

Don't Let Mother Do It.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit a useless idler
Fearing your soft hands to soil,
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkling silver in her hair.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil;
Through the long, bright summer hours
Share with her the heavy toll,
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow;
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be tolling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your gift will be less bitter
When the so is above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What was home without a mother
Till the mother lieeth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies
Free from earthly care or pain,
To the home so sad without her,
Never to return again.

Story of Baron Trenck.

NEW MISFORTUNES.

Having taken refuge in Vienna, Trenck believed himself to be relieved from further annoyance; but in this he was mistaken. Although received with a degree of kindness by the Austrian authorities, he soon found that he was likely to be involved in certain misfortunes which had overtaken his cousin, and he left Vienna in August, 1748, for Holland. At Nuremberg he met with a body of Russians, commanded by General Lieuwen, his mother's relation, who were marching to the Netherlands. Received with kindness by the general, he was advised by him to enter the Russian service, and was given the command of a company of dragoons. Peace followed, and the regiment returned to Moravia. Shortly afterwards, Trenck was sent down the Vistula with a body of sick men to Dantzic, where there were Russian vessels to receive and transport them to Russia, and, in company with these, went to Riga, whence he proceeded to Moscow. Here he became acquainted with Lord Hyndford, ambassador from England to the court of the Empress Elizabeth, and was treated by him with marked consideration. His residence and chance of promotion in Russia were cut short by being named heir to his cousin, who died in Austria in October, 1749. In order to take possession of his new inheritance, he quitted Moscow with some regret, and proceeded to Vienna by way of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Amsterdam, and Saxony. This proved an unfortunate journey. At Vienna he became entangled in numerous lawsuits respecting his cousin's will and property; and, after most protracted proceedings, realized only a fraction of what had been bequeathed to him. He also, by his pertinacity in defending his claims, incurred the enmity of men in power, who plotted his ruin.

In March, 1754, Trenck's mother died in Prussia; and although he had, in the meantime, entered the Austrian service, he considered it necessary to leave his regiment and proceed to Dantzic, there to settle some family affairs. This movement, which was notified by his enemies at Vienna to the Prussian authorities, proved the prelude to a dire misfortune. Believing himself safe in an independent city, Trenck did not anticipate any violation of his liberty in Dantzic. The Dantzic magistracy, however, overruled by their powerful neighbour, permitted a body of Prussian officers to execute a warrant on the unfortunate Trenck, and carry him beyond the boundaries into Pomerania, a part of the dominions of Prussia. Closely confined in a chaise, he was escorted by a troop of dragoons from garrison to garrison, till he arrived in Berlin. Once more in the power of Frederick, with very little ceremony he was hurried off, under a strong escort, through Spandau to Magdeburg.

Again we shall allow this miserable victim of despotism to relate the particulars of an imprisonment more severe and lasting than that formerly endured.

IMPRISONMENT IN MAGDEBURG.

On arriving at the fortress of Magdeburg [July, 1754], I was delivered up to the captain of the guard at the citadel. A few ducats remaining on my person were now taken from me, and, robbed of all my trinkets, I was conducted to the dungeon which had been prepared for my reception; the door was shut, and here I was left.

My dungeon was in a casemate, the forepart of which, six feet wide and ten feet long, was divided by a party-wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window in the seven-foot thick wall was so situated, that though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth; I could only see the roof of the magazine. Within and without this window were iron bars, and in the space between, an iron grating so close, and so situated, by the rising of the walls, that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison, or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisade, six feet from the wall, by which the sentinels were prevented from conveying anything to me. I had a mattress and a bedstead, but which was immovably ironed to the floor, so that it was impossible I should drag it and stand up to the window; besides the door, was a small iron stove, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons; and my allowance was a pound and a half per day ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

From my youth I had always had a good appetite; but my bread was so mouldy, I could scarcely at first eat the half of it. This was the consequence of Major Rieding's avarice, who endeavoured to profit even by this, so great was the number of unfortunate prisoners; therefore it is impossible I should describe to my readers the excess of tortures that, during eleven months, I felt from ravenous hunger. I could easily every day have devoured six pounds of bread; and every twenty-four hours after having received and swallowed my small portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats on my property at Vienna, only to have satisfied my hunger on dry bread! For so extreme was it, that scarcely had I dropped into a deep sleep, before I dreamed I was

feasting at some table luxuriously loaded, where, eating like a glutton, the whole company were astonished to see me, while my imagination was heated by the sensation of famine. Awakened by the pangs of hunger, the dishes vanished, and nothing remained but the reality of my distress. The cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented sleep, and looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate suffered, if possible, increase, from imagining that the prolongation of pangs like these was insupportable.

My hunger increased every day, and of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this, of eleven months, was the most bitter. Petitions, remonstrances, were of no avail; the answer was—"We must give no more; such is the king's command." With this reply I was forced to be content. Such severities, however, produced an eager desire for liberty.

Daily, about noon, once in twenty-four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door was not opened, but my bread and water were delivered through an aperture. The prisoners were opened only once a week, on Wednesday, when the governor and town-major, my hole having been first cleaned, paid their visit.

Having remained thus two months, and observed that this method was invariably, I began to execute a project I had formed, of the possibility of which I was convinced. Where the stove stood the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which was no prisoner. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel; I therefore soon found among those who successfully relieved guard two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison; hence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casemate, the door of which was not shut. Provided I had a friend and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe, or could I swim across that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

To describe my plan at length would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its circumstances, as it was remarkably intricate, and of gigantic labour.

I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the stove was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, and all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick, behind, and concealed by the stove. The first layer was of brick; I afterwards came to large hewn stones. I endeavoured accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, and all might appear safe. This having accomplished, I proceeded.

The day preceding visitation all was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved. That I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff this afforded, wetted it, and made a brush of my hair; having applied this plaster, I washed it over neatly, and in the dim light of my cell, the wall could not be observed to be molested. I repeated this plastering and whitewashing process probably a hundred times.

While labouring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time in the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befel me, in six months my Herculean labours gave me a prospect of success. Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison; all of which, in a wall so thick, it was impossible to replace; mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust; this dust I strewn in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened stove to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, and the ravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen when standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared to the outer window; then waiting till the wind should happen to rise, during the night I brushed it away; it was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside. By this single expedient I rid myself of at least three hundred-weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours; yet this being still insufficient, I made little balls, and when the sentinel was walking, blew them, through a paper tube, out of the window into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

I cannot, however, describe my difficulties, after having penetrated about two feet into the stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod and a soldier's sheath-knife, which did me excellent service; more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With these two I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone. Yet the labour of penetrating through this seven-foot wall was incredible: the building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick, which now was only between me and the adjoining casemate.

Meantime I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels; among whom was an old gardener, called Gefhardt, whom I here name, because he displayed qualities of the greatest and noblest kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape. Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, and crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dassau, Esther Heymann by name, and whose father had been ten years in prison. This good compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentry. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisades that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I now wrote to my sister, described my situation, and entreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess; hoping by this means I might escape from my prison. I wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was enclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. This excellent girl did all I required; but our plan was discovered, and I was once more in despair. The family of the Jewess also suffered by this new misfortune, a source to me of additional grief.

The king came to a review at Magdeburg, when he visited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately made, prescribing himself the kind of irons by which I was to be secured. The honest Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was for me, and gave me notice of it; but assured me it could not be ready in less than a month. I therefore determined, as soon as possible, to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. The thing was possible; for I had twisted the hair of my mattress into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart; after which I might swim across the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus safely escape.

On the 26th of May, 1755, I had determined to break into the next casemate; but when I came to work at the bricks, I found them so hard and strongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and spent, at daybreak; and had any one entered my dungeon, they must infallibly have discovered the breach. How dreadful is the destiny by which, through life, I have been persecuted, and which has continually plunged me headlong into calamity, when I imagined happiness was at hand!

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the history of my life. My cell in the Star-Fort had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had supposed; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage stop before my prison. The locks and bolts resounded, the door flew open, and the last of my poor remaining resources was to conceal my knife. The town-major, the major of the day, and a captain, entered. I saw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they spoke were—"Dress yourself!" which was immediately done. I still wore the uniform of the regiment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myself to fasten on my wrists and ankles; the town-major tied a bandage over my eyes, and taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage. It was necessary to pass through the city to arrive at the Star-Fort; all was silent, except the noise of the escort; but when we entered Magdeburg, I heard the people running, who were crowding together to obtain a sight of me.

My fortitude did not give way on this trying occasion. The carriage at length stopped, and I was brought into my new cell, where the bandage was taken from my eyes. What were my feelings of horror when, by the light of a few torches, I beheld the floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with their smith-hammers! To work went these engines of despotism! Enormous chains were fixed to my ankle at one end, and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right or left. They next riveted another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round my naked body; to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff.

No soul bade me good-night—all retired in dreadful silence; and I heard the horrible grating of four doors, that were successively locked and bolted upon me! There I sat, destitute, alone, in thick darkness, upon the bare earth, with a weight of fetters unupportable to nature.

This misery, I foresaw, was not of short duration; I had heard of the wars that had lately broken out between Austria and Prussia. Patiently to wait their termination, amid sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible. Such were my meditations! Day at length returned. But where was its splendour? Fleed. I beheld it not. Yet was its glimmering obscurity sufficient to show me what was my dungeon.

In breadth it was about eight feet, in length ten. No stove was bricked. In a corner was a seat four bricks broad, on which I might sit and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened, the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture one foot high and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at the central part was a close iron grating, from which, outward, the aperture descended, and its two extremities were again secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart, that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediment of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great; yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this glimmering, that I could see a mouse run. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit air. The name of Trenck was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, and formed of oak; without these was an open space, or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch in which this dreadful den was built, was enclosed on both sides by palisades twelve feet high; the key of the door of which was intrusted to the officer of the guard—it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to my fetters, I was likewise capable of moving from side to side about four feet; but this pained my shin-bones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

W. A. Stinson, a large cattleman, and two of his employes have been murdered by Comanche Indians in Green county, Texas. A large portion of the tribe have taken the warpath, and a general outbreak is expected.

THE FREEDOM OF THE UNITED STATES REPUBLIC.

Is the Republican Form of Government Still on Trial?

It is now authoritatively stated by the organ of the Chicago Socialists that the leader of the "Reds" proposed that there shall be an uprising in 1889. What would occur were the uprising he counts on successful, is thus outlined. The circumstances which may permit decisive action will probably be these. In 1889 the present panic will approach a climax. It will be widespread and alarming, accompanied by closed factories, starving workers, rioting and the use of military force. It may be even complicated by a better class feeling resulting in a suppression of the rights of free speech, meeting and the press. Until then unless the whole people are aroused, it is the duty of the wise Socialist to hold aloof from rioting in special localities. The time is not yet ripe for success. We have counted our heads and we know it. To strike this year would be to uselessly slaughter our best people and put back the cause a hundred years. No; at present we must be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves. We must take advantage of it for agitation and education, only we must speak much and act not at all. When the working people are hungry their brains weaken. One year of panic means a trebling of our forces at the very least, and while, with our present 100,000 Socialists, forcible action is impossible, with 400,000 (what the next panic will give us if we manage wisely) we hold the game in our hands. We have, perhaps, until 1889, time in which to perfect our plans. That year in Europe will surely bring brave results. In America, if figures do not lie, another panic, greater, deeper and more widespread than the preceding, will be upon us; not until then will we risk a cast of the iron die. Then we may strike and strike to win. The article states that they expect to have in the United States in 1889 at least half a million earnest Socialists divided somewhat as follows: Chicago, 25,000; New York, 25,000; New England factory states, 100,000; central coal and iron region, 100,000; Colorado and the Western States, 50,000; Pacific Coast, 50,000; Atlantic and southern cities, 100,000; and scattered at various points in towns and villages, 50,000.

Continuing it says: The panic comes. The public are excited. Outbreaks occur. The larger centres revolt. The places where but a few Socialists exist are points for the rallying of the conservative elements. In these small places it should be made the duty of the Socialists there residing, secretly and with all the aid of science in destructive warfare, to raise sufficient tumult to keep the conservatives busy at home. Meanwhile in large centres bold measure should be taken. Our people should head, lead and control the popular revolt; should seize the places of power; should lay hands upon the machinery of the Government. Once installed in power, the Revolutionary Committee should follow this course of action. The decrees should at once be promulgated and enforced.

CANADIAN CANNIBALS.

A Scientist's Experiences Among the Natives of British Columbia.

The Victoria, B. C. *Colonist* of recent date, says:—Prof. J. Jacobsen, who has been in the province for some years collecting Indian curios for the Hamburg museum and writing up the habits, customs and traditions of the aborigines, arrived down on the Boscowitz from Bella Coola. The professor spent all last winter at Tucalo, the head of the southernmost of the Bentinck arms, which is distant from Bella Coola about 80 miles. Here he found the Indian in his primitive state, a wild, untutored savage, with but scant knowledge of the arts or customs of civilization. The inlet running far inland and being every way out of the course of traders or prospectors is never visited, and the Indians say no white men ever went up the head of it before. They live there as they do in most places around the coast by hunting and fishing, deer and fur-bearing animals abounding in large numbers. They are without missionaries and cannibalism is rampant. The professor tells of some sickening sights which he witnessed there during the past winter, which, at this day, one could scarcely believe capable of being witnessed so near home, did the information not come from a reliable person. The custom is still carried out there of men ambitious for the honors of chieftain, betaking themselves to the woods, and after remaining there for some time, coming back possessed of a spirit and biting pieces of flesh from the bodies of those whom they first meet. One who wished to graduate last winter, went out and remained from sight for several weeks, though he came near the camp occasionally and made night hideous with his yells. When he returned to the tribe he came naked, notwithstanding that it was the middle of winter and two or three feet of snow on the ground. The first man he met he seized, knocked down, and bit a piece out of his arm which he chewed ravenously. This was repeated many times over, his face becoming besmeared with blood and presenting a fiendish appearance. The victims of the would-be chieftains' bites receive in return for their pains a small pecuniary compensation, and it is an honor to carry the scar. The more scars of this kind decorates an Indian's body the more numerous are his honors, and when he comes to have a great many he becomes a chieftain himself in a little way. The bitter on one occasion made a break for the professor, who soon gave him to understand that he was going to experience something pretty tough if he tackled him. He was not further molested.

It is the intention of Prof. Jacobsen to reside in the province permanently, and he will go north again in a few weeks. He brought down with him many valuable curios which will be forwarded to Germany.

The society journals of London are printing malicious notes concerning the Prince of Wales. He has lately been in the habit of attending balls without the Princess. This is explained by the fact that the latter has been in poor health recently, caused chiefly by her anxiety on account of her sisters, the Czarina and the Duchess of Cumberland, and has therefore been unable to accompany the Prince anywhere.

There is a politician in St. Louis named Rainwater and another in Denver named Drinkwater, but neither of them believes in prohibition in theory or practice.

THE SLY WOODCHUCKS.

Cale Markley Follows an Old Hunter and Learns His Secret.

New York *Sun*: Sussex County, New Jersey, especially in the neighborhood of Deckertown, where the late Gen. Kilpatrick had his residence, is said to be overrun with woodchucks or ground hogs to such an extent that the farmers are seriously discussing ways and means of exterminating them. They have played havoc with the corn and pumpkins, and now that food is getting scarce it is said that many of the young woodchucks are dying of starvation. Ground-hog meat is regarded as better than rabbit or squirrel meat, and plenty of men and boys are hunting them with dogs and rifles or shotguns, but the wily little rodents are as cunning as foxes, and they seldom offer an opportunity for a fair shot. It is absolutely impossible to dig a woodchuck out of his hole, and he laughs at any attempt to dislodge him with smoke or sulphur fumes. When snugly intrenched in his hole he will easily rout any dog small enough to enter his front door. A ferret must be very plucky to attack him.

One hunter lucky to reach High Point has had such extraordinary success in killing woodchucks this fall that his neighbors have suspected him of using some secret device for luring the animals from their holes. He was followed to a well-known woodchuck hill last week by Cale Markley, who discovered that he used a stuffed woodchuck as a decoy. Markley concealed himself in the bushes and saw the old hunter place the "stool" woodchuck on its haunches on an exposed part of the hill and then retreat to a place from which he could cover the whole face of the hill with his rifle. Before many minutes a woodchuck popped out of one of the holes and fearlessly ran toward the decoy. The rifle cracked and the woodchuck turned a somersault and lay kicking on the gravel. Half an hour later the same thing occurred again. Markley spoke to the old hunter then, and complimented him upon his scheme.

The old man said that a woodchuck never came out of his hole, or showed the tip of his nose, until he had looked out from the darkness and made sure that the coast was clear. The stuffed woodchuck, apparently on guard, gave the other woodchucks confidence, and they came out fearlessly. He had been using the device for two seasons, and nobody had ever caught hold of the secret before.

The Gardens of Egypt.

At the beginning of March the gardens of Egypt are really wonderful; the orange and lemon trees spread their most pungent odor; the rose trees are covered with innumerable flowers; palms, with their green and white crowns, swing there in the wind; the oleanders there border the avenues; on the lawns, anemones, annual and perpetual flowering pinks, chrysanthemums, violets, zinnias, periwinkles, snapdragons, mignonettes, pansies, and petunias blend their innumerable colors with the green of the trees, bushes, and shrubs. Groups of bamboo lift here and there their long green and golden stems, crowned with an immense plume of pretty little trembling leaves. One comprehends on seeing these stems, which assume in a few months enormous proportions, the cruelly ingenious punishment of the Chinese in binding a criminal to a young bamboo. The plant grows, and the wretch is quartered in a few weeks. No wood is lighter or more useful than that of the bamboo. One does not understand why the Egyptians neglect to plant it along the canals and on every cultivated land, where it grows so well. But what gives, at least during winter and spring, the most smiling aspect to the Egyptian gardens are the great sheets of rose bougainvilleas that cling to the walls, the trees and groups of foliage, and which display everywhere the varied and exquisite tints of their flowers. The bougainvillea is certainly the finest of climbing plants. During five months it flowers under the winter sun, takes shades of extreme delicacy—one might say a light rose trolley, the intensity of which every play of light varies. The aloes, the agave, attach themselves on rocky slopes. On the banks of the watercourses the blue lotus and the papyrus still revive antique reminiscences. Grass cannot be raised in Egypt. The layer of soil is so thin that the sun dries it up immediately, and unless the grass be constantly submerged, it turns yellow and perishes at once. It is not the heat alone that produces this result, for there is very fine grass in the tropics; but the heat, accompanied with the shallowness of the soil, renders the culture of grass impossible in Egypt. It is with difficulty that a few isolated blades of grass sprout during winter along the Nile and the canals; they disappear as soon as spring begins, so that everywhere in the country where artificial cultivation finishes, the dry and bare desert begins. In the place of grass a pretty verbenacea is used, and this is encountered everywhere, the same as grass is encountered in America.

The Sailor-Fish.

In the warm waters of the Indian Ocean a strange mariner is found, that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over these waters. Not a breath then disturbs the water, the sea rises and falls like a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears glistening, with rich purple and golden hues, and seemingly driven along by a mighty wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with disbelief this strange tale; but one day the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and, as it passed under the stern of the vessel, the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was a really enormous developed dorsal fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and iridescent tints; and as the fish swam along on or near the surface of the water, this great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that, from a distance, it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail. Some of these fishes attain a length of over twenty feet and have large crescent-shaped tails, and long sword-like snouts, capable of doing great damage. In the Mediterranean sea a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but in does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.

A mitrailleuse is being tried in the Austrian army which will fire 1,000 bullets in ninety seconds.