CAMP TAMPA'S ELEANOR.

An Arizona Romance, Written for This Paper.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"It is my opinion," says Jim, "that our fellows have made a big blunder. The prisoners will only be a burden to us. Best would have served our purpose better."

"You're right, Jim," says Black Sam. "Con'ound the stupidity of those fellows! We have money enough, and, after I get well, we can afford to set up as gentlemen in any city in the world. What sort of people are these prisoners?"

"An army officer and a young girl."

"A young girl," repeats Sam with a frown. "Of all accursed things!"

"To tell you the whole story, it's Col. Lorley and his daughter. Ned thinks he ought to pay $5,000."

"Curse Ned and his opinions!" growls Black Sam with an oath. "Colonels in the regular army don't ever have so much money as that. But they do have soldiers a plenty, and when this one gets loose he'll set a regiment to hunting us down!"

"Perhaps not. There's been queer goings on at Camp Tampa. The garrison deserted in a body to go digging for gold. The Colonel wouldn't give the boys a vacation—so they took it. Then the miners thereabouts got mad because Lorley wouldn't consent to their staking claims on the post grounds, and last night they mobbed him and his daughter out. Our fellows came across them and have brought them here. That's the whole story."

The captives are led into the cave blindfolded. Following them are the three freebooters, with a leer of triumph on their faces. The bandages are removed and the two pairs of eyes flash indignantly.

"Are you Colonel Lorley?" asks Black Sam.

"Yes," is the answer; "and have I fallen into the hands of Black Sam?"

"You have that pleasure. But I am not overjoyed to see you and your daughter here. I'd rather my men had brought in a couple of sheep. But we can't safely let you go. If I wasn't laid up with this cursed broken leg I'd soon solve the problem. Let me think it over. In the meantime, you and your daughter remain here!"

"But think——"

"I am thinking—of my own safety. Your comfort is a secondary consideration."

"My people will search for me."

"But as long as you remain here there's no danger of their finding you."

"Well, Sam," says Ned, "what shall we do?"

"There's no hurry, comrade," replies Sam. "It will be time enough to-morrow. You and the boys take your ease; drink hearty if there's any whisky left, and lie around outside like real gold diggers. If anybody comes to inquire about the Colonel and his daughter you know what to answer."

"By the way," says Black Sam, with a malicious sense of fun, "we have another visitor from Camp Tampa. I mean Surgeon Brannard."

"He is here!" Eleanor exclaims.

"If he had not deserted us," says the Colonel, severely, "there would have been two men instead of one left in camp to defend it."

"You're too hard on him." Sam interposes. "He came to set my broken leg, and we've made him stay. In point of fact, Colonel, he's a prisoner, as you are."

For the moment Eleanor forgets her own plight in her gladness that Arthur Brannard is not a deserting soldier, a recreant lover, or a cowardly man.

CHAPTER III.

SMALL BUT ACTIVE WARFARE

It is midnight, and Eleanor has not been able to sleep. She and her father have been provided with a comfortably partitioned corner of the cavern as quarters. The Colonel, tired out by the day's exertion and adventure, is slumbering soundly. Suddenly the girl hears pistol shots outside. Then all is still. A quarter of an hour goes by and there is no further disturbance. The girl peers cautiously into the main apartment. Nobody is there except Black Sam lying on his couch. He is not only asleep but is breathing heavily. She approaches him and sees at once that he has been drugged. An empty vial smells of morphine. Where is Arthur Brannard? She has not seen him since she was brought to the cave, and she guesses rightly that he has not been informed of her captivity. Another of her correct surmises is that it is he who has administered a somnolescent draught to Black Sam. She cautiously takes a lantern and makes her way through a narrow break in the rocks, which she hopes may lead out of the cave. After groping along for some time she reaches a point where there are several passages. Trusting to luck, she takes the one nearest at hand, but soon finds herself obliged to turn back. A second gives no better results. The third, however, brings her in a few moments to the open air. Pressing on, she runs against a thick growth of roots and vines, which effectually conceals the entrance to the robbers' den. With some difficulty she makes her way through this obstruction, and finds herself in the narrow gorge, which is dimly lighted by the rays of the moon. This secret entrance is only a few paces behind the tent.

There is a light within the canvas, and the sound of voices. Eleanor creeps closer and listens.

"I don't believe we hit him," Jim is saying. "He was on a horse and away quicker'n lightning."

"And when the chief wakes up and finds out the Doctor is gone," says Ned, "he'll raise blue blazes."

"The thing for us to do," says Jim, "is to chase the Doctor back to Camp Tampa, kill or capture him, and burn the barracks. He'll be alone there to-night. He doesn't know that the Colonel and Miss Lorley are here. Whatever we do there before morning will be laid to the miners, who mean to clean out the place anyhow. So, let's be off, and get back again before the chief rouses from the dose I caught the Doctor giving him."

Eleanor hides behind a tree and stays there until the three men, joined by six others, arm themselves, mount mustangs, and gallop away toward Camp Tampa. She knows they will follow the circuitous route of the creeks, and she thinks that, by going almost directly across the hills, she may possibly get to the camp ahead of them. But there is not a moment to lose in preparation or irresolution. To re-enter the cave might be to encounter a member of the gang and be detained. So she sets out at a gait which she hopes to maintain for the mile and a half which she has to traverse while the gang is going three or four by a roundabout route. Not once does she slip or stumble, though the ground is treacherous. Not on e does she lose heart; but, young and strong and agile as she is, in spite of her slender frame, flies, straight as an arrow to the goal, to the rescue of him she loves. In the loneliness and darkness of the hour, with fear fighting in her breast for mastery over hope, she acknowledges to herself for the first time that she does, indeed, love Arthur Brannard; that he and he alone of all the world is the one man for her. How long she seems that night! How full of ghastly terrors! Now a rustle in the shrubs on her right hand makes her b ood run cold, and now a fancied whisper brings a frightened sob to her throat. And now at last the outlines of the barracks fall upon her straining eyes. Encouraged by them to fresh exertions, she runs as though Hecate herself were at her heels, never drawing breath until she stops at the gateway.

She finds the gate unfastened. The young officer has not been within more than five minutes, and he is scarcely through with his search for inmates. He notes her. Seeing him, all at once such a sense of security overcomes her that losing sight of the courage that hitherto has sustained and upheld her, she sways forward, and would have fallen but that he catches her in his arms.

"My darling, you here! What has happened?" cries he, in great agitation.

Then she conquers the faintness, and, raising herself from his embrace, sinks into a chair. She tells him in a few and hasty words of all that has happened; that the bandits may be momentarily expected; that the mob of miners will probably arrive at daybreak; that his life is in danger from the former; and that they must try to escape at once.

"I think I hear horses' hoofs now," she exclaims. "Come," with nervous haste, "another five minutes may make it too late."

"By Jove! so it will. You must mount my horse, and ride to Clayville."

"But you will come with me?"

"I can't go with you," says he, turning crimson. "I must remain here."

"Oh, you shall not!" cries the girl, vehemently. She lays her little white hands, one crossed upon the other, on his arm, and looks with eager eyes into his face. "I pray you to come; will you refuse me?"

"Will you make me a greater coward than you already deem me?" returns he, hastily, the late wound still rankling. In a moment, seeing how she shrinks away from him, conscience-stricken, he exonerates himself in his heart for having thus upbraided her.

"Forgive me," he says in an agony of contrition.

"You do right to reproach me," returns she, in a low tone, with her pretty head bent down and lips quivering, "although in my heart I never meant what I said."

"I believe that," he says, gladly. Then, with a sudden thought, he adds: "We have forgotten your father. He must be rescued while the bandits are away from the cave; or else they must be captured. We must rouse the mining camp, and set the vigilantes. You take there with the news, while I hold the fort until help comes."

But this plan is frustrated by the arrival of the bandits. There is a clatter of horses' hoofs down the gravelly ascent, and Brannard, placing himself impulsively in front of Eleanor, stands with his pistol raised to defend her. The futility of a single-handed fight in the open air with a party of bravadoes is so clear, however, that he at once retreats with the girl into the barracks. He has barely time to bar the doors before they are in the yard. Having armed Eleanor, at her own request, with a revolver, he leads the way to an upper room. The clouds, that in the earlier part of the night were dull and leaden, have all cleared away, and now one sees a most heavenly night. Every tree and shrub and leaf is a-glitter and moonlight, lying over all, softens and deepens into tenderest beauty each thing it touches.

"There, look!" whispers Eleanor, hurriedly, tightening her fingers on Brannard's.

Slowly, as they watch, a party of robbers move toward the principal entrance. One of these, striking a match, sets fire to a pine stick and then moves rapidly toward the door.

The officer at this, placing the girl in an angle where she is for the present safe, flings wide the window, and calls aloud to the men down below.

"What do you want here, you fellow?" he says, in a clear and by no means conciliatory tone.

His sudden presence causes them to come to a standstill. Parley among themselves then ensues, of a very animated order, until broken by Jim, who, separating himself a little from the others, glances defiantly up at the window. He carries in his right hand a revolver.

"You!" he says, insolently, in answer to the question.

"Well, you see me," says Brannard, calmly. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. We're going to do for you to-night."

"As for that, we shall see. The first man who lays that lighted torch to the door will get a bullet through his brain."

"There are more bullets than yours," shouts another voice, derisively, and almost with the words something whistles past the officer's head and lodges itself in the wall behind him.

"A near shave," says the young man, with a low laugh. It is a dangerous launch, however, full of revengeful possibilities, but without a suspicion of fear. Eleanor comes quickly to his side. Her soul is filled with pride for him. She is as pale as she might be lying in her shroud, but there is no sign of faintness about her now. She does not even ask him to make terms with the miserable miscreants beneath.

"Stand a little to this side, you will be more out of their range," is all she says, drawing him, as she speaks, into the desired position.

"Keep well behind me," he says, anxiously; "but if you can with safety, point out to me the man who fired that shot. My own wretched eyes are of small use to me in this uncertain light."

"It was the tall one by the post. There, to on your guard."

As she says this, another bullet flies past him, tearing a small bit of cloth from the shoulder of his coat.

"Why will you expose yourself?" cries Eleanor, vehemently. "Stand back."

He fires, and one of the men staggers and falls. A thin, dark stream of blood is creeping along the ground.

"It is horrible," says Eleanor. She staggers a little, and lays her hand upon Brannard's arm. It is but for a moment. Then she recovers herself, and, standing upright, stares with determination upon the group beneath—more than even moved a little from her. Her light gown coming thus prominently into notice, lit by the rays of the glorious moon, is distinctly visible, and brings into bold relief the dark form of Brannard standing a step or so in front of her.

Two or three of the men are stooping over the prostrate body and are drawing it to the rear. The surgeon is so intent upon the wounded man, and finds such a difficulty in bringing his delicient sight to bear upon him that he grows forgetful of consequences and steps into the full glare of the moonlight. Another, who is awestruck by the presence of death, stands by his side, smitten by the solemnity of the moment into incautiousness. A spark of light, however, catching her side view, she involuntarily turns her head in its direction. A little riotous moonbeam gilding off the pistol barrel of a pistol has caused this spark. The weapon itself is raised, and the muzzle is pointed at the very heart of the young man. The ruffian is pausing, as though to make sure of his mark. There is no time for warning of any sort. In a second she has raised the revolver in her own hands and fired. A second explosion follows hard on hers, and then a cry of agony. The bandit, throwing one arm upward (the other is hanging broken by his side), staggers backward and sinks into the embrace of a man who hurries toward him. Presently there is a movement among them, and then, almost before one can grasp the fact, they have all gone from the gravel sweep, have melted away once more into the shadows of the trees.

"You saved my life then!" cried Brannard, turning to her excitedly. "Just as he fired I saw my danger, not before. It was too late then to move, but your bullet saved me. I owe my very existence to you, my brave darling. See! His bullet must have passed right between us, under your arm."

"But where have they gone?" exclaimed she, anxiously. "Have they abandoned their evil work? Have we proved ourselves too strong for them?"

She has stooped forward. Her face, as the moonlight falls upon it, looks ghastly. He gazes at her keenly. Then something that sells her own attracts his attention. The sleeve has been rudely torn away from her white arm, and on the hanging fragments of cashmere and frock trickling down the fair, soft flesh is blood.

"You are wounded," he cries in a dreadful voice. "And for me; to save me! Have they killed you? Speak to me!"

"Wounded," repeats the girl, vaguely. Then she sways a little, and with a little goddess gesture toward him, full of pathos, falls unconscious upon his breast. He lays her gently on a bed and tenderly dresses the wound, which is a severe one only in his loving eyes. She recovers her courage speedily. Daylight comes in the hour spent in bringing the girl back to life herself. Then they walk down to the mining camp to give an alarm. It is almost deserted.

"The boys have gone to lynch some thieves," says an old man.

Brannard and Eleanor procure a second horse, and together ride to Black Sam's cave. There they find a horrible sight. The seven bandits who returned from the assault on Camp Tampa are hanged to the trees. The miners, having learned their character, have executed lynch law upon them. Col. Lorley, after a momentary difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of the miners against himself, has conducted them into the cave. Black Sam was awake. As they entered the rocky chamber, the robber drew a revolver and fired a shot at the Colonel. Luckily, his recumbent position made his aim uncertain. The invaders sprang upon him, but before they could prevent it he turned his revolver against his own breast, shooting himself through the heart.

This has barely been done when Brannard and Eleanor arrive. The boxes and sacks of treasure are loaded on horses and transported to Camp Tampa, where a peace is that day made between the miners, the deserting soldiers and the commandant. The reward offered for Black Sam and the stolen treasure is apportioned satisfactorily.

As for Brannard and Eleanor, they hold a private interview.

"Eleanor!" He makes a step forward and then stops, as though determined to kill the rising hope within him. "If I thought there was a chance"—he begins, his voice somewhat unsteady.

"There isn't," she says, plucking at a fold in her gown and with averted eyes "it's a certainty." Here she makes another brave effort to smile, but breaks down. "I—I love you," she says, and bursts into tears.

"O love! O darling!" says the young man, and then involuntarily they move toward each other. There is a tremulous pause, a faltering glance, and then the veil is torn down, and they find happiness impoverished in one another's arms.

THE END.

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Employed in Mines.

In 1892 the total number of persons employed in and about all the mines in the United Kingdom was 721,808, of whom 6,099 were females, working above ground. There were 862 accidents during the year, occasioning 1,034 deaths, one death for every 679 persons employed, as against one for every 668 in the preceding year. The total amount of mineral wrought was 191,954,908 tons, of which 181,786,874 tons was coal. There was a decrease in total production of 5,738,684 tons compared with 1891. When protectory laws were first passed there was one death for every 233 persons employed.

FLOWERS AT THE FAIR.

WOODED ISLAND NOW IN FULL BLOOM.

Roses, Sunflowers, Pansies, and Other Flowers Form a Collection of Beauty and Variety Never Before Equaled in the World—Notes of the Fair.

Acres of Blossoms.

World's Fair correspondence:

THE wooded island at the Columbian Exposition is now in full bloom. Acres and acres of blossoms throw their fragrant perfume in the face of the tired visitor who seeks in this shady nook what little seclusion there is to be found in this rushing, roaring city of celestial brilliancy. Flowers are blossoming everywhere. Sunflowers, big, jolly faced fellows, shake their yellow heads in roguish welcome to eyes that have been dazzled by the splendor of the surrounding whiteness. There are little ones and big ones, and the flowers are open-faced, exactly what they profess to be, hardy and persistent, and, besides, are always productive of good nature and smiles. They are like the shamrock in Ireland, or the thistle in Scotland, or the fleur-de-lis in France, in that they are not confined to any section and do not need greenhouse propagation. The prairies are filled with them, the fence corners are incomplete without them, and there is not a farm yard from Maine to Texas but is adorned with them. At any rate, they occupy the highest spot in the island garden, and form a mass of yellow that vies with the administration dome in prominence. The seed was selected with care, in order that all previous big sunflowers may be considered hereafter as dwarfed specimens.

Then there is the rose bed, which is the most bewildering mess of blossoms that any eye ever saw. The lists show more than 60,000 separate bushes in a patch of an acre and a quarter. They have come from every country on the globe, until experts claim the collection is positively complete as far as the knowledge of man goes. The borders of each bed are sweet-scented honeysuckles twisted to form an endless cord. The chains of the fence are festooned from the corner posts to the center of each side, the irons being used simply as supports for trailing vines, while outside the dictionaries are planted in most lavish profusion, diminutive bushes whose flowers have made their debut in the western world on this great occasion. Holland and Belgium have many hundred rhododendrons. These two countries make these flowers specialties, together with azaleas and the others in this class. They occupy ground near the big red rose bed, with a numberless lot of buds almost ready to burst. Austria is just beyond, with a display of lilies occupying a tremendous stretch. England adjoins this, with costly holly trees and churchyard yews, while near at hand sixty sorts of green peas will burden the air with perfume, and Japanese creeping roses make the ground a carpet of delicate colors.

Old folks admire a section devoted entirely to their grandfathers' flowers. There are larkspurs and sweet rockets and columbines and Canterbury bells and all the old-fashioned things that ever grew. Just beyond this is a spot where the freaks of nature are shown. There are lilacs with yellow leaves, box elders with chrome foliage and willows whose boughs look strange purple shades. Here are all the striking freaks which cultivation has been able to make in the garb of trees. The edge of the island has been planted thickly with water plants, which are now trying to grow under the tread of the pelicans with valise jaws, the graceful swans and the other monarchs of the isle. Song birds have taken possession of the wildernesses of bushes. The gulls have flocked in droves from the lakes and quarrel with the ducks for the sunny spots.

The Donlan cascade, which chatters

THE DONLAN CASCADE.

and sparkles like a mountain brook, is the most charming feature in the Horticulture Building. The water bursts from a rock in the side of the palm-covered hill and, leaping from crag to crag, finally plunges into a lake at the bottom. Thence it flows under a bridge made of logs and mossy stones out to form a pool in front of the entrance to the crystal cave. Orchids grow from the side of the cliffs, great blossoms that have taken on deeper hues because they mistake the surroundings for their own native jungles. Ferns have grown rank and lank, and meet above the winding path that leads to a log cabin, up toward the beams of the great roof. Long-stemmed water plants come up from the bottoms of the pools, and water lilies blossom and toads sit about on the big leaves. Marsh grasses trail over the banks to dip their tips in the water, and hanging vines creep about the steps. Gold fish and trout dart about the cracks and crevices half hidden in the ponds, or sport under the spray which comes from the falls.

This fairy bower is New York's contribution to Chief Thorpe's triumph.

A PERSPECTIVE OF PALACES—VIEW FROM THE WOODED ISLAND.

poplar trees hide the posts, so that the fence appears to have grown where it stands.

Flowers from Everywhere.

While this will be the piece de resistance in roses, there are scores of other beds containing from 10,000 to 20,000 plants, made by foreign exhibitors in foreign sections on the island. In the center is a classic pagoda, also flower-covered. Six hundred and eighty varieties of pansies, represented by 150,000 plants, make a collection entirely beyond anybody's comprehension. It means as much or little as the five-mile depth of the ocean or the endless stretch of the polar snow. Yet this magnificent display is now in bloom, the like of which, Chief Thorpe says, is new to the whole world.

The Japanese end of the island is full of surprises, since the whole plat about the Ho-o-den palace has been given to this remarkable empire of the Orient. Shrubs whose names are seldom met with in most gardens are here in full bloom. It is a dainty conception, which took Mr. Dolan nearly two months to execute. The design was a water jungle such as might be found under a red-hot sky. Plants which suggest the pictures in the old geographies of the days when the earth was being made have been used and the effect is most realisti—a miniature nook where nature has had its own way in a climate where the winds are tempered to the blossoms and the silver side of the sky is always out. The scenery of mountain side and valley is represented so perfectly that one instinctively looks for chattering monkeys in the palms or nightingales nesting in the flowering branches of the trees.

It would take 1,360,000 earths to make a globe the size of the sun. The density of the sun is only about one-fourth that of the earth.

Birds laugh in song.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

The House, Wednesday, passed the Senate bill which permits State, city and county treasurers to loan the public funds under their control, and cover three-fourths of the interest received into the treasury, reserving one-fourth of such interest for their own compensation; also, the Senate bill known as the valued policy bill. This bill provides that insurance companies shall pay the full amount of insurance to the policy holder in case of loss. Among other bills which passed the House were the following: Authorizing building and loan associations or companies to hold stock in railroad corporations; providing that pauper orphan children between the ages of 2 and 16 years may be committed to private families or to public institutions which will give them the benefit of an education and moral training; enabling cities, incorporated towns, and villages to purchase waterworks; to repeal the law authorizing the making of municipal improvements, except sidewalks, by special taxation; appropriating $27,000, a deficiency appropriation, for the Southern Penitentiary, and the Senate bill providing special assessments for municipal improvements into seven installments, payable annually. The Senate passed these: raising the age of consent from 14 to 16 years; increasing fees for commencement of suits and for appeals in Cook County courts; making an additional appropriation of $700 to pay the employes of the Thirty-eighth General Assembly; appropriating the unexpended balance of the amount appropriated by the last General Assembly to provide for the participation of Illinois in the World's Columbian Exposition; relating to the building line on streets outside of cities adjoining parks and boulevards; in regard to fraternal benefit associations; providing that cities of from 25,000 to 100,000 inhabitants may levy a tax not to exceed 3 mills for improvement of parks and boulevards, together with the emergency clause.

The Berry anti-trust bill has passed both houses. Thursday the House passed a large number of Senate bills, most of them appropriations for State institutions. It, however, rejected the bill providing that all members of the General Assembly hereafter elected shall receive $1,000 for each regular session, $50 per day for special sessions, and 10 cents mileage for going to and returning from the capital. The following are the important bills which passed the Senate: To enable the South Park Commissioners of Chicago to purchase the Art Gallery at the World's Fair, after the expiration of the Exposition, and to maintain it as a public art museum. The bill provides that the museum shall be open to the public free of charge two days in each week; providing that clerks of courts shall turn over all fees in their hands to the County Treasurer of the county in which such courts are located at the end of each year and the said County Treasurer shall publish the names of the persons to whom such fees are due and payable; to provide for an additional term of the Circuit Court in Macoupin County; to appropriate $37.60 to pay for services rendered to the State in the case of James Lillie against the State.

Friday, the last day's session of the Legislature, the House passed these bills: Providing that where property is insured for the full amount the insurance companies authorized to do business in this State may insure for less; companies authorized to do business in this State; for the establishment of a naval militia; for the establishment of a home for juvenile female offenders, and making an appropriation of $75,000; providing that associations or societies organized for the purpose of furnishing life indemnity or pecuniary benefits may transact any business in the State that it can do in the State; increasing the number of superior and Circuit Court judges in Cook County; to provide for the creation of pleasure driveways and parks districts; to protect employes and guarantee their right to belong to labor organizations; for the enlarging of Lincoln Park in Chicago; regulating contracts for the conditional sale or lease of railway or street car equipments or rolling stock, and providing for the recording of such contracts in the office of the Secretary of State; providing that the State Board of Public Charities shall no longer have control over the Illinois State Reform School, but the control shall be vested in a board of managers appointed by the Governor; the Senate bill known as the anti-Pinkerton bill; providing for the Soldiers and Sailors' Home at Quincy; to amend the law to reduce the amount to be paid when land is sold for taxes 10 per cent. for six months, 20 per cent. for a year, and 30 per cent. for eighteen months. The Senate joint resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to consist of two Senators and three Representatives to revise the laws of the State, making them as uniform as possible, and to report at the next General Assembly, was adopted. The Senate passed these bills: House bill known as the Stringer compulsory education; providing for county clerks to note on the records when they extend tax sales to prevent and punish wife or child abandonment by husband or parent; providing that nonresident insurance companies doing business in this State shall write their policies on property insured in this State in Illinois and keep an agent here; preventing the use of uncovered patrol wagons; in regard to the drawing of juries by lot; providing that cities of 30,000 or more inhabitants shall levy a special tax for street sprinkling purposes. Both houses adjourned sine die.

Indians that Sleep All Winter.

Among the Sierre Madre Mountains in Mexico in the State of Chihuahua is said to live a tribe of Indians in an almost complete state of savagery. They wear no clothing, subsist on berries and roots and know no weapons except those made of bone or flint. But the most surprising thing about them is that they are said to have the practice of hibernating through the winter like bears. On the approach of the cold they gather in caves, a number in each place for the sake of warmth, and there they pass the time in a comatose state which lasts until early spring, although somewhat thinner when spring comes, they appear otherwise to have suffered no inconvenience from their long nap.

A Rock Famed for Its Echoes.

The Eagle's Nest is a celebrated rock 1,200 feet in height, among the Killarney lakes. It is noted for the extraordinary effect of its echoes, and the slightest whisper will be repeated a thousand times, clear and distinct, from the various projecting points of the cliff.

How They Worked.

IRVING wrote a beautiful hand, and was very diligent. He spent a large part of every day in his study, but was not easily disturbed. He seemed able to resume the thread of his thought exactly where he dropped it, no matter what the interruption.

BURNS composed his songs while in the fields or at the day's business, whatever it might be, and wrote them down in the evening. When he wished to write a song he selected a tune to which it was to be sung, and hummed it until in the mood to write.