## PIPPO'S REWARD.

(From All The Year Round.)

"If I could but buy it!"

He was only a little brown faced, barefooted Italian lad, and he stood with his wistful eyes fixed on the window of a dingy shop in a still more dingy London street. Above his head the hot sun poured down its burning rays, but he did not mind that; it reminded him of his own land on some dim cloudless afternoon, when he had had nothing to do save to lie under the shade of the vines on the mountain side, or to listen to the music of some rill of water babbling under cool green leaves, with a stone image sculptured above, that those who sought its shelter might also give due reverence to its patron saint. There were no vines here, and no babbling fountains, and sculptured Madonnas; only hot streets and countless roofs, and but chance glimpses of blue sky far up above the house tops. Neither were there market days and feast days for innocent merry making; nor any rest or peace for his little weary body, since the cruel black browed padrone had brought him from across the seas to this country of want, and work, and endless misery.

No. There was never any peace for him now; any pause of time when he might dream day dreams of all things beautiful. All was noise, and turmoil, and ceaseless clangor, and unending strife, and life was a sordid, pitiful thing that left him only too often sleepless, and hungry, and foot sore, and with a tired aching in his heart that he could not put into any words; that even if put into words would have won for him nothing but mockery and jeers, and perhaps blows.

Blows—was that a blow now that fell on his shoulder from which the ragged little shirt had partly fallen? He started and shrank back with the timid, frightened gesture of a beaten dog. But it was no blow this time, only the pressure of a strong hand on his little shrinking form.

"What are you staring at so earnestly?" asked a hard hearty voice in the language which the child as yet only imperfectly understood.

"Nothing, Signor Inglese," he answered timidly, and shrank away with his little broken fiddle under his arm, as though he had done something to be ashamed of.

"Nothing? Why your eyes looked as if they would start out of your head. If it had been a cook shop now, or a baker's, I could have understood it; you look half starved. But this old rubbishing brick-a-brac place. What the deuce could you see there?"

He was a young man who spoke, dressed in naval uniform, but his loud, hearty voice bewildered the little lad, whose scant knowledge of English prevented his understanding what was said. He stood looking helplessly at the stalwart frame and sunburned face of his interrogater, but something in the kind blue eyes gave him courage at last. He drew a step nearer.

"I look but at—this," he said shyly, pointing to an old violin lying among a heap of rubbish in the window.

"That! and what do you think of it?" asked the young man wonderingly.

"It makes music," faltered the child.

"Music!" laughed the young Lieutenant, and what of that?"

The little lad's eyes grew soft and dreamy. "What?" he murmured in Italian, "only that I love it, only that in all this great city it is the one thing that speaks to me of the home I have lost."

"Poor little chap," said his interrogator regretfully. "I don't understand your lingo but I dare say you're a victim of one of those rascally padrones who make a living by sending women and children into the streets to work for them. Would you like that fiddle?" he added slowly, pointing to the instrument as he spoke.

The child did not understand the question, so to make it clearer the young man walked into the shop, making a sign to the little lad to follow. An old Jew rose up from behind the counter and peered through the gloom at his customer.

"What you pleashe, sare?" he asked, rubbing his dirty hands slowly together as if he scented business.

"Let me see that fiddle you have in the window," said the young man.

"That—violine," corrected the dealer.

"Well, I don't know that the name makes any difference," returned his customer, impatiently. "Haul it out of your hold, and let's have a look at it. It doesn't seem up to much, to judge by its appearance."

"It is one var fine inshtrument, sare," exclaimed the Jew, indignantly. "It is an old Italian violine, of fine make, and of tone wonderful. Try it, sare."

"Try it!" exclaimed his customer, contemptuously. "You don't suppose I should play on a dirty blackened old thing like that? If I ever perpetrated anything in the musical line," he added, laughing, "I should take care to have a fine brand new instrument, at all events."

The Jew looked with unfeigned commiseration at this display of musical ignorance.

"A new violine," he exclaimed, "play on a new violine. Ah, sare, it ish plain you know not much of music."

"You're right there," laughed the young sailor, "but I want to try what this youngster does. I found him looking very covetously at that rubbishing old piece of wood and catgut. Just hand it over here a minute."

"Let that dirty little brat touch my Italian violine? Nevare!" exclaimed old Jacobs with indignation. "Do you take me for von fool, Sare? I thought it was you that needed the inshtrument for yourself; but that street brat—"

He turned away contemptuously, and thrust the violin once more into its old place among the cracked China, and dull brasses, and time worn bronzes, and bits of genre, as he called them. The little lad who had imperfectly understood the dialogue, clasped his hands dispairingly together as he saw the coveted treasure put once more beyond his reach, but his new protector was not to be easily baffled, and he sternly ordered the Jew to give the instrument to him and tell him its price.

"Twenty pounds," was the cool response.

"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed the sailor, indignantly. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, sare, for a shentlemans," answered the Teutonic Hebrew with a grin; "but if you were a connoisseur, you would know that this is a fine old Italian instrument, and worth every penny of what I ask you."

"Put some strings on it, and let me see what it's like," said his customer shortly.

The old man obeyed, and presently handed the violin to its prospective purchaser with its bridge fixed and its strings in playable condition.

"You vant a bow too?" he asked with a grin.

"Of course," answered the young man loftily, though when the violin and bow were in his hands he knew nothing of how to use them. "I used to see old Jack Barber play the thing on board ship often enough," he said ruefully; "but I'm blest if I know how to clap sail on myself. Here boy," he added, unheeding the Jew's remonstrance, "see what you can make of it."

The child took it with reverent tender hands, and without an instant's hesitation began to play. Something in the little wrapt face and earnest eyes, as well as in the instinctive grace with which he used the bow, and brought the long silent music from out of that old time-worn instrument, silenced the Jew's remonstrances, and changed the young sailor's laughing curiosity to a deep attention.

"By Jove! the little chap understands what he's about," he said in surprise. "Curious, how natural music seems to these Southern birds. What do you think of that, eh?" he asked old Jacobi suddenly.

"Tink! Why, that he will spoil my violine, and I shall hold you responsible," was the strictly professional reply.

The sailor gave a prolonged whistle.

"Stow all that trash," he exclaimed indignantly. "That lad knows more about the instrument than you do. Spoil it? Those clever little fingers? Bosh! I'll tell you what, though; I'll give you five pounds for that old fiddle, and a good offer it is. Take it or leave it as you like. I can soon pick up another. I saw some in Levi's in H——street, and he's an old friend of mine."

"Levi is my cousin, and he is rich, and I am von ver poor dealer," screamed the old Hebrew excitedly; "but Levi has not in all his shop one single violine that is the least degree so good as that. No, sare; you would not rob a poor old man; you vill give me for him ten pounds."

"Five, and not a halfpenny more," was the resolute answer, as the young man took the violin from the child's reluctant hands and placed it on the counter.

"Seven—fix—five pound ten," persisted the Jew in a broken voice, as each abatement was steadily ignored. "Vell, vell, if it must it must. I make you great sacrifice, but it shall not be said that you ver imposhed on by one of my cousin Levi's bad violines. No; sooner vould I suffer myself than that, and von day you may again see a leetle instrument you like—also it shall be a bargain—if you go not to Levi. He is noting of a dealer, noting. I should not like to see a goot young gentlemen like you imposhed on by him."

The young man laughed heartily at this irade and drew his purse out.

"All right, I won't go to Levi," he said.

"Now, put that fiddle in a case and and it over, will you?"

"Shall I not send him for you?" asked the dealer, persuasively. "It shall come to-day, certain."

"Thanks," said the young sailor, cautiously. "But you see I'm not a good judge of instruments, and—ahem—I might forget what it was like!"

The Jew had to confess himself worsted in the encounter, and soon after his strange customer left the shop with the little Italian lad carrying the case and trotting beside him.

"And I thought it wosh be all sailors are so confiding," murmured the old Israelite regretfully, as he returned to his dingy den. "I have heard it said so. But still," and he rubbed his dirty hands gleefully—"still, it has not for me been so bad a bargain. Five shillings I give for that old fiddle two years ago, and now five pounds I sell him for; and then I have secured a customer from mine ver goot Cousin Levi!"

This last reflection seemed to give him almost as much satisfaction as his bargain—not quite; for a Jew's pocket is usually his most sensitive point, and what affects it is in consequence his primary consideration.

Meanwhile, the young sailor, Ned Fordyce by name, and his strange companion went out once more into the narrow close street and hot sunshine. The little lad broke out into a string of incoherent passionate thanks vous than ever." Then, with one more searching look around he left the dining-room and rejoined the feminine members of the family in the pretty lamp-lit drawing room beyond. When he reached the door he paused. Was it only fancy, or was his dream still haunting him, for, floating through the air and up to the open windows came the self-same plaintive, sorrowful strains that had been ringing in his ears a few moments before.

Ned stood quite still, instinctively he knew who the player was, and felt that the little friendless lad had traveled all those hard stony streets to pay this tribute to his young benefactor. The delicacy of feeling which had prompted this ignorant and untutored child was recognized and understood, even as he would have had it understood. Ned staid his sister's hand as she was about to toss out some coins to the hidden player.

"No," he said, hastily; "there are some cases where money is an insult. I know why this child is here."

Just as he spoke a sweet young voice lifted itself up, seeming as if it must find its way straight to heaven, with its rich far-sounding notes. On many a saint's day the boy had walked in the processions with hundreds of other children, singing what they had been taught to sing, and glad to sing it because the music was beautiful and the saints would be pleased with their service. And as he sang he was once more in his own land, and above him beamed the cloudless blue of an Italian sky, and he saw glowing waters and dancing waves, and the brightness of the morning sunlight, and the little grassy paths where the river ran by his side and— He woke from his dream with a start of fear and the snap of a broken string. A shadow fell across the white moonlit road, and a harsh voice muttered in his own tongue:

"Thou hast sung enough, go ask for money now."

The child shrank back as from a blow.

"Oh, no," he entreated, "not money tonight. I gave you the money of the kind stranger. I did but come hither to play to him in gratitude, he will understand, he is so noble and good and strong, just like the Archangel Michael in the picture on the chapel walls, and—"

"Carramba," hissed the man fiercely. "I have not asked thee to prate of archangels and chapels, silly fool. Go, do what I bid thee, of fifty stripes and no supper on thy return home."

The child answered never a word. With proud mute dignity he put his violin back in its case and walked away, leaving his task master to follow or to beg in his place.

He took his stripes and went hungry and bruised and footsore to bed, yet he uttered no cry, and gave no word of complaint even to pitying Netta. In his own simple, childish fashion he thought he deserved such chastisement for his disobedience, but in his heart he said: "I could not have begged of him. I never will beg of him though I saw him twenty times a day. He heard me play to-night—he will understand."

Did Ned Fordyce understand? They were all talking over the beautiful singing in the pretty lamp lit drawing room, and wondering that it was succeeded by no solicitation for the usual donations.

"I should like to have that boy in my choir," said St. Theophilus. "What a voice. It was exquisite."

"He is better in the streets," said Ned abruptly—almost rudely, Edith thought. "One does not cage nightingales."

Was Pippo dreaming?

He sat up in his bed of straw and rubbed his eyes. There was a dim light in the room, and many forms huddled up in different corners. It was close and pestilential and unwholesome, but the little lad had grown used to it now, and, indeed, was often too weary and spent to notice anything only too glad to lay his aching limbs on his heap of straw and sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

What had awakened him now? Had he dreamed that name, or had somebody said it really. He laid himself noiselessly back in his straw and listened. Yes, voices were talking close beside him—the voices of men in the adjoining room, but through the thin partition he could hear every word. And as he listened and heard, his heart seemed to stand in terror, his face grew ashy gray, his little thin brown hands shook like aspen leaves where they rested on their straw couch. Then there came silence, and the light was extinguished, and only the heavy breathing of the many companions of his own miserable life sounded through the wretched place, but Pippo slept no more that night. His little heart beat with the agony of an intense fear and the greatness of a heroic purpose, and the faint pale light of the dawn fell on him lying there with wide opened terrified eyes that no sleep had visited.

Pippo was not allowed to pursue his usual vocation that day. It was Sunday, and the padrone bade him, in surly accents, remain at home through all the long, hot summer hours, while the boy's whole heart was full of an intense longing to get away, to put in practice the resolution he had formed during these terrible wakeful hours of the night. He heard the bells ringing over the still, sultry air, and he knew that the church doors were open, and the white-robed choristers singing, and the people playing in their own fashion.

Netta bought him a dry crust and an apple for his Sunday meal, and he washed it down with a draught of water that was warm and dull looking, and bore little affinity to the clear sparkling streams from which he had once been wont to drink.

Then the girl, who pitied the gentle dreamy little lad, and saw how unfit he was for such a life as he now led, bade him wash his face and come out with her. The padrone had given her leave to take him away, and they would not return until the evening, and she would go in one of the river steamers and get out at some place where there were green fields and shady trees and the noise and dust and glare of the city might be forgotten for even a few hours. Pippo started to his feet in delight. Such a holiday of this Netta had often spoken of and planned, but they had never been able to accomplish it. He could scarcely believe it was possible even now. His preparations were soon made, and his little wan face was flushed with excitement, and his big brown eyes literally danced with delight as he ran down the dark and crooked stairway to where Netta awaited him in the street below. She was a rough looking, brown eyed girl of some twenty years. She might have been pretty once, but years of a coarse, sordid, criminal life had taken all the womanliness from her face and eyes, and left her very hardened and reckless.

She took the child's hand in hers, and together they went out into the hot sunshine. Pippo had lost all memory of what he had heard the previous night in the rapture of this granted holiday. To float down the river, to feast his eyes on fields once more, and see the sky stretching wide and vast above his head, instead of being hemmed in by thousands of roofs; to hear a bird's song from the safe free shelter of the boughs, not from the narrow cramped bars of a cage; to see the tufts of reeds and sedges standing high as his own head on the river banks; above all, to have no fear of harsh voices and blows for the sweet glad length of a summer afternoon; this was as much joy as his little heart was capable of holding for hours after.

They were lying in a field with the river stretching before them like a streak of silver in the rays of a full August moon. Pippo rested his cheek on the cool, soft grass, and drank in the quiet beauty of the scene with greedy eyes. A deep sigh passed his lips. "When would such a holiday be his again?" As the thought was in his mind he heard the far off chime of some church clock striking the hour. Mechanically he counted the strokes. Nine! At the last he sprang to his feet with a cry of terror, sharp and sudden. "Netta," he said wildly. "Netta I must go back. I had forgotten. Oh, Netta, Netta, wake!"

The girl was fast aleep, but his startled cry roused her, and she sat up and looked at him with drowsy, stupefied eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I must go back—last night—and then to forget! Oh, the wasted time! Netta, dear Netta, let us hurry home; we may be in time yet. Oh! how could I forget? How could I?"

"What are you talking about?" asked the girl crossly. Her slumber had been very pleasant, and she did not like to be disturbed.

"Oh, Netta!" cried the little lad, his white, terrified face bent pleading toward her. "Let me go home. I know what they are going to do to-night, those wicked men. Netta, if anything happens to him I shall never forgive myself. I ought to have warned him. I meant to, and then, then—this afternoon, and it was all so beautiful, and I forgot till now, and it is late, and—"

"Don't be foolish, Pippo," interrupted the girl. "I know what they are going to do, and I was told to keep you out of the way. Rest contented; you can do no good now; it is too late."

The little lad turned on her with such a look of horror, shame and agony in his great wild eyes as struck her to the heart. "You know!"

It was all he said. Then, with one appealing glance to the calm, wide heavens that looked so bright and pitiless and far above, he sprang away like an arrow from a bow, and with fleet feet that baffled the girl's instant pursuit, he traversed the field path by the river side, and was lost to sight in a few moments.

Netta's senses, though drugged by drink and sleep, were yet quick enough to warn her of the danger in store for her should Pippo succeed in his attempt; but she was no match for him in speed, and when she reached the landing stage she found there was no sign of him, and that the last boat had left an hour before. "He will have to walk all the way," she thought to herself. "He cannot be in time."

But Pippo had no intention of walking. He had noticed the position of the railway lines, and he knew they must lead to a station, and as soon as he was out of Netta's sight he made his way to the little town, and some curious chance or blind instinct guided him direct to the spot he sought. Yet here a fresh difficulty awaited him. He had no money wherewith to buy a ticket. The clothes on his back and the violin in his hand were his only possessions. The engine was screaming and puffing, the passengers were already taking their places. The child dared not hesitate. He sprang into a carriage where the people were humbly dressed, and which he thought would be cheapest to travel in, and sat trembling in a corner at his own temerity until the train was fairly started. Then he rose up and stretched out his little hands in an agony of appeal to the wondering passengers.

"Oh, good people," he cried, "I am a poor little lad, and I have no money, and some one I know is in great danger to-night, and I must get to him and warn him. It will kill me if I cannot. I thought the iron way would carry me quickest, and so I came in here, but they may turn me out, for I have no money to pay them. You know how much it is, and I will play to you all the way for just so many copper pieces as it may be. Oh, good people, it is for more than charity, it is for a life I pray. Do hear and help me, for love of the God you serve!"

The passionate appeal, the sight of the little eager face and tear blinded eyes, stirred many hearts there to sympathy. Before the the child had touched a string or played a note, eager hands thrust the money into his own, and kindly voices were uttering assurances of sympathy in his ear. He thanked them with the rapturous ecstacy of southern grace that for once overcame his natural shyness, and then, true to his promise, he played to them, with all his heart in the music he poured forth. The noise of the train bewildered him; the sparks of fire and colored lights of signals flashing by dazzled his eyes; the darkness and clamor, as the carriages rushed through the long black tunnels, frightened him, as all things weird and strange frighten a child; but his heart was filled with a brave and steadfast purpose, and nothing but death would have stayed him now.

When they told him he could get no nearer to the place he wanted that night, he bade them all farewell and got out, and as he stood on the platform, his brown curls glistening in the lamplight, his violin clasped in his arms, his eyes gazing bewildered and frightened around him, many a woman's eyes grew dim with pity as the train whirled off, and his fellow passengers lost sight of him at last.

There was a long walk still before him, and the way was strange, and there were but few people of whom to ask it, and those few either ignored or misdirected him. The sun try heat of the day which had portended a storm now began to fulfill its promise, and the roll of thunder over head, and the heavy plash of rain drops on his face warned him of its approach. Still he battled on mechanically, although he held all superstitious dread. A clock was striking midnight when he at last discovered the street he wanted and had searched for so long. He was drenched to the skin with the heavy rain, and his brain seemed dizzy and bewildered by the shock of the thunder's roar and the flash of the vivid lightning. Still, that one purpose was in his mind, and to that patient fidelity pointed as steadfastly as the needle to the pole.

When he reached the house it was all in darkness. He had formed no plan, had no distinct idea of what he was to do, only he had learned that a plot was on foot to rob, perhaps to murder his generous young benefactor, and he must warn him of it. He crept round the house. All was quiet. It was a semi detached villa, and a small garden ran around it leading to a large square at the back of the house. Pippo knew that from this sack an entrance would be effected; he had overheard the men say so. Silent as a shadow he flitted up the steps, and mounted the balcony on which two long French windows opened. They were closely shut and shuttered, but as he placed his eye to the pane he caught a faint gleam of light. With beating heart and face white as death he looked in. The shutters had evidently been unfastened, and through the crack this ray shone at intervals. Even as he looked it went out, and all was dark again. The child passed his hand over the window and found that a whole pane of glass had been removed. He then timidly pressed the shutter, and found it gave way at once. The men were here then, and their dastardly work was begun. Without an instant's hesitation the lad threw back the shutter and dashed into the room. In that second of time the whole scene was photographed on his brain. Two black masked figures were bending over a heap of plate that they had taken from the sideboard; and as the boy's entrance startled them, the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed full on his face. An oath and a blow followed in quick succession, but the lad slipped like an eel through the fingers that sought to detain him, and, throwing open the door, raised a shout of alarm that roused every inmate of the house. Then with equal rapidity he sprang on the heap of plunder that the two men had been fastening in a leathern case, and with his feeble arms flung around it, and his little frail body interposed between them and their booty, he strove to defend it for his benefactor's sake.

"Come, Luigi," cried one of the men in alarm. "The whole house is up. We shall be caught. Fly."

"I won't go without this," muttered the other with an oath. "You young devil, will you let go?"

The little lad did not answer; his strength was nearly gone, his breath only came in pitiful gasps. He had but the mute dumb persistence of an inflexible purpose to keep his senses from failing; he could not waste them now in idle words. There was a struggle, but the man could not shake off that tenacious hold, and the sound of footsteps warned him to desist. With one last curse, hissed through his close set teeth, he loosed his hold.

"Little devil, at least you shall have your reward," he cried, and drew a long sharp dagger from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. The red blood rushed in a torrent over Pippo's arms as still they clasped what he had given his life to defend.

A sickness and darkness stole over him; he felt his hands relax their clasp, and he fell face downward on the blood-stained floor as the flash of lights, the sound of voices filled the room.

The scene told its own tale, but the sound of the voice he loved, the presence of the friend for whom his loyal little life had been sacrificed, recalled Pippo's scattered senses, and through the dim haze of death he stretched out his hands to Ned Fordyce.

"It's all right, Signor," he said. "I kept it. I meant to—to warn you, but I came too late for that—only—I said they should not rob you, and they—have not!"

Ned Fordyce threw himself down beside the little lad, and tore open the ragged shirt, and strove to staunch the fast flowing blood, while his brave young face grew pale as that of the martyred child.

"Why did you do this?" he asked sorrowfully, "I would a thousand times sooner have lost all this worthless trash than had a human life sacrificed to save it."

The heavy lids opened, and the glazed eyes seemed to smile.

"You were so good," said the child softly. "I had always been unhappy till I—saw you. Perhaps you will remember me a little—sometimes—and help some other child like myself for Pippo's sake. The violin is out there—on the balcony. I should like to take it with me, because—you gave it—for, though doubtless the Madonna will give me one in heaven, it will not be quite the same—as yours—"

Then his head fell back like a tired child's, and his eyes saw the face he loved no more.

So Pippo found his reward.

## A SILVER-PLATED CLUB.

The season has arrived when every man who cares to shoot, fish, swim, row, sail or sit on a cool veranda, is expected to join some club. A dozen up-river and down-river clubs are now being galvanized into life after the winter trance, and anybody who is a good fellow can join one of them under certain conditions. One of these conditions is the payment of twenty-five dollars into the club fund. Another is that the member won't swoop down on the club house with more than forty of his relatives without previous warning. He is expected not to growl after fishing all day with a bite; to stand the sun like a crow-bar; to eat what is set before him without reference to dyspepsia or billousness; to sit on a veranda in the midst of a ten thousand acre marsh and believe that he is seeing cliffs and rocks and valleys and other romantic things. If a man can get away from his business he can send his mother in law or his hired man to take comfort for him and drive away his share of the mosquitoes. If he can get away, and the line steamer is out of sight on that day, or off to Cleveland on an excursion, he is all rig t just the same. That is, the rest of the club are there catching whales and feasting like whales.

But there is always a chance for improvement, and this club business is to be improved. In a few days all the good fellows around town will be asked to step into an organization the likes of which every other city must take second-hand. To begin with, the initiation fee is only fifty cents, and does nothing at all. The club house will be situated at the Flats, and will cover an acre of ground. Every window is a bay window, and every bedroom is large enough for a family of seven. No mosquitoes will be allowed to approach nearer than eighty rods under penalty of five years in State Prison. Twelve different varieties of fish will be on hand ready to be caught at any hour of the day or night. Arrangements have been made for invalids to fish through the floor, and able attendants will be in attendance to bait hooks and weigh each fish. Ague, malaria, east wind and rank odors have promised to give their sole attention to other clubs.

The meals at the new club house will be the same as at any first-class hotel, while the drinks and cigars will be better. Seven pianos have already been ordered for the music, and a brass band will play on every veranda, for an hour before sunset. Gondolas will be on call for such as desire them, and steamers and barks for those who want to cut more of a swell. A telegraph line will be erected for use of the guests, and mail will be forwarded six times a day.

In addition to all this the summer campaign includes a trip to Niagara Falls, free tickets to three circuses, a balloon ascension, fire works on the 1st, and a lecture by a celebrated talker, on Why Do I Froth? It seems as if the climax of clubism had been reached in its organization, and there will doubtless be a great rush for membership tickets.

## DEADLY DROXO.

### A New Explosive that Blows Things Sky High.

Early yesterday morning a party of three well known gentlemen of this city went about five miles up the Arkansas Valley to make a thorough test of a new high explosive discovered by Mr. Frank Huber, chemist and assayer, formerly located at Granite, but later of this city. Mr. Huber calls his explosive Droxo, from a chemical substance known as droxine, and has made it thus far in the shape of small tubes with a fuse projecting out of the end, where a little thumb screw is placed. The exterior tube is made of lead, and about as big around as the little finger and four inches long. One end is sealed, and the screw of the other extends down into a white powder, above which is a glass tube. In order to explode it the screw is turned, forcing the tube to the bottom of the case and there breaking it, allowing a fluid to escape and moisten the powder. The fuse is then ignited. This may appear complicated, but Mr. Huber states that the tubes can be produced for fifty cents or less apiece. Their force is said to be tremendous. As an initial experiment a hole was drilled in the earthy formation of a slight embankment, and a stick of droxo lighted and dropped in. The fuse burns exactly five minutes, and the party withdrew to a safe distance. At exactly the specified time of its approach. Still he battled on mechanically, although he held all superstitious dread. A clock was striking midnight when he at last discovered the street he wanted and had searched for so long. He was drenched to the skin with the heavy rain, and his brain seemed dizzy and bewildered by the shock of the thunder's roar and the flash of the vivid lightning. Still, that one purpose was in his mind, and to that patient fidelity pointed as steadfastly as the needle to the pole.

When he reached the house it was all in darkness. He had formed no plan, had no distinct idea of what he was to do, only he had learned that a plot was on foot to rob, perhaps to murder his generous young benefactor, and he must warn him of it. He crept round the house. All was quiet. It was a semi detached villa, and a small garden ran around it leading to a large square at the back of the house. Pippo knew that from this sack an entrance would be effected; he had overheard the men say so. Silent as a shadow he flitted up the steps, and mounted the balcony on which two long French windows opened. They were closely shut and shuttered, but as he placed his eye to the pane he caught a faint gleam of light. With beating heart and face white as death he looked in. The shutters had evidently been unfastened, and through the crack this ray shone at intervals. Even as he looked it went out, and all was dark again. The child passed his hand over the window and found that a whole pane of glass had been removed. He then timidly pressed the shutter, and found it gave way at once. The men were here then, and their dastardly work was begun. Without an instant's hesitation the lad threw back the shutter and dashed into the room. In that second of time the whole scene was photographed on his brain. Two black masked figures were bending over a heap of plate that they had taken from the sideboard; and as the boy's entrance startled them, the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed full on his face. An oath and a blow followed in quick succession, but the lad slipped like an eel through the fingers that sought to detain him, and, throwing open the door, raised a shout of alarm that roused every inmate of the house. Then with equal rapidity he sprang on the heap of plunder that the two men had been fastening in a leathern case, and with his feeble arms flung around it, and his little frail body interposed between them and their booty, he strove to defend it for his benefactor's sake.

"Come, Luigi," cried one of the men in alarm. "The whole house is up. We shall be caught. Fly."

"I won't go without this," muttered the other with an oath. "You young devil, will you let go?"

The little lad did not answer; his strength was nearly gone, his breath only came in pitiful gasps. He had but the mute dumb persistence of an inflexible purpose to keep his senses from failing; he could not waste them now in idle words. There was a struggle, but the man could not shake off that tenacious hold, and the sound of footsteps warned him to desist. With one last curse, hissed through his close set teeth, he loosed his hold.

"Little devil, at least you shall have your reward," he cried, and drew a long sharp dagger from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. The red blood rushed in a torrent over Pippo's arms as still they clasped what he had given his life to defend.

A sickness and darkness stole over him; he felt his hands relax their clasp, and he fell face downward on the blood-stained floor as the flash of lights, the sound of voices filled the room.

The scene told its own tale, but the sound of the voice he loved, the presence of the friend for whom his loyal little life had been sacrificed, recalled Pippo's scattered senses, and through the dim haze of death he stretched out his hands to Ned Fordyce.

"It's all right, Signor," he said. "I kept it. I meant to—to warn you, but I came too late for that—only—I said they should not rob you, and they—have not!"

Ned Fordyce threw himself down beside the little lad, and tore open the ragged shirt, and strove to staunch the fast flowing blood, while his brave young face grew pale as that of the martyred child.

"Why did you do this?" he asked sorrowfully, "I would a thousand times sooner have lost all this worthless trash than had a human life sacrificed to save it."

The heavy lids opened, and the glazed eyes seemed to smile.

"You were so good," said the child softly.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

—The new Texas Capital will cost $1,500,000 and will be built by a Detroit architect.

—When the woman told the printer she wanted a cut to advertise her business, he handed out an old dental picture of a jaw full of teeth.

—In the opinion of the Boston *Transcript*, "Conkling has resigned, Platt has resigned, and the country is resigned."

—Brooklyn has a club called the sons of rest, who never worked and never will. They are objects of interest to the police.

—Levi Robbins, of Copenhagen, N. Y., is 109 years old, and has just signed the temperance pledge for the first time in his life.

—M. Cabanel, a French artist, has painted the portrait of Bonanza Mackey's daughter, and it is said to resemble the Virgin on a stained glass window of some old cathedral.

—A dog is lodged under Niagara Falls. Consequently he is a curiosity. Circumstances make the dog as well as the man.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—The Khedive of Egypt has appointed guardians for all the chief temples, tombs and other antiquities of the country for their protection from insatiate travelers' chisels.

—An example of the terrible effect of giving credit was recently cited by Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons. A gentleman owed his poor green grocer above £14,000.

—The Edimburgh *Daily Review* states that the Lord Advocate has announced that the Government is prepared to introduce a bill for the abolition of church and manse rates in Scotland.

—The members of the Independent band look well in their new uniform of grey, trimmed with gold and crimson, and their music was a big feature of the Queen's birth day celebration at the Beach.

—The hotel keepers at Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Beach and the Palisades expect to do a large business, because the unhealthy condition of New York city will drive out all those who can possibly get away.

—The son of the late Fernando Wood, of New York, finds that his father's estate, supposed to have been involved, is so enhanced by recent rises in real estate and securities as to become a considerable fortune.

—The Quincy *Modern Argo* tells us that a Californian saved the life of a woman who had fallen into a river, and was given a nickel for his bravery. He wears it as a scarf pin, and refers to it as the pin nickel of fame.

—At one of Forepaugh's menagerie exhibitions in Chicago last week one of the spectators burst into tears on beholding the zebras. He turned out to be an Australian ex-convict, and explained that the striped suit made him feel homesick.

—The Swedish Government is becoming alarmed, and contemplates legislation with a view to checking emigration, which is assuming the proportions of an exodus. Several counties are practically denuded of able bodied inhabitants.

—Mr. Conkling was once described by ex-Senator Gordon, who is a personal enemy, as a man who always reminded him of the beginning of a negro preacher's prayer down in Georgia, "Oh, all sufficient, self sufficient, inefficient Being."

—A singular spectacle was presented in South Carolina during the execution of Richardson, the murderer. He shouted, "I command the peace!" which, however, did not come to him at his command, for the trap was sprung while the words were upon his lips.

—Senator Wade Hampton has in his possession a German Bible which was printed at Strasburg in 1615. It was conjectured by some Lutheran ministers, whose translation of the manuscript accompanies it, that it was written by Luther himself or copied from his writings.

—Lord Fitzhardinge has made a good thing of the Shorthorn bull "Duke of Connaught," for which he gave 4,500 guineas some four years ago. The animal has since brought him in £7,500, and has, moreover, got him such stock as had never before been seen at Berkeley.

—'Inquirer" asked the Boston *Transcript* "Will you give the rest of the following quotation: 'In their deaths they were not divided?' I think I have seen it on some gravestone." The editor replied: "The quotation occurs in a book called the Bible. See II. Samuel, i. 23."

—"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looks exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

—"Staten Island has got a dead sea serpent; and, now that the serpent is actually dead, the watering-place hotel men are disconsolate," says the *Express*. Strange that a reputable journal will circulate such false reports when the whole weight of testimony shows that the reptile was not a sea serpent but a gazoo.

—The Archbishop of Paris refused to permit the funeral of M. Emile de Girardin at the Magdeleine. It took place at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, and M. Gambetta was among those present. Orations were delivered over the grave. M. de Girardin received the rites of the Church in articulo mortis.

—"Frenchmen and Americans," says the London *Spectator*, "pay a heavy price for their servants' 'proper pride.' They have to submit to an ungracious formalism or 'stand-offishness,' degenerating at times into a rudeness which effectively impedes the officials' usefulness by increasing the reluctance of the public to ask for information."

—According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* a large eagle was shot on April 16th, at Nakkoo, Lapland which had around its neck a brass chain with a little tin box attached tost. This box contained a slip of paper on which was written in Danish: "Caught and sit free again in 1792 by E. and C. Anderson. Boetod in Falster, Denmark."

—Karl Blind in an article on Lord Beaconsfield quotes these lines, which he says were cut out of the second edition of Disraeli's queer performance, The Revolutionary Epic:

Blessed is the hand that dares to wield
The regicidal steel, that shall redeem
A nation's suffering in a tyrant's blood:

—The noble silent men scattered here and there whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way; a forest that has no roots, all turned into leaves and boughs, which must wither and be no forest.

—Lord Denman, a friend of the domestic quadruped creation, drives a horse about the streets of London that wears spectacles. The animal was found to be near sighted, and its owner has successfully tried the experiment of remedying the defect in the same way as is done with human beings.

—Salvini's success with his mixed company, which was a good deal ridiculed at first, has persuaded Edwin Booth to try the experiment. He will play Hamlet in Berlin, the other characters being taken by native Germans. He will have the advantage, too, that Hamlet is very familiar to the Germans.

—A German woman and her little boy living at a place known as Skookum Chuck, in Washington Territory, cut and stored seventy-five cords of wood during the past winter. She has a large family, and all must work. She is now willing to enter a wood chopping match with any woman of native American descent in the country.

—A Wisconsin man's house was burned while he was away. He heard of it, and started home wild with anxiety. Meeting a neighbor he said: "I know the house is gone, but how about—" "Your family? They're all right. Wife, mother in law and two children got out all safe." "Oh, d—m the family! Did they get the dog out?"

—Mr. Keoger of Florence, Ala., recently left New Orleans and neglected to call his pointer dog with him aboard of the boat as it pushed out from the wharf, bound for the Tenessee River. He followed the boat several miles up the river, but was soon left behind. Two weeks afterward he got home, very thin and much fatigued by his long jaunt.

—A Parliamentary return has been issued of the persons sentenced to death for the crime of murder in England and Wales from the 31st December, 1879, to the 31st December, 1880, inclusive. It appears from this document that in the years '78 and '80 sixty-four persons were sentenced to death in England and Wales of whom thirty-one were executed.

—The Jingoes, religious and political, are most ingenious and inexhaustible in their devices for improving Lord Beaconsfield's death. As one of the latest dodges, we read that Rev. Henry Blagden, the vicar of St. Michael's, Hughenden, appeals for £2,000 to complete the restoration of the parish church in memory of the late Earl of Beaconsfield.

—George Augustus Sala, one of his letters from St. Petersburg, had occasion to say that at the hotels there you can live like a fighting cock. Here is the way he said it: "As for your living it will be as good as that traditionally said to be enjoyed by one of those pugnacious feathered bipeds of the gallinacious order, which, by act of parliament, are no longer suffered to fight."

—"A beautiful and touching sight," says the Summer (S. C.) *Southron*, "occurred on Sunday last at the Stateburg Episcopal Church. A gentleman who was there and saw it says that while Governor Manning was kneeling at the chancel, receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, a little bird flew from the loft and lit upon his back and quietly remained there until the Governor arose, when it returned to its perch."

—When the Chicago *Times* comes to publishing the revised Old Testament in full, a Boston paper, the *Transcript*, predicts that it will introduce the volume with headlines like these: "Creation Unmasked! A Family Tragedy! Escape of the Murderer! A Fruitful Feud—An Apple Evicts Them! Fearful Freshet! Showers of Brimstone! Full Particulars! Interesting Developments! Toothsome Scandals!"

—The chairman of Brecon Quarter Sessions, England, recently sentenced a private soldier to ten months' hard labor for breaking a window when he was drunk. It is true that the window was plate glass and valued at £20; but ten months is certainly too severe a sentence. The man might have indulged himself by kicking half-a-dozen women or children for that amount of incarceration.

—Two eminent Italians whose names were widely known during the great struggle for the liberation of Italy, died recently—Joseph La Masa and Achilles Ravizza. La Masa was a General and a member of Parliament, but he distinguished himself much more as an agitator and as an author than a military man or as a parliamentary deputy. Achilles Ravizza, who died in Milan on the same day as General La Masa, was one of the most devoted and trusted of Mazzini's followers. He remained an agitator all his life.

—On the coast of Africa, west of the Bight of Benin, there is an extended lagoon. Directly behind the principal opening there was built years ago, on the model of a city, designed especially as a hiding-place and stronghold of the slave trade, and for a generation or two the very name of Lagos was a synonym of all the horrors of that infamous traffic. This is now called the Liverpool of Africa, the great central emporium of the coast trade. The landmark which now guides sea going vessels into the opening of the lagoon is the spire of a Christian church, rising gracefully above the city. The yearly exports of Lagos amount to $2,000,000.

—The approaching transit of Venus, which is to occur in 1882, will be regarded with a degree of interest which hardly any other astronomical event has ever excited, inasmuch as no recurrence of the phenomenon will happen for the long space of 122½ years. Of the 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants of this globe living on that day, it may be safe to say that scarce one mortal soul, although born simultaneously with that event, can possibly live to the period of another transit. Practically, therefore, so far as the present human race is concerned, this orb will have perished and passed into eternity.

—A St. Pet