UNCLE LOCK'S LEGACY.

A Story Written for This Paper, by James Payn.

As there are some men who are always known by their Christian names—James, or William, or Robert—and others with whom their friends are more familiar still, and use those names abbreviated—Jem, or Bill, or Bob—so there are men who might have had no Christian name at all, so little is there known of it; except when they write it on a cheque it is never in evidence, and they are known by their surnames only to the end of their life's chapter. Of such a kind was my Uncle Lock. Few of his acquaintances, I think, ever read it on his testamentary will, or knew that he was christened Richard, and if his mother ever called him Dick (which I doubt), she was the only one.

Once upon a time he was married, though I did not know him till he had been a widower for a quarter of a century, but his wife never addressed him by any other name than Mr. Lock. The only parallel to this within my experience is the case of a lady of title who speaks of her husband as "my lord," but Aunt Lock never got even to that degree of familiarity; she might have called him "my Mr. Lock" appropriately enough, for they were more like a commercial firm than a married couple, but I am sure she never ventured on the experiment. She died after a few years of wedded life, not of a broken heart, for she was not of that kind, but rather as one who having had enough of the business of life, retires from it early. She was not an attractive person from any point of view, but she suited Uncle Lock much better than anyone, including himself, had had any idea of. Hard as he was, and harsh as he could be, he sincerely regretted her death, and, what seemed curious to many people, showed it in a very sentimental fashion. As a matter of fact, all of us who are not absolutely inhuman are actuated by sentiment, and there is at any rate as much as other people; and the more we repress the natural emotions the more extravagant become the expression of them. Thus, though Uncle Lock never wore mourning for his wife, not even in the mitigated form of a two-inch hatband, he put away every article of jewelry and clothing she had worn in a room, the which she never opened, and kept the very books (mostly on cookery and housekeeping) she had used, under glass, like melons or cucumbers.

There was a soft place, indeed, that few suspected, in Uncle Lock's heart, and his niece Sophy found it out. It was impossible, indeed, for her to miss it, if it existed at all, for a more delightful child than Sophy Mayhew it was difficult to imagine; nor would she have seemed capable of improvement, had she not become the most charming and gracious of young women.

When her parents died, which they did a few years after her birth, and, comforted no doubt by the reflection that they had made the world happier and better by presenting her to it, Uncle Lock adopted her, and, I am bound to say, did his duty by her in every respect, save one—unfortunately for me, a most important exception. He would not allow her to marry the man of her choice. The objection he put forward was that he did not approve, on principle, of the marriage of cousins. Everybody knows that when anything is objected to "on principle," it means that the objecting party has a personal dislike to it, and this was what Uncle Lock felt as regarded the suitor in question. It was not the consanguinity he objected to as much as me; but the pretext exactly suited his purpose, for no improvement in myself or my position could get over the fact that Sophy and I had had the same grandfather.

Although I was an orphan, like herself, Uncle Lock never adopted me, but only, in due course, made me his confidential clerk and secretary. The salary I received for my services was small, but, on the other hand, I lived under the same roof with Sophy, which would have been compensation enough for anything. How Uncle Lock could have supposed it possible that such contiguity would have resulted in anything short of a passionate devotion to her is amazing to me, but he stigmatized it as idiotic. After expressing his views about the marriage of cousins (entertained, as I am persuaded, on the spur of the moment, and solely with an eye to my discomfiture), he added: "Moreover, Master Charles, I cannot conceal from myself, and know no reason why I should do so from you, that it appears to me that your aspirations are not very creditable to your sense of honor. I don't say that your motives may be wholly mercenary, but you cannot be blind to the fact that Sophy will probably be my heiress, and you have nothing of your own but a hundred a year, so you are therefore in the position of a mere fortune-hunter. Do you think it a high-toned thing to look for your livelihood to your wife's money?"

I replied that I was so wildly fond of Sophy that such considerations had never occurred to me.

"At all events," he went on, "they have now been presented to you; and what may also suggest itself to you is that, when I am dead and gone, my niece may, out of the foolish good-nature or other causes" (that was how he spoke of the noblest emotions of the female heart) "throw herself upon you, penniless though you be. Now I mean to stop that by the terms of my will, by which it will be provided that she shall marry a man of suitable fortune, say with £20,000 of his own—if she marries a beggar she will be a beggar herself, as in that case my money will go to charities. I don't think so ill of you as to suppose you would drag her down to poverty and wretchedness, but believe that this proviso will put an end once for all to any nonsense between you, in which confidence I shall retain you in your present situation."

To this I replied that, far from being a beggar, I could hardly think it possible that any man of humanity and good feeling (such as I paid him the compliment of being) could leave the only relation (except Sophy) he had in the world (myself) totally unprovided for.

At this he grinned, I must say, most unbecomingly, and muttered something about somebody's "infernal impudence." I added that my expectations from him were not unreasonable, but only such as, I was sure, his own sense of right would dictate. I did not ask him for the sum he had mentioned as the lowest tender for Sophy's hand, but only for a modest competence. I felt confident that if I had something to start with I could soon build up a fortune by my own exertions.

To this he only replied by a guttural noise, which I manfully expressed contempt, and the subject dropped; and for a long time things went on as they had done before. Notwithstanding that we inhabited the same dwelling, I saw little of Sophy, being kept hard at work in my uncle's office till near dinner time, and even when I got home had few opportunities of speaking with her alone, that I wrote to her the letters every night, and slipped them under her chamber door when I went down to my early breakfast with my uncle, at which she did not appear. They were very tender and hopeful, speaking of the great fortune I hoped to make one day, whose only value in my eyes would be its enabling me to call her mine. They were also plentifully interspersed with verse of the most touching kind. And she on her part replied to them in the sweetest strain, adjuring me to keep a good heart, and be confident of her unchangeable love; but still duty ran through all of them, and I am well convinced that her gratitude to our common relative (to whom she was indebted for all she had) would never have permitted her to disregard his prohibition so far as to wed me in secret, had I been capable of proposing such a thing. All these letters I kept, tied up with rose-colored ribbon, and read and reread again and again; I have reason to believe she did the like, nor did we ever dream that this innocent but agreeable correspondence would be interfered with. But one day it came to a sudden and miserable end.

In Uncle Lock's "study," as he was pleased to term the apartment in which he often looked at his banker's book, but which contained no other, stood an oak desk most elaborately carved. This was Sophy's handiwork, and, as I had often told him, I envied him the possession of it more than anything else in the world. One evening, when I returned from the office, he threw this open, and displayed in it, to my great indignation, a great many bundles of letters tied with rose-colored ribbon.

"I found these in your room, young man, and they are the last you will ever receive from your cousin. She has given me her word never to write to you again, on condition that I do not destroy them, so here they will be kept safe enough."

Transported with passion at this outrage, I exclaimed:

"When you ransacked my room I presume you read those letters."

"You presume, sir, indeed," he said with a look of fury which I shall never forget. To do my uncle justice, he was too much of a gentleman to do anything of the kind, and such an imputation was inexcusable. I made some sort of apology, but he only answered:

"When I am dead, young man, you shall have them again, and not before."

Nothing more was said between us, but I felt that I had done for myself so far as that "modest competence" from Uncle Lock was concerned. It was characteristic of him, however, that this quarrel made no difference in our external relations.

To outsiders, if we were not a united family, there was no sign of any domestic unpleasantness, and though they instinctively kept silence upon the matter, it was thought only probable (as indeed it well might be) that we two young people were well disposed to one another, and would sooner or later make a match of it. If my uncle had objected to such an eventuality it seemed only natural that he should have separated us and placed me in some other office than his own; but, as has been shown, he had taken another way with us, which he had good reason to feel would be still more efficacious.

It was about six months after this that my uncle had a sudden illness, which, though it did not confine him to the house for more than a day or two, was, as I afterwards discovered, of a very serious nature. He developed, in fact, symptoms of heart disease, and the Doctor, adjured to be candid, informed him that it was a warning which would not be repeated—or, in other words, that his next seizure would be a fatal one. The old gentleman received this intelligence with much equanimity, merely observing that his affairs had long been arranged with a view to any such contingency; nor did I notice that it made the slightest difference in his general behavior. There was, however, a little difference, so Sophy afterwards told me, with very genuine emotion, in his conduct to herself, which became more than ever tender. I am glad to say I never spoke a word against him to her, and carefully concealed from her my conviction that he intended to "set me off with a shilling—a belief which, I am constrained to say, was never shaken by any demonstration of avuncular affection. The sequel, however, shows how easy it is to misjudge people, even when they are near relatives.

My uncle about this time was making some changes in his investments, and one evening received more than £20,000 of securities from his stockbroker. As it was too late, of course, to place them in his banker's hands, he locked them up in his desk for the night, and retired to rest, neither better nor worse than usual.

Unhappily, in the morning he was found dead in his bed.

This catastrophe, which gave me genuine sorrow, though there had certainly been "no love lost" between us, affected Sophy extremely. There was no reason, however, to mix up the consideration of material affairs, but for my part I could not help thinking of Uncle Lock's "testamentary dispositions." After the funeral his man of business called on her, but she refused to see him, and referred him to me.

"I suppose it is all the same," he said, with a cheerful smile, and I feebly tried to look as if it was. "You see, as there are no relatives but you two," he went on, "and you two, as I understand, are going to be made one, there will be no necessity for even a friendly suit" which otherwise the wording of your uncle's will might have necessitated. He has forbidden his niece to marry any one who is not possessed of at least £20,000, but then, as if to indicate the very person he wished to wed her, he has left you that very sum, with just a few hundreds over, to pay, I suppose, the legacy duty."

"Dear old man," I murmured; "how I like him!"

"Yes; his method of leaving you the money was also peculiar, one might almost say characteristic. 'To my nephew, Charles Lock,' he says, 'since I know he values it very highly, I leave my desk and its contents,' and in the desk was this money. It, therefore, seems quite clear that it was intended for you."

I nodded as confidently as I could and, but words seemed somehow to fail me.

It was not for me, a mere layman, to dispute a legal opinion. Sophy, too, held the same view as the lawyer. She had always thought, she said, that Uncle Lock had only her happiness in view, and how could he have taken a better way to insure it? She had not a doubt of his good (testamentary) intentions. It was not for me, at that early stage of my affections—before I have even married her—to contradict Sophy, nor, indeed, have I ever breathed a word of doubt upon the matter. But I sometimes think if Uncle Lock had lived a little longer—say, twelve hours—that those bonds would have gone to the banker's, and his "desk and its contents" would not have been quite so valuable a legacy as I found them.

[THE END.]

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Manners in Mexico.

Mrs. Gooch, in her book, "Face to Face with the Mexicans," says that again and again, on halting to admire the flowers in the court of a handsome house, she was invited by the lady of the house to enter and inspect them. After she had looked at the plants she was sure to be invited indoors, where chocolate was served, and on departing, with her hands full of flowers, she received a warm embrace, a cordial shake of the hand, and a "God be with you."

If friends meet twenty times a day the ceremony of hand-shaking is gone through with each time. In passing a friend, driving, riding or walking, the hat is removed entirely from the head.

Mrs. Gooch saw on the Calle Plateros one day two splendid carriages, each occupied by one man. On approaching each other the carriages were halted, both men alighted, removed hats, shook hands, embraced, talked for a few moments, again embraced, shook hands, bowed, took off hats, and each entered his carriage and went his way.

A vein of sentiment runs through the intercourse of ladies with each other. A spray of flowers sent by one lady to another will be first pinned over the donor's heart, and the pin left in the spray to indicate that she has worn it.

The King's Good Humor.

Frederick the Great was immensely popular with his people until he established a very vexatious system of taxation. The discontent caused by this would have done him far greater injury had it not been for the good-humor with which he bore the adverse criticisms of his policy.

Riding along the Jager Strasse one day, he saw a crowd of people. "See what it is," he said to the groom who was attending him. "They have something posted up about your Majesty," said the groom, returning. Frederick, riding forward, saw a caricature of himself: "King in very melancholy guise," writes Carlyle, "seated on a stool, a coffee-mill between his knees, diligently grinding with the one hand, and with the other picking up any bean that might have fallen."

"Hang it lower," said the king, beckoning with his finger; "lower, that they may not have to break their necks about it." No sooner were the words spoken, which spread instantly, than there rose from the whole crowd one universal huzza of joy. They tore the caricature into a thousand pieces, and rolled after the king with loud cries of "Hurrah! our Frederick forever!" as he rode away.

Silk from Trees.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Panama Isthmus is the vegetable silk tree. It is a plant that grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and in appearance does not differ greatly from other trees, but the inner bark is a perfect silky fibre—long, smooth and strong. The natives separate it by some method best known to themselves, the process somewhat resembling that of beating wax. When once it is separated and spun into thread, it can be woven into a fabric so closely resembling silk that it is difficult for anyone not familiar with it to distinguish between the two. This species of silk goods is in high favor on the Isthmus, and a Colombian belle is never happier than when she is arrayed in a gayly colored dress made from the trees in her father's yard.

Spoons.

Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man, the river or sea shell and the leaf of plants. In Southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they are copied.

To Preserve Guns from Rusting.

When the gun is hung up after use, let it be suspended by a zinc strap or an iron hoop that is very thickly coated with zinc. If the barrel rests upon the zinc it will never rust.

GOLD NOT AVAILABLE.

The Troubles of a Man With a $20 Gold Piece.

"I had a $20 gold piece," said he, "and I wanted to get 5 cents out of it, so as to get home on the elevated. I had tried to at stations and the ticket sellers wouldn't or couldn't change it.

"'You ought to have more sense than to bring that here,' said one fellow, and he looked as though I'd attempted to rob him.

"Well, I retreated down-stairs and went into a restaurant and got a glass of beer. When I tendered the $20 gold piece the barkeeper went to the other end of the counter and instead of getting the change brought out a big club. I didn't stay to see what he was going to do with it.

"I went out and walked a block in deep thought. I needed not only that 5 cents to get home on, but I had to have change for some little things up-town and something to get back down-town the next day. For you might as well have had a $1,000 note as that $20 in my neighborhood. Still I felt that I couldn't reasonably expect a man to change a twenty nowadays for a 5-cent check. Having arrived at this conclusion and being hungry, and morally certain that I had missed my dinner, I went into a restaurant to get something to eat. They didn't know me in the place, and I was certain to get a square meal anyhow. I ordered a very substantial dinner and leaned back to read my evening paper. Just as the feed was due the head waiter came to me and asked me to change a $2 note. I told him I was sorry—couldn't do it. In fact, I was greatly in need of change myself.

"'What's your smallest?' he asked.

"'Twenty-dollar gold piece, all I've got,' said I.

"'Then you can't eat here,' says he. 'We've had that worked on us until we haven't got a nickel in the house. You'll have to go som'eres else.'

"Here was a pretty go. But there was no help for it. Then I walked two blocks the other way till I came to the place of a man who knew me by sight, a place where I had often lunched. Being one of his regular customers, I felt that I had the right to presume on him a little. Well, I went in and had a good dinner, for I was getting all-tired hungry by this time. I washed it down with a couple of bottles of beer and felt better. When I came to pay him, however, the cashier simply asked my name and place of business. He put these down on a sheet of paper.

"'But I want to pay,' said I, 'and I want some change.'

"'Sorry,' says he, 'can't give you no change—rather trust you.'

"Then I told him the fix I was in. He listened and said I was not the only one. And he finally lent me 5 cents, to get home."—New York Herald.

A Good Sword Cut.

"Having once made a good shot at a rhinoceros, it fell to the ground and died," writes Sir Samuel Baker, in his Wild Beasts and Their Ways. "We now observed a fine young animal which was standing upon the opposite side of the mother, and I suggested to my famous Hamran hunters that we should call up the camels and endeavor to secure the calf with our good supply of rope. The camels were brought and the ropes arranged. Nooses were prepared and I suggested that we should attempt to mob the young one and then secure its legs. My Arabs declined this plan, as they rightly declared that the ground was unfavorable, owing to the number of large rocks which would prevent them from getting out of harm's way should the animal charge.

It was ultimately arranged that Taher Noor, my head Arab, was to lend me his sword, and that I was to go first, while they would follow with the ropes and nooses, to endeavor to trip up the calf should it charge past me. Taher Noor drew his sword. This was a beautiful blade that had belonged to his family and been handed from father to son for several generations. He cautioned me to beware of striking a stone, and he evidently parted with regret from his familiar weapon. The calf was about three and a half feet high, and was standing by the body of its mother, evidently ignorant of her death.

As I cautiously approached, there was not much time for reflection, for the young tartar gave an angry shake of its ugly head, emitted the usual three sharp whiffs, and charged at me as fast as it could gallop. I jumped quickly backward by a large rock, and it passed within three feet of me but immediately halted, instead of continuing so far as the spot where the Arabs were in waiting with the ropes. It now turned round, and, seeing me, it repeated its charge in reverse, as hard as it could go. I again jumped back, but, as I did so, I delivered a lightning-like downward cut with Taher Noor's favorite sword. The young rhinoceros fell stone dead, and all in a heap. The Arabs ran to the spot. Taher Noor took the sword carefully from my hand, and, pointing it at arm's length, he looked along the edge; he then wiped the blade upon the body of the rhinoceros, and, to prove the perfection of his weapon, he shaved a few hairs off his naked arm, then exclaimed, with a deep sigh of pleasure and astonishment, 'Mashallah!' and returned it to the scabbard."

Indifferent.

Bridges—Is your postmaster an offensive partisan? Barnes—No; he'd read a Republican's postal cards just as quick as he would a Democrat's.—Detroit Free Press.

If you know anything bad on a man, the first time you are in company some one mentions his name.

TUCKER BILL PASSED.

BIG MAJORITY FOR THE MEASURE IN THE HOUSE.

By a Strict Party Vote the House Repeals the Laws Placing Elections Under Federal Control—How the Fort Wayne "Limited" Was Wrecked.

Democrats Cheer the Result.

Washington special:

The Tucker bill to repeal all existing Federal election laws was passed by the House by a vote of 200 to 101, party lines being strictly drawn. Senator Hill (N. Y.), who is the author of a similar bill in the Senate, was on the floor while the vote was being taken. Quite a demonstration was made by the Democrats when the result was announced. The Republicans, finding that the Democrats had their own quorum present, were stopped from filibustering by the ironclad order under which the House was operating beyond demanding a yea and nay vote on the Burrows and Lacey amendments. The Democrats admitted that the bill was defective in that it failed to repeal statute 3528, which inferentially permits troops at the polls, but the modification could not be made under the order, and the correction will have to be made in the Senate. Some of the Republicans claimed that in defeating the Lacey amendment the Democrats repealed all laws to prevent bribery and ballot-box stuffing at elections for delegates in the Territories, but the Democrats claimed that the Legislatures of the Territories had all enacted laws for the punishment of offenders against the purity of the ballot in the Territories, and Mr. Tucker called attention to the fact that Section 1848 of the Revised Statutes provided that after the first election each Territory should make laws to govern its elections. Delegate Smith also called attention to the fact that some of the Territories like Arizona operated "like most of the progressive States," under the Australian ballot law.

Attracted a Full House.

The fact that the vote on the Thicker bill was to be taken attracted a full house. The benches on both sides were filled and the galleries were crowded. Some routine business occupied the morning hour.

Mr. Speaker took the chair. The special order bringing the Tucker bill to a vote and the pending amendment by Mr. Fitch, Mr. Lacey and Mr. Burrows were read. Mr. Burrows explained that he would not demand a division on his amendment if the House would permit the five statutes his amendment sought to save to be read at the clerk's desk, that they might get into the record. They are the sections providing for free registry and vote of citizens irrespective of color or previous condition, and providing for the punishment of those who prevent, hinder and delay registration and voting, and giving United States Judges jurisdiction in such cases. On a rising vote the amendment was defeated, 91 to 183—a strict party division. The yeas and nays were demanded and the roll was called. The roll-call resulted—yeas, 100; nays, 198. The vote demonstrated the fact that the Democrats had a margin of nine in excess of a quorum.

The vote then recurred on Mr. Lacey's amendment providing for the punishment of crimes against the ballot in Congressional and delegate elections, and Mr. Lacey demanded a yea and nay vote, claiming that the defeat of his amendment would give bribery and ballot-box stuffing free rein in delegate elections in the territories. The Lacey amendment was lost—96 to 196. Mr. Fitch withdrew his amendment, and the vote was taken on the final passage of the bill. The bill was passed—yeas, 200; nays, 100—a strict party vote. When the Speaker announced the vote the Democrats broke into a cheer, and then, at 2:45, the House adjourned.

CAUSED BY A MISPLACED BOLT.

How the Fort Wayne "Limited" Was Wrecked at Whiting.

A misplaced bolt derailed the first section of the east-bound Fort Wayne "limited" at Whiting, Ind. It was a Pullman vestibuled train and was crowded with Philadelphia Fair-goers and speeding along the stretch of track from South Chicago to Valparaiso at its highest speed. The passengers escaped destruction only by the courage of Engineer Jack Christy, who set his brakes when the wrath of death and went down with his train as their sacrifice.

The train of eight Pullman coaches, with dining-car and mail-car, was making its best time, in charge of James Breen, conductor, and Engineer John Christy. At Whiting the Fort Wayne Road crosses the Calumet terminal belt line. The crossing is guarded by the interlocking system of switch signals controlled by an operator in a tower. A bolt at the switch was taken from its place, the mechanism failed to act, and while the signals showed white and clear, the derail switch still lay open, though all unknown. As the pondercus engine No. 202 reached the obstruction it turned like a flash and with a roar buried itself deep in the sand of the ditch on its side, with engineer and fireman buried beneath it. The tender followed, the mail car reared high in the air, and followed the engine and tender. The passenger coaches kept the track, and the strong steel frames of the Pullmans refusing to telescope, the passengers escaped uninjured.

Rescuers hurried to the scene and found Fireman Werner dying from his wounds under the engine. Before pick and shovel could be raised in his behalf death had released him. Engineer Christy was taken out as quickly as possible and removed to a neighboring room, where he will probably die from his scalds and a fractured skull.

Currencies Condensed.

THE Salisbury Lumber Company's plant at Salisbury, Mo., burned. Loss, $35,000.

THE Merchants' Bank at Lockport, N. Y., has failed. The deposits are $224,973.

O. P. COOLEY, a member of the Illinois Legislature in 1888, was found dead in bed at Galesburg.

MICHIGAN Democrats nominated Levi T. Griffin, for Congress from the First District, at Detroit, to fill Logan Chipman's place.

WARNING IN THE SKY.

How a Party of Soldiers Were Saved by a Mirage.

A remarkable instance in which that mysterious phenomenon of nature known as the mirage was of inestimable service to the United States army, is related in the Chicago Post by Captain Frank D. Baldwin of the Fifth Infantry. It was during the Cheyenne campaign of 1874, and the troops under General Nelson A. Miles, were pushing along over the Texas plain with much caution, conscious that the hostiles were not far distant, but unable to locate them and dreading, as all soldiers must, the sudden onslaught of the enemy. It was September, but the earth and sky were bathed in a glare of white heat. The air was like the breath of a furnace and the men and horses pressed on in silent, dogged endurance, growing as with every mile more apprehensive of the fight before them and searching the level sweep of sun-baked land for some trace of the wiliest foes that an army or a government has ever had to face.

General Miles, alert and soldier-like, and with eyes long trained to every sign, suddenly gave a low exclamation. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked intently into the sky, and then called an orderly and sent the message ahead to Captain Baldwin:

"The Indians are ahead of us. They are reflected by a mirage. Move forward with much caution and prepare to fight."

The Captain looked up and there, crawling across the sky like flies on a ceiling, the nearest ones highest and the long, unmoving line trailing down to the horizon, was the inverted reflection of the enemy. The soldiers could distinguish the forms of the horses and their riders; could see even the waving of the eagle feathers on the nearest warriors' heads, and note their gestures and warlike evolutions; but could not estimate their distance from them, as the camera of the sky may receive impressions many miles away as easily as it takes a snap shot at the shortest range. Travelers across the continent have sometimes seen distinctly the waters of the blue Pacific shimmering and dashing against the inverted Rocky Mountains, and it has been hard in not a few instances to convince them that the scene was an illusion, a trick of the mirage, the mirror of the air, and that the ocean was separated from the majestic hills by land enough to home and yield the food for another mighty nation.

The soldiers, with the utmost rapidity but in perfect silence, made their final preparations for what they knew awaited them, and watched with anxious eyes the reflection in the sky. One difficulty in Indian warfare is the fact that the enemy always greatly outnumber our own troops. They swarm like red hornets from every side and, no code of warfare but to embrace every opportunity for revenge. The line broken with dark patches where the savages were thickly massed, still swept up from the horizon, but so far they did not outnumber the resolute bluecoats to whom their movements were revealed in such a wonderful way; and when at last a whirl of dust from the distance, a swirl of brilliant colors flashing in the sun, a faint, long, echoing yell from their brazen throats announced their actual, visible presence in the cruel flesh, the boys were ready for them, quite ready, and the battle on that September day was won because of the timely warning given by what might truthfully be called "the powers of the air."

Couldn't Master the Shibboleth.

"Who's there?" said a feminine voice.

"It's—hic—only me—hic—dear."

"Oh, it's only you, is it? And now suppose you tell me where you've been since this morning."

"Yes—hic—darling. You shee, it's—hic—happened this way. We—hic—went out—fi—fi—fishun—hic—and the wind died out—hic."

"So the wind died out, did it?"

"Yesh—hic—m'dear. And if you—hic—only knew how shick—hic—your own hubbie wash—hic—thish minute—hic—you'd open the door."

"Sick, are you?" she snorted; "you're drunk."

"Don't, shay that, darling—hic—can't you,—hic—hear me shuffering—hic?"

"Oh, yes, I hear you. Now I am going to open the door, but until you convince me that you are not intoxicated; do you hear me?"

"Hic!"

"Before this door opens you've got to say quickly three times, without taking breath, 'She sells sea shells.'"

"Oh—hic—lor."

"What did she say?"

"I shed all ri."

"Well, go ahead."

"She sells sea shells, she shells shells——"

"That won't do. I want you to say distinctly and rapidly: She sells sea shells."

"All ri. Shesellsheshellseashells. What's the matter with thatsh?"

He didn't get in.—Pittsburgh Press.

The Scorpion's Suicide.

We settled for ourselves, says a traveler from Mexico, the question whether scorpions commit suicide, as certain savants claim that Byron "invented a scientific fact" in the simile in one of his poems. We used to experiment a good deal with them, inclosing them in circles of shavings and splinters laid on the brick floor of the corridor and fired all around. The scorpions would rush around the ring in frantic efforts to escape, and then, finding themselves encompassed by the fire, they would go to the center of the circle and sting themselves in the back repeatedly, dying in a few seconds.