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LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm and be fearless of heart.
If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never can fade.
Should those who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil were affection is ever in bloom.
And oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

EDDY'S SEARCH
—OR—
A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH

As may be supposed, the sudden attack in their front was totally unexpected to Eddy and Gorse, both of whom were on their guard against pursuit and an assault from the rear. As the three lurking ruffians sprang out upon them from the screening shadow of the house porch close beside the street, both of the fugitives recoiled before the shock. The next instant they had warded off the fierce onslaught, placed themselves on their guard, and backed toward the middle of the street, presenting their pistols.

"Upon them!" cried the voice of Vellis, hoarse with fury. "Move quickly, before a crowd turns out. Take them—alive if you can, *but take them!*"

The three ruffians followed up their attack upon the fugitives with a terrific fury. Even in that rapid whirl of emotion, while parrying the blows levelled at them, Eddy and Gorse recognized in two of their assailants Vellis and Barker. The third villain was a friend of Barker's, whom he had known in the mines, and who was now keeping a whiskey shop and gambling saloon in San Francisco. He was a burly, ugly looking fellow, and, like Hod Barker, the abductor of poor little Tina, he was a bully and fighter, as quarrelsome as he was unprincipled.

"Back, there!" said Eddy, in his shrill boyish treble, his blue eyes blazing like burning stars. "We are armed—"

"The youngster means to make a fight for it!" cried Hogart, Barker's friend, with a hoarse laugh. "Fisticuffs won't answer. Nothing less'n cold steel 'll settle 'em."

He rushed upon Eddy, knife in hand. Vellis and Barker also drew knives, intending to push the affair to close quarters, and threw themselves upon Gorse.

Simultaneously the pistols of the fugitives rang out a deadly chime. One bullet whistled dangerously near to Vellis; the other cut its way within an inch of Hogart's ear.

The ruffians naturally recoiled, uttering imprecations in concert. Then they rallied to the assault with the fierceness of desperation. But the boy and Gorse guarded themselves at every point.

"Back down toward Clark's Point," cried Gorse, in a shrill whisper, as Eddy came near him. "We're following the right road. We'll lead them into a trap."

The pair commenced a running retreat, their faces to the foe. Vellis and his friends drew their pistols. Shots were rapidly exchanged. Barker received a slight wound in the shoulder from Gorse's revolver, but no one else was hurt, the shots mostly going wide of the mark.

The conduct of Eddy and Gorse, so bold, intrepid and self-possessed, was a complete surprise to the three ruffianly assailants. They had expected to win an easy victory over "the countryman and the boy," as they termed the pair. They had not expected to find them armed, and their dexterity in the use of their revolvers was as distasteful as it was unlooked for.

The noise of the conflict brought a few night-capped heads to the upper windows along the street; but drunken street brawls were very common in San Francisco in those early days, and no particular attention was excited, this passing for a drunken brawl. Certainly no one rushed out to the aid of the imperiled couple, and no police man appeared, to assist in the discomfiture of the assailants.

Eddy and Gorse continued their retreat swiftly toward Clark's Point, shouting for help as they neared the place of rendezvous. A couple of blocks were thus passed. The revolvers of the fugitives were nearly emptied. The faces of their enemies began to glow with anticipated triumph.

"Now's our time!" cried Vellis exultantly. "Onto them, boys!"

Again the villians hurled themselves upon their intended victims.

"It's hand to hand now, Eddy," gasped the Ohican. "Make a brave fight. We'll die before we'll be taken."

The outlook for the devoted pair was indeed desperate at that moment. They were in a region of warehouses, dim and deserted. They had no knives with which to defend themselves in their present close quarters. They knew that they were face to face with death.

The grasp of Hogart was upon Eddy's throat. The boy, gasping and struggling, half sank upon his knees, continuing to strike out blindly with his pistol, which he now used as a club. Gorse had backed against a warehouse wall, and was fighting like a madman, both Vellis and Barker pressing him heavily.

A single moment more would have witnessed the defeat of Eddy and Gorse. But as in the darkest hour often comes the dawn, so help now came to them.

The sound of rapidly running footsteps up a side street were unheard by assailants and assailed. At the critical instant, when Eddy's strength was giving way, and Gorse began to flag, two men came hurriedly around the nearest corner, and approached the scene.

These men, as speedily became known, were Harris and Capt. Hodson of the *ill-fated Graham*.

"Avast, there!" cried the Captain. "Let go, you ruffians. I'm blest if them foul-weather chaps haven't fallen afoul of the boy and Gorse. Ahoy, you lubbers!"

He fired a shot at Vellis, being sufficiently near to make the move one of danger to the ex-river thief. Harris discharged a shot at Hogart. The villains paused, and in their momentary irresolution and dismay, Eddy wrenched himself out of the grasp of the gambler.

"It's all up for the present," said Vellis. "We must beat a retreat."

They hastened to do so, bounding up the street, and vanishing into the gloom.

There was no pursuit. Eddy and Gorse thrust their empty weapons into their pockets, and breathless and exhausted, received the hearty greetings of the late commander of the whaleship.

"We got suspicious that you had been way laid," said Harris, "so we started up to look for you. Down there a piece we heard your shots, and knew for certain something was up. By the looks, we came just in time."

"We should have had to knock under in a minute more," said Gorse, breathing heavily. "The men fought like devils. Glad to see you again, Captain. There's been a good many chances we never should meet."

"That's so," said the Captain heartily. "Things have looked squally for all of us. I little thought, when we drifted away from that island of Santa Margarita before the storm, leaving you ashore, that I should ever come to your rescue in the streets of 'Frisco! Glad to see you, Mr. Gorse. Things generally come out about right, if we only wait long enough."

The two shook hands energetically. The Captain repeated the hand shaking process with Eddy, exchanged greetings, and the four walked down toward Clark's Point.

"We've got a boat waiting with a couple of men in her," said Harris, as they proceeded. "We'll look Tina up long before morning."

"I don't think we'll do much toward finding her at this time of night," said Gorse. "It would have been wiser to wait till morning. Everybody's abed and asleep. Only, you see, Captain, we couldn't sleep with Tina in danger. I should imagine, every minute of the night, that I heard that sweet little voice of hers calling out in a frightened way, 'Ichabod! Ichabod!' No, no; I couldn't sleep. I must be doing something. I must be at work."

"And I too," cried Eddy. "I could not sleep, knowing Tina to be suffering. *She* is sleepless, I know. Poor lost little Tina!" he added, in a broken voice, his mouth quivering, and a strangely haggard look showing in his eyes.

His young face was so full of an intense suffering, such as boys seldom experience, that the good Captain's heart, sore as it was with anxiety for Tina, ached for Eddy. He drew the boy's arm in his, and they hurried on.

Near Clark's Point they found a sail boat, with two men in it waiting for them. They entered the boat, the sail was set, and they began their voyage across the bay to Oakland.

It was a dreary journey. The air of the August night was chilly; the sky was still clouded over; and the waters over which they sailed were dark.—There was nothing in nature to make them hopeful or cheerful, and a pall of darkness rested upon their spirits.—

During the sail Captain Hodson related his adventures since he had been separated from Eddy and Gorse, and they narrated what had occurred to them since their strange landing at Santa Margarita, giving particulars which Harris had omitted.

Before the stories had been fully told, the boat arrived at Oakland. Bidding the men await their return, the four searchers for Tina went ashore.

As Gorse had anticipated, the houses were all closed. They went to the few public-houses, aroused the clerks, and made inquiries, but no one had seen a little girl answering the description given, and she was not housed in any one of them for the night.

"We might have known she was not at a hotel," said Gorse. "She could only have gone to one on escaping from her enemies—and she hasn't escaped. Now the question is, where is she?—What have they done with her?

"Took her back to San Francisco in a boat," suggested Eddy. "They would not leave her in the streets. Wherever she is she is closely guarded."

"They may have taken her back," said Harris. "They might have gagged her and taken her across the bay. They knew that I would be likely to search for her over at Oakland, and they would take every precaution against my finding her. Those fellows are sharp-witted, and they don't mean to swing before their time comes, if they can help it."

"I hardly think she remains at Oakland," said Gorse, convinced by the mate's reasoning.

"Why should they burden themselves with her at all?" said the Captain.—"The child is remarkable in appearance, and as bright and keen-witted as few grown persons are. I'm afraid they may have destroyed her life, and sunk her in the bay. They would regard her knowledge of their proceedings as full of danger and menace to them. They would fear her. I—I tell you I'm afraid of the worst!"

The hearts of the others echoed this fear.

Yet they went to work, resuming their search with a desperate energy. Throughout the remainder of the night they went up and down the shore, seeking some trace of the lost one. When morning dawned, and people began to be astir, they made inquiries in the streets, but no one had seen Tina. After the ferry-boats commenced running, they went aboard and made inquiries upon them. Here, for the first time, they found a clue to the lost one. She had been seen upon one of the ferry-boats in company with a rough looking fellow, who was not recognized. Where she had gone after landing no one knew.

"It's just as if the quicksands had swallowed her up," said Gorse, looking even more haggard in the garish light of day. "But I won't give up that she's dead!"

"Nor I," said Eddy stoutly. "When I believe that Tina is dead, I shall want to die too."

And so, hoping against hope, as the it, they went on with their search.

Before noon they had made up their minds that Tina was not at Oakland. They had dismissed their boat, and now returned to San Francisco, worn, haggard, and exhausted. They went into a restaurant and procured food, and then set out, all together, for a police office.

Arrived in the presence of the chief of police, they told their story. Officers were sent with them to the house in Dupont street, in which Eddy and Gorse had been imprisoned. The door was opened to the party by old Francesca, the Mexican woman, who started back in terror at the return of Eddy and Gorse, thus accompanied.

"We have not come to molest you, Madam," said the Ohican. "You have our promise, you know. But we have come to look for Barker and Vellis."

"They are not here," protested the woman.

"We'll ascertain that fact for ourselves," said one of the police officers. "Dunn, guard the door. We'll take a look through the house."

Francesca offered to guide them, and led them through the dwelling from attic to cellars. No trace was found of those whom they sought.

"The birds have flown," said the officer. "The girl's not here. And I didn't expect to find any of them here either. Those fellows are too old birds to be caught with chaff."

He proceeded to interrogate the old Mexican house keeper, but she suddenly developed a remarkable stupidity, ignorance of English, and guileless innocence which were as impenetrable as a coat of mail. She said she knew nothing of Vellis or Barker, not even their names. Could not tell where they might be found. She thought they had gone to the diggings. As for herself, she was "a poor, lone widow woman," who had taken the ruffians as lodgers in the absence of her employers, knowing nothing of their character, and they had gone off without paying her. If she knew of their whereabouts, she would hasten to give them up to the justice they merited.

To this statement, uttered in a whining deprecating voice, the police-officer listened with an incredulous expression of countenance, and to the latter part of it with his tongue in his cheek. Finding it useless, however, to press his interrogatories, he proposed a departure, and the party made their way into the street.

"That woman's as close-mouthed as an oyster," he observed, as they proceeded towards the police office. "She knows more than she let on. The men won't go back to her house, if they are at all sharp. You don't know the names of the confederates of Vellis?"

Eddy and Gorse replied in the negative.

"It's my opinion," said the officer, "that they are in hiding with the girl somewhere in the city. We'll see if we can't look 'em up."

They returned to the chief of police and made their report. He promised to institute a search for Tina, and took a written description of Vellis and Barker. He recommended Gorse and his comrades to continue their search also, and dismissed them but little comforted by his assurances.

"He had but little faith that Tina was still living," said Captain Hodson, as the four again sought the street.—Where are we to look now?"

Ah where?

They could not bear to give over their exertions. They felt that to do so would be to declare their belief in the death of her whom they sought. After a brief consultation upon a street corner, the Captain and Harris separated from the others, and set out upon an expedition among the boats and the shipping, with the idea of finding some small boat which might have brought Vellis with his young victim from Oakland on the previous evening, and agreeing to meet Eddy and Gorse at the police office at ten o'clock that night.

"We've got some hours before us now, Eddy," said Gorse, as he and the boy strolled along together. "We'll go back to the Down East Hotel, and make inquiries. It's barely possible that Tina may have escaped, and returned to the hotel."

They went back to the hotel, and, drawing young Biglow into the hotel parlor, told him their story. Tina had not returned, nor been heard of. Young Biglow had been too busy to notice the person who had come for Tina on the previous day, but had the impression that he was a rough looking fellow.—Had seen nothing sinister in his appearance. Looked like a miner. Had not thought it strange that Tina should be sent for, or that such a person should come for her. Had too much business on hand to wonder at an occurrence so commonplace. A loud call coming from the bar at this juncture for "Young Biglow," the clerk, with many expressions of sympathy, and many hopes that Tina would be found, returned to his duties.

And with heavy hearts, Eddy and Gorse sauntered out into the streets again. At six o'clock they returned to the hotel for supper. After the meal they rested an hour, being well nigh exhausted, and about half past seven, they returned to the open air.

The night descended early. The sky was full of clouds, the wind was rising, and there was promise of a storm. Eddy and Gorse were too miserable to care for a wetting, and sought the neighborhood of various drinking saloons, in the hope of seeing through the glazed doors either Vellis or Barker.

They did not know that from the moment they had emerged from the hotel that evening, Vellis, Barker and Hogart, cleverly disguised, and wrapped in cloaks, had followed upon their track, and were persistently dogging them in all their wanderings.

"Cautious is the word," said Vellis, in a low voice. "Hogart is the strongest and spryest. He'll do the job. We must watch our chance."

When Eddy and Gorse stopped before a lighted saloon, to peer in, they halted in the shadows at a little distance. When Eddy and Gorse moved wearily on, they shuffled on also, carelessly looking like Mexicans, in their broad brimmed hats and ponchos, upon an insolent swell.

About half past nine, Eddy and his comrade turned their steps toward the police office. They were in an unfrequented part of the town, some one lot, when the seeming Mexicans, quickening their steps, came swaggering up behind Eddy and Gorse gave the surprised Mexicans "the walk," moving near since, and being utterly unaware that these seeming strangers were enemies in a new guise.

Hogart came last, as the men moved on in Indian file, removed his poncho, or cloak, carrying it on his arm. As he threat of Eddy, who was behind the villain flung the heavy folds over the boy's head, with the quickness of a flash, pinioning his arms. At the same moment Vellis and Barker sprang at their victim, each drew his pistol, to use it.

Then followed a short, sharp, but hard-to-hand fight. The Ohican cried for help, the street resounding with the police office. Officers came rushing from the police office up the street. As they drew near, the cowardly assailants fled. Gorse, battered, bruised, and bleeding, looked around him. Eddy was nowhere to be seen.

With a cry like that of an enraged tiger, Gorse called to the police-men to come on, and, dashed after his late assailants down a neighboring street.—But he had not taken ten steps before he perceived that he was following two only, Vellis and Barker. The third ruffian had utterly disappeared, and with him had vanished Eddy!

The police-man and the anguished Ohican followed after the villains they had in sight; but the pair, familiar with every street and alley and gambling house, having led them a long chase, at last eluded them. And though the officers and Gorse searched for hours in every den the ruffians would be likely to frequent, though they left no stone unturned, as one might say, in their frantic search, they found no trace of the three ruffians, or of the lost boy.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENING.

The frenzied search of Gorse for Eddy, begun upon that night of horror, was continued unremittingly for days. The police bent their energies to the task. A watch was sent upon the various places Vellis might be supposed to frequent. Detectives were actively employed. Various houses and dens of drinking and gambling were searched. Persons whom the police officers thought answering to the descriptions of Barker and Hogart were carefully watched—in one or two instances arrested. But all in vain. Vellis and the boy had disappeared as completely as if they were buried.

In this new horror, even poor little Tina's fate was almost forgotten. Gorse grew thin and wild and haggard. He haunted the streets day and night. He ate little—slept little. Out of money and out of credit, supported by the small loans Captain Hodson and Harris were able to furnish him, and which barely paid his board, unshaven and uncombed, he wandered through the streets and haunted the shores of the bay more like some demented person than like a sane being.

Captain Hodson and Harris delayed their departure to the diggings, assisting in the futile search. But as the days wore on, and no trace was discovered of Eddy or Vellis, they came to the decision that Eddy was dead, his body sunk in the bay, and that Vellis had fled to the mines. Their own funds were getting low, and it became necessary to do something to replenish their purses. Therefore, a fortnight after Eddy's mysterious disappearance, they sought Gorse at his hotel, finding him in that upper chamber which Tina had so briefly occupied.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when they entered Gorse's room, but the Ohiom lay extended upon the bed, fully dressed, in an attitude of utter abandonment and exhaustion. He looked as if he had been crying. His eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and a red flush burned fiercely on his thin sallow cheeks. He did not arise at the entrance of his visitors, but looked up with a gaze that expressed to the full the awful anguish and desolation that was eating at his heart.

"You look as if you'd got your death blow," cried Capt. Hodson, himself worn and haggard with grief and anxiety, and seeing for the first time plainly the changes sorrow had made in the appearance of Eddy's friend.

"I feel as if I had," said Gorse wearily.

"This isn't going to do," exclaimed Harris, his bluff red face having an unwanted pallor of late. "You're just killing yourself, Gorse. The Captain and I have come around to make you a proposition."

"Well?"

Harris hesitated, but the Captain made him a gesture to continue.

"You see," said the mate, in some embarrassment, "we're short in money—regular hard up, in fact. All the crew went to the diggings two weeks ago—the day after—after—"

"I understand," said Gorse, in a low tone.

The day after Eddy disappeared. Go on!"

"The Captain saved what money he had from the wreck of the *Graham*, and we've been living on it since he came to 'Frisco. The money's nearly gone, and there's a party going to the diggings to-day and we have consented to join them. We want you to go with us."

"I can't," groaned Gorse, his head on his chest heaving. "You can't understand how it is with me. You mean well, I know. But you don't know what that boy was to me. We have suffered and joyed together; we have shared wild frights; we have faced poverty and been cared for sumptuously; we have known every shade of feeling, every emotion; and all these we shared together. In our wild adventures by land and by sea, the boy has become as a part of myself. He was—oh, God!—he is the truest, the bravest, the most honest, truthful, noble soul I ever met. He is nearer to me than a brother. What is the mere accident of birth to the sympathy and love that bound us together? He loves me, and I love him. (I vowed to myself to take him in safety to his father, and where is he?"

His visitors made no answer.

"I think often," continued Gorse brokenly, "of his mother in her madhouse cell, thousand of miles to the east a fierce and restless energy, knowing neither peace nor comfort.

He visited drinking saloons and gambling houses in his vain quest. He disguised himself and played the detective. He dogged various rough looking men who reminded him of Barker or of Hogart, but all in vain. He found no trace of Vellis, no clue to the fate of Eddy.

Within three days of the departure of Captain Hodson and of Harris for the mines, poverty stared Gorse in the face—the bitter, remorseless poverty of utter destitution. He had no money to pay board bills, no money with which to prosecute his self-imposed mission. In this strait, he went down to the docks and assisted for two days in unloading a vessel loaded with goods from New York, via Cape Horn, and the wages for such labor being very high, he had again some funds at his command.

Upon this he subsisted for the remainder of the week. He kept his room at the Down East Hotel, in the wild hope that Eddy might be alive, and might escape from his enemies, in which case he would make his way to that hotel before going elsewhere.

The week drew to a close making three terrible weeks of horror and suspense since Eddy had been torn away from his friend by his enemies.

It was at this time, although Gorse did not know of it, and would perhaps have attached little importance to the fact if he had known of it, that Hart Burgoyne, outstripping Mrs. Burns in the trip from Panama, arrived at San Francisco, and paid his memorable visit to Dr. Wiswell, as we have recorded.

Upon the Monday following—three days after the arrival of Burgoyne in the city—Gorse, being again penniless, again found employment at the docks. Moody, silent and despairing, his hollow eyes burning fiercely, the mystery of Eddy's fate preying upon him like a living viper, he worked with a restless energy all the day, and when night had come, instead of returning to his hotel, he wandered up and down the shore, his arms folded across his breast, his fierce, sorrowful eyes piercing the shadows that began to fall thickly around him.

A little after seven o'clock a drizzling mist set in, the wind blew cold and chill, and the sky became sullen and overcast with dun clouds. The docks were deserted, but Gorse, knowing no difference, or not caring for it, between pleasant weather and foul, continued his lonely walk. The lights of the shipping gleamed palely and uncertainly through the mist, and the light of the ferry-boat moved slowly in the distance through the gloom.

But presently people began to arrive upon the dock, despite the mist and the darkness. "Steamer in!" was the cry Gorse heard on every side. A general excitement began to prevail. Lanterns flashed, the dock lights gleamed, and a pleasant murmur, such as used to greet a steamer from the East in those days, began to hum along the shores of the bay.

"What's the matter?" asked Gorse, of a man standing near him.

"Steamer's coming through the Golden Gate," was the answer. "It's the steamer *Golden Gate*. She's overdue—broke her engine—and has come on under sail. The *California* brought the news three ago. She passed her under sail and signalled her. The *Golden Gate* brings out the mails.

"Oh, yes," said Gorse, moving on. "I hadn't heard of the accident. Much obliged."

And he resumed his weary walk, with folded arms, downcast face, and wildly questioning eyes.

The steamer *Golden Gate*, with her freight of passengers, was indeed safely at port at last. Mrs. Burns and Mr. Perry stood on the deck, searching with eager eyes the mist and the gloom for that shore upon which they hoped to find all that they held dear.

The mist and the gloom were emblematic of what waited them.

"How my heart thrills!" murmured Mrs. Burns "I seem to be upon the brink of a great event. I am about to meet my husband and boy! What if they are standing upon the dock yonder, in hope of meeting some one they know!"

"And what if Tina is with them!" said Mr. Perry, beginning to tremble also.

The steamer rounded into the bay, and slowly felt her way up to the dock, under the influence of the favorable wind.

Gorse stood still in the gathering throng, and watched the tide of passengers as they swept ashore. Among the first to land were Mrs. Burns and Mr. Perry, both eager and expectant, both vaguely hoping that they might see the loved faces in waiting for them, although they knew how utterly impossible it was that they could be expected.

As Mr. Perry gave Mrs. Burns his arm to lead her down the gangway plank to the dock, a carriage drove swiftly up, the standers-by giving place to it, and came to a halt. Two men were on the box. One leaped lightly down, and opened the carriage door, the other grasped his lines firmly, holding his whip in hand in readiness for a sudden start.

Two other carriages followed the first, taking their places beside the first.

Mr. Perry conducted Mrs. Burns to the first carriage, and hurried her into it.

"I'll get our small amount of luggage," he said. "I left it on the deck, in my haste to get ashore. We will go to the best hotel, my good man. But wait for me. I'll not be gone an instant."

He rushed back to the steamer's deck.

Mrs. Burns put her head out of the open door, and looked after him. As she did so, the full rays of the carriage lamp illumined her fair and noble face, and Gorse started, reminded by it of Eddy's. The man who held open the door studied the face also closely, and his eyes lighted up with a sudden glow."

With a quick, dexterous spring, he leaped into the carriage, and drew the door shut with a clang. The driver whipped his horses, and the vehicle bowled away from the dock.

Gorse made an instinctive bound toward the carriage, but the crowd, unconscious that anything unusual was transpiring, closed between him and it, and the vehicle rolled away into the gloom and darkness, disappearing from view.

POURING MOLTEN IRON OVER A MAN.

Albany has the latest horror—one of the most frightful we ever read. The *Express* tells the story: Two workmen employed in Ranson's foundry named Thomas Sheehey and Nicholas Shilfard, had an altercation while the work of casting was going on, which had a fearful result. Sheehey, accidentally or otherwise, dropped from his ladle a little hot iron on Shilfard's foot and burned it. Shilfard ran to a tub of water and plunged his foot into it and somewhat eased the pain. He then returned and taking a position in the passage way between the moulds as Sheehey came along with a ladle full of molten iron, knocked Sheehey down. According to the allegations, which Sheehey makes, Shilfard, after knocking him down, picked up the ladle containing molten iron, and poured the contents upon Sheehey's body from his chin down, and then struck him with the ladle. Sheehey was rendered frantic by the terrible agony which he experienced, and ran to the door, when he was seized and his burning garments torn from him by other persons present. The whole fore part of his body was burned in a terrible manner, so that the flesh peeled off. His recovery is doubtful.

PUT THESE IN YOUR HAT.

Never anticipate wealth from any source, but honest labor; waiting for it to come without work has ruined many men; do not be afraid to take off your coat, roll up your sleeves and commence at the bottom of the ladder, alone, to climb upward; too much help is often injurious; never postpone till the morrow what can be done to day; perseverance, diligence, and industry will overcome all difficulties; do not trust to luck, for it is a word that does not apply to a successful man; if difficulties arise, surmount them, step by step; high towers are built piece by piece; do not underrate your own abilities, and become a man of the one idea principle; your conscience is the best monitor, give it plenty of sea room; carry to a successful issue all enterprises that you may undertake; keep all appointments, and make your word as good as your bond; never trade beyond means; in trying to overreach we oftimes fall; better buy than borrow, manage your own business—by trusting to others you may be the loser: be great thinkers, small talkers, important actors: be generous—honesty is the best policy; time is money, energy is indispensable.

A meeting of persons interested in a mission to the African diamond fields was recently held in London the Bishop of Winchester being in the chair. Alluding to the object of the meeting, his lordship said that there were special circumstances connected with the mission to the diamond fields of Africa which did not appertain to mission in general. The work in Africa was paying a long due debt, that of getting rid of the curse which had to a great extent been cast upon Africa by England. It was well known that the people of England in times past had been instrumental in keeping alive the cursed trade in man whereby the West India Islands were so long supplied with labour. Africa was a suffering country, and it was sheer hypocrisy if Great Britain did not undo the unrighteousness of her former acts by supporting the African missions.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—In speaking of the flood which was so disastrous in several sections of Virginia, the Lynchburg papers send the following sad event. A mother and her little children were making their escape from a narrow neck of land, which lies between the river and the Canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and that their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waves should subdue. But as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the water continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crashing of trees amid the thunders of the bridge timbers that were wildly dashing around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone and with a wild shriek of terror she exclaimed "Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold any longer." And with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheeks, she was swept away and was seen no more.

A Manitoba correspondent writes us, under date 10th July, to say that an unusually cold spring has been succeeded by such a combination of frequent showers and warm days, that all kinds of crops give promise of an abundant harvest; wheat is nearly headed out, and has been wholly undisturbed by any of the insect pests which give so much trouble in other portions of the Dominion. It is true that grasshoppers have destroyed nearly everything south of the Province, on the American side, but not a single one has made its appearance in Manitoba. At Georgetown, Grand Forks, and other places on the upper or American portion of the Red River the grasthoppers of last year deposited their eggs, and the young ones now hatched out live and thrive on the young plants as they emerge from the ground, quickly leaving a field as carefully denuded as the face of a man in the hands of an accomplished barber. The spring fur trade has been a large one. Immense herds of buffalo passed the winter on the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan, instead of south of the Missouri River, as formerly, and in addition to having very liberally supplied the larders of the trading posts of that region, they have left thousands of very excellent robes, which found their way to Fort Garry, this spring.

A young girl named Mackie, employed in Thos. Stewart's cloth factory at Arnprior, was caught by one of the revolving shafts on Thursday afternoon, and so bruised and mangled that she died in two hours afterwards.

A boy about ten years of age, son of Mrs. Dickson, Pakenham, was struck in the eye with a stone by another boy, one day last week. The little fellow has suffered greatly from the effects of the blow, and will lose the sight of his eye altogether.

EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.

The intelligence is most remarkable when experience seems to prompt a plan of action, or where the animal devises a connected scheme to effect some desirable object, as in the case of the cow, having strayed into an open granary, continued her visits by drawing the bolt with her horn. The Arctic wolves hunt together in companies, and if they meet an animal which they have not the courage to attack openly, they form into a substitute or crescent, and rush down upon it, until the creature, terrified by the number of its enemies, hurries over a precipice, and is dashed to pieces, when they search out the body and enjoy the feast. Halliday mentions a mason bee, which had built its nest close to a window generally fastened with a shutter, but which, when thrown back, lay so close to the wall that its nest was completely shut in. To prevent this occurrence it formed a little lump of clay, which hindered the shutter from fitting close to the wall, and left room for its own ingress and egress. Jesse recounts the circumstances of some rats destroying the bladder fastened over the nose of an oil bottle, and making free with the oil by dipping their tails into it and licking it off. Dr. Pelican saw some rats engaged in the same manner around the bung hole of a cask of wine, into which, had the hole been large they would doubtless have fallen from intoxication. The same principle was carried still further, and with an evident knowledge of the law which prohibits the occupancy of the same place by two bodies at the same time, by the dog who threw stones into the well, and the fox who dropped them into the neck of a pitcher, in order to get at the water. Degranpre put a monkey to proof by leaving on a table an open bottle of brandy, from which the monkey extracted with his finger as much as he could manage to reach, and then poured sand into the bottle until the liquor ran over.

IRISH POOR LAW STATISTICS.

The annual report of the Irish Poor law Commissioner (our Dublin correspondent writes) is an encouraging document, as showing the prosperous condition of the country. The maximum number of paupers relieved in the workhouses in 1871-72 was 51,927 against 55,962 in 1870-71. This number was also lower than in any year for the previous seven. The out door relief, however, increased least year from 21,474 to 22,552. But the increase of out door relief has been chiefly among the permanently infirm class. 462 deaths from small pox occurred in the workhouse hospitals of Ireland compared with 8only one single case recorded in our report for 1869-70.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The preparations for the marriage of the young Emperor of China are being conducted on a scale of truly Oriental magnificence. An imperial edict requires one of the silk producing provinces to furnish for the occasion 3,350 pieces of silk goods, 400 catties of silk thread and embroidered velvet and 1,800 pieces of fine cotton cloth, 48,000 pieces of brocaded silk, 200 pieces of plain green silk, and 2,000 of what are referred to in the record as "silk articles of attire" for the household and guard of the Empress elect. 7000 silk dresses and 800 pieces of plain silk for the reserve wardrobe of the Imperial body guard, and 5,000 silk dresses, and 500 pieces of plain green silk for the imperial chair bearers and escort. These are to be supplied free of cost, and the merchants upon whom these overwhelming honours have fallen have respectful petitioned that the distinction may be shared by other districts of the empire

It is a mistake to suppose that pork is the only meat liable to be infested by worms. Dr. Cobbold, in his recent lectures on helminthology—the natural history of worms, from the Greek *helmis* a worm, and *logos* a discourse says that larval tape worms occur in the most esteemed kinds of animal food, including both beef and mutton. He advises all persons who suspect they have eaten diseased or trichinised meat to lose no time in seeking able medical advice, as although it is possible to expel the trichina worms from the system when they have gone no further than the intestinal canal, all efforts to get rid of them after they have made their way into the muscles have thus far proved ineffectual and the patient invariably dies.

A new hypothesis as to the cause of solar heat has been advanced by Mr. Maxwell Hall, and is attracting considerable attention. He conjectures that the heat radiated into space is the result of a gradual contraction in the sun's bulk, which, however is so small in comparison to the entire mass of the sun, that no diminution will be visible for many ages.

Nearly a million of Americans are at this moment in Europe, or on their way there, and if we estimate the expenditure of each outgoing passenger on the average at $500—a very low estimate, indeed—we have presented to us the startling fact that America contributes to Europe yearly the vast sum of $50,000,000.

The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* makes the following cheerful announcement: "A coffin room has been established on Wayne street, the rear of the *Sentinel* building. Any one feeling like attacking the editor will save his relative trouble by coming around that way and selecting his box."

The following congratulatory telegram was lately received by a wedding pair, "Congratulations on your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."

A conscientious baker is said to be like a ship without ballast, because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

Japan is beginning to show signs of civilization. They already have corner groceries and defaulters there.

"What are you looking so sharply at that elephant for?" "To see if I can discover the keyhole to his trunk!"