

MY SUMMER.

It was my summer that has fled;
Mine, though with lavish hand,
She scattered blessings without stint
Over sea and land.

For me the mating robin sang;
Mine was the season's bloom;
The broad, bright sunshine was the
guest
That graced my humble room.

I drop a song on summer's grave—
Once I had dropped a tear;
Can such soft rain revive again,
The flowers, though dead, so dear?

Regret is useless for the past;
Better are smiles than tears:
Fresh blessings with the autumn
come,
And hope for future years.

And so I take with thankful heart
What all the seasons bring;
I climb the ladder of the days,
And while I moult I sing.
—Boston Transcript.

THE MALAY PROA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During the spring of 1867 the English merchantship *Gazelle*, hailing from Liverpool, and commanded by Capt. William Babson, crossed the China Sea, on her way from the Philippines to Singapore. She was loaded with an assorted cargo of great value, besides carrying a large amount of money, which had been consigned to her care at Manila.

Lying at Manila, with the *Gazelle*, had been the Yankee ship *Minerva*, commanded by Capt. Charles P. Heustis, and it had been planned that the two would sail together, as a measure of safety; for it was known that the China Sea, at that particular time, was infested by the most desperate and dangerous piratical gangs that had ever been known on those waters. But when the time had come for the English ship to sail, the Yankee was not ready, being forced to wait for an owner whose business had called him away to another island. Babson would have waited a day or two; but he could not waste more time, so he sailed alone, bidding adieu to the Philippines on the 27th day of May.

On the evening of the 3d of June, having run very nearly 1200 miles on a south-westerly course, Capt. Babson deemed it prudent to lay his ship to in the morning. During the four-and-twenty hours last past he had met a strong ocean current that had so far perplexed him as to shake his confidence in his reckoning; and, as he knew that he must be very near to the most northerly of the Great Natural Islands, he did not care to rush on in the dark. For two days he had been able to take no observation, and the night before him promised to be unusually dark. So, as the night closed in, he brought his ship to the wind and lay his main topsail aback.

With the dawning of another day Babson found cause of thankfulness for his precaution. During the night a strong current had been setting the ship to the southward and westward, and now, with the breaking of the day, he discovered land not more than five miles distant. The ship was heading due south, and this land was directly on the starboard beam, and it required no consulting of the chart to tell them that it was an island of the Northern group of the Natunas.

Upon going aloft with his telescope, Capt. Babson gained a good view of the island, which he judged to be ten miles long; well wooded, its shore free of rocks, and indented about midway, by a deep bay, the northern headland of which was a high bluff, whereon he discovered something that had the appearance of a beacon. He was on the point of lowering his glass, for the purpose of closing it, when the fancy struck him to take one more look at the summit of the headland. He did so and plainly discovered a human being there, standing close by the beacon. He watched him, and saw that he gesticulated with his arms, as though signaling to some one on the shore of the bay below. Pretty soon a second man appeared at the beacon; and the two were evidently in eager conference. It had now grown to be so light that Babson could distinguish objects very clearly on the island. He could see that these two men were savages—probably Malays, and at that they held conferences with others below them. This upon the promontory. Then the captain turned his glass upon the deep bay, and was able to discover a short stretch of its shore, where, presently, he saw other savages, carrying long spears in their hands, running swiftly towards the point beneath the headland. He counted at least a hundred of these naked Islanders—all Malays—making for a point beyond the reach of his vision; then he descended to the deck, where he gave his glass to one of his most reliable top-men, and sent him aloft to keep watch and report what he saw.

This done, the captain turned to his chief mate—Tom Delaney—and told him what he had discovered.

The situation was not a pleasant one. With the first break of day the light breeze that had held through the night had entirely died away, so that the ship now lay in a dead calm, under the influence of a current that was setting her nearer and nearer to the shore—a shore then not more than four miles distant, where a horde of blood-thirsty pirates were making ready to come down upon them.

As soon as Babson had told his mate what he had seen, the crew were mustered upon the quarter-deck and clearly informed of the probable situation. On board the *Gazelle* were five-and-twenty able men, including the captain, the cook, the supercargo, the mates and the men before the mast. For weapons they had four muskets, 25 large boarding-pistols, and about a score of common ship cutlasses. These were brought out, and while the firearms were being loaded the look-out in the main top reported that a large proa was in sight.

Captain Babson left the work of preparing the weapons of his mate, and sprang aloft. He was an experienced hand in those seas, and knew every sign and signal. Taking the glass from the hand of the topman, he levelled it upon the bay, and saw the proa just rounding the northern headland. It was one of the largest he had ever seen—a Malay war canoe, capable of carrying 200 men. There were two savages in her stern-sheets, 20 at the broad-bladed paddles—ten on each side—and two more in the bows, making 24 in all. These were in plain sight, and so arranged that it should appear as though they were all; but Babson could see that others were lying flat upon the proa's bottom. Wishing, however, to make sure, he swung the glass over his shoulder and sprang up to the cross-tree above, where he took another observation, being here enabled to look down into the bottom of the craft, where he saw the savages packed away like figs in a drum. He made up his mind that there could not be less than 150 of the piratical crew. And with this information he returned to the deck.

William Babson was a brave man, but his heart sank within him in view of the prospect before him. His pistols were the old-fashioned flint-lock weapons; his cutlasses heavy enough, but little better than so many clubs; the four muskets being the only modern arms at hand. He was brave, and his men were brave; but what could they do against such a horde as was now coming upon them? The ship now lay with her starboard side next to the shore, and it was evident that the Malays would strike in that direction. They would lay their proa alongside, cast their grapples, and then pour in over the rails like so many tigers. And what should keep them away? Aye, and when they had once gained the deck—150 of them—with their knotted war clubs and their gleamings, how long could the crew of the ship stand against them?

One man alone of the ship's crew appeared to be thinking to a definite purpose, and that was the cook—a stout-limbed Congo, black as the ace of spades.

"Ho, ho! Mas'r let 'em come," said the cook, Jo Pansy, by name, exhibiting a double row of teeth that might have shamed a shark. "I say, let 'em come! Git a tar-bucket an' fix the deck, and den set up tacks for 'em."

The plan was quickly understood, and as quickly resolved upon. On board were several boxes—with a hundred packages in a box—of large-headed copper canvas tacks, very much like the common carpet tack, the points sharp as needles, with broad, flat heads. The men caught the idea, and sprang to work with a will. One of the large boxes was broken out, and brought on deck and opened. Two men each with a bucket of tar and a large brush, gave to the starboard side of the deck, from knight-head to taffrail, a carefully laid on coat of the intensely viscous stuff, while the rest of the crew—captain and all—worked smartly at setting up the tacks. They were set thickly, the heads planted firmly in the adhesive tar, with the long, needle-like points standing upright.

The work had been accomplished before the proa had come within pistol-shot and the crew were ready for the result. The question had arisen: Suppose the pirates should come up under the port rail? But Babson had no fear of that. They were steering for the side nearest to them, and would not pull further without cause.

As soon as the tacks had been set up—several thousands of them—the men were at leisure to take a look at the enemy, and consider what next should be done.

The proa was one of the largest Babson had ever seen—larger than he had at first thought, and capable of holding more men. When within two or three cables' lengths of the ship its savage crew arose and sat up completely filling the space. As nearly as the Englishman could calculate, without counting, there were a hundred and fifty of them at least, each man armed with a knife and a club. And now a dozen more paddles were added to the proa's motive power. Tom Delaney was a strong man, with a stout heart and steady nerve, but as he raised the telescope to his eye and took a nearer view of those creatures, a shudder crept through his frame which he could not repress. Never before had he seen any thing so murderous—so horribly ugly and frightful.

The question was asked: "Shall we fire upon them?" It was decided in the negative. It was settled that the proa was coming up under the starboard chains, and Babson bade his men reserve their bullets and their energies until they had the enemy in their power. The crew was mustered in the port gangway, each man with a pistol and a cutlass, while handspikes, hatchets and other weapons of like character stood within easy reach.

It was while Delaney had the glass in hand that one of the men near the wheel uttered a cry of satisfaction; and when Captain Babson looked for the cause he was pointed to a distant ripple on the surface of the sea. Aye, a breeze was coming!—oo late to enable him to avoid the proa; but it might help them nevertheless.

As the proa came up to the quarter, and began to round to with half the paddles taken in, Capt. Babson halted, with a loud "Halloo!" he demanded to know who they were, and what they wanted. A terrific yell was the only answer; and in a moment more the proa's bow touched the ship's side, under the mizzen chains, gliding quickly alongside; when grapples were thrown, and secured after which, with a howling and a yelling utterly frightful, the Malays mounted to the rail. They came up like so many cats, their light bodies and powerful muscles making them powerful climbers—came up by sores, until full a hundred of them were upon the rail, with their long knives held between their teeth.

Despite the strange dressing which had been put upon the ship's deck, her men were terror-stricken at the sight before them. It seemed as though those dreadful knives had gained the ship's rail and nettings, when one who seemed to be their chief—a tall, gaunt savage, with a pyramid of feathers on his head—took his knife in his hand

and sent forth a mighty yell; whereupon the others took their knives in their hands, gave each an answering yell—leaped down upon the deck.

Instinctively the crew of the ship crouched back, and bought up their pistols; but there was no need of striking yet. Each man of that pirate crew, as his feet struck the deck, trod upon at least a dozen of those sharp-pointed tacks. Into the leather like soles of those Malay feet the horrible tacks were driven, and under the first stroke of terrific pain down they went—the whole lot of them—upon their hands and knees, and filled the air with howls of anguish. Worse, and more of it! Into their knees and into the broad palms of their hands went torturing tacks, until the savage horde were literally insane with the exquisite pain.

Babson could not find it in his heart to fire a pistol, nor use a cutlass. The story of the next ten minutes can be imagined much better than we can tell it. Of course, not one of those Malays could hold a knife; for every hand was pierced with the tacks; they could not defend themselves in any way, other than by getting back into their proa as quickly as possible. And this they did, though their torture was dreadful, and though the act of either walking or crawling made the torture more dreadful still, to save life they endured the lesser evil for the time.

It was just as the Malays had thrown their grapples to the breeze, from the northwest, had struck the ship; and, as the last of the piratical crew were back into their proa, the yards were braced, and the *Gazelle*, with a thrill of pulsating joy, moved safely away from the scene of grotesque horror.

There were times when Capt. Babson was inclined to blame himself for having suffered a hundred blood-thirsty pirates to live those lives which had been once so completely within his power, either to take, or to spare; but two sources of consolation were his: First—He had not the blood of a defenceless fellow creature upon his hands; and, Second—He had caused those hundred wretches to suffer an agony of torture to which death might have been a preferable.

Capt. C. P. Heustis, when he told me the story smilingly added:

"The last time I saw Captain Babson he took from his pocket-book, where he carried it neatly folded, a certificate of non-indebtedness, in due form, from his consignees at Singapore, wherein they acknowledged the receipt of a just and satisfactory equivalent for 12 gross of copper canvas tacks, by him expended, for the use of himself and crew, on ship-board!"

RED-HOT SKETCHING.

The Artistic Work that Can be Done With a Poker.

"In 1845," said an art dealer to a New York Tribune reporter, "there lived in the city of Boston a worthless vagabond named Halden, a man who had seen better days. He was an artist—had wonderful talent, and during his periodical sprees would devote himself assiduously to his peculiar work, though he was never known to do anything while sober. Halden's portraits were the best specimens of his art, and they were marvels of correctness. They were generally burned on a thin board of bird's eye maple with a red-hot poker of the ordinary shape, after which they received two coats of varnish, which was put on to preserve them, and set in deep, heavy frames. He called them 'poker sketches,' and on the back of each was burned this inscription: 'This sketch was burned with a poker—Halden, sculptist.'"

"His likenesses were striking, and the three of them now in existence, although executed from memory, are perfect in every respect. He had seen Webster only once in his life, but the portrait which he burned with his hot poker had been pronounced one of the truest likenesses ever seen of the great statesman. Webster's strong features and dark complexion admirably suited the character of the work, which has a peculiar brown appearance when finished. His picture of Clay is owned by his banker friend, who also once owned the other two, but presented them to some southern friends. One of them, Shakespeare, is in the possession of Francis Fontaine, commissioner of emigration of Georgia. Webster was presented to a humorous writer of the same state, and now hangs in his parlor, an object of admiration to visitors.

"Poker sketches are durable, and will last for centuries. In doing them it is literally a case of 'burn while the iron is hot.' One mistouch of the poker ruins the board; there is no erasure, no wiping out. A board so spoiled, the only remedy is to begin on another and do the whole thing over again.

"It is wonderful to see the variety of shades and colors which may be produced by this burning process. After the application of the varnish it more resembles oil work than anything else, and the deception is so complete that a touch of the finger is required to remove it. The indentures may be plainly felt with the hand. It may seem strange that this art has never developed, but probably there are few people who would care to sit over a fire-pot all day and continually suffer from burned fingers for the sake of art alone."

Women as Physicians.

Speaking of women as physicians, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said the other day in an address at Cambridge:

"I, myself, followed a course of lectures given by the younger Madame Lachapelle, in Paris, and if here and there an intrepid woman insists on taking by storm the fortress of medical education, I would have the gate flung open to her as if it were that of the citadel of Orleans and she were Joan of Arc returning from the field of victory. I have often wished that disease could be hunted by its professional antagonists in couples—a doctor and a doctor's quick-witted wife making a joint visit and attacking the patient—I mean the patient's malady, of course—with their united capacities. For I am sure that there is natural clairvoyance in a woman which would make her as much the superior of a man in some particulars of diagnosis as she certainly is in distin-

guishing shades of color. Many a suicide would have been prevented if the doctor's wife had visited the victim the day before it happened. She would have seen in the merchant's face his impending bankruptcy while her stupid husband was prescribing for dyspepsia and indorsing his note; she would recognize the love-lorn maiden by an ill-adjusted ribbon, a line in the features, a droop in the attitude, a tone in the voice, which mean nothing to him.

A BANDIT'S FATAL SHOT.

Johnston Haller, the Courier of the James Boys, Leaves the Gang on Marrying a Rich Beauty, and Kills Her by a Bullet Intended for Her Paramour.

A Denver dispatch of October 25 says: The killing of his wife, Alice Haller, on the night of the 23d, by Johnston Haller, and the wounding of the man Morris, who had won the affections of Alice, has brought to light a story which began in a border romance and has ended in disgrace of two and sorrow to a third. Haller was a member of the Quantrell crowd, and a knight of the road when Jesse and Frank James were locked upon with a sort of mock heroism. He was a fearless devil and in the saddle he was as handsome as Murat. He was in some of the bloodiest engagements that blighted the west. He went with Quantrell when that reckless but daring horseman swooped down upon Lawrence, Ks., and left the blood stains of his best people on the blackened ruins of their homes. He was a trusted courier for the James boys, and when it was unsafe for them to go to their home in Clay County, Mo., Haller volunteered and did the mission.

Allegiance to the James brothers was not alone the cause of these daring missions. He had a sweetheart who lived in Independence, the county seat of Jackson Co., Mo. Her name was Alice Noland. She was pretty and the daughter of a prominent Southern man. She was a rebel, like her lover. She made rebel flags and harbored rebel soldiers and she used to meet Haller on his comings in from the prairies and secreting him in her own home, or somewhere else, she conveyed whatever message he had from the James boys to their old mother near Kearney, Mo. Her horsemanship was as perfect as that of her lover. She was infatuated with the recklessness of border warfare. They were married in 1867, while she was only 16. The ceremony was performed on horseback, each being mounted, by a prominent minister of Kansas City who is still preaching there. Haller loaded his bride with jewels, which, it is supposed, he had stolen in his train exploits. He rode away after the wedding and she returned home. The love he left behind seemed to chill his ardor for adventure. Jesse James told him one night at a camp fire that a man could love a girl and fight, but he couldn't love a wife and do it. He and Frank gave Haller a purse, told him to go to Independence and get his bride and leave the country. He did it, and in 1874 they went to Colorado. In that year his wife met an editor, where it is not known, and she became infatuated with him. He moved away to another town, Bonanza. His wife opened a millinery store in Sagnache. He went to Pueblo. She sold out her place of business, and came to him in Pueblo.

In 1882 he learned she was on intimate terms with Morris, a barber. She went East, and he soon learned that she met Morris there. He followed her and found them there together. She came back with him, promising to have no more to do with Morris, but Morris wrote her a letter in April. After the receipt of this letter she said she did not want to live with him any longer, and shortly after disappeared. He heard they were in Denver and went there. He saw them through a window, and Morris came out while he was there. In a moment of rage he lost his self-control and shot him. After he fired the first shot he determined to kill him, and followed him through the house. His wife came between them and he shot her, which he claims was an accident.

Orange Blossoms and Immortelles. From the St. Louis Republican. Last Wednesday morning at the Church of St. John Nepomuk, on the corner of Eleventh and Seward streets, there was an occurrence of singular and to most people awful solemnity. At 8 o'clock there was a high mass celebrated at which were married a young couple. When the ceremony was nearing its close, the bride and groom, with their attending bridesmaids and groomsmen kneeling on the steps of the altar, and the church crowded with their friends and relatives, the church bell pealed forth, not the merry marriage chime, but the slow and dolorous toll for the dead. To the door of the church there came a hearse, and into the aisle, down which the newly wedded ones were compelled to pass, there was brought the long bier with all its sombre display. When they had received the blessing of the priest the bride and groom turned, and in moving to the door of the church, had to separate and pass, one on either side of death's pedestal. In the choir the organ trembled with the joyous strains of the wedding march; in the belfry the iron throats belched forth the monody of death; at the door in the place of the coach which was to convey those who had just been made one to the festive joys of a wedding breakfast, there stood the vehicle which conveys all that is left of man after dissolution to the dark and narrow house.

Begging of the President.

In a compartment of a large walnut bookcase at the White House, a number of large brown envelopes are piled, marked "eccentric." Their contents are, in the main, begging letters from all parts of the United States, addressed

to the president for aid in carrying out private enterprises. One is from a lady who signs herself a music teacher, who asks the president to purchase her a piano, in order that she may give music lessons to support herself. Another, from a veteran of the late war, calls attention to the fact that his pension has been delayed too long to suit him, and prompt action is urged in the matter. All sorts of schemes are proposed for the distribution of the president's salary, but thus far he has declined to pay any attention to the letters. A persistent crank sends a weekly communication in relation to a patent for perpetual motion, with the suggestion that a few thousand dollars are alone needed to insure its success, but the brief "eccentric" on the package is the only consideration that it obtains. Nearly all of these letters are received and opened by the president, who refers them to his secretary.

Passing Events.

A Canadian geologist who has just returned to Winnipeg from a four month's exploring tour in the Valley of the Saskatchewan and other parts of the British Northwest Territories, claims to have discovered proofs of the existence of inexhaustible coal fields, varying from lignite on the plains to bituminous near the mountains and anthracite in the Rockies themselves.

Next to the fur trade, fishing is Alaska's most important industry, both in regard to the amount of capital invested and the number of persons employed. At certain seasons of the year the Alaskan waters fairly swarm with fish, and so ravenous are these that they will readily bite a naked hook. The supply is practically inexhaustible, and fine large fish are bought by the canneries from the Indians at \$2.50 per 100. The salmon are not as large as those of the Columbia river, but the great difference in price much more than makes up the difference in size.

A scheme for the establishment of an observatory on the British coast for the study of marine animals and plants in relation to fish and fisheries is proposed by Sir John Lubbock and other scientists. It is thought that the profits arising from the Fisheries exhibition in London could furnish the £20,000 required for the enterprise. The utility of such institutions has been recognized by the Italian, French and Austrian governments, who have established them on their coasts.

A writer in Lippincott's says, with emphasis: "The economy of French cooking is something to open American eyes. Not a drop of the water in which vegetables are boiled ever drains away wasted, but with a dash of milk and a little pork fat or butter is made a good soup-vehicle by means of which to consume dry bread." When our cooking schools teach this art of economy in utilization of material, they will even be even more useful than at present.

A recent wedding in Michigan caused great excitement. The names of the parties were Hantz, and the bridegroom was nineteen years old, and the bride a widow, fair, fat, and forty." It appears that the young man was keeping company with his cousin, a blooming girl, and that she was all ready to get married, when they had a "flare up," and for spite the boy caught on to the widow, who is his aunt by marriage, and wedded her. The parting words of the married bride to the disappointed girl were: "Never mind, you are young and will have lots of fellows."—A necedotes of Widows.

The newest story from the mines in New Mexico is from Socorro, where they tell of a miner whose Bible fell over a precipice while he was dozing. He descended into the canon to recover the book, and found it lying open on a piece of rich quartz that had been dislodged by the fall. His eye fell on the seventh chapter of St. Matthew. The miner read, "Ask, and you shall find." He searched and speedily found a lodge over two feet in width that assayed so the story goes—\$225 a ton. The story tells also that that part of the country has since been overrun by prospectors with Bibles in their hands.

Last year 46,000 persons were arrested in Paris, and only 6,000 women were included in this sum total. The list of professions and occupations is very miscellaneous. Among the arrested were 3,000 locksmiths, and the police had to take charge of 650 cabmen. The night men form a heavy item in this bill, 1,100 of them having been under arrest in 1882. The figure 20 speaks well for the general good conduct of the various officials employed in the postoffice. In the higher walks of life 52 stockbrokers and 24 men of letters, (this term including journalists) are noted as having been in trouble. In the total number of prisoners charged with crime or misdemeanor there were 3,291 foreigners. To this figure Belgium contributed 959, Italy 759, Germany 379, Switzerland 375, England 126. The contingent from the little state of Luxemburg reached the high figure of 275.

The bird population of Wisconsin is estimated at sixty-six per square mile or 3,595,000 for the state. Each bird is assumed to eat fifty insects a day, or 6,000 for the summer. Hence all the birds will consume 21,384,000,000 insects a year. Add to this amount the work which these birds do in their southern homes and we have a low estimate of the influence they exert over insect life. Multiply these figures by forty-eight, for the states and territories, and we arrive at the conclusion not only that our bird population is pretty large, but also that, without it, our bug population would soon be so large that it would eat us up.

The late Miss Ellen O'Brien, of Boston, left bequests amounting to \$6,500 to charitable and religious organizations of that city.

One day last week a woman but twenty-five years of age was married for the fifth time in Sacramento.