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A Song of the Season.

Somebody who must be imbued with the influence of the theme carols:

Fading flowers whisper,
"Little ones, farewell!
Will you miss our faces
From the hill and dell?
Will you dream about us
In the wintry night,
When the silent snowflakes
Hide the earth from sight?"

This is pretty; in fact, it is very pretty, but then there is nothing strikingly original about it; the poet might just as well have sung:

The fading cabbage whispers
To the egg plant in the mead,
You will miss my features
Very soon indeed.
Will you dream about me,
When I come to grief,
And am utilized to garnish
A piece of corned beef?

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Little Boot.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widowed mother stands,
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear.
With loving, longing heart
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And trudging down the road,
Stubbing grass and leaves and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.
A conqueror that day,
He made the soft nits ring;
Amid the shoeless lads at school
The boy in boots was king.

Oh, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
Oh, the stillness of the empty house
Since the children went away!
Ah, I thus the mother life—
"To bear, and love, and lose!"
Till all the sweet, sad tale is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed to keep
All fragrant still the faded life
Of one who fell asleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
Amid the world's unequal strife
How hareth it with him?
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race,
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To clasp its utmost grace?
With love her heart o'erflows,
With love her eyes are dim;
She softly wraps the little boot,
And sends it far to him.

Beside the twilight fire
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the tar-off boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's boot never pressed;
The boy knew not of manhood's pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.

The man sees all things changed—
The earth, the heaven above;
One thing alone remains the same
To him—his mother's love.
The battered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot!
Yet the boot is a hand to bind
The man to his innocent past;
To hold its faithful heart of hearts
To life's first love—and its last!

—*Mrs. Mary Clemmer.*

IN RATTLESNAKE GULCH.

We had finished the "digging" that day, washed all our dirt, added the last ounce of shining gold dust to the plump little bags that were buried in the corner of the cabin, and to-morrow we would leave Red Water Run forever.

The "spurt" had been a good one for Tom and me, but we were tired of the terrible loneliness of the place and the constant strain upon our ears for fear of the Utes, and so we had decided to cross the range, strike the trail, and join our old comrades at Poker Camp before the fall rains began. Two thousand dollars in glittering dust lay hidden in buckskin bags in our shanty, the result of seven weeks' digging, and for us it was a fortune.

Supper was over—a dozen of hard tack, a bit of jerked venison and a pot of tea—and with our cutty pipes, short and black, we sat at the door of the hut smoking, while the sunlight slowly disappeared from the tall peaks of the Sierras about us, and the gray shadows crept up the narrow gulch, silent and chill.

After a long pause, Tom took his pipe from his lips and spoke:

"Did ye see anything oncommon down the run this arternoon, Dick—any signs?"

"No," said I, slowly, "not that I recollect now. What was it—bear?"

"Wuss nor that."

"Injuns?"

"Wuss nor that."

"Outlaws, then?"

"Correct. I figure it was Red Jim's gang. Ye know they've been workin' the stage route from Winnemucca to Silver Cliff, and now I reckon they're on their way back to the towns to squander their stealings. Sartin it is thet a dozen mounted hosses crossed the run, just below the old sluice, sundown o' last night, fer I saw the sign, nigh about noon, an' it war fresh."

"That's bad news," said I, soberly. "If those cut-throats knew that we were here, nothing would please them better than to roast us out, shoot us down and carry off the 'yellow.' It would be a hard ending to a two months' work."

"Ye're clus to right," returned the old miner, as he slowly refilled his pipe; "but they must catch us afore they shoot us, and find the gold afore they steal it. Now I don't reckon on either."

"Well, but how do you know—" I began, when he stopped me.

"I don't know, an' thet's jest it. 'Better be sure nor sorry,' the Bible says, an' I propose to light out to-night. 'Twill be moon-up at eleven. We know the trail, an' ef we're gone an' they come, all right; ef we're gone an' they don't come, we're so much further on our journey by mornin'. What d'ye say?"

"Agreed!"

An hour later, with the gold divided and safely hidden in the buckskin belts about our bodies, our tools upon our shoulders and our rifles in our hands, Tom Blackburn and I looked for the last time at the dark shadow of our little cabin, as we mounted the ridge that lay to the westward.

"Good-bye, old shanty!" said Tom, waving his gun, "Tell any visitors that you may have that we're out for the evening and ax 'em to await our return. Good-bye!"

Our course was nearly due west, and for a time through a rolling country, thinly timbered and filled with little streams, so that we were able to travel rapidly; but shortly after the moon rose we struck some heavily-wooded ridges, rough androc ky, and our progress was necessarily slow. We did not talk much, but kept a bright lookout for both outlaws and Indians, and we marked our way by the stars that glimmered overhead.

The night was cool and still, the only sound which broke the silence being the grind of the gravel under our feet, or the occasional cry of some far-away wolf.

We had proceeded thus for perhaps four hours, and had covered a dozen miles or more, when we found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow canon, through whose dreary shadows our course lay. It was an "uncanny" place, and instinctively I loosened my knife in the sheath as we entered its yawning mouth, but old Tom tramped unconsciously on, and I must need follow. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, the towering walls fairly threatening to meet overhead, while more and more rough grew the path beneath. At length we were obliged to crawl from point to point, so thickly strewn with masses of rock was the uneven floor.

Suddenly a sharp turn opened before us the unexpected vision of a broad park, covered with short grass, through which ran a little stream, and about which, sitting, standing and lying, were a dozen as rough-looking deperadoes as the border land could produce, while the whole scene was brilliantly illuminated by the light of a great fire which burned near the center of the glade.

We had fallen into the very trap we were seeking to avoid. This was the night camp of Red Jim's gang!

It was too late to retreat, for even as we looked, two or three of the men sprang to their feet, and, with weapons half raised, cried out to us, "Halt!" So, with a whisper, "We're busted miners; ask for shelter," Tom threw up his hands and shouted loudly:

"Friends!"

Then, with assumed boldness, we both entered the arena, and were at once surrounded by the scowling, dark-browed crew.

Tom told our story—broken-hearted prospectors trying to return to the mining camps over the range, and traveling at night for fear of the Indians. Would they give as supper and shelter?

A short consultation was held, Red Jim, a brawny ruffian, with a blood-colored mane of hair and beard, putting some close questions to us both; and at length, with not the best grace in the world, our request was granted, and we were told to draw up and help ourselves from the open provision pack upon the ground.

Hungry from our long walk, we needed no second invitation, and were soon eating and talking with those about us as familiarly as though horse-thieves and cut throats ourselves.

We dissembled fear, and made no attempt at private communication. Time for that by-and-bye. We must disarm all suspicion, or our throats would be sore before morning.

The meal was nearly over, and I had just washed down my last bite of jerked venison with a draught of fiery whisky from the canteen of a hideous dwarf who sat near me, when Red Jim again approached us.

"What's ye'uns names?" said he.

"Mine is Baldwin—Hank Baldwin," said old Tom, quickly, "and this young 'un is Major Dick Smith. He was in the Rossian war, and is green at this business; but I'm an old San Juan country miner, where I worked nine years afore I ever seed this cussed region."

The ruffian looked at him sharply for an instant, and then said:

"Hold out your left hand."

With sudden fear I saw Tom's face grow ashen pale, and almost imperceptibly his hand move toward his pistol-belt; then, recovering himself, he obeyed with a laugh.

"Thar it is, pard; what's left of it"—there were but two fingers and a thumb. "I crushed it in Hall's Gulch smelting-works in '72."

Red Jim leaned forward and examined the member carefully. Then his face became lurid, and his wolfish eyes gleamed.

"You lie, you dog! you never saw the San Juan country, and you lost those fingers when you led the soldiers to my hidden camp in Arizona! You lost the fingers and gave me this to remember you by," and he pointed to a long scar that ran across his forehead, "and I've never forgotten you. I've prayed to Satan these five years that I might meet you, and he's turned my friend at last! Seize him, boys!" he continued. "There's no tree handy, but in the morning we'll try throwing the knife. Seize him!"

In an instant my comrade was bound hand and foot, and made fast to an immense bolder. He made no signs of resistance; it would have been worse than useless, and I was motionless with terror.

"Red Jim," said Tom, and his voice was husky, "ye have got me and ye can do with me as ye please. "I'm not a half-breed nor a woman to cry at the whiz of a knife, but, for God's sake, let that young man go! He's an honest miner, and only knows me as such. He never saw me until last fall. Do not punish him for my score."

The chief turned to me.

"Does he lie?"

"I met Tom Blackburn last fall for the first time in my life. I only came from the East one year ago. I know him as a miner, and nothing else, and, as he said, we have been prospecting, are broke, and want to get back to the camps over the range. That's the whole truth as I know it."

For a moment there was a hesitency in the manner of my captor, and I trembled; then, with an oath he said:

"Let it go! I will believe ye, for ye look like an honest man, and they're scarce," and he grinned. "Ye're my guest until mornin', an' then ye can go en. "But," he added, with a horrible emphasis, "ye'll hev to travel alone!"

I thanked the brute with the best grace possible, and turned away. I passed my comrade, bound and silent, I dropped one word:

"Watch!"

The night dragged slowly on. One by one the road agents rolled themselves in their blankets and laid down to rest, and at last, having appointed a guard for his prisoner, Red Jim turned toward where his horse was tethered, there to sleep with the bridle about his arm until danger or daylight awoke him.

Then, last of all, I too threw myself upon the ground; but not to sleep. I must rescue Tom, for to leave him in the hands of these demons would be worse than murder. With watchful eye and ear, therefore, I waited and planned. One against a dozen—the odds were desperate, and yet I must save him.

An hour passed. But the skeleton of the fire remained—a few glowing embers—and from the sounds about me I knew that all except the guard were asleep.

This, if ever, was my time. Simulating a yawn, I slowly arose and stretched myself, then sauntered toward the spot where Tom lay. As I approached, his watchman turned toward me and placed his hand warningly upon his rifle. I smiled, and said in a low tone:

"Don't shoot, pard; I can't sleep, and thought I'd come an' talk a bit with you."

With a muttered reply he made room for me upon the log where he sat.

He was a huge fellow, with arms like a Hercules, and a thick-knit frame that promised enormous strength. His weapons—a rifle and heavy knife—were within easy reach, and his keen eye followed my every motion.

For a time I talked generally of the country, the game, mining, and other similar topics, drawing from him but few replies. At last I touched upon the matter nearest my heart, and with careful steps sounded him upon the question of bribery.

He seemed to take more interest in my words now; and at last, when I came to the point and plainly asked him if he would let Tom go if he was paid for it, he said "Yes."

My heart bounded within me.

"How much will you take?" said I "Speak quickly. And we must have horses, too."

"Morth ye've got, ye cussed greenhorn," hissed the outlaw; "more'n ye've got! But I'll take the yellow all the same for safe keepin', and then turn ye over to the cap in the mornin'."

And, quicker than thought, his arms were about me, and I was borne struggling to the ground.

Although a much smaller man than my opponent, I was no child, and fought furiously; but he was too strong for me, and at last I lay before him breathless, one of his hands griping my throat, and the other grasping his heavy knife while his eyes gleamed with murderous rage.

For an instant we glared at each other, both panting and exhausted; then, bending closer, he whispered hoarsely:

"Whar's yer gold? Tell me, or I'll cut your heart out. Tell me without a sound, or I'll—thunder and turies!"

He half released his grasp, and, turning, struck at something upon the ground close at my side, with a horrible oath.

There was the flash of his knife, a sharp, metallic rattle, and then a little something shot like quivering lightning straight at his face, and two little drops of blood ran down his cheek. He was bitten by a rattlesnake!

The same instant the reptile drew his slimy body across my hand, and disappeared again in his hole among the rocks near by, from which our struggle had aroused him.

My captor breathed hard and turned deathly white.

"Whisky," said he, hoarsely, "I must have whisky or die."

He strove to rise, but it was my turn now. Wrapping my arms about him with an energy born of despair, I bound him to me. If I could but hold him until the poison had time to work, I could escape, and Tom with me.

It was horrible, but we struggled life for life, and I was the cooler man of the two now. His knife was broken—we could only fight with our hands, and all my enemy's efforts were to escape; but, with a strength which hope renewed, I resisted, and dragged him down again and again, until in his quivering muscles and relaxing hands, in his distended eyes and out-hanging tongue, I saw the venom was beginning to aid me. Then, redoubling my efforts, with an almost superhuman strength, I threw him at last to the ground, bound him with his own gaudy scarf, gagged him, and was free!

For a moment I was utterly exhausted; then, slowly recovering, I crept to where Tom lay, and with a few blows of my knife released him from the heavy cords which bound him. My old friend had been a silent witness of the entire battle, and had seen the snake and knew all. As he arose to his feet he grasped my hand, and nearly crushed it in his expression of joy; then, without a word, he pointed toward the pile of rock, not a dozen feet from where my antagonist lay.

I turned to look. From every hole and crevice, from every crack and corner, by twos and threes, single and in pairs, were crawling the most dreaded of mountain reptiles—rattlesnakes!

Tom leaned toward me and said:

"Yer fight aroused them, and they will kill every man here! We are in that place I've hearn tell of—Rattlesnake Gulch!"

Then, seizing my arm, he led me rapidly across the open glade, by the sleeping robbers, to the spot where the horses were hobbled. Selecting two we quickly muffled their hoofs, rode cautiously through the winding outlet until we reached the open country, and then, with a shake of the reins, dashed away at a headlong gallop. We were free!

Red Jim, the outlaw, was never seen again, but five years later a strange tale was brought in the mining camps on Red Water Run, of a lonely ravine in the mountains to the west, where twelve bleaching skeletons had been found.

The prospectors who discovered them would have sought further among the whitening bones for other relics of the lost party, but the canyon was so filled with rattlesnakes that it was not safe to remain there, and the simple finding of the remains is all that will ever be known.

Old Tom, however, said to me.

"Twelve outlaws—twelve skeletons! The rattlers caught them all!"

Electrical Jewelry.

Every one is more or less acquainted with the advances made in the use of electricity, particularly in the way of lighting and as a motive power, but few would ever have suspected that it was likely to be applied to purposes of personal adornment. Such, however, is the case, for M. Trouve has found the means of applying it in a most ingenious manner to certain articles of jewelry. The applications of it are comparatively unlimited, but a description of a few articles will suffice to give the reader an idea of this invention. Take first of all a breastpin consisting of a death's head enameled, with movable eyes of diamonds or rubies and the lower jaw articulated. At the pleasure of the wearer, by means to be described presently, it can be made to roll its eyes and chatter its gumless teeth. Another pin is surmounted by a small golden drum, on which is seated on its tail a little rabbit holding in its fore paws two drumsticks, with which it beats a tattoo when the electric current is applied. A third is an ornament for a lady's hair, consisting of a bird covered all over with diamond points, which on completing the circuit flutters its wings and produces a curious effect. One of these was made for the Princess de Metternich. But the curious part of the invention is the battery by which these objects are put in motion. Each of them is attached to an invisible wire, easily concealed in the garments or the hair, the other end of which is connected with a minute battery. This apparatus is not bigger than a pencil-case, and can be easily carried unseen in the waistcoat pocket. It consists of a tube hermetically sealed, containing in the upper half a pile composed of zinc and carbon inclosed in a case of hardened india rubber (ebonite). The zinc and the carbon only occupy the upper portion of the tube, the lower containing the exciting liquid. So long as the tube is kept in a perpendicular position the pile is not reached by the liquid, and consequently no action takes place; but the moment it is placed horizontally the acid acts on the pile and a circuit is established which sets the movable parts in action. Thus the wearer has only to vary the position of the tube to produce the motion or stop it at pleasure.

A Mouse that Danced and Sang.

About eighteen months ago the clerk in the drug store of Mr. McNary, in Hartford, began to whistle the lively tune of "Pop Goes the Weazel." While the clerk was whistling with all his might he saw a little mouse put his head out at a hole in the floor. The mouse was listening to the clerk's tune. Mr. Lind, for that was the clerk's name, was interested at once. He got a jews-harp and played on that until, by-and-bye, what should the mouse do but come out of the hole and nibble at Mr. Lind's shoe. Mr. McNary was introduced to Master Mouse, but Mr. McNary's music was not pleasing, as he thumped on a tin basin as though it were a drum, and so scared the little creature away. After a while the two men tried what is called a zithern, and the mouse was so much pleased that whenever they would play upon that instrument he would come up and dance around in delight. Before long the mouse learned to squeak in tune with the zithern, and last May it became known as "the singing mouse." At night it would sing for a half hou at a time, a local paper says, "almost with the sweetness and clearness of a canary." One day the morning was so raw and cold that the mouse tried to crawl under the furnace grate, but failed to find a cuddly hole, and soon after was found by Mr. McNary lying in the cellar dead.

He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practiced every day by—the world.

Forecasting the Weather.

Readers of "Quentin Durward" will readily remember the importance which Louis XI. of France is said to have attached to the warnings of his astrologer, but they may possibly have overlooked the exceptional instance in which common sense prevailed over superstition. The king—according to the story—had a mind to hunt one day, and, being doubtful of the weather, inquired of his astrologer whether it would be fair, the sage answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal cortege was met by a charcoal man, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the king should have thought of hunting on a day when it threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The king and his court were driven from their sport well drenched, and Louis, having heard what the collier had said, ordered the man before him. "How are you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend," said he, "than this learned man?" "I am an ignorant man, sire," answered the collier, "was never at school, and cannot read or write; but I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and it was from these signs that I foretold yesterday's storm." The king burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoal man's ass. Indications such as those here spoken of have been familiar to the country folk from the earliest times; for it is quite certain that the lower animals feel approaching changes of the weather in a way which we can very imperfectly understand. Still even among ourselves, there are many who are to some extent, sensible to these changes, and the sensation is generally unpleasant. Old wounds are painful before rain; the head aches before thunder; or there is a feeling of uneasiness difficult to explain, but none the less real. So also with animals; they career wildly about the field in restless excitement, they scratch themselves in hedges, they rub themselves against the wall, or their anxiety finds expression in vocal expression, as in the agonizing yell of the aristocratic peacock, or the discordant hee-haw of the plebian donkey. Such signs are not to be neglected by the careful student of weather, although they cannot be counted as strictly scientific. The evidence is of the nature of hearsay, and can only be accepted conditionally.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Indians in Full Dress.

A White Earth Agency letter to the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer-Press* says: The Indians at White Earth have, as a rule, thrown aside their blankets and adopted the garb of civilized life, a necessary step in their moral and material progress, though, in looking at the wonderfully picturesque costumes of the Indians from the distant reservation of Red Lake, one could not help feeling sorry that these dresses of strange barbaric splendor must soon be things of the past. Some of the younger bucks must have been engaged from early dawn in completing the elaborate toilets in which they appeared. One young chief, Hurricane, of Red Lake, was positively killing in a splendid otter skin war bonnet, ornamented with six eagles' feathers, symbols of a brave, at their tips tiny ribbon pennants to which were attached small ermine tips, symbols of a scalp. He had several of them on his bonnet, and a whole bunch hung on his pipe-stem; a bright streamer of cerise ribbon known, I think, by young ladies as a "kiss-me-quick," completed his head-dress. He was highly rouged, and over each eye had painted a square of delicate white and red stripes. A checked red shirt, black blanket, and richly beaded gaiters and moccasins, completed his very effective costume. This fine, handsome fellow has a remarkable history. He is said to have taken no less than fifty Sioux scalps. At the time of the massacre of 1862 he followed the Sioux who had killed most of the whites in his neighborhood 300 miles up the country as far as Manitoba, killed and scalped him and his whole family, from the double motive of gratifying the whites with whom the Chippewas have always been friendly, and taking vengeance on his hereditary foe, the Sioux. Rouging and painting the face seems to be reduced to a fine art among the Chippewas. But the effect is, as a rule, hideous and grotesque. Here is a gentleman with one eye painted a brilliant blue; another with one dark blue square on each cheek, with white spots on the dark blue ground. I thought at first he had commenced with the intention of ornamenting himself with the stars and stripes, and had been compelled to leave out the stripes for want of room. One had his face painted a bright-brick-dust color, over one cheek a stripe of red, over the other one of dark blue with white spots. Another had painted bright red spots all over the face, giving the effect of some skin disease. A third had produced an extraordinary effect by a green coloring under his eyes. One old gentleman had painted in a complete blue beard. On the whole, the Red Lake Indians were a decided attraction, and afforded great amusement both by their costumes and their national colors.

Managing Bees by Electricity.

A correspondent of the *Deutsche Presse* describes a method which he has adopted with success of overcoming the obstacles frequently presented to the rearers of bees by the self-will of those interesting and profitable insects. This is no other than giving them an electric shock. Every one interested in bees knows the difficulties and dangers involved in hiving a swarm. One is often seen on a hot day in June in the top branches of a tree not to be climbed, and another in some inaccessible place seems to be preparing to set out on its wanderings. If the beemaster ventures to approach, all his dexterity and experience will often not prevent him from being seriously stung. There are, indeed, several cases on record of death supervening from the sting inflicted on such occasions. Herr Freiwirth, the correspondent referred to, hit upon the idea of employing the electric force to stupefy the bees. Trials on large and small clusters, and even on single insects, answered perfectly; the bees coming in contact with the conducting wires fell stunned and motionless to the ground. They were then sorted and marked, according to the strength of the current applied. The time required for their recovery, varying from ten minutes to eight hours, was proportionate to the strength of the shock, but all came out of their trance safe and sound. Encouraged by the result of this experiment, Herr Freiwirth resolved to try it on a larger scale, namely, on bees in the hive. To this end he introduced the ends of two conducting wires into a fully occupied honeycomb and turned on the current for a moment; the bees soon lay on the ground, and it was half an hour before they resumed activity.

A French journal publishes an approximate calculation of the probable number of newspapers in the world as follows: America, 6,129; Asia, 387; Africa, 50; Europe, 13,625; of which latter, 2,509 are credited to England, 2,000 to France, 1,226 to Italy, 1,200 to Austria, 500 to Russia. The words o Lamartine, who said that "journalism would almost supersede and absorb all other literature before the close of the present century," will not fall far short of the actual truth.—*Exchange.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A writer in the Galveston *News* expresses the opinion that a river of petroleum is flowing through the subterranean cavities of Texas. It takes its rise in the carboniferous strata north of the Colorado river, and may be traced at various points on its course to the Gulf of Mexico by oil appearing on the surface of the springs, streams and lakes, while at what is known as Oil bay, on the gulf, the water is so covered with oil that the waves have no effect.

California has other phenomenal riflemen besides Dr. Carver. Charles Emach, a young man in Sacramento, considers it a not extraordinary feat to hit ninety-eight out of 100 small apples thrown into the air, and John Ruth, of Oakland, is about to depart for Australia to give exhibitions of his skill. Among his feats with the rifle is that of shooting a cigar from the mouth of his assistant, with the rifle held upside down on top of his head, and with a mirror to take sight in as he stands with his back to the mark.

Miss Minnie F. Austin, for many years teacher in Chicago and San Francisco high schools, also principal of Clarke Institute in San Francisco, from failing health turned her attention to an outdoor life. She now owns a fruit farm of eighty acres in Fresno, Cal., and last spring set in the ground, by the aid of one man, over 600 fruit trees. Miss A. conducts her farm with as much system as she did her school. She has twenty-eight acres of the best raisin-grapes, from which the yield will be between thirty and fifty tons of fruit; about 300 apricot trees, 100 nectarines, 400 figs, 400 prunes, and all ordinary fruit trees. She has this year nearly two tons of peaches alone, which she has dried for the market.

A party in Illinois recently applied to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington for the redemption of five coupons of United States bonds representing several thousand dollars. The applicant alleged that for safe keeping he had placed the coupons in a tin box and deposited them in a stovepipe; that subsequently a fire was built in the stove and the coupons destroyed. The ashes, however, were retained in the box and were presented with the application for redemption. The matter was referred to First Comptroller Porter for his decision. A scientific examination satisfactorily proved that the contents of the box were the remains of coupons, as alleged. The decision given in the case is quite important from the fact that it holds that the statute authorizing the redemption of called bonds, where clear and unequivocal evidence has been furnished that they have been destroyed, does not apply to coupons which at the time of the alleged destruction thereof have been detached from the bonds. The coupons in question having been detached from the bonds, cannot therefore be redeemed.

The Growth of the Republic.

The next federal census, to be taken in June, 1880, will, it is estimated, show a population of about 48,500,000 for all the States and Territories. This calculation is based on the increase noted between 1870 (the date of the last federal census) and 1875, when a large number of the States made enumerations of their own. Assuming that the ratio of increase in the States and Territories in which no census had been taken since 1870, is not less than reported over the same area in the preceding decade, we are warranted in accepting the above estimate for 1880. This would give a gain of about 10,000,000 on the census returns of 1870, an average of 1,000,000 souls a year. Much of the intervening time having been a period of great prostration in all branches of trade and emigration being thereby discouraged, the result, if verified, will be gratifying to the patriotism and pride of Americans. It will put the United States in point of population at the head of every nation in christendom except Russia. The latest official statistics from those countries of Europe with which we have been running the race in this respect are as follows: Great Britain and Ireland (1870), 31,628,338; France (1876), 36,905,788; Austro-Hungary (1876), 37,350,000; Germany (1875), 42,727,659. The latter is the only country which we did not outstrip in the census of 1870. Since then Germany has gained about 1,500,000 by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The ratio of increase from natural causes exhibited in her previous census returns was much lower than that shown in the United States, and it is not probable that, in the last five years, she has gained enough population to put her neck and neck with the great republic in 1880. The estimated population of Great Britain and Ireland in 1878, made on the basis of the actual registration of births and deaths, was officially given at 33,881,966, so that we are not likely ever to be overshadowed by our English cousins.

Grand as is this prospective exhibit, our exultation is checked a moment when we think how much more striking it would have been but for the civil war. The effort of that war in retarding the increase of population it is impossible to calculate. With peace assured at home and abroad, there seems hardly any limit to the future growth of the republic in population.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The Drink Difficulty.

Drink has always been a difficulty. In all ages individuals have made great mistakes as to the quantity of intoxicating liquor which it was beneficial for them to consume. Intoxication is a species of poisoning, inasmuch as alcohol is a brain poison; and at first sight it seems strange that any one should wish, even temporarily, to damage that thinking power which is the sole distinction between the human animal and the beasts which perish. But there are some obvious explanations of this apparent anomaly. First of all, alcoholic drinks are to many very delicious beverages.

A Quaker was once sitting in a public house, when a man came in blowing his fingers, and said, "Give me a glass of brandy—I am so cold;" one speedily followed who had been running hard, and he called out, "Bring me a glass of brandy—I am so hot!" Then said the Quaker quietly from his corner, "Bring me a glass of brandy because I like it." He spoke the truth. Would not the great bulk of those who talk about health, fashion, etc., say the same thing if they spoke from their hearts? Then there is so much misery in the world that it is easy enough to understand Byron's lines:

"Man is a reasonable being,
Therefore he gets drunk."

But the poets have much of responsibility in this matter' "Bowl" rhymes with "soul." Many of our most beautiful songs are drinking songs, and somehow or other it has come to pass that although drunkenness is now pretty generally condemned "from the teeth outward" as Carlyle has it, yet drinking is still looked upon as a delightful and honorable exercise for rational beings.

But no excess. Oh, no. No one favors excess, but though no one favors excess it is admitted on all hands that, as a nation, we do exceed, and that $140,000,000 per annum is far too much to be spent on liquid poison by the people of the United Kingdom. If drink were merely a harmless luxury, the above would be a startling national expenditure; but when we reflect that the consumption of this drink is, by the almost unanimous testimony of our judges, police, prison and poor-law authorities, and all those in a position to know the habits of the people, pronounced to be the main cause of crime and pauperism, it becomes truly alarming.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

How Nourishment was Introduced into a Little Girl's Stomach.

San Antonio, Texas, contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at this time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his daughter Jessie drink a solution of lye, which a colored woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain results in such cases. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the æsophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or at least the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them, can pass through.

Such was the condition of the little girl Jessie Lumley when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much imaciated, could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England, but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, at the beginning of the short ribs, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists of sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but great care must be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The tube left in the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the wall of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately, the child had an attack of chills and fever, which had to be cured, which gave it a set back. The operation described took place a few weeks ago. The stomach had grown on the sides of the abdomen, and in two weeks the operation of making incision in the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day thereafter a beefsteak, cut up fine, has been passed with the forceps into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

The writer visited the child, in company with Dr. Herff, and saw it fed. We looked in front of a small, one-story house, which we entered. A little girl, with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting up in bed surrounded by playthings. Her mother, a young woman of thirty years of age, was busy in the room.

"Don't you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor. "I want steak. I don't want any bread, 'cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak, which the doctor proceeded to cut up in small pieces, crumbling up some bread at the same time. The food being prepared, the child lay back on the bed, and the opening in the side was exposed, it was only an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. I stood by and saw the doctor put some piece after another and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach, until the plate was nearly empty. The child complains a little at times, but did not appear to suffer any. She finally said "my stomach is full," and, as there was no more steak, the doctor desisted. Finally some cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her doll.

No particle of solid food had passed through the child's throat since the accident. A grain of rice nearly strangles her. Milk is also injected into the stomach through the opening. The only possible danger is from the wound closing up, hence it is kept open with cotton. At first a plug of expansive sponge was used. There is no reason why the child should not become stout and healthy. The food digests readily, just the same as if chewed and swallowed. To the inquiry if this mode of taking nourishment would have to be kept up through life, no definite answer was given, as it depends on the possibility of reducing the stricture of the throat.

The Highest House in the World.

A doctor writes to the New York *Sun* the following letter: "In your issue of the *Sun*, on the 15th, there is a paragraph which states 'that the highest inhabited house in the world is believed to be the one erected for the miners employed on Mount Lincoln, in the main range of the Rocky mountains, Park county, Col. It is 14,157 feet above sea level.' I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that there is on the Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad, Peru, ninety-four miles from Lima, on the summit of the Andes, a small town called Galera, or as the Peruvians style it, "tunel de la Cima." This place is situated on the western slope of the dividing range of the great Andean chain, 15,845 feet above the line of perpetual snow. It was founded in 1872 by an engineering corps of the Oroya railroad, represented by Martin Van Brocklin, now superintendent of the Metropolitan elevated railroad, New York; his brother, Herman Van Brocklin, and H. J. Tobias of Illinois. It derives its name from a tunnel or gallery which is being bored through the summit from the Oroya railroad, and is 1,173 metres, or 3,847 feet in length. I make this statement from personal knowledge, having been in the employ of Henry Meiggs, and compelled to live at that place for a period of ten months. These facts are given from actual measurement, taken from the records of the chief engineer at that time.

A Menagerie Lion at Large.

W. W. Cole's circus was in Defiance, Ohio, recently, and at night, about ten o'clock, just after they had got the animals loaded on the cars and the train started, and as they were passing the coal shutes one of the ropes from the shutes caught in one of the cages and brought down the apron that lets down the coal, which struck the cage containing two lions, throwing it off the train, opening the door of the cage and letting out the lions. The small one was got back at once, but the large one ran off down the track, passing several men at a distance of about thirty rods to a barn, where he spied a door open. The door was double, and the bottom was closed, the top part being open. He bounded over like a kitten and grasped a cow by the nose, and in two minutes had sucked her blood and the cow was dead, the lion going into the other part of the barn and lying down. His master came, and leaving several men outside, went up in the loft and came down where the lion was. After talking to the lion some time he laid down by him and played with him, and after two hours' work succeeded in getting the lion back into the cage, which was brought to the door.

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.

Max Adeler on Burglars.

Of late several burglaries have been committed in the neighborhood in which Mr. James Simpson lives, and, of course, the folks are not a little alarmed. In Simpson's row alone enough fire-arms and ammunition have been collected to conduct a very fair-sized war with Mexico, and Simpson, particularly, has bought a whole armory of weapons and loaded them to the muzzle. Simpson's brother-in-law, George Washington Budd, commonly known as "Wash," lives with him, and for weeks past Wash, upon going to bed, has made such a preparation and display of various kinds of engines of destruction that a looker-on might have concluded that his purpose was to conduct a kind of battle of Gettysburg on his own responsibility.

The other night Wash, after recapping all his revolvers, running his thumb along the edge of his broad-sword, half cocking his gun and laying his bowie-knife on the chair, thought he heard a burglar prowling about down stairs. Buckling on his artillery, Wash, in his stocking-feet, crept down the back stair-case, determined to annihilate the thief.

Simpson heard the noise at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglar in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining-room pocketing the spoons. So, while Wash trod noiselessly frontwards, Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the burglar.

Wash grappled with his antagonist instantly. Simpson knew that a death-struggle had begun, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw their weapons.

Wash strove to throw the burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game, made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed and pulled, and jerked and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall and making such a hubbub that Mrs. Simpson, in her room and afraid to come out, lifted up her voice and screamed with vehemence.

After a fearful and desperate struggle, during which Wash had his coat torn to rags and a couple of handfuls of hair pulled out, and Simpson had his nose jammed against a chair until it felt as if it had swelled to the size of a watermelon, Wash let go a moment to get his breath. Thereupon Simpson made a run for the front stairs quietly in the dark, and Wash, pretty well scared and tired of war, dashed off up the back stairs, resolved to go and see why Simpson didn't come down and help wipe the burglar out.

As Simpson got to the landing he saw Wash's form by the dim light from the back room in the entry.

"Who's that?" shouted Simpson, nervously, feeling for his revolver.

"Me—Wash," replied the brother-in-law.

Simpson went up to him and said:

"Thunder and lightning, Wash! Why didn't you come down sooner?"

"Sooner! Why, where have you been? I've had the most awful time you ever heard of."

"So've I," replied Simpson. "There's a burglar in the house, and I've been tearing him to pieces."

"You don't say so! Why, my gracious! I've had a fight with one, too, and I think I laid him out."

"You did? Where?"

"Why, down stairs, there, in the front entry."

"Not in the entry, you don't mean?"

"Yes," said Wash, "in the entry; nearly banged the head off of him. Where was your man?"

"Why, in the entry, too. Queer I didn't hear you?"

"It is queer," replied Wash; "because I hammered his nose against a chair until it must be mashed