

## Of The Earth.

We see a face to-day;  
To-morrow we forget it.  
Who knows? Perhaps we may,  
Through all our lives, regret it.

We call a name to-day,  
To-morrow we endeavor  
To bring remembrance. Nay,  
We find it gone forever.

To-morrow ends to-day;  
This life is vain regretting,  
We live. We die. We say  
That death is but forgetting.

## THE CENTRAL PARK TRAGEDY.

Oscar Lamont suddenly stopped eating.

"That is a very strange thing," he murmured.

He ceased to dip his morsels of bread into the cup of chocolate set before him, and picking up the newspaper which the moment before he had been running over with a careless eye, he read for the second time the passage that had struck him so forcibly.

It was the end of a long article which gave a multitude of details regarding a crime in Central Park, a fearful murder which for the last fortnight had turned the metropolis upside down, and whose author had as yet been sought in vain. The article ended as follows:

"The Mayor offers a reward of \$500 to him who shall arrest or cause the arrest of the person who committed the murder. Just here we will remind our readers that the man is described as follows: About 35 years old, of medium height, with brown hair, brown beard trimmed to a point, pale complexion, wearing an overcoat of dark cloth and a tall silk hat, having about his neck a silk handkerchief striped with red and blue."

"Most extraordinary," repeated Lamont; "this description is mine precisely. I am 35 years old, of medium height, with brown hair, a pointed beard and a pale complexion, and I wear an overcoat of dark cloth and a high hat, and am in the habit of wrapping about my neck a silk handkerchief with red and blue stripes. Singular coincidence!"

He finished his cup of chocolate at a draught and began to complete his toilet. What he had just read had already almost passed from his mind, until, as he was putting on his hat, he saw his reflection in the mirror that hung from the window pane.

"There is no denying it," said he with a smile. "I am as like the murderer as one drop of water is like another. It would be queer enough if some poor fellow, tempted by the reward of \$500 and thinking he had the good luck of discovery, should have me arrested! Queer enough indeed!"

A thought that struck his mind just at this moment calmed his gaily considerably.

"If such a thing, by great ill luck, should happen, could I furnish an alibi by proving what I was doing on the day of the crime? How, in heaven's name, did I use my time two weeks ago to-day? Upon my word, I know nothing at all about it. But what a fool I am to fret about such nonsense!"

He was dressed, ready to go out for the daily walk which should bring appetite for his luncheon. But at the instant of taking his overcoat from its peg, he changed his mind, rushed to his bureau, and drew from the drawer a summer overcoat of pale fawn-color, which he proceeded to put on at once.

"Strange things are possible," said he, as if excusing himself. "I had better catch a cold than expose myself to annoyances."

And although the month was December and it was excessively cold, he did not as usual, fold about his neck his silk handkerchief striped with red and blue.

Out on the street it seemed to him that the passers-by stared at him oddly. This surprised him disagreeably, but a gentleman who, with the mercury below zero, goes forth in a handsome, light-colored summer overcoat ought not to feel astonished when people turn to look at him. But Lamont gave not an instant's thought to the eccentricity of his outfit; that wretched description that he had read in the newspaper filled his brain like a demoniacal possession.

Without having considered the step, he entered a barber shop.

"Want a shave, or your hair cut?" questioned the tonsorial artist.

"A shave," replied Lamont rather timidly; "shave off my beard. Leave only the side whiskers."

He seated himself in the chair, and during the whole operation he thought the barber eyed him very curiously. "He takes me for the murderer, evidently," thought Oscar.

When he put his hand into his pocket to pay for his shave he pulled out three or four five-dollar gold pieces, which in his confusion, he awkwardly dropped to the floor.

"I am betraying myself horribly," he thought, "I shall certainly confirm this man's suspicions by throwing gold about in this way."

After a great deal of fumbling in all of his pockets, he finally found a little small change, paid his bill and left the shop.

At a distance of a few steps he glanced behind him; the barber, stand-

ing in his doorway, was watching Oscar as he walked away and was shaking his head gravely. Instinctively Lamont quickened his pace, and turned up the first cross street he came to.

"If I should go back home," said he to himself, "I should put an end to this wretched walk which certainly has nothing pleasant about it, with all these staring fools and in this fearful cold. Yes, but then there is another thing—my landlady must certainly have read that confounded advertisement. She will notice that I have my beard shaved, and have changed my clothing; she will have her own suspicions, perhaps will have me arrested. Who knows? Five hundred dollars is a tidy sum."

He decided that he would not return until nightfall.

He was walking along, hanging his head and thinking of the dreadful day he would be obliged to live through, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned around in alarm.

"I could not fail to recognize you," said a voice. "It is my good Oscar." Lamont breathed freely again; it was an old friend who had addressed him in this manner.

"Are you well? You haven't killed anybody, I hope?" continued his smiling friend.

"What makes you say that?" stammered Lamont.

"Why, I thought you wore a full beard only last evening."

"Oh, yes, sir; so I did. Why, tell me about that. It was just a matter of taste; I decided not to wear anything but side-whiskers."

"And was it taste, too, that led you to put on a summer overcoat with the mercury ten degrees below?"

"Yes, taste, you are right; it is a freak of taste," said Lamont with a forced laugh.

His friend looked at him in great astonishment, doubtless wondering if the unhappy man had not lost his reason. Having uttered a few commonplace remarks he took his leave.

Lamont grew more and more irritated. He declared to himself that if he once regained his domicile without impediment, he would never set foot out of it again as long as the murderer whose double he believed himself to be should be at large. He was looking about for some deserted neighborhood where he could keep himself out of sight until evening, when his attention was caught by piercing cries. He listened. In the distance a voice, which was drawing nearer and nearer, was crying,

"Stop him! stop him!"

Terrified, in desperation, Lamont rushed into a shop; it was a restaurant. The proprietor stepped forward to meet him.

"Oh, save me, sir! Hide me, I beseech you," begged Lamont with chattering teeth.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" remonstrated the other. "Such accidents happen every day in a city's streets."

At this moment a run-away horse clattered through the street, jolting over the paving stones a carriage from which a terrified old lady was uttering breathless screams.

## NEW CANNIBAL TRIBES.

### Discoveries of Capt. Van Gele Along the Great Mobangi River.

Last fall the Congo State sent Capt. Van Gele, one of Stanley's favorite officers, in the steamer Henry Reed to make further explorations upon the Mobangi river, the great northern affluent of the Congo, whose importance Mr. Granfell was the first to discover. Van Gele did not ascend the river quite as far as Grenfell, being prevented by rapids, through which Grenfell had been able to push his steamer at low water when the current was slower. He, however, took time to explore, while Grenfell's journey was nothing more than a hurried reconnaissance.

Van Gele made some very interesting discoveries. He found, for instance, three little tributaries, up which he pushed his steamer for a total distance of 207 miles. It is only three years since Stanley estimated that the Mobangi itself added only about 350 miles to the navigable waters of the Congo basin. Now the problem is whether the Mobangi or the Kassai deserves distinction as the Congo's greatest tributary.

On the Nghiri affluent of the river, and also on the Mobangi, about 300 miles from its mouth, Van Gele found the most densely populated districts he had seen in Africa. The left bank of the great river was an uninterrupted succession of villages for about 70 miles. Those who imagine that the depths of Africa are an almost voiceless solitude should read Van Gele's brief account of the animation and bustle he witnessed all along this populous river.

The scene on the river in the morning, he says, is one of extraordinary animation. He often met as many as 300 canoes swiftly ploughing through the water. The canoes were chiefly filled with women and children. The women were leaving the village to go to the fields and begin the agricultural labors of the day. Other parties in the canoes were setting out for the fish nets, to gather in the fishy harvest that had collected since the previous day. The river swarms with fish, the land yields rich returns of all tropical produce, and thousands of natives along the river do not know what famine means. They have, besides, food resources upon which most of the world cannot count, as these natives are among the greatest of cannibals.

Quite a number of men accompany the women to the fields, but not to take part in the tilling of the soil. They let the women monopolize the rude iron hoes, while the men stand around with weapons in their hands to protect the toilers. Without protection there is always danger that the women will be surprised and dragged off by hostile tribes.

All these river tribes send expeditions against one another for the sole purpose of securing victims for their cannibal feasts. Capt. Van Gele says that all the enemies they kill in battle are eaten, and that the same fate soon overtakes the prisoners they carry home with them. Before the exploration of the Congo valley the belief was widespread that cannibalism had greatly decreased, and that there were comparatively few people who were still addicted to the horrid practice. In all his travels, Livingstone never saw a cannibal tribe with the possible exception of the Mauneya. But the opening up of the Congo basin has revealed the fact that the world never knew before where cannibalism is most prevalent. These are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of people in that region among whom cannibalism is a confirmed and most cherished habit.

Capt. Van Gele says that nowhere in Africa has he seen fisheries of equal extent, except at Stanley falls. The stakes marking the position of the nets cover many acres. All these tribes are tall and powerful, and in form they are splendid specimens of physical beauty.

## Patmos.

The great remedy for the evil eye on Patmos is to go and out of the end of the girdle of this unenviable characteristic. This must be burned in an incense burner, and be waved before the person or the object which has suffered, and then, by throwing three carnation leaves into the fire, it can be seen whether the charm has been effectual or not. If the leaves crackle it is a sign of healing, and some one must spit thrice on the person or the thing, saying, as he does so, "Uncharmed!" But if the leaves refuse to crackle it is best to go to the monastery at once and secure a monk to come and read a prayer to avert the danger. The inhabitants of Patmos half worship the monks of their monastery, and believe them entirely devoid of the failings which other flesh is heir to. When a monk passes by or enters a house it is customary for the people to touch the ground with their fingers, and then to kiss the hand which the holy man proffers. A Patmote mother's highest ambition is to see her son introduced as a "reader" into the monastic church, with the prospect of being eventually admitted as a monk when the days of his probation are over. All the monks are now of Patmote origin. This was not the case in former days, when many came from afar. But of late years

many things have been altered. The old-fashioned common life has been abandoned, and the handsome common room, with its frescoed walls, is rapidly falling into decay. Visitors have stolen most of the old tiles which once adorned the common table, the Superior's throne is now tottering on three legs, and the fine baronial kitchen, which adjoins the common room, is now used as a depository for that hateful lime with which they love to besmear everything which is architecturally beautiful.

## Eastern Slavery.

It is a mistake to regard the condition of a slave in the east as utterly wretched. On the contrary, he is much better off than the average artisan in Europe. The worst he has to endure is the severance from his home and the journey to his place of destination. The relations between master and slave in the eastern countries have little analogy with those formerly existing in Brazil and North America. Among Mohammedans the slave is considered a member of the family, and is almost with exception well treated. During a residence of many years in this country, I have become aware of only one case of cruelty on the part of a master. It concerned a negro of about 30 years of age, who belonged to an Arab of the tribe of Beni Harb, and the latter, for some offense committed caused an iron ring twenty pounds in weight to be fastened around the slave's ankle. After several months' endurance of this torture, the unfortunate man made his escape to Jeddah, where the governor immediately ordered the fetter to be struck off. The voice of local public opinion was loud in condemnation of this act of exceptional cruelty. In all cases where a slave wishes to leave his master, he can compel the latter to sell him. Only a very moderate amount of labor is expected from the slave and it ought to be a source of consolation to his kind-hearted friends to know that he would have to work much harder for his living if he were a free man. It is usual for the Arab to grant freedom to his bondsmen under a certain term of servitude; but in general the boon is declined and the slaves prefer to continue in the service where he is well taken care of. The children of a Mohammedan master and a female slave stand upon an equal social footing and enjoy the same legal rights of heirship as the offspring of the legitimate wife. The mother, by the very event of the birth, becomes free and can not be sold. An emancipated slave frequently inherits his master's property and carries on his business. In Mecca and Jeddah I know freemen of this class who have become eminent merchants.

## Danger of Looking at a Turkish Woman.

Turkish women rarely go out alone. They promenade in parties of from three to six, but they are never accompanied by any man, unless one designs to call a man the eunuch whose duty it is to protect them, and especially to watch them. The white or black Cerberus does not hesitate to lash with a horsewhip any audacious stranger that should think of looking too closely at the inmates of the harem committed to his care. A minister plenipotentiary had proof of this fact once, and he has never been able to obtain redress. The daughters of Islam are strictly forbidden to stop, to greet, or even to have the appearance of recognizing a man, be he their brother, their husband or their father, and when the latter recognizes, beneath the yachmak, a woman belonging to their harem, they must pass on without making any gesture or any sign. The discipline of manners is so strict in respect to this matter that an edict of the prefect of police lately forbids Mussulman women to enter the stores to make their purchases. They had to stop at the merchant's doors, and he was obliged to fetch out into the street the things that they wanted. This law, which was incapable of being enforced, could not be long maintained.

## Rainfall.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, J. Murray read a paper on "The Total Rainfall on Land of the Globe and its Relation to the Discharge of Rivers." Investigations, according to this, show that the total amount of rain falling upon the land-surface of the globe is 29,350 cubic miles annually. Of this amount 2243 cubic miles of rain fell on the inland drainage areas of the globe, which had an area of 11,385,350 square miles, and, as no water was discharged from them into the ocean, it followed that all the water which fell as rain must be again returned to the atmosphere by evaporation. Should the water accumulate in these areas into lakes, and these lakes show a slight annual increase in size, then the rainfall must be regarded as greater than the evaporation; but when, as in the case of the Great Salt Lake or North America, the size of the lake slowly diminished, the evaporation over the basin must be greater than the rainfall. The total weight of substances carried to the ocean by rivers each year is calculated by Mr. Murray at over 5,000,000 tons.

It is a base thing to tread upon a man that is down.

## CASTING THE GREAT BELL.

### A Chinese Story of a Girl's Filial Devotion.

The first story told in a newly published book, entitled "Some Chinese Ghosts," is that of the soul of the great bell in the Tachung sz' of the city of Peking. Yong-Lo, of the "Illustrious of Ming dynasty, commanded the worthy official, Koan-Yu, that he should have a bell made of such a size that the sound thereof might be heard for 100 li. And he further ordained that the voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass, and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver, and that the face and the great lips of it should be graven with blessed savings from the sacred books, and that it should be suspended in the centre of the imperial capital, to sound through all the many colored ways of the city of Peking. The worthy mandarin immediately assembled all the master molders and renowned bellsmiths of the empire, and they measured the materials for the alloy and skillfully prepared the molds, fires and instruments. They labored like giants, toiling day and night; but when the metal was cast, it was found that the gold had scorched alliance with the brass and the silver would not mingle with the iron. A second attempt was made with the same unfortunate result. Now, when the Son of Heaven heard these things he was very angry, particularly after the second failure, and he sent his message to Koan-Yu with a letter written upon lemon-colored silk and sealed with the seal of the dragon, containing these words:

"From the Mighty Yong-Lo, the Sublime Tait-Sung, the Celestial and August—whose reign is called 'Ming'—to Koan-Yu, the Fuh-yin: Twice thou has betrayed the trust we have deigned graciously to place in thee; if thou fail a third time in fulfilling our command, thy head shall be severed from thy neck. Tremble and obey!"

Poor Koan-Yu was in a terrible strait. But he had a beautiful and devoted daughter, Ko-Ngal, who, after fainting away with fear upon reading the awful willow missive, determined to do what she could to save her father. She went to an astrologer, who examined the signs of the Zodiac—the Hwangtao, or yellow road—and consulted the table of the five Hsin, or principle of the universe, and said to her: "Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron will never embrace till the flesh of a maiden be melted in the crucible, till the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion." So Ko-Ngal returned home sorrowful at heart, but kept her secret from everybody. At least she the direful day when the final casting was to be made. Ko-Ngal and her waiting woman went to the foundry with her father and they took their places upon a platform overlooking the toiling of the molders. There was no sound but the muttering of the fires. The blood red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion changed to the glow of gold, and the gold to blinding white. The metal was now ready. Koan-Yu prepared to give the signal to cast. But ere he lifted his finger a cry rang through the place. It was the voice of Ko-Ngal, sweet as a bird's song, above the thunder of the fires. She said: "For thy sake, O my father!" and leaped into the white flood of metal. The serving woman put forth her hands, but got only a tiny shoe embroidered with pearls and flowers. Koan-Yu was wild with grief, and had to be led away. The casting was made, and lo! when the metal had become cool it was found that the bell was beautiful to look upon, and perfect in form and wonderful in color above all other bells. Nor was there any trace found of the body of Ko-Ngal. And when they sounded the bell its tones were deeper and mellow and mightier than the tones of any other bell—reaching even beyond the distance of 100 li, like a pealing of summer thunder; and yet also like some vast voice uttering a name, a woman's name—the name of Ko-Ngal! And between each mighty stroke is heard a long, low moan, a sound of sobbing and complaining, as though a weeping woman should murmur "Hial!" When the people hear that golden moan they keep silence; but when the sharp, sweet shuddering comes in the air and the sobbing of "Hial!" then, indeed, do the Chinese mothers, in all the many colored ways of Peking, whisper to their little ones: "Listen! that is Ko-Ngal crying for her shoe! That is Ko-Ngal calling for her shoe!"

## The Use of Oil at Sea.

The use of oil, to lessen the effect of dangerous seas, still continues to give very favorable results, and the accumulated evidence is of the most satisfactory nature. In one case the "Slick" made by the oil extended thirty feet to windward, and the Hydrographic office concludes that the oil is of use when the vessel is reaching ahead at the speed of eight or nine knots, with a beam wind and sea.

He that falls to-day may be up again to-morrow.

He is unworthy to live who lives only for himself.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Blessings are often not valued till they are gone.

Children are certain cares, but uncertain comforts.

Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new.

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Alms are the golden keys that open the gate of heaven.

A sweet and innocent compliance is the cement of love.

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Airs destroy beauty as effectually as forced peasantries wipe out pure joy.

Happiness: An anomaly—abiding with us most when we dispense it to others.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try to prepare oneself to do without it.

It is seldom that a great talker wants enemies; the man of sense speaks little and hears much.

Poverty wouldn't be so much of a misfortune, if the world didn't treat it so much as a crime.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

Night work will, in time destroy the student; for it is the marrow from his own bones with which he fills his lamp.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

Grief, which disposes gentle natures to retirement, to inaction and to meditation, only makes restless spirits more restless.

Do not be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under four-score winters.

We may learn gratitude as well as vigilance from cranes, foresight from ants, modesty from elephants and loyalty from horses.

In his Odyssey, Homer explains that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labor, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the flames?

Low measures of feeling are better than ecstasies for ordinary life. Heaven sends its rains in gentle drops, else the flowers would be beaten to pieces.

Leisure is gone; gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons.

Nothing is more expensive than penuriousness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

If women lead men to the verge of a precipice, and the men then throw themselves over, the men do a very wrong thing; but only, perhaps, what the women have cause to expect.

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