

### Good Advice.

When the weather is wet  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is dry,  
We must not cry;  
When the weather is cold,  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm,  
We must not storm;  
But be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

## Story of Baron Trenck.

(Continued)

### ESCAPE.

My familiarity with certain officers was not unknown to the governor; and becoming apprised, through a spy, of what was enacting, he suddenly issued an order to arrest Schell. Schroeder, who had heard the order, came, full of terror, to the citadel, and hurriedly told Schell to save himself by flight, for all was discovered. Schell might easily have provided for his own safety by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia. How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, act towards his friend? Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, "Friend, we are betrayed; follow me; only do not suffer me to fall into the hands of my enemies."

I would have spoken; but interrupting me, and taking me by the hand, he added, "Follow me; we have not a moment to lose." I therefore slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and, as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel, "I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are."

Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisades, and afterward escape in the best manner we might. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quadt. Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was there not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to despatch him, and fly. He was a small, weak man; but, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, pushed him over the palisades, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without very well knowing which way I went.

It may not be unnecessary to remark those fortunate circumstances that favored our enterprise. The sun had just set as we took flight; the hoar-frost fell. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Everybody knew us; but before they could go round the citadel, and through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half league.

The alarm-guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases, it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz, unless the fugitives had got the start some hours before the alarm-guns were heard, the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and Hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant.

We were not five hundred paces from the walls, when all, before us and behind us, were in motion. It was daylight when we leaped; yet was our first attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful. This I attribute to my presence of mind, and the reputation I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of danger for two or three men to attack me. It was, beside, imagined, we were well provided with arms for our defence; and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I set him down, and looked around me; but darkness came on so fast, that I could see neither town nor citadel; consequently we could not be seen. My presence of mind did not at this time forsake me; death or freedom was my determination. "Where are we, Schell?" said I to my friend. "Where does Bohemia lie? On which side is the river Neiss?" He pointed sideways, but could not speak. Understanding his signal, I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the Neiss. Here we distinctly heard the alarm sounding in the villages; and the peasants, who likewise were to form the line of desertion, were everywhere in motion, and spreading the alarm.

I came to the Neiss, which was a little frozen, entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade; and when I could not feel the bottom, which did not continue for more than a space of eighteen feet, he clung round me; and thus we got safely to the other shore. My father taught all his sons to swim, for which I have often had to thank him; since, by means of this art, which is easily learned in childhood, I had on various occasions preserved my life, and was more bold in danger. The reader will easily suppose swimming in the midst of December, and remaining afterward eighteen hours in the open air, was a severe hardship. About seven o'clock the hoar-fog was succeeded by frost and moonlight. The carrying of my friend kept me warm, it is true; but I began to be tired; while he suffered everything that frost, the pain of a dislocated foot, which I in vain endeavored to reset, and the danger of death, could inflict.

After crossing, I followed the course of the river for half an hour, and having once passed the first villages that formed the line of desertion, with which Schell was perfectly acquainted, we, in a lucky moment, found a fisherman's boat moored to the shore. Into this we leaped, crossed the river again, and soon gained the mountains.

Here being come, we sat ourselves down a while on the snow. Hope revived in our hearts, and we held council concerning how it was best to act. I cut a stick to assist Schell in hopping forward as well as he could, when I was tired of carrying him; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increased by the mountain-snows.

Thus passed the night; during which, up to the middle in snow, we made but little way. There were no paths to be traced in the mountains, and they were in many places impassable. Day at length appeared, when we found ourselves near a village at the foot of the mountain, on the side of which, about three hundred paces from us, we perceived two separate houses, which inspired us with a stratagem that was successful. We had

lost our hats in leaping the ramparts; but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him authority among the peasants. I cut my finger, rubbed the blood over my face, my shirt and my coat, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded.

In this condition I carried Schell to the end of the wood, not far from these houses; here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in case of need, and hobbled after me, by aid of his staff, calling for help. Two old peasants appeared, and Schell commanded them to run to the village and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. "I have seized this knave," added he, "who has killed my horse; and in the struggle I have put out my ankle; however, I have wounded and bound him. Fly quickly, and bring a cart, lest he should die before he is hanged."

As for me, I suffered myself to be led, as if half-dead, into the house. A peasant was despatched to the village. An old woman and a pretty girl seemed to take great pity on me, and gave me some bread and milk; but how great was our astonishment when the aged peasant called Schell by his name, and told him he well knew we were deserters, having the night before been at a neighboring alehouse, where the officers in pursuit of us came, named and described us, and related the whole history of our flight. The peasant knew Schell, because his son served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

Presence of mind and resolution were all that were now left. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the peasant in the chamber. He, however, was a worthy man, and directed him the road toward Bohemia. We were still but about seven miles from Glatz, having lost ourselves among the mountains, where we had wandered many miles. The daughter followed me. I found three horses in the stable, but no bridles. I conjured her in the most passionate manner to assist me. She was affected, seemed half willing to follow me, and gave me two bridles. I led the horses to the door, called Schell, and helped him, with his lame leg on horseback. The old peasant then began to weep, and beg I would not take his horse; but he luckily wanted courage, and perhaps the will, to impede us; for with nothing more than a hayfork, in our then feeble condition, he might have stopped us long enough to have called in assistance from the village.

And now behold us on horse-back, without hats or saddles; Schell with his uniform scarf and gorget, and I in my regimental coat. Still we were in danger of seeing all our hopes vanish, for my horse would not stir from the stable; however, at last, good horseman-like, I made him move. Schell led the way; and we had scarcely gone a hundred paces, before we perceived the peasants coming in crowds from the village.

At the moment of our arrival the people had been all in church, it being a festival day, and they only now made their appearance by having been called out to aid in our capture. Fortunately, we had got the start of them, and soon were beyond their reach.

We were obliged to take the road to Wunschelberg, and pass through the town, where Schell had been quartered a month before, and in which he was known by everybody. Our dress, without hats or saddles, sufficiently proclaimed we were deserters. Our horses, however, continued to go tolerably well, and we had the good luck to get through the town. Schell knew the road to Braunau, where we arrived at eleven o'clock; and were now safe beyond the Prussian frontier.

He who has been in the same situation only can imagine, though he never can describe, all the joy we felt. An innocent man, languishing in a dungeon, who, by his own endeavours, has broken his chains and regained his liberty in despite of all the arbitrary power of princes, who vainly would oppose him, conceives, in moments like these, such an abhorrence of despotism, that I could not well comprehend how I ever could resolve to live under governments where wealth, content, honour, liberty, and life, all depend upon a master's will; and who, were his intentions the most pure, could not be able, singly, to do justice to a whole nation. Never did I, during life, feel pleasure more exquisite than at this moment. My friend, for me, had risked a shameful death; and now, after having carried him at least twelve hours on my shoulder, I had saved both him and myself. We certainly should not have suffered any man to carry us alive to Glatz.

Thus in freedom at Braunau, within the Bohemian frontiers, I sent the two horses, with the corporal's sword, back to Glatz. I also wrote to the King, and sent him a true state of my case; likewise indubitable proofs of my innocence, and supplicated justice; but received no answer.

And now was I, in Bohemia, a fugitive stranger, without money, protector, or friend, and only twenty years of age. In the campaign of 1744 I had been quartered at Braunau with a weaver, whom I advised and assisted to bury his effects, and preserve them from being plundered. The worthy man received us with joy and gratitude. I had lived in this same house but two years before, as absolute master of him and his fate. I had then nine horses and five servants, with the highest and most favorable hopes; but now I came a fugitive, seeking protection, and having lost all a youth like me had to lose. I had but a single Louis-d'or in my purse, and Schell forty kreutzers, or some three shillings. With this small sum, in a strange country, we had to cure his sprain, and provide for all our wants.

After three weeks' abode at Braunau, my friend recovered of his lameness. We had been obliged to sell my watch, with his scarf and gorget, to supply our necessities, and had only four florins remaining. From the public papers I learned my cousin, the Austrian Trenck, was at this time closely confined, and under criminal prosecution. It will be easily imagined what effect this news had upon me. Never till now had I felt any inconvenience from poverty. My wants had all been amply supplied, and I had ever lived among, and been highly loved and esteemed by, the first people of the land. I was now destitute, without aid, and undetermined how to seek employment or obtain fame.

At length I determined to travel on foot to visit my sister, obtain money from her, and afterwards enter the Russian service. Schell, whose destiny was linked to mine, would not forsake me. We assumed false names; I called myself Knert, and Schell Lesch; then obtaining passports, like common deserters, we left Braunau on the 21st of January in the evening, unseen by any person, and proceeded towards Blitz in Poland. A friend I had at Neurode gave me

a pair of pocket pistols, a musket, and three ducats, and we proceeded on our journey. An account of our travels from Braunau in Bohemia, through Poland to Elbing, a distance of 800 English miles, in the midst of winter, would in itself fill a volume; and I shall content myself with a few particulars of our diary.

On the 22d of February [1747], after a dismal day's walking, we arrived at a place called Schmiegel. Here happened a singular adventure. The peasants at this place were dancing to a vile scraper on the violin; I took the instrument myself, and played while they continued their hilarity. They were much pleased with my playing; but when I was tired, and desired to have done, they obliged me, first by importunities, and afterwards by threats, to play on all night. I was so fatigued I thought I should have fainted; at length they quarrelled among themselves; and while all was in confusion, we escaped without farther ill treatment.

What ample subject of meditation on the various turns of fate did this night afford! But three years before I danced at Berlin with the daughters and sisters of kings; and here was I, in a Polish hut, a ragged, almost naked musician, playing for the sport of ignorant rustics, whom I was at last obliged to fight. I was myself the cause of the trifling misfortune that befell me on this occasion. Had not my vanity led me to show these poor peasants I was a musician, I might have slept in peace and safety. The same vain desire of proving I knew more than other men, made me through life the continued victim of envy and slander. Had nature, too, bestowed on me a weaker or a deformed body, I had been less observed, less courted, less sought, and my adventures and mishaps had been fewer. Thus the merits of the man often become his miseries; and thus the bear, having learned to dance, must live and die in chains.

Next day we underwent great suffering. At a village we passed through, to prevent ourselves from dying of hunger, we sold Schell's waistcoat for eighteen grosch. This sum was soon expended; and I shot a crow, which I devoured alone, Schell refusing to participate. On the 27th we reached Hammer in Brandenburg, where my sister lived, and where I expected succours. I was disappointed. My sister and her husband, terrified at the idea of receiving a proscribed wanderer, would not see me and requested us to depart. Almost distracted, I changed my plan, and we pursued our way in the direction of Elbing, where I had some friends.

After encountering numerous risks and vexations, and parting with my friend Schell at a house by the way, where he was well received, I arrived at Elbing, worn out, footsore, and in rags. Recruited and furnished with money, I proceeded by Dantzic to Warsaw; and, being joined by Schell at Thorn, we passed on to Vienna, where we arrived safely in April, 1747.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### An Egyptian Funeral.

A funeral in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one the visitor sees astonishes very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left. Behind them come the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed a turban or the *touche* of the defunct. Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the cortege that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row is formed of weepers or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll. On arrival at the cemetery they take the corpse from the bier to cast it, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house; during one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of the interment arrives a scene of the wildest character is produced. The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snatch away the coffin; they belay each other with blows, and the most violent and frightful clamour is heard. At last the procession leaves the house and repairs to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor hurrying in crowds along the road. All along the road the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes or rather bounds from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder. The interment ended, every one returns to the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, dancing and the mortuary demonstrations.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

### Personalities.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man;" but when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. As far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives and cutting up of character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man or woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—*John Hall, D. D.*

### SHE HAD HER REVENGE.

How Mr. and Mrs. Bowser were Affected by Toothache.

I was telling you a while ago of Mr. Bowser's impatience and annoyance when he happened to find me in bed for a few hours with sick headache, and how he went to pieces himself the moment anything ailed him. About a month ago I woke up one morning with the toothache. It had been annoying me for an hour before Mr. Bowser caught on. Then he said:

"Toothache, eh? Well, I don't pity you a bit. This comes of cracking walnuts in your teeth and chewing so much of that everlasting gum."

"I never cracked a walnut and I don't chew gum once a year."

"Well its some carelessness of yours, rest assured of that, and you must suffer for it."

He went off whistling and singing, and I went to bed to suffer.

The tooth ached for three days and three nights in spite of all remedies. During the day Mr. Bowser would remark:

"Aches yet, does it? I believe you are pretending a great deal so as to get my sympathy. If you'd get up and go around and throw off the idea that your tooth ached, the pain would all go away. Four-fifths of human aches come from imagination."

"But it does ache so bad."

"That is, you imagine it does. I could go to bed and imagine my leg was off, and I have no doubt that I should suffer awful pains. Well, I can't do anything for you. If you will let your imagination run away with your sense I can't help it."

The ache hung on so long that I finally went to the dentist and had the tooth pulled. This was unbeknown to Mr. Bowser, and when he came home that evening and found me singing to the baby he laughed long and loud, and added:

"Didn't I tell you so? No doubt you had a little bit of toothache to start with—just a little bit—and imagination did the rest. If I had gone to work and called you my poor, dear, stricken suffering darling, you'd have every tooth jumping out of your head. It's mighty lucky for you that you married a man with something besides sawdust under his scalp."

My revenge came sooner than could have been anticipated. It wasn't two weeks before Mr. Bowser awoke me one night at midnight by exclaiming:

"Mrs. Bowser, are you dead, or have you become stone deaf?"

"What is it, dear, burglars or fire?"

"Burglars and fire be hanged. I've been suffering with the toothache for the last three hours and you've laid there and snored away as if you didn't care a cent whether I lived or died."

"But what can I do? This is the result of some carelessness of yours. Have you cracked any walnuts with your teeth lately?" He sat up in bed and held his jaw and glared at me so fiercely that I was quite alarmed and went for the medicine case. I gave him some peppermint essence on cotton then some oil of cloves on a rag; then some camphor on the end of a toothpick. It was no use.

"I don't believe I shall live to see daylight!" he moaned as he fell out of bed and began to dress.

"O, yes you will. Are you sure your tooth aches?"

He looked round for his revolver, but I had slipped it under the bureau.

"I had it, you know, or thought I had, but I guess it was all imagination. Mr. Bowser, just imagine you haven't a tooth in your head."

"And you just imagine that you are an old buzzard waiting to pick my bones!" he roared as he danced around.

We tied a bag of hot ashes on his face, and we put on mustard, pain-killer and almost everything else in the house, and none of us slept another wink. When morning came the ache was no better, and I coldly observed:

"Well, of course you don't want to keep the house upset any longer. You'd better go down and have it pulled."

"W-what!"

"Just run down and have the dentist draw it out. It will hurt awfully, of course but you are a man and can stand it!"

"I'll die first."

"Oh, well, if you will permit your imagination to make you believe that you have toothache don't blame me."

I felt awfully sorry for him, for he suffered dreadfully for the next two days. Then he sadly decided to have the tooth pulled and asked me in a tone he tried to make careless:

"Mrs. Bowser, don't you want to go down to the dentist's with me?"

"Why, does your tooth still ache?"

"Still ache! Great Scott, but it has never let up for a single instant."

"I am sorry you were so careless. Men never know how to take care of their health. Can't be imagination, can it?"

He gave me a look of boiler-plated reproach, clapped on his hat and was off without another word. He returned in a couple of hours, and I knew from his general demeanor that he had been to the dentist and that the aching molar had come home in his pocket.

"Well are you better?" I queried.

"Better of what?"

"Why, the toothache, of course."

"Humph. Who's said anything about my having the toothache? Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to believe that you drink, but your conduct for the last two or three weeks has been strange—very strange."

### The King and the Child.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out: "Canute the Great, Waldemar and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the king.

"Yes—Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?" The girl hung her head and stammered out: "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the king, "I don't know either."

The otter's value is recognized by the Chinese alone. They train them to fish, and a well trained otter is worth £40.

### GLEANINGS.

A JUBILEE ODE.

Old England calls upon her sons  
To honour England's Queen;  
Her sons respond, and daughters, too,  
To keep her memory green.  
With loyal hearts and ready hands  
The Empire's children stand  
Prepared to do—prepared to die  
For Queen and Native Land.

For fifty years our country's flag  
Hath borne o'er earth and main  
The name of Empress, Queen beloved,  
With neither spot nor stain;  
Long may it bear Victoria's name,  
Long o'er us may she reign,  
And for our Empire broad and grand  
May she the new honour gain!

Upon our Queen, our country, flag  
God's blessing ever rest,  
With peace and plenty everywhere  
Her people's homes be blest!  
God save the Queen, her people pray  
From hearts sincere and free,  
God save our loved Victoria  
And crown her Jubilee!

—F. H. Torrington.

Farmers who raise turkeys in Lehigh County, Pa., drive them to market as they would sheep. Sometimes flocks of two hundred are thus driven along the public roads.

A prophet has no honor in his own country. Pasteur and his method of treating hydrophobia are soundly denounced by the press of Paris, and one journal wants him arrested as a rash impostor.

A French newspaper copies an item about a hot journal setting fire to an American passenger coach, and changes the "journal" to "a hot newspaper." That's giving the press of this country too much credit.

New Hampshire paid the State bounty on eighty-five bears killed last year, and it is being whispered around that at least forty of them were Newfoundland dogs which their owners were anxious to get rid of.

Mrs. Price, of Yorktown, O., cross-examined her husband while he slept, and he gave himself away to such an extent that she has filed a bill for divorce. A chap who can't keep his head shut in his sleep has no business to marry.

An account is given in the Chicago papers, apparently authentic, of a woman who recently died in the city, leaving four living husbands from whom she had not been divorced. We shall have to call for some anti-Urman legislation for Chicago as well as Utah.

Forty-six grocers and manufacturers of oleomargarine pleaded guilty this week in the New York Court of General Sessions to selling that concoction. The fines imposed amounted to \$4,750, said to be the largest amount ever collected in a criminal court in one day.

The probationer in charge of an iron church in a new suburb on the south side of Edinburg has been informed that his services will no longer be required. The reason alleged in a letter to the newspapers is that he had been seen carrying his baby, and afterward, when presented with a perambulator, giving the child a ride into the country.

An old trapper informs the *Tilbury Times* that the past season has been the most disastrous year on record for the muskrats of Tilbury East plains. In addition to the large number trapped, hundreds were speared and drowned during the late high water. Fully 5,000 are disposed of, and he is of the opinion that their extermination is only a question of a few more seasons.

A victim from the careless handling of fire-arms says:—"Since I was shot a little more than a year ago with a revolver that was not loaded (\*) I have been mentioned in the papers instances of nearly a thousand accidents from the same cause; quite a percentage of these have proved fatal. Pointing an empty revolver at a person should be made a crime and should be punished as such."

### Man the Destroyer.

It is stated that the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, has suddenly ceased to exist. The bootmakers of London and New York wanted his skin for a particular kind of sportsman's boot, and he consequently passed away out of zoology. There may be a few left on the highest and wildest plateaus, but the Boers, tempted by the high prices, have extirpated the herds which only ten years ago existed in South Africa. That will be the fate of the elephant, and, too, possibly of the crocodile. It takes whole provinces to supply ivory for one advertising firm in Oxford street, the price is fourfold the price of a quarter of a century ago, and the beasts are hunted with a persistency which in no long time must be fatal. The Indian Government is making efforts to protect the Asiatic breed, but they will all be futile. Animals which when dead are exceedingly valuable contract a habit of dying, and laws establishing close time are powerless when it is worth while to run the risk of breaking them. The crocodile's skin is used by smokers and purse makers, and so he will disappear. Whatever Europe wants, Europe will have; and if the fashion of turning tigers' claws into brooches had developed and spread to America, tigers would have perished out. There will soon not be a bird of paradise on earth, and the ostrich has only been saved by private breeders. Man will not wait for the cooling of the world to consume everything in it, from task trees to humming birds; and a century or two hence will find himself perplexed by a planet in which there is nothing except what he makes. He is a poor sort of creature.

Court scandals are just now rampant in Austria. The squabbles of the Crown Prince and Princess, which lately resulted in the latter almost threatening to secure a separation, are said to have been satisfactorily adjusted. Prince Rudolf will join the Princess at Laekin and both will go to London to attend the Queen's jubilee. Princess Maria Josefa, who was married last year to the Archduke Otto, Emperor Francis Joseph's nephew, has left her husband with the full approval of her relatives.

Engineer Ross, of Mattoon, Ill., had the reputation of being a truthful man until the other day, when he said that in trying to make up lost time he ran his locomotive into a bird that was flying in the same direction that his train was running.

A concert-hall pianist in Baberton, Cape Colony, recently on a wager, played the piano for twenty-four consecutive hours without "breaking harmony." During the time he drank a little beef tea and smoked an occasional cigar. He finished in good shape, with lots of playing power to spare.