HOUSE OF TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bothe.,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed to loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quite yet.
Every room is set in order—

Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
With a lily on his breast.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in Munsey's.

MUTINY ON SHIP BOUNTY.

A nephew of William Lay, a member of the crew of the English ship Bounty, tells this story of the famous mutiny in The Milkaukee Sentinel: A few years after the soldiers of George III. had been thoroughly vanquished and the republic of the United States was in its infancy; when Washington was in the heyday of his influence and was the eastern star to the young nation, William Lay was born in Connecticut. His father was a thrifty farmer, and had shouldered a gun in the revolutionary war, being brevetted for valorous conduct. When William grew up he early manifested a roving disposition. He showed a decided liking for the sea, and after many importunities his father secured him a position as cabin boy in a ship which left the Connecticut river, destined for England. The lad was brave and buoyant with hope. The good ship set her bow for the East, flapped her sails to the breeze and started for her home port.

When he landed at Spithead, England, October, 1789, he was paid off, and his father had instructed him to rejoin the ship and return home. But the boy's appetite for adventure had been whetted and he wanted more. At the instigation of King George III. the English admiralty was fitting up the ship Bounty to carry bread seed from the West Indian Islands to the South Sea islands. The popular theory existing then is poetically and tersely expressed in the following verse:

"The bread tree, which without the ploughshare yields
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchas'd groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest."

The Bounty was to sail from England to the West Indies for bread seed, which was to be planted in the islands of the sea and a rich harvest garnered. Volunteers to man the vessel were called for, and young Lay, who now lies buried in Kenosha, and another American named Warren were among the number. The crew of officers and men numbered forty-two, and they were in charge of Lieutenant Bligh of the admiralty department. They were classified, one master, three warrant officers, one surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, cabin boy, another boy, and thirty-two petty officers and men.

Two days before Christmas day, 1789, the craft weighed anchor from Spithead, amid the hopes and cheers of a vast concourse of people. It was a sturdy vessel of 215 tons, and was commanded by an intrepid officer, who had been a companion with that famous explorer, Captain Cook. When the boat was some thirty days off the coast of the cape of Good Hope, a tremendous storm swept over the sea, and after being butted about in the angry billows for several days, the master, Captain Fryer, steered her toward Pitcairn island. The crew up to this time had been obedient and order was strictly enforced, because Lieutenant Bligh was an inflexible disciplinarian. For twenty-three weeks the ship lay off Matavai, and between the seamen and the natives the greatest intimacy sprang up. Lieutenant Bligh gave presents to Otoo, chief of the district of Matavai; also to Poeeno, chief of the Otaheitans. In turn the chief sent crude articles, the handiwork of the half-civilized Otaheitans, to be given to the English monarch. After the weeks of pleasant intercourse had closed, the ship again weighed anchor to continue her journey.

On board two men were assigned to the duty of master's mates. One, Fletcher Christian, was a powerful man physically, with superabundant brute force linked to a dissolute and dare-devil nature. Christian was totally without conscience and indifferent. He was abvious to danger and without fear. After the ship had been several weeks out from Pitcairn island, Lieutenant Bligh had occasion to reprimand Christian. The latter was surly and resented it, but without open violation of authority, which would have meant death to the culprit. He took into his confidence Charles Churchill, ship's corporal; John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, able-bodied seaman. These four men schemed to cast adrift on the ocean, in a small boat, the lieutenant and all those who were loyal to him. This was a daring project, because the men had to figure on overwhelming odds against them.

On April 28, 1789, Christian, who was on watch, at 3 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by his fellow conspirators, descended the hatchway to Bligh's apartment and binding him hand and foot carried him on deck. A boat was lowered to the water and the lieutenant soon followed it. The commotion resulting from this high-handed act brought sailors and officers on deck, and in a flash the men ranged themselves on opposite sides. Eighteen sailors remained loyal to the lieutenant, and these were roughly thrown overboard into the tiny craft, which was then cut loose from the big ship and cast adrift, having but five days' rations.

Young Lay, the cabin boy, was asleep in the bow of the ship a part of the time, but when he awoke and discovered what had happened he wanted to be counted among the loyal. But Christian would not let him go: he roughly pushed the boy away from the ship's side, saying: "You young brat, we want you." Bligh, though cast adrift, and in a wilderness of water, without a compass or a rudder, and with little food, was able to so guide his frail boat as to reach a safe haven. After wandering over the waters for some 3,618 miles, he, with his men, touched port off the coast of Timor, in the East Indies. It took them forty-three days to sight a harbor.

When Christian got the Bounty in his own hands he steered for Pitcairn island, determined, if possible, to set himself up as monarch of all he surveyed. He planned to slay the chiefs and bring the black savages in subjection to his rule. It was a bold move; the plot of a pirate which required the courage of a desperado to execute. Christian depended on his men remaining loyal; that is where he made his fatal error. The Bounty in due course of time arrived at Pitcairn island, and Christian and his companions landed. After emptying the ship of its valuables, the hulk was set on fire and destroyed. Lay became a kind of private secretary to Christian, which to him was the most irksome labor.

By Christian's orders the Otaheitans became serfs, and so cruelly were they enslaved and so arduous their work that they rebelled. One night the black men, armed with heavy clubs, stealthily entered one of the tents occupied by the usurpers and killed Christian, Hilbrant and Byrne, three of the crew. In the same tent slept young Lay, and he was awakened by the bloody assault; but fortunately was enabled to escape with his life. The following day, when it was discovered that Christian had been killed it was rumored among some of the crew left on the island that one McCoy had incited the crime and an effort was made to assassinate him as an appeasement to their crude notion of justice.

However, the following day a council was held, and by a vote it was decided to decapitate every black man within sight, and in the horror of that awful night some twenty white men armed with blunderbusses and buldgeons put to death every black male within reach. From thence on for many years there was white supremacy. The leaders on the island from that time henceforth were Young, Churchill, McCoy and Quintal. These men set up in rustic fashion an oriental principality, with Young as chief nabob, and the other three being of lesser order. This entitled the governmental officials to maintain separate harems, for the polygamous theory of inter-relation was immediately established.

Things ran along smoothly for several years, no one working hard except McCoy, who was sore pressed for whiskey. After repeated efforts to manufacture the stuff he found a cereal which, when put through certain processes, gave an alcoholic stimulant which, on the island, was an admirable substitute for a Scotch high ball. McCoy erected a grotesque looking distillery, manufactured considerable liquor and drank it nearly all himself. As his habits became more and more depraved, he began to lose hold over his fellow-squatters and several plots to kill him were hatched. McCoy, however, had an ambition, that was to possess every woman in the island, to have her as his wife. He wanted to outclass anything or anybody of ancient or modern times whose fame rested on the multiplicity of his wives. An edict, however, was issued restricting him in this line, and he revenged himself for his disappointment and overthrow by killing himself with liquor.

After the McCoy episode the settlers and pirates lived happily together and a new social system was founded, with Adams as chief. Children were born and grew up, not totally ignorant of civilization, not wholly uncultured, not irreligious, but rather devout. During all the following years up to 1808 Lay remained on the island and mingled with the people, but never married. In the spring of 1808 Captain Folger, who commanded an American bark, dropped anchor off the Pitcairn coast, and after making some investigation learned the story of the islanders. He ran into Lay, who had grown into manhood, and the latter earnestly solicited the captain to convey him to American soil. This Folger willingly did.

It is estimated that Kansas City, Mo., has a population of 182,000 and Kansas City Kan., 50,000.

HE SAW THE SULTAN.

WHO SEEMS TO THINK HIMSELF MISUNDERSTOOD.

Quick at Repartee, Which Has to be Translated—Full of Historical Excuses—Impresses Everyone Brought Into Close Contact With Him.

I had a talk a few days ago with a young American who had spent several years in Constantinople as a Secretary of Legation, and he gave me some interesting glimpses into the character of the Sultan. I should say that, unlike myself—unlike most people in England—this young American was rather an admirer personally of the ruler of the Turkish Empire, and what he said must be taken with that deduction.

As to the Sultan's constant dread of assassination there is not the smallest doubt. His visits once a year to the city—even his weekly visits to the Mosque to say his prayers—are prepared with an elaborateness that displays the most constant dread of conspiracy and conspirators. Thus it is, for instance, that all the streets along the land route are arranged in the most careful manner for the passing of the Sultan. The banners are out, the roads made smooth—everything is done which seems to prove that the Sultan is certain to go that way and to return by the water route. At the last moment the Sultan goes by the water route and returns by land. These terrors are largely due to the fact that the Armenians are the most capable and reckless throwers of bombs in the world.

The Armenians in Constantinople are a strange mixture. While they are ready to do such desperate deeds and to take all the consequences to themselves as to others, they have no power of making open resistance, and apparently even little will to do so. For instance, in that terrible riot in which 7,000 Armenians were killed a couple of years ago, eleven Armenians were standing in the streets, all armed with crowbars. Nine Turks with everything but clubs came up. They killed all the Armenians, who did not even make an attempt at resistance. If they had made any such attempt they would undoubtedly have proved the stronger. When my friend discussed the extraordinary action of the Armenians with an Armenian banker he expressed no surprise. All he could feel was admiration for the men who had thus allowed themselves to be massacred like sheep. They were patriots, he said; they wished to make the massacres as bad as possible, so as to bring about the intervention of Europe.

Although the Sultan does stand in fear of assassination, and although he is undoubtedly guarded carefully, there are few if any signs of this in his immediate neighborhood. It is difficult to get access to the palace, but once you are in the you see fewer soldiers and fewer signs of precautions than in Russia, or even Germany. You see nothing but obsequious servants.

The Sultan impresses immensely by his ability everybody who is brought into close contact with him. In all the years he had seen him, my American friend had never, he said, seen him taken aback; never without an answer, even when things were hottest and darkest against him. He has always a specious argument; a historical illustration—sometimes a sly national recrimination—to urge in defense of his own acts, and even of the worst barbarities in his own kingdom. And he says all these things with perfect calm and self-possession; indeed, as a gentleman who is painfully misunderstood. His repartees are, perhaps, the easier to make because he takes plenty of time to prepare them. For though undoubtedly he understands French fairly well, it is contrary to court etiquette that he should speak in any language but Turkish, everything has to be interpreted. And yet now and then the Sultan, when he is taken off his guard, utters a "Merci monsieur," or some other short word in French, which shows that his pretended inability to converse in French is like Oom Paul's professed ignorance of the English tongue.

Negro Defies Scientists.

Both the interest and the importance of the subject make it worth while to follow out every clew that may lead to the approximate determination of the age of Niagara Falls. During this past season, in connection with some work done for the New York Central railroad upon their branch line which runs along the eastern face of the gorge from Bloody Run to Lewiston, I fortunately came into possession of data from which an estimate of the age of the falls can be made entirely independent of those which have hitherto been current.

In 1841 Sir Charles Lyell and the late Prof. James Hall visited the falls together; but, having no means of determining the rate of recession, except from the indefinite reports of residents and guides, they could place no great confidence in the "guess" made by Sir Charles Lyell, that it could not be more than one foot a year. As the length of the gorge from Lewiston up is about seven miles, the time required for its erosion at this rate would be thirty-five thousand years. The great authority and popularity of Lyell led the general public to put more confidence in this estimate than the distinguished authors themselves did. Mr. Bakewell, another eminent English geologist, about the same time estimated the rate of the recession as threefold greater than Lyell and Hall had done, which would reduce time to about eleven thousand years.

SLAVERY LONG A THORN.

Its History Before Uncle Sam Abolished It.

The question is not of recent origin. Blind of our woes began in 1620 when negroes were first brought to the colony of Virginia and sold as slaves. Slavery antedates history. Traffic of Europeans in negroes a half century before the discovery of America. The very year in which Charles V. sailed with a powerful expedition against Tunis to check the piracies of the Barbary States and to emancipate enslaved Christians in Africa, he gave an open legalization to the African slave trade. When independence was declared in 1776 all the colonies held slaves.

"Slavery, said the late Senator Ingalls, disappeared from the Northern States "by the operation of social, economic and natural laws," and "the North did not finally determine to destroy this system until convinced that its continuance threatened not only our industrial independence but their political importance." In the course of years "the peculiar institution" assumed a sectional character. The war between the states precipitated a crisis. President Lincoln then began the work of emancipation. "As commander-in-chief of the army and navy in time of war, I suppose I have the right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy. * * * I view the measure (the proclamation) as a practical war measure according to the advantages it will offer to the suppression of the rebellion.'

The Blue Rose.

The blue rose, says the London News, has long been the desire of those who in their appreciation of flowers place a higher value upon mere novelty than upon perfection of form, beautiful coloring and delightful fragrance, but the Gardeners' Magazine does not credit the report that this treasure has at last been found in Bulgaria. Our horticultural contemporary has been told often in the course of the last quarter of a century that the blue rose has made its appearance, and has seen plants of what his friends assured him were those of the veritable black rose, but when the season of flowering arrived the only things that were black were the looks of the owners, who were naturally vexed that they should have wasted their money and made themselves objects of ridicule. In the case of the blue rose he had not even been able to catch a glimpse of a plant bearing blue flowers, nor has anyone stated that he has seen either flowers or plants.

The Bulgarian blue roses would appear closely to resemble the chameleon, which frequently changes color to the eye of the observer, for in one case they are reported to be of a beautiful azure blue, and in another they are said to be of a greenish blue, the latter hue recalling the delicate tints of the turquoise. A sample of the soil in which the bush is growing has, it is said, been sent to a chemical laboratory to be analyzed, but surely, says the Gardeners' Magazine, would have been more sensible to have taken as many buds as possible from the branch and worked them to other stocks, with a view to a perpetuation of so remarkable a novelty.

Only Bridge of Its Kind.

Floating Bridge over Glenmore Pond is one of the curiosities of Lynn, and is claimed to be the only structure of its kind in the world. In 1808 a bridge of somewhat similar design was built across the upper end of Lake Quinsigamond in Worcester, but it was constructed simply of two tiers of logs, covered with planks, and was never satisfactory. The Lynn bridge on the other hand, has been in constant use for nearly a century, and is stronger now than ever, as the wood does not rot under water, and the pine logs which form the foundation are as firm as on the day when they were hewed and put together.

Captain Moses Brown was the originator of the idea of thus bridging Collins Pond, as it was then called. In March, 1802, a charter was granted to the Salem Turnpike and Chelsea Bridge Corporation, and the bridge was completed in 1804, at a cost of $55,409. A diver has investigated the foundations of the structure, and has found that the original bridge was made of five layers of pine laid at right angles to each other, the first two layers of pine logs hewn on one side, and the upper three of hewn timber one foot square, the whole secured together by three-inch dowels, and covered with planking 5½ feet thick.

The bridge is 511 feet long, 28 feet wide, and the pond which it crosses is about seventeen acres in area, and about sixty-four feet above the sea level.

The Duke's Unmentionable Name

The Duke of Veragua, who lost an annual pension of $6,000 through the cutting off from Spain of the Cuban revenues, does not appear to have much idea of the value of money, at least when it is the money of other people. When he was in this country during the Chicago exposition he complained of the cost of a telegram he wanted sent, but when he learned that the signature was not charged for he signed himself thus: Christopher Columbus de Toledo Larrategui de la Gante Almirante, Duque de Veragua de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senador del Reino, Caballero de la insigne Ordan del Toison de Oro; Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villarimeda, Gentil Hombre de Camara del Rey Don Alfonso XIII.

SUCH IS LIFE.

No time to eat,
No time to drink,
No time to greet,
No time to think,
No time to work,
No time to play,
No time to shrink,
No time to pray,
No time to love,
No time to hate,
No time to rove,
No time to wait,
No time to write,
No time to talk,
No time to fight,
No time to walk,
No time to sleep,
No time to preach,
No time to weep,
No time to teach,
No time to pine,
No time to laugh,
No time to whine,
No time to chaff.

No time to dance
No time to sing,
No time for any other thing,
Our life's begun,
And then it's done;
We just get here,
Then disappear,
A moment's stop
Upon the brink,
And out we drop,
Quick as a wink,
And like as not,
As quick forgot;
Just like a bubble,
Upon the air,
A prick of trouble,
And we are—where?
The Lord only knows,
And our friends little care!
—H. F., Albany, N. Y.

A BELATED REVOLT.

Simeon Walker sat on the top rail of the fence. He had stopped there in the act of getting over. His rubber booted legs were tired, so he rested and rooted there.

The snow was a foot deep on the level, and in places it was over the stone walls. Simeon's tracks trailed off across the field behind. He had come that way because it was nearer, but when he had gone half the distance he regretted it, and was tempted to retrace his steps and go by the road. After standing still and reflecting for some little time he had decided to continue.

When he reached the fence he was glad he had taken the field, otherwise there would have been no excuse for resting on the top of the rail fence. He had a shovel with him and was going a mile up the road to help dig out a drifted place.

Simeon sat on the fence till he began to be a little chilly; whereupon he concluded that he was rested enough, and jumped down on the other side into the road.

He had covered nearly half the distance to the place where he was to work, when he stopped suddenly in front of the school house.

"Time-nation!" he ejaculated under his breath. He was staring at a woman who was making strenuous efforts to dig a path up to the school house door.

As she paused a moment for breath she caught sight of Simeon. If he had caught her stealing his chickens she could hardly have looked more frightened and guilty.

"Oh," she panted, "I thought I could get it done before any one saw me."

"Keziah Thatcher," he said, solemnly, "I thought you had more sense."

He took the shovel from her. It was a small fire shovel. He looked at it scornfully, tossed it into a convenient bank, and set to work with his own.

"Don't some of the big boys dig the paths for you?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes," she remarked, "but they are always so late, and then the fire doesn't get to going and the little children suffer and take cold."

Simeon smiled grimly as he thought that at the rate she was going she would not have got the schoolroom much warmer than if she had left the work to the boys.

"And besides," Keziah continued, apologetically, "I didn't know it was so drifted."

Something in her voice made Simeon turn and look at her.

"You are cold," he said, gently. "What have you got on your feet? Whew! Nothing but rubbers." He looked dubiously across the drifted yard to the school house door. Then his face cleared. "Where is the key?" he asked.

Keziah felt in her pocket and drew it out. He took it and without a word turned and began ploughing slowly through the snow. When he reached the door, he unlocked it and opened it wide, then returned to Keziah, who was watching him wonderingly.

"Now," he said, as he reached her, "I am going to carry you to that door."

"Oh, no, please don't! I can wait till the path is made perfectly well. I'M not very cold, truly I'm not."

"I am going to carry you," said Simeon, and there was a strange note of command in his voice. "Put your arm around my neck—so. There, now I can carry you easily."

"Oh, Mr. Walker! I wish—" she protested feebly.

Slowly and carefully he walked through the snow, reached the door and deposited his burden inside the entry.

"There!" he said. "Now you can start the fire while I finish the path."

It took but a short time to finish that path, for Simeon worked as he had never worked before. He smiled as he looked up and saw the smoke ascending from the school house. He went into the school house, stamped the snow off his feet, and found that Keziah's fire was a creditable success. But perhaps neither the warmth of the fire nor the previous exercise accounted for the bright color in Keziah's cheeks.

Simeon glanced around the room. "It looks natural," he said, "but it looks small. I don't believe I've been here since I went to school, but you've spent a good part of your time here since then. My! that fire looks good."

He drew two chairs up to the stove and after Keziah had taken one he seated himself in the other. "Isn't this cosy?" he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "I was on my way to Hanson's Corner to shovel snow, but I guess the snow will keep and it isn't often I get a chance to speak to you. Why, how long is it since we were allowed to see each other?"

"I don't know." Keziah's eyes were cast down. "It is some years. I don't know what Cynthia would say if she—" paused abruptly.

Simeon smiled good humoredly. "I know that sister of yours doesn't approve of me, but that's no excuse for her holding over you the way she does."

"Oh, Cynthia has so much more sense than I have," Keziah murmured, deprecatingly.

Simeon looked at her quizzically. "I suppose she has told you that so often that you have got so you believe it. But I don't believe it!"

There was an awkward pause. Keziah looked at the clock and half longed for, half-dreaded, the arrival of the first scholar. Simeon frowned at the stove and wished he knew how to say what he wanted to say. At last he cleared his throat.

"Keziah, let us have one good long talk together. We may never have another chance and there are some things I'd like to know about. Will you tell me the reason why we didn't get married that time—fifteen years ago, wasn't it? Was one reason Cynthia?"

She nodded.

"Well, I thought so. Were there other reasons? I know you told me at the time, but somehow they didn't seem like reasons you would give."

"There weren't any others—besides Cynthia."

"She must have told you things about me. I wonder what they were?"

Keziah turned away her head. "She said that you were shiftless," she faltered, "and never would get on in the world."

He made a wry face. "And I supposed she has kept her eye on me, and has had the satisfaction of seeing 'I told you so,' every little failure congratulating herself on her prophecy and your escape. Well, I guess she was right. I wonder if you consider it?"

"Yes, I did sure," she said, startled vehemently. "I wanted you to succeed and justify my opinion of you, and when you didn't she would scold, and sometimes I wanted to go away and never come back."

"I wish I had known—I wish I had known," was all Simeon had to say.

She looked at him. Suddenly she laid her hand timidly on his arm. "You know it now," she said, quietly. It isn't too late."

He rose to his feet suddenly. "By—," he said, in a voice that startled her, "it isn't too late and I'll justify your opinion of me yet. I will go over and shovel that snow. Good-bye, I'm glad I saw you." He grasped her hand so hard that she winced, then strode out of the room.

She listened to his retreating footsteps, then turned to her desk and she could lay her arm on it and bury her face in the crook of her elbow. In a moment she heard some one coming, and stood up hastily, giving a dab to her eyes with her handkerchief.

"That snow will have to wait a little longer. Something important comes first," said Simeon, coming into the room. "Why, you are not—Why, what is it, Keziah was crying solely in his behalf.

A little later, when they were calm, Simeon said: "What I came back to say was this: I am going to get away from the pernicious influence of that lazy, good-for-nothing Miles Walker, and I thought it would be a grand good idea if as the saying is you would break away from the pernicious influence of Miss Keziah Thatcher."

Keziah's eyes sparkled. "I will go," she said, and there was that in her look which told that she was free freed herself from the domination of her sister.

There were other things that [illegible] be said, and by the time they had gone out and the room grew [illegible]

"Why, where are the [illegible]" cried Keziah when she saw that it was 10 o'clock. "They must have gone home on account of the fire."

So they left the school house [illegible] and Keziah walked slowly, dreading her interview with Cynthia, while Simeon, with his shovel on his shoulder, went briskly in the opposite direction.—Chicago News.

Allegiance.

Mrs. Cadger—They tell me [illegible] is that your husband [illegible]

Mrs. Horne—Yes, [illegible] gentle in his manners, [illegible] but there is one thing [illegible] claim—he never kicks [illegible] creases a tidy.—[illegible]

Not Next Time.

"This really [illegible] the old gentleman [illegible] leg up and [illegible]

"Well," [illegible]