WHY IS IT SO?

BY FATHER RYAN,

(The Poet-Priest of the South.)

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best—
The answer comes when life is done.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go:
Some hearts beat where some hearts break—
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold while other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife,
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt, while some feet tread,
In tireless march the thorny way.
Some struggle on when some have fled;
Some seek, where others shun, the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names above the grave.

—[Father Ryan.

A PARISIAN EPISODE.

It was in 1870; the war had just been declared.

Marshal MacMahon had received orders to paralyze by a bold stroke the combined action of Northern and Southern Germany.

In Paris—as in all France—the fever of anxiety shook everybody. People strove to escape from the anguish of waiting by the excess of pleasure and discounted in advance—or, at least, feigned to—the first victory by giving the reign to folly. The open-air restaurants mingled their tumultuous clatter of arms with the trumpet flourishes of the Champs Elysees; the lights of the cafes-chantants illuminated enlaced couples, who glided toward the gloom; brilliant toilets bloomed in the groves of the public gardens. Like every place where the intoxication of forgetfulness was sold, the theatres were crowded to overflowing, and among them was one of the principal boulevard theatres in which the public, thronging from parquet to dome, seemed one evening particularly impatient.

The audience had assembled there to witness the debut of Mlle. Jane de Bolney—that was the nom de theatre of the debutante—and for some months past those who knew her—and the journals repeated their judgment—had been proclaiming in advance that a star of the first magnitude was about to rise in the French dramatic sky.

She was known to be handsome; she was said to be entirely devoted to her art, marvelously gifted and of a natural brilliancy, which illuminated everything as soon as she appeared

She had, for her debut, chosen "La Dame aux Camellias," then still in the radiance of its first success, and it was known that the author of the play had said that the role of Marguerite seemed to have been written for her, and for her alone.

The result, indeed, had justified from the first act the most enthusiastic predictions. The mere presence of Jane de Bolney had, in fact, sufficed to win every heart, to delight every eye. When the spectators had seen that exquisite creature advance, with her tall and willowy figure; when they had perceived that pale, fine face, with lips at once haughty and caressing, with limpid blue eyes, with pure and vigorous forehead and white complexion; when, by a graceful movement of that profile of supreme elegance, they had seen revealed a supple and proud neck and a pink little ear which shone like a pearly shell against a golden flood of hair floating down over the back of the neck, a murmur of admiration had arisen from the dense crowd, and, by its prolonged buzz, had interrupted for a long minute the dialogue of the actors.

From that moment the ovation had increased, and the second act had ended in an explosion of triumph which no past success had equaled.

Among those whom this victory had most deeply affected was Louis Belcourt, one of the pensionnaires of the theatre, thanks to whom Jane, whom he had loved from her early youth, had succeeded in making her debut; in fact, leagued with the majority of young journalists, Louis Belcourt had been able to force the manager to give her a chance, notwithstanding his exclusive passion for pupils of the Conservatoire, through which Jane had refused to pass.

This young man's passion had excited the sympathy of all who knew him; he loved Jane with a boundless devotion and loved her without hope, for he was acquainted with the man to whom the young actress had betrothed her soul and for whom she reserved her life.

Only recently had this infinite love filled the actress' heart.

At the finish of the last Longchamps races, at which Napoleon III. was present, she had paused in front of the imperial tribune to look at the ladies who garnished the first rows. Suddenly she had felt something like a blow on her heart. From behind the fauteuil of one of the Empress' dames of honor she had seen emerge the face of a man bronzed by the Southern sun, whose eyes had pierced her with a look in which was painted the same profound commotion which she herself had felt.

As if moved by a superior power, the man had drawn up his martial figure. He illy hid beneath his citizen's dress his military bearing. Quitting his place, he suddenly left the tribune, came through the crowd thronging around it, and, apparently unconscious of his movements, presented himself before Jane de Bolney.

There only he seemed to have recovered his senses. A rush of blood spread over his bronzed cheeks, his eyes were wet with tears. He bowed, confused and humiliated, to the young woman, and stammeringly attempted an excuse.

But, as troubled as he, seized upon by that instinct of supreme pity which penetrates the hearts of women simultaneously with the birth of love in them, the young actress paled at the sight of him and murmured:

"My name is Jane de Bolney; I shall soon make my debut in 'La Dame aux Camellias!'"

"And I, madame," answered he, bowing again, "am Roger de Morfeuille, captain of Spahis and, for the moment, orderly to the Emperor."

It was a case of unspoken love. Neither the one nor the other strove to struggle against an imperious domination. From that moment it had seemed to them that they were born for each other. Without uttering a syllable everything was understood.

But the war was at the horizon, and it was tacitly agreed upon that their life in union should not commence until after the fight. Roger was sure of being one of the first to depart. Jane would wait for him.

They lived in that constant intimacy frommwhich the assured morrow does not banish respect, not knowing in what way their existence would be arranged, but saying to themselves that they would be each other's to the end of the road which lay before them.

When Roger came to make his adieux to Jane, without a word having been spoken to prepare for that exchange, each, at the moment when they rose to separate, handed the other a ring, and this supreme betrothal was substituted for the bitter kisses of a last farewell.

After the second act of "La Dame aux Camellias," when the curtain had been raised and lowered for the sixth time upon the acclamations which had greeted Jane, in the flush of that unparalleled triumph, the echo of which she hoped would reach Roger, the young woman, with that melancholy oppression which too great fortune gives, was slowly mounting the stairway leading to her dressing-room.

However, Roger knew that she was making her debut that evening, and she was certain that, even amid the smoke of the battlefield, he could not have forgotten her.

But, without daring to admit it to herself, she had, during the whole day, been the prey of a sort of indescribable presentiment. She had watched at the door and listened to the footsteps ascending the stairway. She said to herself that the day could not pass without bringing her a souvenir, some sign of the beloved one, who was not ignorant that she also was going to face the chances of signal lights which decide, here, the life of individuals, and, there, the life of nations; she said this to herself and yet she was uneasy, anxious and oppressed.

A flash of joy, love and pride shot from her eyes when on opening the door of her dressing-room, she saw upon the white lace of her toilet table the blue paper of a telegraphic dispatch.

She rapidly closed the door that she might not be troubled while reading the words which had come from the dear absent one, and, without even perceiving that Louis Belcourt had silently followed her, opened the telegram.

Suddenly, amid the deep silence of the corridor, through the door Jane had just entered, Louis Belcourt heard a frightful superhuman cry, at once wild and tender, the mortal accent of which made a quiver run through his veins. He forced the door and sprang into the little chamber. He arrived just in time to catch Jane in his arms; she was beating the air with her arms, there was a rattle in her throat; she was livid with grief and yet held in one of her clenched hands the dispatch she had run through.

As he was asking himself in his terror what he should do, Jane's pallor vanished, a flood of blood coloring her visage; her eyes, now wide open, fixed themselves, as if by an irresistible impulse, upon the fatal dispatch.

She suddenly handed it to Louis Belcourt, who read the following words:

"We have been crushed at Wœrth. They have transported me to a neighboring chateau. Amputation probable. Pray for me. This dispatch will be carried to an open station. I love you.

"ROGER."

The young actor stood as if thunderstruck. Then, making an effort, he looked at Jane. He saw her, erect and resolute, putting a hat over her theatrical head-dress, throwing a cloak over her magnificent costume.

"Where are you going?" demanded he.

"I am going," answered she, in a firm voice, "I am going to rejoin Roger!"

"But, in Heaven's name, think that the curtain will soon be raised and your entrance on the stage is expected! This is frightful! You will destroy yourself—ruin your fortune, your life! Remain until to-morrow!"

"Listen," replied Jane. "It is a quarter to ten; there is a train at 11 o'clock, I know, since a friend of Roger, to whom I have entrusted a letter, starts at that hour from the Gard de l'Est. If you prevent me from taking that train—you see that poignard—I swear to you on my soul that I will kill myself!"

Louis Belcourt recoiled in terror.

Jane quitted the dressing-room and went down the stairway.

The young actor followed her mechanically, overwhelmed, and walking with the automatic step of a somnambulist.

She opened the artists' exit door, which led to the street at the back of the theatre, hailed a carriage, and vanished in the night.

When Louis Belcourt returned to the interior of the theatre he found everybody in a state of extreme excitement. The call boy had notified the stage manager that Mlle. de Bolney was not to be found. The stage manager informed the manager, who had just arrived, and had seen Jane in a carriage going in the direction of the Boulevard de Strasburg.

There was an immense explosion of rage, imprecations and insulting language heard from the foyer to the dressing rooms and from beneath the stage to the fly galleries. The manager wanted to have Jane arrested. The public had begun to make a noise; strident hisses alternated with the pounding of feet on the floor. It was dreadful.

Suddenly Louis Belcourt, who, with his ardent love, was filled with despair on thinking of the fatal consequences of Jane's flight, conceived a plan which lighted up his face with joy. He approached one of his comrades who was filling a silent role in the piece and hurriedly conversed with him. The comrade instantly nodded and went toward the auditorium through the communicating door.

Then, Louis Belcourt, putting aside everybody in his way, and jostling the stage manager and manager, who strove to bar his passage, gave the signal to raise the curtain and appeared upon the stage.

Profound silence ensued.

The young actor advanced toward the footlights, and said in a vibrating voice:

"Messieurs and Mesdames, Mlle. Jane de Bolney fainted on receiving a dispatch which announced that the French army had just met with a grave check on the frontier of Germany; as soon as she recovers consciousness she will reappear before you, and until then we beg you to be patient!"

A murmur followed these words. A wind of mourning passed over the house. People no longer commented on the interruption of the performance, but on the news of the disaster.

Then silence resumed its sway, deeper and more mournful than before.

Louis Belcourt's comrade, who had made his way into the auditorium and mingled with the audience, carrying out the directions he had received from his friend, arose.

"We are as good patriots as Mlle. de Bolney," cried he, "the play should not go on before Frenchmen who have learned of a defeat of their arms!"

Unanimous bravos greeted this declaration. Then the audience dismissed themselves—the prey of deep emotion.

Belcourt had saved the artistic honor of Jane de Bolney.

The rumor of our check, which the Imperial Government had carefully concealed, spread rapidly through Paris, causing a frightful stupor.

As Louis Belcourt was returning home from the theatre a Commissioner of Police, wearing his sash and furnished with a warrant of arrest, presented himself before him. The young actor was accused of having divulged a State secret, a crime punishable with death in time of war. He was arrested, and taken to the prison of Maza.

For more than a month Louis Belcourt had been incarcerated, face to face with the terrible accusation which hovered over him.

He had been interrogated as to why he had divulged the State secret; he had been questioned as to how he had obtained the news; he had kept silent, not knowing whether Jane would forgive him if he spoke.

He was to be tried on the morrow.

The successive defeats of our troops,—brave, but ill commanded—had irritated all minds; the Government was about to show itself inexorable in order to distract attention for an instant.

Louis Belcourt was thinking, with grief, of the hopeless love which had led him to the threshold of death, when the door of his cell opened and the director of the prison, standing aside, announced:

"Madame, la Comtesse de Morfeuille!"

It was Jane, covered with her long mourning veil.

Her beautiful hair, but the other day of a golden chestnut, now counted more than one silver thread; her forehead had assumed the austerity of marble; her mouth, still beautiful, maintained rigid contours; around her eyes were traced bluish circles, and she had upon her entire visage that indelible pallor of beings wounded forever, who weep within.

Louis Belcourt felt himself seized upon by deep emotion at the sight of this suffering without remedy.

"You are free, my dear Louis," said she. "I have obtained your pardon, and you see that they have extended the favor so far as to permit me to bring it to you personally. Alas, they can no longer conceal our reverses, and your trial would change nothing; it would appear iniquitous now that the news you announced has been confirmed by the official dispatcher. I thank you for what you have done for me."

And, after a silence, as if she had repressed a sob which had arisen in her throat, Jane resumed:

"I remained beside my husband till his death. Then I took his body to Morfeuille. After that I was free; I returned and was informed of the danger you were running—"

She could not continue; her tears were stifling her.

A few minutes later the order to release Louis Belcourt reached the office of the clerk of the prison, and the necessary formalities were proceeded with: the young actor was at liberty.

A few days afterward Mme. de Morfeuille set out for the domain where reposed the man she had married on his death-bed.

Roger had been buried with the ring which Jane had given him at the moment of his departure; the young wife kept on her finger that which her husband had handed her at the time of their poignant betrothal.

When, some time later, Louis Belcourt strove to make her see the weakening of her grief, possible consolation and life with a new love, she stopped him with a gesture:

"Pursue this no further," she said; "I shall forever remain the widow of Roger de Morfeuille, and not having been able to be his, I shall never belong to any one else."

This was the denouement of one of the most exciting evenings a Paris theatre has ever seen, and thus was arrested upon the threshold of certain glory, the dramatic career of a great artiste, the fashionable life of a woman of exquisite beauty, who had been hailed at her debut as wholly irresistible.

The noise of this episode of Parisian existence, and the remembrance of its consequences, have been lost among the thousand events which marked that terrible epoch.

But, more than one, on reading the recital I have just given, will, perhaps, recollect Jane de Morfeuille and her brief experience on the stage.—[Blowitz, in Philadelphia Press.

Wasps Are Natural Surgeons.

Wasps, according to a scientific paper, are natural surgeons. A gentleman becoming annoyed by the persistent buzzing of a wasp about his head, knocked it down with a newspaper. It fell through an open window upon the sill, apparently dead. Only apparently, for a few seconds later a large wasp flew on to the window sill, and after buzzing around the injured one a second or two, began to lick it all over. After this (which may have been a kind of massage) the sick wasp seemed to revive, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him around the body and flew away with him.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FOUR BROTHERS.

Four Brothers are piping o'er land and o'er sea—
Each pipes his own tune and with good will pipes he,
And one like a clarion-trumpet doth blow,
And one plays a lullaby, sweetly and low—
And one wakes the waves with a blast wild and shrill,
And one murmurs softly to river and rill;—
Pray who are the Brothers?—perchance you have guessed;
Look Northward and Southward and Eastward and West,
And listen—hark! hark!—through the wood floats a strain—
The West Wind is piping his joyous refrain!

—[St. Nicholas.

SICK ESQUIMAU CHILDREN.

The cunning little children in the villages of the World's Fair are sick nearly all the time. They are not used to the sweet things which the visitors give them, and so the poor little tots suffer from all the troubles which our children have when they have eaten too much at Christmas or Thanksgiving. The poor little Esquimau children have fared the worst. In Iceland, where the Esquimaux live, there is no sugar at all or any sweet things. And until they were brought to Chicago the children had never seen a piece of candy nor as much as heard of a peanut.

But everybody who visits the Esquimau village is sure to give the funny little snub-nosed toddlers a stick of candy or something else that is sweet. And, not long ago, there was not a well baby at the Fair, just on account of the things which the visitors gave them to eat. If people keep on feeding the children candy out of their hand-bags and cakes from their lunch-baskets, a woman is to stand near by and tell every one that candy makes the children sick and please not to give them any.—[New York Ledger.

A BEAR THAT CAPTURED A THIEF.

Not a bear that went around with a policeman's hat upon his head and a club stuck in a belt at his waist; but he captured a thief as easily as though he did. His name was Bruin, and he belonged to an Italian who travelled from town to town making Bruin dance for a living for them both.

Late one afternoon he stopped at a farm-house and begged to stay all night. He ordered Bruin to dance for the children, and then shut him up in the barn for safe keeping. During the night the family were aroused by a great noise coming from the barn, some one crying "Help! Help!"

The farmer ran to the spot followed by Bruin's master. They found the bear with his arms around a man's neck, hugging him tightly. The bear was muzzled, so he could do the man no great harm, although he was terribly frightened.

He proved to be a dishonest neighbor who had come to the barn to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over the bear, who had seized him and held him fast.

His master, learning how matters stood, called out, "Hug him, Bruin!" The bear continued to hug him until the farmer, thinking he had been punished enough, told the Italian to make the bear release him. Bruin was given a great piece of honeycomb as a reward; and no doubt he wished that he could catch a thief every day.—[Our Little Ones.

THE LITTLE DONKEY.

I am a donkey and I belong to a very happy family of toys.

Our little mistress always puts us close together when she makes us walk round the dining-room table every Sunday. There would be nothing to complain of if only our little mistress had no brothers, but alas! she has two, and oh, such scamps. When we hear them come into the schoolroom in the evening after school our paint turns faint from fear, for we know what is in store for us. The boys are not quite so bad now as they were. They used to turn the Noah's ark upside down on the floor, put the animals up in rows upon the table, and then shoot at us with a horrible toy cannon loaded with pease. It was anything but pleasant, I can tell you. Generally half of us were knocked off the table onto the floor.

One night I saw my poor friend the bear stamped on. Freddie picked him up and said: "I've done for this old chap; let's put him in the fire. If Nellie comes up and sees him broken she will only howl and make a fuss."

So into the fire my poor friend went, and you can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them.

Pretty soon our little mistress came into the room.

Her distress at the loss of the bear was very great. Her father came in and wanted to know what she was crying about, and he was very angry when he heard what had happened, and scolded his boys for teasing Nellie.

I think for the moment they were sorry. They did not mean to torment, but Freddie, the elder, was a terrible boy from a toy's point of view.

Things went more smoothly for a day or two, and then the same thing happened, and again we were made to face the terrible cannon. Alas, I was the unfortunate victim, and one of my forelegs was shot off. Nellie was consoled by making a bed up for me in one of the rooms of her doll's house, and there for many days I was nursed by the sweetest little doll you ever saw.

Now I am quite well again—but how I dread those boys!—[St. Louis Republic.

A TIGER FIGHT IN JAVA.

An English traveler in Java who saw one of the tiger fights peculiar to the island thus describes the strange sport: The tiger is set down in a trap in the center of the Allon-Allon, or great square, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen, about a hundred yards distant from him.

When all is ready a Javanese advances at a very slow pace to the sound of soft music, and sets fire to the trap, at the same time opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by the way, is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to singe his whiskers, he gradually backs out. The man, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking toward the crowd at a slow pace, and the slower he is the more applause does he gain.

The tiger, meanwhile, having backed out of his burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself surrounded by hundreds of people, each pointing a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger he canters round the circle, almost touching the spears; finding no opening, then he returns to the center, fixes his eyes on one spot, and with a loud roar, dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears, and though he crushes many as if they were mere reeds, in half a minute he falls dead, pierced by a hundred weapons.

In some instances, however, the roar and charge are too much for the Javanese, and they give way. The sport then becomes rather dangerous to spectators.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The Pecos Bridge, Texas.

Another great engineering work recently completed in Texas is the very high cantilever bridge over the Pecos River. This bridge, some 330 feet high, while not the highest in the world, is one of the highest, and at the same time one of the most considerable railroad structures ever erected. When the engineers locating that part of the Southern Pacific Railroad came to the Pecos River, they wanted to go directly across with a bridge; but more timid counsels prevailed, and instead of taking a flying leap over a canon more than 300 feet deep, it was decided to make a detour of 25 miles by way of the Rio Grande. This was eleven or twelve years ago. This longer route, though the curves were sharp and the grades steep, was expensive to build and maintain, and more expensive to operate. It was a heavy tax on through freight, and several years ago it was decided to take the flying leap of the Pecos, and thus avoid the grades and curves and longer haul. The Phœnix Bridge Company did the work. The entire length of the bridge is 2,180 feet from abutment to abutment. There are two cantilevers 172 feet 6 inches long each, and one suspended lattice-girder span of 80 feet. This suspended span is hung between the two cantilever spans on eight massive bars, and expansion spaces are left at each end of several inches where it should join the cantilevers. The intense heat of the summer sun makes this space for expansion a necessity. In addition to these spans there are eight lattice spans of 65 feet each, one plate-girder span of 45 feet, eighteen plate-girder spans of 35 feet each, and sixteen plate-girder spans of 35 feet each. The width of the floor of the completed span is 25 feet, part of which is taken up by a walkway on either side of the single track. The bridge has a factor of safety of five; that is, it has a sufficient strength to bear five times the pressure made by a continuous train of the heaviest modern locomotives moving over it. From the ground at the bottom of the canon and on the banks of the river the bridge looks like a slender lattice-work, but it is really, as will be seen from the above statement as to its strength, a very solid and stable structure.—[Harper's Weekly.

King's River Canyon.

King's River canyon is situated south of the Yosemite, forty-five miles from Visalia, and is the valley of the south fork of King's River, says the Californian.

It is ten miles long, one-half a mile wide, with walls that tower to a height of from 2,500 to 5,000 feet. The depth of the valley is more than a mile, while the floor is comparatively level, with groves and parks of willow, poplar, fir and pine, rising from a carpet of exquisite flowers.

The abrupt walls rear themselves almost perpendicularly, and the changing river flows down through its dazzling canyon, now gliding gently and then leaping and dashing over huge rocks and boulders through a narrow gorge into deep clear pools below.

Numerous streams from the surrounding mountains find their way down the slopes, seeking at last this mighty river, where they mingle in the soft ripple or in the furious roar of the cascades.

Great masses of rocks, curiously fashioned, jut out from the ponderous walls in artistic architectural forms, like forts and buttresses built upon a high precipice.

Headgear for Soldiers.

The War Department of the United States has had under consideration a change in the headgear of the soldiers and officers to replace the forage cap and helmet now worn in the service. The forage cap, intended for all branches of the army, is what is known as the German pattern, and it is claimed for it that the visor, being turned down instead of being straight, gives more protection to the eyes. The top is soft and pliable and has the advantage of keeping the head cool. Many officers favor its adoption, while not a few look upon it with disfavor, owing to the fact that it is almost the exact counterpart in shape, but, of course, not in material, of those so frequently met with on the heads of emigrants from the Fatherland.

The other design known as the busby, is for the cavalry and is exactly similar to that worn by the Eighteenth Hussars of the English army. It is made of black astrakhan cloth and will weigh, complete, about ten ounces. It also has a sloping visor, but very small. For enlisted men it will be the same minus the pompon or top ornament.—[Detroit Free Press.

Scorpion Hunts in Mexico.

The scorpions have become so numerous in the City of Durango, Mexico, that the municipal authorities have offered a valuable prize to be given to the person capturing the largest number. Two thousand of the deadly pests were killed at the hospitals there recently in one day. For these scorpions the city pays sixty cents a hundred, and three times a week those collected are counted and killed at the hospital, and 80,000 were thus destroyed last year. Persons who get permits to hunt the pests have the right to search private houses for them.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Chinese Minister's Baby.

The member of the Chinese legation at Washington, who monopolizes popular interest, is the minister's daughter, Miss Tsui, a young lady of about two summers, who, for a Celestial infant of high station, has the unusual distinction of having been born in this country. Miss Tsui, except for her bright, almond-shaped eyes, and her queer clothes, impressed me as being very much the same kind of baby as our own babies are. She has a chubby face, dimpled hands and elbows, and smiled in the most engaging manner when it was interpreted unto her—doubtless in Chinese "baby talk"—that she must watch and "see the little bird fly out of the box." Likewise, when she was ready to face the camera and her father offered to turn her over to somebody else for the sitting, she lifted up her voice and wept, in quite the regulation way, evidently preferring his protection under the ordeal.

This Chinese baby is bright and jolly, and the center of an admiring group whenever her fat, good-natured nurse wheels her through the Park in her carriage. She wears the oddest baby clothes,—a wadded gown of gayest colors, which opens in front over absurd little Turkish trousers of green cotton. Apparently the piece de resistance of her costume is her head-gear,—an embroidered bonnet surmounted by a fluffy pompon of red silk, and edged across the front with a heavy, black silk fringe, which, if it does get extremely awry at times, still makes a nice "bang" for her little bald-head.—[Demorest.

Birth of the Restaurant.

The restaurant is of comparatively modern origin. The first French revolution, at the close of the last century, witnessed its birth. Previous to that time the best cooks were in the employ of the nobility, whose ruin threatened them with equal disaster. A happy inspiration, however, led them to open places of public entertainment, which leaped at once into immense popular favor, inasmuch as previously, while the French people were endowed with the instincts of delicate cookery, they were unable to gratify their tastes through the absence of resorts available for the purpose. The proprietors of many of these establishments quickly acquired a widespread fame and large wealth. Coincident with the birth of the restaurant in France an immense impulse was given to the publication of popular treatises on the art of cookery, composed by the most famous cooks. These were rapidly disseminated among the people, who, gifted with a natural genius for gastronomy, promptly availed of the new sources of knowledge to perfect themselves in an art of which they have become the foremost exponents of the world. Among these publications was the Almanach des Gourmands, established in 1804, one of the classics of culinary learning.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Catching Wild Cattle.

Some months ago while chatting with General Bidwell, says the Oroville (Cal.) Register, he gave an account of the manner in which the wild Spanish cattle were taken by the butcher when about to be killed.

A large and well-trained ox, called the "cabresta," was turned loose from the corral and he immediately started for the band of cattle feeding upon the open plain, perhaps a mile away. A couple of vaqueros would ride leisurely behind him, and when the band of cattle was reached a fat steer was selected and the lariats thrown upon him, one over his head and another around his hind feet. The "cabresta" then approached and held his broad horns down alongside of those of the wild steer.

One of the vaqueros ran up and quickly strapped the horns of the two animals firmly together, when the wild steer was released from the lariats. He would dash here and there trying to pull the big ox beside him, but the "cabresta" would slowly but surely lead him in spite of his utmost exertions to the corral or to the tree where he was to be slaughtered.

When the spot was reached one of the vaqueros would shoot the steer in the head, killing him instantly. As he fell the "cabresta" would drop his own head and bend down his neck and wait patiently until the straps were removed.

Enigmatical Poisons.

Many would-be suicides have been saved by their ignorance of the fact that the "golden key to the chamber of eternal rest," as Percy Shelley called prussic acid, loses its efficacy under the sunlight, and that white arsenic answers its purpose only in small doses, but in large quantities is simply rejected by the stomach. Yet a still more mysterious poison is the virus of the tsetse fly, an African insect whose bite is almost invariably fatal to horses and cows, but has no effect on man nor on mules, asses and antelopes.

Dr. Livingstone on one of his expeditions lost forty-five steers in an attempt to cross a tsetse swamp, and describes the appearance of the dead animals as resembling that of the victims of the worst kind of blood poison, yet the cause of the mischief is not much larger than a gadfly, and its sting, even when dozens alight on the shoulders of a half-naked native, has not the least appreciable after-effect, except a faint itching, which generally subsides in the course of half an hour.—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.

A Squirrel Adopted by a Cat.

George Bystle possesses a pet gray squirrel which is being raised in a rather curious manner. While out hunting George shot the old squirrel near its nest, and on climbing the tree found the nest occupied by a baby squirrel of tender age, which he carried home.

The family cat had just increased the feline population of the State, and George took one of them away, putting the orphan squirrel in its place. The squirrel took a fancy to the cat, and the cat immediately adopted the squirrel, sucking and caring for it as tenderly as if it had been her own off-spring. The kittens and their bushy-tailed brother are growing fast and getting along famously together.—[Shasta (Cal.) Courier.