

### Ode to Spring.

I wakened to the singing of a bird;  
I heard the bird of spring.  
And lo!  
At his sweet note  
The flowers began to grow,  
Grass, leaves and everything,  
As if the green world heard  
The trumpet of his tiny throat  
From end to end, and winter and despair  
Fled at his melody, and passed in air.  
I heard at dawn the music of a voice.  
O my beloved, then I said, the spring  
Can visit only once the waiting year;  
The bird can bring  
Only the season's song, nor his the choice  
To waken smiles or the remembering tear!  
But thou dost bring  
Springtime to every day, and at thy call  
The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of  
autumn fall.  
—Mrs. James T. Fields, in the Century.

### A BOX OF DIAMONDS.

In the year 1867 I found myself at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, just out of hospital, not a dollar in my pocket, and ready to ask the American Consul to send me to the United States in the name of charity. I had been out with an American whaler, and had been left there so broken in health that no one supposed that I could live two weeks. As the ship had taken no oil there was nothing coming to me. Indeed, I was in debt to her, and but for the few dollars raised among the men I should have been a pauper on landing.

One afternoon, while I was on my way to the Consulate to see what help I could obtain, I encountered an Englishman, whom I at once identified as a sailor—captain or mate. He stopped and inquired my name, nativity and occupation and when I had given him the information he slapped me on the back and exclaimed:

"It's a bit of luck that I met you! I've got a place for you, and we'll drop in somewhere and have a talk."

He was a blunt-spoken man, but a cautious one. He did not unfold his plans until he had pumped me pretty dry and apparently satisfied himself that I was a man he wanted. Even then I only got a part of the story, and am still in the dark as to many particulars. The stranger's name was Captain Roberts, and he had given up the command of an English brig on purpose to enter upon a hunt for treasure. Two years before, as he informed me, a coasting schooner, which was carrying half a million dollars' worth of diamonds, besides a large sum in rough gold, between Rio and Montevideo, had been wrecked about seventy miles below Porto Alegre. Why this treasure had been entrusted to a sailing vessel and whether it belonged to church or state or some individual I never learned. The captain had nothing to say about that, and I bound myself to secrecy regarding the whole affair.

How Captain Roberts had located the wreck was a matter I did not ask about, but I did hear it said that all the crew were lost. I was a sailor and a diver and he offered to stand all the expense of the search and give me \$10,000 in gold if we recovered the diamonds only. If we got the gold as well I was to have a larger share. He had chartered a coasting schooner for three months, and was then getting aboard whatever he thought would be needed. I signed with him that afternoon as mate, and three days after we had picked up all our crew. Fortunately for us a ship came in with twelve seamen rescued from a burning bark at sea, and we took eight of them and a cook. This gave us eleven hands all told on the little craft, but wrecking is a thing demanding plenty of muscle at the cranks, windlasses and sail ropes. The crew proper were not let into the secret, but signed for a voyage to Buenos Ayres and return.

There was a Rio banker behind the expedition, as I accidentally discovered, but he did not come near the schooner, and Captain Roberts visited him only by night. We were so well provisioned and provided that it must have taken a snug sum of money to fit us out. This the banker no doubt advanced and took his chances. At the Custom House we cleared for the La Plata in ballast, but some of that ballast had been taken aboard under cover of darkness. We had a diver's outfit, timbers, planks, spare casks, extra ropes and chains, and about the last package received contained a dozen muskets and a lot of fixed ammunition. We slipped out quietly one night with the tide, and before daylight came we were far away.

Captain Roberts had a pretty fair chart of the neighborhood of the wreck, and after a speedy run down the coast we reached it one afternoon about 4 o'clock. When we came to work inshore we got sight of the mountain peaks laid down on the chart, and in a couple of hours were satisfied that the wreck was within a mile of us

north or south. Just there was a reef about four miles off shore and extending up and down the coast for thirty miles. Behind this reef in many places was deep water up to the shore line. It being summer weather, with the winds light but holding steady, we anchored off the reef, and then the men were told that we had come to search for a wreck. It was all right with them, and after dinner two boats were lowered to begin the search. Taking the schooner as the centre, we pulled both ways, running close to the reef. The treasure craft had been dimasted in a squall and driven shoreward, and we confidently expected to find her hull, if it had not gone to pieces, on or near the reef.

Before sundown we had made careful search for three miles away, but without finding the slightest trace of her. Next morning we tried it again, but nothing was brought to light. In some places the reef showed above the surface at low tide, in others there was plenty of water to carry us over at any time. The treasure craft might have hit the reef at a favorable spot and been driven almost to the beach; but before accepting this theory we got out the drag and explored the deeper waters seaward from the reef. We spent three days at this work, grappling only the rocks hidden away from 30 to 60 feet below, and using up the men with the hard work. The schooner was then sailed over the reef and anchored in a snug berth in 30 feet of water, and we began the search of the shore waters. The shore was a rocky bluff crowned with a dense forest, with a few yards of shingly beach at long intervals.

We had searched this bay for four days without luck when I had the good fortune to discover the wreck with my own eyes. She lay within half a mile of the beach in 22 feet of water, and was bottom side up against a big rock. She had probably passed the reef in safety, but had struck this rock, which thrust its head within three feet of the surface, and in going down had turned turtle. It seemed now that not a soul of her crew had escaped, and how anybody had afterward located the wreck and made a chart of the locality was a greater mystery than ever. Our first move was to bring the schooner as near as possible, and then we began preparations to lift the wreck. She must be turned over, so as to float on her keel, if nothing more. Lying bottom up, there was no possible way to get into her cabin.

Next day after the discovery, I went down in my diving dress and attached chains to her starboard side. These were spliced out with stout ropes leading aboard our schooner, and after half a day's work we were ready to haul. We could lift her a bit, but not more than a foot, and after working one day we gave up that method for another. Casks were sent down to me and attached wherever possible, and but for the presence of sharks we would have had her over in a day. As if one monster had communicated with another for miles up and down the coast, they gathered about the schooner and the wreck, and I had the closest kind of a call from being seized by a man-eater that was fully 15 feet long. Standing on our decks I counted 86 dorsal fins moving about us at one time, and I don't believe that was half the number of sharks within a circle of a quarter of a mile. There could be no more diving while they were hanging about, and we set to work to get clear of their company. Captain Roberts had foreseen such an emergency and had come provided.

I doubt if a ship's crew ever had deeper revenge on Sailor Jack's implacable enemy. The muskets were brought up and four of the men told off to use them. A fifth man was given charge of a whale lance, and the rest of us were kept busy administering a punishment which might be called barbarous by humanitarians. We heated bricks red hot on the galley stove, swiftly wrapped them up in cloths, and they no sooner touched the water than they were gulped down. As soon as a shark was wounded by ball or lance so as to leave a trail of blood he was at once eagerly attacked by others, and our hot bricks soon turned a dozen or more big fellows on their backs.

It was a regular circus for about three hours, during which at least fifty of the monsters were slaughtered, and then those that were left alive suddenly drew off to the last one, and we did not sight another shark during our stay. I did not go down again for twenty-four hours, however, not feeling certain that some big fellow was not lying in wait behind the wreck. When I did descend I found the schooner lifting to the casks, and

after attaching three or four more she slowly rose to the surface. We then got the boats out and towed her into a depth of fourteen feet and then awayed her over until she righted. She went to the bottom again, of course, as the casks no longer buoyed her, but we expected that.

When I came to go down in my suit I found almost a clear deck. She had been schooner-rigged and both masts had been carried away at the deck. Beginning at the heel of the bowsprit and running along the port side about twenty-five feet of her bulwarks were left standing. Capstan, windlass, hatch covers and the skylight of the cabin had been swept away. This latter fact was greatly in my favor, as I could drop directly into the cabin. I was told to look for the treasure in the captain's stateroom, but my feet had no sooner touched the cabin floor than my outstretched hands encountered something which I knew by the feel to be a dead man. My finding him in the situation I did still further deepened the mystery of the whole expedition. He was tied fast and I had to cut him loose with my knife. As soon as released the body floated upward, and the men told me that it floated out to sea with the tide, riding on the surface like a cork.

Evening was now drawing near, and further search was abandoned until another day. After breakfast next morning I descended again, and within two hours had the treasure out of the wreck. I found it, not in the captain's stateroom, but on the floor of the main cabin—the diamonds were in a cast-iron box about as large as a child's savings bank, and the gold in stout wooden boxes, and I left nothing behind.

From the treasure being found where it was I argued that there had been a mutiny before the storm, and that the captain had been tied in the cabin and the crew was making ready to divide up the spoils. Perhaps after driving over the reef and striking the rock one had been cast ashore to tell the story, and it was on his information we acted. If so, however, the fact was not admitted. I learned no more than I have told you. Not one of the crew knew the value of our find, and, sailerlike, asked but few questions.

When the treasure was safe aboard we returned to Rio. For four days not a man was permitted to leave the vessel. Then I received the sum agreed upon, with a considerable increase, the men were made happy with a snug sum of money counted down to each, and we were all bundled aboard a steamer bound for Cuba, each giving his promise to say nothing of the wrecking expedition to anyone. I learned later on that Government vessels searched for weeks for the wreck, and that the Rio banker had to flee to England for safety, but that only added to the strangeness of the adventure instead of clearing up the many mysteries.—[M. Quad, in St. Louis Republic.

### Devil's Lake.

Few people outside of the Ozark wilderness in Southwestern Missouri have ever heard of Devil's Lake, one of the strangest of natural phenomena. A traveller thus describes it: "Fancy a lake perched on the top of a mountain, its surface from fifty to one hundred feet below the level of the earth surrounding it, fed by no surface streams, untouched by the wind, dead as the Sea of Sodom. There is no point of equal altitude from which water could flow within hundreds of miles, and yet it has a periodical rise of thirty feet or over, which is in no way affected by the atmospheric conditions in the country adjacent. It may rain for weeks in Webster county, and the return of fair weather will find Devil's Lake at its lowest point, while it may reach its highest point during a protracted drought."

John Lee, who lives within a mile or two of the lake, says that a sounding of 100 feet has failed to reach bottom. Owing to the steepness of the sides of the bowl in which the water lies, it is very difficult to measure the depth. He believes that the lake is fed by a subterranean stream, and that the water so supplied flows out by a passage many hundreds of feet below the lake's surface. A Mr. Crabbe, who has lived in the neighborhood for years, says that he always knows when the rise is coming by reports in the papers from the Upper Missouri River in Montana. His theory is that the Devil's Lake is a part of an underground river, whose entrance is larger than its exit, and whose source is somewhere in the extreme Northwest. Devil's Lake is 1500 feet above the sea. It is situated a few miles north of Fordland on the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Railroad.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Youth sings, Age listens.  
The mind makes the morals.  
Matrimony is what you make it.  
A rolling stone gathers no moss.  
Sin without sorrow is unpardonable.  
When a woman reasons she hardens.  
Energy should be the slave of direction.  
Diligence is the mother of good fortune.  
Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery.  
Flattery labors under the odious charge of servility.  
Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.  
Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.  
Early to bed and early to rise gives a man sunshine in his eyes.  
The power of beauty knows no laws of statics or dynamics.  
A short horse is soon curried only when one has a curry-comb.  
Falsehood is often rocked by truth; but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.  
Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak and to speak well are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks.  
A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last.  
There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have de paired and have recovered hope.

### A Counterfeiter at Thirteen.

A novel counterfeiting case has been disposed of at Lafayette, Ind., so far as the preliminary proceedings go. Samuel Wallace, a lad of about thirteen, was before the United States Commissioner charged with making counterfeit nickels. The boy's home is at Marshfield, Ind. He purchased a small quantity of lead, and boring a long hole the size of a nickel, he poured the lead into it and thus shaped the lead into the size of the genuine nickels. Then he placed a nickel on each side of the lead and hammered them until he succeeded in making a fair impression of the nickel on each side of the lead. The hours that he spent upon this work must have been many, but boy-like he stuck to it with persistence. At Marshfield, near his home, was a store kept by an old man whose eyesight was not of the best, and this man soon secured all of Samuel's trade. He made small purchases there, and always paying for them in nickels. At last the man discovered what was going on and set about having the boy punished. The arrest of the boy followed. He did not deny making the lead nickels, and after a hearing the United States Commissioner fixed his bond at \$600, which his mother furnished, and the little shaver was allowed to go home. He is believed to be the youngest counterfeiter ever found, but his work is about as crude a job as any of Uncle Sam's officers have ever run across.—[Chicago Tribune.

### The Tall Grass of Yucatan.

The sisal grass of Yucatan is one of the most remarkable vegetable products known. It grows in long blades, sometimes to the length of four or five feet, and when dry the blade curls up from side to side, making a cord which is stronger than any cotton string of equal size that has ever been manufactured. It is in great demand among florists and among manufacturers of various kinds of grass goods, but as soon as its valuable properties become known it will have a thousand uses which are now undreamed of. Ropes, cords, lines of any description and any size may be manufactured of it, and a ship's cable of sisal grass is one of the possibilities of the future. It is almost impervious to the action of salt water, and is not readily decayed or disintegrated by moisture and heat, and will, in time, prove one of the most valuable productions of Central America.

### The Boiler Burst.

Gallant Cowboy (after a soul-weary performance by pretty hostess)—Er—what was that you just played?  
Miss Pianothump — "Impromptu No. 976," by Poundwhiski. Did you like it?  
Gallant Cowboy (with an effort)—Oh, yes, every note of it, as you play it—yes, indeed. I was entranced by your—er—lovely touch, you know. But if I ever catch that composer, I'll shoot him.—[New York Weekly.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A sheep has five stomachs.  
Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley, Scotland, in 1743.  
Linen was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious.  
In 1528 the Scotch Parliament passed a law permitting women to propose to men.  
One of the scholars in a country school at Grayson, Ky., is a Justice of the Peace, aged 44 years.  
St. Petersburg, Russia, boasts of a talking clock, the marvel being due to a phonographic arrangement.  
Australian eggs are now shipped to London, England, thanks to an extraordinary new process of preservation.  
The first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year A. D. 800. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdella, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.  
Farmers near Leeds, North Dakota, are complaining of the depredations of a herd of antelope that is destroying great quantities of the unthreshed grain, flax seeming to be the favorite food.  
The first record we have of coal is about three hundred years before the Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in England as early as 852, and in 1234 the first charter to dig for it was granted by Henry III. to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
By the will of Richard Berridge, who lately died in England, \$1,000,000 was bequeathed for educational purposes, one-fourth of which amount or \$250,000, is to be employed exclusively in the teaching of cookery in voluntary schools of England and Wales.  
Louis Diebler, "Monsieur de Paris," who is soon to relinquish his office because of old age, has been for forty years the chief executioner of France and in that time he has decapitated not fewer than 200 murderers. His trade has made him detested by his acquaintances, but he has had the practical consolation of a fortune of \$179,000 amassed by it and for the rest of his life a pension will be paid him. Diebler is now seventy years of age.  
A wonderful mystery has always been connected with the propagation of eels, nor is it yet solved. To distinguish the sex of an eel is only possible by means of a microscope. All that is known is that eels are hatched or born in salt water. The shores, bays and inlets swarm with young wrigglers and they are found in great abundance in places like Niagara River, being unable to wriggle up the falls. Unlike the shad and salmon, which go up fresh water streams to spawn, they go down to the salt water to produce their young.

### Playing the Piano With Her Toes.

The geniuses are strange creatures, not to be regulated by the laws governing the vast majority of humdrum mortals, is an accepted fact of the world over. Generally speaking a musical genius is envied, petted and admired by all, that is where the talent develops in orthodox channels. To hear about the knowledge that one is an absolute genius in such a wholly unorthodox manner that they dare not shine before society must be galling indeed, yet such is the case with a pretty young lady well known among the younger set of society who possesses the remarkable ability to play on the piano with her feet. Dressed in shoes and stockings it is actually possible for her to play consecutive tunes with her flexible toes, which she uses with apparently as great ease as the ordinary pianist does the fingers.—[Washington Post.

### Neatly Done.

"Do you think any girl ever proposes in leap year, as they say, Jennie?" he asked.  
"Not unless she is obliged to," answered the maiden.  
"H'm! I hadn't thought of that," he said, after a pause.  
"But, George," she said, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm and looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation."  
"No—er—that is to say—of course not. I—"  
The ice was broken, and three minutes later George was Jennie's accepted.—[New York Press.

### The Inevitable Consequence.

Bjorks—I want you to subscribe something toward sending an expedition to discover the North Pole.  
Bjorks—Not much! But I suppose I shall have to subscribe something toward sending out the rescuing party.—[Saverville Journal.

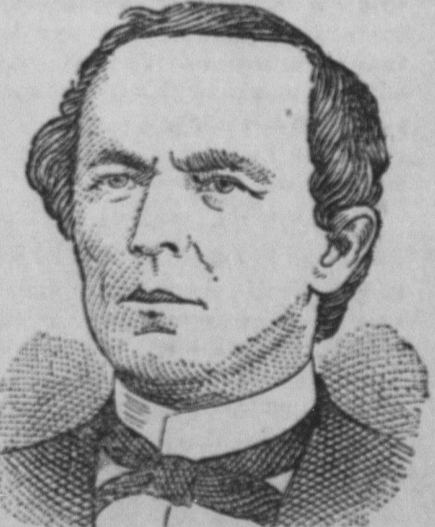
### The Imperial Diamond.

The following is the authentic history of the Imperial diamond, which has acquired considerable celebrity from the recent litigation in India between the Nizam of Hyderabad and Mr. Jacob, and the ownership of which has still to be decided by the civil courts at Calcutta. The Imperial diamond, which was the property of a powerful and wealthy syndicate, was entrusted for sale to the well-known firm of diamond merchants, Messrs. Pittar, Leverton & Co., of London and Paris. In the official description of this stone it is described as "the largest and most beautiful among celebrated and historical diamonds," and the statement is supported by comparison with the Koh-i-Noor among English crown jewels and the Regent among those of France, which are certainly the two most celebrated and best known cut diamonds in the world. The Koh-i-Noor, in its present cut state, weighs 106 carats; the Regent, which is the French name for the Pitt diamond brought back from Madras at the beginning of last century by the grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham, 136 carats; while the Imperial diamond weighs as much as 180 carats. The original weight of the Imperial diamond if its rough state was 457 carats. From this block a portion of forty-five carats was at once detached, and cut into a brilliant of twenty carats, which was sold long ago. The remaining block of 412 carats was sent to Amsterdam about ten years ago, where, under the personal direction of three of the first lapidaries of the town, it was cut down to the present size of 180 carats. It is stated that the Queen of Holland, now Queen Regent, was present when the first facet was cut, and that the whole cutting of the stone occupied eighteen months. The circumstances under which the stone received the name of Imperial were the following: It was exhibited by request to the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, who happened to be present, on seeing it exclaimed, "It is an imperial diamond." The owners of the stone at once bestowed that title upon it, by which, no doubt, it will always be known. The Imperial diamond was prominently exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where special measures were taken for its safe custody, as, for instance, the table on which it was placed being lowered into the ground at night and protected by an iron door.—[London Times.

### The Fertility of Broom Corn.

It is estimated that an acre of land in broom corn will make 1000 pounds at each of the two cuttings per annum, besides thirty bushels of seed and four tons of hay. Two good workings will make the crop, thin it out, leaving from three to four stalks in the hill, and requiring no other cultivation. The first cutting should take place about July 10 and the second about November 1. The seed is fine for feeding purposes for any kind of stock, and the hay superior to prairie hay. There are parties willing to guarantee the purchase of 500 tons of broom corn—will enter into a bond if necessary—delivered at depot, agreeing to pay \$80 per ton cash, which insures as ready sale as cotton.

Five hundred acres will produce that amount, one ton per acre, and the expense of preparation for market is much less than cotton, and if cured well and handled well it classes No. 1. The seed can be procured for \$1 per bushel, and one bushel will plant six acres. In view of the fact that the price of cotton is so low as not to pay for its cultivation, in casting about for other products for the farm the cultivation of broom corn should come in for a share of the attention of our farmers, especially as the broom factories in the State are importing their material from St. Louis.—[Colorado Citizen.



Rev. James P. Stone  
of Lower Cabot, Vt., formerly of  
Dalton, N. H.

### A Faithful Pastor

He held in high esteem by his people, and his opinion upon temporal as well as spiritual matters is valued greatly. The following is from a clergyman long influential in New England, now spending well earned rest in the beautiful town of Cabot, Vt.:  
"I, Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:  
"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family for many years past, with great benefit. We have, with confidence, recommended it to others for their various ailments, almost all of whom have certified to the great benefit by its use. We can

### Honestly and Cheerfully

recommend it as the best blood purifier we have ever tried. We have used others, but none with the beneficial effects of Hood's. Also, we deem Hood's Pills and Olive Ointment invaluable. Mrs. Stone cannot do without them."—Rev. J. P. Stone.

### Better than Gold

Mr. Geo. T. Clapp, of Eastonville, Mass., says: "I am 82 years of age and for 30 years have suffered with running sores on one of my legs. A few years ago I had two more amputated, physicians saying I was suffering from gangrene and had but

### A Short Time to Live

Eight months ago at the recommendation of a neighbor who had used it with benefit, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore, but it has almost completely healed and I can truthfully say that I am in better health than I have been for many years. I have taken no other medicine and consider that I owe all my improvement to

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and are the most liver invigorator and cathartic.