To a Young Lady.

Safe, you tell me, from all slander
Is the life you lead to-day?
So your good repute is grander
Than that it a price need pay?
And you'll never humor gossip
By a more reserved and coy
Mien and carriage. Ah, you worship
Freedom, yes, without allow!

Care, my dear! See you those roses
Beaming from a verdant stalk—
How the breeze their pride deposes,
Their leaves casting on the walk?
Torn and scattered, note their beauty,
Gravel-stained and come to nought,
Just because a wind its booty
Lightly in their ruin sought!

Look, where mountains greet the azure,
Wings a songster gladsomely,
While of sunlight the erasure,
Sudden made, it does not see.
When an eagle marks its daily
'Mid the glory of the sky,
And from crag's gloom forth doth sally,
So that song wakes but to die!

Safe, you tell me, from aspersion
Is each word and deed you give?
Ah, the world needs much conversion
Ere one dares so free to live!
Careless feet will come and go, dear,
Raising dust on Life's worn floors—
And as long as winds shall blow here,
Men will put some faith in doors!

A DIAMOND WOOING:

A NOVEL

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARTH.")

"I was going to ask you," said 'I "whether you wouldn't prefer sitting on this side? You will find the river better worth looking at than that stone wall."

"I am under your orders, sir, for the present. You put me here, and now, if you tell me I am to go elsewhere, I shall obey."

She rose as she spoke; the jolting of the carriage caused her to lose her balance; I held out my hand to assist her, and so she tottered across and seated herself opposite me.

"Now, are you satisfied?" she asked demurely folding her hands in her lap and sending a flash into me from those mystical eyes.

"Yes, indeed, if you are. Did you ever travel this way before?"

"If you mean alone with a gentleman I never met before—no."

"Oh, what I mean was—"

"I know—I didn't mean to make fun. Yes, I believe I was in this part of the country once, when I was a very little girl; that was before I went to the convent, you know."

"To the convent?"

She gave a charming impromptu laugh.

"I wasn't quite a nun—I didn't want to make you believe that! Only I was brought up in a convent near Paris; educated there, as many young ladies are. I was there seven years—wasn't that long?—and I only got out a little while ago."

"It must have been awfully dull."

"Oh, I liked it in a sort of way. They were very kind to me there. But then I didn't know how pleasant it was outside! You would never believe how delightful the world is if you were only told about it. My papa used to tell me about it sometimes; and he is a great traveller—he has been everywhere. But I didn't realize it until I saw for myself."

"Have you been to America since leaving the convent?"

"Oh, yes. I went to New York and saw my cousins there. Papa went with me, but he came back to Paris first and I followed later. I met him again in Paris only a week ago. He will be surprised to see you here, Mr. Gainsborough. What a funny way you have chosen to go from Paris to Rome—through Dresden!"

"Yes, I—but, by-the-way, how did you know I was going to Rome? And why will your papa be surprised?"

Again she laughed and regarded me with so delightfully mischievous a glance that I felt convinced I must in some way be making a fool of myself. What did it all mean? I bit my lip and the color came into my face from provocation at my own evident thick-headedness.

"If you had only waited a little longer in Paris," she continued still smiling enigmatically, "perhaps we might have met in a more regular way, and, perhaps, then you would have let me have a look at your—diamonds."

My diamonds! That explained the mystery in a flash.

"Is your father Mr. Birchmore?"

"I am Miss Birchmore, if you please, sir. You never asked me for my card, and I didn't like to force it on you. It was so kind of you to take me on trust, without making sure that I was all right first. I thought Englishmen were more cautious and reserved."

I could now join in the laugh against myself with full appreciation of the excellence of the jest. Mr. Birchmore, then, had been a married man, after all. Of course he was. Why had I not before remarked the strong family likeness between him and his daughter? Take her on trust, forsooth! How I longed to retort that I was ready to take her for better for worse, then and there, if she would have me! If she were a fair specimen of American girls, what a nation of houris they must be, indeed! But, then, they were not all brought up in French convents. It was that that added to Miss Birchmore the last irresistible charm. That it was that gave her that *naivette*, that innocent frankness, that unconscious freedom. And this lovely creature had actually known me, by report, before we met. Her father had told her of me, and evidently he had not given me a bad character. And this accounted for the favorable change in her manner when she saw my card. Well, it was altogether delightful. I had been guided by a happy destiny. Thank Fortune, I had so conducted myself as at least not to prejudice Miss Birchmore against me. Verily, good manners are never thrown away; and, moreover, I prided myself (as I fancy most gentlemen do) on my ability to detect a true lady at a glance.

We now resumed our conversation on a still more confidential footing than heretofore. Miss Birchmore related many amusing anecdotes of her late experience in New York, as well as of her earlier days in the convent, and even some passages of her child-life previous to the latter epoch. I observed, however, that ever and anon she would check herself, seeming to pass over certain passages in her history in silence; and this reminded me of the similar behavior which I had noted in her father. That secret, that mystery—whatever it was that weighed upon him—had cast its shadow over her young heart likewise. Honestly did I sympathize with her unknown trouble, and ardently did I long—all vulgar curiosity aside—to have the knowledge of it imparted to me. Few calamities are so heavy as that, by earnest and friendly help, they may not be lightened. What could it be? In vain I asked myself that question. Here was this lovely girl, in the first fresh bloom of existence, just beginning to taste with eager, unclayed palate, all the sweet joys and novelties of life—health, youth, a happy temperament and ample wealth ranked on her side; and yet this bitterness of a misfortune, not by rights her own, must needs communicate its blighting influence to her. It was tragical to think of. Yes, ever and anon I could mark its traces in her vivid face and winning bearing; a passing gloom of sadness in those wonderful eyes; a quiver of apprehension about the lips; an involuntary gesture of nervousness or lassitude; many trifling signs, scarcely perceptible, perhaps, to a regard less keen and watchful than mine had already become. Already? But time in an acquaintance like this is not to be measured by hours or minutes. It is a trite saying, and yet how true, that those who are under the influence of a strong emotion may live years in a few heart-beats.

"Please—oh, please don't look so solemn, Mr. Gainsborough! What has happened! I should think, to look at you, that you had been robbed of your diamonds at the very least!"

"No. They are safe enough," said I, calling up as cheerful a tone and aspect as I could muster, and putting my hand over the inner pocket as I spoke. "Are you fond of diamonds?"

"Oh, did you ever hear of a girl who wasn't? I think there is nothing so beautiful! Papa has a great many, but he says I mustn't wear them until after I am married. Isn't that hard?"

"But perhaps you think of being married before long?" I inquired with positively a jealous throb at my heart.

"No, that's the trouble. I know I shall never be married." These words were uttered in a lower and graver tone, and once more I thought I could discern the flitting traces of that mysterious melancholy. But she brightened up when I said:

"Well, he won't object to your seeing my diamonds, at any rate; not even to your putting them on, perhaps."

"Just for a minute—may I? That will be splendid! Papa says that some of them are the finest he ever saw."

"For longer than a minute, Miss Birchmore, if you are willing—I mean if he—" What did I mean, pray? Was I going to make an offer of my hand, heart and diamonds on less than an hour's acquaintance in a railway carriage? And was I going to forget that the diamonds did not belong to me at all, but to my respected mother, who would probably see me cut off with a shilling before granting me the disposal of them? Luckily for my self-possession and self-respect, the train drew up just then at the station known as "Krippen," on the bank of the river immediately opposite Schandau. The guard opened the door, we alighted, and the first person we saw was Mr. Birchmore, and close behind him a short, ungainly, bestle-browed fellow, a valet or footman apparently, with a camp-stool, an umbrella and a small basket of fruit on his arm.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Birchmore shook my hand cordially, yet I fancied that he betrayed signs of embarrassment or uneasiness. He seemed glad to meet me on my own account, and yet to feel constrained by my presence. Had he any reason for wishing to conceal from me the fact that he had a daughter? It now occurred to me for the first time that in her conversation with me Miss Birchmore had never alluded to her mother. Perhaps her mother was dead—had died in her child's infancy. Perhaps the silence concerning her arose from some other and less avowable cause. There might be some matrimonial disgrace or tragedy at the bottom of the father's and daughter's reserve. The idea had a certain plausibility, and yet I found it unsatisfactory. The true explanation of the mystery might not be worse than this, but I fancied it must be different—it must be something more unusual and strange.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said I for the sake of saying something, as we descended the steps down the river embankment to the ferry-boat.

"The world is not so large a place as people pretend," replied Mr. Birchmore. "Have you been long in Dresden?"

"A week or so. I've been doing the neighborhood and was told that Saxon Switzerland must not be left out of the list. I came near going by the boat—" Here I suddenly recollected that if Mr. Birchmore had gone by boat, as his daughter said he had, his presence in Schandau was wholly inexplicable. "How did you manage to get here so quickly?" I exclaimed, "the steamer can't be due for three hours yet!"

He looked at me in apparent perplexity and Miss Birchmore, too, seemed taken aback rather than sharing my own astonishment. There was a pause of a few moments, then she said in a low, hurried tone:

"You know, papa, I got word that, from some misunderstanding, you had taken the steamer instead of the train."

"Ah, to be sure," he rejoined with a short laugh, "I see the difficulty. You must look upon me, I suppose, as a sort of magician, able to transport myself about the country on some new telegraphic principle. Well, I'm afraid I can't lay claim to any such supernatural power. I shall lose credit by the explanation, but you shall have it, nevertheless."

"No, no; give us room for the exercise of our imagination," cried I laughing. The fact was, I felt as if my query was in some way unfortunate. There was a certain effort in Mr. Birchmore's manner, and a want of spontaneity in his laugh; and the awkwardness seemed shared to some extent by his daughter. In my ignorance of the true lay of the land, I was continually making some irritating blunder, and the more I tried to make myself agreeable, the worse was my success.

Mr. Birchmore, notwithstanding that I deprecated it, chose to make his explanation. "Kate was right," said he, "my first intention was to go by train. Afterward I decided on the boat, and left the hotel with the purpose of getting our passage that way and sending Kate word to meet me at the landing. But the boat turned out to be so crowded, that I changed my mind again; it was then so late that I hadn't time to reach the central railway station. My only chance of catching the train was to jump into a droshky at the steamboat landing and drive as the 'Kutscher' never drove before for the lower station, which was half a mile nearer. I got there barely in time; and Kate, it seems, was waiting at the central all the while!"

"And, of course," added Miss Birchmore eagerly, "the people at the hotel fancied that he had gone by the boat, and sent me word so. Oh, yes, I understand it all, now—don't you, Mr. Gainsborough?"

"I don't take it kindly of your father to strip away the illusions from life so pitilessly," returned I in a humorous tone, "I should have been much happier in believing that he had flown through the air on the Arabian king's wishing-carpet." This sally sufficed to raise the smile of which we had all seemed so greatly in want, and so we got into the ferry-boat in a comparatively easy frame of mind.

The valet, to whom I have already alluded, sat on a thwart near the bows, in such a position that I had a full view of him. A more unconciliating object I have seldom beheld. His body and arms were long, but his legs were short and bowed outward. His features were harsh, forbidding and strongly marked; but there was an expression of power stamped upon them which fascinated my gaze in spite of the ugliness which would otherwise have made me glad to look away. It was not the power of intellect; for, although there was plenty of a saturnine kind of intelligence in the countenance, it was not to be supposed that a fellow in his position of life would be remarkable for brains. No; this power was of another kind. I do not know how to describe it, but I believe some people would get out of the difficulty by calling it magnetic. Whatever it was, it produced a very disagreeable impression on me, and I could not but wonder that Mr. Birchmore should have chosen to take such a creature into his employ. I had the sense, however, on this occasion to keep my speculations to myself. I was resolved not to make a fool of myself again if I could help it—at least, not with this particular family. I noticed that whenever Mr. Birchmore had occasion to address this man, he did so in a peculiarly severe and peremptory tone, very different from his usual low-voiced style. There was seemingly no great affection for him on his master's part, therefore; and certainly the valet looked incapable of a tender feeling toward any human creature. Possibly, however, he was invaluable as a servant, and his unpropitiating exterior might cover an honest and faithful heart. Only, should such turn out to be the case, I would never again put faith either in physiognomy or my own instinct of aversion. I disliked to think of this ill-favored mortal being in daily association with my lovely Kate Birchmore—for already, in my secret soul, I called her mine!—and I made up my mind that if ever fortune granted me the privilege of making her what I called her, I would see to it that monsieur the valet formed a part of any one's household rather than ours.

Meanwhile the ferryman had poled and paddled us across the river, on the shore of which a swarm of hotel porters stood ready to rend us limb from limb. But Mr. Birchmore put them all aside save one, to whom he pointed out my trunk and gave him some directions which I did not hear.

"I take the liberty," he then said, turning to me, "to so far do the honors of this place as to recommend you to the most agreeable hotel in it—the Badehaus, at the farther end of the village, and about half a mile up the valley. These hotels that front the river would give you better fare, perhaps, and less unpretending accommodations; but, if quiet and coolness are what you are after—not to mention the medicinal spring water and a private brass band—the Badehaus is the thing."

"The Badehaus be it, by all means." This attention surprised me, not because I misdoubted my friend's courtesy, but because I had imagined that his courtesy would not stand in the way of an unobtrusive attempt to withdraw himself and his daughter from my immediate companionship. Yet so far was this from being the case, that he had taken some pains to secure our being together—for, of course, the Badehaus must be his own quarters. I glanced at Kate, who had taken her father's arm and was pacing beside him thoughtfully, with downcast eyes. Was she glad as well as I?

We passed through a narrow alley between two friendly buildings which seemed strongly inclined to lean on one another's shoulders, crossed the rough cobble-stones of the little market-place, and, gaining the farther side of the bridge, found ourselves on a broad, level walk which skirted the southern side of the small valley wherein the village lies. On our right hand was a series of stuccoed villas, built against the steep side of the hill; on our left a strip of meadow, with a brook brawling through it, and beyond this again the straggling array of the village, and the hill on the other side. Overhead, the spreading branches of low trees kept off the glare of the sun. Had Kate and I been there alone, methought the charm of the place would have been complete.

"What delightful little villas these are!" I exclaimed. "Aren't they better than any hotel—even the Badehaus?"

"If you think of spending any great time here—I believe they don't let for less than a week. But probably these are all full at this season. Higher up the valley, two or three miles beyond the hotel, you would find detached farmhouses, whose owners would no doubt be glad of a lodger. If you are not broken into a traveller's hardships, though, you'll prefer the Badehaus."

"I think I shall prefer it as long as you are there."

"Well, I'm sorry to say that won't be long—we shall move to-morrow morning. If I had expected you, I—I should have been happy to have arranged matters otherwise. But the fact is, I have engaged rooms at one of the farmhouses I spoke of, and to-morrow they will expect us."

My spirits fell at this news like a feather in a vacuum, and I dare say my face showed it. There could be no doubt now that Mr. Birchmore was resolved to get rid of me. That he would go to-morrow to some distant farmhouse I did not question; but as to his having intended any such thing before he saw me alight from the train, I confess I didn't believe it. It was an unpremeditated expedient, and his inviting me up to the Badehaus was only a polite mitigation of the shock.

"I am very sorry!" was all I could say.

Kate turned her face a little toward me at the words, and her eyes met mine sidelong. Only that look—she did not speak; but I saw, or thought I saw, enough in it to make our parting at such brief notice a sentimental impossibility. At whatever sacrifice of the laws of ceremony and civilized reserve, I determined that my acquaintance with her, so well begun, should not thus be nipped in the bud. I would sooner win her as a barbarian than lose her as a man of the world. How to execute my determination was a problem to be solved at my leisure.

We sauntered on to the hotel, chatting discursively. My mind was too much preoccupied to be thoroughly aware what we were talking about. Arrived at our destination, I followed my trunk to my room, having arranged to take an early dinner with my friends. It was nearly two hours before we met again. The dinner passed with the same sort of desultory conversation that we had affected during our walk. Mr. Birchmore's manner was serious and rather cold. Kate, too, was subdued and grave—not the brilliant, laughing Kate of the railway carriage. We were waited upon at table by the saturnine valet, whom his master called Slurk—a name that seemed to me to suit him excellently well. He waited on us in perfect silence from the beginning of the meal to the end, though several times peremptorily addressed by his master. There was to me something disagreeably impressive in the fellow's very taciturnity—it seemed to indicate reserved power. Kate, I noticed, was careful never to speak to him, but I saw his glance several times directed fixedly upon her.

After dinner, Mr. Birchmore produced a cigar and said:

"I must take a droshky over to our farmhouse. Do you young people care to come, or would you rather stay here?"

"I think I'll stay, papa, please," answered Kate.

"And I, to see that nobody runs away with her," I added with an easy smile.

"Slurk, get me a carriage," said Mr. Birchmore, and, nodding a good-bye to us, he went out.

"How far is it from here—this farmhouse, Miss Birchmore?" I asked when we were alone.

"I believe about two miles."

"I should like to know its exact situation."

"Why didn't you go with papa, then?"

"Can't you imagine?"

She had been absently puckering her handkerchief into folds in her lap. Now she looked up.

"Why do you wish to know where we are going?"

"Because I've taken a great fancy to—to Mr. Slurk, and I can't bear to think of losing sight of him."

I had expected her to laugh, and, perhaps, blush. Instead of that, an expression of something like terror swept over her face and she laid her finger on her lip.

"Don't talk of him," she whispered.

Her emotion had so astonished me that I could only stare in silence. Here was another mystery—or stay! Could it be that Slurk was at the bottom of all those strange signs and enigmas that I had been puzzling myself over from the first? I was prepared to believe whatever amount of evil concerning the fellow might be required. But what could he have done, or have it in his power to do, that could so affect Miss Birchmore? Had he held her life or fortune at the mercy of a word, she could hardly have betrayed more dismay at my jesting satire.

"It's nothing," she said, recovering herself after a moment. "Only I don't like him much, and you—and I wasn't expecting to hear his name just then."

"Heaven knows, it is a very different name I should have spoken!"

"No, no, no! You have amused yourself with me to-day, and to-morrow you must find some one else to amuse you, that's all!"

"Amused myself, Miss Birchmore!"

"Well, Mr. Gainsborough, I'm sorry if I failed to entertain you. I'm sure I tried hard. But it's so difficult to entertain an Englishman!"

"Upon my word, I believe you've been laughing at me from the beginning! But, however ridiculous I may be, Miss Birchmore, I can have thoughts and feelings that are not ridiculous——"

"Oh, please—please don't be angry. And I'm sure I never thought you ridiculous—I—oh, anything but that!"

The tone, the look which accompanied these last words, made me forget caution and self-possession for a moment. "Miss Birchmore—ch, Kate! I cannot lose sight of you—I cannot lose you! Do you care—is it nothing to you if we never meet after to-day? Kate, I love you!"

Had the confession come too soon? Was she offended? She shrank away from me with a glance, searching, yet pathetically appealing.

"Do not forget yourself, sir! You are an honorable English gentleman! What have you said?"

"I love you—yes, love you!"

"He loves me," she repeated slowly and caught her breath with a kind of sob. Her eyes fixed themselves on me with an inward look, as if of intense reverie. "It must not be! It must not be! But he does love me!" Her hands fell in her lap, there were tears now in her eyes, but a smile quivered over her lips.

"Why do you say it must not be, Kate? It is! It shall be!"

I took her hand, which she scarcely attempted to withdraw; I felt that I had won her and would hold her against all comers. Just then a knock came to the door; she snatched her hand away and rose to her feet. Mr. Slurk entered.

"The band is going to play in the court," he said in German. "I have kept chairs and a table for the lady and gentleman beneath the trees."

He made a low obeisance as he spoke, but his malignant glance never swerved from Kate, and she, halt turning toward him, seemed impelled, by a power stronger than her own will, to meet it, though slightly shivering the while with pure aversion. For my own part, I longed with all my heart to kick the varlet into the hall or throw him out of the window. But prudence warned me to bide my time. If I obtained the footing to which I aspired in Mr. Birchmore's family, I would settle summarily with Mr. Slurk. Meanwhile, I should best consult my interests by conducting myself with all due quietness and decorum. I offered Kate my arm to lead her from the room, but, with a barely-perceptible gesture, she declined it and walked swiftly before me through the doorway, Slurk making another deep obeisance as we passed. The fellow had a smooth, unimpeachable way of getting the better of one that made my blood boil. I commanded myself, not without an effort, and nursed my wrath to keep it warm.

(To be continued)

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Worth Following During Hot Weather at Least.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last 15 or 20 minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be patient now and then, it won't hurt you a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Burdette.*

A Cucumber Essay.

The late Dr. Ralph Farnsworth had a recipe for preparing cucumbers which was peculiarly his own. It was to go into the garden early in the morning while the dew was on the grass; select your vegetable, pare it, slice into a deep dish filled with water, put in a piece of ice and let it stand till wanted. When ready to eat, pour off the water, season with pepper, salt and vinegar, and then—throw the stuff out of the window. This is all very well for a person who dislikes cukes, and has plenty of time and seasoning to throw out of the window. The recipe of the doctor is the correct one, barring the throwing out of the window. A cucumber prepared in that way is a delicacy, and with the addition of cayenne pepper to the seasoning will not be an injury to any one. But when the vegetable has soaked for two or three days in luke warm water, has become withered and tough, so that the slices resemble a piece of round rawhide, and is then placed on the table for consumption, then the consumer of the cuke must stand from under. It is then that the word "deadly" can be placed before the name. Many a night of active business life has been put in where such a dish has been partaken of at the table. It is then that the indulger will hang himself over the back of a chair, claw the air and cry: "Oh, why did I come on this toot?" In spite of hot drops, brandy and other soothing drinks, he will usually whoop 'er up till daylight and then swear by the absent buttons on his night shirt that "If ever I eat another cucumber may I be blowed." He will usually take a little bitters to quiet his nerves, sit down to the breakfast table and—eat another cucumber.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

The Power of the Press.

Spriggins.—You are a society reporter aren't you?

Pennibs.—I have that inexpressible felicity.

Spriggins.—You write up the fashions, don't you?

Pennibs.—That is one of my numerous functions.

Spriggins.—Well, how much will you charge me for a paragraph stating that a plain gold band is now the proper thing for an engagement ring? I have to buy one for Mamie to-morrow, and if I could show her such a paragraph, it would be $100 in my pocket.

Holland Cherries for England.

Tens of thousands of baskets of cherries arrive in London every week during the season from Holland and Germany. If it pays to send them so far, I cannot understand why land owners in the home countries do not "go in" for extensive cherry orchards. The demand for cherries is enormous, and increases every year, and I understand that a remunerative price is always forthcoming.—*London Truth.*

Polygamy Among Western Indians.

"How do the Indians act regarding a plurality of wives?"

"They marry young. Frequently a girl is sold before she is 14 years of age. If an Indian marries an older sister, that entitles him to all the rest of the girls in that family as they grow up. He takes all the sisters also. They are practically Mormons."—*From an Interview with Ex-Agent McGillicuddy.*

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

Cruel Torture of a Prisoner by the Order of a Mandarin in Canton.

As I entered the court-room two stalwart jailers were roughly bringing in a prisoner accused of the crime of piracy, says S. P. Weston, writing in the San Francisco *Examiner* of a court scene in Canton. Around the neck of the prisoner was an iron collar, to which an iron chain was attached. One of the jailers was dragging the prisoner along by the chain and the other was aiding him by pushing and kicking. The accused was taken before the mandarin's desk, made to prostrate himself on the floor, and the trial commenced. The accusation charging the prisoner with piracy was read, and then the mandarin asked him through the interpreters to confess the charge. This the prisoner refused to do, claiming that he was innocent. This seemed to anger the mandarin and he instructed the lictors to strike the prisoner with their leather thongs. This they did, striking him a number of times on the face with a leather strap two inches wide and a foot in length. This failing to bring the desired answer, the mandarin then ordered the jailers to prepare a torture. An instrument of torture resembling a common bench was then brought in and placed in position on end. From the upper legs of the bench dangled four stout cords, and near the top of the plank forming the seat was a cloth band about two inches in width and attached to a winch at the back of the board. The prisoner viewed these preparations with a dogged and sullen look. The lictors then seized the prisoner and forced him to kneel with his back against this frame and quickly fastened a cord to each of the large toes of the feet, and, bending back the arms, fastened the other two cords to his thumbs. The cords were now tightened until the prisoner's knees were raised clear of the floor. The band was then placed around the forehead and tightened with a few turns of the winch. The position of the body naturally threw the weight forward and made the pressure on the forehead fearful.

As the cords and bonds tightened and the weight of the body was thrown on them the victim began to show evidences of extreme pain. His breath came heavy and labored, and a deep groan occasionally escaped his lips. In this position he hung for a couple of minutes and was then again asked by the mandarin if he was guilty of the charge of piracy. He refused to confess. The perspiration was starting out all over his body, and the cords were beginning to cut into the flesh, and the muscles were becoming knotted. The mandarin gave an impatient order to the lictors, and the winch was given a couple of turns, tightening the bands around the forehead until the prisoner's eyes seemed to start from their sockets and the flesh on each side of the band was puffed and discolored. Again he was asked to confess, and again refused. Another turn of the winch was ordered. The eyes of the suffering man had now rolled back until only the whites were visible; the muscles of his face began to twitch and knot, and froth was collecting around his lips. His groans and writhings were horrible. It seemed as if human senses could stand no more. A few more turns of the winch and the band would crush in the skull. The muscles of the arms and legs stood out rigid and knotted from the weight of the body. Once more he was asked to confess. This time he hesitated and then shrieked out that he would confess anything they desired if they would but take him from this horrible rack. The mandarin therefore ordered the lictors to release him from the rack. This they did much in the same manner as a stevedore handles sacks of grain. They untied the cords and loosened the band, allowing the prisoner to fall in a heap on the floor. The tortured man's face had lost the semblance of a human being. Distorted by the pain and agony endured, with set, staring eyes, and open mouth, it presented a grinning, unnatural, hideous aspect. The arms and limbs were rigid and cramped, all muscular power seeming to have left them, and the perspiration was rolling from his body in streams. The doctors now hastily throw a cloth on his face to hide its hideous grinnings, roughly straightened his limbs and set him up against the rack from which he had just been released. His toes and thumbs were bleeding from the cuts made by the cords, and the band had left a deep, red mark around his forehead. The suffering of the man was horrible and his groans sent a thrill through my blood.

Privy Vaults.

The eminent sanitary engineer, George E. Waring, says:

"It is curious, in examining the recommendations of public health officers and the requirements of local boards of health, to observe the uniformity with which this most important subject is passed over with the prescription that the vault shall be tight, sometimes that it shall be vaulted over, and sometimes that it shall not be within a certain small number of feet of a boundary line or of a drinking-water well.

"These prescriptions are most absurd. It is safe to say that of the millions of privy vaults in this country, not more than hundreds are really tight; that a still smaller number are so vaulted over as to prevent the free exhalation of the gases of decomposition; that those that are so vaulted over are in all respects of worse sanitary effect than those which have freer communication with the air, and that their possibilities of evil reach many times farther than the limits of distance usually required to intervene between them and the well of the neighboring property. * * * They are always the seat of the foulest, and even of the most dangerous, decomposition. They taint not only the air and the soil, but the water of the soil which goes so often to feed our sources of drinking water, and their local stench is of itself sufficient to sicken all who have not by daily and life-long habit become accustomed to it. * * * In many ways the cesspool is as bad as the vault, but in some respects the vault is *facile princeps* as a public and private nuisance of the most annoying and dangerous character.

"Wherever a public or private sewer is available, wherever disposal by irrigation is possible, and wherever even the crudest attention can be secured for an automatic or simple earth-closet, the strongest efforts should be directed to the absolute inhibition of the common privy vault."—*New York Sanitary Era.*

Dry-earth defecation of all privies is required by the ordinances of the Board of Health of Davidson county, in which the city of Nashville is situated. A statute provides fine and imprisonment for violation of such ordinances. Citizens are required to keep a sufficient quantity of dry soil in each privy, and every time it is used, to cover the deposit therewith. If effectually enforced, this requirement would work almost a sanitary revolution. At least, it would remove entirely one of the most offensive of nuisances.—*Sanitary Era, August 7th.*

Might Not be Particular.

"Um—um," he said, rubbing his chin in a self-satisfied way, "I think I could marry either one of the girls, if I felt disposed to make an effort."

"Yes," replied his friend, with an affirmation of recognition and interrogative negation.

"Yes, I think I could. You see they are getting along toward the time when girls are not unwilling to marry."

"Yes, and not very particular," continued his friend, and the conversation bruptly concluded.

UNION JACK HISTORY.

Curious Points About the Banner of Great Britain and Ireland.

(Letter to the London Daily News.)

We are all familiar with the white, blue and red ensigns, and with the union jack which occupies the upper quarter nearest the flag staff. The white ensign has the red cross of St. George in addition to the union jack. Without the jack this white ensign with a red cross represents our old national flag as it existed from the time of Richard I. until the death of Elizabeth. The red cross flag, the banner of St. George, appears to have been chosen by the Soldier King in honor of the saint who was the patron of soldiers. It remained for more than 400 years the flag under which the English warriors fought on land and on sea. When James VI. of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth, the Scotch had a national flag. That also was a cross, but it was shaped differently from that of St. George, and was known as the Cross of St. Andrew. The ground of the Scotch flag was blue, and its cross was white. To mark the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign the national banner underwent a change, although Scotland still retained its separate Parliament. In the new flag the two banners of England and Scotland were united. There appeared in it the oblique white cross of St. Andrew on the blue ground, and the red cross of St. George on a white margin, worked in the blue field. The King was accustomed to sign his name in the French form of James, "Jacques." He was, in fact, the Union Jacques, or, as we improperly pronounce it, Jack. For local purposes the Scotch still continued to use the white St. Andrew's cross on the blue field and the English the red cross on the white field. It was stated by royal proclamation in 1696 that "whereas some difference hath arisen between our subjects of South and North Britain, travelling by seas, about the bearing of their flags. For the avoiding of all such contention hereafter we have, with the advice of our Council, ordered that from henceforth all our subjects of this Isle and Kingdom of Great Britain and the members thereof shall bear in mind maintop the red cross, commonly called St. George's cross, and the white cross, commonly called St. Andrew's cross, joined together, and in their foretop our subject of South Britain shall wear the red cross only as they were wont; and our subjects of North Britain in their foretop the white cross only, as they were accustomed." In 1707, when the Scotch and English Legislatures were united, the distinctive flags ceased to be used, and the united flags as arranged in 1606 became the single ensign for the United Kingdom. It was the sovereign that made the union and established the national flag and an establishment of distinct legislatures again would not alter the flag. Ireland would take presumably for its local ensign the red cross of St. Patrick. This Irish banner ought to have appeared in the union flag of 1606, but it did not. Ireland had no distinct recognition in the union flags until 1801, when the Irish and British Legislatures were united. At that date the Union Jack underwent a further change, and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick on a white field was introduced. Since that date the Union Jack has shown the red cross and white margin, recalling that banner of St. George; the white diagonal and blue field of St. Andrew's banner, and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick showing over the white diagonal cross of the Scotch banner. The blue ground of the Jack is therefore due to Scotland, and the red and white as crosses and margins to England and Ireland.

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from suffering by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

He Didn't Recognize It.

Torontonian (away from home)—What's that stuff in the glass here?

Waiter—Watah, sah.

"Water?"

"Yes, sah."

"Now, see here, young man, I may look green, but I'd have you understand I'm not from the country. You can't play that on me for water. Water's yellow."

And then he went down to the hotel office and told the clerk how he had been insulted.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousands and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Uncontrollable Circumstances.

Judge—The officer says you were drunk last night and fell down on the street. Can you explain that little matter?

Prisoner (with dignity)—The cause of my fall, Your Honor, was not attributable to liquor, but to circumstances over which I had no control.

Judge (in surprise)—What circumstances do you allude to?

Prisoner (sadly)—My legs, Your Honor.

A Happy Ending.

Bobby came into the house sobbing and told his mother that Tommy White had kicked him.

"Well, Tommy White is a very bad boy," said Bobby's mother, giving him a large piece of cake. "You didn't kick him back, did you?"

"No," replied Bobby, between bites, "I kicked him first."—*New York Sun.*

They Will Not Do It.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operations. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

Manitoulin Forest Fires.

Although McKewan's camp was destroyed, as reported last week, all the Government supplies were saved, with the exception of one or two trifling articles. Only some 100 feet of lumber was destroyed.

Hugh Rennie's house is not burnt.

John Cochrane's loss will foot up to about $300.

Two shanties, a stable and a barn on the Stover farm, next lot to Cochrane's, were destroyed.

Colman Wagg's frame barn, near Minnedomoya Lake, is gone.

The fires have done a great deal of damage in the Gore Bay section of country. Among the sufferers are John Kennedy, William Graham, James Sawyer, Archie Cranston, Edward Ellis and James Kendrick, all of whom lost everything.

IN THE RAPIDS.

An English Editor Writes of Cooper Graham and Other Matters.

In the *Illustrated London News* of July 17th, Mr. George Augusta Sala gossips in his accustomed department of "Echoes of the Week" about Cooper Graham and his barrel. Mr. Sala moralizes cleverly, as ever, but his distance is so great from the scene of the barrel episode that the "echoes" that reached him evidently got warped a little. "The cooper of Philadelphia," he writes, "is evidently a skilled artisan with a strong inventive faculty. Why does he not invent something useful—say, a machine for paying one's debts, or keeping one's temper, or staving off old age, and patent the instrument and make a fortune by it. But no; this inconsequent cooper is willing to risk his life again (if he can make any money by it) by the performance of a senseless, useless feat of dare-devildom. If the foolhardy cooper tries to shoot the rapids a second time, somebody whom I know will bet long odds that Mr. Graham will be suffocated in his tub, if he be not sucked into the whirlpool and dashed to atoms."

All of which is very well. But the famous journalist goes on to tell stories. Here is the first one:

"The last time I was at Niagara a lady and her husband were living in a pretty villa on the American shore of the Niagara River, just above the falls. One afternoon the lady and her husband had a quarrel. Such things will happen in connubial life; and, of course, in this case the husband was in the wrong. At all events, stung to temporary madness, the lady rushed out of the house, through her garden, and flung herself into the Niagara River. She had no safety barrel, poor thing. She went over the Falls and into the rapids; and all that was ever found of her, a few weeks afterward, was one bronze kid boot with a foot in it."

We are afraid that George Augustus told that yarn to amuse his English readers and not for publication on the dangerous banks of Niagara. But how is the following, which robs Rochester and the Genesee Falls of their chief claim to glory and historic remembrance:

"Sam Patch shot, not the rapids, but the cataract itself, in a birch bark canoe, more than fifty years ago. Successful the first time, he perished miserably the second. Take counsel, brave cooper of Philadelphia. Busy yourself with hoops and staves and bungholes for casks that can be turned to useful purposes—say, to hold palm oil or port wine. Leave Niagara alone. She is twin-sister to the Sphinx—the sister who does not hold her tongue through the ages, but talks and talks forever and ever. More perilous she than her kinswoman by the Nile; for the first conundrum she propounds to her victims she sometimes permits them to guess successfully. The vain creatures think that they can solve the riddle a second time, and Niagara devours them."

George takes the cake. Eli Perkins is nowhere. If Sam Patch "shot the cataract" in a birch-bark canoe, Sala is capable of shooting the Styx on a shingle.—*Buffalo Express.*

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, enrolled last year 180 students. Its courses are thorough and practical, its faculty composed of graduates and certificated teachers and its record unsurpassed. Rates low. For 60 pp. announcement, address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D

A Great Actress Delighted.

(Scene at the arrival of the steamship.

"I have received a cablegram," said Mr. Buck to Miss Terry, "which will interest you greatly."

"A cablegram!" echoed Miss Terry. "What can it be?"

Mr. Buck produced a paper. It was dated from London yesterday morning and ran as follows:

"Fussy found. So glad. Love to all. G."

Miss Terry sprang up. "Fussy found!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how glad I am. My poor little dog! You know we lost him on the way from London to South