

another and more wholesome light. He had formed no particular plan of action for the morrow, having had in making the appointment merely a vague idea that he would endeavor in some way to arrange matters for his daughter's happiness, if money could do it. He now told himself that, after all, Ferrard might not be so black as he was painted. He had not, perhaps, had a fair chance; he had been exposed, still young, to great temptations, and had succumbed to them. He was without a friend—a true friend—in the world, and might well be reckless and desperate. He, the auctioneer, would endeavor to make his acquaintance; he would invite him to his house; he would enquire into his affairs; he would see whether it would be possible to take him by the hand—as he phrased it—"make a man of him." There would be no harm, at any rate, in trying to make the best of a bad job—indeed, it was the one sorry resource left. He could but fail; should he do so, then it would be time to think of other measures. What a miserable, wearing business it all was! If that wish would but come true, what a cutting of the knot it would be!

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Danger of Animal Tamers.

Lion and tiger "kings" lead a life of danger, for wild animals are never "gentle." Every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands. "Gentle?" remarked one of those venturesome folks the other day. "Those tigers of mine? Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip first, then with my voice, then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; then I go in among them. It's a ticklish piece of business going in the first time, and I pick my chance for it when they are specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It is all a humbug that a man's eyes have power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you are getting very careless. They are always sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among them as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wilds, in about four weeks, so he will do all the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard and tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. You can't teach any of the creatures to love you. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you get into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. They're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who has given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some tamer gets clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp—sure death around him all the while. And the pay isn't anything like what it was."

"I never saw such a woman in all my life," said Bass, "you are never satisfied with anything." "People who know the man I took for a husband," replied Mrs. B., "think, on the contrary, that I am very easily satisfied."

Some Famous Poisoners.

The crime of secret poisoning is one of remote antiquity. The old Greek and Roman writers abound in mention of poisoning and poisoners; but the first habitual murderers of this class who appeared in the theatre of crime was the infamous Locusta. Poisoning was her profession. Nero had become acquainted with her through her having given evidence against other persons accused of like practices, and when she had done his bloodthirsty business for him by poisoning Britannicus he rewarded her with a large estate, placing some disciples with her to be instructed in her trade. Fortunately for humanity, the Emperor Galba subsequently caused Locusta to be put to death with other malefactors of Nero's reign. A Locusta was flourishing at Naples in the first decade of the 18th century. This was the notorious Tofna or Tophiana, who came from Palermo to Continental Italy, and realized large sums by the sale of poisonous drops enclosed in small glass phials bearing the inscription "Mauna of St. Nicolas of Bari," and bearing the image of that saint. The pretended sanctity of her little assassination bottles were the most fruitful of subterfuges on the part of La Tofna; and it was for a long time completely successful, the custom-house officers having too deep a veneration for St. Nicolas of Bari to examine his ostensible products very closely. The death-dealing drops, however, soon came to be known as "Acquetta di Napoli," and ultimately as "Aqua Tofna," and the poison was distributed by the inventress on the specious plea that it was only intended for the use of married ladies who were desirous of changing old husbands for new ones. From four to six drops were sufficient to destroy life, but it was asserted that the dose could be so proportioned as only to operate fatally within a certain time. At length La Tofna, finding that she was watched by the Government, took sanctuary in a nunnery; and the German traveller Keyser, who visited Naples in 1730, states that in that year she was still living, and "visited by many strangers out of curiosity." But, according to another traveller, Labat, it was as early as 1709 that La Tofna was torn from her monastic asylum and thrown into prison. The clergy and the lazzaroni were much incensed by this violation of sanctuary, but the latter were appeased by an official assertion that La Tofna had poisoned all the wells in the city. She made a full confession under the pressure of torture, and was afterwards strangled, although, characteristically enough, the Government, to appease the Archbishop of Naples, who was still indignant at the disrespect shown to the right of sanctuary, caused the prisoner's corpse to be flung at night into the courtyard of the convent from which she had been taken. There had been, however, many other criminals in league with her; and the "aqua Tofna" continued to be manufactured at Naples and distributed throughout Italy for many years after her death. She must have been a very aged woman when she was brought to justice, for, so early as 1659, in the Papacy of Alexander VII., an old fortune-teller named Hieronyma Spara was discovered to be the president of a society of young married women, whose diversion it was to poison their own and other women's husbands. La Spara, after undergoing all the refinements of judicial torture, was hanged, together with one Gratiosa, her assistant, and three other females. It is said that La Spara was a Sicilian, and had acquired her knowledge of poisons from La Tofna at Palermo. The ingredients of the poisons used by La Spara and La Tofna, and of their too celebrated French precursor, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, were for a long time, in what was believed to be the common interest, kept a profound secret by the judges who condemned the criminals. Pope Alexander VII. caused all the receipts of Hieronyma Spara to be put away in the vaults of the

Castle of St. Angelo; and the murderous formulas of the Marquise de Brinvilliers were, it is said, burned in the same fire that consumed her own body to ashes. In Paris it was long believed that Brinvilliers' favorite powder was diamond dust, a theory too harshly ridiculed by Voltaire, who declared the dust of diamonds to be as harmless as the dust of coral. Had the French sceptic ever visited India, he might have found reason to alter his opinion. It was known, however, that in the casket of Sainte-Croix, who had been the instructor of the Marchioness in that art of poisoning which he had himself learned from an Italian named Exili, there has been found corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, and vitriol. But there was also a large quantity of poison ready for use, the components of which the unskilful analysts of the time were unable to detect.

The Depopulated Highlands

There are few Highland glens that do not contain traces of the banished population. In Lochaber, along the shores of Loch Arkaig, the home of the clan Cameron, the remains of what were once extensive townships may yet be seen. The celebrated Glencoe formerly teemed with a hardy population. Famous Glengarry is a sheepwalk, and the powerful clan Macdonnell are now in Canada. Round Fort Augustus and far into the country of the clan Fraser is naught but desolation. In hundreds of straths in Ross-shire the wild heather has not even yet obliterated the green pastures and cultivated fields that once belonged to the MacKenzies and Munroes, and from whence the different battalions of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs marched to conquer at Maida, at Seringapatam, at Assaye, and Argaum. So late as 1849, when the present Prime Minister had already obtained political eminence, Hugh Miller attempted, but fruitlessly, to draw the attention of the British public to the work of destruction that was going on. He eloquently proclaimed that "while the law is banishing its tens for terms of seven and fourteen years, the penalty of deep-dyed crimes, irresponsible and infatuated power is banishing its thousands for life for no crime whatever." A large number of the dispossessed tenantry were sent to America; the remainder settled on the seashore, where they were cramped into small holdings, and have since lived in the condition described by the commission. The tourist steaming along the wild coast of the Western Highlands and islands may see perched on every cliff, in the most exposed situations and subject to the fury of Atlantic gales, the wretched hamlets that now contain the remnants of the Highland clans. Probably he will wonder how a population can at all manage to exist under such conditions. But there they are, elbowing to the very verge of their country. For large tracts of that country the proprietors even now can show no scrap of document, their claim to possession resting solely on the fact that it has never been contested. Treated and looked upon, like the foxes, as mere vermin that interfered with sport, discouraged and thwarted in every direction, these people, notwithstanding their poverty and the hardships of their lot, have maintained unimpaired the noblest attributes of their race. Crime of any kind is almost unknown among them. Their moral standard is the highest in Britain, contrasting in that respect most markedly with their lowland neighbors; and not a few of the leading British statesmen, lawyers, divines, and soldiers of the past 80 years first saw the light in these crofters' huts. Far behind the strip of inhabited littoral stretch the blue mountains the snug and often fertile glens from whence the clans were banished, now turned into silent wilderness, inhabited only by sheep and deer and an occasional shepherd or keeper. There are the vast tracts rented by the Ameri-

can, Mr. Winans, as a hunting ground, to be visited by that alien for two or three months, and abandoned to solitude for the remainder of the year, where not even a native of the soil may plant his foot.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

Strange Scenes on the Ganges.

Life and death stand hand in hand on this consecrated ground. Close by the most crowded ghats is a funeral pyre, so near that the bathers might reach out their hands to warm them at its flame. This fire is always burning, night and day, fresh fuel being brought hourly from the city, which never seems to have one less in the bazaars because of these vacancies in households. When the bodies are burnt out the ashes are thrown on the Ganges, and the stream running unshored mingles portions of them with the bathers. From some of the ghats wooden stages are built out over the river, thus multiplying the accommodation for the worshippers. Here is an old man, his wrinkled face aglow with devotional feeling, on his knees at the edge of the stage, lading up the water with his hands and muttering incessant prayer. Close by is a fine, stalwart young Brahmin going through the ritual with a rapid ease that betokens long practice and no disinclination to get through with it as quickly as possible. Here is another Brahmin up to his waist in water working his fist in an energetic fashion, which at a short distance looks as if he were wanting some one on the opposite bank to "come on and have it out" in good old English fashion. On closer inspection it is seen that he has a piece of string around his neck, and that holding it out first with one hand then with the other he is vigorously washing it. Here is a woman whose matronly figure is boldly outlined under the cotton drapery that clings to her as she comes up, wholly unlike Venus, from her third dip; a man close by scoops up the water in the palms of his joined hands and pours it out as if offering a libation, thrice repeating the ceremony and crying aloud his petition to the Preserver.

One of the Tree Dwellers.

A number of physicians assembled recently, in the office of Superintendent Conklin, at the Arsenal, Central Park, N. Y., to examine Krao, a curious child brought from the Lao country. Krao was captured two years and a half ago in her native haunts, which are marshy forests lying between the fifteenth and twentieth degrees of latitude, west of Annam, north of Siam, and 300 miles of Tonquin. The people there all live in trees, and are all covered with hair. Krao has a head of heavy black hair, light eyes, and a thick, soft growth of fine black hair all over her body. Prof. George Shelly, who exhibited her, said the hair on her back grew downward and inward toward the spine, as it does on the apes; that the dimensions of her head corresponded with those of the orang, and that, like them, she had 13 dorsal and 4 lumbar vertebrae, instead of 12 dorsal and 5 lumbar, as a properly built human being ought to have. Her hands, fingers, and wrists were remarkable flexible, and Prof. Shelly seemed to think she was doing something wonderful when she picked up a handkerchief with her toes. In 22 months she has learned to talk some English and some German. Her own language contains about 400 words. She is 8 or 9 years old, and her father and mother looked much more like monkeys than she does. Among those who saw her were Drs. C. L. Dana, Alexander Haddon, C. M. O'Leary, H. W. Mitchell, I. E. Taylor, E. P. Mitchell, J. H. Gunning, William Nichols, J. B. Holder, J. O. Peters, and F. P. Foster, and Gen. Viole, President of the Park Department. None of them, not even Gen. Viole, appeared to be overwhelmed with the belief that she was the missing link.