

The San Francisco Chronicle opines that the cultivation of a peaceful disposition is not calculated to inspire respect in such countries as Chile. "Had we been as truculent in our dealings with fifth-rate countries as England," it believes, "the Chileans would not be speaking of the Yankees and their navy with contempt."

If the Prince of Wales persists in his reported intention of marrying his children into English families, observes the San Francisco Examiner, he will give his house a new lease of popularity that it needs. Albert Victor, the heir presumptive, is to marry Princess Mary of Teck, who is practically an English girl. His brother, Prince George, is said to be engaged to the daughter of an English Duke. The eldest daughter is the wife of the Duke of Fife, and it is reported that the second daughter is to marry an English nobleman. The British nation has shown a good deal of irritation at the marriage of Queen Victoria's children to the little royalty of Germany. In the brave old days when England was made, Englishmen and English women were good enough for royal blood to mate with, and the English people appear to believe that the policy is a good one today.

The New York News remarks: "It is stated that the estate of the late President Grevy, of the French Republic, is inventoried at more than a million, in which case it is much larger than that of any non-royal executive who has held office in that country. The present President of France, Carnot, is a poor man, probably as poor as President Harrison. It is a remarkable fact that the chief executives of republics are seldom men of large property. In our own country, Washington, our first President, was a richer man than any of his successors have been. The two Adamses were men of small means. Jefferson was embarrassed for money, and Madison was little better off. Monroe broke down peculiarly. Jackson was poor, Van Buren had a small property, and General Harrison, grandfather of the present incumbent, was in very straightened circumstances. So were Tyler and Polk. General Taylor, when chosen President, had nothing but his army pay. Filmore's estate, which has lately been settled up at Buffalo, was small, although it was increased after he left office. Pierce and Buchanan had each a good house and land at home, but very little income. Lincoln was poor, and so were Johnson, Grant, Hayes and Garfield—all strugglers for a livelihood. Arthur lived well, but accumulated nothing. Cleveland and Harrison were both poor when elected. In the whole list there is not a man of wealth."

The frequent robberies of trains carrying the United mails by armed highwaymen have, according to the New York Sun, alarmed the Postoffice authorities. More startling than any of the recent robberies in Texas, Colorado, and Wyoming, was the "holding up" of a postal conveyance in a street in Chicago recently when registered matter valued at \$1700 was stolen. Forty-eight stage coaches transporting letters were attacked during the last fiscal year. Until recently the robbing of a stage bearing the mails was a rare occurrence in the Southern States, such depredations being confined almost wholly to the wild West, where settlements were sparse and outlaws numerous. Within the twelvemonths ended June 30, seventeen coaches were held up and pillaged in the South; twenty-eight in the West, two in the Middle States, and one in New England. Eight hundred and sixty-eight postoffices were robbed by burglars during the year. It has been discovered that in many cases the gangs of thieves operated under directions from a chief at headquarters in one big city or another. New York appears to be the centre for the business. As a rule, the robbers attack postoffices far distant from their headquarters, where they meet at intervals and divide the plunder. They are equipped with appliances for breaking into the strongest buildings, frequently employing explosives, cracking safes by the most expert methods, and not hesitating to resort to murder on occasions. No wonder that the inspectors of the department, when they met in Washington a fortnight ago, strongly recommended that increased rewards be offered for the capture of such criminals.

"LOVE IS ETERNAL"

Love is eternal! so she sings,  
And the lute breathes forth a sigh;  
Lightly her fingers touch the strings,  
Softly the echoes die,  
But just as long as the wind has wings  
Will the low plaint go where the breezes  
blow,  
And banish the cares that the rude world  
brings.  
Love is eternal! sweet the strain,  
Tender the words of the song;  
Across the vale, the grassy plain,  
The twilight shadows throng;  
And just as long as the stars shall reign,  
When fair castles rise in the sunset skies,  
Will the sound of her voice come back again.  
—Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Bazar.

ROSIE'S CASE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.



SQUIRE BARLOW was fast asleep in his office, his head resting on his desk. He was excusable for sleeping. He was well advanced in life, the day was a hot one, and he had tired his brain in an effort to untangle the accounts of township assessor.

"Hullo, Squire," some one said.

"Hullo, yourself," cried the Squire, flinging up his head, rubbing his eyes and adjusting his glasses.

His visitor was a sturdy, brown-faced girl of fourteen, with fluffy, black hair, bright eyes, and a resolute mouth. She was very self-contained in her manner, and, while there was no resentment in her composition, it was evident that she was one who would stand up for her rights.

"What do you want?" asked the Squire.

"Law," was the crisp reply, whereupon the Squire struggled to repress a smile.

"I want my pony!" the girl added.

"Your pony?" repeated the Squire.

"I haven't got your pony. Why do you come to me?"

"You're the Squire, are you not?" the girl asked.

"My pony was stolen last fall. The gypsies have her in their camp at Cove Creek. I saw her there this morning."

Squire Barlow suddenly became interested in the face, voice and positive ways of his young visitor.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosie Watson, sir," she said.

"O, you are the blacksmith's daughter," observed the Squire. "Yes, I remember you now. Well, why didn't your father come?"

"It's my pony," the girl said. "And my—my—case."

"Yes," admitted the Squire. He laughed softly to himself, spread out his official docket, and made a few entries.

"You saw your pony this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. At Cove Creek, by the covered bridge, just outside the gypsy camp. She was grazing on the banks of the stream," stated Rosie.

"Ponies may look very much alike," suggested the Squire.

"Ab, but I'd know Dollie among a thousand ponies," declared Rosie, her brown face aglow. "She's a dark bay, with black points, a star on her forehead, white fetlocks, and a faint dash of white on her breast."

The Squire was busy writing. He stopped and read aloud to her the complaint and the description.

"Can you add anything?" asked Rosie.

"Why, of course, little dear," replied the Squire, in his fatherly way.

"Then add," suggested Rosie, "that the pony is ten hands high."

That was promptly interlined, and then the Squire gravely asked: "Rose can you swear that you know the pony to be yours, and that you believe the gypsies have her?"

"Yes, sir, I can," Rosie said determinedly, and without a moment's hesitation.

"Take this book," the Squire said. "It is the Holy Bible. Suppose you swore to what is not true?"

"I would be a perjurer," was Rosie's answer.

"And what would be the consequence?"

"My soul would be lost, unless God forgave me the dreadful sin."

"Yes, child," the Squire said, with moistened eyes. "You seem to know what you are about."

He administered the oath, and then said "Kiss the book."

She looked at him with a wondering glance, and then pressed her lips to the book in an awed, reverential manner.

"What will it cost?" she asked, in her matter-of-fact way.

"Don't bother your head about the cost," the Squire said. "Wait a bit," he added, seeing that she was about to go. He hurriedly filled up a blank summons, folded it, handed it to her and said: "I suppose you know where Constable Finn lives?"

"O, yes," replied Rosie.

"Take that to him at once," the Squire said. "It is a warrant for the head gypsy's arrest. The hearing will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon. As you are the complainant, you must be present at that hour."

The time and circumstances of the hearing were noised about the village, and when 2 o'clock came, the Squire's

office was crowded. The gypsy sat on a rough bench, with an unlighted clay pipe in his mouth. He was dirty, unshaven, sullen-looking. He did not wear a vest, and his corduroy breeches were fastened at the waist by a greasy leathern belt, behind which the haft of a knife was visible.

"The plaintiff here, this little girl, claims that you have a pony which belongs to her," Squire Barlow said, his eyes on the gypsy, who replied:

"She hasn't any claim on it. It is mine."

"Where did you get the pony?" asked the Squire.

"I bought her in Michigan," said the man.

"When?"

"Three years ago."

It was such a bold lie that Rosie's face flamed with indignation.

"She gives a very minute description of the pony," reminded the Squire.

"There are plenty of dark bay ponies, ten hands high, and slashed with white," was the man's dogged reply. "Anybody could look at her across a fence and then describe her," he added with a grin.

"The girl must bring better proof before I'll surrender the pony."

Rosie looked out of the rear window of the Squire's office, and saw a small pasture lot close by. Her face fairly beamed with an idea that occurred to her.

"Squire Barlow," she asked, her strong voice filling the room, "to whose satisfaction must I prove that the pony is mine? To that man's satisfaction, or to yours?"

"To the satisfaction of the court," decided the Squire with a broad smile.

"All right," Rosie exclaimed with a quick, pleased gesture. "Make out another warrant."

"For whom?" asked the Squire.

"For Dollie," replied Rosie.

"Oh, you want the pony arrested, eh?" asked the Squire, whereupon everybody laughed.

"I want her brought here and turned into this pasture lot," pointing out the window. "I'll prove that she is my pony against all comers and goers."

The Squire caught a glimpse of her purpose.

"Constable Finn," bring the pony here," he ordered.

Rosie beckoned the constable to her and whispered to him: "Mr. Finn, stop at the house and get my riding whip. We are going to have a circus."

In half an hour Constable Finn appeared with the pony, and the court adjourned to the pasture lot.

"Poor Dollie, how she has been abused!" Rosie said with a vibrating voice, her tears very near. "Mr. Finn, hand me my whip, and then turn the pony loose."

The pony scampered across the lot and then returned. Rosie stood still, the whip in her hand, all eyes resting upon her. "Here, Dollie," she cried. "Come here, Dollie!"

The pony flung up her head, looked at Rosie, whinnied her delight, and then walked up to her and poked her in the ribs with her nose.

"Do you love me, Dollie?" she asked.

The pony nodded her head.

"How much do you love me?" Rosie asked.

The pony made no response.

"How much do you love me?" Rosie sharply repeated, with a peculiar movement of her whip.

The pony kissed her by touching her cheek with her nose.

Rosie was so overcome that she flung her arms around the pony's neck and laughed and cried hysterically. More than one sturdy man drew his sleeve across his eyes. The gypsy started at the experiments, his swarthy face growing darker.

"Kneel, Dollie," ordered Rosie as she swayed her whip.

Down went the pony on her knees.

"Sit up," cried Rosie.

In a moment more the pony was on her haunches.

"Shake hands, my lady."

The pony thrust out one foot.

"Now pray."

In response to that, the intelligent animal folded her front legs, rested her head upon them, and looked comically demure.

"Get up," was the next order.

When the pony was on all fours again, Rosie struck her lightly on the foot.

"Why, you poor child, you!" she commiseratingly said. "You are dreadfully lame!"

The pony limped around, bobbed her head and looked so dejected that everybody laughed except the gypsy. Constable Finn grinned at him, and said sarcastically:

"You must a-spent a power o' time learnin' the pony all that are."

The gypsy muttered something under his breath, a baleful look in his eye.

"Go away!" Rosie angrily cried to the pony, with a flit of the whip.

The pony ran to the rear of the pasture lot, and then came back at a fearful rate of speed, her mane streaming, her jaws apart, her teeth gleaming.

"Look out, girl!" several of the spectators cried in alarm.

Rosie felt no dismay. She stood still, her arms folded, her whip in her hand. The pony did not run her down, but stopped directly in front of her, and whinnied, and thrust out her head to be caressed.

"Mr. Finn," Rosie said, "please cover my pony's eyes, so that she can't see."

The constable did so, while Rosie

walked to the fence and dropped her handkerchief. Then she came back and stroked the pony's nose.

"Dollie," she said, in a tone of deep concern, and she passed the whip three times in front of her, "I have lost my handkerchief." The pony snuffed about her dress. "It isn't in my pocket," Rosie said. "I must have dropped it somewhere. Go look for it."

The pony went around the lot, found the handkerchief, picked it up, and brought it to her young mistress.

"Is the court satisfied," asked Rosie, a quizzical look on her face.

"The court is satisfied," Squire Barlow said. "In fact the court is overwhelmed. Rosie Watson, the pony belongs to you. Take her home, she is entirely too smart."

"But ain't I to be compensated in any way?" asked the gypsy, with a fierce scowl.

"You are getting off cheaply enough as it is," was the Squire's comment.

"You ought to be glad that she did not charge you with stealing the pony."

"Well, I'm going to give the pony good-by, anyhow," the man said.

He stepped quickly up to the pony, grasped the halter and pressed closely to her.

But Rosie had her eyes about her. She gave a loud scream, and dealt the pony a stinging blow on the nose. The animal sprang back and the gypsy fell flat on his face. When he rose to his feet, he had an ugly knife in his hand.

"The coward was going to kill my pony," cried Rosie, in terror.

Steatly built though the miscreant was, Constable Finn seized him by the collar and shook him until his teeth chattered. The crowd surged down upon the gypsy, to do him further harm, but Squire Barlow interfered.

"Look here, you scoundrel, he said in a great rage, "if you are not out of the township in half an hour, your whole gang, bag and baggage, lock, stock and barrel, you'll find yourself in the county prison. Now be sharp!"

The gypsy sneaked sullenly away, Constable Finn following closely at his heels.

The bystanders congratulated Rosie, and cheered her heartily as she vaulted unaided upon the bare back of the pony and rode home with it. For weeks Rosie's case before the Squire was a topic of conversation.—Yankee Blade.

The Lost Chord.

The curtain was down, the house was empty, the last few patrons were struggling out of the California Theatre and all the lights were out.

Chief Usher Williams was coming down the main staircase when a figure darted past him in the gloom.

"Where are you going?" he called, and he grabbed the stranger by the coat tails.

The man struggled madly, but never uttered a sound.

"Where are you going to?" again asked Williams. "Don't you know the show is over and we're locking up the house?" and he dragged the man down a few steps into the light of the lobby.

Meanwhile the intruder gesticulated wildly, and his eyes rolled like marbles and he hissed at Williams like a snake.

Suddenly he bent over to the usher.

"I lost my voice," said he in an almost inaudible whisper; "left it upstairs. Goin' up to find it."

Williams gaped in amazement, let go his grip on the man and followed him upstairs.

After a few moments' rummaging among the seats the stranger stooped down and picked up something.

"Found your voice yet?" called Williams.

"Yes. I'm all right now!"

The chief usher nearly dropped. The voiceless stranger spoke with all the metallic resonance of a bassoon.

"What the dickens is your voice made of, anyhow?" he asked, as he piloted the stranger downstairs.

"Silver!" replied he in the same stentorian tone. "See; here it is. I must have jerked it out with laughing, and I never missed it till I got outside."

He pointed to an orifice at the side of his throat. The metal lips of a canula were gleaming there. Without the metal tube he was silent as the mummy of Rameses II of Egypt.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Famous Maine Mansion.

The old Pepperell mansion at Kittery Point, Me., built over 200 years ago, has probably sheltered more famous people than any other house on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of Mount Vernon and Monticello. The house was built by the first William Pepperell, a great merchant and ship-builder of his time, who accumulated vast wealth by trade, and his mansion reflected the extent of his means. Facing the sea and surrounded by a great park where herds of deer disported, the old mansion was a delightful place of residence. The famous Sir William Pepperell, son of the builder, enlarged and adorned the mansion at the time of his marriage, in 1734. This William Pepperell, the only American baronet, was a remarkable man. He was the richest man in the colonies, and had at times as many as 200 vessels afloat. He was a successful General, and was seen at Louisburg, and his political influence was very great.—New York Sun.

A Kentucky paper tells of seven ears of corn, each weighing a pound, that grew on one stalk.

REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE

DUTIES OF NAVAL ASSISTANTS TO THE TREASURY.

They Must Prevent Smuggling Along the Coast, Assist Vessels in Distress and Uphold Our Laws on the Seas.

The revenue cutter service is the navy of the Treasury. Except in time of war it is under the immediate control of the Secretary of the Treasury, and its officers receive all orders through him. In time of war the cutters co-operate with the naval vessels and are then under the control of the Secretary of the Navy.

In time of peace, the revenue cutters put the Custom House officers on board incoming vessels, see that no smuggling occurs along the coast, and cruise off shore to give assistance to vessels in distress, and to save life and property from shipwrecks. Besides these specific duties, cutters may be, and are, ordered on special service, from time to time. The first vessel to enter the Arctic circle in search of the ill-fated Jeanette, was a revenue cutter, and for several years past the protection of the seals in Alaskan waters has been an important duty of the revenue marine service.

The number of men and boys enlisted in the revenue marine is from 800 to 1000, and the vessels are literally scattered round the coast, from Maine to California. Of the forty vessels which comprise the fleet a large number are, like the Chandler and the Washington, at the disposal of the Collectors of Customs at the several ports, and are chiefly concerned with the enforcement of the custom regulations and the transport of custom officers. Occasionally the routine is varied by a trip down the bay to receive some distinguished visitor and bring him ashore as a Government compliment.

A different class of vessels altogether are the cruising cutters. They are good sailors as well as good steamers, and are mainly rigged as fore-and-aft and top-sail schooners, although there are two or three barcs among them. These are the cutters that have been trying to uphold the United States laws in Behring Sea, and that from the first day of December every year until the first day of the following April act as life-savers along the Atlantic coast. They are all armed vessels, and the men who serve on board them have to submit to a discipline as strict as that of a man-of-war.

The battery of the cruising cutters consists of from one to four guns. Up to a recent date they were old twenty-four-pound howitzers, but these are now being superseded by three-inch rifles. In addition they carry a full supply of cutlasses and small arms, in the use of which the men are drilled as in the navy. Under steam the cruising cutters have a maximum speed of twelve knots an hour, and in size they vary from the Dallas, the smallest, 179 tons measurement, to the Colfax, 369 tons.

Eight of these vessels are ordered on life-saving and patrol service along the North Atlantic coast in the winter cruising from Eastport, Me., to Georgetown, S. C. They are supposed to keep the sea all the time except when it is absolutely necessary to come into port with shipwrecked sailors or for supplies. When cruising they hug the coast as close as safety will permit, and during the day there are three look-outs stationed, who survey the horizon through powerful marine glasses for any sign of a vessel in distress. A surf boat is carried for the purpose of taking off men from vessels which have gone ashore in the surf. To each cutter is furnished an ice breaker at her bow consisting of a plate of W-shaped half-inch iron to enable her to cut a channel to ships frozen in, so as to tow them out.

Each cruiser has on board medical stores, provisions, clothing, etc., for the relief of the distressed vessels and mariners. When a cutter had succeeded in saving a vessel by towing her to a place of safety, a charge is made against the vessel for the value of the assistance rendered, which the the captain or owners have to pay to the Collector of the Port where the cutter has its headquarters.

It is off the coast of Maine that the marine revenue sailor has his hands full. The number of vessels to which the revenue cruisers afford assistance on this coast during the winter months seldom falls below 800, while it often touches the 900 mark. The number of fishing boats owned in Maine has a great deal to say to this state of things, as they are forever getting "nipped" in the ice and lost on reefs that cannot be seen from the life-saving stations on the beach, and which are out of the track of passing steamers.

The number of person saved from a watery grave by the cutters is over 4000 annually, and yet no one ever hears of the gallant deeds of the men who save them.—New York News.

To Prevent Frozen Feet.

In cold weather, says an authority, never wear a woolen stocking inside a tight shoe. To do it is to invite frozen feet. The wool grows damp and clammy from insensible perspiration and the shoe pinches the blood vessels into sluggish torpor. Betwixt them you have a frozen foot almost before you know it. Much better put a thin, lisle-thread or cotton stocking next to the foot and draw the woolen one on outside the shoe. With articles over the stockings you can defy Jack Frost if you are shod like Cinderella herself.—Chicago News.