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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

Lady Loring's carriage was waiting at the entrance of the street, with all the children in the neighborhood assembled to admire it. She impulsively forestalled the servant in opening the carriage door.

"Come in," she cried. "Oh, Stella, you don't know how you have frightened me! Good heavens, you look frightened yourself! From what wretches have I rescued you? Take my smelling-bottle and tell me all about it."

The fresh air and the reassuring presence of her old friend revived Stella. She was able to describe her interview with the General's family, and to answer the inevitable inquiries which the narrative called forth. Lady Loring's last question was the most important of the series:

"What are you going to do about Romayne?"

"I am going to write to him the moment we get home."

The answer seemed to alarm Lady Loring.

"You won't betray?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"You won't let Romayne discover that I have told you about the duel?"

"Certainly not. You shall see my letter before I send it to be forwarded."

Tranquillized so far, Lady Loring bethought herself next of Major Hynd.

"Can we tell him what you have done?" her ladyship asked.

"Of course we can tell him," Stella replied. "I shall conceal nothing from Lord Loring; and I shall beg your good husband to write to the major. He need only say that I have made the necessary inquiries, after being informed of the circumstances by you, and that I have communicated the favorable result to Mr. Romayne."

"It's easy enough to write the letter, my dear. But it's not so easy to say what Major Hynd may think of you."

"Does it matter to me what Major Hynd thinks?"

Lady Loring looked at Stella with a malicious smile. "Are you equally indifferent," she said, "to what Romayne's opinion of your conduct may be?"

Stella's color rose.

"Try to be serious, Adelaide, when you speak to me of Romayne," she answered, gravely. "His good opinion of me is the breath of my life."

An hour later the all-important letter to Romayne was written. Stella scrupulously informed him of all that had happened—with two necessary omissions. In the first place nothing was said of the widow's reference to her son's death, and of the effect produced by it on his younger brother. The boy was simply described as being of weak intellect, and as requiring to be kept under competent control. In the second place Romayne was left to infer that ordinary motives of benevolence were the only motives, on his part, known to Miss Eyrecourt.

The letter ended in these lines:

"If I have taken an undue liberty in venturing, unasked, to appear as your representative, I can only plead that I meant well. It seemed to me to be hard on these poor people, and not just to you in your absence to interpose any needless delays in carrying out those kind intentions of yours, which had, no doubt, been previously considered beforehand. In forming your opinion of my conduct, pray remember that I have been careful not to compromise you in any way. You are known only to Madam Marillac as a compassionate person who offers to help her, and who wishes to give that help anonymously. If, notwithstanding this, you disapprove of what I have done, I must not conceal that it will grieve and humiliate me—I have been so eager to be of use to you, when others appeared to hesitate. I must find my consolation in remembering that I have become acquainted with one of the sweetest and noblest of women, and that I have helped to preserve her afflicted son from dangers in the future which I cannot presume to estimate. You will complete what I have only begun. Be forbearing and kind to me if I have innocently offended in this matter—and I shall gratefully remember the day when I took it on myself to be Mr. Romayne's almoner."

Lady Loring read these concluding sentences twice over.

"I think the end of your letter will have its effect on him," she said.

"If it brings me a kind letter in reply," Stella answered, "it will have all the effect I hope for."

"If it does anything, Lady Loring joined, "it will do more than that."

"What more can it do?"

"My dear, it can bring him back to you."

These hopeful words seemed rather to startle Stella than to encourage her.

"Bring him back to me?" she repeated.

"Oh, Adelaide, I wish I could think as you do!"

"Send the letter to the post," said Lady Loring, "and we shall see."

CHAPTER XIII.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Arthur F[illegible] to Father Benwell.

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—When I last had the honor of seeing you I received your instructions to report, by letter, the result of my conversations with religion with Mr. Romayne.

"As events have turned out it is needless to occupy your time by dwelling at any length on this subject, in writing. Mr. Romayne has been strongly impressed by the excellent books which I have introduced to his notice. He raises certain objections which I have done my best to meet; and he promises to consider my arguments with his closest attention in the time to come. I am happier in the hope of restoring his mental tranquillity—in other and worthier words, of effecting his conversion—than I can tell you in any words of mine. I respect and admire, I may almost say I love, Mr. Romayne.

"The details which are wanting in this brief report of progress, I shall have the privilege of personally relating to you. Mr. Romayne no longer desires to conceal himself from his friends. He received a letter this morning which has changed all his plans, and has decided him on immediately returning to London. I am not acquainted with the contents of the letter, or with the name of the writer, but I am pleased, for Mr. Romayne's sake, to see that the reading of it has made him happy.

"By to-morrow evening I hope to present my respects to you."

II.

Mr. Bittrake to Father Benwell.

"SIR—The inquiries which I have instituted, at your request, have proved successful in one respect.

"I am in a position to tell you that events in Mr. Winterfield's life have unquestionably connected him with the young lady named Miss Stella Eyrecourt.

"The attendant circumstances, however, are not so easy to discover. Judging by the careful report of the person whom I employ there must have been serious reasons, in this case, for keeping facts secret and witnesses out of the way. I mention this not to discourage you, but to prepare you for delays that may occur on our way to discovery.

"Be pleased to preserve your confidence in me, and give me time—and I answer for the result."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—THE PICNIC DANCE.

A fine spring, after a winter of unusual severity, promised well for the prospects of the London season.

Among the social entertainments of the time general curiosity was excited in the little sphere, which absurdly describes itself under the big name of society, by the announcement of a party to be given by Lady Loring, bearing the quaint title of a picnic dance. The invitations were issued at an unusually early hour, and it was understood that nothing so solid and so commonplace as the customary supper was to be offered to the guests. In a word, Lady Loring's ball was designed as a bold protest against late hours and heavy midnight meals. The younger people were all in favor of the proposed reform. Their elders declined to give an opinion beforehand.

In the small inner circle of Lady Loring's most intimate friends it was whispered that an innovation in the matter of refreshments was contemplated which would put the tolerant principles of the guests to a severe test. Miss Notman, the housekeeper, politely threatening retirement on a small annuity, since the memorable affair of the oyster omelette, decided on carrying out her design when she heard that there was to be no supper. "My attachment to the family can bear a great deal," she said. "But when Lady Loring deliberately gives a ball, without a supper, I must hide my head somewhere—and it had better be out of the house!" Taking Miss Notman as representative of a class, the reception of the coming experiment looked, to say the least of it, doubtful.

On the appointed evening the guests made one agreeable discovery when they entered the reception rooms—they were perfectly free to amuse themselves as they liked.

The drawing-rooms were given up to dancing, the picture gallery was devoted to chamber music. Chess-players and card-players found remote and quiet rooms especially prepared for them. People who cared for nothing but talking were accommodated to perfection in a sphere of their own. And lovers (in earnest or not in earnest) discovered, in a dimly-lit conservatory with many recesses, that ideal of discreet retirement which combines solitude and society under one roof.

But the ordering of the refreshments failed, as had been foreseen, to share in the approval conferred on the arrangement of the r[illegible]. The first impression was t[illegible]ble. Lady Loring, however, [illegible]ough of human nature to leave i[illegible] to two potent allies—experience and time.

Excepting the conservatory, the astonished guests could go nowhere without discovering tables prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing hundreds of little pure white china plates, loaded with nothing but sandwiches. All varieties of opinion were consulted. People of ordinary tastes, who liked to know what they were eating, could choose conventional beef or ham, incased in thin slices of bread of a delicate flavor quite new to them. Other persons, less easily pleased, were tempted by sandwiches of pate de foie gras, and by exquisite combinations of chicken and truffles, reduced to a creamy pulp which hung to the bread like butter. Foreigners, making experiments, and not averse to garlic, discovered the finest sausages of Germany and Italy transformed into English sandwiches. Anchovies and sardines appeared in the same unexpected way to men who desire to create an artificial thirst — after having first ascertained that the champagne was something to be fondly remembered and regretted, at other parties, to the end of the season. The hospitable profusion of the refreshments was all-pervading and inexhaustible. Wherever the guests might be, or however they were amusing themselves, there were the pretty little white plates perpetually tempting them. People eat as they had never eat before, and the inveterate English prejudice against anything new was conquered at last. Universal opinion declared the picnic dance to be an admirable idea, perfectly carried out.

Many of the guests paid their hostess the compliment of arriving at the early hour mentioned in the invitations. One of them was Major Hynd. Lady Loring took her first opportunity of speaking to him apart.

"I hear you were a little angry," she said, "when you were told that Miss Eyrecourt had taken your inquiries out of your hands."

"I thought it rather a bold proceeding, Lady Loring," the major replied.

"But as the General's widow turned out to be a lady, in the best sense of the word, Miss Eyrecourt's romantic adventure has justified itself. I wouldn't recommend her to run the same risk a second time."

"I suppose you know what Romayne thinks of it?"

"Not yet. I have been too busy to call on him since I have been in town. Pardon me, Lady Loring, who is that beautiful creature in the pale yellow dress? Surely, I have seen her somewhere before?"

"That beautiful creature, major, is the bold young lady of whose conduct you don't approve."

"Miss Eyrecourt?

"Yes."

"I retract everything I said!" cried the major, quite shamelessly. "Such a woman as that may do anything. She is looking this way. Pray introduce me."

The major was introduced, and Lady Loring returned to her guests.

"I think we have met before, Major Hynd," said Stella.

Her voice supplied the missing link in the major's memory of events. Remembering how she had looked at Romayne on the deck of the steamboat, he began dimly to understand Miss Eyrecourt's otherwise incomprehensible anxiety to be of use to the General's family.

"It was on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, and my friend was with me. You and he have no doubt met since that time?" He put the question as a mere formality. The unexpressed thought in him was: "Another of them in love with Romayne; and nothing, as usual, likely to come of it."

"I hope you have forgiven me for going to Camp's Hill in your place," said Stella.

"I ought to be grateful to you," the major rejoined. "No time has been lost in relieving these poor people, and your powers of pursuasion have succeeded where mine might have failed. Has Romayne been to see them himself since his return to London?

"No. He desires to remain unknown, and he is kindly content, for the present, to be represented by me."

"For the present?" Major Hynd repeated.

A faint flush passed over her delicate complexion. "I have succeeded, she resumed, "in inducing Madam Marillac to accept the help, offered through me, to her son. The poor creature is safe, under kind superintendence, in a private asylum. So far, I can do no more."

"Will the mother accept nothing?"

"Nothing, either for herself or her daughter, so long as they can work. I cannot tell you how patiently and beautifully she speaks of her hard lot. But her health may give way—and it is possible, before long, that I may leave London." She paused; the flush deepened on her face. "The failure of the mother's health may happen in my absence," she continued, "and Mr. Romayne will ask you to look after the family, from time to time, while I am away."

"I will do it with pleasure, Miss Eyrecourt. Is Romayne likely to be here to-night?"

She smiled brightly and looked away. The major's curiosity was excited—he looked in the same direction. There was Romayne, entering the room, to answer for himself.

What was the attraction which drew the unsocial student to an evening party? Major Hynd's eyes were on the watch. When Romayne and Stella shook hands the attraction stood self-revealed to him in Miss Eyrecourt. Recalling the momentary confusion which she had betrayed when she spoke of possibly leaving London, and of Romayne's plans for supplying her place as his almoner, the major, with military impatience of delays, jumped to a conclusion. "I was wrong," he thought, "my impenetrable friend is touched in the right place at last. When the splendid creature in yellow leaves London, the name on her luggage will be Mrs. Romayne."

"You are looking quite another man, Romayne!" he said, mischievously, "since we met last."

Stella moved gently away, leaving them to talk freely. Romayne took no advantage of the circumstance to admit his old friend to his confidence. Whatever relations might really exist between Miss Eyrecourt and himself were evidently kept secret thus far. "My health has been a little better lately," was the only reply he made.

The major dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Have you not had any return——" he began.

Romayne stopped him there.

"I don't want my infirmities made public," he whispered back irritably. "Look at the people all round us! When I tell you I have been better lately, you ought to know what it means."

"Any discoverable reason for the improvement?" persisted the major, still bent on getting evidence in support of his own private conclusions.

"None!" Romayne answered, sharply.

But Major Hynd was not to be discouraged by sharp replies.

"Miss Eyrecourt and I have been recalling our first meeting on board the steamboat," he went on. "Do you remember how indifferent you were to that beautiful person when I asked you if you knew her? I'm glad to see that you show better taste to-night. I wish I knew her well enough to shake hands as you did."

"Hynd! When a young man talks nonsense his youth is his excuse. At your time of life you have passed the excusable age—even in the estimation of your friends."

With those words Romayne turned away. The incorrigible major instantly met the reproof inflicted on him with a smart answer.

"Remember," he said, "that I was the first of your friends to wish you happiness." He, too, turned away—in the direction of the champagne and sandwiches.

"Meanwhile Stella had discovered Penrose, lost in the brilliant assemblage of guests, standing alone in a corner. It was enough for her that Romayne's secretary was also Romayne's friend. Passing by titled and celebrated personages, all anxious to speak to her, she joined the shy, nervous, sad-looking little man, and did all she could to set him at his ease.

"I am afraid, Mr. Penrose, this is not a very attractive scene to you. Having said those kind words, she paused. Penrose was looking at her confusedly, but with an expression of interest which was new to her experience of him. "Has Romayne told him?" she wondered inwardly.

"It is a very beautiful scene, Miss Eyrecourt," he said, in his low, quiet tones.

"Did you come here with Mr. Romayne?" she asked.

"Yes. It was by his advice that I accepted the invitation with which Lady Loring has honored me. I am sadly out of place in such an assembly as this, but I would make far greater sacrifices to please Mr. Romayne."

She smiled kindly. Attachment so artlessly devoted to the man she loved pleased and touched her. In her anxiety to discover a subject which might interest him she overcame her antipathy to the spiritual director of the household.

"Is Father Benwell coming to us to-night?" she inquired.

"He will certainly be here, Miss Eyrecourt, if he can get back to London in time."

"Has he been long away?"

"Nearly a week."

Not knowing what else to say, she still paid Penrose the compliment of feigning an interest in Father Benwell.

"Has he a long journey to make in returning to London?" she asked.

"Yes—all the way from Devonshire."

"From South Devonshire?"

"No. North Devonshire—Clovelly."

The smile suddenly left her face. She proceeded composedly, but without quite concealing the effort that it cost her, or the anxiety with which she waited for the reply, to her next question.

"I know something of the neighborhood of Clovelly," she said. "I wonder whether Father Benwell is visiting any friends of mine there?"

"I am not able to say, Miss Eyrecourt. The reverend father's letters are forwarded to the hotel—I know no more than that."

With a gentle inclination of her head she turned toward the other guests, looked back, and, with a last little courteous attention offered to him, said: "If you like music, Mr. Penrose, I advise you go to the picture-gallery. They are going to play a quartet by Mozart."

Penrose thanked her, noticing that her voice and manner had become strangely subdued. She made her way back to the room in which the hostess received her guests. Lady Loring was for a moment alone, resting on a sofa. Stella stooped over her and spoke in cautiously-lowered tones:

"If Father Benwell comes here to-night," she said, "try to find out what he has been doing at Clovelly."

"Clovelly?" Lady Loring repeated. "Is that the village near Winterfield's house?"

"Yes."

(To be Continued.)

Pet Birds.

Pretty Polly is always a favorite. The gray bird is the most docile and intelligent, and the best talker, as well as the largest—measuring from ten to twelve inches in length. The bill is black, strong and much hooked, and the orbit and the space between them is covered with a bald and white skin. The entire body is of a combined pearl-gray and slate color, and the feathers of the head, neck and under part of the body are edged with a grayish white. The toes are gray, tinged with red, and the tail is of a deep, light scarlet. The gray parrot is healthy and long lived, sixty or seventy years being the average.

The Green Parrot, from the regions of the Amazon, South America, is nearly as large as the gray bird; the prevailing color of its plumage is brilliant green, but the back and under parts are tinted yellow. The fore part of the head is of a blue tint, and the throat feathers are edged with a bluish green. This parrot talks well. A green parrot of an inferior kind comes from West Indies. The pinion feathers are red and blue, and the head yellowish red.

Parraketts are smaller birds, and their prominent peculiarity is the length of the tail, generally exceeding that of the body. The yellow-billed Parrakeet, from Tasmania, is hardy and well adapted for a caged life. The Rose-bill Parrakeet, from Australia and Tasmania, is one of the most beautiful birds of the Parrot family. Including the fine tail, it measures about thirteen inches. The head, sides of the face, back of the neck, and breast, are of a glowing scarlet, and a scarlet band passes over the shoulders; the upper part of the throat is of a pure white; the feathers of the back are black-green. In the wings lilac color is mixed with black. The lower part of the breast is yellow, changing into light green on the abdomen. The Ground, Ringed (the latter with a very long tail) and Grass Parrakeets, are also very pretty birds. Little Love Birds, so named from the affectionate manner in which a pair sit together, are pretty little creatures, scarcely six inches long.

Cockatoos come from the Eastern Archipelago and Australia. They are large and powerful birds, and the crest, composed of a number of feathers which lie along the neck, except when the bird is angry, and then they are erected, and opened and closed quickly like a fan. The great White and Silver crested Cockatoos are the best known in England. Most of these birds can be taught to utter simple words and phrases.

The magnificent Macaws, with their splendid blue and yellow plumage, are well known.

Bread and milk is the staple food of all birds of the Parrot kind. Lay a slice of stale bread in a pan, and soak it in warm water for a quarter of an hour, and then pour enough scalding milk on it to moisten it, without making it pappy. Cleanliness of the cage, and plenty of dry gravel are essential to the health of the bird.

Young women don't monopolize all the folly. Professor Da Costa, of Philadelphia, has had under his care a young man suffering from the effects of taking arsenic to beautify his complexion. He will probably never fully recover the free use of his legs, which were partially paralyzed and wasted by the slow self-poisoning.

HOW THE PRESIDENTS DIED.

The Last Hours of the Presidents of the United States.

The death of General Garfield amid such tragic and pathetic circumstances may render interesting some brief and detached notes upon the subject of the passing from life of his predecessors in the Presidential chair and the scenes attending their inhumation.

Washington took cold during a five-hours' ride over his plantation on the 12th of December, 1799, during the last two hours of which he was exposed to a sharp storm of snow, hail and rain. The cold declared itself next evening, when he was very hoarse, but he made light of it. "I never take anything for a cold," he said; "let it go as it came." At two next morning he awakened his wife, but would not let her rise to send for a doctor lest she should take cold. When the secretary was called at daybreak he found Washington breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Doctors were sent for, and meanwhile he was bled and a gargle was prepared, but on attempting to use it he was convulsed and nearly suffocated. The doctors' remedies were not of more avail, and at 4:30 P. M. he sent his wife for his two wills, had her destroy one and intrusted the other to her keeping, giving her instructions as to his letters, papers and accounts. To his secretary and servant he was as courteous and considerate as ever, bidding the latter, who had been in the room standing by the bed nearly all day, sit down. Between five and six, when assisted to sit up, "I feel I am going," he said to the doctors; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly—I cannot last long." Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. "About ten," writes his secretary, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: 'I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me and said: 'Do you understand me?' I replied: 'Yes.' 'Tis well,' said he. About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change, and spoke to Dr. Craik, who came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh." The body was buried on the 18th, a schooner being stationed off Alexandria to fire minute-guns while the procession moved from the house to the vault. The troops, horse and foot, led the way; then came four of the clergy; then Washington's horse with his saddle, holsters and pistols, led by two grooms in black; then the body borne by the Free Masons and officers, followed by the family and several old friends, among them Dr. Craik and some of the Fairfaxes; the corporation of Alexandria. At the tomb the Rev. Mr. Davis read the funeral service and delivered a brief address, after which the Free Masons performed their ceremonies and the body was deposited in the vault. Such were the death and burial of the first and greatest of the Presidents.

The second and third Presidents died on the semi-centennary of American independence, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the latter the writer and the former the orator of the Congress of 1776; the one the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the other "pillar of its support and its ablest advocate and defender." Adams at ninety-one preserved a remarkable activity of mind, though his sight was impaired so that he could neither read nor write. By April, 1826, it was evident that he was failing, though his neighbors hoped fondly that he would be able to attend the local celebration of Independence Day. When, however, it became apparent that they would not have him in person, they deputed the selected orator to visit him and communicate their wishes for some last word or message of cheer. On Friday, the 30th of June, the delegate called on Mr. Adams at 9 A. M., and "spent a few minutes with him in conversation, and took from him a toast to be presented on the Fourth of July as coming from him. I should have liked a longer one, but, as it is, this will be acceptable. 'I will give you,' said he, 'Independence Forever!' He was asked if he would not add anything to it, and he replied: 'Not a word.'" The visitor was not too early, as symptoms of debility became more and more alarming. There was no suffering, but respiration became more and more difficult, till on the morning of the Fourth Dr. Holbrook predicted that his patient would not last beyond sunset. "Unceasing shouts" greeted the toast offered at the Quincy banquet, but as the guests left the hall news came of the death of its author. He had passed away calmly and without suffering at the sunset of that brilliant and memorable day. "Thomas Jefferson still survives!" were the last words he uttered, so far as could be gathered from his failing articulation.

Thomas Jefferson had died a few hours before him. On the 24th of June he wrote: "All eyes are opened or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind have not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God." He grew steadily weaker until he lay upon his bed, serene, painless, cheerful, in full possession of his reason, but helpless and dying. During the third of July he dozed hour after hour, under the influence of opiates, rousing occasionally and uttering a few words, conscious that his end was near, but fervently desiring to live until the day he had assisted to consecrate fifty years before. At eleven at night he whispered to Mr. N. P. Trist, his grandchild's husband, who sat by the bed: "This is the Fourth?" Mr. Trist remained silent, being unwilling to say "Not yet!" "This is the Fourth?" again whispered Jefferson, and when the watcher nodded, "Ah!" he sighed and sunk into sleep with an expression of satisfaction upon his countenance. They thought him dying, but he lingered until 12.40 in the afternoon, occasionally indicating a desire by words or looks. "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country," is a popular version of his latest utterances.

Madison left his mountain residence of Montpelier but once after his retirement in 1817—to attend the Constitutional Convention of 1829. He died June 28, 1836, the last survivor of the signers of the Constitution. During his last illness, when the family and the doctor were at dinner, his voice was heard feebly from the adjoining chamber: "Doctor, are you pushing about the bottles? Do your duty doctor, or I must cashier you." Monroe was the third President to die on Independence day; he passed away in this city in 1831 at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur. Ill-health had compelled him to resign the Presidency of the Virginia Constitutional Convention. His remains were deposited with public honors in the Marble Cemetery on Second Street, where they reposed until 1858, when they were removed under the escort of the Seventh Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Abram Duryee, to Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va., the occasion being memorable for the enthusiastic warmth with which New York's citizen soldiers were received by their Southern brethren. John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," was found by death where he could have wished its approach, in the halls of Congress. On Monday, February 21, 1848, he ascended the steps of the Capitol with his accustomed alacrity and took his place in the House. While petitions were being presented, suddenly there was a cry of "Mr. Adams!" and a rush of members towards his seat. He was rising with a number of petitions in his hand when he was struck with apoplexy and sank down, catching at his desk and falling into the arms of the member who sprang across the aisle to his assistance. He was carried into the rotunda, then into the Speaker's room. He attempted to speak, but his voice was a mere murmur, low and indistinct, though Mr. Ashmun, who was placing him on the sofa, thought he said: "Last of earth—content," intending to say: "This is the last of earth—I am content." He became insensible at once, and lingered, faintly breathing, till 10 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, when he expired in the presence of the officers of the House. Mr. Adams' body was removed on the car drawn by six white horses that had served for Harrison's funeral, and after lying in state in Faneuil Hall, was buried at Quincy.

Jackson died on Sunday, June 8, 1845, at the Hermitage. For months he had been suffering from disease of the lungs, dropsy and diarrhœa, enduring the pains of his martyrdom with sublime patience. Almost to the last he was pestered by office-seekers and hero-worshipers. His last writing was a statement to help his old friend and fellow-soldier, Robert Armstrong, to a pension. On the 30th of May he gave Mr. Healy the last sitting for the portrait designed for Louis Phillippe and with his elaborate courtesy congratulated the artist. Nightly he kissed and blessed each member of his family, bidding each a farewell as if for the last time; then offered earnest prayer for them and for his country. His Bible was always near him. On the Friday he gave directions concerning his funeral, and dictated a letter, his last, to the President, bidding him act promptly and resolutely in the affairs of Texas and Oregon. On the morning of his death, a brilliant, hot day, he bade an affectionate farewell to his family, friends and servants, whom he addressed with calmness, strength and even animation, on the subject of religion, concluding, "I hope and trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black—both white and black," words he repeated again in the afternoon as the end was coming on. Hearing the servants on the piazza weeping, he spoke again: "What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry! Be good children, and we will meet in Heaven." At 6 he died, without a struggle or a pang. He was buried on Tuesday, beside the wife he had loved so fondly. Three thousand people were present at the services conducted upon the portico by Dr. Edgar. After a prayer, Jackson's favorite psalm was sung, "Why should we start and fear to die?" a sermon was preached from the text, "These are they which came out of great tribulation," and the service concluded with a hymn.

Martin Van Buren died at Kinderhook, N. Y., at 2 A. M., July 24, 1862, of asthma that developed into a painful catarrhal affection of the throat and lungs. For a year his health had been failing, and during the last week of his life his mind was wandering, though in his lucid intervals he manifested deep interest in public affairs. One of his last distinct utterances was to his clergyman, "There is but one reliance." He was buried on Monday, the 28th, a solitary flag flying at half-mast, and the hotel and two other buildings being festooned with black. Only one organization was at the funeral—the Kinderhook Fire Company. Twelve old residents acted as pall-bearers. Harrison died April 4, 1841. He rode on horseback to his inauguration and stood bareheaded and without an overcoat to deliver his inaugural, contracted pneumonia aggravated by subsequent imprudences in exposing himself to the weather of that bleak spring. His last words heard by Dr. Worthington, were: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more!" A procession two miles in length accompanied the body, drawn on a funeral-car by six white horses, to its temporary resting-place in the congressional burying-ground, where the Episcopal service was conducted by Dr. Hawley. Tyler was taken ill on Sunday, January 12, 1865, while at breakfast at the Ballard House, Richmond, and died at midnight of the 17th. "Let me give you some stimulant," said his doctor. "I will not have it," replied the dying man, and closing his eyes he passed away quietly. His body lay in state at the Capitol. He was a member of the Confederate Congress, and was interred with much pomp at Hollywood on the 21st, by Bishop Johns. Polk died June 15, 1849, three months after his retirement from the Presidency. He had suffered from diarrhœa on the journey, and a recurring attack proved fatal. On his death-bed he received the rite of baptism at the hands of a Methodist clergyman, an old neighbor and friend. Taylor attended the Fourth of July ceremonial in 1850, when the dust from Kosciusko's tomb was deposited in the Washington Monument, and endured for several hours the heat of a day he declared worse than any he had experienced in Mexico or Florida. Going home he insisted on eating freely of unripe cherries and drinking cold water and iced milk, despite the remonstrances of his servant, bringing on an attack of cholera morbus and typhoid, of which he died on the 9th. An imposing procession accompanied his remains to the Congressional Cemetery, the Episcopal service having previously been read in the East Room by Drs. Butler and Dr. Pyne.

Millard Fillmore died at Buffalo at 11 P. M. on Sunday, March 8, 1874, and was buried on the 12th, after the body had lain in state in St. Paul's Cathedral. Franklin Pierce passed away at 4.40 A. M. on Friday, October 8, 1869, at the residence of Mr. Willard Williams, Concord, N. H., of dropsy and inflammation in the stomach. For the last three days of his life he was nearly unconscious, and he died without pain. His body lay in state at Doric Hall, and was buried in the Minot Cemetery, on Main street, on the 11th. James Buchanan died at Lancaster, Pa., at 8.30 on the morning of Monday, June 1, 1868, after an illness of one month, though he had been sinking for nearly a year. His last hours were peaceful and nearly painless. On the night before his death he gave detailed directions for the ordering of his funeral and the erection of his monument, dictating the inscription, a blank to be left for the date of death, "which cannot be distant," he said. In the morning he asked for a drink of water from the spring, saying to the medical attendant. "Doctor, if disembodied spirits ever come back, I believe that mine will be found about that spring." His last authentic words as he sank into the sleep in which he died were: "Oh, Lord God Almighty, as Thou wilt!" His funeral took place on the 4th, the exercises being conducted by Dr. Neven, President of Franklin and Marshall College, an immense concourse being in attendance. The circumstances of the death of Abraham Lincoln and of his "funeral 1,500 miles long," have been fully described. Andrew Johnson died suddenly at Greenville, Tenn., on Saturday, July 31, 1875, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies on the 3d of August.—*New York Herald.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.

The best lightning rod for your protection is your own spine.

There is no pleasure but that some pain is nearly allied to it.

Principles like troops of the line are undisturbed and stand fast.

The conditions of success are three—work, concentration and fitness.

Genuine suffering often jests best, for it knows no idle longing for tears.

Knowledge, like religion, must be "experienced" in order to be known.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

Memory can glean but can never renew. It brings us joy faint as the perfume of flowers—faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

Whoever makes a fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long.

To succeed in any of life's endeavors, be our talents what they may, we require perseverance, decision and tenacity of will to reach the full measure of success.

The Future Moter-Power.

Scientific men of Great Britain object to the steam engine because it does not meet the wants of the present fast age; because it spends too much force for the results it accomplishes, and for the additional reason that it is fast consuming the coal that will be wanted for heating purposes. They want a better force, more locomotion, quicker travel, less expense, and greater security. They want something that will propel canoes as well as ships; that will run sewing machines as well as trip hammers; that will draw pleasure carriages as well as railway cars. They desire a motor that will not consume fuel, produce smoke, or cause noise; that can be managed by a child and run, if desired, in a parlor. They want something that will do all the steam engine does and many things beside.

In the opinion of most of the scientists of Great Britain electricity is to take the place of steam in driving machinery and moving cars, and is to be generated by the action of tides, winds, and falling water. They predict that wind-power will be utilized to a greater extent than any persons in a previous age ever believed it would. Wind will generate electricity for moving machinery, for lighting streets, and warming dwellings in Ireland, Belgium, Denmark, and other countries where there are few streams that afford water-power. The movement of tides will produce the same effects in most countries that have an extensive sea-coast, while the fall of water in rivers and streams will generate electricity in all mountain regions.

The great electrical exhibition at Paris is doing much to draw attention to what is called the motor power of the future. A picture called "The Queen of the Nineteenth Century" hangs in many of the shop windows. It is a female figure surrounded with a halo, and emitting rays of light from the hands, which are raised as if to enable the being to fly. The light gives the arms the appearance of wings. The artist is an enthusiast, and is regarded by many as a prophet. We all hope that his fair predictions will be realized. The steam engine is a good thing, but we are ready for something better. Now that attention is drawn to electricity, great results may be expected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Discouraged Housekeeper.

"I think," said a New York lady, "the serenity of the housekeepers I have met since coming to Ohio, is marvelous. They have been burning soft coal these years, yet I do not see but their forehead is as unfurrowed and their hair as unchanged as the favored women of the anthracite regions. I confess I wouldn't have cared to have any of you peep into my bed-room yesterday morning, and see the forlorn object seated on a hassock, actually crying, amid the wreck of matter and the crush—of tinware. Imagine the scene. There had been a fire in the stove for a week or more, but it had gone out, the wind being contrary and the draught not good. A large quantity of soot had accumulated in the pipe; it is astonishing how a pipe can fill up with soot filaments; I never saw anything like it before. The feet of the stove did not fit very well; paradoxically speaking, they were infirm because they were not in firm. Very gently, I thought, I administered a shaking, which was soon followed by a quaking; first one foot fell out, then another, the stove careened, and, horror of horrors! the tall column of pipe swayed, and 'what a fall was there, my countrymen!' The soot poured itself out upon the carpet; but 'twas the last drop in the bucket that drowned my amiability; for at the fatal moment, there happened to be a tin pail (New York vocabulary) full of water standing on the stove. It collapsed, and its contents meandered across the carpet in devious ways, mingling with the soot in a blackened tide; and there, over the prostrate stove-pipe, I did not hesitate to declare my utter detestation of bituminous coal. I have faithfully scrubbed with ammonia my drenched carpet, yet the trail of the serpent is over it all. I suppose I shall get used to it; they all do, they say; but I don't feel a bit resigned as yet."

Raffling for a Baby.

In the early days of California women and babies were extremely rare, and one night at the theater in San Francisco when a baby set up a cry during the playing of the orchestra an excited miner rose in the gallery and shouted:

"Stop them fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years."

Judging by a scene at Tucson, A. T., a Sunday or two ago, there is as great a dearth of babies there as in the younger days of San Francisco. Colonel Dean found a richly dressed Mexican baby lying on the grass, evidently abandoned by its mother, and crying at the top of its voice. He laid claim to it, and was soon surrounded by persons anxious for the prize. A Mexican lady offered $20 for it. An American lady bid $50. A hundred others wanted the baby raffled off, declaring their readiness to take tickets at any price. But the Colonel concluded to adopt the baby himself, and did so at the expense of being denounced as a selfish man who would give none of his fellow mortals a chance.

GOLD AND SILVER MINING.

How Mining for the Precious Metals Began in This Country—The "Argonauts" of '49 and Their Successors, the Prospectors—What a Gold Placer is and its Relation to Quartz Mining.

Mining for the precious metals on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky mountains dates from the discovery of the yellow nuggets in the tail-race of Sutter's mill in California in 1848; and from the "Argonauts," as they have been aptly styled, of the next year, the "old forty-niners," has sprung a class of men, the prospectors, who have played no unimportant part in the history of the far West. Of all the characters to be met with in the mining regions, the prospectors are the best worth knowing. They are rarely miners, that is, they never expect to engage in the systematic development of mines or to make their fortunes by the actual production of bullion. They are simply the discoverers of lodes and placers, and when fortune smiles upon them and they make "good strikes" they at once become anxious to sell out and to move on to some new diggings where there are more new mines to discover. Sometimes when a placer which is successfully supplied with water "pans out" well, yielding richly in gold dust with little labor and the expenditure of a small amount of capital, the prospector will be content to remain for a few months upon a claim that he has "located," and work it, but as soon as the gravel begins to be "lean" he is pretty sure to sell out his interest and move on to new fields.

Gold mining generally antedates silver mining, and the discovery and operation of placers precedes the location and development of quartz veins or irregular deposits of ore in the rocks. A placer is a mass of alluvial sand and gravel, with which are mixed small particles of grains of gold. Placers are formed by the disintegration of the rocks of which the mountains are formed, and a washing down of the loose particles by the streams which, swollen by the melting snows, become irresistible torrents at certain seasons of the year. If the rocks which are broken up by frosts and rains and the subtle chemistry of the atmosphere contain gold, the precious metal is released by the breaking up of the material that surrounds it, and, in small particles, is carried along with the remainder of the *debris* until the velocity of the water, as it approaches the valley where the declivity is less steep, is checked, and the solid matter which has been carried along is dropped in the bed of the river. This process, continued for ages, finally makes deposits of great extent and thickness. The place where a placer is found, if it still remains in a water-course, is called a "gulch." A canon in the mountains as distinguished from a gulch is that the former is generally narrower, with more precipitous sides and a steeper incline so that the water scours out all the sand and gravel, leaving the bed-rock bare or covered only with large boulders and fragments of rocks that are too heavy for the stream to move; while in the gulch the material that has been brought through and out of the canon is precipitated.

A majority of the streams of the Rocky mountains, and the Pacific coast are, during the greater part of the year, little rivulets that pick their way in winding courses through the beds of the great but short-lived rivers that roll down with resistless force when fed by the melting snows. These beds are therefore dry during the greater part of the year, and resemble the stony, gravelly beds of New England brooks when a summer drought