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True to Self.

By their own soul's law learn to live,
And if men doubt thee, take no heed,
And if men love, have no care,
Sing them thy song and to the dead.

An Unwilling Accomplice.

"Now, you are not a bit afraid,
Mollie?"
"Afraid of what? I'm not a
baby."

"Yes, but this isn't America, you
know. And girls are so silly. I don't
see what can happen to you, unless you
put your head out of the window too
far, and get it knocked off. Now, don't
be dignified. I'm telling you this to
keep my spirits up. I'm afraid maybe
the water might cut up about my leaving
you, but I can't let this chance for
shooting slip, and the fellows won't
wait. Hello! here's the train! First
class to London, guard. Nobody in the
compartment? All right, Molly, jump
in. Make my peace with the water if
she is vexed. Tra, la, la, la," cried my
brother, giving me a hug and a kiss.

The door slammed. I was going to
London all alone, when it opened again.
A man rushed in, pell-mell—gun, bag
and fishing tackle.

"Just in time, guard?"
"Ah, ay, sir."
"Here's a shilling for your trouble.
All alone, eh?"

"No, sir, a young lady, sir."
This time the door slammed secure
ly, the key was turned, and the guard
disappeared.

It was half-past four o'clock. A
damp, dull afternoon. I looked at my-
self in the little mirror opposite. It
reflected a tall, brown-eyed, brown-
haired girl, with a pretty complexion
and neat traveling dress. A very young
person, eighteen at best, and a very
strong and healthy one. We, my
brother and I, had been to Warwick,
Stratford, etc., and at the last moment
he received a telegram from some col-
lege mates bidding him meet them in
the North; they had formed a shooting
party, which was to start the next day.

My mother was in London; so we de-
termined, rather than disturb his pleas-
ant trip, that I return to her alone.
The train was going at full speed—
fifty-five miles an hour. I could
scarcely, in the dim twilight of the
December day, distinguish the rapidly
moving trees and the houses as we
skirted along. After a little I turned
my eyes on my companion. He was a
tall, rawboned man, with gray eyes
and long red hair; heavy red whiskers
covered his face. He wore a shooting
jacket and a loose flannel blouse. He
fixed his eyes on me for five minutes
without speaking. At a certain sta-
tion the guard, our guard that was, got
out and passed the window. I saw
another official get on. Our guard
touched his cap, and boarded an out-
going train. We started off with re-
newed rapidity. I was feeling alone
and the slightest degree em-
barassed by my close proximity to my
unsociable companion, when he got up
from his seat, opened his traveling bag,
took out a pair of shears, and, putting
his hand on my shoulder, said:

"I want you to cut my hair."
"Cut your hair?" I cried, too amazed
to be alarmed. "Are you crazy? Cut
your hair?"

"Yes, cut my hair immediately."
"I will not!" I exclaimed. "Guard,
guard, come to me; this man is crazy!"
I rushed to the door, it was locked, of
course; and the guard I knew, and who
knew us, was miles away, having
changed at the last station.

"It is useless to make a disturbance,"
said the fellow. "I intend that you
shall cut your hair! If you do not, I
will kiss you—take your choice."
Tremblingly, I took the shears.

"Wait. Put a towel around my
neck, there. Thanks, very much.
Now, carefully!"

For an hour I cut away; it had grown
quite dark, only the dim light of the
railroad lamp illuminated the compart-
ment.

"Is it all off?" he asked, producing
his glass, and peering at his cropped
crown.

"Yes!"
"Not bad for a beginner. Now for
my whiskers. I can't shave, you see
my arm is broken."

For the first time I saw that this
member hung helplessly at his side.

"But I will not!" I screamed; "I
will not!"

"Yes, you just," said my persecutor.
"You will do just as I tell you. Kneel
down here, in front of me, and cut my
beard!"

"I will not, I will not!"
"Very well." And he advanced
toward me.

Instantly I was on my knees cut-
ting away at the forest of under-
growth.

"As close as you can, my dear,
you will find the shears sharp. I
don't believe you've left a hair on my
head."

This took me longer to do than my
previous job. The beard was stubborn
and monsieur was particular.

"All must go," he said pensively.
"All my love-locks and my lady-
killers! But necessity—drawing a
sigh—"cruel necessity, knows no
law."

He threw me a kiss with the tips of
his long fingers.

"I shall always dub you cruel neces-
sity in my own mind."
His face being as clean shaven as
my implements allowed, he bid me
turn my back.

"I will not! Oh, I will not!" I
wept. "You will kill me. Oh, have
mercy!"

"You will turn your back immedi-
ately," said my tormentor. "But
first help me adjust my arm in this
sling."

Like a whipped slave I meekly tore
the linen handkerchief he produced
from the valise into two parts, and
found it about his arm. At least he
was brave, for the drops stood on his
brow, but he did not quiver.

"Now, take this lead and pencil
under my eyes, and shadow my eye-
brows. Not too deeply, but as you
would your own, my dear, were you
dressing for a ball."

I trembled. "The madman!" I
whispered below my breath. "Oh,
the madman!" But I did as I was bid.
One fattering look and I felt his arm
would be around me.

"Now look out of the window.
Mind, if you so much as move that
pretty little head, on my honor as a
gentleman I must take my revenge."

For twenty minutes, or was it a
hundred years? I sat gazing into the
darkness without. The lightning rap-
idity of the train as we rushed along
made a leap through the window
suicidal.

I thought of my mother and my
home, and poor child, of my girlish
sins and negligences. I was too fright-
ened then to cry, too stunned to make
any resistance.

"Look, my pretty dear," said a gay
voice.

I feared the window open, and a
black bundle fell. Was I dreaming or
mad?

There, under the light of the little
oil lamp, a breviary in his left hand,
with downcast eyes and reverential
air, was a young priest, in the full
down vestment of a fellow of a Jesuit
college.

The fishing tackle, the guns, the
valise, the shears, the towel, with the
bundle of hair, were all gone. And
with them the thief, murderer, assassin—
I know not what he might have
been.

"Where is he?" I said presently,
hoarsely—was it my own voice issuing
from my own bloodless lips. "What
has become of the man—the murder-
er?"

"You have been sleeping, dear
child," said the father, gently. "No
one is here but myself. You are under
the spiritual and temporal care of the
Church."

He smiled and moved a little. I
recognized the late denuda crown and
the rudely shaven beard. The band-
aged arm was hidden under his flow-
ing sleeve.

"London, sir? Ay, ay! all right, sir;
first-class? Yes, sir; one gentleman
and a lady. This way, sir!" cried the
guard.

I heard the door unlock, and two
policemen rushed in.

They gazed at us in blank astonish-
ment. "Certainly, your reverence,
pass by. There's a mistake some-
where. Where's the warrant, Bill?"

"Tall fellow in fisherman's get-up;
long red beard, red hair, guns, valise,
fishing tackle; got on at Leamington."

"By George! he threw himself out
of the window!"

And they rushed to the other side
of the compartment. "But this young
lady was here all the time. Say,
young lady, did you happen to see a
tall fellow answering this description
get on at Leamington? The guard
changed at A—; he's Marshall, the
defaulting bank clerk; he scooped last
week with £10,000. He was traced
to Leamington to-day; they wired us
from there. Say, your rever-
ence, did you happen—Hello! where's
his reverence?"

When I came to myself I was lying
on my own little bed in the London
lodging house, and my mother told
me slowly and by degrees that when
she entered the carriage, a moment
afterwards, I was in a dead faint, ly-
ing on the floor, and that I was ill a
long time afterwards.

They found the gray valise, the
shooting clothes, my bundle of hair,
on the railroad track where they had
been thrown; but his unwilling ac-
complice had rendered such good ser-
vice to their quoniam owner that we
nor his pursuers ever heard of, or in
any way traced, him again. London
Times.

A lightning conductor consists
essentially of a long piece of metal,
pointed at the end, whose business is,
not so much (as most people imagine)
to carry off the flash of lightning
harmlessly, should it happen to strike
the house to which the conductor is at-
tached, but rather to prevent the oc-
currence of a flash at all, by gradually
and gently drawing off the electricity
as fast as it gathers, before it has had
time to collect in sufficient force for a
destructive discharge. It resembles in
effect an overflow pipe which drains
off the surplus water of the pond as
soon as it runs in, in such a manner
as to prevent the possibility of an in-
undation, which might occur if the
water were allowed to collect in force
behind a dam or embankment. It is a
drip-pipe, not a moat; it carries away
the electricity of the air quietly to the
ground, without allowing it to gather
in sufficient amount to produce a flash
of lightning. It might thus be better
called a lightning-preventer than a
lightning-conductor; it conducts elec-
tricity, but prevents lightning. At
first, all lightning-rods used to be
made with knobs on the top, and then
the electricity used to collect at the
surface until the electric force was
sufficient to cause a spark. In those
happy days, you had the pleasure of
seeing that the lightning was actually
being drawn off from your neighbor-
hood piecemeal. Knobs, it was held,
must be the best things, because you
could incontestably see the sparks
striking them with your eyes. But as
time went on, electricians discovered
that if you fixed on a fine metal point
to the conductor of an electric machine
it was impossible to get up any appreci-
able charge, because the electricity
kept always leaking out by means of
the point. Then it was seen that if
you made your lightning-rods pointed
at the end, you would be able in the
same way to dissipate your electricity
before it ever had time to come to a
head in the shape of lightning. From
that moment the thunderbolt was
safely dead and buried. It was urged,
indeed, that the attempt thus to rob
heaven of its thunders was wicked and
impious; but the common sense of
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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Elephant Sagacity.

When several elephants are driven
to a bridge which they are expected to
cross, they always send forward the
smallest of the company first to try its
strength. A writer in *Vegetable Fair*
gives another surprising example of
the sagacity of these animals:

I once asked an Indian road officer
what was the cleverest act he ever
knew an elephant to perform; and he
told me how once, when unloading
some steel tubing from on board a ship,
it was the elephant's task to carry the
pipes by means of his trunk from one
part of the wharf to another.

The pipes had been oiled to prevent
them from rusting; and when the
elephant took one up, it slipped from
his grasp. He tried it again with the
same result, and at last seemed to com-
prehend what the reason of all this
was; for he soon afterward pushed the
pipe with his foot to where there was
a heap of sand, and rolled the pipe
backward and forward.

The sand, owing to the oil, adhered
to the tube, and the elephant then put
his trunk around it and carried it
with ease. He did the same to the re-
minder, without aid or suggestion
from his mahout.

Rolling Gold.

Little Harry was looking out of the
window, watching the rain as it pat-
tered down on the green grass and
bent the flower heads, dashing away
over the gravel and mixing pools
wherever there was the least protuber-
ance of a basin. It is a pleasant thing
to sit snug in your comfortable room and
watch the rain; but Harry's brain was
busy with another speculation.

"O, Aunt Susan," he said, his
bright eyes sparkling, "how I wish it
would rain gold coins, instead of rain-
drops! Wouldn't it be rich?"

"What if it should rain gold instead
of water-drops all summer?"

"Why, we could have everything in
the world we wished for then. I
would buy a little carriage and hard-
wood for Carlo, and Annie should have
the point box she wants so much, and
mother would not need to work a bit,
and I would not be a poorer machine
O, how nice it would be, isn't it?"

"But what would you get to eat?
Nothing can grow without water."

"O, we would buy our food; we
should have money enough."

"Yes, but if it rained gold all over
the world no one would have any to
sell. All the fields would be parched
and baked. The grass would shrink
and crumble to dust. The grain could
not grow under golden rain. These beau-
tiful shady trees would wither and
fruit up and die. There would be no
fruit or vegetables in anyone's garden.
The little streams, and many of the
wells that afford refreshment to thou-
sands would be all dried up, and man
and animals would perish, with thirst
as well as hunger. Robinson Crusoe
thought little of the gold he found in
the sea-chest, washed ashore on his
island, for he could buy nothing with
it. Besides, if gold were as plentiful
as pebbles, we should value it no
higher. Money is of no use except for
what it will bring us of the comforts
of life. Some one has estimated that
every good summer shower is really
worth in money many hundreds and
sometimes thousands of pounds. It
produces what will bring that amount.
We shall always end, dear Harry, in
a more we reflect on it, that our Creator
has ordered everything a great deal
more wisely and benevolently than we
could."

The Brain a Scrap Book.

What is the brain but a scrap-book?
If, when we are asleep some one could
peep in there, what would he find?
Lines from favorite poets, stray bits
of tunes and snatches from songs, no-
vels from operas, sentences from books,
strange meaningless dates, recollections
of childhood vagabond and gradually
growing faint, moments of perfect
happiness, hours of despair and misery.
The first kiss of childhood lovers, the
first parting of bosom friends, the
word of praise or the word of blame of
a fond mother, pictures of men and
women, hopes and dreams that came
to nothing, unrequited kindness, grat-
itude for favors, quarrels, and a re-
collection of old jokes, and through them
all the thread of one deep and endur-
ing passion for some one man or
woman that may have been a misery
or a delight.—Sun Francisco Chronicle.

Orders.

"Getting orders now?" asked one
travelling man of another, in a dull
town.

"Got one to-day," was the reply.

"Don't believe it."

"I did, all the same."

"What was it?"

"Order from the house to come
home."—*McClure's Magazine*.

HOW A TITLE WAS GAINED.

An Episode of Life on the Far
Northwest.

The "Tenderfoot" Who Became a Succes-
ful Judge at Short Notice.

A Pierre (Dakota) letter to the
Chicago *Tribune* says: W. E.
Caton Indian trader at Fort Bennett
(Cheyenne Agency), is a gentleman
who is well known to the old
Dakotans of Yankton and vicinity and
among his present circle of acquain-
tance as one of the best and most en-
tertaining authorities on the affairs,
character, history, and traditions of
the Sioux Indians to be met with in
the Northwest.

There is no better company for the
leisure hour than Judge Caton, as I
came to call him from hearing others
do so. But where and how Caton
came to get that title has been a mys-
tery to me, knowing, as I did, that he
could have hardly obtained it from the
savage Dakotans, among whom he has
resided for a number of years.

So I asked him, the other day, meet-
ing him on the train: "Where did you
get your title, Judge?"

"Well," he said, with a smile and a
twinkle of the eye, "I'll tell you. I
have been a 'tenderfoot' for some eighty-
eight years, and although the period of my
holding office was of short duration, I
expect to hold my title for life."

"It was that time when I was a youth
of twenty that my father sent me out
West in company with an old friend
of the family, a gentleman nearly my
father's age than mine. We were both
in search of a more robust health, and
visited Colorado, where things were
then in a pretty wild state."

"The day we arrived at Fairplay an
election was held for the office of regis-
ter of deeds. Captain Coates and
Colonel Jenney were the opposing
candidates, and the election had been
carried on with a good deal of feeling
on both sides."

"The returns gave Coates a majority
of 200 votes out of a total poll of over
2000, in a county whose entire popu-
lation fell far short of that number."

"Colonel Jenney contested the elec-
tion. The office was worth \$10,000 a
year and worth fighting for. Each
candidate had his attorneys, whose fees
on either side exceeded \$1000."

"Every preparation had been made
for hearing the contest, except the se-
lection of a referee."

"A barrel of whisky and a barrel of
water were placed at the principal
street corner, with a tin cup for every-
body's free use. All carried firearms,
save my friend and myself, and to me
the scene was, to say the least, a novel
one."

"The choice of a referee was the
point over which a dispute seemed
imminent, when Captain Coates, ex-
pressing me in the crowd, exclaimed:

"Vendor's a tenderfoot with an
honest face. What do you say to hav-
ing him for the judge of this legal
business?"

"He'll do for me," responded Colonel
Jenney, and Judge Caton I became
at and from that hour."

"Witnesses were called on both sides,
and the taking of testimony began for
the contestant."

"A great, strapping six-footer and
six-shooter swore that in the 'Larkin
Joe' precinct, where over 200 votes
were polled, there were not that many
souls living, men, women and children."

"Testimony of this sort soon showed
me that the election had been notorious-
ly unfair on both sides, and that there
was no way to ascertain who had been
honestly elected."

"It had been agreed that my decision
should be final, with the side right
reserved to the defeated party of
forcible resistance when the other
should take the office."

"My position was a ticklish one.
Fortunately, however, I was perfectly
free to act as I liked. My court had
no precedents to follow. Deciding,
after a day of wrangling by counsel
and clients over the evidence presented,
that I would try a bold stroke for
justice, I called the court to silence
and announced: 'Gentlemen, it appears
to this court that no fair and legal
election has been held in this county,
and I shall rule as follows: that there
be a new election, the ballots to be
deposited in my keeping, in the
presence of both candidates and their
counsel.'

This decision took them all by sur-
prise, but proved to be acceptable at
once. It was arranged to have the
voting done at each precinct separately,
and on a separate day in a few in-
stances when it was necessary, so as to
comply with the conditions prescribed."

"A large crowd went with judge,
candidates, and counsel, from poll to
poll, and the result finally reached was
a majority of twelve votes for captain

Coates out of a total of 326 votes,
instead of the former poll of 2000."

"The title of 'Judge' was immediatel-
y conveyed to me by common consent
and it has followed me, as you see,
from the mountains to Dakota."

Arabs Fighting with Bashi-Bazouks.

A letter from the scene of warfare
with the False Prophet's rebels to the
London *News* says: I find that I am
the first correspondent who has reached
as far as Debbah, and this I have done
in a voyage from Dongola, in a little
dug-out, rigged up for a boat. The vil-
lage was destroyed long ago by the
Muda and there is now nothing but the fort
built, as all these facts are on the very
wood plan a fort can be, that of a
square. For the little garrison of
Bashi-Bazouks I have great respect.
Time after time it has been attacked,
and has successfully defeated the at-
tackers. The last time the Arabs had
recourse to strategy. They had their
fortifications very vigorously built a mile
off, meantime they crept silently into
the ditch and made the low position
where was the one gun of the fort.
One of them, however, fell off a cliff
by accident, and the garrison was at
once alarmed. Though it was dark
they could perceive thousands in the
ditch, and they opened a withering
fire upon them. The enemy, however,
succeeded in actually scaling the
walls of the gun and also the legs of
the Turkish commandant, who was
standing by, and a pall devil, gall
blower took place. At length the ene-
my was dragged within the ramparts.
Hundreds of Arabs were mowed down
in their desperate attempt to enter.
In some places they threw skins over
the walls, and this wall of over the
prickly apertures. At others, where
there was no ditch, but merely an abyss
against the wall, they mounted on
each other's shoulders. At one time
they actually succeeded in bursting
open a wicket near the gate, but all
who entered were caught in a rat trap.
They found themselves in an open
court from which there was no exit,
and they were mowed down merciless-
ly. For two hours did the assault
continue. At length the Arabs
having lost the greater part of their
number, retired. In these details
assaults by these Arabs are remem-
bered of the heroism of their ancestors,
the Saracens. The different points
where the besiegers made their attacks
were shown me. The ground