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### A Lyric.

The cultured flowers in gardens bloom
And scatter wide their rich perfume
For the merry careless soul;
The rose, the lily, mignonette,
Geraniums, the purple violet,
And the raddy marigold.

But many a little wayside flower
Has had a sweet persuasive power
To cheer the pensive mind:
The asphodel, the golden rod,
The daisy blooming on the sod,
And nodding in the wind.

Beside the path of life are strown
Some flowers that we have never known
Or heeded as we passed;
They shed their fragrance, fold their leaves
As though some inward spirit grieves,
Such sweetness cannot last.

### Songs Unsung.

'Tis not the harp's wild string alone,
Whose music charms the ravished breast;
The thought of a remembered tone,
The singing of a bird that's flown,
Oft fill us with a deep unrest
Which music's most consummate art
Can never waken in the heart.

Within the master's teeming brain
What chord has swelled, what anthem striven,
Struggled for utterance in vain,
Cried out for life, but died again
Unknown but to its native heaven;
And left the mourning sons of earth
To find above its perfect birth!

Within each separate human soul
Live melodies that sweeter are
Than those which solemn organs roll,
Or silver-tongued singers troll,
Or morning star cries out to star;
But, chilled by the dark world's eclipse,
They die before they reach the lips.

## CLOVER.

Bessie Moore was out in her father's pasture, back of the barn, picking blackberries, when she was startled by the blast of a horn. A look of anxiety came over her sweet face as she ran quickly and climbed the fence to see if Mr. Thyson, the "meat-man," who blew his horn twice a week to announce his coming, was to stop. She watched the horses climbing the hill; and when she saw her mother come to the back door and swing a towel she threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. She knew full well that it was not to buy meat that her mother had signaled for Mr. Thyson to stop, for, although she was but ten years old, she was aware of the fact that there was no money with which to buy it. Oh, no! She realized that the event she had been dreading so long was to happen now—that her pet calf, Clover, her only playmate, so white and so fond of her, was to be sold. Week after week she had heard her parents discuss the subject of selling Clover, but week after week they had heard the butcher's horn blow and had let the wagon go by. But affairs had been coming to a crisis lately. Her father, who had been sick all summer, was still too feeble to work, and the small stock of money he had saved was rapidly going. She knew that he could not afford to feed the calf through the winter, and she knew that Mr. Thyson wanted her and had offered a large price for her. Mr. Thyson was a man who wanted to possess all the rarest specimens of cattle, and he had been very anxious to buy this calf, which was said to be the handsomest creature in color and shape, ever seen in Loudoun county. He was a selfish man, withal, and was very ready to take advantage of Mr. Moore's misfortunes to get her. He was known throughout the county as a man who always got the best of a bargain, who thought more of making money than of anything else, and who never worried himself about his neighbors' troubles or felt it his duty to share or relieve them. He had one child, a boy about fourteen years old, named Tom, and he was determined if possible, to teach him to be as shrewd in business matters as himself; but so far Tom had not shown much progress in that direction. He often went with his father as he rode through the country with his meat, and was advised by him to "watch sharp," for he would soon be old enough to take the business himself. And Tom did "watch sharp," and his large brown eyes grew moist with tears to see his father take Bessie's calf away, for he knew how Bessie loved Clover, and that it was only necessity that made Mr. Moore sell her. Meantime Bessie had climbed the pasture fence and crept quietly behind the barn, where, through a big crack, she saw and heard all that passed. Then, as the wagon turned to go out of the yard, she went back, and, running across the pasture with all her might, climbed the fence on the other side, ran along the road to the corner which she knew the wagon must pass, and waited for it. As she saw it coming she waved her hand for it to stop, and in a trembling voice cried:

"Oh, please stop a minute. I want to ask you something."

Mr. Thyson drew up his horses, wondering what child it was in such apparent distress, for he didn't recognize Bessie at first, as, in her haste to reach the turn in the road before the wagon came along, she had fallen down in the dust, and then, wiping her tears with her stained hands, had smeared her face so as to be hardly recognizable. Her long, flaxen hair was blowing in every direction, and her hat was lying on the other side of the pasture fence, where it had fallen when she climbed over.

"Oh, please, *please*, Mr. Thyson," she screamed, "you won't kill my calf, will you?"

"Father," said Tom, "that's Bessie Moore. Why, Bessie, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I am so afraid your father will kill my Clover. You don't know how I love her, and I can't help crying;" and here the poor child broke down, and sobbed bitterly. Then, as she saw Mr. Thyson draw up the reins to start, she continued:

"Perhaps if papa gets well he can buy her back, you know. So you won't kill her, will you?"

"No, no, child; I won't kill her. She's too pretty to kill. I will take good care of her, and you can come and see her whenever you want to."

"Then I guess I can stand it better. I came out here so that papa could not see me cry, for that would make him worse. I knew I should cry when I said 'good-by' to Clover." And sure enough, when the horses started her tears started again too, and there she stood in the dusty road, weeping and watching the wagon until it disappeared behind the next hill.

"Queer," said Mr. Thyson, as they drove along, "that she should feel so. Well, I can't help it. If I hadn't bought her somebody else would. Well, it's the way of the world. It don't do to give way to your feelings for little things like this, you know, Tom. If you do you will never get ahead. They couldn't afford to keep her and had to sell her, and that's all there is about it."

But if it was "all there was about it" it made him very uncomfortable. In spite of all his reasoning he couldn't help thinking how easily he could spare feed enough from the loads of hay and stacks of grain with which his barns would soon be overflowing to keep the calf for a time. How happy that would make Bessie, and how it would lighten her parents' hearts! He couldn't get the sick countenance of Mr. Moore out of his mind, or the tired, worn face of his wife, or, more than all, little Bessie standing alone in the dusty turnpike, watching him as he took away the only pet and playmate she had.

It annoyed him, and it was something new for him to be annoyed in this way. He was glad when he found himself approaching another farm-house, and if he blew a louder blast than usual on his horn, nobody but himself knew that it was to give vent, if possible, to emotions that were getting too strong for him to manage.

Tom was very quiet all the way home. He seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, but when, occasionally, he did speak, it was sure to be some innocent remark about Bessie or her father, which only gave his father's conscience a fresh prick and served to irritate him still more. So by the time they got home he was, as his wife said, "dreadful grouty."

As they were sitting at supper that evening, Tom burst out suddenly:

"Father, would you sell that calf?"

"Yes, and be glad to get rid of her, if I can get my price."

"Well, I'd like to buy her if I've got money enough in my bank."

"You! What do you want of her?"

"Oh! something. Will you sell her to me?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, you may have her for ten dollars, just what I paid."

"And do exactly as I please with her, father?"

His father hesitated. He suspected what Tom was going to do, and he saw a difficulty in it for him. However, he replied, at last:

"Yes, Tom, you may buy her and do exactly as you please with her, upon one condition; and that is, if by buying her you get yourself into a hard scrape you will work yourself out of it without help."

Mr. Thyson thought, by binding Tom to that promise that he should have a good chance to teach him a valuable lesson in shrewdness and foresight about making a bargain.

Tom readily promised, for he couldn't imagine what scrape he could possibly get into by buying Clover. So the bargain was soon concluded and the money paid.

Meantime, Bessie had dried her tears and gone home, trying very hard to be cheerful; but as soon as she had eaten her supper she crept up to her little bed and sobbed herself to sleep. The next morning she felt braver, and thought she would try very hard to forget Clover. Her father usually lay on a lounge by the sitting-room window through the day, and for several evenings Clover had been in the habit of coming there and putting her head in to be caressed. So Bessie made a point of getting a basket of fresh clover-blossoms, with which her father would feed the calf while Bessie and her mother were at breakfast. But the morning after Clover left Bessie sat down to the table with a heavy heart, for she missed Clover then more than ever. She had hardly taken a mouthful, though, before her father called out—

"Bessie, just bring me a basket of clovers, won't you? Clover wants her breakfast."

Bessie sprang from her chair with a bound, exclaiming, "Why, papa, you've forgotton! Clover's gone!"

But no! there was her sweet, white face peering in at the window, and there holding her by a cord stood Tom Thyson, his face covered with smiles.

"Why, Tom!" screamed Bessie "did she run away?"

"No, I bought her of father, and now I'm going to give her back to you. She's yours again, now. Good-by;" and before Bessie could express her thanks Tom was gone.

Now, although the return of the calf brought great joy to Bessie, it brought equal concern to her parents, for the question arose how Clover could be fed. Mr. Thyson had foreseen that difficulty from the first, but Tom, in his eagerness to get the calf back to Bessie, had not thought of it. Mr. Thyson said nothing, though. He thought he would see how Tom would manage.

Toward night Bessie's father called her to him and told her that although Tom was very kind and thoughtful to bring Clover back, she couldn't stay, for he had not feed enough to keep her through the winter, and no money to buy any. So the next morning Bessie started to carry her back to Tom. It was two miles away, but it was a lovely morning, and Bessie enjoyed the walk very much. Tom saw her before she reached the house and ran to meet her.

"I know you're brought her back," said he, laughing heartily, "because you haven't any feed for her. I forgot she would have to eat, but don't you worry, Bess. You shall have this calf for yours, if you have to wait till she is a cow," and then they both laughed to think she wouldn't be much of a calf by that time. "But, you see," he added, "I'm in a scrape, whether I give her to you or keep her myself, for I haven't any feed for her either, and it never will do to ask father for any. But I'll manage it somehow before to-morrow. I'll go to bed soon after supper and think it out." So Bessie left the calf, and Tom took part of what money he had and went to his father to buy some feed for her. He was determined not to ask him to give him any, and his father was pleased to see that Tom was sticking to his promise not to ask his help.

The next morning he said to his father:

"Father, have you anything you could hire me to do this winter? I am going to carry the calf back again this morning. I am not going to give this job up, now that I've started. So I am going to earn money enough to feed her this winter myself."

"Ah! So you are going to work the calf's board, are you? Well, if you want to take Jim's place here you can earn her board and something beside. You could do his work before and after school if you were smart and got up early."

"Well, I'll take it and try. I'd like to buy feed enough now to keep her this week, and after this I can earn it and carry it over."

His father smiled at Tom's business-like way, and thought to himself, "Well, I am teaching Tom a good lesson, that's a fact. He'll get sick enough of his bargain before spring, but it will do him good."

Tom filled his hand-cart with the feed, and tying the rope around Clover's neck, started again to carry her back. I don't know what the people along the road thought to see the calf going back and forth so often. But Tom didn't care. He kept straight on and carried the calf to Bessie's door.

"Here she is, Bess, and here's enough to feed her one week, anyway, and I'll see that she has enough all winter, unless I get sick, and I don't feel very sick now. Don't catch me backing out of this scrape. No, sir-ee!"

All winter, Tom was up betimes in the morning, fed and watered the cattle, groomed the horses, and did whatever was required. He carried Clover's feed over every week or two, and never once complained. His father watched him curiously, and every week congratulated himself on the good lesson he was teaching him.

At last spring came. The tender grass began to sprout, and Clover could keep herself, from the pastures and meadows. The farmers were all plowing and harrowing, and getting the ground ready for planting. Everybody was busy, and in a hurry, as usual. Mr. Moore was improving, but was still very weak. His affairs looked very discouraging to him, and his depressed state of mind did much to retard his recovery. He had bought the farm where he was living only the spring before, after the planting season was over, expecting to earn enough by his trade, that of a carpenter, through the following seasons to enable him to buy seed and to thoroughly plant the whole place in the spring. Instead of that, he was taken sick soon after he bought it, and had been obliged to sell his stock to get money to live upon. And now, right in the busy season, when every hour seemed worth a day at any other time, he was sick, with no money to buy seed or the necessary farming implements, or to hire the needed help. With his mind overwhelmed with discouragement, he sat, one evening, in the door-way of his house, and looked hopelessly on his still unemployed land. At the same time Mr. Thyson was riding slowly along, having made an unusually good trip with his meat, and was reviewing in his mind with great satisfaction the prosperous condition of his affairs. As he passed he saw Mr. Moore sitting there, and noticed that he looked very pale and worried. A feeling of sympathy took strong hold of him, and he was tempted to stop and have a talk with him, but those fields, waiting to be plowed and sown, spoke to him so plainly and reproachfully that he concluded he would better bow and go along.

"I'm sorry for Moore," he said to himself; "that's a fact. I'd be glad to give him a lift, but I've got my own family to look out for. If I had always given way to my feelings I wonder where I should be now. Oh, no! no; it will never do. No!"

But as he drew up to his own house, the sight of his broad acres so carefully planted, and the neat, thrifty appearance of all the surroundings, did not give him the feeling of satisfaction he was enjoying before he met Mr. Moore. As he went into the kitchen where his wife was getting supper, he said, glancing out of the window at Tom, who was having a grand frolic with his dogs:

"It does me good to see Tom playing. He has had a hard winter of it. But I'm glad I let him go through it. It has taught him a lesson he will never forget, I guess."

"Yes, I think very likely," gently answered his wife; "but I have thought many times, father, that Tom was teaching a more important lesson than the one he was learning. But come, supper's ready." She then stepped to the door and called Tom, and the subject was not continued. As Tom came in breathless from play, his father remarked:

"That's better fun than working Clover's board and carrying it over to her, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid if Mr. Moore doesn't hurry up and plant Clover will be marching back here in spite of me, next fall. I wish I was a rich man. I'll bet I'd make things look different over there in no time."

Mr. Thyson made no reply, but finished his supper, and went out into the yard, where he stood leaning on the fence, apparently in deep thought. As Bill, his head man on the farm, came along, he stopped him, and they had a quiet talk together.

Meantime Mr. Moore had gone into his house, utterly unable to throw off the gloomy thoughts which filled his mind. He saw no way out of his difficulties. The faith and hope which had kept him up till now seemed gone. He went to bed early, but did not sleep for hours. Toward morning, however, he fell into a deep sleep. His wife quietly darkened the room and left him. The sun was several hours high when he drew aside the curtains to look out. What a sight met his eyes! Men were plowing, harrowing and shouting to their horses. Part of the ground was already prepared for planting, and there, in the barn doorway, sat Tom and Bessie, cutting potatoes and chattering like blackbirds.

"What does it mean, mother? What does it mean?" said he, as he opened the kitchen door.

"It means, father, that the dawn has come. 'Twas very dark, you know last night. Those are Mr. Thyson's men!"

"Thyson's men! Thyson's men! Why! I don't understand."

"Well, nor I, and the men say that they don't know what has come over him either. But he told Bill to take men and horses, and come over here and plant whatever you wanted, and he'd provide the seed; and they are working like beavers, I tell you."

The next afternoon, when the horn was blown, Mr. Moore was waiting at his gate. As the wagon came along, Mr. Thyson saw him, and didn't feel at all like just bowing and passing on. No! he felt like stopping, shaking hands and getting out to see how his men were doing.

"God bless you, sir," said Mr. Moore. "You have given me the best medicine I've had. I believe it's going to save my life. I don't know how to thank you, but I know I feel like a new man."

"So do I, friend Moore. So do I. But don't thank me. It's all Tom's doing. I thought I was teaching him a great lesson, but, bless you! he was teaching me a greater one, all the time. Well, the Lord has great surprises in store for us, sometimes, hasn't He?" And, with a fervent shake of the hand, Mr. Thyson got back into his wagon and drove home.

From that time, Mr. Moore's health steadily improved, and from that time also, Mr. Thyson was another man. It was the beginning, but not the end, of his kind deeds.

A few years later, when Tom and Bessie commenced housekeeping on their own account, and Clover lowed contentedly in her new home, Tom remarked, with a merry laugh:

"You see, father, I was longer-headed than you thought. 'Twas all in the family after all."

### The Boy Had Him.

On a street car yesterday the actions of one of the passengers attracted the closest attention of a boy about twelve years of age. The man first blew one side of his nose, and then the other. Then he took a handkerchief from one pocket and wiped the right hand side of his nose, and deliberately put that away and pulled out another and wiped the left hand side. The action pleased the boy immensely, and he watched every movement of the man, who next took from his right hand pocket a stick of gum, put it in the right hand side of his mouth, and then served the left side the same way. He chewed on the right, then on the left, and the boy's eyes hung out like pillows in a broken window. The man soon got rid of the gum and took two chews of tobacco from two separate boxes, and noticing how closely the boy was watching him he said:

"Boy, do you know me?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "but I'll bet you my velocipede agin a cent that you can't drink out of two jugs at once!"

The man hauled the half of an orange out of one pocket, and the other half out of another pocket, and tendered them to the boy as a token of admiration.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Railroad "Savings Banks."

Railroad savings banks are the very latest financial venture, says the Omaha (Neb.) *Bee*. The Denver & Rio Grande and the A., T. & S. F. railroads have started out to act as savings banks for their employees. They issue "interest pay checks" in the form of drafts or orders on the treasurer or paymaster for $50 and $25, to bear interest at four per cent. per annum if not presented for four months, and at five per cent. per annum if not presented for eight months, but to be cashed without interest if presented at an earlier date.

### RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.

**Some of the Schemes for Rapid Traveling—An Arcade Railway, a Moving Sidewalk and a Pneumatic Railway.**

Rapid transit in New York has become a certainty, one of the two lines which were started last winter being partially completed. *Appleton's Journal* has an article devoted to a description of the various schemes proposed to solve the vexatious problem of how the people living in the upper part of the city could get down to their business places in quicker time than by the horse cars. Some of these schemes for relief were more ingenious than practicable: Among the plans proposed at various times for the expeditious conveyance of passengers, that of the Arcade railway was the most ambitious, the most attractive and the least feasible. A new street was to be constructed thirty feet below the present level of Broadway, forming new fronts to all the basements of the buildings. The sewers and gas-pipes were to be sunk below the level of the new roadway, and an artificial roadway was to be constructed on the level of the old street—the supports being hollow iron pillars, which were also to serve as drains. There were to be clean, dry, and spacious footpaths at each side of the arcade, and the middle was to be filled by four railway tracks, two for passengers and two for freight. The upper sidewalk was to be partly formed of glass bull's eyes, which would admit an abundance of light into the lower street, where umbrellas would be unknown or superfluous in the rainest weather, and where the climate would always be equable and salubrious. Is it necessary to state the advantages claimed for this fascinating plan by its audacious projectors? It would add a new story to the entire length of Broadway: double the walking capacity of the street; quadruple the carrying capacity; and enable the trains of the Hudson River railway to deliver passengers and freight as far down town as the Battery. Furthermore, the rental of seventeen hundred stores would be increased at least two thousand dollars each, the aggregate of which amount alone would pay ten per cent. interest on a capital three times as great as the calculated cost of the work, which was twenty million dollars. But the Arcade Railway, like many other schemes of equal brilliancy, never secured a firmer foundation than the specifications of its ingenious inventor.

The Pneumatic railway gave more substantial proof of its practicability, however, and a tunnel three hundred feet long was excavated under Broadway, southward from Warren street, where the proposed car and the great blower could be seen in operation. The tunnel was eight feet in diameter, and built of solid masonry, parts being lined with iron plates; and the atmosphere was dry and pure.

It was constructed without any disturbance of the surface of the street, by means of a strong cylindrical shield, open at both ends, which was propelled by hydraulic rams, the loosened sand and stone falling through the rear of the shield, and the tunnel being immediately afterward arched with masonry. The car fitted the tunnel—had seats for eighteen passengers, and was illuminated and comfortably upholstered. It was propelled like a sailboat before the wind, by a strong blast of air forced against the rear by an immense steam blowing-machine. Nothing more smooth in the way of locomotion than the pneumatic plan could be imagined. You descended from the ever busy and noisy Broadway into a cool and quiet reception-room some thirty feet below the level of the thoroughfare, and the car—which had the shape of a horseshoe—was ready for you with sliding doors at the ends, seats at each side, and a lamp overhead. Being seated, you heard a noise like the approach of a squall at sea, the doors were closed, and with a slight tremor the car moved out of the station and was shot through the length of the tunnel, where it was stopped and drawn back again. There were to be an up-tunnel and a down-tunnel, and it was claimed that ten cars a minute could be dispatched. Its inventor having spent some sixty or seventy thousand dollars, however, the Pneumatic railway was practically abandoned, though it was kept open for some time as a public exhibition; and the tunnel is now used as a shooting gallery.

A quite unique plan was proposed by Mr. Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, which consisted of a perpetually-moving elevated train or belt of platform moving up one side of the street and down the other. This was commonly known as the "traveling sidewalk," which was a good descriptive name for it. The track was to be supported by fancy iron pillars, fourteen feet high, ranged along the curbstone, and the platform was to project about four feet over the sidewalk and the same distance over the roadway. The structure was to be reached by commodious and ornamental stairways at the corners of all intersecting streets, where there would be gates in the pretty iron railing surrounding it.

Let us suppose that the traveling sidewalk is an accomplished thing—not merely the unexecuted design that it is—and that we wish to avail ourselves of its advantages in going from the City Hall to Union Square. Having ascended the stairs at Chambers street corner, we stand upon a little platform and, looking up Broadway, see an endless flooring, raised on massive pillars, moving down the west side of the thoroughfare and up the east side. It resembles a viaduct, and is traveling at the unvaring speed of ten miles an hour. Nearly as many people are upon it as upon the sidewalk below—some are walking southward and others northward, and presuming that their pace is four miles an hour, they make, with the added speed of the platform, fourteen miles an hour; some are seated on benches and others in cabins, like ordinary railway cars, erected on the platform. The constant flow of the promenaders lends the surface of the structure an animated appearance; it is surrounded by a stationary iron railing, with gas-lamps, upheld by branches from the pillars, and, while the passengers can shelter in the cabins during inclement weather, they can enjoy the fresh air and the briskness of the street below in fine weather. The greatest advantage of the plan is that, as there are no intervals, there is no waiting, and, having signaled one of the conductors, we are almost immediately admitted to the platform-train by one of the transfer cars, the train never ceasing to move mellifluously or to slacken its speed. These transfer-cars seat eight persons, and have four wheels with independent axles so arranged that they can be stopped at any of the stations without detention to the main structure; before our admittance to which, our fares are collected. The cabins, or drawing-rooms, contain toilet apartments, with female attendants for ladies, and smoking and reading rooms are provided for gentlemen.

What a dream of Mr. Alfred Speer's this was, and what a benefactor he might have been, had it ever taken a tangible shape! There were to be no noise and no obstruction whatever in the street. The motive power was to proceed from stationary engines placed below ground one mile apart and acting upon shafting through iron pillars. Instead of an endless chain, friction-rollers were to be used, and each of the engines was to have one-third more power than necessary, which was to be utilized by the others when one became disabled. The very novelty of the project evoked the derision of the untechnical public, but at least one competent engineer avowed his belief in its practicability; and, though Mr. Speer may be disappointed in the discouragement he met with, he has the silent satisfaction that belongs to all real inventors, of nurturing a bold, well-meant, and picturesque device, the failure of which takes from the profits but not from the honor of his efforts.

### The Cat.

The cat was the animal selected in the middle ages of superstition and witchcraft, to represent the familiar companion in which was embodied the evil spirit supposed to attend all those who practiced the black art in former times. Long before this time, however, as some people are probably aware, the cat was one of the most highly favored animals living; petted, pampered, carefully protected, and actually worshiped by the then most civilized people in the world, the ancient Egyptians. How this reverence came to be paid to the cat in particular by this extraordinary people it is quite impossible to determine, but by some it is supposed to have originated from the benefits conferred on mankind by its destruction of vermin and reptiles; at any rate, if the Egyptian cats were as useful as they are represented to have been, the care of them is easily accounted for. Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats, not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on the walls at Thebes, and on a stone now in the British Museum, afford proof of the Egyptian cat's services in this respect.

It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water; but this is clearly a fallacy, like many other popular notions about the animal world. The tiger is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy. As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will drag them alive out of their native element whenever they get a chance. They have even been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish-pond, during the spawning season especially. Again, a cat will take to the water in the pursuit of a rat, a fact that was proved by a friend of ours a few years ago.

Diana or Pasht, as that goddess was called in Egypt, was the tutelary deity of cats. Various reasons are assigned for this curious selection of the cat as the animal worthy of being dedicated to the moon. We find that according to Plutarch, the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but an emblem of it; and that a figure of a cat was fixed on a sistrum to denote the moon, just as a figure of a frog on a ring denoted a man in embryo.

As before stated, the Egyptians treated these animals with unusual care and attention during their lifetime; hence it is not surprising to find that the death of a cat was regarded as a family misfortune, in consequence of which the household went into mourning. The willful destruction of a cat in Egypt is looked upon as a very serious offence even now; but in the good old days (for cats) at Bubastis the offence, even supposing it to have been accidental, was punished with prompt severity.

### Wind Locomotion on Land.

It is curious to note that while to the railroads is owing the abandonment of the wind carriage (formerly seen by travelers in China, Spain and Holland), to the same agency it now seems likely that its rejuvenation will be due. Wind vehicles are already in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the Western prairies, and the speed attained is said to rival that of the fast express train. One which has been in use on the Kansas Pacific railroad for the past three years was devised by Mr. C. J. Bascom. The vehicle is said to average a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, with a strong breeze, to travel at the rate of forty miles in the same period. This last speed was reached with the wind right abeam. A distance of eighty-four miles has been passed over in four hours, the car sailing part of this time close hauled and over disadvantageously curved track.

The vehicle has four wheels, each thirty inches in diameter; is six feet in length, and weighs 600 pounds. The sail has two booms, respectively fourteen and fifteen feet in length, and an area of about eighty-one square feet. The mast is eleven feet high, tapering from four inches square at the heel to two inches at the truck.

It will be obvious that many of the laws applying to the iceboat apply equally well to the sailing car. A little consideration will show that when the latter is sailing at forty miles per hour it is traveling faster than the wind that impels it, and this is constantly the case in iceboat sailing. On the other hand, iceboats always sail best close hauled; in fact, the sheet is almost constantly kept flat aft. The sailing car, as stated above, goes fastest with the wind directly on the beam or side. Of course the difference is due to the greater resistance offered by the larger and more elevated surfaces of the car body and its occupants, and to the friction of the axle journals, which probably, under ordinary condition, is sufficient to prevent the sailing car ever attaining the iceboat's speed.—*Scientific American.*

### Japanese Fires and Firemen.

A writer on Japan says: Yeddo (now known as Tokio) is a city of fires. Nine houses out of ten is built almost entirely of wood, and in the business and poorer portions of the city the dwellings are packed close together. Of all people on earth the Japanese are careless of fire. Even in the open ports of Japan no American or European house owner can insure his property unless he stipulates in the policy that the fires shall not be made or attended by Japanese servants. Everything helps a fire in Yeddo, especially the fire department. This last named honorable body consists of forty-eight companies of about 1,400 men in all. The fire extinguishing apparatus consists of tubs, buckets and pumping machines, carried on the shoulders of two men. These machines are simply boxes holding about six gallons of water, and filled constantly with water carried in buckets from wells. Two men work the pump, which has no air chamber. It throws an intermittent palpitation of water, about twelve feet high, and of a bore equal to the hole in a spool. I could not say how many horse-power such a machine is, but if I measured by the amount of water one could squirt from his mouth, I should declare it equal to five man-power.

The firemen of Yeddo wear thick suits, helmet and gloves of quilted hempen cloth. On arriving at a fire they souse themselves with buckets of water, or jump into a tubful and emerge dripping. They are now ready for a fight. Those who do not bring or throw water carry a hook of steel to tear down the neighboring houses. Nearly all Japanese fires are put out by taking away their fuel, rather than by throwing enough water directly on the flames.

### A Leopard Hunt.

A traveler in South Africa describes the following adventure: With a slack rein I rode! the dogs were clustered around me, for the heat of the afternoon and want of water had commenced to tell upon them, when up sprang the largest leopard that I had ever seen, and at an easy canter, grunting at every stride it took, made for a few scattered trees.

The appearance of the game was so sudden, that it was some moments before I left the saddle, and when I got ready to shoot, the dogs were between me and the object of my aim. At length I got a clear shot, and fired; the bullet ricocheted under the leopard's feet, but in doing so hit some part of its body. However, giving no more evidence of its mishap than a shorter and more savage growl, as well as an acceleration of speed, it pursued its course as heretofore. By this time the dogs were crowding it, but none dare lay hold, for such an act of temerity would have insured instant death.

Soon the trees were reached; but instead of the leopard taking shelter in them, it turned round on the dogs, and the pack scattered like chaff before the wind. I approached, and got off my horse, having taken my double gun in place of the lately-discharged single-barrelled rifle. To my surprise none of the bushmen would go closer. The dogs, owing to my presence, became more and more bold and clamorous; one cur that I had picked up at Hartebeestfontein, near Klerksdorp, particularly distinguished himself; but his prowess cost him dear, for the now thoroughly enraged cat made a dash forward, and with a sweep of her paw gave Macguire such wounds that he could scarcely crawl from the scene of accident. If this continued longer, I clearly saw that not one of my curs would be left, so I advanced to get a clear shot, and so terminate the matter. This was difficult, as the dogs always kept between me and the game, but I continued to approach closer and closer. However, the panther had singled me for his next victim; with a couple of bounds it cleared the yelping hounds, and in a moment would have been on me, but that a snap shot stopped it in its charge; as, maimed and incapacitated for further injury, it bit and clawed the dust, I gave it a second barrel at a short range, and thus ended the fracas.

With the exception of the buffalo, this is the most dangerous animal that can be encountered; its activity is surprising, and its vitality unequalled. Moreover, it exceeds all other animals by its audacity at night in approaching an encampment, when dogs are its favorite prey. Horses also are among its principal victims, especially colts, and many are the inhabitants of Soshong who have justly to complain of the serious damage they have suffered at its hands.

Rocks and coppies are the favorite resort of the leopard; never before or since have I found it on the open veld. The animal just killed was as large as a two-year-old lion cub, exceeding high on its legs, and very light in the body—more resembling my old friend, the hunting-leopard, or cheetah, of India, than any of the species I have previously met in Africa. Its body was beautifully marked, each primrose having a clearly defined yellow center.

### A Circus Driver's Ride to Death.

John Strickland, aged forty-six years, while driving a six-horse display wagon, belonging to P. T. Barnum, was thrown to the ground and killed. The horses took fright at an elevated railroad train at forty-second street and Ninth avenue. They dashed at a furious pace across the crowded thoroughfare of Eighth avenue to the imminent peril of a number of pedestrians, who had barely time to get out of the way to escape being run over. The driver kept his seat and guided his horses with great presence of mind. Away they careered past Seventh avenue, on toward Sixth avenue, while crowds of excited people lined the sidewalks, expecting to witness a terrible crash at every moment. The spectators, warned by the approach of the horses in advance, were enabled to keep clear of their headlong flight. At the crossing of Sixth avenue the peril seemed to increase, as a number of young girls and children were out for an airing. But still the flying steeds kept their course without any mishaps, the crowds and the danger increasing at every step. At Broadway the street car tracks lifted and jolted the wagon, so that it seemed for an instant, impossible for the driver to keep his seat. Across Fifth and Madison avenues the horses madly dashed, and past Fourth avenue and Lexington. At the latter place the Belt line of horse cars were to be avoided, and the horses were guided so as to steer clear of the danger. Close to Lexington avenue, on Forty-second street, where the cars form a sort of barricade in the middle of the street, a terrible collision was avoided; but, at the same time, one of the hind wheels was caught in the frog of a rail. The strain was so sudden and the flight of the horses so rapid that the axletree, three inches square, snapped like a rotten twig, and the wheel was sent spinning down the street. Still the driver kept his seat, and people began to breathe more freely as the check which the horses received for this moment seemed to have given the driver a slight control over them. But they made a sudden plunge forward, giving the wagon a sheer, and the driver was thrown over the dashboard, alighting on his head in the street, still holding the reins. The spectacle was then a sickening one; the poor fellow's brains strewing the thoroughfare, and the whole upper part of his head being nearly cut off. He was removed to the thirty-fifth street station house, and his family, who reside at 525 West thirty-ninth street, advised of the sad occurrence.

The horses collided with a telegraph pole a short distance onward, and they were brought to a sudden standstill.—*New York Herald.*

### In Russia.

The brilliantly colored signboards give the streets of a Russian city a particularly gay appearance. At almost every corner you come upon a Byzantine-looking shrine of the Virgin, with a number of Russians in front of it, bareheaded, crossing themselves. You meet the Virgin in various other unexpected places—in railway stations, in postoffices, with a little oil lamp flickering at her feet—even in the drowsy lock-ups, where tipsy mujiks can be heard yelling all day and night. The behavior of the people in the streets is quiet and civil. If a Russian knocks against you, he begs your pardon with a sincere show of contrition; if he sees your nose turning white in cold weather, he picks up a handful of snow and rubs it with a brotherly officiousness till the circulation is restored. All along the populous streets peddlers saunter, selling dried mushrooms, cotton handkerchiefs, religious prints, white bread and fritters; but few of them shout. Pigeons infest the roadways with impunity, for they are held sacred. Even if a Russian were starving, it would not occur to him to knock one of the birds on the head and cook it. Dancing bears are also to be seen in great numbers, and, though not sacred, are great favorities, and always draw crowds, who laugh at their antics like children, for Russians are very easily amused.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### The Honest Farmer.

Happy I count the farmer's life,
Its various round of wholesome toil;
An honest path with loving wife,
And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely!—in his breast
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;
His path more straight from east to west
Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men;
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;
Not busy with his tongue or pen,
He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,
Nature's co-worker; all his skill
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,
Winds blow, herb, beast their law fulfill.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;
A manly manhood, cheerful age!
His comely children proudly hold
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,
Guilt—needless woe and useless strife—
O cities vain insane, insane!
How happy is the farmer's life.

### Poultry Paragraphs.

Feed poultry on good sound grain. Offal or damaged grain is unwholesome, and if fed freely will produce disease.

Pounded oyster or clam shells are good for laying hens. They act as gravel in assisting digestion, and furnish lime for the tissues from which the shells of eggs are made. Break them up small enough for the fowls to swallow easily. They will eat a good deal of this kind of food.

A neat, simple and effective method of keeping high flyers at home is mentioned by *The Poultry World*. Merely scissor away about half of the feathery part of each wing-feather, excepting an inch at the end, without cutting the quill or shaft of the feather at all. This shows but little when the wings are closed, and so does not disfigure the fowl, but it lets the air through sufficiently to prevent flying.

One of the best ways to destroy hen lice is by a proper use of the whitewash brush and fumigants. When the poultry-house is kept in decent order there will be little trouble, but otherwise the fowls will not prosper. A very good plan is to wrap the roost-poles with pieces of old carpet, old bags, or horse blankets. Tack these on neat and smooth and saturate them once a fortnight with diluted carbolic acid, or coal oil. This will clean the perches and add much to the comfort and productiveness of the hens.

Save eggs from the best hens for setting. Many poultry-keepers do not know which are the best layers, but this may be be discovered by a little attention. Old hens lay larger eggs than pullets, and the chicks hatched from two-year old hens, when mated with a vigorous one-year old cock, will be larger, more thrifty, and fledge better than chicks from pullets' eggs. In selecting eggs to hatch, take those that are of a fair average size; reject the small or ill-shaped ones, or the very large ones. There is no way to determine the sex of the chick by an examination of the size, shape, or other external appearance of the egg.

It is a little odd that in this country, where every facility exists, so few ducks and geese are raised. These are proverbially the most hardy and long lived of all our poultry. In places where cholera, croup, etc., sweep off the fowls and turkeys, geese and ducks, which are not subject to these diseases, should be tried. In densely populated Great Britain and even in Belgium where one would suppose there was little room, more geese are raised to the square mile than in the United States. In the interior duck and geese can be raised as profitably as other kinds of poultry, and where diseases prevail, more profitably.

As the season has arrived when young chickens make their appearance, the following rules from the Southern Poultry *Journal* will prove to be of essential importance in producing satisfactory results:

Make your nests for setting hens on the ground if possible, if not, put fresh earth in the nest boxes, and in very warm weather sprinkle the eggs occasionally with a little tepid water, or in the morning let the hen run in the wet grass. Sprinkle sulphur thoroughly among the litter when making the nest. Give the hen a good chance to wallow in dust or ashes; this will keep her free from vermin. Keeping her place darkened until she has fairly "settled down to business." As the chicks hatch and get thoroughly dry take them away and keep in a warm place until all are out. The chicks need no food for the first forty-eight hours. When all are hatched give the hen an hour to roll in dust or ashes in the sun, to prepare for her change of duties; then put her in a roomy coop and give her the chicks. Early in the season, while the ground is cold, the coop should have a board bottom. Give them bread crumbs, broken wheat or screenings (no corn) scraps from the table, and plenty of clean, pure water. Give plenty of green food. Don't try to raise too many, for a place that will accommodate one hundred chicks will be much too small for them when grown. Close quarters cause vermin and disease. These instructions, with the aid of common sense, will insure you success.

### Medical Hints.

TEAS FOR THE SICK ROOM.—Dried leaves of sage, one-half ounce; boiling water, one quart; steep for three quarters of an hour and then strain for use; sugar can be added to suit the taste. Peppermint, spearmint, balm, hoarhound, and other herb teas are made in the same manner.

CURE FOR CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.—Dr. Bonnett, of Graulbet, France, recommends and prescribes for chronic rheumatism the