

# BULLY HAYES.

The Pirate of the Pacific.

THE THRILLING STORY OF A DOUBLE LIFE.

## CHAPTER III.

BULLY HAYES'S LAST CRUISE.

A time came when the excesses of Bully Hayes, and other desperadoes encouraged by his example and impunity, reached the limit of endurance of the European powers interested in the Pacific. The Goddetrois had failed, with liabilities amounting to more than five millions of dollars, mainly through the state of insecurity caused by these villains, and their trading stations had fallen into the hands of all sorts of unscrupulous adventurers. The most beautiful and delightful portion of the globe, in short, had become a veritable pandemonium.

Half measures having utterly failed, the British at length took the bold step of annexing the Fiji Islands, expelling the impudent impostors who called themselves the government, pensioning the King and appointing an officer of great ability as Governor with the additional title and almost unlimited authority of High Commissioner of the Western Pacific.

In order to meet the slaves and pirates on their own grounds, or rather, in their own waters, a number of small steam cruisers and swift-sailing schooners were built, in the navy yards at Sydney and fitted out under the command of young officers who had already seen service among the islands. The exceedingly elastic terms and boundaries of the High Commissioner's jurisdiction, gave these officers power to deal with suspicious vessels in any way they thought best, and the sea rovers soon found the climate of the Pacific becoming unpleasantly warm. Not a few of them got long sentences of imprisonment in the terrible stockades of New South Wales, while others, against whom no indictable offence could be proved, under the civil law, were detained in jail at Levuka, the seat of government at Fiji, by the High Commissioner's authority. A few, who were clearly proved to have stained their hands with blood, were hanged.

Bully Hayes met with his usual luck during these trying times. He was three times captured, invariably through treachery; but twice he obtained an acquittal, partly through the extreme difficulty in obtaining any sort of reputable evidence against him, partly through his wonderfully able defence of himself, and partly through the sympathy of the jury with a bold adventurer in a disorderly state of society. On the third occasion, when things looked uncommonly bad against him and everybody thought the game was up, he mysteriously escaped from on board, and remained in hiding until the affair had blown over.

After that things settled down rapidly in the Pacific, and Bully Hayes, cleverly adapting himself to the new regime, became quite a respectable trader and was even of great assistance to the authorities in detecting and following up the slavers. His fine appearance and mild manners prepossessed everybody, and among the merchants and even the naval officers he came to be regarded as a much maligned man.

The pirate, however, still survived under that smooth exterior, and before very long the old Adam got the upper hand.

Like most adventurers and dishonest people generally, Hayes was always a comparatively poor man. Though enormous sums must have passed through his hands from first to last, and though he always had his pockets full of gold, he had never laid anything by, and now, when he had given up his old methods of supplying himself with cash, he was sometimes quite in straightened circumstances. There is nothing harder than for a habitual rogue to earn an honest living, and Bully Hayes was not the man to try very long.

During this interval of seeming respectability, too, he had once more become susceptible to female charms, and contemplated matrimony with the buxom widow of a trader at one of the islands. The lady, however, was not particularly eager for the match. She stipulated that Capt. Hayes should quit the sea once for all, and that he should be able to produce sufficient means to buy out her late husband's partner, and secure certain lands in the neighborhood of the trading station for cultivating coconuts and coffee.

The truth was, Hayes was not nearly so attractive as he had been when a younger man, and the widow was much more inclined to confer her hand and her late husband's savings on his mate, a remarkably handsome young Irishman named Magee, commonly called the archbishop, from his alleged relationship to the celebrated prelate of the name.

Hayes had a suspicion of this, and was desperately jealous of Magee. At the same time each of the men knew the other's strong qualities, and a great deal of mutual respect and confidence existed between them. They had been through many dark adventures together, and either might have betrayed the other to the gallows at any moment. But each knew that he might trust the other implicitly, and, in fact, they had come to have that feeling of attachment for one another which sometimes prevails among the worst of men.

Magee chafed under idleness and respectability not less than Hayes did, and as he also had his reasons for wishing to make a good large haul—reasons not altogether unconnected with the widow aforesaid—he was heartily glad when Hayes proposed to him one day that they should make just one more cruise in the old style before relinquishing the sea forever.

Having obtained possession of a fine schooner by a deliberate and singularly clever fraud, they loaded her with produce at Levuka, under the very nose of the High Commissioner, and, having got their papers in due form, sailed away under the British flag, nominally bound for Sydney. No sooner were they clear of the track of vessels, however, than they ran to an uninhabited island, landed their cargo, repainted the schooner, changing her name and port of registry, hoisted the French flag, which was then becoming rather common in those seas, and sailed due north.

Well knowing the plans and whereabouts of the British cruisers, the Frenchmen easily eluded them and making for the Solomon Islands and other equatorial groups, carried out a series of depredations on the native villages and trading stations there which quite recalled the bad old days. The Belle Etoile of Tahiti became a name of terror throughout that portion of the torrid zone, and the plunder she obtained, together with

the price of the ill-fated laborers she carried off, must have amounted to a very large sum. Returning southward, Hayes and Magee, emboldened by their success, and becoming reckless in their eagerness to amass a fortune speedily, had the audacity to attack a large sailing ship which they took to be an Australian liner, and from which they hoped to obtain a great prize in gold. Adopting his old device, which had answered so well with the Karl, Hayes partially dismantled his vessel, and hung out a signal of distress. Following out the same tactics as before, he contrived to get close to the ship as night was falling, with the intention of letting the schooner bear down upon her in the darkness and then, in the confusion of the collision, boarding her from his boats and overpowering her crew.

All went well up to the point of the attack, but there Hayes found that he had made a terrible mistake. The ship was not an Australian liner, but a china trader, well manned and armed, and thoroughly prepared for meeting all comers. Her lascar crew fought like tigers, and Hayes and his men thought themselves lucky to get back into their boats and regain the schooner, leaving fully one fourth of their number dead or wounded on the deck of the other ship. Hayes himself received a severe thrust from a pike, and this, together with mortification at his failure, and trouble of mind about his love affair, made him morose and quarrelsome, and addicted to drink.

From that time forward the captain and the mate of the Belle Etoile were on anything but friendly terms, and before very long they settled down into a bitter rivalry. The mate took care never to sleep without his revolvers ready and a man whom he could trust on the watch to give him the alarm at any moment. Hayes, however, showed no disposition to take advantage of him on board the schooner, and they came to a tacit agreement to have nothing to say beyond what was necessary for working the ship.

It stood to reason that such an arrangement could not last long between men of violent passions and natures hardened and brutalized by long familiarity with deeds of darkness.

Hayes, nevertheless, was not ordinarily brutal in his impulses, though there was nothing he was not capable of in cold blood when he was bent on any purpose. But he had his own peculiar way of doing things. Magee, on the other hand, was a hot-headed fellow, a perfect savage when his passions were aroused, but not really such a bad-hearted man as Hayes.

The Belle Etoile was nearing an island in the New Hebrides one day, not far from the scene of the Karl outrage, and the mate was sitting alone at his dinner, for the captain and he never took their meals together.

Hayes suddenly came down into the little cabin, and seating himself at the table, said in his pleasantest voice:

"Mr. Magee, I have a proposal to make to you, sir. Things haven't been very agreeable aboard this ship for some time past, and I think it's about time we came to a proper understanding. There isn't room for two captains on one deck, and what's more, there's a certain lady, whose name I won't mention, that can't marry more than one man at a time. You understand me, don't you?"

The mate nodded and went on eating his timed beef and pickles, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, then, that's all right," the Captain resumed. "What I suggest is that when you've done your dinner we should just step ashore with our bulldogs and see who's the best man of the two. Don't you hurry, it's early yet. There's eight bells going now. You try some of that pudding. You'll find it very good. I'll go and bring her to anchor, and then we'll get out our shooting irons and go and settle this matter snugly and comfortably like gentlemen."

The mate saw nothing for it but to comply, and, indeed, he was not sorry to see an end to his suspense, for he knew there must be a death struggle sooner or later.

As soon as the schooner was moored the Captain and mate went ashore, with two other men to see fair play. The rest of the crew going aloft to get a better view of the proceedings. The spot chosen was a smooth terrace just above the beach. The distance was twenty paces, the combatants being placed back to back with an agreement to walk ten paces straight ahead and then turn round and fire.

The moment they turned Magee fired; but Hayes stood still with his revolver in his hand at his side, looking calmly at his opponent. The mate, seeing that he had missed, and surprised at Hayes's seeming hesitation, lowered his weapon and called out, "What's the matter?" Hayes, having thus gained time to take a deliberate aim, raised his revolver like a flash of lightning and sent a bullet into Magee's breast. Magee at once returned the shot, and Hayes, throwing up his hands with a shout, turned half round and fell headlong on the grass. He was perfectly dead when the men got up to him, the bullet having struck him in the throat and severed the jugular vein.

They buried him where he fell, and raised a cairn of stones to his memory.

Magee's wound was not dangerous, the bullet having run along the breast bone and come out at the side. He called the Belle Etoile back to Fiji under her old name, and restored her to her owners, paying them handsomely for the use of her; and, in consideration of his having rid the Pacific of a scourge and his promise to lead a new life, the authorities consented to overlook his offences.

He married the widow and did well in trade, and many a time, when in a mood for reminiscences, he told the tale of Bully Hayes's last cruise, with judicious selections from the adventures of the pirate of the Pacific.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

### Little Clara's Ambition.

Mabel—Let's play house; I'll be the mother.

Clara—Yes, and I'll be the father.

Mabel—And I'll be the cook.

Mabel and George (indignantly)—Yes, that's just you. You always want to be boss of everything.

Jimson calls matrimony "a one-act farce."

He is up with the times on the divorce question.

## WARNED OF DANGER BY A GHOST.

### THE MEETING ON THE ROAD AND THE SPECTER'S WORDS OF GUIDANCE.

The Shade Was "Not Wrapped Up for Driving" and Refused the Invitation to Ride, as "Walking Was Warmer."

Such a glorious night! The snow sparkled like diamond dust, and the sleigh runners squeaked as they passed over it, with frosty sound as dear to the heart of the true Canadian.

The moon had risen, and it was as bright as day. The horse's breath seemed to fill the air with clouds, and his coat already began to sparkle with frost. Oh, it was good to be home again! "Canada for the Canadians." Is it any wonder we love our beautiful country with such passionate devotion?

From these high and patriotic thoughts I was aroused by coming to a turn in the road, a fork. Now there were two roads to the village from this point, one leading down a long, steep hill, at the bottom of which an aboideau, or primitive bridge, built of fir trees and brush, with alternate layers of earth and stones—a sort of earthwork, in fact—spanned a deep treacherous little creek, in which the ice piled in huge blocks in winter, and, as it was an estuary of the river, it was a dangerous spot when the tide was high. Taking this road would cut off more than half a mile of my journey, so I decided to try it, despite a curious reluctance on the part of my horse. The road certainly did not look as if it was traveled much, but just at the turn the snow had drifted off, leaving it nearly bare. So I forced the unwilling nag into the roadway and jogged on cautiously.

The spot bore an unpleasant name, and a still more unpleasant reputation. It was called "Ghost's Hollow."

AN UNCANNY PLACE.

Fifty years ago, in the old days when the province was thinly settled and a weekly stage coach was the only means of communication between the different towns, the horses of a heavily laden coach had taken fright at the top of the hill, and dashing down at mad speed gone over the aboideau. The tide was full in at the time and the creek filled with great floating blocks of ice. There were none to help in that lonely spot, so every one had been drowned, and the superstitious country people insisted that on wild winter nights any one standing at the top of the hill and listening intently could hear the muffled sound of sleigh bells, the shouts and the splashing and struggling of the horses. Certain it was that, when the tide was very low and the wind high, the water rushing through the sluices under the aboideau made an eerie, gurgling sound that was not by any means cheerful. I could hear it now with painful distinctness, though there was no wind. And my thoughts traveled back to my boyhood and to old Angus McDonald, a queer old Scotch farmer, with whom I had been a favorite, who had taught me how to make fox traps and to shoot rabbits, to believe in omens and to be frightened in dreams.

THE MEETING ON THE ROAD.

He was a superstitious old fellow, who declared that he had the gift of second sight, and who had always insisted that he hear the sound of the groans and struggles in "Ghost's Hollow," was a sure forerunner of coming misfortune to the one hearing them.

I smiled to myself as I remembered it, and made a mental note that I would tell Angus the first time I saw him, and ask him what he made of the omen now.

The horse stopped so suddenly that I nearly fell over the dashboard! And directly in front of the sleigh I saw a man plodding slowly along through the snow. I could have sworn that he was not there half a minute before, and yet he could not have come out of the woods without my seeing him. "Halloa!" I called. He turned slowly, and I saw that it was old Angus himself.

"Why, Angus, old fellow," I said "what in the world are you doing in this lonely spot? Jump in and I'll drive you home. I was just thinking about you."

"Many thanks, Walter, for yer offer and yer thoughts, too; but it's a cold night, and I'm not that wrapped up for driving; walking's warmer," he answered.

"But what brings you out here on such a night, Angus?" I persisted. "Your rheumatism must be better than it was, or you would not run such risks."

CAME TO GIVE WARNING.

"Ay, the rheumatism's not that bad, I was seel'd to the fox traps, an' then I heard the bells an' knew some one was going down the hill, so I came out to warn them. The 'bito's' all down, Walter, an' you'd get an ugly fall amongst those ice cakes if ye went over; turn back, boy, an' go the long way."

"But, Angus," I cried, "I don't like to leave you here."

"I'll do well enough, lad; I'm going home now, good night."

"Good night," I answered reluctantly, "I'll see you to-morrow."

He made no answer and I turned the trembling horse, who pranced and snorted and tried to bolt until he realized that he was going the other way. When I looked back Angus was gone.

Once on the main road again we went like the wind, and soon the lights of home shone out, and in a few minutes more I was in the hall being shaken hands with, and kissed and questioned, passed around from one to the other like a sort of cordial, exclaimed over and commiserated because I had not any tea, and reading a welcome in Maggie's sweet eyes that was more "truly sustaining," as the old ladies say, than all the teas in the world.

"Walter dear," said Maggie, "you have not been taking care of yourself. You look terribly worn and pale."

WHY HE TOOK THE MARSH ROAD.

"Never mind, Maggie," I answered, "I am going to rest and get strong again now."

The boys were both home for the day. Jack was in the civil service and Will was in a bank, both younger than I, and already winning their own way in the world. I thought with a sigh.

Then mother came in to tell me my supper was ready, and every one came into the dining room to see that I was well taken care of. Maggie poured out hastily made coffee, and if I could only have shaken off a curious feeling of languor that would creep over me, I should have felt as if I were in Paradise, after my long months of solitude.

were in Paradise, after my long months of solitude.

"By the way, Walter," said Jack suddenly. "How did you happen to come to the Marsh road, as of course you did, or you would not be here—you know you always took the old coaching road because it was a little shorter. Was it by chance, or did they tell you at the hotel that the aboideau was down?"

"I believe they did tell me," I answered. "At least the hostler called after me, but I did not hear him. So I took the coach road, and if it had not been for poor old Angus McDonald I should be floundering among the ice cakes now instead of sitting here. I met him before I had more than started down the hill, and he told me about the 'bito,' as he called it."

A SPECTRAL GUIDE.

For a full minute after I spoke there was a dead silence. Then Jack opened his mouth to speak, but was choked instantly by a look from father. Maggie grew very pale, and then flushed uneasily, and mother said something hurriedly about my having missed the train, and how disappointed the girls had been.

Something had evidently happened, for every one seemed constrained, but made nervous efforts to talk, so I was glad when the meal, which had begun so merrily, came to a close.

I went back to the parlor with the girls and tried to feel as I did when I first came in, but it was of no use, and, hearing Jack's footstep crossing the hall, I slipped out and stopped him.

"Look here, Jack," I began, "did I say anything out of the way at supper?" "No! Oh, no," said Jack, uneasily; he had evidently received private instructions to hold his tongue, and he found the task a hard one.

"Very well," I answered shortly; "if you don't choose to tell me, I'll go out in the kitchen and ask the servants. They will tell me fast enough. Now what was there in my saying I had seen old Angus to startle any one?"

"Well, if you will have it, there was a good deal. Angus died six weeks ago. I can't imagine how he forgot to write you about it—Walter!"

I can't tell much about what happened after that, for the reason that I don't know. Jack said I just staggered and fell, as if I had received a blow. And when I was able to take any interest in what was passing around me it was nearly the last of January, and I had lost count of time for many weeks."

## UNDERNEATH JAPAN.

A Volcano Starts Up, and a Well Bigger Digs Through.

Tokio journals report that the volcano Shiranesan, which rises from the shores of Lakes Chuzoji, near Nikko, broke out in eruption early on Dec. 5. It was observed by the local people on the evening of the 4th that the water of the streams which have their sources near the mountain was much discolored and gave forth an unpleasant smell. About midnight the sound of thunder peals was heard to a distance of seven ri from the volcano, the noise continuing during the whole night. The watchman at the hot springs at foot of the mountain was so alarmed by the phenomenon that he fled to the nearest hamlet, where he reported that the springs were throwing up jets of muddy water to a height of several feet.

Twenty-four hours afterward the country folks became aware that the mountain was in active eruption, throwing out fire and ashes, the latter of which spread over the country to a considerable extent, reaching as far as Imaichi. The eruption took place from the crater formed in June, 1872, when the volcano became active for a time.

Shiranesan was in eruption in June, 1872. The height is about 8,500 feet. The crater is irregular, and contains depressions filled with water. At the north end there is a pond of a remarkable green color.

At Kumamoto, the scene of the recent disastrous earthquake, while a well digger was excavating for water at a depth of about eighteen fathoms, the base fell through and he was only saved from a descent, how far it is not known, by a rope which connected him with the top of the pit. Examination has shown that a very large cavity, depth and width unknown, exists, and this was probably caused by a recent earthquake. The people of Kumamoto are veritably living on a crust.

About midnight on Dec. 9 the inhabitants of Miyasaki-ken were alarmed by rumbling noises proceeding from the sea and mountain in the direction of the southwest. Inquiries elicited the fact that the rumbling was caused by an eruption of Mount Kirishima. No damage was caused by the fire, &c., emitted from the mountain.

Receiving the Governor at Trinidad.

After a lengthy absence from the colony Trinidad's popular and much respected Governor, Sir William Robinson, K. C. M. G., has just returned in the Quebec liner Trinidad from England, via Nassau, N. P., to which latter place he had been to assist at the nuptials of his sister-in-law. In the cool early hours of the bright and pleasant December morning, the boom of a cannon reverberating through the rook begirt Gulf of Paria announced the arrival of His Excellency. Soon after were seen hurrying to give the jolly thousands of citizens prepared to give Sir William a hearty welcome. Boarding the Trinidad out in mid-stream a deputation of gentlemen presented the Governor, on behalf of the inhabitants of the island, with an address of welcome, to which he replied in his usual happy and fallacious style.

The Governor and Lady Robinson looked the very picture of health. On landing they were received by an imposing guard of honor, composed of mounted rifles, the Port of Spain Volunteers and the police, the band playing the national anthem, as loud and repeated hurrahs rent the still morning air from thousands of lusty and loyal throats. His Excellency drove off to his residence escorted by the mounted rifles. Then the huge cannon on the Battery thundered forth a *feu de joie* to the man who, governed as the island is, holds her destinies in his hands, and on whom the poor, struggling colonial is depending for the initiation of measures calculated to advance the material condition of the colony.

Would Make a Good Short Stop.

"Of what nationality is your friend a Brazilian?"

"Well, I guess he's half Brazil and half Colombia."

## The Life of a Stoker.

The stokers on one of the great steamers work four hours on the boiler, the temperature ranging from 120° to 180°. The quarters are close, and they have no arms are not burned on the boiler. Ventilation is furnished through a system of tubes that leads to the middle of the boiler. Each stoker tends four furnaces, then dashes to the air pipe to take his his furnaces. When the watch is over men go perspiring through long, narrow passages to the forecastle, where they rest for eight hours. One man, 25 years of age, was interviewed by a reporter, and employed at the furnaces since he was 15 years old. He seemed 180 pounds, but was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but it came hardest on those who did not do it regularly.

"But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves, we are here's a mate of mine nearly 70 years of age who has been a stoker all his life and as good work as I can. Stokers never know the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the fish and American lines because the men drunk too often and the grog did them harm. (When I used to take my grog I'd throw in my coal just like a gun and not mind the heat a bit, but when I was off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could tip me.) Take a man dead drunk before the furnace and the heat would over him off or give him a stroke of apoplexy."—[Popular Science Monthly.]

## Food for Thought.

Good thoughts, good words, good deeds, make up a good day; seven good days make the round of a week. Goodness in the long run makes all time good; so, if you will have "a good time," have a good heart.

It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of success so keenly as the courtesy that pollishes it. Its approach is like that of the clove with a nail and present with a bow.

Death, to a good old man or woman, is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the heart bursts into a flower?

Plenty is as distinct from wastefulness as a whole sack of wheat from a sack with a hole in it for the wheat to run through.

Let no one be discouraged because his time is fully occupied. An industrious man's odd minutes are worth more than a lazy man's all day.

To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, but to act kindly is best. Let warm loving light shine on all around you, and you will never lack friends.

If there is really no such thing as selfishness, as has been said, it is a very fine kind of selfishness that prefers the pleasure and happiness of another before his own.

Let the things which they heart desire to these to say be well considered before they pass on to the tongue; for the more we perceive that it would be well to keep many of them.

Success is rarely a matter of accident—always a matter of character. The reason why so many men fail is that so few men are willing to pay the price of self-denial and hard work which success exacts.

## What Queens Eat.

A Frenchman has been collecting data recently in regard to the dishes which the feminine rulers of European countries prefer upon their tables. According to his statements, Queen Victoria is especially fond of Scotch cuisine. Her meal is invariably begun with a plate of oatmeal porridge so dear to the palate of the Highlanders. One of her favorite dishes is smoked haddock. She drinks beer with great gusto, and she bread baked especially hard and firm.

The Queen of Sweden eats substantial food, consisting chiefly of beefsteak, which is an invariable part of each meal's bill of fare. She is also fond of smoked salmon, preserved according to the method of the country; of meatballs dressed with cream and of eggs fried in milk and oil.

The court of Germany, strange to say, despite the German name of the dishes, is addicted to the French cuisine.

The Empress Frederick, however, prefers the English cookery, and is especially fond of pastry.

The royal family of Italy, although in many ways the simplest and most domestic in Europe, always dine from dishes of gold. They only drink the wine of their own country, and show great preference for the "fritto," a dish composed of the liver of artichokes and the combs and bones of chickens.

Ex Queen Isabella loves the "cassole" of Castile, with all its accessories. She also eats daily a portion of rice.

The Queen-Regent of Spain prefers the Austrian cuisine. She eats roasts of all kinds, with jellies, gooseberry jelly being one of her principal favorites.

During the earlier days of her life, when Spain was at one only one kind of bread, which was sent to her from Vienna. Of late years, however, probably in keeping with her patriotic endeavors, she eats the bread of the country.

## Drowned in Toronto Bay.

TORONTO, Jan. 3.—A man named John as Mars fell through a hole in a wharf at the foot of West Market street, into the bay, about half past seven o'clock on Saturday evening and was drowned. Several people near at hand heard him fall into the water, and went to his assistance, but they were unable to rescue him. The man was a swimmer, and he never came up from underneath the wharf. Joseph Egan, field and Fred Banks, residing respectively at 6 and 6 1/2 West Market street, made worthy attempts to get him out, but they were unsuccessful. The man was recovered by constable Duddy, by the use of grappling irons, about half an hour afterwards, and taken to the morgue. He was a married man, about 35 years of age, and lived at the East End of the city. He was employed at Messrs. Gurney's laundry.

## MODERN EASTERN

The Wonderful Tricks Whipped Up by Hindoo Magic

The last issue of the Journal of the Anthropological Society of Britain, published by Mr. B. S. P. in the present issue in the present issue is the "Arcana of Magic," by which letters are combined into magic squares. These derive their arbitrary use of them from the natural world, and the ninety-nine beautiful and other divine words, and other substances, intercede of course, is the sole interpreter and significance of the occult sciences. The most popular occult sciences, to discover their nature, to journey, the future, another popular practice from the sacred books by random and placing the This is almost the only one which costs nothing and an practice.

The selection of days in astrology, and is certain what days are best for the commencement of the wearing of new clothes. Divination and the interpretation of omens are common everywhere. Subjugating demons is the magical sciences. The—dangerous, and em magic, the other religious mainly in confining demons they are compelled to obey of the magician. Geomancy means of dots made with ranged in complicated combinations answer questions.

The art of invisibility is known by name to Mr. Robert describes it. It is known only to one family—the general science of the Eternal Decree and of enables adepts to know, and is happening or will most remote future. Palmistry physiognomy and prayer selves; phantasms in the part of producing images in nations, aided usually by grations; while predicting exercised by studying the occult between the past and future term applied to all the phenomena of magicians, and popular supernatural powers. It is ful or divine and satanic or later owing its power to the last of the magical sciences from trembling, by which known from the involuntary body, a particular star particular part of the human

## Do not be Afraid.

Many a young Christian—actually young in years—vice occasionally, and is re it, says the "Congress minister is friendly, and un he glad to give the desired believed to be much en spiritual duties, or in mes wants of others. The older are also very kind and of them are constituted nature, or are situated in that they hardly can be ex into the case understand others are as busy as the supposed to be in the ha everybody to him for sa are wanted in this case. Ienced but anxious Chr delays, and finally goes wit needs; and either he gets i he might have been shown else he escapes it by his ow as the cost of very weary any anxiety and labor. I case, do not be afraid to which you desire. Do not for it at once. Either the other Christian friend, wh possess good sense and exp it to you gladly. The en joyable and it will be you expect of it. The especially real will give ve also relations of a more tal character and thorough useful nature will be estab you and the friend whom mutual interest in each history and welfare will be will continue and will be f

## Large Barometer.

The mercury barometer, three feet long, was devised about 1642. In Pascal's experiment, various liquid tubes of different lengths, chief of these barometers at Rome in 1646, and has feet long filled with a mixture of spirits of wine. Notwithstanding these large instruments on account of the difficulty Among the more important barometer of the London glycerine barometer at K mounted in 1870; and the meter of Mr. Zophar Mills, house in New York in 1888 just placed in St. James' T a tube 1 1/2 feet long and 3/4 inch in diameter, filled with water covered all to prevent evaporation

## An Exchange of Roles.

It is considered why the gas he shed significantly as he closer on the sofa. It is equal as soon as you d it is equal significance. waits for the horses to fall on

## An Extended Experience.

It is a well-known fact that a patient's patience is a great asset. It makes no sense to expect a patient to be patient if they are not patient. It is a well-known fact that a patient's patience is a great asset. It makes no sense to expect a patient to be patient if they are not patient.