

Indelible Deeds.

The deeds of reasonable men,
As if engraved with pen of iron grain,
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged
Written on the various pages of the past;
If good, in rosy characters of love;
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire.
—Robert Pollok.

What Can Be.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their par,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
—Thackeray.

Fame.

Her house is all of echo made,
Where never dies the sounds
And as her brows like clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
—Ben Johnson.

Revelment.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."
—Omar Khayyam.

MAROONING--PIRACY.

First of all upon the list of pirates stands the bold Captain Avary, one of institutors of Marooning, says Howard Pyle, in Harper's for September. Him we see but dimly, half hidden by the glamouring mists of legend and tradition. Others who came afterward outstripped him far enough in their doings, but he stands pre-eminent as the first of marooners of whom actual history has been handed down to us of the present day.

When the English, Dutch, and Spanish entered into an alliance to suppress buccaneering in the West Indies, certain worthies of Bristol, in Old England, fitted out two vessels to assist in this laudable project; for doubtless Bristol trade suffered smartly from the Morgans and the L'Olonnoises of that old time. One of these vessels was named the Duke, of which a certain Captain Gibson was the commander and Avary the mate.

Away they sailed to the West Indies, and there Avary became impressed by the advantages offered by piracy, and by the amount of good things that were to be gained by very little striving.

One night the captain (who was one of those fellows mightily addicted to punch), instead of going ashore to saturate himself with rum at the ordinary, had his drink in his cabin in private. While he lay snoring away the effects of his rum in the cabin, Avary and a few other conspirators heaved the anchor very leisurely, and sailed out of the harbor of Corunna, and through the midst of the allied fleet riding at anchor in the darkness.

By-and-by, when the morning came, the captain was awakened by the pitching and tossing of the vessel, the rattle and clatter of the tackle overhead, and the noise of footsteps passing and repassing hither and thither across the deck.

"What's the matter?" bawled the captain from his berth.

"Nothing," says Avary, coolly.

"Something's the matter with the ship," says the captain. Does she drive? What weather is it?"

"Oh no," says Avary; "we are at sea."

"At sea?"

"Come, come!" says Avary: "I'll tell you; you must know that I'm the captain of the ship now, and you must be packing from this here cabin. We are bound to Madagascar, to make all of our fortunes, and if you're a mind to ship for the cruise, why, we'll be glad to have you, if you will be sober and mind your own business; if not, there is a boat alongside, and I'll have you set ashore."

The poor half-tipsy captain had no relish to go a-pirating under the command of his back-sliding mate, so out of the ship he bundled, and away he rowed with four or five of the crew, who, like him, refused to join with their jolly shipmates.

The rest of them sailed away to the East Indies. On his way Avary picked up a couple of like kind with himself—two sloops off Madagascar. With these he sailed away to the coast of India, and for a time his name was lost in the obscurity of uncertain history. But only for a time, for suddenly it flamed out in a blaze of glory. It was reported that a vessel belonging to the Great Mogul, laden with treasure and bearing the monarch's own daughter upon a holy pilgrimage to Mecca (they being Mohammedans), had fallen in with the pirates, and after a short resistance had been surrendered, with the damsel, her court, and all the diamonds, pearls, silk, silver, and gold aboard. It was rumored that the Great Mogul, raging at the insult offered to him through his own flesh and blood, had threatened to wipe out of existence the few English settlements scattered along the coast; whereat the honorable East India Company was in a pretty state of fuss and feathers. Humor, growing with the telling, has it that Avary is going to marry the Indian princess, willy-nilly, and will

turn rajah and eschew piracy as indecent. As for the treasure itself, there was no end to the extent to which it grew as it passed from mouth to mouth.

Cracking the nut of romance and exaggeration, we come to the kernel of the story—that Avary did fall in with an Indian vessel laden with great treasure (and possibly with the Mogul's daughter), which he captured, and thereby gained a vast prize.

Having concluded that he had earned enough money by the trade he had undertaken, he determined to retire and live decently for the rest of his life upon what he already had. As a step toward this object, he set about cheating his Madagascar partners out of their share of what had been gained. He persuaded them to store all the treasure in his vessel, it being the largest of the three; and so, having it safely in hand, he altered the course of his ship one fine night, and when the morning came the Madagascar sloops found themselves floating upon a wide ocean without a farthing of the treasure for which they had fought so hard, and for which they might whistle for all the good it would do them.

At first Avary had a great part of a mind to settle at Boston, in Massachusetts, and had that little town been one whit less bleak and forbidding, it might have had the honor of being the home of this famous man. As it was, he did not like the looks of it, so he sailed away to the eastward, to Ireland, where he settled himself at Biddeford, in hopes of an easy life of it for the rest of his days.

Here he found himself the possessor of a plentiful stock of jewels, such as pearls, diamonds, rubies, etc., but with hardly a score of honest farthings to jingle in his breeches pocket. He consulted with a certain merchant of Bristol concerning the disposal of the stones—a fellow not more cleanly in habits of honesty than Avary himself. This worthy undertook to act as Avary's broker. Off he marched with the jewels, that was the last that the pirate saw of his Indian treasure.

In "Blackbeard" we have a real, ranting, raging, roaring pirate per se—one who really did bury treasure, who made more than one captain walk the plank, and who committed more private murders than he could number on the fingers of both hands; one who fills, and will continue to fill, the place to which he has been assigned for generations, and who may be depended upon to hold his place in the confidence of others for generations to come.

Captain Teach was a Bristol man born, and learned his trade on board of sundry privateers in the East Indies during the old French War—that of 1702—and a better apprenticeship could no man serve. At last, somewhere about the latter part of the year 1716, a privateering captain, one Benjamin Hornigold, raised him from the ranks and put him in command of a sloop—a lately captured prize—and Blackbeard's fortune was made. It was a very slight step, and but the change of a few letters, to convert "privateer" into "pirate," and it was a very short time before Teach made that change: Not only did he make it himself, but he persuaded his old captain to join with him.

And now fairly began that series of bold and lawless depredations which have made his name so justly famous, and which placed him amongst the very greatest of marooning freebooters.

"Our hero," says the old historian who sings of the arms and bravery of this great man—"Our hero assumed the cognomen of Blackbeard from that large quantity of hair which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face, and frightened America more than any comet that appeared there in a long time. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons into small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wig, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols hanging in holsters like bandoleers; he stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, and his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury from hell to look more frightful."

The night before the day of the action in which he was killed he sat up drinking with some congenial company until broad daylight. One of them asked him if his poor young wife knew where his treasure was hidden. "No," says Blackbeard; "nobody but the devil and I knows where it is, and the longest liver shall have all."

For a time Blackbeard worked at his trade down on the Spanish Main gathering in, the few years he was there, a very neat little fortune in the booty captured from sundry vessels; but by-and-by he took it into his head to try his luck along the coast of the Carolinas; so off he sailed the northward, with quite a respectable little fleet, consisting of his own vessel and two captured sloops. From that time he was actively engaged in the making of American history in his small way.

He first appeared off the bar of Charleston Harbor, to the no small excitement of the worthy town of that ilk, and there he lay for five or six days, blockading the port and stopping incoming and outgoing vessels at his pleasure, so that, for the time, the commerce of the

province was entirely paralyzed. All the vessels so stopped he held as prizes, and all the crews and passengers (among the latter of whom was more than one provincial worthy of the day) he retained as though they were prisoners of war.

And it was a mightily awkward thing for the good folk of Charleston to behold day after day a black flag with its white skull and cross-bones fluttering at the fore of the pirate captain's craft, over across the level stretch of green salt-marshes; and it was mightily unpleasant, too, to know that this or that prominent citizen was crowded down with the other prisoners under the hatches.

Becoming tired of an inactive life, Blackbeard afterward resumed his practical career. He cruised around in the rivers and inlets and sounds of North Carolina for a while; ruling the roost, and with never a one to say him nay, until there was no bearing with such a pest any longer. So they sent a deputation up the Governor of Virginia asking if he would be pleased to help them in their trouble.

There were two men-of-war lying at Kioquetan, in the James River, at the time. To them the Governor of Virginia applied, and plucky Lieutenant Maynard, of the Pearl, was sent to Ocracoke Inlet to fight this pirate who ruled it down there so like the cock of a walk. Here he found Blackbeard waiting for him, and as ready for a fight as ever the lieutenant himself could be. Fight they did, and while it lasted it was pretty a piece of business of its kind as one could wish to see. Blackbeard drained a glass of grog, wishing the lieutenant luck in getting aboard of him, fired a broadside, blew some twenty of the lieutenant's men out of existence, and totally crippled one of his little sloops for the balance of the fight.

After that, and under cover of smoke, the pirate and his men boarded the other sloop, and then followed a fine old-fashioned hand-to-hand conflict between him and the lieutenant. First they fired their pistols, and then they took it with cutlasses—right, left, up and down, cut and slash—until the lieutenant's cutlass broke short off at the hilt. Then Blackbeard would have finished him off handsomely, only up steps one of the lieutenant's men and fetches him a great slash over the neck, so that the lieutenant came off with no more hurt than a cut across the knuckles.

At the very first discharge of their pistols Blackbeard had been shot through the body, but he was not for giving up for that—no. As said before, he was of the true roaring, raging breed of pirates, and stood up to it until he received twenty more cutlass cuts and five additional shots, and then fell dead while trying to fire off an empty pistol. After that the lieutenant cut off the pirate's head, and sailed away in triumph, with the bloody trophy nailed to the bow of his battered sloop.—HOWARD PYLE, in Harper's Magazine for September.

"Straw-Burial"

There was a man.

And he had a horse and wagon.

And he went about the streets selling strawberries.

And he yelled "Straw-burial! Straw-burial!" at the top of his voice.

The sick groaned in despair.

The well gritted their teeth with indignation.

And the police couldn't stop him.

But one day Providence picked him up with a congestive chill and sent him home to die, and he expired in agony.

He was buried in a cheap coffin, in a cheap lot, and six weeks later his widow was married to a tinker.

And there was another man, and he also sold strawberries. Instead of roaring "Straw-burial!" from down in his boots, he drove about at a gentle pace, knocked softly at every back door, and as the girl appeared he quietly remarked: "Please ask the lady of the house if she will buy fresh strawberries at 8 cents a quart!"

And his ways were taking, and his berries went as fast as he could load up, and a syndicate of millionaires took hold of him and made him president of a national bank, with a salary of \$10,000 per year. For other particulars see later editions.—Detroit Paper.

Flies Walk up.

"I have only known of one instance where baldness proved remunerative," said an old gentleman to a St. Louis Globe writer. "A friend of mine, who had a shining pate, fell into the habit of watching the actions of his tormentors, the flies. He noticed that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window, and up he goes toward the top; he can't be made to walk downward. So my friend hit them! Forthwith he made a window screen, divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch of space between. Well, as soon as a fly would light on the screen he would proceed to travel upward, and would thus walk straight outdoors. On reaching the top of the lower half he would be outside. Not being able to walk down, he had no way to return to the room. By this means a room can be quickly cleared of flies, which always seek the light. My friend has got out a patent, and proposes to begin a systematic war against the household pest."

Young Married Women in England.

The remark is now often made that a ball will be a very smart one, as all the pretty young married women will be there, says the London Sunday Review; and where they are the good men, as they are called, will also collect. The present habit of loose conversation may to a great extent be attributed to them, as they allow the men to say things that formerly would never have been dreamed of. Men are now what the women have made them, and when they find that they are allowed freedom of conversation and unlimited flirtation they avail themselves of it and this cause is to a great extent answerable for the general lowering of the tone of society nowadays. It is thought nothing extraordinary at the present day for a young married woman to sit out most of the evening in a quiet corner or conservatory with the same man, or to give a man a lift in her carriage part of the way home. If a young girl sits out a long time with the same man on several occasions the world immediately says it will be a match, or, if not, that it ought to be, and that he is behaving very badly to her.

Why, then, are we to suppose that a young married woman may be doing the same thing constantly without rousing the suspicions of others? But notoriety is the prevailing fashion, and it is considered a great thing now to be seen in music halls and restaurants chiefly used by the demimonde, not that there is any pretense that these places are more amusing than the theatres, etc., but there is that feeling so charming to many ladies of the present day, that they are doing something that is out of the way and almost wrong. There is the same fascination in going to these places that there is in reading French novels of more than doubtful morality. Let it be but known that there is a book out that is hardly decent, and the rush for it is immense among our young married ladies and even among some of the elder spinsters. Indeed not to have read any book that is more indecent than usual is to be out of the fashion.

It used to be said that "virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids" but if it goes on conquering and to conquer, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will out cure and out live them all.

French "As she Spoke" in Cookery.

Aspic—Savory jelly for cold dishes.

Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs and baked.

Bouchées—Very tiny patties or cakes as name indicates—mouthfuls.

Baba—A peculiar, sweet French yeastcake.

Bechamel—A rich, white sauce made with stock.

Bisque—A white soup made of shell fish.

To Blanch—To place any article on the fire till it boils, then plunge it in cold water, to whiten poultry, vegetables, etc. To remove the skin by immersing in boiling water.

Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth, yet not so strong as consommé, which is "reduced" soup.

Braise—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew-pan, so that it retains its own flavor, and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it.

Brioche—A very rich unsweetened French cake made of yeast.

Cannelon—Stuffed rolled-up meat.

Consomme—Clear soup of bouillon boiled down till very rich, i. e., consumed.

Croquettes—A savory mince of fish or fowl, made with sauce into shapes and fried.

Croustades—Fried forms of bread to serve minces or other meats upon.

Entree—A small dish, usually served between the courses at dinner.

Fondue—A light preparation of melted cheese.

Fondant—Sugar boiled, and beaten to a creamy paste.

Hollandaise Sauce—A rich sauce, something like hot mayonnaise.

Matelote—A rich fish stew, with wine.

Mayonnaise—A rich salad dressing.

Meringue—Sugar and white of egg beaten to sauce.

Marmade—A liquor of spices, vinegar, etc., in which fish or meats are steeped before cooking.

Miroton—Cold meat warmed in various ways, and dished in circular form.

Purse—This name is given to very thick soups, the ingredients for thickening which have been rubbed through a sieve.

Poulette Sauce—A bechamel sauce, to which white wine and sometimes eggs are added.

Ragout—A rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc.

Piquante—A sauce of several flavors, acid predominating.

Quenelles—Force-meat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves, or to garnish.

Renouade—A salad dressing differing from mayonnaise, in that the eggs are hard boiled and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc.

Rissole—Rich mince of meat or fish, rolled in thin pastry and fried.

Roux—A cooked mixture of butter and flour, for thickening soups and stews.

Salmi—A rich stew of game, cut up and dressed, when half roasted.

Sauter—To toss meat, etc., over the fire, in a little fat.

Souffle—A very light, much chipped-up pudding or omelette.

Timbale—A sort of pie in a mold.

Vol au vents—Patties of very light puff paste, made without a dish or mold, and filled with meat or preserves, etc.—[Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.]

The late Dorothea L. Dix bequeathed to Harvard College many valuable flags and parchments given her by the United States Government.

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