is the speculator. One man puts in his good hard money to the tune of one thousand, pays interest for years, and improves the property; the other does nothing but wait for the interest to become due. The buildings must be insured by the mortgagor for the benefit of the mortgagee. If the property decreases in value, or should he make default, the mortgagor loses his one thousand dollars and anything he may have put in in improvements, while the mortgagee has one thousand dollars hard cash to the good and his improved property back on his hands. Poor mortgagor!—if he had held on to his property till he got 50 per cent. of the purchase price cash down, he might have had it long enough to have reaped the benefit of an increase in the value of the land (and therefore needs setting right), while if it decreased while holding on to it, he would have lost that thousand dollars; but then he would be at liberty to sue himself, and then again he would not be a "poor mortgagor."

This is the class of mortgagee that needs no protection whatever; but there should

be legislation to defend his present victims, and legislate him with all his hideousness out of existence, for he is the most ravenous of all the others.

Of the third kind of mortgagee,—I can only say that any creditor who is satisfied to take a mortgage for his account, is almost sure to be satisfied with 50 cents on the dollar,—and my proposition would be right in his line.

That proposition is:—To abolish absolutely the personal covenant in mortgages, and let the mortgage stand firmly until paid on the property mentioned in the Registered Instrument and that alone.

And any bond accompanying a mortgage which calls for more than a specific percentage of a sworn valuation, attached thereto, say, all money lent over and above 50 p.c. of such valuation, should be invalid.—This would establish loaning on a positively safe basis, and there would be no booms nor bubbles to burst.

Yours truly,
WILHELM FUCHS.

Preparing Sealskin.

If we look at a lady's sealskin jacket, we at once observe its rich brown color and the velvety softness and denseness of the fine hairs composing it. If this be compared with the coarse, hard, or dryskaled sealskin as imported, or still better, with the coat of the living fur seals, one is struck with the vast difference between them, and wonders how the coarse or dryskaled seal, close-pressed hair of the live animal can ever be transformed into the rich and costly garment above spoken of.

Passing our fingers among the hairs on the cat or dog, we may notice fine short hairs at the roots of the longer, coarser, general covering of the animal. This is so-called under-fur. It is present equally in most of the land as in the aquatic carnivora. But in the greater number of these animals the short hairs are so few and often fine, as to be, comparatively speaking, lost sight of among what to our eyes constitute the coat.

The remarkable feature, then, in the furs, is its abundance and density. The operation which the skin undergoes to bring out, so to say, the fur, may be briefly described as follows: The skin, after being riden of grease, etc., is laid flat on the stretch, flesh side up. A flat knife is then passed across the flesh substance, thinning it to a very considerable extent. In doing this the blade severs the roots of the long hairs, which penetrate the skin deeper than do the soft delicate ones under the fur. The rough hair: are then got rid of, while the fur retains its hold.

A variety of subsidiary manipulations in which the pelt is softened and preserved are next gone through. These we need not enter into, but only further state that the fur undergoes a process of dyeing which produces that deep uniform tint so well known and admired. We may, however, mention that it is the dyeing process which causes the fur to lose its natural curly character and to present its limp appearance.

SOAK THE BABIES IN PETROLEUM.

Then When Wolves Come in and Carry Them off They Won't Eat 'Em.

A Johnson City, Tenn., special says:—Last Saturday a big wolf, which has terrorized the people of the Bumpas Cave region, over in North Carolina, for the last two or three years, entered the cabin of a mountaineer named Brown during the temporary absence of the housewife, and seizing the only occupant, an infant six months old, by the clothing, in the region of the chest, lifted it from the rude cradle and bore it away into the mountains.

When the mother returned to the house and missed the baby she rushed to the door just in time to see the wolf and its precious burden disappear into the neighboring woods. The distracted woman began to scream. This brought the husband who was chopping wood not far away, to the scene in a high state of excitement. The story from the lips of the hysterical mother almost drove the brave fellow daft, but he seized his axe, called his dog, and started in pursuit. There was about two inches of snow on the ground, and it providentially enabled the desperate father of the kidnapped infant to strike the trail of the wolf immediately after leaving his door-yard. Once upon the track of the beast he rushed through the mountains with a speed born of distraction.

About two miles from his cabin the tracks of the wolf led the pursuer under a long shelf of rock, protruding from the side of a mountain. There was no snow here and the father lost the trail, but he now urged his dog, which up to this time he had compelled to remain with him. The dog took the lead and the man followed, fully expecting to find the entrance to the wolf's den, from which he could hardly hope to get the baby alive. But his fears were groundless; he soon came upon his faithful dog wagging his tail and looking down at a little white bundle at his feet. It was the baby, sound asleep and almost frozen, apparently unharmed otherwise. Brown took off his coat, and wrapping the infant snugly in it, started hastily for home. He soon met his wife and two or three of the neighbors to whom she had given the alarm.

It was a most remarkable rescue. The mountaineers say that it was only a freak of the "mad" wolf, but the little one no doubt owes its life to a drenching of petroleum given it for some cutaneous affection by its mother just before it was carried away. The odor of the oil was too much for his wolfship. He probably sniffed about the child after laying it down under the rocks and preparing to make a meal, and then left in disgust.

It is impious in a good man to be sad.

The borrower runs into his own debt.

Dr. John Murray's proposed expedition to the south pole is attracting favourable attention in Europe. It is more than fifty years since James Ross, after discovering Victoria, penetrated to the 78th degree south latitude, and since then, with the exception of the Challenger, hardly a vessel has gone that way. The present proposal is indirectly due to the reports brought back by a couple of Scotch whalers which in 1891 went southward of Cape Horn in their search for fresh hunting-grounds. Dr. Murray believes in the existence at the south pole of a continent as large as Australia, in which are to be studied the two great phenomena of glaciation and volcanic action.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD IN CANADA.

The Rivers of Ice Which Made the Indentations of Ontario.

Appropos of Dr. Wilson's paper recently read before the Geological Section of the Royal Society of Canada on the glacial period in Canada, but few people ever reflect that at one time this part of Ontario was a region of rivers of ice or glaciers, which had their rise at the North Pole. But such is the case; in the glacial period the summer heat which prevailed over Ontario and other temperate regions during the tertiary age was succeeded

BY ARCTIC COLD.

The cap of ice which now covers each pole extended far towards the equator. On this Continent Ontario, Quebec, all New England, New York, and other parts in the same latitude were covered by it. In Europe, too, those parts that have now glaciers far up in the valleys of their mountains were then covered with them, as Greenland is now. The change in temperature was a gradual one, produced, as is supposed, by the elevation of all the land in a body at the north to a much higher level than it is at present. The glaciers of that period moved down valleys, as the glaciers at the present day in the Swiss Alps.

As a consequence of the action of glaciers and icebergs in the glacial period, there is scattered all over the northern part of America what is called drift. It is various in its composition, the material being sand or gravel, or boulders of various sizes. A glacier carries along with it whatever of loose material it finds in its course, and, therefore, there is always a row of stones of various sizes lying along upon the ice on each side of the glacier. These are called moraines. Toward the termination of a glacier, the moraines become less and less distinct, from the melting of the ice. And as we get further south, the fewer boulders are found on this account.

Now of all this material which we call drift, none was produced where it lies, but it was transported to its localities, and for the most part from the north toward the south. This drift must have produced great changes on the surface, filling up valleys here and there, making lakes over-

THE COURSE OF RIVERS.

A marked instance we have of the latter change in the case of the Niagara River. There is decisive evidence that the bed which it flowed in, from the whirlpool onward, until the glacial epoch, was then filled up with drift, and the water opened for itself a new gorge through solid rock, through which it has run to the present time.

Very few people stop to think when they see a big stone or boulder on the road side in these parts, that it came here during the glacial period, thousands of years ago; yet such is the case. The distances which these boulders have been transported have been much investigated. The ordinary distances are from 20 to 40 miles, but they have been often carried 60 to 100 miles. Hitchcock speaks of some boulders found in Ohio and Michigan which came from the ancient Aztec rocks of Canada, and calculates that they must have been brought from a distance of from 40 to 500 miles. A large boulder on the 4th concession of London, near Hyde Park, on Mr. Thos. Skipton's property, must have come from Thunder Bay, or up that way, at this period. These distances are discovered by comparing the boulders with the rocks of the country, thus tracing them back to the sources from which they came. This part of Ontario, in place, has had a full share of the glacial period, as far as boulders are any indication.—[London Free Press.

Sailing Through the Maelstrom!

The Maelstrom! I remembered all the thrilling tales told of this ugly whirlpool, and how vividly it was illustrated in the geography I studied as a child. I had just read a most graphic and blood-curdling description of it by Peter Dass, in his "Trumpet of Nordland." I was thinking of the countless whales that had been swallowed and digested by its vortex, and of the thousands of ships that had been entangled in its greedy current and ground fine as flour; but the captain assured us all that we need have no fear, and when we crossed it I was astonished to find it as calm and peaceful as an inland lake. The fact is, however, that the Maelstrom may at times be extremely dangerous, and a vessel caught there in a storm is irretrievably lost. The Cyclopaedia tells us that the Maelstrom is an ordinary whirlpool caused by a tremendous current running in the opposite direction to the wind. It attributes it to the ebb and tide of the sea, and talks learnedly about its depth as being only twenty fathoms, while immediately outside of the strait, where the whirlpool is formed, the water suddenly becomes two hundred fathoms deep; and thus tide and gale and this Niagara-like plunge, all combined, are made to lash the water into a perfect fury.—[From "A Winter Journey up the Coast of Norway," in the April Scribner.

Guarding the Bank.

The Bank of England is watched nightly by a guard of about fifty men from the Household troops, under the command of an officer, who usually march from Wellington or St. George's barracks. They patrol the spacious quadrangles of the bank and do sentry duty over allotted spaces till the morning, when they are relieved by the arrival of some members of the bank's staff. The officer in command is allowed dinner for himself and a friend, including the provision of a bottle of the bank's special old port. The men are also supplied with the needful refectation.

Besides this military guard, two clerks remain on duty all night at the bank, as well as all day on Sunday, and these "watch clerks" must not go to sleep. Their duty is to move about from building to building, inspecting the various rooms, to see that all goes well. Several of the higher officials also sleep on the premises, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice.

Professor Dolbear says a powerful search light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes, which could be seen and responded to, if they have the apparatus that we have.

The Colorado Legislature has passed the bill for a house to house registration of voters, and 27 women have been appointed on the list of canvassers for registering the women voters.