

CAPTURED AT SEA.

HOW TEN FRENCH CONVICTS TOOK POSSESSION OF A BRIG.

Sailing Five Hundred Miles with a Gang of Bloodthirsty Villains and a Narrow Escape from Death at the End of the Voyage.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.] The brig in which I shipped to make a voyage from Jamaica to Pernambuco and return, calling at Georgetown en route, was called The Little Queen. She was a trim, new craft, just out from England, and was commanded by one of the oldest mariners I ever saw in active service. His name was Rothsay, an Englishman, and he was hale and hearty at seventy-two years of age. It may be recorded as a curious thing that he was the only Englishman aboard of an English craft. Both mates, cook and all foremast hands were Americans, and three of the men were Cape Codders. The explanation was that we had been wrecked in a sugar vessel in the Caribbean sea and picked up and carried to Jamaica by a British steamer. There were nine of us all told as the brig left the island.

Georgetown, as you will see by the map, is on the north coast of Brazil, in the state or province of Guiana. A strip of territory 800 miles long by 500 broad is divided up among the British, Dutch and French, and the two latter have established penal colonies there. We reached Georgetown in due time and discharged a part of our cargo, and just as we were ready to sail we were notified that ten convicts from the French penal settlement of Cayenne had got away to sea in the yawl of a French merchantman. Little attention was paid to this notice, as such escapes were by no means rare, and when we began our run down the coast the incident passed out of our minds. One day at noon, when we were to the south of Cayenne and about forty miles off the coast, a man aloft discovered a ship's boat about two miles away and heading down across our course. As she was standing in from seaward our first impression was that she carried a shipwrecked crew. I had just come on watch when the boat was reported. As soon as I leveled the glass at her I detected the clothing of French convicts and counted an even ten men. The craft was under sail, but the breeze was light and the sea smooth. She was on our port quarter, and if we held on she would intercept us.

As soon as the captain was notified of the discovery he ordered the brig kept off four or five points, and then called the crew aft and notified them that if the convicts got aboard they would not hesitate at murder. Half a dozen muskets would have given us a powerful advantage, but there was not even a single barreled pistol in the brig. If it came to a fight we could only arm ourselves with capstan bars and belaying pins. We had hopes, however, of getting off without coming to close quarters. While the wind was light, we had all sail on the brig, and there was no question but that we could outlast the yawl. As soon as we shifted our helm the yawl raised a signal of distress and the convicts shouted in chorus. We paid no attention of course, and she swung into our wake about a quarter of a mile astern. They must have realized that we had established their identity, for half a dozen of them sprang up and shook their fists at us and roared like wild beasts. I got a plain view of the visages of three or four of the lot under the glass, and more villainous countenances I never saw. We were rapidly leaving them behind and congratulating ourselves on the fact, when the breeze began to puff and die, and in the course of a quarter of an hour it fell flat. When this occurred we heard a faint cheer from the convicts, and they shortly doosed their sail and put over two pairs of oars.

"It seems that we have got to fight for it after all," observed the captain after a look through the glass. Mr. Lenox, you will see the crew and hold them up to their work. The boat can only board us at the bows. See that the cook has a supply of hot water ready. Give every man an understanding that he must fight for his life."

A quarter of an hour later the yawl lay off our port quarter within speaking distance. Every man of the ten looked the villain. Only desperate men could have attacked and overpowered the guard and escaped as they did. There was neither a young nor an old face among them, but all were middle aged men. Some were in full convict uniform, while others had thrown away their jackets. Their leader was a short, stout man, so dark complexioned that he seemed to be a Spaniard, and as the boat drew near he stood up in the stern sheets and called out:

"Hello, captain! Why you run away from poor, shipwrecked sailors! Our ship go down off here [to the east] yesterday afternoon."

"I know you!" shouted Captain Rothsay in reply. "You are escaped convicts from Cayenne. If you attempt to board us you will find us well prepared!"

They could not know how well or how poorly armed we were, and we were nine to their ten.

"Yes, captain, you speak truly," said the leader after a brief consultation with his men. "We are convicts from Cayenne, but we are innocent men. We do not wish to board you. We have neither food nor drink, and we ask you in the name of humanity to supply us."

The captain consulted with me in regard to it. They must come alongside in order to receive supplies, and when they had once hooked on who could say what they might attempt? Besides, we had little or nothing to spare. They had been afloat five or six days and none of their faces exhibited evidences of suffering.

age, but intended to use the brig to make good their escape.

The first thing was to get rid of the dead bodies. They allowed us to sew them in canvas before they went overboard, and our wounded man was made comfortable. I fully expected that the lot of us would be turned adrift in their boat, but they had other plans. There was not a sailor among them, and they were compelled to keep us to navigate the brig. After the burial the leader said to us:

"We mean you no harm. We are desperate men and mean to make our escape. After we have been landed in some safe place you may sail away with your brig. If you try to deceive us we will show you no mercy."

I was further informed that I must act as captain and navigate the brig, and I was allowed to choose a mate from among my men. After that a council was held among the eight as to what place should be steered for. I brought them the charts from the cabin, and after a long debate it was decided to run for the Amazon river. The brig had only a week's supply of water and provisions for so many men, or they would perhaps have decided on the American coast. At 4 o'clock, just as they reached a decision, the wind breezed up, the yawl was taken aboard and I set the course for the big river, about 500 miles away. Just at sunset we rose a British man-of-war going up the coast. The convicts identified her at once, and as we would pass each other within a mile there was cause for excitement. They had helped themselves to our spare clothing and thrown away their own suits, but there were too many men on our decks for a small brig. All but three were sent below, and the leader of the gang said to me as he surveyed the approaching craft:

"You will show our colors and salute her. If she should hail us you know what to answer. You can betray us, but I will kill you if you do!"

The man-of-war crossed our course a mile away, and I dipped the ensign to her. We were only a peaceful trader in her eyes, and no one aboard gave us a second look or thought.

"You did well," said the convict, who was called Moran by his companions. "Deal honestly by us and we will be you." From the very first I had hoped that we might retake the brig, but the convicts would only trust us so far. The watches were so divided by order of Moran that our men were kept under arms to act as sentries. Moran and the second mate had quarters aft with me, while all others berthed forward. All of us were under constant surveillance, though decently treated, and no two of us were ever left alone together. If I had planned to run the brig into the port of Parahyba, down the coast, or headed up for Cayenne, they would have been too sharp for me. While none of them could take the wheel, they kept constant watch on the compass. They knew the course was south by west, and if the brig broke off a point they were quick to detect it.

The winds were light and variable, and it was the sixth day after our capture before we drew in with the coast. Moran's orders were to avoid Para by entering the north mouth, and when we were fairly in the river he told me their plan. I was to take them in the brig up as far as the mouth of the Xingu river, and they would then pull up the stream in the yawl and make for the diamond district. We were not above thirty miles into the river when we were obliged to come to anchor for the want of a breeze. I knew nothing whatever of the navigation of the stream, and had no chart of it, but Moran insisted that we should not take a pilot. About the time we anchored, the demeanor of the convicts seemed to change for the worse. They were very loudly in giving orders, and swaggered around in a fashion entirely new to them. It appeared also as if three or four of them were anxious to pick a quarrel with our men. That evening the second mate found opportunity to say to me:

"Depend upon it, Mr. Lenox, they never meant to stand to the bargain. I shouldn't be surprised if they were planning to cut our throats and scuttle the brig!"

I strongly suspected them of some evil intention, but nothing came of it that night. Next morning we had wind and tide in our favor, and at noon, when we anchored again, we had made twenty-five miles. Another twenty-five would take us to the mouth of the Xingu. Right away after dinner the yawl was lowered, and Moran began to outfit her. His manner to me was very brusque and quarrelsome, and I avoided him as much as possible. Whatever they thought could be made useful was placed in the boat, and they were rummaging about the whole afternoon. At about 6 o'clock Moran ordered all the old crew of the brig into the cabin. Every man of us at once realized that the climax was at hand, and acting in concert we made a sudden and furious attack. We got possession of two of the muskets and were making a good fight of it, though bound to be beaten in the end, when a Brazilian gunboat which was on her way up the river observed us, and she had grappled on before some of us saw her. Her presence put an end to the fight, of course. We had two men wounded, while we had killed one convict and wounded a second.

Our captors were neatly trapped, but they no sooner realized it than they claimed to be the real crew of the vessel and denounced us as convicts. They were so earnest and emphatic in their declarations that the commander of the gunboat was almost convinced. I destroyed their case, however, when I asked them for the captain's name, our port of call, the names of the different ropes and sails, etc. They were ironed and taken aboard the gunboat to be conveyed to Cayenne, while the brig was towed down to Para to be put through the legal forms necessary in such cases. The last time I saw Moran he said to me:

"Do you think we would have been such fools as to let you sail away with the brig? I meant to lock all of you in the cabin and then cut away her masts and scuttle her!"

"AFTERWARD."

How a Battlefield Appears to One of the Survivors. The beginning of a battle, unless brought on by accident, as it were, reminds one of mourners standing about an open grave in a cemetery waiting for the clouds of earth to fall upon the coffin. The cool, deliberate way in which troops are moved and batteries placed in position tries your nerve. Men speak to each other in subdued voices, and the commands of the officers are low and stern. A regiment is but a cog in one of the wheels; a division one of the dozen wheels of the great machine. You may now and then catch sight of the enemy as he also moves to the right or left or advances, or you may not see anything of him for an hour after the battle opens.

Your brigade is in battle line and has been waiting for an hour. There is a line of skirmishers down along the bush fringed creek, but you know it only because you see them go down across the field. A distant cheer comes floating over the wheat fields. Some commander has been addressing his troops. Five minutes later there is a pop! pop! pop! all along the skirmish line. The enemy is moving forward in battle line. The skirmishers are the gnats stinging the elephant. They kill and wound, but of what result is the death or disabling of fifty men out of a division? Now the field pieces open one after another. They are to the right on the hills, but you feel the earth trembling where you stand, and the crackle of musketry is absorbed in the roar of the rifled guns. You are pale faced; your chin quivers; your legs are strangely weak. You shout with relief as the enemy suddenly appears on the slope and you get the command to fire. The coming of night may end a battle which has raged along a front of ten miles from early morn. The enemy may have been beaten and drawn off. We may have been driven. If the going down of the sun and the coming of night has left victory undecided, there is a gradual dying away of the roar of the larger guns. The spiteful 6 and 9 pounders keep to their work for half an hour longer. Then you hear only the boom of a single gun, and the fire of muskets, which has been a continuous roar for long hours, slackens off and dies out until there is only a stiffling sputter, as from the wick of a candle touched with water. The night will not be entirely quiet. Here and there the pickets will fire into the darkness at intervals, and guns and troops will be moved to new positions.

But it is only after the battle—after both armies have abandoned the field—that you realize the horror of a struggle where 200,000 men have been engaged. From right to left flank is a distance of, say, nine miles. Both flanks were held by cavalry. The line ran through meadows, over flower fields, across woodlands and through the orchards surrounding farmhouses. Everywhere along this front are dead and wounded men, dead and wounded horses, dismounted guns, sabers, swords, muskets and accoutrements. Here in this hazel thicket a dozen mortally wounded men crawled away to die. Under the wild plum tree shading the waters of the brook are a score of wounded men, some of whom left trails of blood as they drew themselves along inch by inch to reach the water for which they thirsted as never before. There are dead men among the ripening wheat, on the sterile hills in the clover over which the honey bees are hovering, among the red and white hollyhocks of the farmer's garden.

The field is left to the hospital corps and the brigade detailed for burial duty. Field hospitals are erected here and there, and the wounded are gathered in. Blood drips from their wounds as they are carried along—blood on the grass, on the rocks and leaves and bushes—blood until you turn your eyes to the blue sky to forget its color. Men are carried past you who seem to be dead; others groan in agony; others still cry out and curse at the Samaritans of the battlefield.

And of the dead? Right here where they lie in winnows, some across each other, a brigadier tried to give order to our men as a wedge, and was almost wiped out of existence by grape-shot, canister and bullet. Farther to the left we find them only at intervals and not so near our lines. Over the hill and on each side of the dusty highway we come upon them by scores again. Here we had a battery, and half a brigade charged out of the woods to take it! Standing here you can see dead men dotting the ground to the very edge of the forest. The guns were turned upon them as soon as they appeared, and the fire was murderous. Here is where they were checked and shattered and driven back by the volleys of the infantry in support of the guns. If there were any wounded among the dead they have crawled away.

And here, just in the edge of the orchard, the earth is almost hidden by the dead and wounded. Men have carried water from the cool, deep well to the wounded—the dead await burial alone. Here was a hand-to-hand fight over two fieldpieces. Were they worth 300 lives? And as the guns limbered up and dashed off to a new position the iron shod feet of the excited horses were planted on the faces of dead men—on the breasts of men crying out with their wounds—and the heavy wheels followed after to grind human flesh into earth.

And now the long and shallow trenches have been dug on the hillside overlooked by peach trees, and we gather up the dead and the wounded assigned to us and place them side by side. There is only a brief search after identity—never a eulogy or a prayer over one. Friends in these trenches, foes in those over there. So let them be covered into sleep until the last trumpet calls. Known or unknown, what matters it to them? M. QUAD.

Mr. Labouchere's Point. An occasion on which Mr. Labouchere startled the house when he called Mr. Forster to account in a debate on Irish policy. Mr. Forster had been subjected to a severe cross examination by Lord John Manners and Sir Henry Wolff. Mr. Forster replied frankly to all questions submitted to him, but carefully refrained from making any fresh disclosures of criminal action on the part of the government. In the course of this debate Mr. Forster, in order to strengthen his own position, read extracts from a private letter which he had received from Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Labouchere was on his feet in an instant, amid loud cheers from the Liberal side, and asked whether it was in accordance with official usage for a gentleman who had left the cabinet to read a précis of a private communication made to him as a member of the cabinet by a member of the house of commons without the consent of his colleagues. This shot of Labouchere hit the bull's eye. Mr. Forster was silent, and Mr. Gladstone rose to his feet, declining to express any opinion whatever on his late chief secretary's conduct.—London Cor. New York World.

A Furious Snake. An intelligent Burman told me that a friend of his one day stumbled upon a nest of serpents, and immediately retreated, but the old female gave chase. The man fled with all speed over hill and dale, and terror seemed to add wings to his flight, till reaching a small river he plunged in, hoping he had then escaped this fiery enemy; but, lo! on reaching the opposite bank he reared the furious handmaid, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury his fangs into any trembling body. In utter despair he thought himself of his turban, and in a moment dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning, and for some moments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites, after which it returned quietly to its former haunts.—Thanatophidia.

A Strange Mania. A Kansas City man has a mania for killing rats. He sallies out at night with terriers and engages in the work with much enjoyment. He says he will not stop until he has killed 100,000 rodents.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY TRIES TO CHANGE SOME BEDSTEADS.

He Thinks He Knows All About It and Salls in Despite Mrs. Bowser's Entreaties, but the End Came at Last. No More for Bowser.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.] "When you go down in the morning I wish you'd do an errand for me," observed Mrs. Bowser as she looked up from the stocking she was darning. "What is it?" queried Mr. Bowser. "I want to change a couple of the bedsteads up stairs, and I want a man to come up from a furniture store."

"What's the matter with me doing the work? I haven't got anything particular to do for the next ten minutes. It's no use in fooling around a week to get somebody up here and pay him two dollars for a quarter of an hour's work. I'll do it and give you the two dollars."

"You are real good, Mr. Bowser, but it's hard work lugging bedsteads around, and you'll—"

"I'll get mad and blame you, you mean?" "Y—yes."

"Never made a bigger mistake in your life! You haven't seen me mad in ten years, and I'm not the sort of husband to blame my wife for what I do myself. What put such an absurd notion into your head?" "Hain't you just as soon send up a man?"

"Not if the court knows herself! I feel just like wrestling with something heavy, and I'll make the change before you can count a hundred."

"And you won't blame me?" "Blame you, my dear! When did I ever blame you for anything? And what can I blame you for, even if I was that sort of hypocrite?"

Mr. Bowser whistled a merry air as he took off his coat and cuffs and proceeded up stairs. The bedsteads were ready to be taken down and changed. The first thing was to remove the mattress. He seized it by the roots, as it were, gave it a flip and a twist, and landed it on the floor.

The idea of sending up a man! he exclaimed as he pushed up his sleeves and reached out for the springs. "And the idea of my getting mad about—"

The two foot slats fell down, the springs made a sudden dive and Mr. Bowser's shins brought up against something antique and hard. It was not a railroad sandwich. He stepped back and was about to begin a speech when Mrs. Bowser looked in and queried:

"How are you getting along, dear?" "Beautifully, and you can't help any!" he replied, as the red spread clear back to his collar button.

She retreated and he spat on his hands and surveyed the springs from six different directions. It finally and suddenly occurred to him to drop the other slats and let the springs fall to the floor, and he was rubbing his hands when Mrs. Bowser looked in again.

"Just a little scheme of my own," chuckled Mr. Bowser. "I think I could give some of these furniture men a pointer or two on handling bedsteads."

"Well, don't get all heated up, and don't lose your temper."

There are seventeen different ways to take down a bedstead. It was some time before Mr. Bowser discovered any of these ways. It suddenly flashed upon him that the ends of the rails lifted up. He lifted; no go. He tugged; something wobbled. He kicked; both ends of the rail came out at once, and without any particular object in view Mr. Bowser plunged forward and sprawled out on the mattress.

"Now, by the great horn spoon, but I will do somebody or something a mortal injury!" he howled as he kicked out in every direction. "The idea that a free born citizen of these United States can't take down an infernal old bedstead in his own house without being insulted and degraded is enough!"

cover all personal risks. Anybody looking for the mayor will also be accommodated. Come early and avoid the rush. First come first served.

HE CALLED.—Monday afternoon, hearing that the editor was out of town, General Ashburton, of Clinch Valley, called at the office intending to wreck things. He fondly expected to find the agricultural editor in charge and to hold a regular picnic, and he was considerably embarrassed when we stopped him with a couple of six shooters and asked him to re-



WE STOPPED HIM WITH A COUPLE OF SIX SHOOTERS.

new his subscription. We don't think he had the slightest idea of subscribing to THE KICKER for another year, as he is not at all literary, but under the circumstances he laid down two dollars and backed out of the shop as gracefully as a dancing master. The general is looking particularly well this spring, and we understand that his crops promise big results. We shall always be pleased to have him call.

HE WAS LOOKING.—On the same afternoon, and soon after the general's departure, Ben Williams, bad man, came our way looking for the mayor. He was drunk Saturday evening, and his honor took his gun away for fear of accident. Bad man felt that he had been degraded. Wanted to wipe out the insult in blood. Wanted to do it right away. Stood before us and shrieked for gore. The horse editor (who is ourself) had him licked in two minutes by the office clock. He had only one dollar in cash in his wallet. We took that and credited him with six months' subscription to the best weekly paper in the world. Bad man went away declaring that he loved us. Next!

IN POOR LUCK.—Tuesday morning we received a telegram from the editor saying, "Make things red hot this week." While the horse business is our specialty, we can slash around on most any line to the extent of a column or two. We strapped on our guns and took a walk to see what could be done to gladden the heart of our chief. When in front of the postoffice we met Dave Smiley. Dave has often declared that he would perish before he would subscribe to THE KICKER. We intended to get the drop on him, but he was up to snuff and got the first shot. Indeed, he did all the shooting. When we came to draw we found our cartridges and used them to ornament a display line in an auction bin. Dave got two bullets through our hat and then bolted. We are no runner. We are a horse editor with a stiff knee, and now and then one of our victims escapes. If Mr. Smiley will give us a fair show we'll wager \$100 to \$25 that we'll either have his name on the books or his body in the editor's private graveyard.

IN PERFECT ORDER.—The editor of THE KICKER left rather hurriedly Monday morning, and we turned to and had everything in perfect shape within an hour. Members of the vigilance committee wanting the rope and our assistance will give the usual signal on the alley window. The editor of our contemporary need not feel at all put out, but can shoot at us with the same perfect freedom that has been accorded him for the last year. We have the riot act where we can put our hand on it at a moment's notice, and any one wanting a bad man disarmed and led out of town by the ear will give the usual four knocks on the front door.

CARL DUNDER.

Signing Your Name Isn't Always a Safe Process.

"Good morning, sergeant," saluted Mr. Dunder as he went down to see his friend, the fat police sergeant, the other day. "Good morning, Mr. Dunder. You are looking well this morning."

"Sergeant, I don't feel so good in six months before—ha, ha, ha!"

"Anything happened?" "I should a-hinckle dot she has! Do you see dot five dollar greenback?"

"Yes, I see it. Did you give a ten dollar gold piece for it?" "Sergeant, don't apeak like dot to me. A long time ago I vhas some greenhorns

"IT WAS A NOTE OF \$300 FOR SIXTY DAYS!" and esaferybody beats me all der time, but I cut off my eyeetech last fall. Doan't you believe I vhas no haystack any more. I win dot five dollar on a bet."

"Of course she vhas possible. Two mens come in my place der odder day und haf a glass of beer. By und by one of dem says to me: 'Mr. Dunder, why doan't you go by some writing school und learn how to write your name in English!'"

"I do write him in English," I said. "I doan't like to dispute you, but I bet you five dollar you can't."

"Of course, I does peesness mit der Third National." "Well, you have indorsed a note for somebody. That bet was a trick to get your name on the back of it."

"No! Doan't apeak like dot to me!" "Better go right up there as quick as you can and see about it. If you have time come back and tell me the news."

Mr. Dunder was absent twenty minutes. When he returned, his face was as pale as death and his chin shaking. As he sank into a chair the sergeant queried:

"Well, how was it?" "It was a note of \$300 for sixty days!" "Humph! Mr. Dunder, how often have I warned you?"

"Sergeant!" interrupted Mr. Dunder, as he rose up, "it vhas no use to speak to me! I vhas five years in America und I doan't catch on. Nothing vhas two times alike, und esaferybody vhas full of tricks. Mebbe you like to do me a favor?"

"Always glad to accommodate. What is it?" "It vhas shudst a leedle thing. When dot coroner finds me hanging by der neck und takes me down I like you to say to der jury dot I vhas too innocent und confiding for dis wicked world, und dot I believe it vhas better I make dot change of location. Goodby, old mans, und mebbe you sometimes visit my grave und see dot I vhas kept green."

Uncle Jim Was Left Out. A colored boy about twelve years old came into the warehouse slapping his bare feet on the floor, and the old man, who had a bale of cotton on a truck, lowered it and turned to ask:

"Cashus, has yo' dun bin to de poss-offs?" "Yes, sah."

"What's de mail?" "Didn't dun git no mail."

"What! Did yo' inqur' fur Moses Washington White?" "Yes, sah."

"An fur de ole woman?" "Yes, sah."

"An fur Miss Evangeline White?" "Yep."

"An fur Miss Louisa White?" "Yep."

"Boy! Doan't yo' practice no foolishness wid me! Did yo' inqur' if dar' was any lettah fur my brudder Dan?" "I did, sah."

"An my sister Linda?" "Yes, sah."

"An did de possmaster dun look?" "He did."

"Didn't git no letters nor papers?" "Nuffin' tall, sah."

"Did yo' dun inqur' in a loud voice?" "Yes."

"Wasn't in a hurry 'bout it?" "No, sah."

"Wall, dat's powerful curus. Boy, look-a-heah! Did yo' dun ax dat possifiss if dar' was a lettah fur my ole Uncle Jim?" "N-no, sah."

"Hui Yo' didn't! Dat 'splains de hull bizness c'lar as noonday! All dem lettah has bin put in dat pigeonhole fur Uncle Jim, an yo' git right down dar like a streak o' grease an furnish dat possifiss wid sich an egotistical c'ircumashun as will dissipate dem fo'teen lettahs right up heah to me befo' dat clock strikes 'leben times!"

A Failure at the Falls. We were within twenty miles of Niagara Falls when the man occupying the third seat ahead with his wife came back to me to ask:

"Stranger, have you ever been at the falls to look around any?" "Yes; several times."

"Wutts the money, is it?" "I think so."

"There's a place there they call Prospect pint, I hear?" "Yes."

"It's right down where the water biles over the falls?" "Yes, sir."

"Wall, look a-ber, he continued as he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, "is it true that if any one stands there for a few minutes looking at the water he feels that he must jump over?"

"It affects some people that way, I believe."

"Does it affect women folks the same as men?" "Very likely."

"It would affect a woman of fifty, wouldn't it?" "I should think so."

"So should I. That's all, and I'm much obliged."

He rejoined his wife, who appeared to be about fifty years old, and we got off together at the Falls. Late in the afternoon met the man alone in the park, and after some general conversation I asked how the view from the point had affected his wife.

"It was a dead failure," he whispered, as he looked around to see if any one else was within hearing.

"How do you mean?" "She stood right up there as stiff as a poker for more'n half an hour and watched that bilin and never jumped nor wanted to jump!"

M. QUAD.

Incongruous. Critics marvel at the incongruity displayed by modern authors, but matters were not better of old. For instance, it is said that Brahman was once engaged in the representation of a lyric drama, when, clad in evening dress, white tie, spotless gloves and bearing a crush hat, he advanced to the footlights and said:

"Here I am, wandering in the midst of a primeval forest. Alas, how terrible! But what is this I see before me? A grand pig-nose! Thank fortune! This will beguile the heavy mortals until a ship arrives to rescue me!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Sensible Girl. He (timidly)—Now that we are engaged, I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I? She (encouragingly)—Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear. There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know.—New York Weekly.

Willing to Work. Mr. Bullion—Huh! Want to marry my daughter, eh? What do you expect to do for a living? Tell me that. Mr. Poorchapp—Well—I—I was thinking you might—er—need a confidential assistant to help clip coupons.—Exchange.

The Good Thing About Him. Fogg—Oh, you are too hard on Filimley. He has his faults, but there is one good thing about him. Brown—And pray, what is that? Fogg—He—I can't recall it just at this moment.—Exchange.

A Dark Mystery. Good Little Boy—Does majority rule in this country? Father—Indeed it does. Good Little Boy—Then how does it happen that one bad little boy can get all us good little boys into so much mischief? Good News.