

THE DEAD SEA BIRD.

What hand relentless checked that rapid wing,
And brought swift anguish to the glazing eye?
Whose heart could bear to maim so bright a thing,
Then leave it here to linger and to die?
At best it was a cruel pleasure sought,
If aught be pleasure cruelty has wrought.
Young voices echoing along the beach
Proclaim this rarer prize than weed or shell;
Flinions that may not save it from their reach,
And snowy plumes just ruffled as they fell.
See, yonder sail its fellows! Death is strange
To childish hearts; these marvel at the change.

No more to waken with the light of morn;
No more to listen to the ocean's hymn;
No more 'twixt azure sea and sky upborne,
To skirt the far horizon's hazy rim.
And, when the clouds betoken storm, to soar
Inland no more; ah! saddest words, no more.

A SUMMER EXPERIENCE

We were not very well off. Father's situation in the bank, although a responsible one, yielded but a small salary when compared with the expensive family it had to support; so when the question came up where we should spend the summer one of the first things to be taken into consideration was expense.

It did not make much difference to me—I was sure of a certain amount of admiration and attention wherever I went. I had always received it since my first day at school, where my pretty curls and shining eyes had captured the hearts of the "big boys," up to the last ride taken in the park.

With not only the beauty but much of the cleverness of the family, naturally great things were expected of me.

I had but one sister—a poor, pale, little thing. She was younger than I and had always been delicate, but for some time had been growing gradually weaker, until now we wheeled her about the house in her easy-chair. It was finally decided that mamma should take the boys up into New Hampshire and Sister Millie and I should go down to Beachpoint, a little unknown resort on the coast.

Father accompanied us, but only stopped long enough to see us comfortably settled. I was lonesome enough the first few days. There were no boarders but us, and the house was the only one on the beach, our neighbors being away back in the uplands.

I dutifully took my bath each day as one swallow a bitter tonic. I played on the Yule old-fashioned piano in the parlor, and to kill time slept away the greater part of the long summer afternoons. It was all very dull and commonplace.

Millie was cheerful and contented. She read and worked on the pretty things she was constantly knitting out of bright wools, or sketched as much of the scenery as she could see from her chair by the window.

One evening I was out or sorts and a little cross, and had just declared I wouldn't make a toilet to go downstairs, where there was no one but the landlord's son, who usually expressed his admiration with open-mouthed wonder.

Presently our landlady bustled in full of importance.

"I just ran up a minute to tell you that the stage has come, and Mr. Brent was in it. He is here every summer and comes gunning in the winter. He gave us the sailboat on the bay, and we had his name painted on it, 'Hartly Brent.' He ain't so very young, but he is rich, and I thought perhaps you'd like to know he was here, so as to change your dress before you come down."

She hurried away, feeling she had done a good deed.

After closing the door to shut out the cool sea air I wrapped a shawl around poor, shivering Millie, saying: "Now, dear, I am 'forewarned,' and when I am arrayed in my new grenadine I shall be 'forearmed.'"

Time dragged no longer after Hartly Brent came, and soon several other pleasure-seekers arrived, until we were a merry party. Escorts were plenty, and, as was the privilege of my belle-hood, I chose such as pleased me best. When my choice fell on Mr. Brent, as it often did, I could see how pleased he was to be of service. He was never officious, yet always ready to quietly render any little attention needed. His manner was different from the gay gallantry of other cavaliers, with their jests and flattery, though he was always deferential, and praised my taste, my music, and my voice with a dis-

criminating earnestness I knew to be sincere.

"It is because he is older than the others," I said to Millie, who loved to hear me talk of him.

She was always interested in anything I liked, and he had been kind to her, bringing her fruit, and flowers, and books, and taking her in his strong arms down to the parlor of an evening and back again to her room when she was tired. "Besides," I said to myself, the warm blood circling round my heart at the thought, "their attentions mean nothing, and he is in earnest."

How quickly time flies when one is happy. Each perfect summer day has a remembrance in my heart; we boated, and fished and gathered shells during the day, and in the evening sat on the long piazza, after I had tucked Millie in bed and kissed her good-night.

Mr. Brent and I engaged in quiet conversation, our voices subdued, that they might not reach or disturb those who sat with us, while he told me of his home; of his struggles with the world, and the success which had crowned them; his past life, and plans and aspirations for the future.

Listening to his voice and looking out over the moonlit expanse, love freighted a fairy boat and launched it from the sand, and I watched it sailing o'er the summer sea, careless where it drifted, I was so happy.

Each day I looked in the little square glass that hung on the wall of our room, and saw myself grow more blooming and radiant. Mr. Brent—I called him Hartly in my thoughts—said I reminded him of a crimson carnation, with my bright color and the spicy scent of my fan.

"And, Millie," he added, turning to her with a kindly smile, as though she might feel slighted, "with her golden hair and white dress, is a water lily."

It was our last day at Beachpoint. The season was nearly over and mamma was already at home with the boys and had written to me to come and bring Millie. Mamma informed me that she had described her case to a celebrated physician, and he thought she could be cured beyond a doubt.

In the morning we went with a merry bathing party over the bay to the surf. Millie waved her hand to us from her seat on the porch, where Hartly, with brotherly kindness, had brought her and crowned her with moist pond lilies, which he must have walked a long distance to gather.

After taking my bath I donned my walking-dress again, and getting tired of watching the others, in their picturesque costumes, sporting in the breakers, I wandered down the beach to a point where the hulls of two stanch vessels, with crushed timbers half sunk in the sand, eloquently told the story of storm and shipwreck.

Seating myself on a projecting beam, I gave myself up to pleasant recollections of the eventful weeks just passed. I pictured my fairy boat sailing over friendly seas and under cloudless skies, until life being done, it was safely anchored in heaven I had no fear for the future if one dear hand was to guide me, one thrilling voice I had come to know so well was to cheer me.

How good and noble he is! I thought with a swelling heart; how altogether superior to all other men I had known; how worthy the love and respect of any woman! I had never been in love before. I had seen a great deal of society, and received several offers, but none were eligible, and when mamma said "No," I had without a pang seen father turn them away.

There was a step behind me, and my heart told me who it was.

"How did you find me?" I asked, as Mr. Brent pushed aside my dress and sat down on the same beam.

"Don't you suppose I have followed those little footprints until I know the slender tracks?" he smilingly answered, pointing to the impression in the damp sand of my high-heeled walking-boots.

"Isn't this scene grand? One never tires of looking at the ocean, for it is never twice alike."

He was silent a moment, and seemed more thoughtful than usual, gathering a handful of the white sand and watching it sift slowly through his fingers. At length recovering himself he said:

"Sing something, please; you know I always like to hear you sing, 'in season and out of season.' The sea will be bass and accompaniment."

I began the old, old ballad, "Three fishers went sailing away to the west."

As my voice rose loud and full swelling over the water with the melody and dying away to the sounding monotone of the waves, I looked at my companion. His face was turned seaward, and over it was a softened expression, and in his eyes a tender light

which I had never seen there before. 'Though my heart ceased beating, my voice was too well trained to falter, and the music wailed on:

"For men must work and women must weep
Though the harbor bar be moaning."
The sad chord did not touch him joy and faith and hope held possession of his soul. How his thoughts irradiated his somewhat stern features. It was the face of the one man in the world for me, but I did not know it could look so handsome.

When the last echo of the song was lost in a retreating billow he turned, and, taking my hand, said, in the courtly manner that never forsook him:

"Thank you. I did not know there was so much music in that song. I have heard it often before, but never like that. Your rendering of it adds a hundred fold to its meaning. And now I want to speak to you on a subject I had not intended to mention when I followed you here."

His bronzed face took on a ruddier hue, and the firm fingers closed over my hand in a nervous clasp, while, unnoticed by him, I lowered my sun shade between my face and his.

"I know I ought to have waited until you were at home, and I had meant to, but something impels me to throw myself on your mercy, and find out my fate before you leave. I love your sister Millie with all my heart, as I have never loved any one before, and I ask your permission to tell her so. I do not think she regards me wholly with indifference. I will take and cherish her as a precious flower. As my wife, time and wealth shall not be spared, and I am confident that somewhere may be found a cure for her infirmity. Will you intercede in my behalf, if she hesitates to commit herself to my care? Plead for me with the assurance that it is love, not pity, I feel. Knowing your great influence over her, I want to beg you, for the sake of our pleasant friendship, to use it in my favor."

A cloud was gathering on the deep, the waves looked dark and angry, and fancy saw my love-boat reel from side to side and then go down, swallowed up in mid-ocean.

At the call of the company we joined them, and I went home, as I shall go through life in daily sight of their happiness, with never a line on my face to tell of my loss.

A Killing Nervous Strain.

Many persons who travel much on the fast trains between Jersey City and Philadelphia have noticed that the engineers on those trains are, as a general rule, young men, and that there are many new faces seen among them in the course of a year. I asked an old railroad man the reason of this. He said:

"It's because old men do not have the nerve to stand the strain of the terrific speed of these trains, and even the nerviest young man gets afraid of them after a while. Then they get to letting up a little in speed, the trains run behind time, the engineers are given other runs and new men are put on in their places."

"Likely enough you never noticed how fast those trains go. It is ninety-one miles from Jersey City to Philadelphia. All the trains stop at Trenton. Some of them stop at other places. It is slow work getting out of the Jersey City yard, over the numerous switches and crossings, across the bridges at Newark and Trenton, and again getting into Philadelphia. Now, take a time table and see. The train that leaves Jersey City at 7:13 a. m. gets into Philadelphia at 10:10, making the ninety-one miles in 117 minutes. That's 47 miles an hour, including a stop at Trenton. The train that leaves at 9:14 a. m. makes it in 119 minutes. The train that leaves at 3:13 p. m. does the same and stops at Germantown Junction as well as Trenton. The 4:13 p. m. train makes the two stops and the whole distance in 112 minutes. That's 49 miles an hour, including the stops and delays. Between stations it is necessary to run faster than 60 miles an hour."

"Very few men can stand the nervous tension of running a mile a minute with the tremendous responsibility of a big load of passengers."—New York Herald.

A New Scheme.
The government of New South Wales has adopted an entire new scheme of technical education. The present Board of Technical Education is to be abolished, and technical schools will be placed under the direct control of the Education Department. A sum of \$250,000 is to be expended in the erection and equipment of a new Technical College and Museum in Sydney, while branch technical schools will be established throughout the country districts. It is estimated that \$250,000 will be required annually to carry on the new arrangements.

STARS AND PLANETS.

VERY FEW INTERESTING PHENOMENA DURING 1890.

The Eclipses Unimportant and Invisible in New England.

Thousands of years ago the stars looked the same to the astronomers of the plains of Asia as they do to us today, and as they probably will as long as life exists on this earth. To the astronomer with a telescope, however, the stars are by no means fixed. He sees them changing their positions from year to year, and consequently concludes that they must be traveling through space with greater rapidity than any cannon ball—that Arcturus is moving at the rate of 54 miles a second, Vega 13 miles and Capella 30 miles.

Now we should naturally expect to find some systematic motion in the stars, as there is among the planets. But, unfortunately, there is positively no evidence for any such movement, grand as it is. To all appearances the stars move in straight lines, and, with a few exceptions, perfectly at random. There is one very remarkable fact connected with these proper motions. It is that the stars in some groups are moving in the same direction and at the same rate. This is the case with the Great Dipper, where all the stars, with two exceptions, are moving toward the east, or parallel to the first three stars in the Handle; also the Hyades and Pleiades are examples of this movement. Such phenomena cannot be accounted for by chance. Yet we hardly can conceive of stars so far apart as those of the Great Dipper having any power one over another to keep them together.

Besides this star-drift, which is the name given to the common motion of the stars of a group, there is still another movement more universal and more easily accounted for. When we ride through the woods we notice that the trees in front seem to be moving away from the point directly ahead of us, while those at our sides are moving opposite to the direction in which we are. Finally, all the trees back of us seem to be always approaching a point directly behind us until they disappear. Now, if our sun is moving through space as the other stars are, we should naturally expect to find the stars in one part of the heavens separating and those in the opposite point coming together. Herschel first investigated this motion and found he had sufficient evidence to conclude that the whole solar system is moving toward a certain point in the constellation of Hercules. Since then as many as half a dozen others have made similar calculations, and although each differs as to the exact point, all agree that the sun is moving toward Hercules. Struve further calculated that the sun is moving at the rate of four miles a second.

There are now about two dozen stars that have been found to have a sensible parallax. Of these Alpha Centauri is by far the nearest. But even from this star light, which travels 186,000 miles a second, or farther than the distance from here to the moon in two seconds, is four years and four months in reaching us, while it is supposed that the light which left the farthest stars in the Milky Way at the beginning of our era may still be journeying toward us.

This fact that light takes an appreciable time to move from one place to another gives an opportunity of indulging in a very amusing fancy. For if we imagine a spirit endowed with a power of vision that can discern the smallest object at a great distance, and with a power of locomotion exceeding that of light, then the whole panorama of events that has taken place since the earth first appeared from the primeval nebula could be seen over again.

During 1890 there will be unusually few interesting phenomena. The eclipses will be not only unimportant, but invisible in this part of the world. Also the principal occultations are invisible in New England; other countries, however, will see Mars, Venus, Neptune and Mercury occulted by the moon. Our only hope, then, is that some large comet may visit our skies.

Venus rises about a quarter of seven in the morning. On January 19, at 4 a. m., Jupiter and Venus will be less than the diameter of the moon apart. Of course, they will not be visible until two hours later, but they will still be very close to each other. At the same time the thin crescent of the moon will be within a degree or two of both. Jupiter rises about the time that Venus does.

Saturn cannot readily be seen this month, for it rises only about fifteen minutes before sunrise.

Mercury can be seen in the west shortly after sunset during the middle of the month.—Wm. Maxwell Keed in the Boston Journal.

STORY OF LEADVILLE.

A Handsome Young Horse Thief Was Found to Be a Girl and Died in Her Boots.

In the first days of Leadville wagons formed the only means of transportation of the immense quantity of merchandise needed there, and for the shipment of the large output of ore and bullion. As a consequence, horses and mules were used in large numbers. Trains of freight wagons lined the roads leading to the great carbonate camp, and it frequently became necessary to turn the stock out after a hard day's journey to graze on the adjoining hillsides. Leadville offered a good market for work stock of all kinds, as animals brought from the East frequently succumbed to the climatic effect of a high altitude and heavy work. Many a freighter reached the top of a hard pull only to see his best work mule lie down and die in the harness. Such inducements and easy sale brought professional horse thieves in abundance. The immunity from punishment that they seemed to enjoy and the high prices paid for their plunder stimulated them to constant activity and made them bold in their profession. Saguache county, Col., says a writer in the *Helena Journal*, was a favorite section for the operations of this fraternity, these gentlemen making their trips with almost the regularity of stage coaches.

After an unusually bold raid a party was organized determined to follow the trail and overtake the thieves, and if the depredators were caught to save all county expenses in the way of Sheriff fees and trials. The party started early in the morning, and as the trail was fresh they were able to follow it almost at a gallop. Following along the west side of the San Luis valley and then through a defile of the Sangre De Christo Mountains, the course of the pursuers and pursued emerged into the Arkansas valley, close to where the Southern Arkansas flows into the main stream. Here it was evident that the two parties could only be a short distance apart. The robbers had taken more stock than they could easily handle, and did not seem to be aware that they were being followed. Two of the stockmen from the ranches on the route joined the vigilantes and furnished fresh horses. About noon on the following day the thieves with the stolen stock were discovered camped on the north of Cottonwood creek. There were but two. One appeared to be a young boy not over 16; the other was a fine looking young man of perhaps 20 or 22 years of age. On being called on to surrender the boy pulled a six-shooter and fired on the vigilantes. At the same time he and his companion jumped down behind the bank of the river, from which place it was found impossible to dislodge them without the loss of at least three or four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was decided for two men to go down the river, cross over and come up on the other side to a point where the fugitives could be easily covered, and the balance to prevent their escape from the position they were in. This was done, and when the thieves were again summoned to surrender, they simply turned and commenced firing at their pursuers on the opposite side of the river. The fire was returned, and resulted in the boy dropping dead with a broken neck and his companion falling with a bullet through the lungs. When the vigilantes went to where they lay the elder was still alive, and the boy was, of course, dead, and proved to be a lovely young girl, with delicate and refined features. The one who could still talk refused to tell who they were or from whence they came, only that their people were respectable, and that he desired them to remove his boots, as he did not wish to die with his boots on. He was evidently a man of good education, but positively refused to give any information. In a few hours he, also, was dead, and the two were buried beneath the cottonwoods near the river bank. Their identity was never discovered.

The Deadly Cold Bed.
If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds they would probably be astonishing and appalling, says *Good Housekeeping*. It is a peril that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the element of murder and suicide.

A Modern King Lear.
An old man named Daniel Murray has been committed to the almshouse of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, at his own request, because he can not get the use of \$9,000, his own personal property, which he assigned to his relatives.

The British boat *Brisk* has given the most conclusive proof that a torpedo may be effective. She fired one of her at a buoy which had been towed out as a target by her steam cutter, and, missing the buoy, hit the cutter and sank her.

In Asia there is Tibet and Turkestan, and in Africa the great desert of Sahara to be explored. We know almost nothing of Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and thousands of islands in the Pacific Ocean are still unexplored.

Zanzibar consists of the island of that name, 614 square miles in extent, and several sections of mainland, whose area is 8000 square miles, besides the island of Pemba, 373 square miles, and Mahe, 210 square miles.

Syn has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

In the Wrong Room.
Caller—To decide a bet, will you please tell me where the familiar quotation "Turn about is fair play" originated?
Man at the Desk (Impatiently)—Take your Bible question to room 64. This is the sporting department.—Chicago Tribune.