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Storm Winds.

With loud, triumphant tones, the fierce winds roar
Across wide reaches of the storm-vexed main;
The dark rock-caverns echo their refrain
Along vast leagues of tempest-beaten shore—
Amid gnarled boles, their mighty forces pour
In countless legions, whose wild surges strain
The stalwart oaks that loom above the plain,
Relics of centuries that are no more.
Far down sun-gleaming heights they toss the snow,
And over battling waves the sea-birds bear,
And drive great ships against some beetling cape;
Then loudly trumpet where vast ice-fields glow,
Or with mad dissonance affright the air
Where heavy clouds the sterile deserts drape.

—*Thomas S Collier, in Companion.*

August.

Gay trips along through morning dew
Bright August, clad in rosy hue;
And all the hills their voices raise
And myriad songsters sing her praise.

Her reign is one of quiet grace;
The softest blushes wreathe her face;
Sweet scents she pours out to the breeze—
She gilds the fruit on bending trees;
Her wand she lifts o'er fields of grain,
And gladdens earth with tides of rain.
The sun may scorch, but still she showers
Refreshing dew on drooping flowers;
And hoards of good cheer August flingeth
And bounteous blessings August bringeth.

So pleasantly, sweet month, thou comest now;
At thy approach the curled corn blades bow,
And, as thy perfumed breezes slowly pass,
New daisies smile above the freshened grass;
Or when thy copious moisture fills the land
The parched lips of earth with joy expand.

Now gather we the pumpkin yellow,
With luscious apples, ripe and mellow;
Safe from the rain the sheaves of grain
The bursting granaries fully fill;
While 'neath the hill the cider mill
Awaits the heavy-loaded wain.

In shadeless paths the fevered, panting sun
Its stilly flight through torrid paths ascends,
Till sullen Sirius his race hath run,
And August's dreamy, dallying influence blends
With lustier September in the end;
Then gladdening breezes from the sighing west
At eventide shall bring us longed-for rest.

—*Luther G. Riggs.*

GUY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

As little Miss Bertha Finch came down the village street to the railroad station in a high wind, with that dry brown hat of hers curling up acutely on her head, and a glimpse disclosed of the sweet pink face which she carried bent down against the dust-clouds, you might naturally have thought of arbutus blossoms in their pale brown leaves. She was so small and young, and flower-like and shy. As I remembered her she seemed to be looking down half the time, or else it was only that she was so short as to make direct glance into her face no easy matter; so that when she looked into one's eyes she had to turn her own upward.

Yet she could be saucy, too. There was a good deal of independence about this small slip of womanhood, in spite of her shyness, her pathos, and her tiny figure. "Bertha," her mother once remarked, "is as set as a cat if she chooses to be; and you can't tell why she takes her whims, no more than you can why a cat does thus and so; but when she's once got a notion, she acts it out."

And she had taken a whim, this particular day, to go to town by the railroad that went poking around the country in the neighborhood of Glyddon as informally as a plow, running such mild little trains up and down, that Bertha felt as if all she had to do was to call out "Gee-whoa!" to the engine, and it would obey her.

This whim of taking the cars was a mild one, however, compared with her freak of a few days before. Not to put the reader in suspense, I will state that she had refused a proposal of marriage from Guy Atlee, a reasonably good and promising young man, who had been to the high school with her in earlier days, and proposed now to graduate from the position of a bashful lover to that of a proud husband.

Guy had a position as clerk in the postoffice and chief store of Glyddon, while Bertha's father was a not very well-to-do farmer; so that the young man had the argument of worldly prosperity on his side. But then he might lose his position; and somehow Mr. Finch, though he lived in a rather broken-down old house, was always important in town affairs. At any rate, Bertha rejected the young man gayly, yet with a sense of her superiority that was quite serious.

"What is your reason? Don't you love me?" asked he, in a business-like way. They were standing at the time on a little, unfrequented stone bridge, with a blue and white sky reflected in the water below, and birds singing around them in the young green boughs.

"If I did, do you suppose I'd tell you," returned Bertha, with irrepressible mirth.

"I suppose it's because you're proud, then," Guy inferred, becoming gloomy.

"I think I am proud of knowing my own mind," she admitted, "which all girls don't."

"I wish you'd tell me the real reason," the unfortunate lover resumed.

"Well, then," said Bertha, more roguishly than ever, "you're too young."

Guy kicked the bridge in his impatience. "I'm a month older than you are," he declared, peremptorily.

"I never should be able to look up to you," his companion assured him.

This was so absurd that Guy laughed in spite of his state of provocation. He was nearly six feet tall, and she hardly five, so that, taking the proposition in its linear or perpendicular instead of its spiritual sense, Bertha was egregiously wrong. However, "Then you can look down to me," he replied. And as they were both at that moment peering over the side of the bridge, she adopted his counsel literally; for there he was, or appeared to be, gazing up out of the placid stream from the midst of a mimic sky. A white cloud reflection encircling his head made him look prematurely venerable, and Bertha confessed to herself that he was really handsome.

"Well, I'm going home now," she said, presently. "You wait here. I think—it will be better."

Upon this Guy became sarcastic. "How long shall I wait?" he inquired. "About thirty years, I suppose, till my hair turns gray."

"If you like," said Bertha Finch, not daunted in the least.

"It's nothing to you, I see," the young man replied, bitterly, suddenly feeling very suicidal.

"What! waiting thirty years?" laughed she. "Oh, yes, that would be a very serious thing to me. But I don't suppose I shall."

She had turned back to say this, but as she resumed her retreat immediately, he was left alone in another moment. Guy debated with himself what he would do. He was terribly stung by what he considered Bertha's heartlessness, and for a moment or two the idea of throwing himself into the river, where he had just seen his own image lying so seductively, occupied his mind as a facile though watery solution of his trouble. Then he thought how fine it would be to marry another girl, and let Miss Finch mature into an old maid. But to this there were three objections. In the first place, it was not certain another girl would have him; secondly, Miss Finch might not become an old maid; and finally, he loved Miss Finch. At last he said to himself, "I know what I'll do: I'll disappear."

And he did.

No young man could have been better situated for indulging in this popular modern pastime. He had no family in town; his accounts were correct to a cent; his habits were irreproachable. There could not be, consequently, any distress to parents, or suspicion of peculation, or disgraceful reason for his dropping out of sight; and the mystery of the thing would be complete.

In fact, when it became known that he was no longer in the village, the theory of suicide was the one immediately adopted. for the usual reason that there was no evidence to sustain it. Suicide? And how? For what motive? Nobody could tell, but it was settled that the cause must have been disappointment in love, although all testimony on the subject went to show that for a day or two before he was last seen the missing young man had been in exceptionally good spirits. It was proposed to organize a search after him, and even to drag the river and the ponds; but Postmaster Pound announced that this would be useless. "Atlee left a message," he said, "stating that all such doings would be labor thrown away," in corroboration of which he produced a paper signed by his late clerk. It could not be learned, either, that any one had seen him near the water, or, for that matter, anywhere about the railroad. The last person who had had sight of him had met him on the street toward evening; Atlee had passed on into the dusk, and that was the last seen of him.

It was with some idea of relieving her mind, I think, that she betook herself to the railroad this windy day for a trip to town. An old man with copious white hair, gold-bowed glasses, and a flat-crowned felt hat, who sat placidly at one of the car windows, reposing his hands on a cane which he kept remarkably perpendicular, was a good deal struck by her fresh and sweet appearance as he saw her blown along by the wind to the depot; and, as luck would have it, when she entered the car—true to her instinct of preferring age to youth, and finding all the seats half filled by very dapper young men, or very dirty and disagreeable middle-aged ones—Bertha selected the unoccupied portion of this very seat where the old man was meditating, and nestled down into it as cozily as a young martin in the maternal martin box. It was in keeping with the slight recklessness of her general character that she should immediately extract a paper novel from her pocket, and begin to read, despite the industrious efforts of the train to joggle her eyes out of her head and the print out of the page.

"Windy day, young lady," said a mild voice in her ear, so affably modulated that she felt as if it could hardly be the voice of a stranger. It was the old man speaking to her.

"Yes," she assented, pleasantly; "I thought it would blow me away."

"You air rather a mite of a body to fight it out with such a breeze," remarked her new acquaintance. "But it don't seem to hurt ye, to judge on it from the roses in your cheeks. Lord, I remember in the days when I was courtin' my gal I used to like a day like this. It made my gal's face shine just so; and I ain't too old to take pleasure in it yet."

Bertha felt her face "shine" still more than before at this speech, which she rated as a trifle familiar, coming from a stranger. But then the man had white hair, and, after all, it was not unpleasant. She smiled, with some embarrassment, but said nothing, and resumed reading, while her fatherly companion seemed to become absorbed in recollections of his youth. Before long, however, he said: "I suppose it hurts your eyes a good deal, reading in the train, don't it?"

"It does sometimes," she admitted, somewhat annoyed at this second opening of a conversation, for her story was interesting. But determining to resign herself, she laid the book down abruptly, and looked straight at the old man, who returned her gaze genially from the midst of his whiskers and spectacles.

"So you live in Glyddon?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I am acquainted there some. I used to live there."

"You did!" exclaimed the young girl, brightening up at once.

The old man began asking questions about various people in the village, and finally mentioned Atlee. "He came from the place where I live—Woodruff, Vermont—and folks thought he was likely enough young man when he started down to Glyddon. How's he doing now?"

Poor Bertha blushed and shook with as much feeling of guilt as if she had personally superintended the closing of Guy's career with a violent death. Somehow this bland, fatherly old person's kindness in him gave her a new perception of the mystery and awfulness of his fate.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "hadn't you heard?"

"What! he ain't dead!" responded her neighbor, with a quaver in his voice. But immediately he added: "No, he can't be. I should have heard of it. Perhaps you mean he's married?"

At another time Bertha would have laughed at this absurd juxtaposition, and even now had the impulse to answer, "No, it's not quite so bad as that." But the mention of marriage came too near her last interview with Guy to make it wholly comical, so she merely said: "He's gone away, nobody knows where; it was quite sudden and unaccountable."

After a good many expressions of grief and wonderment, the old man wound up with: "And so you can't think of any possible reason? That seems singular. What do you suppose?"

His young friend hesitated and looked down. She could not fib, and she could not confide; so she said, simply, "I can't tell." Her lips trembled a little.

"Oh, well, he'll turn up all right, I guess," concluded the other, soothingly. "It reminds me of a foolish thing I did myself when I was young. I went off and left the place I was staying in too. But that was because I was kind of spooney about a young woman that wouldn't marry me. Atlee used to have the name of being too level-headed for anything like that. He wouldn't be such a fool, would he?"

The small brown hat went slightly upward with a sudden movement. "I don't know," said the owner of it "why you should call it being a fool."

"You know better than I do about it, of course," assented the white-haired critic. "Perhaps that's exactly what he's done. Is it?"

"I heard some one saying they thought he was disappointed in love," Bertha answered, rapidly and ungramatically.

"And you don't blame him?" hazarded he, indulgently.

"No, I don't. It shows that he feels deeply, anyway."

"Well, now," continued the old man, with a drawl which indicated an approaching relapse into garrulity, "it's queer enough I should have met ye, ain't it? And you from Glyddon, where I used to live; and learning news of Atlee this way. Queer enough! Well, I must see his folks when I git back, and find out if they know where he's gone."

After this they talked of other things, until they came to Wingfield, the end of the journey, he making himself agreeable all the way, so that when the moment came for parting, Bertha was aware that the journey had seemed very short, and that her casual acquaintance was really an entertaining one.

"Maybe I shall see you again," he suggested, as they descended to the platform together.

"Do you ever come to Glyddon?" she inquired, with polite reserve.

"Guess I shall before long," he replied. "You wouldn't be surprised, I suppose, if old Gifford should drop in to see you some day? And now I think of it, what's your name? Will you tell me?"

She told him, and he promptly wandered off, after giving her a nod, apparently intent upon his own affairs. "I should think he might have said 'good-bye' a little more as if he was interested," mused Bertha, not wholly pleased at having him appear to dismiss her so easily. And yet, what else could a mere stranger, a fellow conversationist of an hour, do? Besides, Bertha reflected that old men could not be expected to show the same interest and gallantry as—well, as Guy and other young men.

When she got home that evening, she bethought her to inquire of her father whether he had ever heard of an old man named Gifford who had lived in the village. Mr. Finch dimly recollected him years before. "But I thought he was dead," he added.

"No; I met him to-day in the train," his daughter informed him, "and had a very pleasant chat. He was so nice. "Atlee left a message," he said, "stating that all such doings would be labor thrown away," in corroboration of which he produced a paper signed by his late clerk. It could not be learned, either, that any one had seen him near the water, or, for that matter, anywhere about the railroad. The last person who had had sight of him had met him on the street toward evening; Atlee had passed on into the dusk, and that was the last seen of him."

Mr. Finch looked at his daughter in a bewildered way for a moment. "I don't know what I was going to say, I'm so astonished at your mentioning Gifford in connection with Atlee. Why, I thought everybody knew how he used to—"

"Oh, do forgive me!" she cried, mockingly. "I would do almost anything to secure that—even to growing several years older, if you would only stop growing, and wait for me."

"There, that's just like a boy. You can't be serious two minutes together," Bertha railed back at him.

And so they parted.

The very next day Gifford drove by in a withered little buggy, apparently fresh from Vermont, and stopped at the Finches'. But Bertha was not at home, so he went on, after leaving a box of pills, wrapped up in a boastful advertisement.

Toward evening, a few days later, Guy came to see her again, and persuaded her to walk down the Wingfield lane that ran behind the Finches' house.

He did not talk about himself, but discussed the arrangements for a picnic in which they were interested. As he was leaving her, however, "Old Gifford," he observed, "has been seen about here lately."

"The dear!" said Bertha, provokingly. "How sorry I was to miss his call!"

"Did you?" Gay chimed in, sympathetically. "I wonder if it wouldn't be desirable for me to become acquainted with such a delightful man? He might improve me in your eyes."

"Oh, yes, he would do you ever so much good," she assured him.

"My trousers are looking for him," said the young man, cheerfully. "Good-night."

He sauntered down the lane toward the woods, and Bertha remained standing under the apple tree where he had left her, enjoying the rising sunset light. Thus employed, and idly pulling to pieces a bit of grass, she did not notice the approach of another person, until an aged voice close by her hailed her with, "Good-evening, Miss Finch," seeming almost to prolong Atlee's "Good-night," which was still in her ears.

It was Gifford.

She turned her head and greeted him with decided coolness.

"Glad to see ye at last," he continued sitting down on a stone. "It's awful warm." And he removed his felt hat, to sponge out the interior carefully with a bandana which he produced for the purpose. "Did you get those pills? First-rate to brace up with this weather. Good for lassitude, rheumatism, gout, neuralgy, headache—but I suppose you read the bill?"

"No, I haven't yet," announced Bertha, with threatening brevity.

"Now that disappoints me," said Gifford. "You don't know their virtues. Why, my second wife, she couldn't get along without them."

"Horrid old wretch!" commented his listener, internally, and proceeded aloud: "You mean they saved her life?"

"Yes, yes," returned the dealer, deliberately, "they did—as long as she lived."

"Well, mine seems to be pretty well saved without them," said the girl; "and anyway I don't have any of those troubles that you mention. So I don't think I need the pills."

"Not just now, maybe," Gifford admitted; "but then you won't always be so young as you are now, and you're bound to have rheumatism. You'll be an old woman before you know it, and an ounce of prevention's worth a pound of cure."

"I think I'll wait," said Bertha, finding her venerable idol very repulsive on this second interview; "and if you'll excuse me now, Mr. Gifford, I must go into the house."

"To get the box?" he inquired. "All right. But I wish you'd wait a minute. I've got something particular to say to you."

"Something particular?"

"Yes. Thinking of that young Atlee, I made some inquiries, and, as far as I could see, you are the young lady."

"What young lady? Anyway, Mr. Atlee has come back now."

"Oh yes, I know that. But you never fancied him much, and I guess he don't stand in the way."

"I don't understand what you're talking about.

"That's just what I've come to now," said Gifford. "I'm sort of lonely, but I've got some property laid by, and I'm looking round for a wife. What do you say to me?"

"You! I think you are horrible," Bertha cried, frankly. "An old, old man like you, that' been twice married, looking for a wife!" She recoiled involuntarily.

"There's nothing like an old fellow that knows his own mind, and the ways of the world," he argued. Then suddenly—Bertha could hardly believe it true—he dropped on his knees. "Won't you have me?" he entreated.

She moved toward the house rapidly, as if escaping from a hideous sight.

"Stop! stop!" cried the ancient suitor, in a remarkable vigorous voice. "If you do that I'll tear all my hair out."

Something in the tone arrested Bertha Finch's flight, and she looked around. At the same instant the anomalous old man, standing up very tall, flung his entire head of white hair at her feet, and stood revealed, felt hat in hand, as Guy Atlee!

She covered her face in confusion, but both of them burst into a hearty laugh the next instant, as he advanced toward her "This is more foolish than my disappearance," Guy was confessing, "but the temptation was too great. Are you angry?"

"It was you all the time?" demanded she, still slightly bewildered.

Of course. The real Gifford died a couple of years ago. That day in the train I was just going to get out here to try my experiment, when I saw you at the depot, and you walked right in to sit down next to me."

Bertha turned hot and cold as she ran over the car conversation in her mind to see whether she had committed herself in any way.

"You have rejected me twice now," continued Guy, coming very close, and standing in tail humility before her—"once for being too young, and once for being too old. Don't you think you could make a sort of compromise now, and take me apart from my age, as a man who is willing to devote himself to you, young and old? You are not angry?"

"No," said Bertha, looking down very much indeed. "I have been foolish too, Guy."

She made the compromise.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Scout's Long Fast.

"Big Foot" Wallace, the noted Texas scout, tells the following strange story:

In the year 1862 I was in the northwestern portion of Texas, a private in Company K, Duff's regiment, C. S. A., and stationed at Fort Davis. While on a scout two companions and myself became detached from our company, and camped on Providence creek, a few miles northwest of the fort. We were attacked at night by the Indians, my two companions killed, and our horses stampeded. I escaped in the darkness with only the clothes on my back, my revolver and bowie knife. The next morning while attempting to reach a pool of water in a rocky ravine I tri and fractured my left leg above the joint between ankle and knee, both bones being broken. At the edge of the water pool was a deposit of tough, tenacious wet clay. I bound my broken limb with my shirt torn in strips, and then plastered it over thickly with the clay, keeping the limb as quiet as possible, and frequently renewing the clay poultice. After the second day I experienced no pain from the fracture. During the first three or four days I suffered much from hunger. I used water sparingly, and kept my belt comfortably tight about my waist, which apparently afforded me relief from the griping pains that occasionally annoyed me. For one day, I think it was the ninth or tenth, I became slightly delirious, and was sufficiently so to banish from my mind that absolute rest of the injured limb was necessary. The twenty-first day after the accident I removed the bandage, and found, to my great joy, the broken bones were reunited. After a few efforts I raised myself erect, and stood on my feet, holding on to a little tree until I became satisfied I could trust the injured limb. It did so cautiously and easily, with the assistance of a forked stick that answered as a crutch, worked my way for several hundred yards, when I became exhausted and sought the shelter of a shelving rock where I soon dropped into a fitful sleep that I was aroused from by the howling of a coyote wolf, which was but a few yards from me. This did good him at him by my revolver as my nervous and exhausted condition permitted and blazed away, providentially killing him; then I cut his throat and sucked his blood until I had swallowed a pint or more, when I was compelled to stop by violent cramps in my stomach. After suffering untold agonies for an hour or more the pain gradually subsided, and I fell into a sound and refreshing slumber. This was the first food that had gone into my stomach for twenty-one days. When I awoke it was late in the night. An almost insatiable desire seized me to fill my stomach with the raw flesh of the wolf. I knew, however, it would be death to do so, and partially relieved my hunger by cutting and swallowing the flesh and only swallowing the juice. As soon as daylight appeared I collected brush and wood, made a rousing fire, and soon roasted the hams of the wolf, on which I subsisted for the next two days, swallowing very little of the flesh, but all the juice I could extract by constant chewing. During the two days I walked eight miles and reached the fort, where I was received as one of the dead. I was put in the hospital, and under the kind care and skillful dietary management of Dr. Arthur Stevens, surgeon, C. S. A., I slowly recovered my health and strength. My ordinary weight prior to my starvation was about 205 pounds. The second day after my return to the fort I weighed 126½ pounds. My height is six feet one and a half inches.

Facts in Human Life.

There are about 3,064 languages spoken in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. One quarter die previous to the age of seventeen, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half of the human species of the earth. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 hundred years of life; to every 100 only six ever reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,720 every hour, sixty every minute, or one every second. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct.

Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy to every 1,000 inhabitants. Marriages are frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the month of June and December 25. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-tenth of the population.

A Forest of Lightning.

The "St. Elmo's Fire," or electricity seen playing on the bayonets of marching armies, and around the spars and masts of ships, comes from the presence of a "charged" cloud in the air, from which the pointed objects draw the lightning.

A splendid instance of this same phenomenon was witnessed in the Jura at St. Cergues, where a whole forest of pine trees was seen to be aglow with light, like a phosphorescent sea in the tropics. A thunder-storm was raging at the time, and at every flash of lightning the illumination entirely disappeared, but soon shone forth again until the next flast came.

Before the appearance of this St. Elmo's fire, heavy rains had fallen and soaked the forest, so as to render it conductive of electricity, and the thunder-cloud overhead, heavily charged with electricity, had induced an opposite charge on the ground below, which discharged itself into the air by the pointed boughs and needles of the pine trees.

TWO TRAGEDIES OF NIAGARA.

The Death of Little Eva De Forrest—A Vain Attempt at Rescue.

More than twenty years ago Niagara witnessed a tragedy which, while of a heartrending character, was marked by an act of true heroism seldom equaled in grandeur. Mr. Charles Addington, a young man about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, was affianced to Miss De Forrest, both being residents of Buffalo. One day a happy party, comprising Mrs. De Forrest, Miss De Forrest, a younger daughter, Eva, a beautiful child five or six years old, and "Charley" Addington, as his friends were accustomed to call him, visited the falls. They crossed the bridge to Goat island, and, while resting under the trees, little Eva strayed away from the group, and approaching the bank of the narrow but deep and swift stream that rushes between Goat island and the small island lying between it and the American rapids, was amusing herself by casting sticks into the water and watching them as they were whirled swiftly away. Mrs. De Forrest, alarmed for her child's safety, requested Charley Addington to go after her and bring her back. Charley at once proceeded to the bank, and, thinking to give the little one a fright, approached her stealthily from behind, and, catching her under the arms, held her over the stream The startled child instantly threw up her little arms over her head, and instantly she slipped through young Addington's hands and fell into the rapids.

The realization of the horrible calamity must have come home to Addington's brain with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. He saw that his rash act had cost the child's life—that only one desperate chance of saving her remained—that the world was at an end for him forever. Tearing off his coat, he rushed along the bank until he had passed little Eva, who was kept afloat by her clothing; then plunging in ahead of her, he seized the child and desperately attempted to throw her up on the bank. As he made the effort he fell back in the rapids and was whirled over the small fall that intervenes between the American horseshoe falls. Little Eva struck the top of the bank, but all power had apparently gone from her, and she rolled back into the stream and was hurried to her dreadful fate. The mother and sister stood powerless and paralyzed with horror while the tragedy, almost instantaneous in its action, passed before their eyes, leaving its dark cloud hanging over all their future lives. Charles Addington had made no heroic atonement for his thoughtless and reckless act. His father—he was an only son—was in the habit of visiting the falls once a week for years after the tragedy, and he would sit for hours gazing at the spot where his son and little Eva had met their deaths. He became well known at the falls, and there were many who believed that he would need no pin from the fracture. During the first three or four days I suffered much from hunger. I used water sparingly, and kept my belt comfortably tight about my waist, which apparently afforded me relief from the griping pains that occasionally annoyed me. For one day, I think it was the ninth or tenth, I became slightly delirious, and was sufficiently so to banish from my mind that absolute rest of the injured limb was necessary. The twenty-first day after the accident I removed the bandage, and found, to my great joy, the broken bones were reunited. After a few efforts I raised myself erect, and stood on my feet, holding on to a little tree until I became satisfied I could trust the injured limb. It did so cautiously and easily, with the assistance of a forked stick that answered as a crutch, worked my way for several hundred yards, when I became exhausted and sought the shelter of a shelving rock where I soon dropped into a fitful sleep that I was aroused from by the howling of a coyote wolf, which was but a few yards from me. This did good him at him by my revolver as my nervous and exhausted condition permitted and blazed away, providentially killing him; then I cut his throat and sucked his blood until I had swallowed a pint or more, when I was compelled to stop by violent cramps in my stomach. After suffering untold agonies for an hour or more the pain gradually subsided, and I fell into a sound and refreshing slumber. This was the first food that had gone into my stomach for twenty-one days. When I awoke it was late in the night. An almost insatiable desire seized me to fill my stomach with the raw flesh of the wolf. I knew, however, it would be death to do so, and partially relieved my hunger by cutting and swallowing the flesh and only swallowing the juice. As soon as daylight appeared I collected brush and wood, made a rousing fire, and soon roasted the hams of the wolf, on which I subsisted for the next two days, swallowing very little of the flesh, but all the juice I could extract by constant chewing. During the two days I walked eight miles and reached the fort, where I was received as one of the dead. I was put in the hospital, and under the kind care and skillful dietary management of Dr. Arthur Stevens, surgeon, C. S. A., I slowly recovered my health and strength. My ordinary weight prior to my starvation was about 205 pounds. The second day after my return to the fort I weighed 126½ pounds. My height is six feet one and a half inches.

Facts in Human Life.

There are about 3,064 languages spoken in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. One quarter die previous to the age of seventeen, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half of the human species of the earth. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 hundred years of life; to every 100 only six ever reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,720 every hour, sixty every minute, or one every second. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct.

Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy to every 1,000 inhabitants. Marriages are frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the month of June and December 25. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-tenth of the population.

A Forest of Lightning.

"The St. Elmo's Fire," or electricity seen playing on the bayonets of marching armies, and around the spars and masts of ships, comes from the presence of a "charged" cloud in the air, from which the pointed objects draw the lightning.

A splendid instance of this same phenomenon was witnessed in the Jura at St. Cergues, where a whole forest of pine trees was seen to be aglow with light, like a phosphorescent sea in the tropics. A thunder-storm was raging at the time, and at every flash of lightning the illumination entirely disappeared, but soon shone forth again until the next flast came.

Before the appearance of this St. Elmo's fire, heavy rains had fallen and soaked the forest, so as to render it conductive of electricity, and the thunder-cloud overhead, heavily charged with electricity, had induced an opposite charge on the ground below, which discharged itself into the air by the pointed boughs and needles of the pine trees.

A Book of Beauty.

A New York publishing house has commenced work upon a subscription book designed to illustrate American beauty. This volume is to contain one hundred choice steel-plate engravings of living American women, remarkable for their beauty. Daintiest of letter-press, on highest grade of printing paper, is to explain the portraits of the one hundred beauties, and the binding is to be executed in the highest style of the bookbinder's art. Our large country is notable for the number of its beautiful women, and one hundred could not begin to do justice to the aggregate of American feminine loveliness. Who is to select the comely ladies, whose counterfeit presentments are to embellish the forthcoming volume of loveliness, is not stated. To say the least of it, the task is one of great delicacy, and, no matter how impartially performed, will be certain to give grave displeasure to the tens of thousands of acknowledged American beauties whose pretty pictures will not grace the volume. If the friends of the one hundred favored fair are numerous and chivalrous enough to subscribe for one or more copies of the work, the publisher may be satisfied, but the omitted beauties will not. Even the courageous canvassers for subscriptions to the book are deserving of general sympathy whenever they happen among a group of belles, not one of whom has been selected for the "Book of Beauty."

Ten or a dozen years ago an enterprising publisher issued a book of portraits of ladies called "Queens of American Society." The pictures purported to be likenesses of leaders of society, few of whom made any pretensions to surpassing beauty. We believe the novel work was a pecuniary failure; there was no dispute as to the social position of the leaders of society; but who can or dare decide as to who are the one hundred transcendent beauties of America's array of feminine loveliness? How that book will be praised and pitched into by the critics! how it will be pronounced charming and stupid by hosts of fair readers! how the publishers will be overwhelmed with indignant letters! but how American literature is to be benefited by so invidious an illustrated work we cannot for the life of us see.—*Printer's Circular.*

Honoring the Printing Press.

Says a contributor in the *Atlantic Monthly:* Saavedra, whose father was at one time president of the State of Trujilli, was sent abroad to study, with a number of young men, by the Venezuelan government. On returning to his country he resolved to devote himself to the education and elevation of his countrymen, preferring to begin his work in Bocono—far in the interior—and rejecting all proferred advantages, so tempting to young Venezuelans, he set out by friends in the larger cities who desired him to make a name for himself, and "not bury himself in the interior." He lives in the Cordilleras, in the most beautiful valley, full of trees, with three rivers, all large enough for boats, where the climate is a little cooler than in Caracas. When Saavedra returned from Europe he founded a society for recreation and progress, hired two large rooms and began to form a library. Each member gave a book or two, so that now they have 250 volumes and a number of periodicals. The library is open all night, and the workingmen go there to read.

Next, Saavedra proposed to buy a printing press. Immense enthusiasm. Everybody contributed: "eighty sencras and twenty senoritas," he says proudly. The money was sent to the United States, and they soon heard that the famous press was in Curacao. Then it was proposed to make a great fiesta in honor of its arrival. When they heard that the press was on the road and almost there, eighty people set out back over the road to receive it. There were thirty ladies, each with a small flag and a wreath of flowers. When they reached the cart with the press they covered it and the packages with the flags and flowers, and conducted it in triumph to Bocono. They dedicated the square with music and speeches, and in the evening met in the library. Imagine Isaac—by the way, never seen a printing press! The printer came from the capital, Trujillo. Saavedra says there was a breathless silence when the press was put in motion, and as the sheet was drawn out with the declaration of the independence of Venezuela printed on it, every one, ladies, gentlemen and the populace in the doors and windows, burst into cheers.

Aquatic Journalism.

The *Atlantic Daily* is the name of a four-page daily which Mr. J. H. Hartley, of Boston, began to publish on the steamship Devonia, off Sandy Hook. He had a case of type and a job press on board, and each day during the voyage he "set up" and printed his edition of 300 copies, regardless of fogs, storms and icebergs. He says that he set up about 10,000 ems a day. Once in a gale the deck was at an angle of forty-five degrees, but he strapped the "case" to the washstand and managed to dodge the press when it seemed to be making a center shot for his head. Here is one of the weather predictions:

"For the Devonian and adjacent States, rising and falling barometer, with a high state of pulse and low fever among late risers. Tendencies downward. Winds lateral. Thermometer variable, according to position of observer. Clouds light tulle, shading invisible green."

Three steerage boys were employed, but when the passengers called them "devils," they "struck," and could not be induced to work at any price. When among the icebergs of Newfoundland the ink froze up. Burlesque telegrams were printed and passengers expecting to be seasick were requested to "notify" the steward. Various jokes perpetrated by the passengers were printed, together with all the news—social, political, religious and nautical—of the voyage. The editor found much difficulty when he ran out of "sorts" and "em quads," as it was very far to New York and the walking was damp.—*New York Herald.*

Dampness in Houses.

Many householders are sorely troubled by the growth of fungi in damp rooms, to which they communicate, in a short time, an unpleasant smell and an unwholesome atmosphere. It is not only our cellars that are apt to be affected by fungoid growth, but the walls of the adjacent rooms, and many bedrooms on the ground floor are similarly rendered useless after a moist season. Many remedies have been proposed to destroy this fungoid growth, or to prevent its occurrence, but hitherto these remedies have been too expensive or totally inefficacious. Recently an alcoholic solution of five grammes of salicylic acid per litre of water for washing the rooms has been recommened. This is exactly one-half per cent., or one part salicylic acid for 200 parts liquid. No doubt the mold may be destroyed temporarily by this as by many other solutions such, for instance, as corrosive sublimate or carbolic acid. The true remedy is not this temporary expedient, nor attempting to hide the dampness by ename paints, etc.; it is to cut off the source of moisture, and to put the waterproof materials outside and not inside the walls.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

Curious Facts About Water.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of our highest mountains have many millions of tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of paris statue which an Italian carries through the streets for sale there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breath contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. and the other ninety per cent. of water.

If a man weighing 140 pounds were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seventy pounds of water would run out, the balance being solid matter. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and other elements, with nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water. In plants we find water mingled no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 175 days about 100,000 grains of water.

The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be accumulated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

The Proposed Sahara Sea.

A difference of opinion exists among European engineers in regard to the practicability of establishing a sea, as now proposed, in the great desert of Sahara, in Africa, the chief problem being, it would seem, how to keep it up. It is argued that, supposing the sea to be created by means of a canal, it will lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh. The water evaporated being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body will reach the maximum of saturation; and thus, the evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt will be formed which, in time, must fill up the whole space of the interior sea—the salinity of the water being such that no animal life would be possible in it, and the ultimate result being simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt. On the other hand, the projectors of the enterprise claim that the presence of this water, and its evaporation, must produce copious rains, which will in a large measure return to the sea, and thus not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert a sterile waste into a fertile country.

An Old Church in Virginia.

In 1710 a German Lutheran colony emigrated and settled in Robinson Valley, Madison county, Va. The little dell for the ground on which they built their church, still standing, and known as the "Old Dutch Church," was made in 1720. The stout timbers uplifted then are as stout as ever, and the mortar in the foundation has hardened to the consistency of stone. The audience room is cruciform in shape, with two side galleries and organ loft. The interior was somewhat changed about ten years ago. The high pulpit has been replaced by one of modern construction. In front of the pulpit, within the altar railing, stands the baptismal bowl of silver, "made and presented May 13, 1727, by Thomas Gifton of London." This inscription is found also on the communion service. In the loft at the rear of the church stands the pipe organ, presented to the congregation by Gustavus, King of Sweden. Its pipes have faded to a dull lead color. It was made more than 100 years ago at Lutzen, Sweden, under the direction of the king, expressly for this church, and is in a very good state of preservation. The keyboard is a complete reversal in point of color, those keys being black which are white in modern instruments, the raised keys being ebony, faced with ivory. The tone of the instrument is said to be still very good.

How it Feels to Drown.

When I gave up all hope in the water I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning all his past life comes before him and he suffers horrors of conscience. It was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie. I have always been told that death by drowning is the easies death, and yet here I am, suffering agonies of pain, and I remember wishing if I am to be drowned let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of slyness and dread come over me that I felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say they never entered into my head. If I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.—*Philadelphia Times.*

After Many Years.

Some excitement was caused at Mahoney City, Penn., recently, by the discovery by some boys of a number of old coins in a field. A very old man living there accounts for the coins as follows: In 1810, when the country was a wilderness, a country inn stood at what is now the central part of the town. A peddler stopped one day at the inn in question A hunter from New Jersey, named Bailey, was also at the house. When the peddler alighted, Baily carried in his saddle-bags