The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1881. NO. 2.

IF THE WIND RISE.

An open sea, a gallant breeze,
That drives our little boat—
How fast each wave about us flees;
How fast the low clouds float!
"We'll never see the morning skies,
If the wind rise;"
"If the wind rise,
We'll hear no more of earthly lies."

The moon from time to time breaks out
And s lvers all the sea;
The billows toss the waves about,
The little boat caps free.
"We'll never see our true love's eyes
If the wind rise;"
"If the wind rise,
We'll waste no more our foolish sighs."

She takes a dash of foam before,
A dash of spray behind;
The wolfish waves about her roar,
And gallop with the wind.
"We'll see no more the woodland dyes,
If the wind rise;"
"If the wind rise,
We'll hear the last of human cries."

The sky seems bending lower down,
And swifter sweeps the gale;
Our craft she shakes from heel to crown,
And dips her fragile sail.
"We may forgive our enemies,
If the wind rise;"
"If the wind rise,
We'll sup this night in Paradise."

Saved by Matches.

A small room, poorly furnished; a pot of mignonette in the window; a girl at work at the table, sewing steadily. She would have been pretty if she had not been so poor. If she had been better fed, she would have had a rosy cheek; if she had had freedom and less labor, she would have had dimples; if she had worn a dress of violet silk, instead of faded calico, it would have brought out the fairness of her skin and the golden hue of her hair. As it was, Alice Morne was pale, and pinched, and sad, with the sewing-girl's stoop of shoulders, and the sewing-girl's heavy heart.

She rose suddenly and folded up her work—a child's garment, of fine cambric, trimmed with dainty lace. She made a package of it, donned her bonnet and shawl, and went out of her lodging-house.

She threaded the commercial streets rapidly, and soon emerged on the avenues of wealthy private residences. Here it was quieter. The dusk was gathering. Now and then a carriage rolled by. One or two stately houses were lighted for receptions. Many more were somberly closed. Alice went on, with her quiet, rapid step.

She stopped at last before a house all in a blaze of light. Costly lace curtains concealed the luxurious rooms within; the soft notes of a piano came softly upon the girl's ear.

"The Tracys give another party to-night," said Alice.

She went into the area and rang the bell. A servant admitted her. She went in with her bundle.

She came out with a light step. The work had been approved, and she had been paid. A little dazzled with the scene she had just emerged from, she paused upon the pavement to count the money.

"Give me a cent," said a little beggar-boy starting somewhere out of the silent shadows.

"What do you want it for?" asked Alice.

"I'm hungry," answered the child. He was pale and pinched.

"Here's a dime: I would give you more if I could," she said.

The child took it eagerly. She passed on, with less than $2 to buy supper and pay for a week's rent.

She had more work. When it was finished she came the same way in the dusk. As she passed over the sidewalk a faint line of white attracted her attention.

There was a knob of glass, generally called "bull's-eyes," in the pavement. It is usually inserted over a coal vault, and is removed to admit the coals. This one had not been adjusted with exactitude, and at the crevice appeared a line of white. Alice stooped down and examined it. It was the edge of a folded paper.

She drew it out with a wild thought that it might be some valuable check or draft. But it contained only a few words, written in pencil.

"I have watched for you constantly for a week. If you would save my life come back here, and all night long place matches where you found this paper. You shall be rewarded with all you can ask. A PRISONER."

Alice closed the paper in her hand and looked around bewildered. No one was to be seen. She looked down at the lump of dull glass, but it was entirely opaque. The bull's eye was not set quite evenly in its place. She touched it with her foot, but could not move it. After waiting a moment, confused and in doubt, she passed on, recollecting her errand.

The area door admitted her. The servant had a child in her arm, the dainty little thing for whom Alice made garments.

"Mrs. Tracy said you was to come up to her chamber," said she. "You know the way."

The lady whom she met was not lovely; she was sallow and dark; very disagreeable-looking—clutching her cashmere gown at the breast, and turning impatiently toward her little sewing-girl.

"Why did you not come before?" she asked in a hoarse voice, with a slight French accent. "The child should have had that dress to drive in to-day."

"I was sick yesterday; I could not finish it," answered Alice, tremulously.

Madame snatched the package, tearing it open, and letting the little embroidered robe fall upon the bed.

"Well, here is your money," said she, opening a velvet purse. "Next time I will employ some one who will do as they promise."

Alice turned away with a bursting heart—for the woman's words meant starvation for her. She dared not raise her voice in reply; she divined truly that the heart under that rich robe was one of stone.

As she passed down stairs, she heard a low voice. It proceeded from one of the rooms about her.

"And he is twenty-one to-day?" it said.

"Yes; it is three years since his mysterious disappearance," with a sneering laugh.

The voices were stealthy. A door closed and shut them in.

Alice passed down into the street.

She walked fast, treading, unthinkingly, upon the bull's-eye, and went home. When she flung herself down to weep, she suddenly felt the crumpled paper in her hand.

What should she do? She lay thinking a long time. She considered the strangeness of the request, the possibility that it was not meant for her, the idea that it was a hoax, or written by some madman—for it was a man's hand writing.

But the girl's heart was warm and true. The possibility that some one was in trouble, and she might help them, was the thought that had the most weight. With no one to counsel or object, she obeyed it.

She went to the store and spent $1 of her precious money for matches. She received a large package, containing thousands of the little lucifers.

The city clocks were striking nine as she reached the bull's-eye.

The street was silent, the pavement deserted. As she bent down, some one tapped upon the bull's-eye. She slipped a sheet of matches into the crevice. It disappeared. She waited a few moments; the hand tapped for more; she supplied them.

As she waited again a pedestrian approached. She rose, and stepped back into the shadows until he had passed; otherwise, she did not fear. The street was quiet, and she could see the stars twinkling in the clear sky.

Hour after hour she supplied matches, at intervals of quarter hours. Occasionally the rap came for an earlier demand. But she could not see the hand. She only imagined it to be a man's.

It was long past midnight. The city clocks were near striking two when her matches became exhausted. She had not been sufficiently supplied, she thought.

Quite at a loss what she ought to do she rose from her cramped position, standing in doubt, when a voice said:

"Come with me!"

She started in terror, for a man stood beside her; but the next words reassured her:

"It is I whom you gave the matches to; do not be afraid, but take my arm and walk fast, I am not safe here."

Alice could see only a tall form, and a pale face, the features of which she could not distinguish; but the voice, though hurried, was gently modulated, and the stranger took her hand with a grasp that was not unpleasant.

"You must be tired; but this has been a good night's work for you, little girl," he said.

"What did you want the matches for?" asked Alice, trembling.

He had drawn her hand within his own, and she walked rapidly beside him.

It was the only way in which I could get fire," he answered. "The heat melted the cement which inclosed the bull's eye in the wall of my prison, and I escaped through the cavity. It was larger than the one in the pavement. I have been a prisoner in my own house for three years."

As they left the vicinity of the Tracy dwelling, he walked slower.

"I was quite hepless," he added. "I knew of no one to appeal to whom I could trust. But listening and waiting, as a man only listens and waits for freedom, I grew familiar with your step as it passed so often over the bull's eye and up the steps, and a week ago, when I heard your voice to that beggar-boy, I resolved to trust you. I knew your tread the instant that it touched the curbstone, and I slipped the paper up the crevice. You saw it immediately. The hour till you came passed heavily; you were my only hope. You are a brave, good child. Now, where is your home? Can I go there for a little rest before daylight?"

"It is a poor place," said Alice, "but you are welcome."

Daylight was dawning when she revealed her poverty-stricken little room to him. He flung himself into a chair and dropped his face on his folded arms upon the table. Alice fancied that he was praying, and moved about noiselessly, preparing a little breakfast. She did not realize that this man was young and handsome, and it was not, perhaps, propriety to have him there. She was only zealous, in her pity, to serve him, seeing, by daylight, how ill he looked.

But by noon there were strange doings in the little sewing-girl's room. She had been sent for a lawyer, the most renowned and popular one in the city, and he came with two other gentlemen, so grand that little Alice was quite awe-stricken. Finally, Mr. Lionel Tracy—that was the name of the hero—went away with them, and she was left alone with her poverty and her wonder. Only she was not quite so helpless and distressed as she had been, for one of the gentlemen had smiled upon her, and left a few pieces of gold on her table.

But the marvel was all over with her, and the gold was spent, and poverty and labor and care had come back, when, one day, there was a knock at the door, and the landlady's little girl said that a carriage was standing for her, and a man in waiting said that she had been sent for.

What could she do but obey the summons? wondering what fairy work it was—that luxurious ride—until she began to see through it, for the carriage stopped at the Tracy mansion.

There had been great public excitement—the papers had been charged with the development of the infamous plot in high life, whereby the true heir of a great fortune had been drugged, while ill, and concealed, and a story trumped up about his mysterious disappearance; but Alice, in her solitude, had known nothing about it. Her pennies went for bread instead of news. But when she stepped upon the threshhold, Lionel Tracy, the restored master, met her with a tender courtesy that took away all her fear, and made her feel like a little queen in the midst of the splendor.

"Have the rest all gone away?" she asked, seeing no one but new servants, and a pleasant woman who was the housekeeper.

"Yes; I am quite alone, and shall be, unless you will come and live with me," said Mr. Lionel Tracy.

"Do you want a sewing-girl?" asked Alice, innocently.

"No; I want a wife," he answered; "one whom I can love with all my heart, as I do you, Alice. Will you come?"

Did she? Well, yes. And the public had another episode to excite them—the famous Lionel Tracy's marriage. Alice grew charming with happiness, and she was chronicled as a beauty when she became his bride.

Pirates of the Chinese Coast.

Of all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and diligence the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale; but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery, and skill that, if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port forever, and are eventually placed among the "missing" How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tales." The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports at night-fall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view the scene changes as if by magic; deck-loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously re-inforced by men who have hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails, but by long and powerful oars. The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Its crew may defend themselves as well as they can; but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jingals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall. The defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is boared under the waterline of the captured vessel, and as the pirates sail away the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting its name is placed on the list of "missing."

Experiments in Preserving Wood.

Here is a summary of some valuable experiments which have been made with preserving wood with different mineral solutions. The tests were made with railway sleepers. Of pine sleepers impregnated with chloride of zinc, after twenty-one years of service, the proportion that had been renewed was thirty-one per cent; of beech sleepers impregnated with creosote, after twenty-two years, forty-six per cent. had been renewed; of oak sleepers not impregnated, after seventeen years, forty-nine per cent. had been renewed; of oak sleepers treated with chloride of zinc, at the expiration of seventeen years, 20·7 per cent. had been renewed. In all of these cases, the conditions to which the wood had been exposed were very favorable—the road-bed being a very good one, and permitting of excellent drainage. Test samples taken from sleepers that were allowed to remain at the expiration of the respective periods named, exhibited a perfectly sound cross-section. The following statement contains the results of a similar set of observations made upon the Kaiser-Ferdinands Nord Railroad, viz.: According to these observations, the proportion of renewals was, with oak sleepers (not treated) after twelve years' service 74.48 per cent; with oak sleepers, treated with chloride of zinc, after seven years, 3.29 per cent; with oak sleepers, impregnated with creosote oil, after sixty years, 0.09 per cent; with pine sleepers, impregnated with chloride of zinc, after seven years of service, 4.46 per cent. The practice of the Kaiser-Ferdinands-Nord Railroad, since the year 1870, has been to employ only oak for sleepers, which are impregnated either with chloride of zinc or with creosote oil.

Salts in Food.

Experiments recently made with the inorganic constituents of food show that, although the salts to a great extent retained and used over, a certain amount of the same is excreted. Consequently, when salts are withheld from the food, the whole body, but especially those parts actively changing—like blood and muscle—become gradually poorer in salts and richer in albumen; but, though the total quantity in the body is lessened, the mixture of salts in the tissues and juices is unchanged. The diminution of salts in the muscles causes muscular exhaustion—and, in the nerves, first excitability, and then paralysis of the nerve centres. It also appears, from these experiments, that the quantity of salts really necessary in food is less than has usually been supposed.

Polishing the Crockery.

A drummer, who had never dined anywhere but at a table d'hote, is invited to dine with one of his most important customers—who is no end of a swell.

The soup being removed and a clean plate placed before our drummer, he instinctively brushes its surface clean with his napkin.

The host nods severely to the servant, who removes the plate and substitutes another one, which is similarly wiped off and removed, and so on.

At the sixth renewal the drummer says confidentially to his neighbor:

"Say, does the old stem-winder expect me to polish all his crockery for him?"

Effect of Light.

A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of Heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a reasonable being. There is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day fully exposed to direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

—It costs $40,000,000 to pick the cotton crop of the country.

—The South Carolina state library contains 28,000 volumes.

—There are 14,652 more females than males in South Carolina.

—Germany annually consumes 7,360,000 tons of rye; the staple food of the working classes being rye bread.

A Railway in the Rocky Mountains.

For miles the extension of the Denve and Rio Grande Railroad from Conejos westward to the San Juan County curves among the hills, keeping sight of the plains and catching frequent glimpses of the village. Its innumerable windings along the brows of the hills seemed, in mere wantonness, as loth to abandon so beautiful a region. Almost imperceptibly the foothills changed into mountains and the valleys deepened into canons, and winding around the point of one of the mountains it found itself overlooking the picturesque valley or canon of Los Pinos creek. Eastward was the rounded summit of the great mountain of San Antonio; over the nearest height could be seen the top of Sierra Blanca, canopied with perpetual clouds; in front were castellated crags, art-like monuments, and stupendous precipices. Having allured the railroad into their awful fastnesses, the mountains seemed determined to baffle its further progress. But it was a strong hearted railway, and, although a little giddy, 1,000 feet above the stream, it cuts its way through the crags and among the monuments and bears onward for miles up the valley. A projecting point, too high for a cut and too abrupt for a curve, was overcome by a tunnel. The track layers are now busy at work laying down the steel rail at a point a few miles below this tunnel. The grade is nearly completed for many miles further. From the present end of the track for the next four or five miles along the grade, the scenery is unsurpassed by any railroad scenery in North America. Engineers who have traversed every mile of mountain railroad in the Union, assert that it is the finest they have seen. Perched on the dizzy mountain side, at an altitude of 9,500 feet above the sea—greater than that of Veta pass—1,000 feet above the valley, with battlemented crags rising 500 or 600 feet above, the beholder is enraptured with the view. At one point the canon narrows into an awful gorge, apparently but a few yards wide and nearly 1,000 feet in depth, between almost perpendicular walls of granite. Here a high point of granite has to be tunneled, and in this tunnel the rock men are at work drilling and blasting to complete the passage, which is now open to pedestrians. The frequent explosions of the blasts echo and re-echo among the mountains until they die away in the distance. Looking down the valley from the tunnel, the scene y one never to be forgotten. The lofts precipices, the distant heights, the fantastic monuments, the contrast of the rugged crags and the graceful curves of the silvery stream beneath them, the dark green pines interspersed with poplar groves, bright yellow in their autumnal foliage, that crown the neighboring summits—height, depth, distance, and color—combine to constitute a landscape that is destined to be painted by thousands of artists, reproduced again and again by photographers, and to adorn the walls of innumerable parlors and galleries of art. Beyond the tunnel for a mile or more the scene is even more picturesque, though of less extent. The traveler looks down into the gorge and sees the stream plunging in a succession of snow-white cascades through narrow cuts between the perpendicular rocks.

Siberian Furs.

The Russian sable inhabits the forest-clad mountains of Siberia, a desolate, cold, inhospitable region. The animal is hunted during the winter and generally by exiles. There are various methods of taking the sable. Great numbers are shot with small bore rifles; others are trapped in steel and fall traps, and many taken in nets placed over their places of retreat, into which they are tracked on the snow. Who can picture to himself, without shuddering, the case of the condemned sable hunter? He leaves with heavy heart the last thinly scattered habitations which border the pathless wilds; a sky of clouds and darkness is above, bleak mountains and gloomy forests before him; the recesses of the forests, the defiles of the mountains must be traversed, for these are the haunts of the sable. The cold is below zero, but the fur will prove the finer. Fatigue and cold exhaust him, a snow storm overtakes him, the waymarks are lost or forgotten. Provision fails, and too often he who promised to his expectant and anxious friends a speedy return is seen no more. Such is sable hunting in Siberia, and such the hapless fate of many an exile, who perishes in the pursuit of what only adds to the luxuries and superfluities of the great and wealthy.

The fisher is very similar to the pine marten in all its habits, but much larger. Its value or trade price in British Columbia is from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per skin. The fisher in full winter fur makes a far handsomer muff than the sable.

The fur of the mink is vastly inferior to either the fisher or marten, being harsh, short and glossy. The habits of the animal, too, are entirely different. The mink closely resembles the otter in its mode of life, frequenting streams inland, and rocks, small islands and sheltered bays on the seacoast. It swims with great ease and swiftness, captures fish, eats mollusks, crabs and any marine animal that falls in its way. On the inland rivers it dives for and catches great numbers of crayfish, that abound in almost every stream east and west of the Cascades. Along the river banks the little heaps of crayfish shells direct the Indian to the whereabouts of the mink, which is generally caught with a steel trap, baited with fish. The trade price is about fifty cents per skin.

The ermine of Northwest America is not worth much. The fur never grows long or becomes white enough in winter. The Indians use it for ornamental purposes, and often wear the skins as a charm, or medicine, as they term it. The best ermine comes from Siberia, Norway and Russia.

The raccoon is widely distributed throughout North and Northwest America. Crafty and artful, his life is entirely one of brigandage. The fur is not very valuable, being principally used in making carriage rugs and lining inferior cloaks and coats on the European continent. About 520,000 skins are sent annually from the Hudson Bay Company's territories. They are generally shot.

The three species of foxes traded by the Hudson Bay Company are the red, the cross, and the silver. The silver fox skins are very valuable, a good skin fetching readily from forty to fifty dollars; the red fox is only worth about a twentieth of that sum.

Country Houses in Ireland.

No one can go into society as represented in the country houses of Ireland, says a London paper, without being struck by the singular absence of veneer which he will find there. We do not mean those country houses inhabited by people who spend their season regularly in London, and who differ in no way from the magnates with their houses in Yorkshire or Sussex, but the *bona fide* Irish country houses, whose owners look upon Dublin as their metropolis and great shopping town, and consider an occasional month in London as an event to be classed with the ramble in Switzerland or the tour in Italy. The visitor to one of these houses will find no sham—there is "no deception." His arrival will cause no flurry; he will not be kept waiting in the drawingroom while the lady of the house and the girls put finishing touches to their beauty. It is ten to one that before he has succeeded in evoking a sound from the bell—probably broken—one of the young ladies will herself open the door, and with welcome beaming from her honest Irish gray eyes, at once insist on his feeling himself at home. There will be no false pride, no attempts to hide defects, or to make up by brag for poverty. Rather will fun be extracted from the very deficiencies, and the stranger will at once see that there is no danger of putting his hosts to confusion by demanding what is not to be had. If there is but one man servant, the host will not complain of the illness or temporary absence of a mythical footman; if the one man servant is tipsy (a not uncommon occurrence in the land of John Jamieson), the hostess will not be the least ashamed of being detected assisting the maid to lay the cloth and arrange the dinner table.

The Heart as a Machine.

The heart is probably the most efficient piece of physical apparatus known. From a purely mechanical point of view it is something like eight times as efficient as the best steam engine. It may be described mechanically as little more than a double force pump furnished with two reservoirs and two pipes of outflow; and the main problem of its action is hydrodynamical. The left ventricle has a capacity of about three ounces; it beats 75 times a minute; and the work done in overcoming the resistance of the circulating system is equivalent to lifting the charge of blood a little short of 10 feet (9.923 ft.) The average weight of the heart is a little under ten ounces (9.23 oz.) The daily work of the left ventricle is, in round number, ninety foot-tons; adding the work of the right ventricle, the work of the entire organ is nearly one hundred and twenty-five foot-tons. The hourly work of the heart is accordingly equivalent to lifting itself twenty thousand feet an hour. An active mountain climber can average 1,000 feet of ascent an hour, or one-twentieth the work of the heart. The prize Alp engine, 'Bavaria," lifted its own weight 2,700 feet an hour, thus demonstrating only one-eighth the efficiency of the heart. Four elements have to be considered in estimating the heart's work: the statical pressure of the blood column equal to the animal's height, which has to be sustained; the force consumed in overcoming the inertia of the blood vessels; the resistance offered by the capillary vessels; the friction in the heart itself. This, in a state of health, is kept at its minimum by the lubricated membrane of the pericardium.

Rainy Days.

The jokes that have been cracked at the farmer's expense on the employment of workmen rainy days, are not so very stale, and are only objectionable on the ground that it is mean to joke on facts. The wish of the old lady that it might rain nights and Sundays, so that the hired men could rest, was a merciful desire. We remember in our farm days of working for a man who, if going away for a few days, left orders with the foreman that if it rained too hard to work in the field, to set the boys cutting bushes. We have seldom known a farmer who hired men by the month that did not have some filthy barn cellar to clean out, or tough, knotty wood to be broken to pieces, against a rainy day. Now, in nothing does the farmer make a more losing mistake than in this way of treating hired men on rainy days. There are certain chores that are necessarily delayed for such an occasion, such as getting the scaffolding ready for the hay, repairing the farm tools in the workshop—every farmer ought to have a workshop—setting out plants, etc. But these may be so divided as to be only the chores of a rainy day, for the tired men should have the larger part of the day to rest. It will pay in a season's work, as they will work with a will when things drive; they will be better natured, and have a respect for the man who thus treats them, which is no little thing. Then there are what are termed dull days, when the farmer does not want to cut grass or hoe, and on such days there is enough for the hired men to do, and they should be put to work. At this time of the year one of the most important works for a dull day is hauling muck into the barnyard. On almost every farm may be found a muck bed, but it is often unknown to the farmer. He should find it out and draw upon it lavishly, as cloudy day work when oxen and men can work easily. Hauling muck into the yard for a day, now and then, is worth more than the best day's haying. Break up the knotty wood in the early spring, clear out the barn cellar on a clear, cool day; but on rainy days remember the hired men are human.

Cremation of the Dead.

Exactly how to dispose of the ashes of the dead in the most satisfacfory manner, after cremation is accomplished, is still a question. The ancient practice was to deposit the ashes in a funeral urn, to be preserved in a tomb or other sacred place. This is also the modern custom. But if tombs are to be required then there is not much need for cremation, as the corpse may as well be buried in the tomb without cremation. A recent American patent consists in providing a parlor bust of the deceased, cut in marble, and in making a hole in the back of the bust, wherein the ashes are to be deposited after cremation of the body. A further improvement, suggested by one of our lady correspondents, is to prepare a wet mixture of cements for the artificial stone or marble, and sprinkle the ashes of the deceased into the mixture, which is then to be cast or pressed into the form of busts, statuettes or other objects. In this way various members of a family might possess enduring portions of the departed one.

Rocky Mountain Mack.

Not long ago a crowd of men at the office of Judge Morrison, Kokomo, saw the cold, dead form of a man, roughly habitued in a suit of miner's clothes, with feet shod with the rudest boots, lying upon a rough pine bench, at the morgue. Crossed upon his breast were the tired hands that had driven the miner's pick through miles of the hardest rock, now stilled so reverently in the sunset that o'ershadows life. It was all that was left of Rocky Mountain Mack, the man who had crossed oceans and seas, whose career of half a century was checkered and dotted with a strange commingling of incidents, and across whose span the thrills and throbs, the hopes and fears of staid existence had worked their silent ebb and flow. McCormick was a miner in Ten Mile, during the grim winter of '78-9, before a tree had been felled on the present site of Kokomo, and here he has remained ever since, except some weeks ago, when he went to Granite and became also interested in some good claims. Starting from there a few days ago he had only just left the stage when he dropped dead opposite the Clarendon hotel. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from heart disease. Mr. Beemer, the well known business man of Robinson, in commenting on the death of this typical miner, said that he had known him years ago in the San Juan country, and was at one time in partnership with him; that he was gentle as a woman, generous and charitable to a fault. He narrates that once when Rocky Mountain Mack and a companion were intoxicated they both became enraged, and the former suddenly drew a pistol and inflicted a dangerous wound. On becoming sober and being informed what he had done, he was in the most abject sorrow, and reloading the pistol returned to the wounded man, saying as he handed over the weapon, "Jim, I shot you, now you shoot me." Of course the wounded man recognized in him only the warmest friend, and peremptorily forbade him. McCormick was for many years a successful miner in Colorado and California. He has at several different times been worth half a million to a million dollars and upwards, but the final reverse came, and he died in poverty. He has been a frequent visitor to mining fields of South America and the shores of New Zealand. He had been a searcher for diamonds in Australia, but came again to the rocky hills whose name he bore and where his associates always rendered a warm greeting. His body lies interred in the Potter's field, but many there be who will remember with kindly thought the wild and lonely career of Rocky Mountain Mack.

A Harrowing Tail.

Not long since a Texas man read in paper that if a string were tied lightly around the root of a mule's tail it would, in cases of colic, give the animal instan relief. He tried the remedy on one of his own mules, and the doctors say that the portion of the tail thus isolated was soon swelled up bigger than the mule. The Texas man says the mule turned its hea and saw his monstrous tail and got alarme and began to kick. The first kick drov the mule's tail away behind, but th tail immediately swung back and knocke the mule forward a little—the tail was so heavy. That made the mule madder'n ever, and it kicked like fury. That only gave the tail more momentum, and on its return it knocked the mule about a rod. The mule looked around and didn't se anybody and kicked again. The tail was there as regular as a pendulum and it came back like a steamboat running a race. That time it lifted the mule over the barn-yard fence. But the mule lit on its feet and struck out again—game as ever. The tail fairly laughed as it caught the mule on the haunches and drove it down the lane a mile and a half at every whack. It looked like destruction to the mule as mule and tail disappeared in the distance. But after three or four hours, a returning cloud of dust was seen, and soon the mule emerged therefrom kicking as briskly as ever—but the tail was totally used up and gone. Not being able to offer any more resistance, of course the mule kicked himself back to the starting point. This is not a campaign lie.

A Chapter on Bald Heads.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-sure.

It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is dan'd rough.

A good novel for bald heads to read—"The Lost Heir."

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more,

Motto for a bald head—Bare and furbare.

However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb-down in the world.

The bald-headed man never dyes.

Advice to bald-headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair-raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put upon his head? His hat.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Shakespeare says: There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

Some bald men have heirs.

Out of his Clutches.

There are two sisters in Louisville, Ky., famous for their wit, and there is also in that favored town a gentleman, Col. "Blank," who for nearly two generations has had the reputation of having courted every heiress in the neighborhood. One of the sisters referred to said to the other several weeks ago: "If a million dollars were left to you, what is the first thing you would do?"

"I should fall upon my knees and pray the Lord to keep me out of Col. "Blank's" clutches."

This was repeated to the Colonel, who waited for revenge. The other day the witty young woman, leaning on the railing of the piazza at Crab Orchard, saw the Colonel in the yard below.

"Well, dear me, Colonel," she said, "I meet you everywhere I go. Can't I go anywhere without seeing you?"

"Yes, there is one place," calmly replied the Colonel.

"Where is it? Let me go."

"Well, go home."