

### A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;  
It always sails at the end of the day  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See where the fire logs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of the Shadow land;  
The pelting rains on the window, hark!  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,  
A lake with its shimmering cool and still  
Blossoms are waving above its brim,  
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down;  
Dear little passenger, say good night,  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

### A QUEER STORY.

"Yes, sir, seventy-two years old," said the old man, "and there's not a stronger man in town."

"I believe you," I said, as I glanced at the robust figure before me.

"And that is not all," he continued, "I have never been sick a day in my life."

"How do you keep in such good health," I asked.

The old fellow tapped his head significantly.

"That, sir, is what keeps me up," he said. "My mind, and nothing else."

I smiled.

"You don't believe it," said the disciple of the mind cure.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I have great faith in the curative powers of the mind in certain cases."

"But you don't know all that the mind can do," said this strange talker.

"You don't know how it can be made to reach out and control other people."

"No," I answered, "you are leaving solid ground now, and flying too high for me."

"Let me give you a leaf from my experience," pleaded my companion.

"It is a true story, and you will find it worth thinking about."

"It was years ago," he went on to say, "when my boy got into his trouble—I told you about it once—well, the boy was one of the best lads in the world, but his temper got the upper hand, and in the heat of passion he did what he did."

"The lawyers could do nothing for him. The evidence was all against him, and he was convicted and sent to the convict camp."

"Sir, you don't know what a blow it was to me. For days and days I sat in my room, seeing nobody, and speaking to nobody. I even sent my wife away when she tapped at the door, and deeply as she was suffering she became alarmed. Poor thing—she thought I was going mad!"

"Well, I didn't know a thing about mind-reading and hypnotism in those days, but in my grief, and pain the thought came to me that if the governor knew how I felt he would be merciful."

"And then it struck me that he must know. How could I sit there with my mind on that one thing without in some way impressing him? I begged my wife to let me have my own way and stay in my own room for a week."

"After that I had perfect quiet, and all day long I sat there thinking of my boy and the governor. In my own mind I argued the case from my own standpoint, and imagined that the governor was present listening to it all."

"You have no idea how the workings of a man's mind will affect him in the course of a few days, when he is concentrating his will powers upon one subject. I grew weak and thin and white. It was hard for me to sleep, and always at night between 10 and 12 o'clock it seemed to me that the governor was with me."

"At first the governor's face was indifferent and rather stern, but toward the end of the week I thought it wore a sympathetic expression. One night I saw him as plainly as I see you and when I asked him to pardon my boy, he smiled and nodded his head."

"I dropped off into a sweet sleep. In the morning I put on my best suit, and surprised my wife by walking out into the garden where she was attending to her work. She looked at me very closely, but I soon convinced her that I was in my right mind, and when I started up town she offered no objection. But her look had so much meaning in it that I told her she might expect good news."

"Never in my life was I so calm and confident as when I walked into the executive office. The governor said that he had expected me. He could not tell why, but for some days he had looked for me. He had thought about me at night, he said. I told him all about it, just as I would have talked to a brother. I told him that the boy's

only fault was a high temper, that he had always been a good son, and that it would kill his mother and myself if he had to stay in that convict camp.

"It may seem strange to you, but the governor asked no questions, and made no objection. He told me that I had done exactly right in coming to him, and said that he was not afraid to risk a pardon in such a case. He called his secretary, and almost before I knew it I held in my hand a pardon, and an order for the release of the prisoner."

"You ought to have seen the superintendent of the camp when I showed him my papers! He read the pardon over two or three times, and then asked me how I got it. I simply told him that it was none of his business. He muttered something about influential friends, and then went off to get my son."

"Of course I felt as proud as a prince when I drove my boy back to town and turned him over to his mother. And then for the first time since the trial I gave way completely. I found myself as weak as a baby, and it was two months before I could leave my room, and much longer before I could go to work again. I was not sick, the doctors said, but my mind had been subjected to a violent strain. Smart men, those doctors. My mind had been working on the governor for many a long day and night until it had mastered him. No wonder there was a reaction! Sometimes I think that I have never been the same man since."

The old man paused for a moment, and his honest eyes met mine.

"What do you think of it?"

"I think," I responded, "that you are in earnest, and that your experience was remarkable. But had nobody else approached the governor in behalf of your son?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I think not."

"You are satisfied that from your room you worked upon the governor's mind and controlled it?"

"I know it!"

What was the use of arguing with such a man? I let him go without attempting to shake his belief. After all the story he told me was not a bit more improbable than the accounts we read every day of the marvelous results of magnetism, mesmerism and hypnotism.

But when a man talks about hypnotizing a governor into granting a pardon, it is a pretty tough story. However, my venerable friend believes it and is happy. The next time I see him I must ask him the name of the governor who figured in the case.

### Southern Negro Superstitions

Women in the North have trouble enough over the servant girl question, but their ways are paths of pleasantness compared with those of Southern women except that the southern women are less disturbed over the more serious situation. When a Virginia woman wants to change girls she is compelled to go at least three days without any girl at all. The kitchen help is black, of course, and superstitious. No colored girl will go into a house until three days after the retiring help has vanished, for fear of being "tricked,"—in other words, hoodooed, placed under a spell—by the dismissed help. Whatever the colored person doesn't understand he fears. He is full of superstitions, believes in good luck from the rabbit foot when in his own possession and in bad luck when it is "put on him."

Not long ago a large number of negroes were on a Virginia Railroad platform waiting for a train to take them to a picnic ground. A Boston drummer, with a face as serious as a parson's, took a piece of chalk and a rabbit foot and in the most business-like way began to make crosses on the backs of the negroes and touch them with the rabbit foot. The crowd broke for the woods in a panic and there was no picnic that day.

### The Hottest Weather Known.

"What is the hottest weather ever known in the United States?" The question is answered in the May bulletin of the Kentucky Statistical Weather Service. The highest temperature recorded by the United States Signal Service was at Phoenix and Fort McDowell, Ari., in June, 1883. The thermometer marked 119 degrees. However, unofficial observers report temperatures as high as 128 and 122 degrees at Mammoth Tank and Humboldt, Cal. The coldest weather recorded by the service was 69 degrees below zero, at Poplar River, Mon. But this is a warm place compared with Verchojansk, Siberia, the coldest inhabited spot on the globe. The thermometer there has been as low as ninety degrees below zero. In view of these figures, let us not complain of a paltry 90 degrees above zero.

### WAVE-POWER MOTOR.

#### Utilizing the Immense Water Power of the Ocean Itself.

After many accidents and trials the wave-power motor so long talked of, has at last been finished and proved a success. The construction of this machine or apparatus, which was begun in July, 1886, was at the time considered a half-brained scheme, but the projectors stuck to their plan and seem now to be in a fair way of success. Great difficulty was experienced at first in getting the materials to withstand the force of rocks thrown against them by the waves and the pipes which conduct the water up the bluff were broken and carried away no less than fourteen times. When the schooner Parallel went ashore and her cargo of dynamite exploded the motor was completely wrecked. A mass of rock weighing six hundred tons was thrown from the cliff and fell across the chasm over which the motor was suspended blocking it up to such an extent that nearly three months were consumed in blasting out the debris. Soon afterward another mass of stone weighing one hundred and fifty tons fell and had to be removed. The motor, which was designed and built by E. T. Steen, is a very simple contrivance and still is capable of exerting a great power.

Across a chasm in the rocks just north of Parallel Point a bridge of heavy timbers was built. Suspended from this is a huge fan or paddle of oak timbers, with the spreading portion downward. This is fastened to the bridge by immense hinges which allow it, when in operation, to swing back and forward a distance of thirty-six feet as the waves strike it. The handle or upper portion of the fan is connected with a solid plunger pump twelve inches in diameter and having a stroke of nine to twelve feet. This pump in turn is connected with a suction pipe running out into deep water. The fan is so rigged that it can be drawn up out of reach of the waves when not in use. When a wave comes in the fan is thrown forward and forces the air out of the pump barrel in which the plunger works. On the wave receding the fan is carried seaward and the plunger drawn out, causing a vacuum and causes a quick rush of water into the suction pipe. The force with which the water is drawn up is sufficient to raise it to an elevation of 350 feet above the tide level.

Should this motor prove as successful as the projectors seem confident it will, several others will be built in the same neighborhood and an immense reservoir built on the hill to contain the water.

This one motor, with its twelve inch plunger, is capable of raising 12,000 cubic feet of water 350 feet high in every twenty-four hours. The uses to which the water will be put are various. A thirty-six-inch pipe will be conducted to the city and water will be supplied to all branches of industry where machinery is used. Bathing houses will also be supplied with salt water and sewers flushed where it is necessary.

The first work performed will be begun in about ten days, and an eight-inch pipe is now being laid for the purpose.

The last-mentioned pipe is for Adolph Sutro and is to be utilized in sluicing away a large amount of drifting sand from the heights just back of the aquarium. The work is rendered necessary to prevent the sand from washing back on the beach and retarding the work there.

The immense fan of the motor generates a large amount of energy which is not used in working the pump, and when everything is in shape electric dynamos will be erected to utilize this energy for heating purposes and the like.

### WOMEN OF THE WEST.

#### The Golden-haired Beauties to Be Found in California.

Lord Lorne—a young man who stands too near the throne, perhaps, to be seen in the best light—said to me while at his table in Quebec, after his visit to the Pacific: "You are growing a new race of people out there." I remember that the Princess Louise concurred heartily in this assertion, but insisted that the departure was most noticeable among the women, especially so in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, places that—at the time of her tour—had not been interrupted by any great confusion of new blood, as in the North of the coast.

Surely there is a large sincerity, a touch of solemnity, if you like, in the face and the character of the California woman, absent from all other women of this earth. I have studied this touch of solemnity, this dignity, this almost majesty for years, watched it, waited for it to depart. It will not depart. It is a distinct feature of the California woman. This woman has less to say than any other woman in the world. The golden silence of our golden land is upon her lips forever.

GOLDEN-HAIRED WOMEN.

I must mention two unmistakable physical features of the single and sincere California woman: The first of these is her early development. I was called upon to address the young ladies of our celebrated Mills Seminary—the Yassar College on the Pacific coast—not long ago, but before I had been five

minutes on the stand I found I was speaking to women—women in body women in mind.

A second and a singularly beautiful feature in the coming Californian, this new woman of the new world, is her golden hair. When called upon to speak to the girls of the high school of San Francisco a few weeks since, it was like looking over a yellow harvest field. And I count this very singular, for we have a dash of Moorish blood here—the Moor of the Alhambra, the Arab of the Jesuit Fathers. We have some of the pure Castilian, it is true, but nearly all our Spanish stock is splashed with the tawny blood of either the Moor or the native American Indian. Then again we have the Kanaka in our schools. There are also many swarthy folk from far down the Pacific seas. But over and above all these towers the tall California girl, her head and shoulders laden with ripe wheat.

### TYPES OF BEAUTY.

The New Orleans type of beauty is the large-eyed and the tawny type. It is very marked and distinct. Not at all numerous are those beauties of the Crescent City, nor are they ambitious of mention or of being called beauties. Indeed, I know of nothing that could be counted in worse taste than public mention of the press by name; but I feel safe in saying that for beauty, and a distinct type of beauty, the women of New Orleans surpass anything to be found either in Boston or New York.

I concede there are beautiful women in London, beautiful women in New York, strangely, gloriously beautiful; but they are not distinct types at all. The whole wide world has been pillaged and ravaged to procure them. And as for the one wondrous beauty of Europe, Mrs. Langtry, she is now with us; and all who know me know how much I have admired her simple beauty and helped to celebrate it. Yet I assert that I can find in California twenty Langtrys any day.

To descend to some dull details, I assert that the California woman can build a house and take care of it, too; with less money and less "fuss and feathers" than any woman on earth. True, our architecture is of the light and airy order, and our fine climate gives great advantage over all lands of the continent. It can not reach sombre Philadelphia and sedate Boston any too soon.

I must say briefly, but emphatically, that the women of the Pacific coast are the best dressed I ever saw. No, they do not wear gold. They do not wear many diamonds as a rule. But that beastly abomination unto the Lord—the bustle—has never yet had its full growth here, thank God, as in the States. Neither did the "hang" in its craziest days ever do much damage to the Californian. Even the skating-rink rage failed to lift the California woman from her feet, as elsewhere. But quiet, good sense—the best thing to have in any land or family—has always kept our calm and queenly California woman out of all such excesses and out of many prevailing follies. And all this comes, I think, of a disposition to decide and act for herself.

### A Graceful Rebuke to Freshness.

Washington Irving Bishop told me the other night a story about Dr. John Brown, who wrote "Rab and His Friends," one of the most delightful of books. Sir Daniel MacNee, the celebrated painter, had just finished a picture of Mrs. Brown, the doctor's wife. They were both old people then. The picture had been sent home and the doctor and his friends went in to look at it. It was hanging on the wall and the old man had been gazing at it for some time in silence. His nephew, a young man just back from college, stood by him.

"A fine picture; but don't you think, uncle, it rather flatters the old lady?" he said, rather flippantly.

The doctor without taking his eyes from the picture, put out his hand and drew the boy to him.

"My boy," he said, "it is the truth beautifully told."

### New Horseshoes.

Her Schneller, of Berlin is supplying horseshoes of a new pattern, which are said to insure a firm footing upon modern asphalt. The prominences, or calks, are of india-rubber instead of metal, and are fixed in pockets in the malleable iron body of the shoe. The rubber wears out uniformly with the iron; but even if this should not be the case, the calks can easily be inserted by any unskilled hand. Provision is made for a special form of calk for slippery weather.

### The Way to Keep Cool.

"Doctor, give me a suggestion as to the best way to stand this hot weather."

"Well," replied a prominent physician, "there are a few simple things to remember. I'll tell you how I do it. In the first place I get plenty of sleep. I do this by eating a light supper, without coffee and with very little fluid of any sort and but a mouthful of beefsteak. My day's work ends with the day, and after sunset I just sit around without my coat and vest. About 9 o'clock I slip quietly into my bathroom and soak myself ten or fifteen minutes in a bathtub full of cold water. Without drying myself I draw on my sleeping garment and go to bed. My temperature has been reduced and my pulse has slowed up. This condition is preserved by the evaporation which goes on for half an hour or more, during which I go to sleep. Try it. Now for the day time, I eat a moderate breakfast, with but little hot coffee or tea. I avoid the butter and anything else very greasy. I eat my fill of bread, toast, tomatoes, cold milk, etc., with a small piece of lean, rare steak. I do not smoke or drink anything alcoholic. I occasionally take a glass of some aerated water, like vichy or seltzer. I wear light clothes and but few of them, and I am not ashamed to carry an umbrella. The result is that I suffer as little from the heat as is possible during this sultry weather."—Louisville Post.

### The Magnificent Shah.

The English authorities started out to dazzle his Eastern Majesty, but in fact England has been dazzled rather more than the Shah, who gets himself up regardless and takes everything but his own comfort with marvellously cool indifference.

His costumes have been something absolutely gorgeous. The gold belt around his waist is fastened with the biggest emerald in the world. He wears breastplates of enormous diamonds, besides which he has a tremendous aigrette of brilliants in his hat and strings of precious stones scattered all over him. A man who understands such things saw him at the opera and said that he would be very glad to buy him as he stood for \$1,000,000 and return him next day unharmed minus his clothes. His Majesty wears, among other ornaments, the sash of the Order of the Garter, to the centre of which he has fastened his enormous diamond called the Sea of Light. The man who had valued his Majesty at a million dollars did not notice this at first, but when he did he admitted that he was willing to increase his price considerably.

### Austrian Resources.

Austria might, in a short time, double her standing army of 800,000 men, but her position in Central Europe militates against her. Austria is, besides, honeycombed with secret societies of the worst political shades. Her dual government rests on anything but solid foundations. Austria's heterogeneous populations have always hampered her military campaigns. Italy, as a fighting power, is not to be belittled. She has made wonderful strides and progress during the last twenty years. To-day her fleet stands a good third in Europe. The 600,000 men which Italy could put in the field are well officered, and armed with the best modern weapons. In bravery and fighting capacity the Italian soldier has no superior and but few equals in Europe. It is palpable, however, that an unfavorable turn of events would expose her as much as Austria; but, weighing the pro and con, Italy has more to gain than to lose in this European imbroglio.

### Long Life with a Broken Neck.

The unfortunate Mr. Hill in this city is not the first man who has lived with a broken neck. In a certain North Carolina district before the war it was the practice to send to Congress the man who could lift the heaviest weight. When the champion got the seat he held it until he was literally lifted out of it by a more muscular man. One gentleman won it by lifting two barrels of turpentine, but after holding it several terms he was challenged to contest it with an opponent, who undertook to lift three barrels of turpentine at once. He did it, lifting one barrel with each hand and a third on his head, but the effort broke his neck, or rather crushed the cervical vertebrae. The accident did not kill him, and he was elected to Congress and served many terms, using an artificial support for his head. Of course the spinal cord was not injured or he would have been paralyzed.

### Spain's Baby King.

The young King of Spain is growing into a fairly strong and healthy boy. One of his latest toys, in which he is beginning to take great interest, was presented His Majesty by the officers of the regiment of Guards of which he became the Colonel by right of birth. This specially designed toy consists of a reproduction on a diminutive scale of the 500 officers and men of the regiment, each diminutive soldier being an accurate copy. It is accompanied by a finished model of the barracks in which the regiment is quartered, and there are the bandmen, too, each with his own special instrument, and a series of transport wagons, ambulance carriers, ammunition carts, &c.

### Arrow Poison.

According to Mr. Stanley, the arrow poison used by the natives of the Lower Congo district is made from a species of red ants found in that locality. The ants are dried, crushed into powder and cooked in palm oil. The exceedingly irritating properties of the poison are supposed to be due to formic acid.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is the little trials that test.  
When we worry we do not trust.  
Habit molds even a cast-iron principal.  
To err is human, but to forgive is divine.  
Nothing pleases a woman like being loved in vain.  
When conscience oversleeps herself, we call her remorse.  
A woman repents, not of the sin, but of its consequences.  
A woman's constancy is the most irrelevant thing in nature.  
The average man will blame his wife for all his misfortunes.  
More people die from eating too much than from eating too little.  
No one can be happy who is not doing something to help other people.  
It is hard to remember the good qualities of those who forget us.  
There is no substitute for success.  
Charity frequently should begin at other people's homes.  
The true heroes are those heroic in the trades of everyday life.  
The good who die young have a great deal to be thankful for.  
Grown people feel the truth, but it is the children who tell it.  
If fathers could besons to themselves what good sons they would be.  
It takes some people a long time to find out just how big a dollar is.  
It is hard to find a man who hasn't got some kind of a streak of laziness.  
It will puzzle posterity to make out why some men have been given statues.  
The only way to get people to live right is to first get them to believe right.  
If a woman can deceive another woman she can succeed at anything.  
Virtue is its own reward, but vice will bring curses from a dozen sources.  
Love is the only thing in this life that man needs that he can not get for himself.  
It is no crime to be poor, but in the eyes of many people it is rank felony to be rich.  
When the fires of youth go out in a man he wonders that they burn in others.  
It takes very little to make a woman happy; it takes much less to make her miserable.  
When summoned to the bar of final judgment no pleas of "not guilty" will be allowed.  
Death stills the tongues of a man's detractors, but it seldom changes their convictions.  
He who refuses to fight and holds his tongue rarely fails to defend himself when attacked.  
One of the greatest victories possible in this life is to be able to say no to yourself.  
Water never rises above its level, and no man's life ever rises higher than his belief.  
One of the hardest things in the world to do is for one woman to deceive another.  
If you want to make yourself miserable the easiest way to do it is to become a fault-finder.  
Most men think they could succeed better in what they like to do than in what they have to do.  
A death bed repentance is like paying a debt after you're dead; it's only a few removes from moral dishonesty.  
Philosophy has used the candle of speculation instead of the sun of Truth for so many years that its eyesight is practically ruined.  
It is more blessed to give than to receive simply because the giver can squeeze no end of contentment out of the contemplation of his own generosity.  
Nothing but having a hard time ourselves will enable us to sympathize very much with other people.  
If there wasn't any money in this world it would be hard to find out just how mean some men are.  
It is a grand thing for us when we find out that we are not responsible for all the work in the world.  
There isn't one man in ten thousand who knows what kind of a man he would be if he had plenty of money.  
A man's honor seems to consist in the refusal to give away a friend; a woman's in the refusal to give away herself.  
We unload our superfluity upon others and call it generosity; we intrude into the sorrows of our fellows and call it sympathy.  
Who said women have the more delicate sentiments? A lover will cherish a stray hair-p'n, while his adored one plus his flower into the button-hole of her neighbor at dinner.  
Nothing corrupts a man like being loved; nothing elevates a woman like loving.  
The culprit who found that lovely woman leamed to mercy in her judgments, was—a man!  
A woman cares little what a man really is; she prefers to think him what she likes to have him.  
You get your name etched on the hour glass of time only to have it smashed on the edge of eternity.  
Power when employed to relieve the oppressed and punish the oppressor becomes a great blessing.  
You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others.  
Good words are always in place. They are words of sincerity, charity, encouragement, but probably also reproof and rebuke. If they are true and spoken by those who are good, and in some way or other will have a mission of usefulness.