

## NO LOSS.

There the warm sunset sank  
Over the sea;  
There the light wavelets broke,  
There the low breezes spoke,  
There the eve's magic woke  
Rapture for both of us,  
You, love, and me.

There the gray morning rose  
Over the sea;  
There the thick raindrops fell,  
There the wind's moaning swell  
Murmured farewell, farewell  
Sorrow for both of us,  
You, love, and me.

There the gay noontide shined,  
Glittering yet;  
There we once vowed and wept;  
There grief on gladness crept;  
Have you the record kept?  
Mem'ries for both of us,  
For—I forget.

## A STRANGE MANIA.

In the fall of the year 184—a family moved in to the town of Decatur, Texas, and all efforts on the part of the people in that little town to find out anything of their past history, except that they were Judge Henry Wamble and wife, and daughter, and son, from Tennessee, proved unavailing.

The family had arrived unexpectedly one evening about dusk, and as they rode in a covered wagon Squire Cobb said he got a glimpse of them.

"I got a glimpse of the daughter for one instant," said Bernard Wilder, the handsomest and smartest young fellow in all that country. "I tell you, it was the prettiest and yet saddest face I ever saw. If she stays here she will turn the heads of all the boys, or they will have to leave."

And so the people talked on, while the Wamble family still continued as mysterious as ever.

"Squire Cobb," said I about three months after the "judge" as he was called, had arrived. "I am comparatively a stranger here, but I think the Wamble family is causing enough strange and mysterious happenings to demand an investigation."

"Why, what new thing has happened now? Any more fellows cranky since Fattie Farrell and Max Miller left when they could not get that pretty little witch, Edna? I think it very strange that all her lovers disappear without an explanation."

"Yes, and did it never occur to you that they would never return probably?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, excitedly.

"Why, that this matter ought to be looked into, and right away, too."

"Have you any grounds for this dark suspicion?" he asked.

"Listen: Tom Shoemaker went there the other night to ask her father's permission to visit her. No one knew of it but his sister. He never returned, but it was thought at the time he had gone to some of the neighbors. Last night Ed Pickrell went on the same errand, and waited around outside to find out how he succeeded. While there—but here he comes now; he will tell you all about it."

"Ben," exclaimed several voices from the crowd, that had gathered in the little store where I had been talking to Squire Cobb, "tell us about Ed. Pickrell, and what you know."

"Well, when I had waited outside for Ed, until I thought the most ardent lover ought to come out, I started to walk off, when I heard a dull thud, followed by a faint laugh—but such a laugh as froze my blood and made my teeth chatter, and you know I am no coward. I could not make out anything distinctly, but saw enough to make me determined to find out what it all meant, and what had become of Tom Shoemaker and Ed. Pickrell—and perhaps the others. And now I ask every one present to keep silent until you hear from me again. I am going to unravel this mystery, or disappear as mysteriously as did the others."

"You do not intend to try your fate in order to find out that of the others?" asked Squire Cobb.

"I do not know about that. I will tell you one thing, if there is any crime connected with this mystery, Edna Wamble is ignorant and innocent of it. I believe she is dying of some great sorrow. Her eyes and face have the saddest and sweetest look I ever beheld. I have had several talks with her lately, and—but look, yonder, she is beckoning me to come there in a hurry. I'll go and see her," and Ben at once walked to the corner of the block, where Edna stood, pale and trembling, awaiting him.

"Ah, Edna, have you come to reconsider your answer and clear up this mystery?" he asked.

"No, no; Mr. Wilder," she cried, "I love you too dearly—I mean I have too much regard for your future happiness—to permit you to do what you might ever regret. If you could penetrate the secret of my life, you would turn from me. Dear Bernard—Mr. Wilder, I mean—I came here to ask you not to come to father's to-night—to never come at all. I ask this in the name of the love you profess for me. Oh, if you stay away and trust me, I—father is calling and I must go," and she was gone ere Bernard could stay her.

"Her strange eagerness made him more determined than ever to go there that very night. But one thing almost drove him wild, and that was that she must be in some way connected with what was undoubtedly a series of mysterious crimes.

He went to the house about dark, and was admitted to a large room in which were only two chairs and a table, one chair setting in the centre of the room at the end of the table.

The judge gave him the centre chair and took the other himself, and called to Edna to bring wine.

She did so, and set it on the table with two colored glasses, and retired to a side room. The judge then said in a suppressed tone:

"So Mr. Wilder, you want to ask the privilege of visiting my little Edna, eh? Well, you don't know what you ask, my friend. Take a glass of wine, and we'll talk it over."

Just then Bernard noticed Edna at a side window, with her hand up to her mouth and shaking her head negatively.

Quick as a flash he understood that he was not to drink. But what was he to do? He had no excuse not to drink, and to use his pistol, which he had brought, would be unprovoked violence as yet. He instantly thought of a plan and said:

"Judge will you get me a lump of sugar, please? I never drink wine without sugar."

As the old man turned his back, Bernard changed the glasses quickly, and remained as if he suspected nothing.

On the return of the judge, Bernard put the sugar in his wine, and he and Edna's father drained their glasses.

In a few seconds the judge turned pale, clutched the table convulsively, and shrieked:

"Oh, you young villain! Come to steal my daughter, and when I would have prevented you, you changed glasses, did you?" and he tried to get across the table, but fell, apparently lifeless.

Bernard was horror-struck. The shriek and scuffle brought the mother, daughter, and son in the room in a hurry. The two ladies burst into tears, and Edna exclaimed:

"It is all over now. Oh, Bernard, why did you come?"

The brother took the judge to his room, assuring Bernard that no harm would come of the drug, except a deep sleep for awhile.

"Edna my poor, suffering darling, what does this mean. There is something wrong with your father. Tell me dearest."

"Come to-morrow, Bernard, and I will tell you my whole history, and you can tell the people here. But the doctor has arrived, and I must go to papa now."

As Bernard turned to go he heard Edna exclaim:

"Oh, mother, it's true? He has come back to us again!" and she ran out to stop Bernard, who heard the judge, to his amazement ask where he was, and what doctor that was, and talk about people in Tennessee.

To his inquiring look of amazement, Edna said:

"Father's well at last, and you must stay. And, oh, Bernard, my more than dearest friend. I can now tell you that that has been so mysterious. Come, sit down here by me."

"Years ago I had a sister, three years older than I was. Father almost worshipped her, and seemed to have a perfect dread of some young man falling in love with and marrying her. This led him to often times treat young men who called with almost rudeness. Well, to be brief, sister Ethel did fall in love with a worthy, noble man. Father objected, having no excuse except his desire to keep sister at home. They went to a neighbor's and married, and father forbade them both from the house. They went to New Orleans, and in two months both died of yellow fever, and no one but mother and I could soothe him. He was always passive with us. We had a perfect dread of a madhouse, and being rich, and soon learning to humor his whims, we came here to please him. The strangest part of the story is that one of his whims was to administer a powerful narcotic to all young men whom he thought likely to gain my love, and while they were in a deep sleep, he would precipitate them through the floor, by a trap door under the chair you sit in, into the basement beneath. He would then induce them, by some means unknown to me, to leave, promising either to not come in so many years, or to never reveal to any one why they never got me. I do not know how he did this, but I know he never harmed any of them."

"Well, I can inform you, if the occasion of my luckier friend's success is not too sacred for a third party," said Ed. Pickrell, who came in just then.

Edna and Bernard both were surprised.

"The judge would come to us," continued Ed, "after we awoke from a deep dream of peace, and show us a note from you, Edna, telling us that if we loved you as we professed, we would leave and be silent; that your father was mad, and any further advances would make him rave. That if we would make for your hand, we must leave until his mind was restored or he died. Of course this always did the work. I had not gone yet. Your

brother always did the negotiating with the lovers, I find."

"I never wrote such a note," said Edna.

"I see," said Bernard; "that is another of your father's strange manias. Very well, Edna; since hope has been held out to all of you, and I have not been bound over yet, I guess I will have to settle the disputes by taking my little bright-eyed Edna, if she will come," and he held his arms open, and she nestled upon his breast like one who was weary and had been seeking such a resting place for years.

The judge recovered, and had lost all his madness. He gave his ready consent to the marriage of Edna and the young man whose coolness had restored him to reason and life.

All the banished ones heard of it somehow, and came back in time to be present at the wedding and join the whole village in rejoicing over the happy termination of the judge's "Strange Mania."

## Population in the Arid Region.

The limit of population in the arid region is an interesting question. That part of the United States west of the line drawn north and south at a point 200 miles east of Denver, and reaching to the Sierra Nevada mountains, is so destitute of rainfall that crops cannot be raised, as a rule, without irrigation. This fact makes the conditions of its development very different from those of the rest of the country. The laws of growth that govern there cannot be applied here. In forecasting our future we are therefore almost without the aid of experience. It is true that the arid countries in the vicinity of the Mediterranean have sustained dense population. It is also true that in the portion of Mexico where irrigation is necessary, very large numbers of people manage to exist. But these experiences are not worth much as guides to us in determining what will be the result of our Anglo-Saxon civilization upon the vast and dry interior of the continent. Throughout our mountains and plains the nutritious grasses which the dry seasons mature into hay upon the stalk, furnish great grazing resources, but the population that can be thus sustained must be comparatively small. It takes so much range to maintain a single animal, and when this limit is reached the increase of the herds must come to a halt. Agriculture will be circumscribed by the scarcity of irrigation water. If the latter could be had in unlimited quantities it would be safe to predict that all our tillable land will be eventually put under cultivation, and that our rural population will one day be as dense as that of France. But the water is not to be had after all allowances are made for possible improvements, after the entire flow of the streams has been saved in reservoirs, after experience has discovered the most economical way to use water; after all there will only be a fraction of the available arid land under tillage. Vast areas must always be left untouched, which will be good only for pastoral purposes. While immense crops of potatoes can be raised without irrigation, when all the little patches of soil in the mountains are tilled, it is yet evident that our home market will ultimately absorb all that home agriculture can produce, however much the latter may run ahead temporarily. As the mines develop and manufacturing looms up, we will come to consume much more than our farmers can raise. The arid region must depend for its hope for a large population upon its ability to manufacture for the agricultural States to the east of us. It must hold the same relation to them that New England has long held to the West and South. Of course the ebb and flow of mining will always furnish a large but transitory population. But manufacturing is almost as permanent and constant as agriculture itself. It can be carried very far and made to sustain millions of people engaged in fabricating articles for all parts of the country. In this way it is quite possible for the arid region to sustain a population nearly as large as an equal area in the humid portions of our land.

## Whalebone.

Few persons know what the whalebone of commerce represents in the living animal. Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate. One hundred of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer. Thus, when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity. The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.

## Two Clever Collies.

If you should visit Central Park, New York, some fine morning you might see young Shep, the collie that is being trained to take the place of old Shep, the eighteen-year-old veteran, at his lessons. He is never whipped, not even when he does wrong or makes mistakes, because that breaks the spirit of a collie, as, indeed, of any other kind of dog, and a shepherd dog must of all things be brave. When he doesn't carry out an order correctly, or in such a way that the sheep can understand him, old Shep is sent with the same order and Shep Junior is made to keep still and watch him until it is executed. His first lesson is simply to guard a hat or a coat or stick thrown upon the grass by the shepherd, and he is left out with it sometimes until late in the evening to show him the importance of fidelity, the very first essential in a shepherd dog. Next he is taught to gather the sheep, to take them to the right, then to the left. After this he is sent on the trail of a lost sheep, with instructions to bring it back slowly. The most important lesson, and one young Shep has not yet learned, is that of going among the flock and finding out if any of them are missing. This, as may be imagined, is by no means an easy task with a flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he knows every member of the flock, though to the ordinary observer they all look almost alike. Indeed, old Shep can, if his master, the shepherd, is not mistaken, perform a feat more wonderful than this. The shepherd says that Shep, when uncertain whether some of the flock have not strayed up the bridge-path on their way home, while he was busy in keeping troublesome boys away, will take his stand at the gate of the fold and touch each sheep with his fore-paw as it passes in. At such times he has the air of a farmer counting his cattle as they come home at night, and he wears an expression as if his mind were occupied with an intricate sum in addition. Whether he is really counting the sheep or not cannot be said positively; but he has been known, after noting each sheep as it passed, to rush off up the bridge-path and return with a straggler. This does much to prove that the shepherd's assertion that old Shep can count the sheep is possibly not far from the truth.

## Agates.

Scotland is famed for its agates, better known as "Scotch pebbles," which, although small compared with those found elsewhere, are yet unequalled in the variety and beauty of their colors. Scottish pebbles are found chiefly at Kinnoull Hill, near Perth, on the shore near Montrose, at Dunglass, and at Burn Aune, near Galston, Ayrshire, but whether they occur on the shore or in river gravels, they have been all previously washed out of trap rocks. The pebbles, cut by Edinburgh lapidaries, are used in the manufacture of Scottish jewelry. The chief seat of the agate industry of the world, however, is at Oberstein, in Rhenish Bavaria, where it has been carried on for centuries. It arose there naturally enough, owing to the presence in the volcanic rocks of the neighborhood of an abundance of fine agates; but it has continued and extended long after those rocks have ceased to yield, or at least to be mined for, the raw material of the industry. The agate quarries of Oberstein were abandoned owing to the discovery, fully half a century ago, of a rich supply of those stones in the river gravels of Uruguay. Some German workers in agate, who had emigrated to that region, noticed the courtyard of a farmhouse paved with pebbles that reminded them of the agates of their native Oberstein. Specimens were accordingly sent home and cut, and this surmise proved correct. Since that time there has been a regular export of agate nodules from Uruguay to Oberstein, where they have long formed the staple material used in the agate mills. These "Brazilian agates," as they are called, when brought to Germany, are arranged in lots and sold by auction, stones of ordinary quality bringing, it is said, not more, usually than fifteen shillings per hundredweight. "German agates," as thus, for the most part, South American stones cut and polished at Oberstein. The extent of the industry has greatly increased with this accession of fresh material, and a few years ago there were no fewer than 153 agate mills, working 724 grindstones, and giving employment altogether to about 3000 persons. Cheapness of labor and a plentiful supply of water power have had much to do with the continuance of this industry at Oberstein. The labor is both ill-paid and severe. The agate worker, says Professor Rudler, who some years ago visited the mines and mills, "lies upon a low wooden grinding-stool, specially constructed to fit the chest and abdomen, leaving the limbs free; the hands are engaged in holding and grinding the agate, while the feet are firmly pressed against short stakes or blocks of wood screwed into the floor, the reaction enabling the grinder to press the agate with much force against the moving millstones. The friction thus produced causes the agate to glow with a beautiful phosphorescent light, and red carnellians under this treatment look, it is said, as if they were red hot. The millstones are of

red sandstone, measure five feet in diameter, and generally make three revolutions per second. The finer agates are sliced by means of steel wheels and diamond or emery powder, but the coarser stones are simply chipped into shape and ground. Afterward they are polished on rotating cylinders of wood or lead covered with moistened tripoli.

The ingenuity of the agate worker is not confined merely to cutting, carving and polishing his material into all manner of shapes. He has also succeeded in varying its colors by artificial means. The layers composing an agate differ considerably in porosity, those that are transparent, for example, being less porous than opaque layers. Some, indeed, seem to be altogether impervious at ordinary temperature and pressure; and agate workers both at Oberstein and in India have availed themselves of this peculiarity in applying their staining processes. A suitable agate, after being thoroughly dried, is immersed in a mixture of honey and water or in olive oil, and is kept thus for at least three days, exposed to a moderate heat. It is then washed, dried and put into a vessel containing enough sulphuric acid to cover it. The vessel is thereafter exposed to a gentle heat for a varying number of hours, when the porous layers are found to have become much darker in color. The reason of this is that these layers, having become saturated with syrup or oil, are acted upon by the sulphuric acid, which decomposes the sugary or oily constituent and forms in its place a deposit of carbon. It is in this way that banded agate is converted into the onyx, with its black and white layers, used in the production of cameos and intaglios. Exposure to strong sunlight was long ago found to give a reddish tint to gray colored agates, and this suggested the burning of such stones so as to convert them into carnellians. At Oberstein, likely stones for this purpose are first dried thoroughly, then saturated in sulphuric acid, and afterward exposed in an earthenware crucible to a red heat. They are allowed to cool slowly, and are then sent to be of a bright red color. Not content with imitating the rarer natural varieties of agates, such as onyx and carnelian, German manufacturers have taken to staining agates blue and all sorts of colors unknown in the natural stones. Aniline dyes, as unnatural as they are fugitive, have also been lately used for agate staining. It is possible that the stones themselves may yet be artificially produced; indeed, according to King ("Natural History of Gems") a Florentine anatomist long ago accomplished the feat, although, unfortunately, the secret died with him. He is said to have petrified human viscera into real agates. "In the Hospital of San Spirito" says King, "a table-top made up of hearts, lungs, livers, etc., thus agatized into one large slab—meat board for a banquet of vampires!" Organic remains in agates are not unknown, for Bowerbank states that in the moss agates of Oberstein he has found microscopic organisms, and Dr. Heddle that he has found undoubted organic remains of considerable size in agates from Ayrshire and other localities.

## Mock Marriages.

The light and frivolous way in which young people, more especially at the east, regard marriage is shown by the number of mock weddings which come to light in that section. Possibly to "make believe" marry is a juvenile amusement there, but if it is the number of sad denouements ought to admonish the elders that a little wholesome advice or correction would be in order.

The latest exploit of this kind occurred in the vicinity of New York, where two young women at a party of some kind were mock married to two mischievous cadets. They were all in fun and the enjoyment of the nonsense must have been uproarious, but it transpired in a day or two that the man who performed the ceremony was a person authorized by law for such purpose, and that the young people were therefore legally bound to each other. In most states severe penalties have been prescribed for men falsely impersonating clergymen or magistrates and in those capacities assuming to perform marriage ceremonies. Many innocent girls have been lured to destruction by such means, and it has been found necessary to protect them, or at least to make that method of villainy exceedingly dangerous and unprofitable. The other style of mock marriage, while not to be classed in the same category, is in some respect quite as reprehensible. In the latter there is no well-defined conspiracy to deceive anybody, though both of the parties to such jimcracks do frequently find themselves deceived. It would not be out of place to legislate such performances into the realm of misdemeanors at any rate. The tendencies of the times seem to be favorable to the growth of the idea that marriage is a ceremony to be lightly entered into and its obligations to be easily put off. A mock marriage ought to be impossible in a private parlor or in any respectable company anywhere as a mock funeral.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a business man, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

Nothing present is so barren but that there are fertile fields beyond.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

Converts who boast of their blessedness are not always the most stable.

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.

The most important lesson of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hair.

Until the vine-leaves of youth are faded, who knows their value or sweetness?

Many have felt the lash on their backs for want of a bridge upon their tongues.

The action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

Remember that your good reputation is like an icicle. If it once melts, that's the last of it.

Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after higher satisfaction.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

To have thought far too little, we shall find in the review of life, among our capital faults.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

When are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

A man who is able to employ himself innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched.

He is to be educated, because he is a man, and not because he is to make shoes, nails and pins.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

Never kick a man when he is down. It is cowardly. Never kick a man when he is up. It is reckless.

A slop hole at the back door will make doctor's bills enough to pay for draining the whole farm.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have nothing more, possess hope still.

Every spirit makes its own house, and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant.

To look forward profitably we must look back. Experience of the past is the best light for the future.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the thing they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

Dry ashes applied to a cut will stop the bleeding, and will, if left on a few hours, hasten the healing process.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs.

True life is but a struggle, a growth toward manhood, an ever reaching forward and upward to the better that shall be.

Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character—indeed, without the former the latter is impossible.

Confidence and fear are almost one thing rather than two, when we speak of God. He that fears most trusts most. He that trusts most fears most.

The action of man is a representative type of his thought and will; and a work of charity is a representative type of the charity within, in the soul and mind.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the promises of to-morrow.

Honest or courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of its effulgence.

Some favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

A man may usually be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best company whether it be of books or men.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in nature; art brings it out and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art when it knows well its powers and resources, engages in a struggle with nature in which it may have the advantage.

A silent look of affection and regard where all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort, in the deepest affliction which no health could purchase or power bestow.

Alas! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty! the cares, and sorrowings, and hungering of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off and leave heaven's surface clear.