

THE CRICKETS.

October's listless moon is slowly drifting
Athwart the eastern sky,
Casting her silvery shatters o'er swaying tree
Whose trunks in shadows lie.
The night wind scatters perfume o'er the
meadow
Of tardy blossoms sweet,
And softly rustles in the fading hedges
That guard the quiet street.
From sombre field, from shadowy hedge
and hollow,
I hear the crickets' call;
It floats across the perfumed moonlit silence
In ceaseless rise and fall.
In springtime, when the birds, with liquid
warblings,
Across the meadows dart,
I know not wherefore, but bright, tender
leafflets
Of hope burst in my heart.
But as the crickets' patient, dreary chant-
ing
Floats o'er the meadows brown,
Blasted and torn, without their full fruition,
The dead leaves flutter down.

EZECH ELCHANAN.

It was on a day of the Carnival, when
fun, and even pretty rough fun, was
indulged in, that a drunken officer of
the king's army staggered through the
Jewish quarter of Cracow. It was
with difficulty he kept his feet; and
occasionally, as he went along singing
in an unsteady voice or loudly cursing
the Hebrews, he would enter a mer-
chant's stall and pull its trembling
occupant out into the street and strike
him with the flat of his heavy sword.
His hatred for the Jews, which had
been inaugurated and augmented by
service under Hetman Bogdan Ehmelnitzki,
in the Ukraine and in Galicia, where
thousands of that unfortunate
race had been mercilessly butchered,
turned, however, to a brutal liking for
their wives and daughters when they
appeared. To these he displayed his
gallantry by pulling away the frontlets
of such as came within his reach, or
by tearing the silk caftan that enveloped
some pretty form. He would catch a
trembling Jewess roughly by the arm
and pollute with his brandy-laden lips
the sweet, red, pleading mouth inno-
cently turned up to him, and before he
would leave the frightened creature he
would slap her tender face with his
big, rough hands and cry: "You are
pale, Rebecca, but I will paint your
pretty cheeks."

The Jews feared this brute, not for
himself, but for the troops he could
call to him in a moment's time, and for
the harm he could do through them.

He staggered here and there, and at
last came to the house of the merchant
prince, Jonas. Here the door was sud-
denly closed upon him and locked; but,
Luna, the pretty daughter of Jonas,
was unfortunate enough to show her
lovely face, just beginning to bear the
beauty of young womanhood, and the
man had instantly formed an idea. In
a moment he was at the window, where
he had seen for an instant the fright-
ened face. Luna, trembling with fear,
hid herself behind some boxes of mer-
chandise. Without a moment's hesita-
tion the besotted Pole broke in the
window, and, crawling through the
sash and trampling under foot the pro-
strate form of the merchant, caught
Luna by her long, black, silken hair,
and dragged her, half-fainting, toward
the well.

"I'll christen you," shrieked the
drunken brute, "and then, by the ar-
rows of holy Sebastian, you'll be my
wife."

"Away! away from his violence!"
cried the Jews in the streets and from
their windows.
The excitement was at its height.
The drunken wretch had dragged the
screaming girl to the brink of the well
and was about to throw her into the
deep, freezing water, when, with a
startling cry, a young man of twenty
dashed out of the crowd, and rushing
toward the fainting girl clasped her
about the waist and tore her from the
hands of the heartless persecutor.

It was Ezech Elchanan, Luna's brave
lover, a scholar of the order known in
those days by the name of *Bachors*,
whose members devoted all their life,
mind and labor to the study of the
Mosaic law, the Talmud and the
Cabala. All the Jews knew him, and
he was a favorite of all.

With a string of horrible oaths the
Pole turned on him. "What business
have you to interfere, soulless dog of a
Jew!" he cried.

"Give me back the girl! Dare not
to touch me," quietly answered Elchanan,
his black eyes flashing, "and don't
come near this maiden."

"You threaten me, unbeliever?"
shrieked the officer, wild with rage,
at the same time striking at the brave
youth.

His only answer, and the last he ever
received, was a terrible blow on the
head from the fist of Ezech. The Pole
tumbled and fell, and lay motionless on
the ground.

Instantly the cry came from all quar-
ters; "Is he dead? Has he killed the
brute?"

Ezech turned the man over, looked
into the pale, upturned face for a mo-
ment, then said quietly, "He is dead.
So be it."

"Loud cries of fire filled the air;
windows closed, doors banged, locks
were sprung, and soon not a soul was
to be seen. Ezech carried the fainting
Luna, pale as a lily, to the house and
into this chamber, where he placed her
tenderly on a couch.

"Oh, Ezech, what have you done!

what have you done!" cried the weeping
girl, covering her streaming eyes with
her hands.

"I have saved your honor, your life,
at the sacrifice of a heartless murderer,"
was the proud answer of the brave
lover.

"You have done right, my hero, my
own," said the girl, bravely drying her
tears, "but what will become of you,
oh, what will become of you? If they
find you here they will pull the house
down to get you; and oh, to think of
my noble champion being torn asunder
on the rack!"

"I must escape from here," answered
the young man.

"But how, and where to?" asked
Luna.

"Help me out of Cracow and I will
manage the rest," said Elchanan.

Luna thought for a moment, then
called her father and her old servant.
While the father shaved Ezech, the
daughter sheared him of his beautiful,
black, curly hair. The servant was
sent to kill some poultry. Then they
put on the young man a faded head-
band, an old working-woman's dress
and a large threadbare caftan. The
servant soon returned with a large
basket, containing several killed geese.
The transformed Ezech took this on
his arm, and Luna led him out a back
way to the street. It was not a mo-
ment too soon. Scarcely had he time
to kiss his sweet-heart's soft, red lips
and whisper a fond good-by, when there
was a noise that shook the house, the
front door flew open, and a body of
soldiers rushed in and demanded the
murderer. While the men were search-
ing and swearing through the house
Elchanan, the old goose woman, made
his way safely to the river, and was
taken across to the opposite shore in a
boat. Here he soon met a farmer's
team. The farmer could not withstand
the pleadings of a tired old woman, so
he allowed Ezech to ride with him in
the wagon. Without further advent-
ure he finally reached the capital city
of Warsaw, where at some merchant
friends of his father he reappeared in
his usual attire, and on the same day
he joined the ranks of the Polish king's
army as a private.

It was in the year 1655, in the stir-
ring times when King John Casimir
was beset by enemies on all sides and
fought almost simultaneously with
Russians and Cossacks, Charles X of
Sweden and his ally, and with Rakoczy
of Transylvania. Poland was on the
brink of dissolution, already the Rus-
sians, with their Cossack confederates,
had taken Smolensk and Wilna, and
were moving south toward Lemberg.
And now appeared Charles Gustavus
of Sweden on the battle-field, his army
and dissatisfied nobility in open arms.

As the Swedes neared Warsaw King
John Casimir withdrew into Silesia.
His troops banded together in the
capital, but could only offer a weak resis-
tance. Here it was that Ezech Elchanan
first distinguished himself. In the
thickest of the fight a Swedish
officer gave the order for his troops to
make a charge. The Poles were well
nigh vanquished, and the officers, al-
most fatigued to death, were ready to
surrender. The Swede had not time
to finish his command, for quick as a
lightning flash Elchanan slew at him,
tore him from his horse, and bore
him a prisoner through the bleeding,
fighting ranks.

When Warsaw was taken most of
the Poles went over to the Swedish
King; and there were only a few trusty
men who under cover of night took
refuge with Ezech Elchanan in the
Monastery of Ezenstochowo. Swedes
and Russians overran all Poland, and
the king had lost his throne.

When the last awful battle was over
and Ezech, who had fought like a lion,
all covered with blood, sank down to
rest himself, the noble Augustine
Kordecki, prior of the order of Pauline,
approached him and, taking his hand,
said warmly: "Jew, you well deserve
the name of Pole. May heaven reward
your bravery."

A number of faithful servants gath-
ered at Ezenstochowo, and, under the
guidance of this great priest, prayed for
the delivery of their beloved land.

Their example was followed by others.
Soon it was known throughout the
whole kingdom; and as an answer to
their prayers their force increased
until at the end of the eventful year,
on the 29th day of December 1655, a
confederation against Charles of Sweden
was formed and the beloved King John
was recalled. Now Ezech was in part
rewarded for his services. He was
made an officer and called, after his
native city, Cracowsky. The king took
his place at the head of his reunited
army, and with his generals made a
brave stand against the enemy. In a
lucky moment King John obtained the
aid of Denmark, and the war soon
ended, though not before our new-named
hero had acquired fresh glory; and
when, with the treaty of Praga, hostil-
ities ceased, he found himself com-
mander of a regiment, brave and beloved
by all the army.

From position in the field he came to
position at court. He was spoken of in
every household, and praise went with
his name from the lowest to the high-
est. The Queen heard of his noble
service and wanted to see him, so one
day she sent him a letter telling him to
come to her, that she had a favor to

grant him. According to her wish
Elchanan appeared before her privately,
and bowing low, sank on one knee.
The Queen, majestically reclining on a
divan, bade him rise and began:
"Elchanan-Cracowsky, you are a favor-
ite among our young women. Are you
aware of it?"

Elchanan blushed deeply.
"How modest you appear—almost too
modest for a soldier and a Polish com-
mander! You have no cause," continued
the Queen, "to blush at your triumphs.
Promise to hear me. I have a request
to make and a favor to grant you."

"It will be my lightest task," he re-
plied, "to do your every bidding."

"Then promise me to do this."

"Willingly as soon as I hear your
Majesty's command," answered Elchanan.

"How farsighted you have become!"
said the Queen. "You were not so on
the battle-field. This is my wish—that
you be christened, and, if you would
please us all, take the rich and beauti-
ful Fraulein Elizabeth for your royal
wife."

Ezech blushed again, but now there
was a proud, longing look in his piercing
eyes.

"Pardon me, your Highness, if I
must refuse," he said; "but I have a
sweetheart, on whose account I joined
your army, and she promised, when I
left her, to be true to me and wait for
me till I returned. Can you ask me
to be false to the one I know will never
be so to me?"

The Queen looked at him a moment,
then asked: "How long is it since you
left this girl—since you have heard from
her?"

"Five long years," was the sorrowful
answer.

The Queen still looked at the young
commander, now half wonderingly,
half pityingly, then burst into a ringing
laugh. "Well," she said, "give me
your answer when I give you mine.
Go and find your betrothed; if she has
remained true to you all these years I
have no more to say. But if she has
given the heart you claim as yours to
another, then you must do as I have
asked."

"I am satisfied; you have my word
of honor," and, respectfully kissing the
hand that was given him, the soldier
left the room.

It was a stormy November night; the
east wind howled dimly through the
streets of Cracow and a deep snow cover-
ed the ground. There was a sudden
knock at the door of the merchant
Jonas, and as the old man opened it
two well-dressed persons entered. They
were evidently Jewish merchants, come
from a distance. One wore a large,
heavy cloak, and as Jonas conducted
them into the room, this one stood him-
self in the shadow of an angle and
anxiously eyed the Jew's beautiful
daughter, who sat languidly gazing out
of a window into the stormy night.
The man in the shadow watched the
beautiful profile as one gazes on a dear
friend he has not seen for years, while
the other seated himself near Luna's
side and stated the cause of the visit.

"I have been sent," he said, "from
Abraham, the rich son of Nathan, in
Kiev, to ask for the bestowal of the
white hand and pure heart of Luna,
the fair daughter of the rich and indus-
trious Jonas, on Ephraim, the son of
Abraham, and grandson of Nathan, to
be a light unto his knowledge and a
director unto his thought."

"A great honor," said Luna, rising
proud, beautiful, yet modest as maid
can be, "but were he never so wise and
rich and beautiful, I could not marry
him."

"And, pray, why not?" smilingly
asked the messenger.

"The proud answer came quickly:
"Because I am the promised wife of
Ezech Elchanan, who, for a crime he
committed in saving my life, became an
outcast and a wanderer." And,
bursting into tears at the recollection
of the sad event, the faithful girl con-
cluded: "He has my heart, he has my
love, and no other can ever win them."

Elchanan could wait no longer.
Throwing off the cloak that enveloped
him he stepped out of the shadow to-
ward his sweetheart.

"Elchanan! my lover! Oh, Elchanan!"
cried the loving girl, putting herself in
the strong arms that were held for her.
"My darling, have you come back to
me?" And the tears of sorrow turned
to tears of blessed joy.

Jonas had the good sense to with-
draw, and with a business air asked
the soldier companion, who had asked
his part so well, to take a glass of wine
with him in another room, leaving the
lovers alone in their happiness.

The next evening all was life and
gayety in the Hebrew Quarter. The
house of Jonas was a blaze of light,
displaying flags and many-colored
decorations. From noon till far into
the night trumpets, flutes and drums
told Cracow that two happy hearts
were joined as one. The faithful maid
became the faithful wife; the gallant
lover made the loving husband.

When the Queen of Poland received
as Ezech's answer the joyous news that
his love had remained true, she smiled
and said: "Too bad, too bad. I would
have made him a nobleman, but his
love was true. Too bad."

—A railroad is to be built to the top
of Pike's Peak, Colorado.

Spirits on the stage.

A medium recently said, Joe Jeffers-
on, Thomas W. Keene, Lotta, Clara
Louise Kellogg are all firm believers
in spirits. I was to have given Jeffers-
on a private sitting when he was here,
but was unavoidably prevented from
doing so.

"Do these actors believe they are di-
rectly aided by spirit messengers in
their work?"

"Many of them do, and in so be-
lieving have become strongly wedded
to spiritualism. I find many of
them who say they do not know what
they are saying or doing from the time
they go on the stage until they come
off. They seem impelled by some
strange power to do things of which
they are wholly unconscious. Some of
them never take a new step without
consulting a medium. Clara Louise
Kellogg is an enthusiastic spiritualist.
Her mother is a very successful medi-
um in New York. She never under-
takes a new opera without first con-
sulting the spirits, through the medi-
umship of her mother.

"Neil Burgess, of 'Widow Bedott'
fame, is one of the strongest friends of
the cause. He received his first en-
couragement in the work of achieving
a name and fame as an actor through
a medium. He was playing minor
parts with a company at Boston, I be-
lieve. While there he consulted a
medium. She told him to go to Phila-
delphia, where he would find two let-
ters awaiting him. In one of these
letters he would be offered a part in a
good play as a substitute for an actor
who was sick. The medium urged
him to take this part, and declared that
it would be the stepping-stone toward
getting a play that would win him
fame as well as a fortune. Neil
Burgess might have been skeptical at
that time. He is not now. He went
to Philadelphia, where he found the
letters spoken of by the medium. One
of them contained an offer to take a
good part as a substitute. He made a
success of it, and you know the story
of his success since that time. These
are the circumstances that led Neil
Burgess to be the strong spiritualist
that he is.

"Maude Nixon, a talented young
eastern actress, is a staunch believer.
She thinks her dead mother is always
with her in spirit, aiding and assisting
her in her theatrical work. I have
often heard her say: 'I think of the
sweetest things and play the nicest
pieces because I know my mother's
spirit is with me, and I will do noth-
ing that can offend her.' Mrs. Thomas
W. Keene is another enthusiast on
the subject. She is one of the strong-
est believers I know, and I think her
very warm advocacy of spiritualism is
what causes her talented husband to
hesitate about being more earnest him-
self.

"If you want to know just what
theatrical people think about spiritualism
you should talk to Bartley Campbell.
He is one of the most enthusiastic be-
lievers in this country. That man
never gets through talking about it.
He has often told me that some of his
plays have been partly inspired by
friendly spirits. One of them was
wholly inspired. The story and the
plan of dramatization all came from
some unseen power. Night after night
he was awakened, and under the im-
pulse or inspiration of the moment
wrote into the play its strongest and
most realistic parts. He is one of the
few actual believers in spiritualism who
is not afraid to express his opinions.
Most of them are timid, and are afraid
to have their belief known. Many of
them who come to me for private sit-
tings, and who tell me personal expe-
riences that convince them, would
probably deny such belief in public.
Many lawyers feel the same way, and
yet some of them have gained points
from mediums that have won great
cases. Col. Watson, a well-known
attorney in New York city is one.
Once he was defending a murderer. The
case against the prisoner was very
strong. There seemed no way of es-
cape, and yet the man's protestations
of innocence were so strong that the
lawyer believed him. A medium was
consulted. Col. Watson was told that
at a certain place he could obtain proofs
of his client's innocence. He went to
the place and obtained evidence that
not only cleared the accused but
brought the real culprit to justice."

Disraeli's Will.

It took Disraeli a long time to un-
derstand that men could be opponents
without becoming enemies, and that
the measure of a man's guilt as a polit-
ical miscreant was to be determined
solely by his social status. Many of
the old Tory lords seemed to look upon
politics as a game of cricket, which
they were playing against Whig lords,
having some professionals in their ele-
ven; but while they systematically des-
pised these professionals, they took no
lasting offence at any underhand play
of the "gentlemen." They often frow-
ned when they heard young Disraeli
speak at their tables as if he had an
equal right with themselves to use hard
words against party leaders. Lady
Lyndhurst repeatedly warned him of
this. One day, when he had been rail-
ing with overflowing irony at Lords
Melbourne, Durham, Morpeth, John
Russell, and Palmerston, she put her

handkerchief to her mouth to smother
her laughter, and presently said: "You
talk as if you would hang these men,
but half the Tory family would go into
mourning if you could work your will
on them, remember that." Lady Jer-
sey, on another occasion, damped Dis-
raeli's ardor by exclaiming: "Dear me,
don't throw me into a fever. I am go-
ing out of town next week, and I should
like to leave London without the thou-
ght that my house is going to be burned
during the recess." These snubs, and
others even harder to bear, accounted
for Disraeli's fits of taciturnity. He
was sometimes very morose in society,
and if annoyed at such times, would
turn around and say things which cut
his aggressor, whoever he might be, to
the bone. Detractors who have writ-
ten that he cringed to the nobility—
every falsehood was good enough to
beat him with—little knew how savage
he could be when offended. Supple-
ness and servility alone would never have
made him a leader of the Tories; he
elbowed his way to the first rank by
compelling men to respect him. Dur-
ing the debate on the Irish Tithes
question in 1839, Lord Ellenborough,
meeting him at a party, ventured to say
in the hearing of several other persons:
"We want no rigamarole talked over
this question; it's one of facts and fig-
ures." "Have you been given the situa-
tion of prompter to our party?" asked
Disraeli, with a flash in his eye. Lord
Haddington, at about the same time,
got a repartee which made him wince.
He remarked loftily, being a pompous
man, that there was too much barking
on the back Opposition benches. "I
have no opinion of a hound who doesn't
obey the Whip," he added. "Your
lordship was doubtless well whipped as
a puppy," retorted Disraeli, in a de-
mure tone, amid general laughter. In
connection with this rejoinder, one may
note Disraeli's definition of dogmatism
as "puppyism grown old." It was made
in after years, and we believe touched
a noble Whig lord still living.

Mexico's Girls.

The rich is so very rich that they
have no ambition or energy; the poor
so desperately poor that they have no
hope, to speak of. The daughters of
the wealthy pass their lives in vacuity;
those of the poor are so poorly fed and
dressed that they nearly all look hun-
ger-bitten or ill-developed. There are
no lyceums, debating clubs, dramatic
associations, public lectures, picnics, or
any athletic sports in which the women
can join. They are as completely with-
out good shape as any set of women I
ever saw. I doubt if there are a dozen
good forms in this city, and as to legs
and feet—Apollo, Bless us!—the stock-
ing of an average Hoosier girl would
go twice around for a Chihuahua belle.
A resident physician tells me that the
health of the higher class women is
wretchedly poor. Very few of them
can nurse their own children. They
usually marry at 15 to 17, and are care-
worn at 25. This physician attempted
to introduce bicycles, but the young
ladies had neither strength to manage
nor persistence to master them. A few
hammocks were sold here; but the fee-
ble creatures nearly broke their necks
in getting out of them. A really
plump, vigorous, healthy young woman
of the wealthy classes is a rarity, though
many of them have a sort of languid
beauty. Ponder these things in your
heart, and the next time you see a
"beautiful senorita" swinging in volup-
tuous languor (on the top of a cigar
box) in a gorgeous hammock, with de-
licate wreaths of smoke circling from
her pretty rosebud lips, you will know
her for the printed humbug she is. As
to real beauty, that which satisfies the
heart of the natural man, I can find
you more of it in one class of Indiana
high school girls than in the whole
State of Chihuahua—if this city is a
fair specimen.

Puffed up Belles.

A properly puffed belle is a curious
subject of speculation. These puffings
commence at the waist, and for about
the length of the skirt play such fan-
tastic tricks as might make the angels
weep. Not the heathen Chinese could
invent a greater number or more var-
ied. They sweep from back to front
or from front to back; they are caught
up; they are caught down; they are
horizontal: they are perpendicular:
again they stand out on the hips like
Bologna sausages or in suspended
plaits hang like upper skirts on either
side. All this is a mighty refuge for
those to whom nature has provided
for, but what if some too plump daugh-
ter of Eve should thus lavishly be super-
added to? The last named disaster does
sometimes happen with result too
direful for narration. The sole com-
fort I know of in regard to puffing is
that fashion's command is not "you
must" but "you may." One is
not obliged to rig oneself up in the
above absurdities, but may really so
far as the side of one's dress go,
be puritanically plain. Yet we are
beginning to abhor plainness at the
back. The bouffant reigns; a hori-
zontal foot or two behind is thought
nothing of, while even the sober min-
ded look over their shoulders inquir-
ingly and wonder if their dresses do
not puff out at least a little. So that
just below the waist one must often call
in the aid of the bustle.

Nelson's Death.

The following is a true account of
how Nelson died: His lordship was in
the act of turning on the quarter-deck,
with his face toward the enemy, when
he was mortally wounded in the left
breast by a musket ball, supposed to
have been fired from the mizzen-top of
the Redoubtable, French ship of the
line, which the Victory had attacked
early in the battle. He instantly fell.
He was not, as has been related, picked
up by Captain Hardy. In the hurry
of the battle which was then raging in
its greatest violence, even the fall of
their beloved commander did not inter-
rupt the business of the quarter-deck.
Two sailors, however, who were near
his lordship, raised him in their arms
and carried him to the cockpit. He was
immediately laid upon a bed, and the
following is the substance of the con-
versation which really took place in the
cockpit between his lordship, Captain
Hardy, and Messrs. Bourke and Beaty.
Upon seeing him brought down,
Mr. Bourke immediately ran to him, "I
fear," he said, "your lordship is wound-
ed." "Mortally! Mortally!" "I
hope not, my lord: let Mr. Beaty ex-
amine your wounds." "It is of no
use" exclaimed the dying Nelson; he
had better attend to others." Mr.
Beaty now approached to examine the
wound. His lordship was raised up;
and Beaty, whose attention was anx-
iously fixed upon the eyes of his patient
as an indication the most certain when
a wound is mortal, after a few mo-
ments glanced his eyes on Bourke and
expressed his opinion in his counten-
ance. Lord Nelson now turned to
Bourke and said, "Tell Hardy to come
to me." Bourke left the cockpit. Beaty
now said: "Suffer me, my lord to
probe the wound with my finger; I will
give you no pain." Lord Nelson per-
mitted him, and passing his left hand
round his waist, he probed it with the
forefinger of the other. When Bourke
returned into the cockpit with Captain
Hardy, Lord Nelson told the latter to
come near him. "Kiss me, Hardy,"
he exclaimed. Captain Hardy kissed
his cheek. "I hope your lordship," he
said "will still live to enjoy your
triumph." "Never, Hardy," he ex-
claimed; "I am dying. I am a dead
man all over; Beaty will tell you so.
Bring the fleet to an anchor; you have
all done your duty; God bless you!"
Captain Hardy now said: "I suppose
Collingwood, my dear lord, is to com-
mand the fleet." "Never," he exclaim-
ed, "whilst I live!" meaning doubtless,
that, so long as his gallant spirit sur-
vived he would never desert his duty.
What passed after this was merely ca-
sual; his lordship's words were to Mr.
Beaty, whilst he was expiring in his
arms; "I could have wished to have
lived to enjoy this; but God's will be
done." "My lord," exclaimed Hardy,
"you die in the midst of triumph!"
"Do I, Hardy," He smiled faintly,
"God be praised!" These were his last
words before he expired.

A Senile Wake at Los Angeles.

In 1838 there was a memorable fun-
eral of a woman over a hundred years
old. Fourteen old women watched
with her body, which lay stretched on
the floor, in the ancient fashion, with
only a stone beneath the head. The
youngest of these watchers was eighty-
five. One of them, Tomasa Camera by
name, was herself over a hundred years
old. Tomasa was infirm of foot, so
they propped her with pillows in a little
cart, and drew her to the house that
she might not miss of the occasion.
All night long the fourteen squatted or
sat on rawhides spread on the floor,
and sang, and prayed, and smoked: as
fine a wake as was ever seen. They
smoked cigarettes, which they rolled on
the spot, out of corn-husks slit fine for
the purpose, there being at that day in
Los Angeles no paper fit for cigarettes.
Outside this body-guard of aged wom-
en knelt a circle of friends and relat-
ives, also chanting, praying and smok-
ing. In this outer circle any one
might come and go at pleasure; but in-
to the inner ring of the watching none
must come, and none must go out of it
till the night was spent.

Life of Building Stones.

Dr. A. A. Julien, of Columbia col-
lege, in a paper on the "Decay of
Building Stones," read before the New
York academy of science, said that the
principle that stones are more lasting
when laid "on bed" is demonstrated in
all the varieties used in building. Def-
ining "life" as the period during which
the stone will present a decent appear-
ance, he gave the approximate dura-
tion of several kinds of stone in New York.
Coarse brown stone, best used out of
sun, from five to fifteen years; lami-
nated fine brown-stone, twenty-five to
fifty years; compact fine brown stone,
100 to 200 years; Nova Scotia stone
fifty to 100 years; Ohio sandstone, the
best of sandstones, 100 years; Caen
stone, thirty-five to forty years; coarse
dolomite marble, forty years; fine mar-
ble, sixty years; pure calcareous marble,
fifty to 100 years; granite, seventy-five
to 200 years, according to the variety.
Some of the best kinds of building
stones have not been brought to the cit-
ies.

—James A. Harris, the orange king
of Florida, received \$6,000 net for his
orange crop this year.