

at Mr Stead's feet all through the fight, and it clasped this with the grip of desperation. In the sudden emotion of deliverance from death, Mr Stead was not prompt enough to see this minor danger, and the chief of the White Indians bore with him to the bottom of the turbulent river the gold which the American had risked his life to save. To expect ever to recover it is hopeless.

There is no need to delay your readers with a detailed account of Mr Stead's return to civilization. As soon as he was free from the danger of pursuit, he set out for the village of friendly Indians, which he found, as he had expected, some fifteen miles further down the river. Here he was well received, and supplied with the means of continuing his journey.

While at this village he made inquiry for Austin, who had basely deserted him in his hour of peril. To Mr Stead's great grief—although not at all to his surprise—he found that nothing had been heard of Austin. And as yet nothing has been heard of the fellow. It was nightfall when Austin thrust loose from the bank and started alone on his voyage down the river. In his fright it is probable that he forgot the rapids before him until it was too late to turn back, or even to check his canoe. Barely a mile below the point where he abandoned Mr Stead, the river becomes narrow and the bank precipitous, and there is a succession of cataracts. It was above this galeh that Mr Stead fought for his life, and it was probably in this galeh that Austin met his death by the wrecking of his canoe in the turmoil of waters. If once the wood skin had got caught in the rush of the rapids, there would be no possible chance of escape for its solitary occupant. That this is what happened to Austin seems now beyond doubt, since no other explanation of his disappearance is possible. Coward as the fellow was, it is sad to think of his dark and lonely voyage to a certain and horrible death.

It was only the night before last that Mr Stead arrived here at Georgetown. Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting him, and of hearing the full tale of his adventures from his own lips. In transcribing these for your readers I have passed the night. It seems to me to be a duty which a man of letters owes his fellow-man to set forth simply and succinctly so brave a fight against terrible odds as that which Mr Stead has just fought. It is the study of a strong character like his, and of brave deeds like this, which restores our faith in our common humanity.

I have thought it best also that the facts of this outrage on an American citizen should be laid before the people of the United States as soon as possible, that the State Departments might be moved to take prompt action.

This letter goes back to you by favour of Mr Joshua Hoffman, whose beautiful steam-yacht, the *Rhadamanthus*, is to sail for New York this afternoon. Mr Hoffman has been spending a fortnight in these waters; he expresses himself as delighted with the scenery, and much benefited in health by the rest he has obtained.

I expect to sail for the Orinoco early next week, and you shall hear from me again at the very first opportunity.

A. Z.

II.

FROM THE 'GOTHAM GAZETTE' OF APRIL 22.

OFFICE OF THE ESSEQUIBO GOLD COMPANY,
75, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, APRIL 21.

To the Editor of the *Gotham Gazette*:

SIR,—I have read with interest the entertaining letter from an Occasional Correspondent which you have published this morning, and which purports to give an account of an extraordinary outrage recently committed in British Guiana on an American named Stead by a tribe of hitherto unknown White Indians. I hate to have to spoil so sensational a story, but I see that there is a sort of to-be-continued in our next at the end of his letter, and I feel, therefore, that I am only anticipating the correction the Occasional Correspondent will be forced to make as soon as he knows what has happened since he wrote. Perhaps you will excuse me if I suggest that before writing he might have inquired more carefully as to the value of the information he received.

What has happened since then is that the man Stead was arrested yesterday for theft and attempted murder. The thing he tried to steal was the gold entrusted to him to convey from the mines to the coast. The man he tried to murder was his accomplice in the intended theft—Austin.

When I inform you that Austin is in New York, that he has confessed fully his share in the robbery, and that he has accused Stead of an attempt to put him out of the way, it may occur to some of those who may have read the exciting letter of the Occasional Correspondent that he is a gentleman of an unduly confiding nature, and that he has inadvertently allowed himself to be used by a rascal.

The exact facts of the matter are that Stead and Austin, being entrusted with the gold of the Essequibo Gold Company, conspired to steal it. When they had arrived near the canon across which Stead claims to have fought so brave a fight against such long odds, they dug a hole and buried the gold, Stead telling Austin that he would invent a tale of an attack by the White Indians, who exist in local superstition, but whom nobody has ever seen. That night the thieves fell out, and Stead set Austin adrift in a canoe without a paddle, knowing that there was a waterfall ahead, and hoping that his accomplice would be drowned. Apparently Austin is reserved for another fate; his canoe sank on a rock in shallow water; he waded ashore, and was taken up by a band of friendly Indians, with whom he journeyed slowly to the coast. He arrived at Georgetown about midnight, a few hours before the *Rhadamanthus* sailed. Going to a friend's house, he heard the story Stead had been telling, and in fear of his life he determined to fly the country. This friend had done some triding service for Mr Joshua Hoffman, and thus Austin succeeded in being taken aboard the *Rhadamanthus* without the knowledge of the people of Georgetown. There is a pleasant irony in the fact that the very yacht which bore away the Occasional Correspondent's account of Stead's single-handed combat with impossible White Indians over a non-existent bridge should convey also the one man who knew the whole truth.

On his arrival here yesterday Austin came down to the office of the Essequibo Gold Company and surrendered himself. He made a clean breast of his share in the attempt to rob the company. We cabled at once to the Georgetown police. We learnt that Stead had been away in the interior for a week, and that he had just returned. He was about

to take ship for England when he was arrested. The stolen gold was found in his possession.

I have to apologise for this trespass on your space, but enemies of the Essequibo Gold Company try to use ghost stories like that of the Occasional Correspondent to depress the securities of the company, and as its president it is my duty to present this. Besides, just now I am a bull on the market.—Your obedient servant, SAMUEL SAEGENT.

A WOMAN TAKES A CLERGYMAN FOR A PICKPOCKET.

A WEALTHY lady was going down town in a tram car, with a considerable sum of money in her purse. At one of the stations there came into the tram a man by whose face she was struck, and she instantly said to herself that he must be a pickpocket. When he sat down beside her she thought of her well filled purse, and resolved to watch him.

Suddenly her suspicious neighbour put his hand down at his side. She felt it slide down until it touched her purse, and instantly she put out her own hand and seized the stranger by the wrist. He did not struggle, and she was in some perplexity as to what she should do next, but she thought that if he should attempt to get away she could at least, show that she had him by the wrist with his hand in her pocket.

She said afterward that she could not tell why she did not give an alarm at once, but she sat quiet, waiting for her neighbour to make the first move.

They rode in this way for some distance, when to her amazement the stranger at one of the downtown stations prepared to rise.

'If you will let go of my arm, madam,' he said, with the utmost coolness, 'I will get out here.'

He half rose as he spoke, and to her utter confusion the lady discovered that his hand, instead of being in her pocket, was thrust into the pocket of his own ulster. The garment hung down so that his hand had pressed against her purse without being in contact with it, and she had been holding him by the wrist with no apparent excuse whatever.

She was overcome with confusion, but managed to say that she had thought his hand to be in her pocket. The stranger smiled and went out, while a gentleman near by leaned forward to say: 'Don't you know who that is, madam? That is Rev. Dr. Blank.' The name was that of the best-known clergymen in the city.

THE CUCKOO.

In *Longman's Magazine* is an interesting account of the cuckoo's well-known, and seldom seen performance of excluding the young of the bird who has hatched it. One of the most graphic sketches of the occurrence by an eye-witness is that of Mr Gould's 'Birds of Great Britain.' The account by Mrs Blackburn, who watched the movements of the young cuckoo is full of interest. The nest under observation was that of the common meadow pipit, and it had at first two eggs in it besides that of the cuckoo. 'At one visit,' continues Mrs Blackburn, 'the pipets were found to be hatched but not the cuckoo. At the next visit, which was after an interval of forty-eight hours, we found the young cuckoo alone in the nest, and both the young pipets lying down the bank, about ten inches from the margin of the nest, but quite lively after being warmed in the hand. They were replaced in the nest beside the cuckoo, which struggled about until it got its back under one of them, when it climbed backwards directly up the open side of the nest and hitched the pipet from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, among the interlacing fibres of which the nest was woven, and, stretching its legs apart and backwards, it elbowed the pipet fairly over the margin so far that its struggles took it down the bank instead of back into the nest. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two, feeling lack with its wings, as if to make sure that the pipet was fairly overboard, and then subsided into the bottom of the nest.' The rejected bird was replaced, but on again visiting the nest on the following morning both pipets were found dead out of the nest. Mrs Blackburn continues:—'The cuckoo was perfectly naked, without the vestige of a feather, or even a hint of future feathers; its eyes were not yet opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of its head. . . . The most singular thing of all was the direct purpose with which the blind little monster made for the open side of the nest, the only part where it could throw its burden down the bank. I think all the spectators felt the sort of horror and awe at the apparent inadequacy of the creature's intelligence to its acts that one might have felt at seeing a toothless hag raise a ghost by an incantation. It was horribly uncanny and gruesome.'

THE SEA BREEZE AND THE SCARF.

HENRY on the casement that looked o'er the main,
Fluttered a scarf of blue;
And a gay, bold breeze paused to flutter and tease
This trifle of delicate hue.
'You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,'
He said with a voice that sighed;
'You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea;
Oh why do you stay here and hide?
'You are wasting your life in this dull, dark room;
And he fondled her silken folds,
'O'er the casement lean but a little, my queen,
And see what the great world holds!
How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue
'Chapeaus both sea and sky!
You are far too bright to be hidden from sight—
Come, fly with me, darling, fly.'

Tender his whisper, and sweet his caress,
Fluttered and pleased was she;
The arm of her lover lifted her over
The casement out to the sea;
Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
Kissed once by his laughing mouth,
Then dropped to her girdle in the cruel wave,
While the wind went whistling south.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TRUTH is not a salad that it must be served in vinegar.
Great men are only ordinary men with their hair combed.

A TOAST.
Here's to the maiden of bushy hair sixteen,
Whom I've often heard of, but never have seen.
'Originality is a thing we constantly clamour for, and constantly quarrel with.

When an ass kicks at you he does so because he recognizes that you are unlike him.

THE MARRIED MAN SINGS:
'Mid pleasures and palaces often I roam,
But when I would grubble there's no place like home.

There are some people in this world who wouldn't be satisfied if they were perfectly contented.

Artist: 'How do you like the portrait?' Sitter: 'Well, I don't exactly like the nose.' Artist: 'Neither do I—but it's yours.'

'Cool as a cucumber' is scientifically correct. Investigation shows that this vegetable has a temperature one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere.

THE FRUDENT GIRL.
Where'er she meets a charming man,
She tries to learn as soon as she can
What is his family? What is his birth?
What are his prospects? What is he worth!

The older a man grows the more pleasure he takes in thinking that the young are not as wild as he used to be, and will never be as good as he is.

Statistics prove that one man in a million lives to be one hundred and eight years old, and it doesn't always happen that the man who can be least spared makes the long-distance record.

The following lines were found about fifty years ago written with a diamond on a pane of glass in an inn at Dublin:—

Life is like a busy inn where travellers stay,
Some only breakfast and are soon away,
Others on dinner wait and are well fed,
The oldest sup and goes to bed,
Long is his bill who lingers out the day,
He who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Yvette Guilbert, the favourite of Parisian concert halls, says she'd rather earn her £160 a night and be deluged with bouquets on the stage than be a queen on a throne and never have a moment free from the presence of stuffy old chamberlains and gorgeous spies.

A sister of the Confederate General Price was recently married. The lady is a well-preserved, refined, and well-educated woman of fifty. 'I waited thirty years for my husband, and it was not until three weeks ago that he came for me,' she said to a reporter, who interviewed her on her wedding tour.

A QUALIFIED GIFT.—In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck by this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised, in return, to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave His Majesty the picture, accompanied by the request—that he would return it.

THE ISENITER.—During one of the entr'actes (says a Home writer, in criticising Isen's 'Bedda (gabler)') I was asked if I had noticed what a singularly unprepossessing set of people Isen's female worshippers were. I had not, because my attention had been fixed upon the performance; but on returning to the theatre I took a glance round, and certainly acknowledged the truth of the assertion. Apart from a few actresses, who, of course, had come for business purposes, there was scarcely a good-looking woman in the theatre. Even when Nature had not made them ill-favoured, they had endeavoured to spoil their personal appearance by loud, vulgar, mannish attire.

HOPE FOR HIM.—How often do we hear a parent say of a mischievous boy, 'I would not mind so much if I could only believe him.' Whatever his other traits truth is essentially the touchstone of a boy's character. 'I don't know that you will be able to do much with him,' said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as pupil, 'he is so full of mischief.' 'Does he tell the truth?' asked the principal. 'Can I always depend upon his word?' 'Oh, yes,' said the father; 'he is honest, he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that.' 'Then we can manage him,' said the principal. 'He will make a reliable, manly man.'

HOW HE GOT IN.—When the Art Exhibition for the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 was decided upon and artists were invited to send pictures, Mr Thom, an artist, went to Philadelphia and gained admission to the unfinished gallery where he wished to study the environment of his work. While there he noticed two spaces, one on either side of a big entrance door, which were so high and narrow that it would be pretty hard work to find pictures to fit them. These spaces were carefully measured, and going home went at once to work to paint pictures of that shape. When the pictures arrived their mechanical fitness befriended them as well as their intrinsic excellence, and they were 'well hung,' while the names of the rejected were legion. Art has made some advances in this country since 1876, but nobody has yet arisen earlier in the morning than Mr Thom did on that occasion.

MOONLIGHT PICNICS IN GUATEMALA.—Reading novels at midnight by the light of the moon is possible in Guatemala. It is no uncommon thing to see a senorita reclining in a hammock with a book in her hand on her father's verandah in the Coeta Coeta district, Guatemala, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. There are no moonlight nights in the United States or in England like in Guatemala. The moon at certain periods of the month is so bright that it is as light outdoors as during the day. It is too hot during the day in Coeta Coeta to be out for pleasure, and all little excursions around the country are arranged to take place at night when the moon is bright. For instance when a few friends desire to take a horse-back ride around the country the pleasure is never arranged to take place during the day time. The night is always selected and the moon furnishes the light. Picnics, boat rides and all pleasure parties take place when it is known the moon will furnish the light.