HASHEEN.

A BRAVE CHAPLAIN.

Outside the squares a number of men on fatigue duties, such as cutting bush for the marebe makers, were cut off from the main body. Undaunted and resourceful, they quickly improvised a square hard by the field kitchens. Their promptness saved their lives. Conspicuous amongst them were to be seen Major Alston and the Rev. Mr. Collins, one of our chaplains, fighting back to back; the reverend combatant having seized the nearest available weapon, which he wielded vigorously as if to the manner born. The reverend gentleman subsequently performed valorous feat. In their excitement the 17th Indian regiment was so unsteady and the firing so reckless that at one time the little square under Alston was in danger from it. Bugle-calls to cease firing being ineffective to stop their fire, the Rev. Mr. Collins volunteered to cross the bulletswept ground intervening and convey the orders to cease firing. Stepping forth, calm and collected in his demeanour, the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Indians to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer, and sticking their helmets on their bayonets, frantically waved them in their enthusiasm. NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERAL M'NEILL.

Double as many rebels managed to get

inside the Berkshire square as was the case at the Marines' square, and there was some desperate hand-to-hand fighting, but the result was the same, and that afternoon, after the fight was over, we found 120 corpses on the ground enclosed by the flimsy brushwood parapets. The Berkshire men deserve, and have reason to be proud of, the praise unstintingly lavished upon them for their splendid courage and steadiness. They fought directly under the eye of General M'Neill, who himself had the narrowest possible escape from death. When the alarm was first raised he was on horseback, just outside the As soon as he saw the enemy he gave the necessary orders, and then attempted to jump the brushwood barrier-an easy enough feat; but his horse shied and backed from the zareba. It was a critical moment, for the rebels were rushing down at full speed and were close upon him. Fortunatel y the general's aide de-camp, Lleutenant Charteris, saw the peril of his chief, and gallantly rushed to his rescue, and not a moment too soon, for the rebels were atclose quarters. One Arab had his gun pointed straight at the general; but Charteris turned the shot, and then, quickly turn ing, cut down another assailant with hisabre. As Charteris was thus engageds a lithe young Arab - a mere boy - in fact, not more than ten years old. The youngster fought like a tiger, and succeeded in spearing Charteris through the arm before he himself was shot. He was a gallant little fellow; he fought with all the courage of a man, and suffered a man's fate. I fancy Lieutenant Charteris will hear more of that little incident, for he saved his general's life.

CORRESPONDENT'S BISKS.

It is impossible to disguise the fact (says the correspondent) that we were most completely surprised, and that only the superb courage of our troops saved us from an overwhelming disaster. Not man of us had any idea that thousands of rebels were quietly stretched amongst the scrub and behind boulders and hillocks quietly watching us as we innocently and jovially worked at our zarebas. A few bickets were out, and a squadron of cavalary scouts as well-I believe 18 all told -so we were content. Suddenly there was a great cry of alarm rising loud above the din of the fatigue parties and the accompanying bustle of a great camp, and then hoarse cries from the officers, "Stand to your arms, men." Never was a word of command more promptly obeyed. Bus the men were scattered, many of them a considerable distance from their arms. The brave fellows did their best, however, to get into their alloted positions. As the squares formed the eighteen cavalry scouts came rushing in-crashing through our own lines-and then we saw and heard the leaping, roaring, fantastic, yet terrible looking wave of black forms, which we knew was the enemy in strong-in overwhelming-force. Then came that awful stampede of baggage animals-horses, camels, mules, in one struggling, screeching, helpless, confused mass. The uproar was terrible, and must have been demoralizing to any but highly-trained troops. An incident which was of some personal interest to myself was that two special correspondents, both of them fortunately mounted, were cut off from the mainbody in the first rush. They made the best of their misfortune, and made their way to Suakim through a country swarming with rebels. Fortunatly they reach their destination, though scores of camp followers were slaughtered as they were endeavouring to escape to Suakim. The effect of this untoward incident wasto leave the correspondent of The Times and myself the only representatives of the press on the field. I was just on the edge of the Marine square, and was caught in the storm, my horse being swept bodily to the ground pinning me to the earth. As I lay with other prostrate animals above and round, struggling frantically to rise, I received a nasty kick on the head, which, however, caused me only temporary inconvenience. Regaining my feet. I found myself inside the Marines'square. Panic even in those few moments seemed to have disappeared, and the brave fellows were firing steadily and well.

A BROKEN-HEARTED CANARY. Pathetic Story About a Bougater That Couldn't Live Alone.

A correspondent writes to Chambers's Journal: Nearly twenty years ago I owned a pair of beautiful canaries—the male being a fine fellow, with a rich musical note. Having furnished them with the outside rough form of a nest of straw. leaving them to complete its comfort with bits of soft wool, down, and small feathers, they were shortly in the happy possession of four eggs. In due course four young ones presented themselves, to the evident delight of the parents, who fed them from daylight to dark, their favorite food being the yelk of hard-boiled eggs. Time brought round the period when, instead of raw, naked, helpless creatures. always "asking for more," four full fledged young birds frisked about the cage like so many pretty yellow balls of fine, soft wool. They grew to be very fine birds; and first one friend and then another coveted then until all had gone but one little youngling, which remained as the only solace of the parents. This last of the family was the delight of their hearts, they fondled it and played with it as we have seen an affectionate mother do with her child, and seemed to exert themselves to amuse it in every way their fancy prompted. Probably a happier little family never existed. But, alas! the spoiler came. Another friend coveted the last of the flock, and it was taken away. And from that moment the joyous song of the male bird gave place to a painful, feeble little chirp. He sat on the perch with a drooping, heart-broken, spiritless aspect; his wings hung down as if all power and vitality had left him; and within twenty-four hours from the time of his bereavement he fell dead from the perch. The sflectionate creature had evidently died of grief for the loss of his "one ewe lamb." The cage was given away with the remaining bird, and no inducement could tempt me again to run the risk of perhaps unconsciously being the cause of so much unhappiness and misery.

Sagacious Dogs.

The following is a very extraordinary instance of the sagacity of dogs. A gentleman in the County of Fife possessed a fine mastiff, which he was in the practice of sending every morring with a basket in his teeth to a neighbouring village, with a letter addressed to his tradesman, who executed the commission contained in the note, and returned the basket by the faithful messenger filled with provisions. As "Pompey" was one morning leaving the village, his basket loaded with warm rolls and a nice leg of mutton, he was set upon by a host of little curs, who, after a desperate engagement, forced him, like his celebrated namesake of old, to seek his safety in ignoble flight, leaving the well-contested basket a prey to his viche was attacked with the greatest fury by tors. Full of conscious shame "Pompey," in place of returning to his master, made straight to the house of a farmer at some distance, where he in silence brooded over his misfortune, turning in his mind schames of revenge. "Pompey" had long been the mortal foe of "Cæsar," a hero of the same race, attached to a neighboring gentleman. Many a bloody encounter increased their deadly hate; yet victory still remained in suspense. On the morning subsequent to the defeat of "Pompey" that hero was seen taking his way to "Cæsar's" abode. "Cæsar" appeared on the lawn, eager to meet his foe, when, to the amazement of the spectators, "Pompey," as he approached his rival, held out an olive branch, by every means in his power imploring a reconciliation. "Casar" met his advance. From that moment their animosity ceased. "Pompey" had previously provided for bis friend a feast of carrion. After a hearty repast, he led him against the assembled heat of little curs, and before the champions left the village, every foe had bit the dust. After many mutual congratulations, no doubt, and exchanging vows of eternal friendship, the conquerors separated, and "Pompey" now returned in triumph to his master's house.

He was Sorry.

The other morning a tramp walked up to one of our prominent citizens on the street and, shivering with cold, begged him for a quarter with which to buy something to eat. The prominent citizen stopped and looked at his trampship pityingly, then replied:

'My good man, how long is it since you had a meal?"

"Two days," said the tramp, as his knees shook and his teeth chattered. "I am very sorry, my friend, but I

have not had a dinner for two weeks." The tramp opened his eyes and looked wild, and his teeth ceased chattering and his knees no longer quaked as he drew his breath with difficulty and sadly

"Here is a quarter, poor fellow. Take

it and go and get some grub." "But I am not a beggar !" cried the prominent citizen.

"I know, I know," the tramp replied; "but you are the champion liar of the country. You were picking your teeth when I met you."

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asked a prospective benedict. Has she a younger brother? If so, consult him.

Brother A., how does it happen that you need two horses? Brother C., of the Methodist church, has only one horse, and Brother D., of the Baptist church, drives only one horse, and I drive only one. Why do you need two horses ?" Brother A. - Because I am not a one horse mise, when, should it take place, our monu-

CURIOUS FACTS.

Guidenosts were formerly with maxima upon which the traveller ed the not too common accomplishment of reading.

Lombard St London, was named for certain usurers who came to England in 1299 to lend money to convents, communities and private persons who were not able to pay their tenths, which were collected very carefully that year.

During the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, the keystones of all the arches in the Carmo Church sprang from their places simultaneously, while the arches themselves, too solid to fall even then, were left standing gapped and broken, in which condition they are still to be

Bavaria has enacted a law forbidding the marriage of couples who do not possess sufficient means to maintain themselves, or who, during the previous three years, have received help from the public funds or who have not paid their quota of taxes, or regarding whom there is reason to suspect that trouble will result | ceive payment in cash, but in ms ' cases to the household from the want of sobrie- grants of land are made in lieu. ... 'he inty, economy, or love of work.

The native races of the Congo are born mimics, and when listening to a missionary sermon simulate an air of devotion so admirably that it is difficulty to believe that their deep "Amens" means nothing whatever. A recent traveller, speaking of one of these sermons, says: The king constantly took up the end of some phrase and repeated it with patronizing interest after the missionary just to show how he was attending, throwing meanwhile a furtive glance at his wives, who were not pursuing their avocation outside with sufficient diligence. A short prayer concluded the services, and when the king arose from his knees he promptly demand ed the loan of a hand screw to effect some

alteration in his new cance." While Samuel McDamers was trudging along behind his plough on his farm at Island Shoals, Ga., he turned up a jug which had evidently been buried a great many years. He pried the stopple out and found some rare old brandy. An hour later Samuel lay on his back on the p'oughed field, with the jug in one hard, his hat in the other, and a serene smile upon his face. Not a drop of brandy remained in the jug. His mother, observing that the horses had stood in one place for a long while, went out into the field and gazed with anger at her son. Then in a rage, she seized a huge stone which lay hard by, and with it shattered the jug. It proved to be a double-decked jug. The upper half had held some of the brandy for which the lamented grandfather of Samuel had been famed, and the lower half was packed solid with rows of musty \$5 gold pieces. It had been buried by the grandfather. He was killed suddenly by an accident, and no one

knew of the buried treasure.

Beecher's Tribute to Irving. At the farewell banquet to Henry Irving the actor, the other right, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher made a stirring oration, and told how he was taught to regard theatres as houses of the devil and actors as totally unredeemable; and now at the age of 70 years he thought it safe to taste the forbidden fruit and see what it was like. "I have heard Mr. Irving with delight thirteen times," he cried, "and is all theatres were such and all actors such I would recommend them to my people as means of grace. I have been a reader of Shakespeare all my life but I never read him till I heard him. Shakespeare in literature is like carved statues in cathedrals, and the man who can touch them and make them walk and talk puts life into hearts of marble. I shall read Ophelia and see Miss Terry as long as I live. The flowers are sweet and white by the brooks where she lost her life, but the passion flower that hung on the bough of Beatrice was far more wondrous and beautiful in its fragrance than the flower that grew at the deathside. I can hardly say what would like to say of the obligation I feel to Mr. Irving for his inimitable acting. It has touched some of the deepest chords of my life, and when he goes away in some sense I shall feel as I feel in autumn, as it is gradually growing sober, though beautiful. As the birds have left their houses and do not sing any more every day, I feel something has gone until there is no more singing in the air. When he has been blown across the great sea, I shall feel and say, 'The birds have gone.'"

Centrifugal Force.

Artemus Ward did not claim to be a scientist but rather an artist in wax. He once gave his thoughts, however, to one of the great problems of science with this result : ---- 30mg

The earth moves round the sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day.

arrested on its axis, we all-men, women, bunch of keys for a cigar. The clerk rechildren, horses, cattle and sheep, donkeys, editors, and members of Congress | made a plunge at the clerk, who knocked -with all our goods and chattles, would | the knife out of his hand. Stover then be thrown off into the air at a speed of one hundred and seventy-three miles | two shots at the clerk, who fied from the minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, Duncan sitting by the stove, deliberately which is probably the only descrip- shot him twice, both balls passing through

the affair. This catastrophe, to one sufficie tly collected to enjoy it, would doubtless beexceedingly amusing, but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our dement will probably accompany us.

The Might Man Although Afghanistan is assentially a military nation, every able bodied male

being an expert swordsman and a good

shot, there is no such thing as a regular

army, as we view it from our western stand

point ve The only Enropean parallel is Montenegro. The standing army, as existed before 1871 under Shere Ali, constated of 17 or 18 regiments of infantry, clothed, equipped, and, as far as possible, trained on the English model, of which, needless to say, is fell wonderfully short. Three or four regiments of dragoons, and small number of artillerymen, with, roughly speaking, a total of 100 guns, completed the force. On the forts a few old iron guns were mounted, but they were so utterly worthless that their discharge would have been attended with quite as much danger to the gunners serving them as to the enemy. The Ameer holds supreme command, each regiment being under a prince of the blood, or provincial governor. Discipline is at a low ebb. Arms and uniforms are provided by Government at a fixed rate, the amount being deducted from the soldiers' pay. As a rule, the soldiers of the regular force refantry is mostly composed of Afghans, though there is in this branch a considerable number of Tajiks and Persians. The latter and Tartars contribute the majority of cavalry and artillerymen, while in all arms there is a small percentage of men who have deserted from the Indian Native Army. The first effort to raise a disciplined force in Afghanistan must be placed to the credit of Shere Ali. During the period of his intimate relations with the Government of India-before he sought Russian protection—he formed the project of equipping a small army on the British system. The first opportunity for carrying this idea into effect occured in 1869, when among other valuable presents of the Viceroy, he carried back to Cabul a siege train of four 18-pounder guns and two 8-inch howitzers, a mountain battery of six guns, 5,000 Sniders, 15,000 Enfields and 100,000 rounds of small ammunition. This was the nucleus of the armamenthe set himself to the task of producing, upon which he fondly hoped to be able to depend for the safety of his kingdom should the English desert him when threatened by the great Northern Power, whose approach he even then dreaded. To an ordinary person the task would have appeared superhuman, as Afghanistan was destitute of workmen and machinery. But Shere Ali was a man of unbounded energy, and he speedily set to work to remedy the short-comings of his Ordnance Department After a vain effort to produce guns like those obtained from India, by the workmen on the spot, he selected gun-smiths, and sent them to Peshawur to be treined in the arsenal These men returned to Cabul with detailed drawings of the guns, and complete models in wood. With such scanty materials and only the limited experience to be gained by a few visits to the arsenal, it is righly to the credit of Afghan workmen that their guns were well made, and only deficient in the comparatively trifling matter of appearance, some of the Armstrong breech loaders being exceedingly well turned out. Gun-carriages and limbers were made, partly on the model of those presented by the Viceroy, and partly on that of the guns captured in 1839-41. The manufacture of small arms did not turn out so successfully, but their ammunition, made solely by hand, was really excellent. Percussion caps, which long presented difficulty, were at last managed by the invention of a machine capable of turning out 5,000 a day. Thus, after years of persistent efforts, the Ameer of Afghanistan was able to place in the field during the late war a fairly-armed and well equipped force of, roughly speaking. 45000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and over 300 guns. This total does not include the countless masses of irregulars, who, though ineffective in open combat, would have proved exceedingly troublesome had our armies been worsted and compelled to retreat. The sudden collapse of Shere Ali's army cannot therefore be attributed to mere want of fighting material; his source of weakness lay in the want of discipline among his troops and the gross incapacity of their leaders. There is reason to believe that the present Ameer is endowed with sufficient perspicacity to note the errors of his predecessor, and by avoiding them to place the army on a better footing than obtained six years ago. Confessing to Eleven Murders.

placed in the Butler county jail a few days ago for killing James Duncan, has confessed that Duncan makes the eleventh man he has killed. Stover was formerly a cowboy on the plains. He gives no details of his alleged murders, but says he is wanted in Kansas, Colorado, and Texas for the crimes. Duncan, the man he killed in Butler county, was an old deaf man. He was sitting in Harper's dry goods store in North Washington. Stover went into Supposing the earth to be suddenly | the store and offered to trade the clerk a fused. Stover drew a dirk knife and took a revolver from his pocket and fired store. Stover then turned, and, seeing tion we should ever be able to give of his lung. The desperado was not captured until he had emptied his revolver into various articles about the store.

> Canadian girls run away, not with the ecachman, but with the schoolmaster. The feminine heart, somehow, turns casily to a rod or whip.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMAL

In a fox chase in England the creek killed five horses, and the fox finile deed from the same cause in front of a Bioester hounds.

Two young red foxes are being al with a litter of pups in McCracken comb Ky. The mother, pupples, and form all on the most intimate terms.

A number of fox hunters in East Bal ford township, Pa., stopped in sight of sunny bank covered with tall dead goa after an unsuccessful search for a im Suddenly a large red-tailed hawk made descent from the air. It had hards touched the grass on the bank when n jumped Raynard, and the bird again son el away. A fine chase was the result

A farmer lent his dog to a man to whom he had sold a flock of sheep to drive the home, a distance of thirty miles. The drover found the dog so useful that is stead of sending him home, he locked his up. The dog escaped, and, concluding the drever had no more right to keep the sheep than to lock him up, he collected a that had belonged to his master and drow them home again.

Our Dumb Animals says a dog belong ing to the Salem Lead Company broke a pane of glass in his kennel and went a once to the kitchen, and by "dog sign;" tried to point out the mischief. The he undertook the job himself. Picking from the ground with his teeth the piece of glass which had fallen out, he made several attempts to put it in place, but having no experience as a glazier, he gam up trying, and calmly awaited the return of his master. The damage was then repaired, and Hero was happy.

A new bird is said to have appeared in Oregon City in flocks of about seventy. The bird is a trifle smaller than a robin. and the male is decked out in beautiful colors, his back, head, and neck being golden peacock green, whereas these parts on the female are of a sombre drab color. Both are snow white under the wing and on the back is a curved ribbon of forming a crescent, each white of the two arms of which commen. ces at the front part of the wingsupposing the bird is at rest-and meets the other on the posterior part of the

Arab Armor.

Coats of mail are still in use among some of the Soudanese Arab tribes. Whether original or a copy, says Col. Colbourne, in speaking of one of these coats of armor, it was undoubtedly the dress of the crusaders. The hauberk of mail was fastened round the body by the baltan, and formed a complete covering from head to foot. The long, two-handled double-edged sword was borne between the leg and the saddle. The wearer of this mediæval garb was Sheik Mohammed Sebekh, of the Halawin tribe of Bagam Arabs. His armor had been in his family 310 years. The horse's head was but me. encased in steel, and its body covered My dear, that is the with a quilt thick enough to turn a spear. It was shaped like the armor one reads of

in Froissart. It has been asserted in connection with this curious subject that the practice survives in the Soudan alone. It may, therefore, be well to state that it is also found among the Khevsur people of the central Caucasus, who still habitually wear chainarmor, shields, and helmets, like mediaval knights. In fact, it was formerly general among all the Caucasian tribes, and the Chechenzes of Daghestan still wore coats of mail down to the beginning of the present century.

The armor dies not appear to have been forged by these people themselves, but was handed down, as among the Soudanese Arabs, as an heirloom from generation to generation in the families of the chiefs. Hence the inference that this armor dates everywhere from the times of the crusades, of which it may be regarded as remarkable reminiscene. — [London Athe-

The Post Office at Rome.

The postoffice at Rome is the most

beautiful in the world. There is nothing like it elsewhere. It is a palace with garden in the centre. It faces the piazzi San Silvestro and has also an entrance on the Via Della Vite. From the outside it is nothing to look at but an ordinary Roman building, but inside it is a postal paradise. On each side of the entrance arch. es are lovely frescoes, typical of the use to which the building is put. There is picture of a bird with a letter in its beak, swooping down to the blue waves to de-William Stover, who was arrested and liver it to a fish. A nymph in another picture has around her the entangled skein of myriads of telegraph wires. The fleet Mercury with his winged feet and with the modern addition of a letter sack speeds through the air. Jove hurls his lightenings along the telegraph lines, and thus the frescoes go. Inside there is a large garden with a fountain in the centre. Around the four sides of this garden is marble corridor and in this corridor the people transact thair buisness with the Roman postoffice. To the right, entering from the plazza is a row of windows, lettered. You go to the window that attends to your inital and the clerk hands out your letter to you. The whole thing has a sort of pionic effect. The letter-carriers receive their mail at other windows and they tori the letters into handy packages on marble shelves attached to the pillars right beside the garden. Nobody needs to enter the building except the clarks. All buisness is transacted on the curb, as our board of trade friends say. In the arcade that surrounds the garden you can post or receive letters, buy stamps, or send telegrams, and there is a special window for growless who want to know why on earth that let ter that they know was posted week before last hasn't come yet.

The voice of doom Thy day of doom Britannie smiled as With ground and s Then spake a sturd Of speech and cou This is no time to About 'the right only know her say The rights of sonshi

and northe n show Haveformed them From her I drew the This name that is:
My place, by right o
Close to Britanus Oh, then from banys Out stepped a stall With flashing eye, a A Titan armet for stand not idly by When hosti'e arrow The breast that nu on y know from he This rusty life of m That burns to vid her Her wrongs, by rig I kneel to thee, my m I lay before thy fee The homage of a loys

The reverence that

Beside her parent

With that there spran A brawny youth an With easer haste, bel Hedrew his glaive, h As one wh can con and loud he c-ied-I give this good righ louly know to her I d My best and deares The sun of fervid ski The blood within hi The free life of a land Had fostered well i The courage of his Sa; Thestrength that sw Hestretched the able That weapon bright "Now take," he said, My mother and my "Are these my boys?"

"It seems but yestere When they were . hilds Mere children at the Are these my boys !-t Those giants young Who come as came in My valiant sons of o Now God be thanked t Keeps its heroic mou et German bear and Growl by the lion's de Let Ukase wolf and Fe Crawl round my cam Let Moslem fox and A Bark forth there wan My sons! my sons ag a God guard my men of

CHAPTER IV .-Ah, I should be the again, Doctor !" sai king gratefully at so miserable to thin

need worry your var kindly. "Doct tunselfish woman ou can cure her, ply grateful to you." Yes, indeed we shall Lucy warmly; "it py to see her suffer Octor Maurice turne as she spoke, and a approval. He er seen so sweet an the blush which sp

ted made it still m You may be sure I I quite believe I sh sald. "I will send y . Richmond, directl call again to-morr e time." Don't be late, D

te looking forward and Mrs. Richmond. e laughed, and, hav t out with Richmo rwards, they saw ! avenue. Well, Sarah, how uired Edgar, when

Very much," she have never been med with a strange edy. He has given I think he seems a

tyou, Miss Lucy Yes, I think so," to make her voice and succeeding ver Oh, you appear to tily this morning," spirit of mischief wooder whether

Am, Richmond my Ah, that is just whedering I That see g you ladies think o occurred to me is may on that soo 1 od from the room Why, Bdgar, wh

Looy 1 What ar

only for fu