

WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veiled brows shall fall
This haggard cloud, this wearying thral,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Till my spirit's sight shall see
Into all being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my Spring,
And life drags on with broken wing,
Believing that a kinder fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!
The Summer of the soul is long,
Its leaves its yet shall round me throng,
In perfect pomp of sun and song,
In stormless mornings, yet to be,
Till pluck, from life's fall-fruited tree,
The joy to-day denied to me.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.
"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"
"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your ma is coming already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy, I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it for awhile, in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work. Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale blue-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble weeds went flying by, turning over and over with lightning-like rapidity; then pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along, mile after mile, till some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hand, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, frightened eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?
Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames dashing high into the air, a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her. Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger; but it was possible to escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the house and barn, still, if she hurried too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with all it hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon, either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half-beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce, hot tongues; then suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell bound, after it, as it darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes; and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort, she sank, faint, dizzy and trembling upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face, and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hand, brown hand—a brave girl!

Napoleon's Method of Questioning.

Prony, with his hair nearly in my plate, was telling me most entertaining anecdotes of Bonaparte, and Cuvier, with his head nearly meeting him, talking as hard as he could, not striving to show learning or wit—quite the contrary—frank, open-hearted genies, delighted to be together at home and at ease. This was the most flattering and agreeable thing to me that could possibly be. Harriet was on the off side and every now and then he turned to her in the midst of his anecdotes and made her so completely one of us, and there was such a prodigious noise nobody could hear but ourselves. Both Cuvier and Prony agreed that Bonaparte never could bear to have any but a decided answer. "One day," said Cuvier, "I nearly ruined myself by considering before I answered. He asked me 'Ought we to introduce beet sugar in France?' 'In the first place, sire, we must think of the colonies.' 'Shall we have beet sugar in France?' 'But, sire, we ought to study the subject.' 'Bah! I will have to ask Bert-hollet.' This despotic laconic mode of insisting on learning everything in two words had its inconveniences. One day he asked the master of the woods at Fontainebleau, 'How many acres of wood here?' The master, an honest man, stopped to recollect. 'Bah!' and the under master came forward and said any number that came into his head. Bonaparte immediately took the mastership from the first and gave it to the second. 'Qu'arrivat il?' continued Prony. The rogue who gave the guess answer was soon found cutting down and selling quantities of the trees, and Bonaparte had to take the rangership from him and reinstate the honest hesitator.

Rice, Bark and Silk Paper.

Rice paper is a material so delicate and filmy that at the first glance one would think it ill adapted to receive writing or printing; but it is much used for those purposes, and we have seen a beautiful little volume composed of and filled with exquisite paintings of flowers. It is made from the pith of a leguminous plant, which the Chinese import from India, and the island of Formosa, where it grows in abundance. The pith, having been prepared of the desired length for the sheet, is cut spirally into a thin slice, which is then flattened, pressed and dried. It obtains its name by receiving a sizing wholly or principally of rice water. The similarity of this process to the preparation of papyrus is so striking as to render it probable that it was suggested by it.

Bark paper is made from the smaller branches of a variety of the mulberry tree. The bark, after being separated from the stem by boiling in lye, is macerated in water for several days; the outer part scraped off, and the inner boiled and stirred in lye until it separates. It is then washed in a pan or sieve, and worked by the hands into pulp, which is afterward spread on a table and beaten fine with a mallet. It is next placed in a tub with an infusion of rice and a root called oreni, and all thoroughly mixed. The sheets are formed by dipping a mold made of strips of bullrushes confined in a frame into the vat. After molding, the sheets are laid upon one another with strips of red between. A board loaded with weights is then laid upon the pile to express the water, and when that is accomplished they are separated and dried in the sun. This paper is even more delicate than the rice; so much so that when it is necessary to write on both sides of a page two must be glued together. Supposing, as the natural order seems to suggest, that the rice paper was the first and the bark the second made by the Chinese, we have here the first appearance of the pulping process in the manufacture. The bamboo paper, made from the fiber of that plant, reduced to a pulp and gathered in films, is, however, very ancient, and possibly older than the bark.

The silk paper is the victim of a misnomer, arising from the misinformation of early travelers, which it has been found almost impossible to correct, for it is commonly believed to be made of a few silken rags, or a little refuse silk may occasionally be mixed with other material, they cannot by themselves be reduced to a pulp suitable for making paper. The silk paper of China is made, like our own, from cotton and linen rags, hemp, unmanufactured cotton, and the like, sometimes mingled with wood and bamboo pulp, and possibly with a little silk. They are then bleached, and by natural maceration of twelve days' duration converted into a pulp. This is made into balls weighing about four pounds, which, having been saturated with water, are spread upon a frame of fine reeds and pressed under heavy weights. The drying is completed by suspension of the sheets upon the wall of a proper room; and they are finished by being coated with gum size, and polished with some smooth, hard substance. The sheets are sometimes of very large dimensions—reaching twelve feet in length with a corresponding breadth, the molds being managed by the aid of pulleys.

Santa Rosa.

The little schooner Santa Rosa arrived in San Francisco from Santa Barbara a few days ago. She comes up to this city twice a year to secure provisions, clothing, lumber, etc., for use on Santa Rosa Island, being owned by the great sheep-raiser, A. P. Moore, who owns the island and the 80,000 sheep that exist upon it. The island is about thirty miles south of Santa Barbara, and is twenty-four miles in length and sixteen in breadth, and contains about 74,000 acres of land, which are admirably adapted to sheep-raising. Last June Moore clipped 1,014 sacks of wool from these sheep, each sack containing an average of 410 pounds of wool, making a total of 415,740 pounds, which he sold at 27 cents a pound, bringing him in \$112,249, or a clear profit of over \$80,000. This is said to be a low yield; so it is evident that sheep-raising there, when taken into consideration that shearing takes place twice a year and that a profit is made of the sale of mutton, etc., is very profitable. This island is divided into four quarters by fences running clear across at right angles, and the sheep have not to be herded like those ranging about the foothills.

Four men are employed regularly the year round to keep the ranch in order and to look after the sheep, and during shearing time fifty or more shearers are employed. These men secure forty or fifty days' work and the average number of sheep sheared a day is about ninety for which five cents a clip is paid, thus \$4.50 a day being made by each man, or something over \$200 for the season, or over \$400 for ninety days out of the year. Although the shearing of ninety sheep a day is the average, a great many will go as high as 110, and one

man has been known to shear 125. Of course every man tries to shear as many as he can, and owing to haste frequently the animals are severely cut by the sharp shears. If the wound is serious, the sheep immediately has its throat cut and is turned into mutton and is disposed of to the butchers, and the shearers, in the habit of frequently inflicting such wounds, is discharged. In the shearing of these 80,000 sheep a hundred or more are injured to such an extent as to necessitate their being killed, but the wool and meat are of course turned into profit.

Although no herding is necessary, about two hundred or more trained goats are kept on the island continually, which to all intents and purposes take the place of the shepherd dogs so necessary in mountainous districts where sheep are raised. Whenever the animals are to be removed from one quarter of the island to another the man in charge taking out with him several of the goats, exclaims in Spanish "Cheva" (meaning sheep). The goat through its training, understands what is wanted, and immediately runs to the band and the sheep accept it as their leader, following wherever it goes. The goat in turn follows the man to whatever point he wishes to take the band. To prevent the sheep from contracting disease it is necessary to give them a washing twice a year. Moore, having so many on hand, found it necessary to invent some way to accomplish this whereby not so much expense would be incurred and time wasted. After experimenting for some time he had a ditch dug 8 feet in depth, a little over a foot in width and 100 feet long. In this he put 600 gallons of water, 200 pounds of sulphur, 100 pounds of lime and 6 pounds of soda, all of which is heated to 130°. The goats lead the sheep into a corral or trap at one end, and the animals are compelled to swim through to the further end, thus securing a bath and taking their medicine at one and the same time.

Death of George The IV.

So his useless, burdensome life, voluptuous and petty, magnificent and mean to the last, passed on. In these, his last days, he was friendless, and would have been alone save for his paid sycophants. All his life he had posed as a fine gentleman, and had found many to believe him such; he had dressed himself in gaudy stuffs, had worn 5,000 beads on his hat, and had invented a new buckle for his shoes; his bows outrivalled those of his French dancing master, his smiles were pronounced irresistible, his deportment graceful itself; but behind this outward show all was false; the puppet, perfect in its dress and movements, was stuffed with bran, and there was no trace of heart, honor or manhood to be found in its composition. He lied to and deceived men; he flattered and ruined women; was insincere to his friends, cajoled and cheated his creditors, hated and imposed on his Ministers, and burdened his people in the days of commercial depression by boundless extravagance. With prize-fighters, jockeys, tailors and money-lenders he was familiar; but the petty German pride he inherited never permitted him to be friendly with his aristocracy. Such he had been through life, and now that his last days had come, none were found to regret his inevitable death. On the night of June 5, 1830, having said his customary visits to the Marchioness (Lady Conyngham), he retired to bed, without feeling any symptoms of illness; but at two o'clock he suddenly awoke in great agitation and called out for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller was soon by his bedside and raised him up. "They have deceived me!" he whispered fearfully, his bloated face wild from terror, his whole frame quivering; then came the terrible cry, "O, God, I am dying!" and with one short gasp he fell back dead.

Accidents from Overloading.

The frequent accidents which have lately occurred on various railroads in this country on account of broken rails are a theme of general discussion in railroad circles here. When the roads used iron rails accidents were of much less frequent occurrence than they are now with sixty-pound steel rails. The accidents are therefore not believed to be due to the inferiority of the rails now in use. Railroad officials all agree that the rails are as good and strong as can be procured, but the trouble is, that the practice of overloading cars has become too common, and that the rails cannot bear the heavy strain they are subjected to. Formerly a common carload was ten tons. Now this has been gradually increased to 25,000 pounds. The only remedy is believed to lie in reducing the tonnage loaded on a car. The present maximum amount, 25,000 pounds, is believed to be much too large and it is claimed that no more than from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds should be allowed to be loaded into a car. It is probable that a meeting of railroad managers and superintendents of the various railroads in this country will soon be held to take this matter into consideration and try to provide means by which a remedy for this serious evil can be effected.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood 90; 60 years, 60.

The Need of Rest.

There was an unusual amount of illness this autumn of the type known as "nervous prostration." It is prevalent among hard worked people, who have been deprived of the needed summer rest and relaxation, men who carry their business home with them at night, and women who are worn out by domestic cares and worries. It is very strange how much we are told about food, clothing, ventilation, draining, exercise, and other things which have an influence on our health, and how very seldom we think of rest. And, as a remedial and restorative measure, it is of the first importance in many cases. Most physicians know what to do and when to do it, but a good deal of common sense is required to discover, how not to do something, and when to let the patient alone. A combination of drugging and fretting kills more than half the sick people in the world; a man's enemies cannot do him near so much damage as his friends. The world is possessed with the notion that when a man is taken ill a terrible ado must be kept up, an alternation of nursing and fussing; while preternaturally wise and whispering doctors, sympathizing friends, tearful relatives, and chattering nurses add their contributions to the wrong side, and all because somebody is ill and needs chiefly rest. We have not yet, most of us, gotten rid of the old notion of the ancients that disease is a personality, a something that is in the air, that travels about, enters our dwellings and finally seizes hold of us, something akin in the minds of the ignorant to a goblin, ghost, fiend, demon or witch, which only pills or potions can exorcise, kill or cure. We are confident that many a sensible physician will say, if the patient will let him, that two-thirds of all the maladies of all the people in the world would get well in a few hours or days, if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. But patients often estimate the doctor's skill by the wonderfully wise look which he assumes, and the extent or variety of his prescriptions: and a sick man's friends hate to be unsympathizing, and so are apt to be officious. It is to be understood, of course that we are not speaking of extreme cases, but of the treatment of most of the ills which flesh is heir to—the troubles which come upon overworked men and women, so many of whom we find all around us in this pushing, competitive age. Their best remedy, if they can take it, is rest. If that be impossible, we can only pity them.

How Russian Girls are Courted.

Love is the same the world over, but "courting" is managed very differently in different countries. Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar—the first Whitsunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years, she is taken to the Petersburg summer garden to join the "bridal promenade." This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession; followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons, dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side. However, every now and then some young fellow slips out of his proper rank and adds himself to the line of the girls on the other side, speaking to one particularly. The parents of the girl join in the conversation in a few moments, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man. Generally the old folks have talked it well over before, but on this occasion every one pretended to be surprised. On the next day a female confidant calls on the girl's parents and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet and argue about the portion to be given with the girl. If this is not satisfactory all is at an end, if it is what is expected the betrothal takes place.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur mat and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another. The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well brushed locks. As they arise bridesmaids sing a wedding song. The guests each bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is handed about and some one says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetening being supposed to be provided by this kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this:

"Farewell, happy bridegroom, but return to be still more happy."

Courting time has now begun. Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present which is always something good to eat—generally cakes or sugar plumbs. He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the

gifts of the bridegroom, which must include brushes, combs, soap and perfumery. On receiving these, the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away and wash her, dress her hair and perfume her pocket-handkerchief. Thus touched upon she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the lady. She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back. They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek church, and the old folks never go to the wedding dinner.

Those eternal bridesmaids, whom they must hate by this time, are there, however, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride pulling off her husband's boots to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms generally hide jewelry or money in their boots, which the bride may take possession of as balm of her pride. After the wedding day the parents begin to give feasts and keep it up for a week, and it is not until all this over that the "young couple" see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them and give them each a present.

Life in the Manitoba Woods.

The loggers are hurrying into the woods. One of them tells a reporter the story of a logger's day. He says: "The first thing to be done in the fall is the building of a shanty, which is generally constructed of logs, roofed with lumber. This is fitted up inside with bunks for sleeping purposes, in which hemlock or spruce brush is commonly used as bedding. The chinks between the logs are packed with moss and chips, and the shanty is heated by means of what is called a 'caboose,' or open fireplace, from which the smoke makes its exit by an opening in the roof. The cooking is generally done by a man, who is often paid the highest wages in the camp. The fare consists of barrel or rattlesnake pork, beans, potatoes, dried apples and such game as the men find in the woods. A shantyman doesn't get much time to loaf around the house. Every morning two hours before daylight the foreman's 'Hurray boys!' is heard, and a few minutes after the whole shanty is alive. Some are greasing boots, fixing helves, and grinding axes, while others are performing their ablutions and running their fingers through their hair as a sort of apology for combing. Breakfast over, the different gangs set out to the scene of their work, which in some cases is from four to five miles from this shanty, and as work is always commenced by daylight, you can easily see we have no chance to be late risers. The men work all day, merely resting to devour their dinner, which is generally eaten frozen or half thawed by the side of a log fire. About dark a start is made for the shanty, which is reached long after dark. Supper eaten, the weary men 'bunk in' and are soon asleep."

A Wonderful Clock.

The most astonishing thing in the way of a time piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In the front of the clock's disk was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out of the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all, and then fell to pieces.

Picture.

The exhibition of the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, is likely to be unique of its kind. In all the number of works promised is now about 160, enough to fill the space at the disposal of the projectors. This means not merely 160 Sir Joshuas, but 160 of his finest productions, as the list from which the applications were made was very carefully prepared. Some important works the committee of management have not, indeed, succeeded in obtaining, but there are still hopes that the owners may be induced to reconsider their disinclination to lend pictures which will otherwise be missed by all serious students of the great painter's work. There have been a good many exhibitions of his work for the last ten years or so at the winter shows in Burlington House, but a really representative exhibition has not been held since the year 1825, when about 220 of his works were collected and shown in the British Institution.