

MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

MARGARET SANOSTER.

In the bound of mine own inclosure
The flowers are fair to see;
But the rose in my neighbor's garden
Is fairer than all to me.

So white and tender and stately,
So gemmed with sparkling dew,
This rose that blooms for another
Is the sweetest ever that grew.

My heart to its grace and beauty
Goes forth as to a shrine;
And I sigh to its mystical fragrance—
"If it were only mine?"

And yet if not my neighbor,
But I, in fee and thrall,
Hold all that marvelous glory
On the other side of the wall.

I might, perhaps, grow weary
Of its royal pomp and grace,
And love with my love some daisy
With a shy, uplifted face.

For since the gates of Eden
Were shut on Adam and Eve,
The flowers we have are never
So sweet as those we leave:

And rich within my garden
Though many a flower might be,
The rose that bloomed for another
Might seem the best to me.

Romance of the Border.

Monte Kate fell dead at Lozier, a small station on the Texas Pacific, one day last week. Everybody on the southwestern frontier knew Monte Kate. She has prominently figured as a border character for the past twenty years. I never met any one who knew her real name or aught of her antecedents. I saw her for the first time here during the summer of 1868. She was then the talk of the town—brilliant, witty, young, divinely beautiful and possessed of an abundance of money which was liberally supplied her by the countless friends the witchery of her smile had won to her side.

She had just come in from one of the frontier posts, and was scattering her money right and left. She had sumptuous apartments at the best hotel, drank the costliest wines, ate the very choicest of viands, and drove about the Alamo City in a naughty little phaeton, drawn by a pair of mettlesome "pied" ponies. I saw her every day for two weeks. One evening on the military plaza she passed me as I was strolling with a friend along the bouquette.

"A pretty woman," I observed.
"Yes," replied my friend, "that's Monte Kate. She's been here about three weeks on a regular spree. Yesterday the sheriff attached her ponies and carriage for debt, and she was forced to give up her apartments at the hotel. She has a friend out at one of the frontier posts and she has sent for him to come to her relief. He has to do it every time she comes to the city. He'll be here to-morrow, pay her debts and take her back with him. Next day she'll make another big stake and she'll come in here to spend it. She'll never let up until she's dead broke, and then she'll go back to her game and drink nothing until she's 'way ahead.'"
"She runs a game then?"
"Yes—monte. That's how she got her name. She's the slickest dealer on the frontier."

The next morning I went down to the depot to see a friend off. On the platform at the station was huddled a little group, a man, evidently a German, his sick wife and three children, the youngest a baby, who was crying piteously. They were on their way to New Braunfels, and were out of money. They had no friends, and no one there seemed to think it his duty to inquire into or attempt to alleviate their sufferings. The woman, who was young and had an interesting face, was moaning pitifully, and the poor husband tried to console her, while great tears rolled down his cheeks and dropped on the wasted hands of his helpmeet. My friend made some inquiries from one of the bystanders about them, and was going to order their removal to some place where the sick woman could receive proper medical attention when a street hack drove up and Monte Kate alighted. Her cheeks were flushed and she walked unsteadily. The crowd about the poor family caught her eye and she came toward it. When she saw the man's tears and the big, hungry eyes of the children, and the wan, thin face of the mother, her womanly sympathy was aroused. She pushed her way forward, and addressed the man a few words in his native tongue. He wiped his eyes with his hand and replied, and for several minutes they carried on an animated conversation. Suddenly Kate faced the crowd and her eyes flashed with scorn.

"You're a fine lot of suckers, you are!" she cried. "Here's this poor man, with a sick wife and starving children, been lying on this platform ever since yesterday, and nobody in all the city had heart enough to throw them a bone or a crust of bread. You call yourselves Christians. I am glad I ain't, but I've got a heart, and I can't see a dog suffer. All of you have money in your pocket. I haven't—I'm busted; but I think I can raise a few dollars."

She was very much excited and began tearing the rings off her white fingers. She called the hackman up, add-

ed earrings, a long chain, a costly watch, a necklace of pearls and a diamond breastpin to the lot and poured them into his hat.

"Sam," she said, "take these up to Isaacs' and get all you can on 'em. Tell him I want the money for a particular purpose. Drive like the devil, and I'll see that you're paid."

She walked back to the side of the wretched German as the hackman drove away, and kneeling down, whispered a few words of encouragement into the ears of the sick wife. The woman's face brightened; she said something in a low tone to her husband, and he dried his eyes. The children crowded about and stared at the beautiful, richly dressed woman in open-mouthed, open-eyed wonder. It made a very pretty picture, and the crowd looked on in silence. Presently the hackman returned, and, jumping from the carriage, placed a roll of notes in Kate's outstretched hand. Without looking at the amount she passed it over to the German. He fairly capered with joy, and the sick wife would have kissed their benefactor's hand. Kate prevented this act of homage and drew pack with something like a flush of shame on her face.

"No, no," she cried, "not that."
"Under her directions the family were removed to a cheap boarding house near and a doctor was summoned to attend the sick woman. The crowd cheered and the train came in. A man among the passengers joined Kate and the pair drove off together in a hack.

The next time I met Monte Kate she was behind the monte table at a frontier post, deftly manipulating the thin, gaudily colored Spanish cards. It was just after pay day, and judging from the size of the "bank" spread out on the table before her, she had made a big winning. It was very cold outside, and the abode casino was full of that heterogeneous crowd to be found only on the frontier—soldiers, gamblers, cowboys, scouts, Mexicans, rustlers, Indians and negroes. In the back-room a ball was in full blast, and the clink of the gambler's ivory chips kept time to the music of the asthmatic orchestra. Contrary to all precedent, Kate was beginning to drink before her game was closed, but she apparently knew how much to take, for she was cool and collected, although several empty champagne bottles on the window ledge beside her, bore evidence to the fact that her libations had not been governed by any great amount of temperance. A gambler explained her unusual indulgence:

"Poker Bill was killed last night at that table yonder," he whispered, "and Kate's been drinking ever since."

Poker Bill was Kate's latest friend and her backer at monte. She desired to treat the house and called all hands up. One alone remained behind; he wept at the stove. Kate went to his side and learned his story. He was a poor vanquero, who made a scanty living for a large family of little children "riding the range," on a big stock ranch. That morning his little son, ten years old, while riding a broncho pony had been thrown by the animal, and when picked up it was found that his leg had been broken.

"I ken in hyre arter ther doctor," concluded the man, beginning to cry again; "but he 'lows ez how he won't go out thar for less than \$100 an' I ain't got that much money. Jimmy, thet's my boy, mum, is cryin' an' takin' on terrible with pain, an' I don't know what to do."

"I reckon the doctor will go out," said Kate very quietly. "I think I can induce him to go."

Then turning to a Mexican who worked about the casino, she ordered him to saddle a couple of ponies and bring them around to the door. She said to the vanquero:

"You shall be here when I come back to guide us out to your camp. I'm going out too."

She buckled a belt about her slim waist and thrust into it a pair of 45-calibre six shooters. When the ponies came up she put two bottles of wine in one of the saddle pockets, and wrapping herself in a heavy serape, mounted one pony, and, leading the other, rode off in the direction of the post. The vanquero followed her. We saw nothing more of her that night but the next morning the whole story came out. At the muzzle of her six-shooters, she had forced the obdurate surgeon to mount the led pony, and guided by the overjoyed vanquero, had conducted the man of medicine to the poor fellow's camp, and had remained there until the leg had been properly set. Of late years poor Kate went to the dogs.

A special meeting of the Western Nail Association was held here. After a full discussion of the situation it was decided to make no change in the card rates, and it was decided that the mills should continue in operation until November 5, when all factories will close until December 3.

—Every christian should be a man of courage and constancy, true to his convictions, and ever ready to stand up for the right in the face of every foe.

Recent Legal Decisions.

1. DRIVEN WELLS—PUBLIC USE—KNOWN USE.—2. SAME—REISSUE.—Nelson W. Green, a Colonel of New York Volunteers in the late war, to give the men of his command pure water devised, in his own mind, a method by which this could be done. He first explained his idea to his drill-squad and afterwards to the officers of his regiment, and it was this: To drive a rod sharpened at the end through the ground into the water-bearing stratum, and inserting in the bore a tube through which the water could be drawn by any ordinary style of pump. A test of this method was made successfully in 1861 on the place of Green, and in the same year on the Fair Grounds at Cortland, New York, at the expense of one Graham, who had a contract to supply food and other necessary articles to the soldiers encamped there. This well was used generally by the men in camp, and by G. and his employees. In 1868, Green procured a patent for this invention and in 1871 had a reissue thereof, in which he claimed as his invention the creation of a vacuum in the lining of the well for the purpose of using the pressure of the atmosphere to bring up the water. In a suit—Andrews vs. Hovy—brought in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Iowa for an injunction and damages for the infringements of this patent, the defendant first, denied that Green was the inventor of the driven well; second, averred that if he were the inventor he had abandoned his right to a patent by allowing a public use of the invention for more than two years before the granting of the patent; and, third, that the claim under the reissue was broader than in the first patent. On the trial the foregoing facts were shown, and it was also proved that this method of driving wells was used at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1849, and at Independence, Missouri, in 1851. And it was also shown that the original invention did not claim the creation of the vacuum and the effect of the atmospheric pressure. Judge Shiras in dismissing the bill said: "1. Whatever may be the intention of the inventor, if he suffers the invention to go into public use through any means whatever, without an immediate assertion of his right, he is not entitled to a patent; nor will a patent then obtained protect his right. 2. It is shown that in 1861, at Independence, Missouri, a tube was driven into the water-bearing stratum and by a pump attached to the tube, water was drawn through it, in an apparently inexhaustible quantity. This might be treated as a mere isolated experiment, which would not be held to defeat the right of an independent inventor. But in 1849 and in 1856 E. W. Purdy, a witness in this case, as he testifies a well-maker in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and he used iron-rod about two inches in diameter and coupled together. The first rod was sixteen feet long, with its lower end made for a drill, and it was worked in the earth by being run over a gin-pole; and so the earth was displaced. Then four-inch tubing was driven into the opening as the boring progressed. No soil was removed from the ground except where quicksands were struck. A long sheet-iron bucket, with a valve at the bottom, was employed to bring up the quicksand. When the water was reached if it did not come to the surface a pump was attached to the tubing which formed the lining of the well. Purdy testifies that he drove a number of these wells—some of them to the depth of sixty and 100 feet. We must confess that we cannot see any substantial difference between these wells and those made by the Green method. 3. It is urged that the great merit of Colonel Green's invention consists in the discovery of the effect of the vacuum created. According to the view we take of the original patent, it did not cover or describe the application of this principle. It follows, therefore, that the reissue embraces the application of an important and material principle not found in the original. The rule is well settled that a reissue can be validly granted only for the same invention which was originally patented. If the reissue goes beyond this, and covers other and different inventions or improvements suggested by the use of the original invention, it will be void."

SHIPPING—NEGLIGENCE—OPEN HATCHWAY AT NIGHT.—S. was employed as a deck hand on a steam barge belonging to H., and at night, while he was executing an order of the Captain commanding the vessel, he fell into an open hatchway, where no light had been put by the porter, as was his duty, and he was injured. In the action—Surrey vs. Holt—brought in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Ohio to recover damages, the plaintiff got a judgment for \$4000. A motion was made for a new trial, on the ground that Judge Welker had erred in charging the jury, but the motion was denied, Judge Baxter concurring with Judge Welker in his view of the law. The charge was as follows:

"The plaintiff can only recover by showing that the defendant, through the negligence or improper conduct of his agents on the vessel, caused his injuries. Negligence is the failing to do what a reasonably prudent person would ordinarily have done under the circumstances of the situation, or doing what said person under the existing circumstances would not have done. If the plaintiff so far contributed to the injury by his own negligence or want of ordinary care or caution, that but for such negligence or want of care he would not have been injured, he cannot recover. The defendant was bound to use ordinary care in guarding the hatchway at night, and he cannot relieve himself from his liability to his employees by showing that it was the duty of the porter to place lights upon the vessel and about the hatchway, if they were left open, and that as he was a fellow-servant with the plaintiff he must suffer for his negligence. In performing his duty in regard to such lighting of the vessel he was the agent of the defendant, and his negligence is the negligence of the defendant."

ACCIDENT INSURANCE—INVOLUNTARY ACTION—UNCONSCIOUS CONDITION OF MIND.—In an action to recover the weekly indemnity upon an accident policy—Schneider vs. Travelers' Insurance Company—the complaint stated that "when it was quite dark, and while he was in a dazed and unconscious condition of mind, and not knowing or realizing what he was doing, he involuntarily arose from his seat and walked unconsciously to the platform of the car, and without fault on his part, fell therefrom to the ground, and was thereby injured." The company insisted that they were not liable for this casualty, as it was not accidental, but the result of the action of the plaintiff. The trial court sustained this position of the defendant, and the plaintiff appealed to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, where the judgment was reversed. Judge Orton in the opinion said: "It is not necessary to wander away and get lost in 'that wilderness more dark than groves of fir on Huron's shore,' the wilderness of mind, to ascertain the precise condition of the mind of the plaintiff as stated in the complaint, when the accident occurred; and it is useless to speculate as to the remote causes of that condition—whether drunkenness, utter prostration, somnambulism, brain disease or derangement of faculties—beyond, aside or in contradiction of the complaint. The allegations of the complaint show a cause of action against the company. What occurred happened, it is stated, while the plaintiff was unconscious, and that his action was involuntary. These are the strongest words which could be used to negative self-implication, design or voluntary exposure, which are the only conditions material to the case which exempt the company from liability. In respect to the causes of this mental condition of the plaintiff it must also be accepted as true that he went to sleep from weariness and the motion of the cars, and never awoke to consciousness or volition until the injury had happened. It is evident that he was entirely irresponsible."—*Phila. Record.*

Suggestive.

KEEPING FLOWERS FRESH.—All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist, fresh and cool. If people, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them up in a wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be too heavy, and crush the blooms too much, and besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily.

CAGED BIRDS.—Never let a bird cage hang in a room where the gas is slight, unless it is exceptionally well ventilated; the air near the ceiling is always the most impure at night. Set the cage on the floor, and you will find the bird's health improves. After the gas has been alright for some time, put your head near the ceiling, and see how you would like to sleep in such an atmosphere.

HOW TO WASH SPANISH LACE.—I saw a fish which a friend cleaned which looked almost as well as new. She put ammonia into water sufficient to make it feel slippery, and soaked the lace in it over night, then squeezed (not rubbed) it out, rinsed, and pressed it slightly. A trifle of sugar added to the last water is better than starch.

THE ORDER OF FLOWERS.—The odor of flowers sometimes comes from the petals, as, for instance, from the petals of the rose. The petals or floral leaves of the rose give out an odor long after they have been gathered. This is not the case with most flowers. A recent writer has called attention to the fact that the sweetest carnation is odorless soon after it is cut, as are most of the sweet flowers used in cut-flower work. The mignonette and heliotrope were supposed to be exceptions, but as these continue to open new flowers when cut and placed in water, it is probable the odor comes only from the opening blossom.

Scientific.

—At Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock the year round.

—In melting coarse gold, blow the fire to a great heat and stir in the metal with a stick of carbon, or the long stem of a tobacco pipe to prevent honey-combing. If steel or iron filings get into gold while melting, throw in a piece of saltpeter the size of a walnut; it will attract the iron or steel from the gold into the flux; or sublimate of mercury will destroy the iron or steel. To cause gold to roll well, melt with a good heat, add a teaspoonful of sal ammoniac and charcoal, equal quantities, both pulverized, stir up well, put on the cover for two minutes and pour—*Jewelers' Journal.*

SAFETY FROM LIGHTNING.—Col. Parnell, late of the Royal Engineers, furnishes the English press with the results of his investigation of some six or seven hundred lightning accidents, and gives seven rules for safety during thunder storms. Reduced to its simplest terms his advice to people who are caught out in storms in which there is lightning, is to avoid all shelter. He says the safest plan is to lie down flat on the ground till the cloud be past. Most people under such circumstances will continue to unscientifically make for indoors, however, or even for an awning, if such shelter be handy.

AN UNFADING INK.—Rain water, 1 pint; galls, bruised, 1½ ounces; green copperas, 6 drachms; gum arabic, ten drachms. The galls must be coarsely powdered and put into a bottle, and other ingredients and water added. The bottle, securely stoppered, is placed in the light (sun if possible) and its contents are stirred occasionally until the gum and copperas are dissolved, after which it is enough to shake the bottle daily, and in the course of a month or six weeks the ink will be fit for use. Add 10 drops of carbolic acid to the contents of the bottle, as it effectually prevents the formation of growth of mold, without any detriment to the quality of the ink.

ENORMOUS SIZE OF SUN SPOTS.—A single spot has measured from 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter, in which, as will be readily seen, we could put our earth for a standing point of observation, and notice how the vast facular waves roll and leap about the spot, and also how the metallic rain is formed from the warmer portions of the sun. In June, 1843, a solar spot remained a week visible to the naked eye, having a diameter of about 77,000 miles; and in 1857 a cluster of spots covered an area of nearly 4,000,000,000 square miles. When we call to mind that the smallest spot which can be seen with the most powerful telescope must have an area of 50,000 miles, we can readily see how large a spot must be in order to be visible to the naked eye. Pasteroff, in 1828, measured a spot whose umbra had an extent four times greater than the earth's surface. In August, 1858, a spot was measured by Newhall, and it had a diameter of 58,000 miles—more, as you will see, than seven times the diameter of the earth. The largest spot that has ever been known to astronomy was no less in diameter than 153,500 miles, so that across this you would have placed side by side 18 worlds.

Mirth.

—When a river is in its bed, its only covering is a sheet of water.

—A paradox: Nearly all our domestic arts are of foreign production.

—A philosopher who had married a vulgar girl used to call her "brown sugar;" because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

—"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

—The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit: "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

—"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy, at the foot of the class, spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon. He holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

—Charlie went to see the apple of his eye the other evening, and, after a proper amount of affectionate conversation, said: "I'll give you a pair of earrings, dear, if you'll earn them by letting me bore your ear." "Haven't I earned them already, then?" queried the fair object of his affections.

—Growing up with the country: "It is ten years since Johnnie went West," said the old man, wiping away a tear, "and it is just nine years and six months since he was hanged and planted." "Planted," repeated a sympathetic friend, "so's he could grow up with the country, I suppose."

—A small woman, dressed neatly, walked around the city hall park in

New York city on Saturday, with a number of bootblacks at her heels. On her right side a card about six inches by four was slung by common twine from her shoulder so that it hung at her hip. On it had been printed in ink with a stub pen: "I am a widow, worth \$20,000 and I want a husband." She had come at a bad time. The public offices were closed, and the politicians were at Saratoga. She had no luck in the park, and she set out for Wall street.

—A good story is told of a groceryman in this city, showing what a thorough faith he has in his wife regarding household affairs. A faithful servant-girl had worked in the family for a number of years. One day she was sent to the store to get some groceries. She went to the store of her employer and gave the order. The package was done up, when she said: "You can put these down," "Who shall I charge them to?" said he. "Why," answered the girl, "don't you know me?" "No," said he; "who shall I charge them to?" Said the girl somewhat abashed, "I live at your house; I'm your girl." "Humph!" came from the proprietor, "is that so? Well, take the things and go on, then."—*Kingston Freeman.*

He Guessed It.

"I don't know," said the thin Chicago drummer, with the tight pants and toothpick shoes, as he sat in front of the Grand in the most killing attitude, "why all your Cedar Rapids ladies gaze at me so. Don't you have any handsome men of your town here?" "Oh, yes, we have a few," said the druz clerk.

"Then why do they eye me so closely? I've made more mashes sitting right here than I ever did in any town before."

"Yes. But I don't think these were mashes you made here exactly."

"Well, what makes them eye me so closely, then?"

"I tell you what I think," said the clerk; "the women here have all the croquet fever, but they can't get mallets to suit them. They are probably thinking what nice, light mallets your legs would make if they were cut off and dried, and, with your feet left on the end, they could shut their eyes and strike and never miss a ball. They'd sweep off every ball on the whole ground."—*Des Moines Free Press.*

The Sharpest Blade He Ever Saw.

The following dialogue took place on the Ohio Railroad:

"Hallo, stranger, you appear to be traveling."

"Yes, I always travel when I'm on a journey."

"I think I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very like; I've often been there?"

"Mightn't your name be Smith?"

"Well, it might—if it wasn't something else!"

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present, five foot nine."

"Do you calculate to remain here some time?"

"Well, I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave!"

"I reckon you were born in New England?"

"Well, my native place was either there or somewhere else."

"You travel as if money were plenty with you."

"Well, I might have more, and be richer."

"Have you anything new?"

"Yes, I bought a whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you're the sharpest blade I ever saw on this road."

How He Stretched Himself.

Now that Tomb Thumb is gone old anecdotes are of course expected. One which is not well known here is told in France of a country notary who made a journey of 300 miles expressly to see the little man. Arriving by mischance too late for the last public exhibition, they told the notary at the place of exhibition that he had some chance of seeing Tom Thumb at the hotel whence the Barnum Company were soon to depart. He came however, even there too late, and being shown to Tom Thumb's former apartment, he found in the sitting-room a latter arrival in possession. Unaware, of course, of the evanishment of the former tenant, or of the installation of the later one, he knocked at the door. "Enter!" responds a stentorian voice. "Monsieur, I should like to see Tom Thumb." "I am he, monsieur." The notary is nonplussed, for the man who addresses him is a giant of six feet two, with a formidable moustache. "Mon dieu, monsieur! I beg pardon, but they told me you were of a stature of a statute quite lilliputian!" "In public eyes, monsieur; but when I am alone I take my case a little, you know." "Oh, exactly, monsieur, I understand. Oh, certainly. Good morning, monsieur." The notary goes away in meditation.