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Song of the Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, Oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

—*Longfellow.*

Greenwood Greetings.

The morning of the year
Flushes again these Northern glades. Awake,
Oh slumbering branches. The remembered cheer
And comradeship of other summers take
On your mute faces. Answer me again,
And tell your winter's dream of ecstasy or pain.

Then first the Maples stirred,
Their pendent blossoms trembling with delight,
And said: "The night is over. We have heard
The brook rejoicing in the breaking light,
The rapture of the rain
Over the lost arbutus found again;
The sod grows velvet green beneath our feet,
Homeward the robins fly, and life is warm and sweet."

The Pine tree flung
Its tassels to the wind, and proudly sung:
"I dreamed of lands where over leagues of ice
The skaters joyous flew; of spectral lights
Flaming along the skies in strange device;
Of reindeer speeding through the glimmering nights.
The forest trembled with old Odin's signs
Of stormy pain, but all undaunted sang the Pines."

The Elm returned:
"Of summer was my dream the long night through:
Of sunset fires where myriad roses burned,
To give their beauty back in morning dew;
Of interlacing boughs
Festooned in arches meet for lovers' vows;
And of the golden robin's nest that clung
Close to my heart, which throbbed whene'er the birdlings sung."

Rough-hooded Fir,
Way dost thou beckon to the Juniper
With signs of joy? Slow waved her rustling fan
As she replied: "I heard in my long dream
The mellow pipe, far blown, of jocund Pan,
Invisible by wood and valley stream.
He is not dead, the god of dell and grove,
And with him, ever glad, the Nymphs and Satyrs rove."

The Poplar trees,
With odorous buds all quivering in the breeze
Sighed: "Heavy was our sleep, and dark with gloom
The dreaded vision of the night. Of yore
The fated Poplar grew unto its doom,
And stricken, fell. Shaped from its shuddering wood
The Cross was fashioned. Now and evermore
That woe returns. The stain of holy blood
Our slumber haunts alway,
And every waking leaf still trembles with dismay."

The Willow's plume
Swept the warm sod with downy tufts of bloom.
Oh Willow, thou dost ever earthward gaze,
And sighs are all thy language. And the tree
Whispered: "I feel again the flowery days
Of a new year; but spring, the fair and free,
Cannot bring back the beautiful to me.
There is a sound of tear-drops in the rain,
Of mourning in the air. The lost come not again."

Ah! then the Cedars bent
Their glossy crowns, and spake with deep content:
"We have not slept or dreamed the livelong night;
In our dark mantles wrapped, we watched for light.
We are the faithful. In our spicy boughs
The breath of Lebanon forever flows.
Summer or Winter, Life or Death, may be,
Hope gathers garlands green from off the Cedar tree."

Oh kindred of the wood,
Lift up your heads, for now the sunrise beams
Scatter the mist of darkness and of dreams.
The world is made anew, and it is good!
A thousand voices herald summer's day.
Let us drink deep from Life's fresh fountains while we may!

—*Frances L. Mace, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE STOLEN WATCH.

CHAPTER I.

The stage stopped. Every man and woman in it knew at once what it meant. They had joked at the terrors of the journey before them in the morning. They had talked seriously enough, but bravely enough, too, of the possibility of danger ahead as they ate their dinners. They had laughed as much at supper as in the morning, but the laughter had been nervous enough to have been cries of terror instead of laughter. And now, with the moon just silvering the hills to the east of them, the stage stopped.

"Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and be lively; we have no time to waste."

One after another the passengers were robbed. The man who had talked loudest of his bravery, and of his utter contempt for those who would allow their money to be taken without a fierce fight, gave up his money and his excellent pair of self cocking revolvers without a struggle. The man who had talked of the investments he was about to make in the West, and who had boasted of his wealth all the way that day, was fervently cursed by the robbers, who found barely five dollars on his person. The lady who had spoken at least once every half-hour all day long of that wonderful person, "My husband, the colonel," and who had manifested an air of conscious superiority ever after she had informed the company, as she did very early on the journey, that her entire life had been passed on the frontier, fainted dead away. A young lady from Vassar, who shrieked a full five minutes when a spider ran across her hand in the morning, sanced the fellow who took her money, and actually asked him why he didn't take her, too. A black-coated, white-cravated gentleman, who had insisted on asking grace at each meal that day, stood and swore by turns in not less than five languages while the robbers did their work.

After all this, it wasn't to be wondered at that every one looked at the quiet, awkward little man, who had been laughed at more or less all day, to see how he acted under pressure. He was going to the gold fields, he said, to seek his fortune. When, therefore, the robbers took from him a larger roll of bank-bills than any of the passengers had ever seen before, they half forgot their own losses and the dangers of the situation in their interest in what was going on. The little man's shabby coat, which had prompted more than one unkind remark during the day, was opened, and a diamond stud of great value torn from his very plain shirt-front. At last they took his watch—a large old-fashioned thing, in a very brassy-looking case.

"See here, sir," he said in an even tone, and with more dignity than any of his friends of a day had ever heard in his tones, "see here; you have taken my diamonds and forty-five hundred dollars in money, and I have not complained, but I want to keep my watch. It was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine. I meant it to be my son's after me. Spare me that."

"It don't look worth much," said the man who had taken it, and he moved as though half-inclined to give it back.

The other robbers were "assisting" the passengers to their places in the stage; the little man and the robber were holding their parley a little apart.

"It's a good watch for all its looks," said the little man, sturdily, in the sincere tones of a person who will assert the worth of that he loves whatever may come of it; "but I want it for its associations, not for its value."

"A good timekeeper? Solid gold case?"

Both questions were asked contemptuously.

"A silver case, and plated at that, but as good a timekeeper as there is in America. It doesn't vary a second in weeks."

The robber opened the watch, and glanced at the works and the maker's name.

"I am considered a fair judge of watches. I've handled a good many in my time," and he laughed quietly, "and the evidence is all in your favor. I believe you—and I will keep it."

"You will keep my watch?"

"I said so."

"May its possession be an everlasting curse to you."

"Thank you. Come, boys," and the robber took the stolen watch from his pocket and pretended to look at the time, "we cannot entertain our generous friends any longer."

The indignity offered his watch in the pretense of using it may have stung the little man to sudden madness; he may have intended all along to fight for his precious watch if he had to. Be this as it may, as the robber slipped the watch into his pocket the little man drew a revolver from some concealed place which the robbers had overlooked, and fired at the man who had so wronged him—fired at scarcely half a dozen paces, and missed. It was all over in a minute. The little man lay in the road with his life running out from a half-dozen pistol ball wounds, and his face growing whiter and whiter under the cold light of the moon.

"Into the stage and off with you," was a command that did not need to be uttered a second time.

"On to your horses and we are off, too," was the second command, and its tones brought prompt obedience.

And the last words of the dying man floated after the stage and drifted down the wind to the ears of the fleeing freebooters:

"May its possession be an everlasting curse to you!"

CHAPTER II.

If the neighbors and acquaintances of Miguel Gordon had been asked why he was so popular with them the answers would have been varied. To the miners, pure and simple, his wonderful good luck in all his enterprises would have been sufficient reason. To those who loved manly sports and wild life, his horsemanship and marksmanship would have appealed first. Those who had rode by his side in the many fruitless quests for robbers and fugitives respected the simple and terrible earnestness of the man. Men who had families, and the women who lived with husband and children on the frontier, loved him for the love he manifested for his two children, Manuel and Manuela. Any man for miles around would have given time and money, would have even risked life itself for Miguel Gordon. Gordon worked in the little camp of miners among the hills. He never loafed, he never drank, he never quarreled. Once in two or three weeks he would ride to the settlement which had grown up around the railroad station thirty miles to the south, where he had a home for his children. The miners bought their supplies at this little place, and most of them knew Manuela and Manuel—knew them and shared their father's admiration for them.

Manuel was a slight and rather sickly youth of eighteen; Manuela was sixteen, and strong and handsome. The mining camp would have been proud to have them there. Every man in the camp would have constituted himself a protector of the children. But the father said the settlement at the station was better for them, and that settled it.

CHAPTER III.

The twilight had not brightened into day one morning when a man rode up to Gordon's door and roused him with a perfect hurricane of knocks. "Danger at the settlement and no time to be lost," was his summons. The note the swift rider had brought was short, but only too definite. Some friends of Gordon's had heard by accident certain rumors, and seen certain signs which had led to an investigation. Examination showed that Manuela Gordon was about to elope with a certain good-looking stranger who had won the most of the spare money at the settlement by his skill at cards. They were going on the train at 9 o'clock that morning. Some were for killing the handsome stranger; others for keeping quiet and having nothing whatever to do with the affair. A middle class, although small in number, had won the day, and the best rider of them all had carried the startling news thirty miles through the night to Miguel Gordon.

In five minutes Gordon and his friend were on their way back to the settlement. Little was said, but Gordon's face was pale and his hand closed and unclosed nervously around the rifle he carried.

In the long race before them time was important, and it early became evident that Gordon's friend could not keep up with him.

"Go on," said the friend, "and God grant you are in season."

Oh, the long miles of the road, the dreary, weary way he had to ride with his strong father love at his heart urging him on. But at last he thundered up to the platform at the station, and it lacked fifteen minutes of 9.

The men he knew looked curiously at him; women looked with pitying eyes into his as he fastened his horse and strode into the waiting-room, rifle in hand.

"Who is the man? Have you found out yet?" he asked of the man who had sent him the note.

"Jim Bragg, gambler, murderer and suspected stage robber. I had half a mind to shoot him myself as he stood making love to your daughter this morning and save the law a job in the future."

"The law won't need to exercise its power on him, and his future is short enough. When will the train come?"

"Didn't you know? The train has been gone fifteen minutes!"

The watch which Miguel Gordon had carried for a whole year—a year to a day—and which had not varied ten seconds in all the time before, was a half hour slow that morning, and had cost him his daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

Another year had slowly gone by. Miguel Gordon is more popular and more prosperous than ever. His daughter has never been heard from, and his terrible loss has aged him greatly. Still he is not entirely unhappy. His life is bound up in his son. He has brought Manuel with him to the camp now. Manuel uses his weapons, his tools, his horse. Father and son seem to be one. Whatever the son wishes the father gets for him. "He is a model father," is said of one, and "He is a model son," of the other. This morning they are working together among the ledges.

"We must put a blast here and loosen up the rock," said Miguel; "we can fire it from the house. I will light the fuse at exactly 12."

At 10 o'clock all is ready and the two men separate to go to other parts of the camp.

"At 12 o'clock we will fire it," were the last words of the old man as they parted.

"At 12—yes," responded his son.

When the shock of the great blast at Gordon's was felt every one in the camp or in the claims along the ridge looked up; and a half-minute later the whole camp was flocking toward the place of the explosion, for the old man, grown grayer and older in the last few minutes, was bringing down from the rocks a shapeless mass that had once been human. His watch was a half-hour fast that noon, and had cost him his son.

CHAPTER V.

A slight young man stood in the largest saloon of which the mining camp could boast, and slowly finished his story.

"Three years ago and more since he left home, and we have never traced him to a certainty. The man who was killed three years ago to-night, when resisting the robbers a half-dozen miles east of your camp, may have been my father. The description is fairly accurate. But I never expect to know certainly whether it were he or not."

Every new-comer was expected to tell something of his story, and young Johnson had told his with simple directness, ending as stated above.

An old man, with sad look and snow-white hair, but straight and strong yet, entered the room, walked to the bar, drank, took a large, old fashioned watch from his pocket, looked at the time, and walked over to the stove.

"Any errands over to the station this afternoon?" he asked. "I am going over on horseback for some light supplies."

The saloon man answered in the negative, and the old man walked out.

Johnson turned toward the barkeeper with a face like marble and eyes like fire, but asked a couple of very simple questions nevertheless.

"Was that the Miguel Gordon I've heard so much about?"

"Yes."

"Is there any stage in or out to-night?"

"Yes; the stage from the East should be in at 9 o'clock."

An half-hour later Miguel Gordon rode away toward the south. A half-hour after that young Johnson stood in the center of the saloon with an excited crowd around him.

One man said: "We've tried to catch these robbers often enough, and have failed. If the youngster is wrong it is only one failure more. The stages have been stopped about once a month for the last three years. There is one chance in thirty by the theory of probabilities."

It had been suspected that this man had once been a scholar and a teacher. He was called "the Professor" yet.

Another man objected: "We don't know this boy. It would be lucky if it all ended in only failure. How do we know it isn't all a trap for us?"

"Likely to be that, isn't it, with the boy along? He'd scarcely try that," said a third.

"We've never gone without Gordon before," said another; "whatever will he think of us if we go now without him?"

"It can't be helped this time," said the barkeeper, "and I vote we go."

And it was so decided.

Johnson's proposition had been a strange one. It was that, starting at 3 o'clock, they should ride hard and meet the stage from the East as far to the east as possible; that the women and children should be left behind, together with any male passengers who might show a lack of pluck; and that as many of them as the stage would hold, fully armed and ready for the attack, should ride into the little mining town that night. He offered no reason, but simply said that there would be an attempted robbery.

The moon had been up an hour. The night was silent and calm, and would have seemed lonely enough to the driver of the stage but for the strange load he carried that night. The stage was crowded with men armed with heavy navy revolvers—and men who knew how to use them.

The "Professor" was half-dozing in his corner and muttering something about infinity and zero; the man who had distrusted the boy, Johnson, was so far asleep that he might have been trapped or betrayed. The stage turned a curve in the road and stopped just where it had three years before.

"Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and be lively; we have no time to lose," came the quick, nervous command.

The driver's heart might almost have been heard to beat in the silence for one long moment, and the next there was a volley from the well aimed arms of those within the stage, and with a cheer that might have been heard for miles, the miners sprang down to meet the robbers who had puzzled and defied them for years.

The wild shots of the astonished outlaws did no harm, but they went down under the fierce onslaught of the miners like grain before the reaper.

In five minutes the avengers were in a position to solve the mystery fully. Of the half-dozen dead men only one was known to the miners; the rest were strangers. The puzzle was unsolved still. But, no, a dozen rods away young Johnson stood, revolver in hand, over the robber chief who had fallen only when the last ball had been fired. In his hand was a watch which he had taken from the dying bandit.

"It was my father's," said Johnson, with a sob.

"It has been an everlasting curse to me," groaned the prostrate man, with his last breath.

The watch would never run again, for the ball that carried death to the one who stole it had destroyed the watch as well.

A miner snatched the mask from the robber's face, and the reason why the attempts to capture the villains had always failed was no longer a mystery. For, framed in with the well-known white hair was a well-known face, and the dead eyes which stared up at him glared from beneath the ashen brow of Miguel Gordon.

The following test is given by the French Academy for distinguishing false gems from diamonds. If the point of a needle or small hole in a card, when seen through the stone, appears double, the stone is not a diamond. All colorless gems, with the exception of the diamond, cause double refraction.

WISE WORDS.

The height of meanness is to exult in its success.

One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors.

Neither worth nor wisdom comes without an effort.

Grief has been compared to a hydra; for every one that dies two are born.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

The most brilliant fortunes are never worth the litteleness often required to obtain them.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

There is pleasure in contemplating good; but the greatest pleasure of all is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier in proportion to the number of dear ones who have to help to bear it.

Sanctified thoughts, made conscious of, and called in, and kept in awe, and given fuel that burns not, are a water for Satan's coal.

Duty is the voice of God, and a man is neither worthy of a good home here or in heaven that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause.

Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for when truth is not at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.

A Bear Festival.

On arriving at the scene of the ceremony the visitor found about thirty persons, chiefly residents of the place, assembled and dressed in their gala costumes, which consisted chiefly of old Japanese brocaded garments. From the commencement to the end sake played almost as prominent a part as the bear himself. The guests sat around the fireplace in the center of the host's hut, and an offering was first made to the god of fire. This was done in this wise: The Ainos, who were all seated, raised their left hands, holding a drinking vessel to their foreheads, while the palm of the right was also elevated slightly. A small stick lying across the cup was then dipped in the sake and the contents sprinkled on the floor to the fire god, the stick being then waved three or four times over the cup. A formula was uttered by each person present and the sake drank in long draughts, the stick being meanwhile employed in holding up the mustache. A similar ceremony then took place in front of the bear's cage. This was followed by a dance around the cage by the women and girls. Offerings of drink were then made as before to other gods, and finally the bear was taken out of his cage by three young men specially selected for the purpose. The animal was killed by pressing the throat firmly against a large block of wood. The body was then cleaned and placed neatly on a mat, food and drink being laid before it, and ornaments of various kinds being placed on its ears, mouth, etc. Mats were spread around the bears, the guests took their seats on them, and the drinking commenced. This continued for some time, until the Ainos sank in a state of helpless intoxication on their mats. The women in another part of the village mean time amused themselves with various dances, which Dr. Scheube describes at length. The following day, as a rule, the debauch is continued. The body of the bear is then cut up in such a manner that the hide remains attached to the head. The blood was collected in vessels and drank by the men. The liver was cut out and eaten raw. The rest of the flesh was distributed among the partakers of the feast. The writer states that, although hardened in a certain sense to the sight of blood, he could not look without horror on the sight of the drunken crowd, with their faces and bodies smeared with blood. The skull of the bear, stuffed with charms, is placed in a sacred place on the east side of the house, and the mouth is filled with bamboo leaves. It is then always preserved and venerated as a sacred object.—*Nature.*

A Celestial Prisoner.

Although Mrs. Tsun, the Chinese minister's wife, receives no visitors and never leaves the building occupied by the legation, she is, I hear, very cheerful, as she has always been accustomed to seclusion. Her husband has two nephews here, lads of fourteen and nineteen years of age, respectively, and they are permitted to see her, as according to the Chinese etiquette a husband's younger brothers and his nephews may see his wife, but no other of his male relatives. These nephews are very intelligent, and although they came only in December already speak English well. They attend school here and have made great progress. Mr. Bardett, the American secretary of the Chinese legation, has a wife and daughter who, because of his connection with the legation, are permitted by the minister to call on his wife, and when they do so converse with her through his nephews. It is a rigorous custom in China to seclude a lady of rank. Mrs. Angell, the wife of our minister to China, who was recently here with her husband, mentioned that during her four years' residence in China she never saw a Chinese lady of rank. The wife of the viceroy, who lives in one of the larger Chinese cities, has been immured in her house for several years because there is no one in the place where she lives of high enough rank for her to call upon. The only other lady in the empire on whom the viceroy's wife could call is the empress, who lives at Pekin, where the viceroy's wife does not live.—*Washington Letter.*

Leaf from the Czar's Diary.

Got up at 7 A. M and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelled so strongly of Prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my slipper, but luckily shook it before putting it on. Just before stepping into my carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M., and made Baron Laishchounowonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theater and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

SECRETS OF SPACE.

An Albany Boy Achieving Fame by Discovering a New Comet—How the Discovery was Made.

"Surprised? Well, I rather guess I was," said Mr. Charles S. Wells to an Albany *Argus* reporter, in the sitting-room of the Dudley observatory residence, when he was asked about his discovery of a new comet at an early hour the previous morning, and the news of which had been flashed from one end of the country to the other. "I was dumbfounded, or found dumb would probably be more literally correct. I'll tell you how it was. I had been at work all night sweeping the heavens for strange objects, my special desire being to find a comet. To say that I expected to succeed would probably be putting it too strongly. I hoped to. Early in the evening I came across a strange object, and for a moment or two my hopes ran high; but like many hundreds before it proved to be only a faint nebula, and I went back to work again. Along about 4 o'clock in the morning, just as I was preparing to give up the search for the night, I perceived in the constellation Hercules an object that made my blood tingle in every vein. At first I could scarcely believe my senses, but there it was before me. With my heart playing a lively tattoo against my vest I proceeded to take hasty observations, and, after doing so, ran as fast as I could to Professor Boss' residence, a few rods away, for the purpose of having him also observe it. I scrambled down the arbored walk in the darkness, I don't know how, and reaching the front door pulled the bell lustily. My impatience grew unbearable, when, after several minutes had passed, no one answered. All was still as death. Then I began to set up what might be not inappropriately termed an Indian war whoop and dance, without tomahawk and scalping knife, but this was equally ineffectual. I could stand it no longer, and so, determined not to lose any more time, as daylight would soon be upon me, I ran back to the observatory with a deadly fear that the object would be gone. But no, it was there still, and I proceeded as best I could under the natural excitement to record carefully its position."

"What instrument was you using?"

"Well, that's a point I wanted to speak of. Usually when searching I use what is known as the 'comet seeker,' a comparatively small instrument, but last night I had the largest telescope in the observatory, and it is very fortunate I had, too, for with the seeker it is very doubtful if I would have made the discovery."

"Was the night clear?"

"Exceptionally so. In fact, there are not, perhaps, more than three or four nights in a whole year so favorable for astronomical observations as was last night. That is one of the reasons I was working so late."

"Where was it located?"

"Its right ascension at that time was seventeen hours fifty-two minutes, north, declination thirty-two degrees, thirty minutes. The rapid approach of dawn precluded any elaborate preparations for accurate observations. The position of the comet was several times ascertained by what are technically known as 'pointings' which will prove sufficiently exact for the purposes of preliminary calculations hereafter."

"How large did it appear through the telescope?"

"About as good a comparison I can perhaps make is with the moon. Its length is about one fifth of the diameter of the moon, and its width about one-fifteenth. One of the first peculiarities I noticed was a bright point of light, evidently a star of small magnitude, on the edge of the comet. On returning from my effort to arouse the professor I again looked for this star, and found that it was a considerable distance away from the edge of the comet, showing that it was not a nebula, as I feared, but was moving rapidly in space."

Professor Boss, who was present, said: "The new object is what would be termed by astronomers a bright telescopic comet. It possesses a nucleus or central condensation of light equal in brightness to a star of the eighth magnitude, and has a tail five minutes or more in length. It is, therefore, a full-fledged comet, and notably unlike the usual appearance of comets at first discovery. If it shall prove that the new comet is approaching the earth, it is likely to become an object of more than ordinary interest. As nearly as could be ascertained by Mr. Wells in the short interval before dawn the comet is moving in a northeasterly direction through the sky, at a rate not exceeding one degree daily. From this fact it might possibly be inferred that it is moving more or less directly toward the earth; but we consider this only an inference upon which a decision will be reached only after three complete observations, of position, on different nights. The position in which the new comet appears is sufficient to establish the fact that this is not the long expected comet of 1812; in fact an eminent French astronomer in correspondence with the Dudley observatory predicts that the comet of 1812 will not make its appearance previous to 1884, if as early. It is not probable that the new comet is visible with the naked eye, but without doubt it can be seen with a good opera glass. It rises in the northeast at about 9 30 P. M., and is at that time directly below Vega and about ten degrees from it. It may be looked for between Mu Herculus and the bright star Vega at about one-third of the distance from the former star.

Advertising in Paris.

Paris at present is certainly not a whit behind London and New York in the way of public advertising. Gigantic posters sprawl in the most prominent spots; hideous red carts covered with the name of some retail establishment, a score of times repeated, prowl about the streets; villainous dabs offend the eye on scaffoldings; banners bearing the "strange device," "Peerless Hair-wash," or some such other wretched nostrum, stretch across the broadest streets; even the pavements are decorated with the inlaid names of firms and patent medicines. Lately the police interfered to prohibit the promenading through the streets of advertising camels. As to the voiture-announces, that variegated vehicle will soon be quite left behind by a new electric-lighted advertising cabinet. The camels, however, are about the best thing in advertising thus far brought out. If the animal kingdom is to be pressed into the service of the vile race of "puffers," whom some jaundiced haters of the present state of society would wish to annihilate with one breath, we shall at least be able to see a greater fitness of things than has hitherto applied in the noble advertising art; polar bears will shuffle about with a specimen of winter furs upon their own backs; elephants would display the finest specimens of ivory and rattlesnakes would be the best vehicle for attracting attention to a new system of alarm bells.—*American Register.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The gastric juice of dogs is always strongly acid.

Artificial vanilla can be made from the sap of the pine tree.

Granulated sugar is adulterated with ultramarine, sulphate of tin and alum.

The friction of a belt is claimed to be double as much on wood as it is on iron.

M. de Quatrefages recommends permanganate of potash as an antidote for snake poison.

Where the tide moves in all at once from the ocean the phenomenon is called an eagre or bore.

Silver is the most perfect reflecting metal, absorbing less than three per cent. of the rays of light.

Gold is nineteen, mercury thirteen and lead eleven times heavier than the same proportion of water.

Russia claims to have phosphate deposits large enough to fertilize all Europe for an indefinite period.

The *Journal of Science* says: "Mr. C. E. Varley, the eminent physicist, has patented an improved divining rod for ascertaining the presence of metallic veins underground."

From observations covering a period of three years M. Feye, of Detmold, found that lightning struck annually 25 7 oaks, 4 7 beeches, 1.3 other large leaved trees, and 11.3 conifers.

The Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh! you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that he "Really didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh! that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry." And she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There, now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a gold ring. You had better take three or four slices; it will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake; that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady," smiling sweetly. "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice!" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose"—

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands, as he handed her a $1 bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at last two chances," and his $1 bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you're mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope; open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a great, heavy man, like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What!" said the youth, "one dollar? Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table.

"Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower-counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go; I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrapted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if I ever visit another fair, may I be blamed!" he ejaculated, as he counted even his cash to see if he had the car-fare to ride home.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

There is a new process of raising fish where the eggs are placed in large glass jars which are constantly fed with streams of fresh water conveyed through rubber tubes. By this method it is estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the eggs can be hatched. In two hatcheries at Toledo and Sandusky, Ohio, 50,000,000 white fish fry have been raised this season.

The crown prince of Germany can boast of 65,536 ancestors.

UNDER THE BED.

Times When It Has Concealed the Oft-Looked-for Burglar.

The man under the bed does not always prove a myth. Perhaps it is an actual fact that women who pray look for him more regularly than others of a less spiritual turn of mind; when the good woman kneels at the bedside to offer her devotions it is the most natural thing in the world for her to first explore that historic territory and satisfy herself that no concealed burglar is listening. It is also a well-authenticated fact that a pious woman in the suburbs of London did discover the legs of a bold, bad housebreaker sticking out just as she began her petition. She did not shriek, but went on with a prayer for that particular sinner that would have melted the heart of a Newgate thief. I wish that it might be added that he was converted on the spot, came out and was pardoned and afterward married the petitioner. But truth compels me to add that the good woman was interrupted in the most solemn part of her prayer by a peal of laughter from the graceless young brother who had enacted the part of a burglar.

More tragic was the story of the lady who, traveling alone, stopped at an inn and mentioned the fact that she had been followed and watched by a villainous looking man with a shock of red hair, who she feared had designs upon the valuables she carried with her. As nothing was seen of him at the inn, she retired for the night, carefully locked the door, and was soon in bed, leaving a light burning in front of a mirror! No sooner was her head on the pillow than she had a distinct view of the man with the red hair crouching under the bed. She made no sound, but reached softly for a scarf she had laid near, made it into a running noose, and waited. The next morning when her servants broke open the door, they found the lady sitting up in bed, grasping with both hands the noose in which she held the fearful weight of the dead man; she had strangled him, but was herself a raving maniac, from whom reason had forever gone.

Some time ago a prominent judge in Birmingham, N. H., was found murdered in his own house and no clew to the murderer. It was immediately after an adverse decision he had made in a case of great importance, and the murder was supposed to have been instigated by a desire for revenge, but as all the parties were respectable people it was impossible to fasten the guilt on any one. The judge was a widower, and lived alone with the exception of a young daughter and the servants. This daughter was beautiful, and on the evening in question had returned home from a ball at a late hour and gone directly to her own room, where she stood before her mirror taking off her jewels. As she diffoss, she held her white and rounded arm above her head, and conscious of its beauty said aloud: "What a beautiful arm!" little thinking the idle remark of such consequence as it proved to be in the tragedy that followed. The girl both saw and heard her father's murderer, but as he was masked failed to distinguish his features, but always declared she should know his voice if ever she heard it. Several years passed, and in another city she was standing in a crowd observing some passing sight, when she was conscious of the curious regard of a stranger who stood near. Looking at her with a singular intensity, he made this remark: "Oh, the beautiful arm!" She knew the voice in an instant, and throwing herself bodily on the man, denounced him as her father's murderer. He was arrested, tried and convicted, and told how he had lain hidden under the bed and heard the idle remark of the young girl which she herself had been scarcely conscious of. He had recognized her on meeting her, and involuntarily betrayed himself, as he had been a stranger and an unsuspected party.—*Detroit Post.*

A Chinaman's Funeral.

The funeral cortege was formed at the undertaker's rooms, where a large number of Chinamen gathered shortly before 2 P. M. to pay their last respects. The remains were exposed to view for the last time. Chung was dressed in his best frock, trousers, white stockings and soft sandals, and had on even the broad-brimmed soft black felt hat which his people are so fond of wearing. The remains were inclosed in a rosewood casket, surmounted with silver handles. On the plate were inscribed in Chinese hieroglyphics his name and the fact that he was thirty years old. When the lid was closed the mourners became quite cheerful and chatty, and in a very short space of time a score of Celestials were en conced in four hacks and followed the corpse to Mt. Hope cemetery. The cortege went at a lively jog, the mourners dropping along the streets little bits of paper of various colors all bearing Chinese characters. The pieces of paper are supposed to bear implicit directions showing the way the deceased should reach heaven, as well as prayers for Chung's safety. The cemetery was reached with little delay, and the mourners were soon kneeling around the grave. The burial rites were then begun, and consisted in the burning of a basketful of paper, of all colors, in the bottom of the grave. On these papers were printed further instructions and prayers for the guidance and safety of Tung Chung on his celestial journey. The body was soon lowered and the casket sprinkled with rice water. The mourners then carried lighted tapers of paper, during which the grave was filled in. The mound formed to mark the spot where Chung lay was decorated with little sticks resembling miniature rockets, and these were soon lighted. They were placed around the grave with the purpose of affording Chung candle light should darkness overtake him on his journey to the spirit land. The mourners continued to burn papers, and built a fire at the foot of the grave, on which they placed chickens, pork and rice, to be used by Chung, should he get hungry. Wine was also placed at the grave, so that, at all events, Chung should not suffer from thirst. These ceremonies concluded the mourners returned to the carriages and were driven to their respective wash-shops. The remains of Tung Chung will be disinterred in a few years, and what may then remain of him will be subjected to the boiling process at the Harvard Medical school. The bones, after being dried and scraped, will be surrendered to his associates here and by them sent to China.—*Boston Herald.*

Seven prehistoric human skeletons, evidently belonging to the tertiary period, have been found in a cave at Steeten, on the Lahn. Important results are likely to follow this discovery.

The supervisors of San Luis, Obispo county, Cal., have ordered one ton of squirrel poison, to be distributed gratuitously to citizens whose ranches are infested with these pests.

HEALTH HINTS.

What to do for a Sick Headache.—Don't take a cup of strong tea, a dose of "blue mass," or anti-bilious pills; but if you have an attack of genuine sick-headache, the whole head aching as though it would split, the temples throbbing, the tongue coated, and mouth tasting bad, no appetite, more or less nausea, and constipated bowels, drink a pint of warm (not hot) water. Keep drinking until free vomiting is induced, thus washing out the stomach and relieving it of its load of decomposing, undigested food. Next take a hot enema, apply hot fomentations to the bowels and drink freely of very hot water. A fomentation about the head or between the shoulders will usually relieve the headache very much. Eat nothing for twenty four hours, and afterward live upon fruits and grains, avoiding meat, butter, pastry, sugar, sauces and all indigestible foods.

Food.—The chief meals of the day should be breakfast and dinner, and they should be served regularly. All food, both flesh and vegetable should be well cooked, not eaten in a partially raw condition. For heavy work the best drink is a quarter of a pound of oat meal well boiled in two or three quarts of water, with an ounce and a half of sugar added. Beer or alcoholic drinks should be altogether avoided by young persons, and should only be taken in a diluted form, with food, after the day's work is done. Liebig's essence of beef is recommended as the best stimulant of a ready kind for fatigue; strong tea or coffee coming next to it. As to young people it is mentioned that factory children between thirteen and sixteen years of age were found to grow four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper, as on tea and coffee. When food is given too hot to children, it damages their teeth. For the opposite extreme, old age, the food should be very digestible and small in quantity. Very old people should be always spare in their diet.

Indian Agriculture.

One day at the Yanktonian agency, I cated on the corner of Poplar creek and the Missouri river, I besought a chief that he dicker with me for a head of lettuce and a few bunches of radishes. I should say his farm was about fourteen feet long by seven wide, and looking from the farm to him it was difficult to decide which presented the greater aspect of fertility. But he was a chief and a man of land, and must be approached with mingled respect and alms.

"No, comrade," he replied, with an air of stately grace, "the Great Spirit has hold of the other end of those plants, and they don't come up till he shoves them." (Not his exact language, but a free translation.) I pointed out to him that the whole business was going to seed; that in a few days longer they would be unfit to eat, and his whole crop of ninety-eight square feet would be ruined, unless he dug it up and found a market.

Thereat he knocked me down with an unanswerable argument:

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