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THE OUTLAW:
—OR,—
The Female Bandit.
A STORY OF THE ROBBERS OF THE APENNINES.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[*Continued.*]

THE FOILED ASSASSIN.

It was a soft autumnal evening in Parma. The summer lingers long in the valley of this sweet land, and winter, which in our climate puts on such garments of frosty hue and chills the vegetation so early, only briefly visits this more favored region. The pale moon lay lovingly over the palace gardens of Count Fialto, which still bloomed in all the freshness of summer. The fine white marble walls of the grand structure were intensified by the amber light that fell all over and about them, almost extinguishing the pretentious glow of the lights that blazed from the windows.

In the graceful and vine clad arbor that ended the long perspective reaching for three hundred feet from the palace to the far end of the richly cultivated grounds, there sat alone one, who had of late loved solitude, though young and beautiful, with every surrounding of gay life. Still Nina Fialto had too much to think about, too much of which she could not speak to others, not to improve such occasional opportunities for sad musings. Her 'heart was in the highlands' now—away among those half inaccessible passes of the Apennines. She was thinking of Alfonzo Mataloni, the proscribed outlaw, but yet her dearly loved idol.

Her young heart was saddened almost to breaking, for what possible hope could she in reason find? Was he not the enemy of the government—was he not an outcast, upon whose head a price was set—was he not entirely without the pale of society—in a word was he not a robber? She sighed bitterly, and reviewed the strange story which revealed him still to be her cousin! The few last months had seemed to give her years of experience, and in them she fancied she must really have grown old. Alas! how sadness lengthens time. How daringly it will frost both heart and head with its indelible fingers!

She felt how hopeless was her love for Alfonzo, but she also felt that let him be what he might, she would love him still. It was easy for her to excuse to a great degree the life he led, knowing all that was familiar with. Fate had placed him there, but fate had not robbed him of the nobleness of heart which was native to him. She still felt his brow to tell its own story of manliness, bravery and chivalric purpose. It was as well known in Parma that Alfonzo was nearly worshipped by the peasantry of the valley, as it was realized how strong in power he was in his own mountain fastness. Nina was not child enough to believe him blameless in the wild life he had chosen, but she saw it all in a far different light from others.

As she sat thus musing, entirely lost to all outward circumstances, there might have been seen the figure of a man stealthily scaling the high wall of the lower part of the palace gardens. He drew up after him the rope ladder with which he had ascended the outer side, and fixing it on the inner ledge, quietly descended into the garden within twenty feet of the spot where Nina sat. She heard him not, indeed, she heard nor saw no external object; her mind's eye was too far away—too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the panorama unrolling in her heart. The figure crept stealthily forward until it reached the side of the arbor, and then looking in through the lattice work, regarded the beautiful form and face of the dreaming girl.

Stealthily the new comer crept round to the entrance, and then suddenly, almost with a bound, he was by Nina's side, and his quick hand placed over her lips smothered the effort at a shriek of fear.

'Hold! Nina Fialto, said the Prince Carrafa, for it was he had thus assassin-like entered the palace gardens. Hold! I am desperate, determined—utter but one cry of alarm and this stiletto shall silence you forever after. Sit down again and listen to me!'

'Why do you seek me in this unprecedented manner? What means this rudeness?' she asked, as she struggled to release her arm from his iron grasp.

'My love—passion, if you will, for you have half crazed me, Nina, and now I am resolved to say that to you which could only be communicated in such a place as this.'

'You amaze and frighten me; let us return to the reception hall at once.'

'No! here and here alone will I speak—I have watched for this opportunity. You know that within the palace you avoid me, openly, pointedly slight my attention. Here I will be heard.

'Prince, you are heated with wine. I pray you release my arm, we will to the palace.

'It is not wine that has heated me, but passion. Sit still and listen to me.' As he said this he placed himself immediately before the door where he could prevent her egress in any instant.

'With what patience can I listen to thee thus?' she asked, indignantly.

'You will listen, nevertheless, he said, taunt ingly, and still retaining his grasp upon her arm.

'You love this outlaw, Mataloni. I have learned all by the current of circumstances. You would even disgrace yourself by marrying this robber chief, and in place of thanking me for releasing you from the prison in the mountain, both you and your infatuated uncle give me cold looks and some formal words. Think you I would thus have run the risk of my life, had I not loved you, and think you a Carrafa is this to be foiled in his purpose? Our blood is royal, far, far above thine, girl. Yet I would share all with thee, would be thy lasting love and husband, thy willing slave. Nina, hear what I say.'

'What avails this useless talk? I can never regard thee as other than I now do. You have no right to catechize me as to my affection for another.'

'I knew thee first, Nina, and paid thee court before this robber chief saw thee at all. I had a prior claim, and I am not one to be thus thwarted.'

'Let me pass, sir. I will not listen longer.'

'Not yet, Nina Fialto. Before we part you must swear not to marry this man.'

'I will promise nothing.'

'I had rather see thee dead, ay, be thy executioner myself, than live to see another possess thee. Swear then, Nina, that you will not marry this outlaw.'

'I will not.'

'Beware!' said the prince, hoarsely, while his eyes glowed with passion.'

'I will promise nothing,' repeated Nina, stoutly, at the same time struggling to escape from the firm grasp he retained upon her arm.

'Thy fate be on thine own head, then,' said the villian, as he raised his dagger to strike her to the heart. Her struggles for a moment disconcerted him, and her cry rang out clear upon the night.

The next instant the dagger was wrested from his grasp, and its bright blade buried to the very hilt in his body! while Nina, with a cry fell insensible into the arms of him who had thus opportunely rescued her from the grasp of the would be assassin. He laid Nina upon the broad bench that formed the seat of the arbor, and hastened to a fountain hard by, returned with cool water which he sprinkled over her temples and face and soon saw her revive once more. Faint and weak in the extreme, she yet threw one arm about his neck tenderly, and whispered, half aloud:

'Alfonzo, dear Alfonzo, is it to you I again owe my life?'

'It seems incredible that this villian should have dared to attempt your life, but now, fair one, there is but one course to pursue. You must keep secret this occurrence, inasmuch as no evidence would convince the public that I had assassinated him with mercenary intent, in place of struggling simply to save your life.'

'I see it all, dear Alfonzo.'

'Then hasten within, and keep your own counsel. I have waited for hours to gain this much coveted meeting with you—but now I must not lose one moment, first in taking care of this body; and secondly in quitting Parma as quickly as possible.'

'Alas! must this be even so,' sighed Nina.

'We will hope for a happier time, dearest, but for the present, farewell. As he spoke he pressed a tender kiss upon her forehead, the first that had ever been permitted—and she bounded up the pathway, and disappeared within the palace.

A moment's consideration convinced the outlaw that to leave the body of the prince here within the garden walls, would be to betray the whole affair, but to remove it beyond the high wall seemed entirely out of the question. He had scaled the wall himself with perfect ease, but he could not do this with the weight of another person in his arms. Besides this the delay that would be necessary to transport so large a body over the walls, would lead to certain exposure. He finally surveyed the inner wall as near to the palace door as he thought prudent, and fortunately found a door with the key on the inside though locked.

For a person of his powerful physical strength to bear the body of the prince to a convenient spot without the gardens, was but a few moments' labor, and this he instantly accomplished, leaving the body with the prince's own stiletto by its side. Then hastening from the spot, he improved those facilities which he always had at hand, for reaching as quickly as might be his mountain fastness. Nor was he one moment too soon, for in an hour later, all the police force of Parma were on the alert, the prince's body having been found almost immediately after Alfonzo had left it. At first there was not the most distant clue to be had as to the matter, though the city was rife with rumors, but no one of course approached the true solution.

Poor Nina trembled to think of the fearful deed, and her own critical situation, but she did not even mention it to her uncle, who was as much in the dark as any one. But there was to be a sequel to the affair, for it had been found that life was not wholly extinct, and by skillful treatment it was thought by the surgeon that his ultimate recovery was not impossible. Day after day passed by, but the wounded man did not get strength sufficient to even utter a word, and so far from being able to explain the singular circumstances under which he was placed, the past seemed to him a blank, and it was feared that his brain might have received some fatal shock.

The catastrophe to Prince Carrafa was deemed by the queen of Parma and her counsellors, as a divine interposition in their favor, inasmuch as he was the great moving agent of the controversy between Sardinia and Parma—at least so far as the former government was concerned—and his indisposition must retard for the time being any active measures on the part of Sardinia. But now a fresh trouble arose. The rich, and powful family of Carrafa at Rome, conceived that the political position of the prince had led to an attempt to assassinate him, through the agency of some of the government officials and loud and earnest demands came from Rome for the arrest and giving up of the criminal, a demand of course which could not be responded to by Maria Colonna, the Queen of Parma. The most summary measures of retaliation were threatened, and the government of Parma felt that with the outlaws at home, the exasperated Sardinians on the one hand, and the house of Carrafa on the other, to oppose them, the political aspect of the kingdom looked sombre indeed.

'Now had we but an army of well organized men, double the present force, we might content ourselves to act on our own soil, and speak with a true spirit of independence. Twenty thousand troops would make Parma inviolable; and its various mountain passes and roads that a score of men could hold against hundreds,' Such were the words of Maria Colonna.

The young queen amazed her counsellors by her energy. She instituted a thorough re-organization of the army, recruited its ranks infused a fresh spirit of discipline into its various departments, and made such arrangements that, should her territory be invaded, the enemy would find them not unprepared to meet them in earnest. She sent to both of her would be enemies, Sardinia and the house of Carrafa, temporary messages, to the effect that she would comply with their demands were it possible to do so—but that before a criminal could be punished he must be taken. Having thus made all reasonable explanation, she resolved to do no more, but to prepare to meet any emergency that presented itself.

Meantime, Prince Carrafa gradually recovered his speech and strength, and the terrible wound he had received began to heal. By degrees too, his memory came back to him up to the very moment when he received the fearful blow that had so nearly cost him his life. But as to who gave that blow, even he could not say, it was so sudden, and he himself was so intently exercised with a wild purpose at the very moment, that his perceptions were blinded. He declined to talk about the matter at all, as he could not do so without betraying his own vile purposes, and the real cause of his punishment. As the prince recovered there was a two-fold result to the interests of Parma. The anticipated trouble from Rome was quieted by the princes own agency and desire, while the emeute with Sardinia promised to be renewed at once and with increased vigor.

In certain circles of Parma, a singular mystery seemed to present itself as hanging over the relationship of Count Fialto, Nina and the Prince Carrafa—and though these people knew little of the real and extraordinary circumstances of the case, yet they found sufficient grounds in the external aspect of things to arrive at a sense of curious surprise. Count Fialto, from being a prominent and active member of the government, had suddenly withdrawn almost entirely from public life. Nina Fialto, from the reigning belle of Parma, had become a partial recluse, and Prince Carrafa, before his catastrophe had grown moody and morose, scarcely noticing those persons who had heretofore been his friends and intimates.

Mystery seemed to be the order of the day—indeed in Parma, the state councils were held with closed doors—Maria Colonna kept her own counsel and plans locked up apparently within her own bosom, while there seemed to be purposes on the point of being accomplished of vast importance. Her council was busy, the queen was busy, the people were busy in surmising, and the immediate future seemed big with the fate of the kingdom.

THE THREE CONSPIRATORS.

Prince Carrafa evinced a force of character and industrious effort which, if exerted in a better cause, would have won him success and renown. Let his motives be what they might, and we well know them to be of the worst character, yet we must accord to him the credit of wonderful toil and unequalled perseverance. The spark that burned brightest within his bosom now was revenge. By a series of ingenious inquiries and tracings, he had satisfied himself that he owed his late wound to the stout arm and hand of no less a person than Alfonzo Mataloni himself. Once convinced of this, he devoted himself to the purpose of retaliation, and resolved to lay his plans so adroitly and with so much forethought and care as to render success sure.

His aim was to capture the outlaw chief, and bring him to trial and execution at Parma. He might, with his boldness and recklessness of character have sought him out in the mountains, and probably, without running any extraordinary personal risk, provided he was content to bide his time, and keep concealed, however much he might suffer thereby—have taken the outlaw's life by shooting him in some exposed situation. But the prince reasoned with a double purpose; by bringing him to Parma a prisoner, procuring his public trial and execution, he would not only satisfy his own bitter spirit, but also break if he did not humble into submission the heart of Nina Fialto, for he had by no means given up his pursuit of the beautiful girl.

Stratagem, he was well aware, could alone put Mataloni in his power. No force in numbers which he could bring to bear against the outlaw force in the mountains could accomplish this, and in the matter of intrigue and finesse, the prince was entirely at home. The manner in which he had executed the purpose of Nina's deliverance from the mountain cave, showed him to be a man full of resources and even beyond rivalry, in such matters. If he a prince, yet he seemed to have been intended for struggling among the lowest depths of society, and contending with men and minds where brute force alone gave precedence and power. He had the agility of an Indian, the strength of Hercules, and the incentives of a Fra Diavolo!

At the time of which we write, there sat a motley group in one of the vilest dram-shops of all Parma, drinking and smoking at nearly the hour of midnight. A little one side from the others, one tall, broad shouldered, roughly clad personage sat sipping some cheap wine, and blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke about his head. There seemed little about him to create remark, except the keenness of his dark eye, and the full development of a manly form. He had sat thus studying the group before him, and watching those who came and went from the outside, until at last his statute like position had provoked the remark of some of those among the rude domino players, whom repeated libations had rendered a little quarrelsome.

Now and then, a coarse remark was distinguished as designed to reflect upon the person who thus sat aside from the rest, whose very exclusiveness seemed to aggravate the loungers about the room. He, however, did not heed these remarks, or at least, did not seem to do so, but still sipped his wine and smoked his cigar, ever and anon lighting a fresh one, and keeping most industriously at work. At last as the neighboring cathedral chimed the hour of midnight, these wordy assaults increased and became so personal, that once or twice the stranger started as if to resent them, then apparently remembering himself, he sank quietly back in his seat and smoked away more violently than before. He might have stood in fear of those burly drinkers, at least they so construed his patient endurance.

'You have sat here long enough without speaking to any of us,' said one of the rough customers who had been present all the evening. 'Who are you, and what do you seek?'

'I am here on my own business,' answered the stranger, coolly, emitting a cloud of smoke.

'Ay, we thought as much—but what may that be?'

'Such as permits no interference!' was the cool answer.

The persistent individual, however, crowded closer upon him, backed by his comrades—but in a moment more lay flat on the floor felled by a straight blow from the stranger's fist.

A second instantly intercepted his form to avenge the insult upon his companion, but before he hardly had assumed his position, he, too, lay beside his companion on the floor. This was quite sufficient; the rest, seeing the quiet self possessed manner of the stranger, and glancing at their discomfited companions, withdrew from the immediate presence of him whom they would have insulted with impunity, finding this purpose of the question. And once more he was left to the undisturbed indulgence of his quiet humor. Thus he still remained, sipping his wine and smoking with wonderful equanimity.

As the clock struck one, a change had taken place, the stranger with the two persons whom he had so signally discomfited, sat drinking wine together, and in a half hour later, the three went out of the room amicably together, and steadily wended their way without the walls of the city of Parma. Singular transition! from enemies, they had apparently become good friends, and went on in the most sociable mood. They avoided the most frequented streets and pursued their course through by ways, until they had emerged from the city, then entering a grove of trees, the three sat down upon the ground.

Here we will leave the three conspirators, who had come hither on a service and for a purpose which the master spirit dared not even broach, until he was beyond the eye and ear of any citizen of Parma.

It will be remembered that we left the three conspirators at the close of the last paper, just seated in the silent grove outside the city of Parma, and as the party at once came to understand each other, their own words will inform the reader of the peculiar purpose which had brought them hither. He, who was evidently the moving spirit of the three, whatever the purpose actuated them, and who had proved himself the better man of the party, now spoke to the business:

'Men, I had a purpose to night in visiting that dram shop. I wanted to find two stout and daring fellows, who for a rich reward would risk something in the way of personal harm, a couple on which I could depend in a case of emergency, where possibly hard blows might be plenty. I made my selection of both of you, before you saw fit to attack me, and I was not sorry of an opportunity to show you whom you had to deal with in me. So far, we understand each other perfectly.

'Now, as I have said, the business I want to engage you in is one of danger, but the reward is ample, and in your instance shall not be wholly contingent upon the complete success of the undertaking. If we succeed, you will receive a brilliant sum of money, and the thanks of the government, and a pardon of all past offences—but at any rate, I shall pay you well for serving me, whether we succeed or not. As an earnest of this, take this purse, and divide the contents between you.'

This was an argument that addressed itself to their ready comprehension, and the men eagerly received, counted and divided the gold declaring themselves willing to join so liberal a paymaster in any enterprise he chose to name.

'Now, my man, what is your name?' asked the leader, addressing the one nearest to him.

'Fabio.'

'And yours?'

'My name is Rubaldo.

'Very well, Messrs. Fabio and Rubaldo—we are getting on famously.'

'You have forgotten to tell us your name?' suggested Rutaldo.

'That matters not—it would be of no service to either of you. Unless I mistake you very much, you have discernment enough to see that I am not what this dress indicates and that I wish to preserve an incognito; this you will regard also as a part of my purpose. And now, I will unveil my plan to you—but first put your hands upon this sacred emblem.' As he spoke, he produced a small ivory crucifix from his pocket, and the men both laid their hands upon it, reverentially lifting their caps as they did so. 'Swear to faithfully serve me in the business I shall name, to keep secret the purpose, and not to desert me in any emergency of life or death.'

'We swear!' said both, bowing low upon the cross.

'Rubaldo, press that emblem to your lips and swear again.

'Now Fabio, do you likewise.'

This ceremony completed, the leader put back the emblem, and said:

'There is a man who is my personal enemy, and who is also the enemy of the government; he is outlawed, and a price set upon his head. The sum offered for his capture would enrich you both for life. My object is personal satisfaction—the reward shall be shared between you. To insure success, patient, unflinching, sleepless assiduity is requisite. I shall not only plan for you, but act with you. I shall demand no more of you than I shall do myself. It will require days, maybe weeks, to accomplish his capture, but it can be done, and it *shall* be, if you prove faithful to me.'

'But who is this man?' asked Rubaldo.

'Of that I will speak directly. Our success will be more contingent on stratagem than force, though the latter may have to be employed. I will supply you with weapons, but our object is to bring this man alive to Parma. If we were to take his life, one half of my purpose would be defeated. This must therefore be borne in mind. We shall be obliged to repair to the mountaibs and to live there, enduring severe hardship, exposure, and perhaps, often hunger and thrist, but all will be abundantly recompensed by success.'

'And now, who is our man?' demanded Fabio.

'Alfonzo Mataloni!' was the firm answer.

The two men absolutely sprang to their feet and regarded each other in dumb amazement, while their leader calmly folded his arms and waited for them to recover themselves.

'Alfonzo Mataloni!' repeated Fabio.

'The robber of the middle pass!' echoed Rubaldo.

'The same,' was the calm response.

'Impossible!' said Fabio—'why this man has a band of fifty followers; what head could three of us make against an organized banditti?'

'Nothing is impossible to brave men,' replied their leader. 'I know that you are stout and brave. I have no fears of your cowardice; it is only your superstitious fears, that have clothed this famous robber with so much prowess. He is but a man like you and me. I know him well. We have crossed swords together—ay, and met more than once. I fear him not single handed, and were it simply to take his life, I should not want the help of even your hands. But my object is to bring him to Parma, and to do this, I must have more than one pair of hands, it would be otherwise impossible.'

The two men were simply awed by the name of Mataloni. They were brave enough as far as mere brute courage was concerned, and their new leader saw at once what he had to contend against, which was the morale of the famous robber's name.

'You fear the name, 'not the man,' said Prince Carrafa; for as the reader is doubtless aware, it was he who was thus conspiring with Fabio and Rubaldo.

'We fear no man,' said Fabio—'but you were rather sudden upon us.'

'You know the business now, however, and are content?'

'We will follow your lead, at all events,' they answered.

'Then back to the city, keep your own counsel, remember your oath, and meet me here to-morrow night, an hour after dark, prepared to commence the work, I will bring you weapons.'

The three conspirators separated, Fabio and Rubaldo walking away together, and the prince seeking an entrance to the city by a separate route from his late companions. He had gone through with this preliminary piece of business, with all the sang froid of one who had been passed among cut-throats and robbers. If he was not naturally a villain, he certainly showed a wonderful facility in adapting himself to the business of conspiracy. In his dealing with Fabio and Rubaldo, he showed a quick conception and true knowledge of human nature. In the first place he astonished them by his own physical prowess, then by a hint of reward he excited their curiosity—by the sight of gold liberally bestowed, he acted upon their cupidity, and finally the promise of so large a sum as was offered for the capture of the outlaw, to be all their own, won them to entire faithfulness. The oaths he exacted, he would himself have broken any time, but he relied upon the superstition and ignorance of the two men, who held such an act upon the cross as sacred.

By means of a trusty agent, the necessary weapons were procured, and a couple of stout saddle horses, all of which, with some trifling matters that the prince particularly arranged himself in a pack for the back of the saddle, were transmitted to the place of rendezvous. Here at one hour after dark the three met each other again, and mounting their horses rode slowly towards the mountains. Little was said at first, the prince musing to himself rode a little in advance of the two men, but as they progressed he seemed to arouse from the reverie he had indulged in, and reining up his horse came between the other two.

'These horses,' he said, 'will carry us before daybreak to the spot where we shall be obliged to strap our packs upon our backs and leave them, if possible, where they can be again recovered, for they may be of no great use to us'

'We can tether their feet and leave them where there is grass and water, and they will not wander a mile in a week,' said Rubaldo, knowingly.

'That is just the idea,' said the prince—'and before we leave the main road, we must supply ourselves with suitable cord for the purpose.'

Thus the three riders wended their way among the deep shadows of the night, in their bold and most daring enterprise. They were however, men equal to almost any contingency which they were likely to encounter. They were thoroughly armed and were familiar with the use of the weapons they carried. These consisted for each man, of a pair of pistols, a long doubleedged stiletto, and swung at the back, a light but excellent carbine, the usual army weapon, though of lighter calibre.

Thus equipped the three persons were a formidable party in an emergency.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Death, as usual at this season of the year, is making sad havoc with infants. Two or three hundreds of victims per week, in this city, of cholera, infantum, darrihea, dysentry, and convulsions, are nothing extraordinary. Physicians seem to do as well as they can; parents appear to regard the dispensation as a mysterious providence; and society evidently regards the mortality as a matter of course. But *why* do the children die?

We have studied this subject in the light of human history, and with the lamp of experience and observation; and we have come to the folloing conclusions—we think we have made an important discovery. *They die because they are killed.* They are murdered by a combination and circumstances, the chief of which may be named in the order of their efficiency—*parents, nurses, doctors, society.* We arraign these as the causes of the prevailing infantile mortality.

This is a grave accusation, and we have no right to bring the charge without the means to sustain it. Not that any one intends to murder the innocents. Far from it. Many of those who are doing it every hour of the day would lay down their own lives in a moment if they could thus rescue the precious little ones from the grave. It is the sin of ignorance. They know not what they do.

We intend no flattery to American mothers when we assert, that, as a general rule, their children are worse managed in infancy than those of any other mothers on earth. This does not result from a want of good sense. It results from a non-use of it. They have acquired the habit of depending on nurses, apothecary stuff and fashion, instead of employing their own instincts and unsophisticated reason. They kill their infants by the very efforts which they make to save them they feed and dress them in violation of all the conditions of health; and when nature rebels against the abuse they silence her outcries with poisonous drugs. "The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away." "Blessed be the name of the Lord"—for taking the little ones away from your abuse and maltreatment. "Use them well, or you cannot have them, or they shall be to you a torment and a curse," is the law legibly written on every page of the book of nature. Happy are they who read and understand.

Within a Sabbath day's journey of the city of New York, in a pleasant and salubrious locality, on the brow of an eminence commanding a magnificient view of ocean bays, rivers, cities, and villages, resides a family consisting of the father, mother, two children, respectively four and six years of age, and servants. The house is large, the grounds ample and tastefully laid out; the breezes of heaven play sportively among the leaves and flowers, and yet the children are dying for want of breathing material. God pity the sweltering thousands of our mammatic cellers and stifling attics, when two little children, with mountain currents and ocean breezes all around, are perishing for want of air!

These children are the representatives of thousands, in high life and in low; in dark secluded apartments, and on the mountain ranges, in city and in country places. All are alike dying for the want of heaven's free air.

The process of suffocation is commenced by stuffing the stomach. The children are fed on the indigestable trash of the neighboring bakery and confectionery. The chief elements of the dietary are fine bread, sweet cakes, candy, and salted meats. These clog up the stomach and bowels, and prevent the due action of the lungs; the sufferer becomes cross, and frequently cries; and its cries are as frequently silenced with narcotic drugs, or with more sweet cake or candy. Soon griping, spams, colic, or diarrhea indicate that nature is making efforts to relieve herself of the accumulated burdens; and this effort is promptly silenced by the nurse's feeding or the doctor's dosing. As the child becomes more and more feeble, because of the obstructions in the way of its breathing apparatus, the very air itself is excluded. The windows are close, the light is excluded, and the poor thing is further exhausted by excessive clothing during the day, and a load of bedding during the night. The child is literally suffocated, to prevent it from taking cold! Thus the skin losses its action, and nature makes a last desperate effort to get rid of the offending materials. This takes the severe form of dysentery, cholera, or convulsions. It is the last struggle; for the doctor regarding it as a violent disease, requiring powerful remedies, administers his potencies but too effectually. The remedial effort of the system is silenced. The patient dies.

Mothers, nurses, doctors, people, if you would have your children live, give them the simplest food possible; light comfortable clothing; and above all abundance of fresh air by day and by night. Should they become sick do not regard the disease as an enemy which you are, to destroy but as a friend with whose efforts you are to co-operate. Nature is a true physician; and all that the human physician can or should do benefically consists in supplying the proper conditions of health, so that the remedial effort—the disease—will be successful in purifying the system. Let the man of science see to it, that his administrations aid and assist, instead of thwarting the efforts of nature. Then will the children live.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOOPS A DECEPTION.

From the Markham Economist.

About six weeks ago a very honest, well-to-do, and, with all, a most worthy farmer, while returning from Toronto, where he had just sold a load of wheat, overtook on the road a young lady, whose dress exhibited a due appreciation of the fashions of the times—a proper modicum of crinoline—but who appeared somewhat fatigued from walking the weather being exceedingly warm. The sun which had so relentlessly poured down his scorching rays during the day was fast sinking in the west—a sure indication in this latitude of approaching night. All these circumstances were duly noted by his friend, when his horses began to slacken pace from a smart trot to a walk; and moved by gallantry, on the spirit of the good Samaritan, or it may be both, he stopped his horses and offered the fair one a ride which she politely accepted, and suiting the action to the word, was the next moment comfortably seated by his side on the easy spring seat such as farmers now a-days always have provided in their market wagons. The lady conversed freely as they moved on, and was entertaining in her conversation, as well as interesting in her appearance. In due time they arrived opposite the farmer's gate, and as it was late in the evening, and the young lady not having any acquaintances in the neighborhood, our friend kindly offered to take her in with his own family until the next day this offer she also accepted. So in they drove, had tea, a room provided for the stranger, and soon all had retired and were in the arms of *Morpheus*; but destiny ordered that their slumbers should not be unbroken. Before the morning dawned our visitor awoke in great agony of body, and the farmer came post-haste for medical aid, and in a short time the deception of the crinoline could go no further. The strange lady had become a mother. She was, however, treated well, as the unfortunate should be under such trying circumstance. Some three weeks elapsed, during which time she recovered her health, and went on her way rejoicing. Throughout she refused to give her name. Our friend though he never begrudges a kindness, felt justly indignant to have been thus deceived. But the joke of the matter is, he lays all the blame to the wicked fashion of wearing hoops.

ARMSTRONG'S LONG RANGE.—A few days ago we saw the range and accuracy of the new Armstrong gun tested in a way which demands a note. Cooling ourselves on the Essex coast, near the artillery practising ground, we were asked to see the firing, and while this goes slowly and solemnly on, one of them spies a flight of geese far out to sea. "There, they light on yon sandbank." Up go a dozen glasses. Yes; there they flicker in the sun, gray and white, mere specks in the blue air. Load the gun—load at the breach—poise—touch—bang! Boat off there to the sands! A signel tells the tale the shot struck the swarm—a life is taken from the flight—and this at six miles, seven furlongs from the mouth of the gun! A shot as well aimed from Primrose hill should hit the ball on Greenwich Observatory, or, if fired from Richmond Park should bring down a rider in Rottenrow. Here is a fact worthy the attention of those Austrian engineers who have just come to London to study our new artillery and learn how to defend Verona against the Frank.—*Athanaeum.*

Regarding the Bridge on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which was burned on Sunday last, on the Portland section of the road, the Portland *Argus* says:—

"The engineer of the mixed train which left Island Pond at 10 o'clock Sunday night, after passing a curve in the road about four miles south of the Boundary Line station discovered a small light on the track and fearing all was not right, immediately shut off steam and reversed his engine, and immediately sounded the alarm for the brakes to be applied. he succeeded in stopping the train within about thirty feet of the bridge nearly consumed, and which stood about forty feet from the water."

A great revival in Wales is described in some of the English newspapers. The clergy and ministers remain after the services to converse with crowds of inquirers. Numbers of public houses have been closed; eight in one small town. It is spreading into North Wales, and the religious interest is very intense; "no enthusiasm, writes a clergyman of the established Church," but a deep profound and awfully solemn impression prevails." In some districts notorious for blasphemy an oath is now never heard drunkards in thousands have become total abstainers; and if conduct be a test of sincerity we may hope most favorably for the religious movement it is estimated that in two counties only, 9,000 persons within the last five months have been turned to God.

Having an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some anology for the existance of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their uses. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations recently lost her pet and called upon the police to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed and asked forty silly questions, among others 'where did you find the dear baby?' 'Why, marm,' replied the officer, 'a big nigger up Sullivan street had him tied to a pole and was washing windows with him.'—*Am. Ex.*

A woman has been arrested in Baltimore for a horrible traffic in human bones obtained from grave yards, and offered for sale at a bone factory in Old town.

It has now transpired that the knaves at Pikes Peak had sprinkled $700 worth of gold dust in their mines, to be taken out again in the eyes of Horace Greely to deceive him.

MARRIED IN FUN.—At a party in Syracuse the other evening, two young ladies and two young gentlemen underwent the mock marriage ceremony. At the close of the evening, the gentlemen claimed that what was done in fun was legal, and insisted upon carrying out the programme for life. But the ladies "backed" and the two males were compelled to return to their bachelor homes declaring that they should certainly claim their lawful brides.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, the converted infidel, who is laboring with so much success in England, says: "That better days—glorious days—are coming for the whole Christian Church in this country, I earnestly believe. Everywhere among all evangelical churches I find earnest expectations, a disposition for united prayer, the institution of noon-day services, or some other token that a revival is looked for; and I cannot think that God puts these holy desires into the hearts of his people without purposing to gratify them."

Two sons of Louis Kossuth received prizes at a recent exhibition of the Universary College London. It says not a little for these young strangers that in connection with upwards of two hundred students they should have succeeded in gaining so honorable a position, and quite as much credit is due to their sire, that in all his adversities he has adhered so religiously to the duty of a parent and has placed his sons at least on the right road to honorable independence.

We have no hesitation in recommending White Oak Bark as a preventive and remedy for summer complaints. It requres no particular preparation. I can be obtained when you are in the wood, and chewed as occasion requires. This remedy has been tried by various individuals, in different latitudes and we have never known it to fail.—*Ex. Paper.*

Mr. Marsh an able chemist found that iron long under water, when reduced to powder invariably becomes red not, and ignites anything it touches. A general knowledge of this is important as it accounts for many spontaneous fires. A piece of rusty old iron brought into contact with a cotton bale in a warehouse or on shipboard, may ocasion much loss of life and property.

Isebella Thompson of Washington county, Ohio, although not quiete six years of age weighs over 200 pounds. She is three feet ten inches high and her arm between the elbow and shoulder measures seventeen and one-quarter inches in circumference. She is a woman in appearance and as intelligent as ordinary children of her age.

An anvil block has been cast in England which when finished will weigh 21½ tons. The quantity of metal melted for it was 23 tons, and it was cast in one run. It is to be used in the making of the Armstrong guns.

The Prince of Wales it is confidently stated is about to marry Princess Alexandria of Prussia, daughter of Prince Albrechet, brother of the King. The nuptials are to take place in the autumn of the next year, and all the preliminaries of the contract, so asserted, are already settled.

Accounts from Rome state that the Pope has threatened with "greater excommunication" all persons who may dare in any way whatsoever to attack the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff. These attacks the Pope attributes to "external intrigues" on behalf of the Italian Government (Sardinia) "which during the past few years has shown itself the adversary of the church, of its legitimate rights and of its general ministry.

An Irishman engaged in fighting a duels insisted, as he was short sighted that he should stand six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist did to him. Sheridan used to tell a story of a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, and it was maintained that the figure of the latter ought to be chalked upon the portly person of the former; and if the bullet hit him outside the line, it ought to go for nothing.

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on to the stage.

The speeches of Lord Newcastle and Cannavon in the House of Lords have drawn renewed attention to the project of of the Pacific Railway from the English press. The *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* has another article suggesting that the Government should enter upon a broad scheme for colonizing the Saskatchewan country, and building the pacific Railway in connection with it by grants of land.

A Mr, Cook of Mansfield, Ohio is now engaged in the construction of a flying machine, and has filed a caveat at the Patent-office at Washington. It is understood, that while a balloon is to be used for elevation, steam is to be the motive power.

According to the Pittsburg *Chronicle* a bold Pennsylvian bull undertook to butt a train off the Alegheny Valley Railway a few days ago. He charged upon the train, and although crushed to a jelly in the encounter the locomotive, tender, and four freight cars were thrown off the track!"

Miss bates the sister of the Hon. Edward Bates, of St. Louis, recently emancipated the last of thirty-two slaves, who formed part of her inheritence, and whom she has gradually set free as they became prepared to take care of themselves in freedom. Judge Bates emancipated the last of his slaves several years since.

"EASY AND GRACEFULLY."—In Buffalo a few days since a woman while engaged in washing windows on the outside, made a misstep, fell off, and after revolving once in the air, her hoops become inflated, and she came easily and gracefully to the stone pavement.

The Chicago *Democrat* says that a Kentuckey gambler lately won $28,000 in that city in one night, mostly from Bank Merchant's clerks. Can this be without their employers having suffered!

Some large sales of lumber have taken place at quebec. One alone will give an idea of the extent of these transactions. Mr. McLaughlin sold in one day 560,000 feet of white and red pine, realizing about £26,000. We are happy to hear such good news. Other large sales have been effected.