

## WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

You say that being so old  
 'Twas time for him to die?  
 Rings not your comment cold  
 And even inhuman? Why  
 Should tender tears be shed  
 When death lays your g livid  
 Spared years of sorrow and fro,  
 Spared age's overthrow?

When young we're called away,  
 We shrink untold regret,  
 For auster time will slay  
 Not merely ourselves, but yet  
 Brand with authentic sign  
 His despotism elsewhere—  
 Drape wisps of silvery hair  
 O'er eyes beloved—plough line  
 And furrow on treasured cheeks,  
 "Whom the gods love die young."  
 Ah met these Wisdom's tongue  
 With sovereign accent speaks!

Pity the old who die;  
 The young behind them leave  
 Such bounteous grief whereby  
 Fate bids they should not grieve.  
 Heart-racked with many a scar,  
 Wounded with many a spear,  
 Pity the old who die;  
 The young are happier far  
 —Edgar Fawcett, in Lippincott's.

## THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

The room was comfortable enough. It was the guest-room of an old Virginia farm-house on the James river; but the farmer was away, fighting in Lee's army for the defense of Richmond, and a half-squadron of Sheridan's Horse, on outpost duty, occupied the building. The furniture of the room was old-fashioned, solid and substantial. The bed had curtains; the floor was carpeted and prints hung upon the walls. The last place in the world that the room resembled or suggested was a prison. Yet the man who walked perturbedly up and down the floor was a prisoner—a Confederate prisoner of war; and the other man, who paced the court-yard outside, beneath his window, was a Federal soldier guarding him.

The prisoner had made no attempt to sleep. From 10 at night, when they had locked him there, till three in the morning, he had been feverishly striding to and fro almost without a break. When he had thrown himself, from time to time, upon the bed, it was to think and not to rest. Partly he was weighing chances, and wondering whether it was possible that Stuart's Cavalry would swoop down suddenly and rescue him; but his mind mainly dwelt upon the one paramount horror of the position in which he found himself.

His lamp was still burning, and there were pens, ink and paper lying on the table. He had asked for this favor, and his captors had granted it without demur. As they were going to shoot him at daylight, they could scarcely grudge him so trivial an indulgence.

There was something which he wanted to write before he died, a last message to his mother in South Carolina, who was praying for his safe return. Three times already he had begun the letter, and then stopped and torn up what he had written. It was difficult to write without telling either too little or too much. At first he had intended to suppress all that was really essential in the story.

But within the last hour something had happened which had changed his mind, and resolved him to write down the plain truth about the things that had befallen him. Cruel as the truth was, it was not dishonorable. Better, he thought, that his mother should hear it, than that apocryphal, and perhaps calumnious, tales should reach her ears. So, with an effort, he calmed himself, and took up his pen and wrote:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER: Whether this letter will ever reach you I cannot say, as I shall have to trust to the kind offices of the enemy for its safe transmission. In any case, before you receive it you will have heard the worst. You will have heard that I am dead. At the moment when I write this I have only two or three more hours to live, as I am sentenced to be shot at sunrise. If these lines reach you you will also know that you have no reason to be ashamed of me, or of my brother Jefferson, who is sleeping in the next room to me, and whose prisoner I am.

"Jefferson's prisoner? That puzzles you, no doubt. Well, I will soon make you understand. It has happened very simply.

"I was serving, as you know, with Stuart's cavalry. General Stuart wanted some information which could only be obtained by passing inside the Federal lines. Happening to know the country better than most, I volunteered for the service, and, disguised as a farm hand, made my way in the direction of Richmond. I obtained my information, but on the road back I was taken by two of Sheridan's troopers. They searched me, and, unfortunately, I had concealed about me some plans I had made of the Federal defenses at Bermuda Hundred. So they brought me along to this farm-house on the James river, where they are stationed under the command of my brother Jefferson—Captain Jefferson Langley of the Federal Army.

"I didn't know any more than you did, that Jefferson was fighting for the North. I hadn't seen him, any more than you have, since that day he ran away from home five years ago. I didn't even know he was alive. But when the Sergeant marched me in front of him I recognized him at once.

"He wasn't so quick at recognizing me; but that's no wonder, for, as I told you, I was disguised, and I had a ten days' beard on my face. He began questioning me:

"'You have been arrested within the Federal lines. Compromising documents have been found upon your person. You are accused of being a Confederate spy. Have you anything to say in your defense?'

"Nothing," I said.

"Jefferson" looked up. My voice seemed to remind him of something—he didn't quite know what. Then he went on:

"By military law the punishment of the crime of which you are accused is death."

"I know it," I said.

"Jefferson looked up again.

"If, he said, 'you are able to put me in possession of any valuable information respecting the movements of the Confederate forces, that punishment would be remitted.'

"I have no such information to give you," I told him.

"That time I was quite sure that Jefferson recognized me. I could see it in his eyes. But he only said:

"Precisely. That is the exact lie I expected you to tell."

"And then he added:

"Sergeant, take your men outside and leave the prisoner alone with me."

"The men filed out, and the Sergeant followed them and closed the door. As soon as it was shut, Jefferson got up from the table where he was sitting and gripped me by the hand.

"Arthur," he said, 'I haven't seen you these last five years. But I'm not mistaken. You are my brother Arthur, aren't you?'

"I hadn't meant to tell him who I was. You see he'd got to order me to be shot anyway, and it seemed better he shouldn't know he was sentencing his own brother. But it wasn't any use trying to deceive him then. He wouldn't have believed it. So I owned up."

"Yes, Jefferson," I said. 'I'm Arthur Langley right enough. I was in hopes you wouldn't recognize me. But you have.'

"Then we sat down and talked of many things while the soldiers waited outside.

"He asked me for news of you, and wanted to know if you had forgiven him for running away from home. I told him that you had, and that he must go back to you after the war was over; and he promised that he would. And then we both cursed the war that had brought us together so strangely and so terribly, and poor Jefferson seemed even more distressed than I was by our awful meeting. He broke down and sobbed, poor boy."

"God knows, Arthur," he said, 'I'd let you go right away back to Stuart's camp if I could. But I can't.'

"And he couldn't, mother."

"I know you can't do it, Jefferson," I told him. 'You're men wouldn't let you. If you tried they'd mutiny.'

"He allowed that it was more than likely."

"Likely!" I said. 'It's a dead certainty. I'd be shot just the same if you tried; and your second in command would put you under arrest, and your Colonel would see that you were shot, too. No, Jefferson, you've got it to do, and you'd best get it done right away.'

"The poor boy sat down and covered his face with his hands, sobbing, 'Oh, my God! my God!'

"I tried to calm him a bit, telling him that it was only the fortune of war, and that when I started I knew I was taking my life in my hands. But it didn't seem to comfort him. He kept pacing up and down the room saying, 'I can't do it! I can't do it!'

"But I told him that he must do it—there was no way out of it. Then he made a great effort and calmed himself. He sat down at the table and struck the gong, and then the sergeant came into the room again.

"Sergeant," he said, 'the prisoner will be shot at daylight. For the present you will lock him in the room opposite to mine.'

"And so they brought me up here and left me."

There was a break in the letter here. Arthur Langley began several sentences, only to strike his pen through them again. But presently he went on thus:

"You will be angry with Jefferson, mother. You will think that I am making excuses for him, and that he might have saved me if he'd liked. Then read on, mother. I have something else to tell you. When you have read it you will never think badly of Jefferson again."

"Two hours ago I heard some one tapping gently at my door, and a voice—It was Jefferson's voice—spoke to me in a whisper.

"Arthur! Arthur!" he said. 'Don't answer me, Arthur, or some one may hear you, but listen carefully to what I say.'

"I listened, and this was what he said:

"If you put your hand into your wash-hand jug you will find a key that will unlock your door. In a passage you will see a Federal uniform and an overcoat. Put them on and walk right out through the front door, and make straight for the clump of trees to the west. Button your coat well over your face, and you will be mistaken for me. I usually visit the sentries about this time. If you are challenged, imitate my voice, and give the password 'Peterburg.' Good-by, Arthur, and God bless you."

"There, mother! you see what Jefferson was willing to do for me. I wonder if you understand why I'm not going to let him do it? It is because I know just what the offer means. It means that Jefferson will be arrested for conniving at my escape and shot instead of me. I mustn't allow that to happen, must I? "

"Jefferson and I weren't as good friends as we should have been in the old times; but I always allowed there was grit in him, and now I know it. I hope there's grit enough in me to stand out against this temptation. It's a temptation to think that there's that uniform waiting for me all the while, and I've only to put it on and get clear away. I wonder—"

Once again he stopped writing. The temptation had been a real one; for life is very sweet at two-and-twenty, and it is hard to let it go by merely sitting still and refusing to accept a sacrifice. Moreover, the words which Arthur Langley had just put on paper struck back into his brain, and once more set him thinking. In a sort of delirious fancy he saw himself yielding to the temptation, and putting on that uniform, and walking away safely into the open. It seemed so easy and so simple. Fatigue and sleeplessness had broken down his nerves, and an irresistible power impelled him to the action.

"By God!" he whispered hoarsely, 'I will do it. I must do it.'

He held the letter he had just written over the lamp, and let it burn away to cinders. Then he drew the key from its hiding-place and undid the door, and stepped out silently into the passage. The promised uniform was in readiness

for him and he bent down to pick it up. The door of the room opposite, where his brother, the Federal officer, slept, was open. Driven by a sudden impulse, he stepped up to it on tiptoe, and looked in. Jefferson Langley was sleeping quietly, with the moon shining through the window on his handsome, boyish face, and making a glitter on his golden hair. His sleep was the calm and peaceful sleep of one who has done his duty, and has no more cares upon his mind.

Arthur Langley stood as it were spell-bound, and gazed at him. The infinite peacefulness of the face at first perplexed him. But presently he grew to understand it; and a great shame for his own contemplated cowardice stole over him. Gradually his muscles relaxed. Silently, and without a word, he gathered up the uniform and carried it to a spot where it might lie without exciting any one's suspicions. Having done this he crept back to his room and locked himself in again, and hid the key where none were likely to discover it.

Then, feeling a great weight lifted from his mind, he threw himself down upon the bed, and slept dreamlessly, like his brother, till the dawn.

## HISTORIC VESSELS.

### COLUMBUS CARAVELS AND VIKING SHIP AT THE FAIR.

Exact Reproductions of the Three Vessels in Which Columbus Found a New World—The Hardy Norsemen's Frail Craft.

Writing from Chicago, a World's Fair correspondent of the New York Tablet says:

The first of objects of interest to which I was attracted were the Caravels of Columbus. It is needless to say that these three Fifteenth century ships were built and fitted out at the expense of the Spanish Government. They are stationed in the little stretch of water that lies between the Convent of La Rabida and the Casino Hall. They were built in accordance with all the data regarding the original craft it was possible to obtain. The largest, the Santa Maria, is the one open to inspection. Upon her mast is tacked a card from which I obtained her dimensions. At the water line she is a little more than 71 English feet, her beam not quite 26 feet, and the hold is 22 feet deep. The rear and forward ends of this hull are, as it were, boarded out. At the forward end the bow and sides rise well up, over this flooring on which her sailors had a little free space. At the rear is the cabin of the admiral, over which a smaller deck hangs, out and back of the rudder, a regular poop. If this tiny vessel be contrasted with some of our modern Atlantic steamers the grandeur of Columbus' deed assumes proportions that are simply beyond the power of words to say. When I looked at the narrow space where I suppose those hardy men came to their chief a few days before the voyage ended and forced from him the promise to return if land came not to view within three days, in very truth my heart went out to them. Surely, that those fifty odd men should have been cooped up in that little ship for two long months was a species of confinement whose weariness is almost beyond the compass of imagination. You may somewhat fancy the weariness of such imprisonment when you recall the historical fact that they did not encounter even a storm to break the monotony of their cheerless voyage. It was sky above and sea below, and ever an east wind filling their sails. Yet they were cooped up in a narrow little space, hemmed in by the bulwarks of their tiny ship. No wonder the varying of the needle awakened such fears in minds already filled with fear! The caravel Santa Maria has come to the World's Fair after having taken part in the ceremonies and festivities which were held at Palos on the 2d of August and the 12th of October, 1892. Built in Cadiz her keel was laid on the 21st of April. She was launched on Jun 26th, and on the 20th of July went to sea bound for the port of Palos to take part in the festivities referred to above. Some ancient relics are displayed on her deck. Some of those old time lombards with small stout iron hoops around the barrel are to be seen, and hanging in nets near them the round stone shot with which they were loaded. The sides of the vessel are hung with the arms of the soldiers and sailors—pikes, battle-axes, arquebuses, shields, bows and arrows. Before the pilot's wheel is a compass, which a card informed me was an exact reproduction of those drawn on the charts of Juan de la Costa, pilot of the Santa Maria. On the half deck is the cabin of the Admiral. A little room—in truth the only part of the caravel that has any semblance to a room—about 15 feet deep and 12 feet wide, its front boarded up and ornamented with gothic arches, one door and three windows—this is the place where, undoubtedly, the World-finder spent many an hour in anxiousness and many an hour in prayer. I approached with a feeling of reverence. No one is allowed to enter. I stood at the door and carefully studied the interior. A heavy table is in the center, on it are an hour glass, an ancient chart, a clumsy and rude looking ink-stand, a white candle-stick, an astrolabe and a forestaff, instruments the old-time mariners used for measuring the height of the stars. Around the walls are hung the arms of the officers. On the side of the room and immediately against its boarded front stands an old cupboard. Next to the cupboard is a wooden bedstead. Four chairs are set about the room and these are peculiarly shaped. They have no backs and resemble the letter "U's" joined at the curve. On the right wall of the cabin hangs an exact copy of the pennant taken by Columbus on the voyage of discovery. It is precisely similar to the one borne by John, of Austria, at the Battle of Lepanto and in fact by all great Spanish Leaders as the symbol of command. On the rear wall hangs a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. One flight of stairs more and I had mounted the highest deck. Doubtless this was the watchmen's stand as it is the highest part of the ship. An octagonal lantern with ornamental iron work graces the railing that forms the rear guard of the deck. So carefully exact have those been who supervised the building of this caravel that in this lantern is placed a partially burnt candle. On either side of this deck on the top of the railing is a falconet. This is a small cannon, in shape very much like to a lombard; but only two feet long, and while securely fastened is yet capable of being turned around on a pivotal attachment. Beyond these objects there is little of interest on shipboard. A crew of Spanish sailors man the caravel and all is as it were 400 years ago—all, except Columbus and Juan de la Costa, and the Salve Regina at nightfall! Oh, that the wheel of time might turn back and dip the wide world and all of the earth in that atmosphere of piety in which the rude sailors of four centuries ago were born and bred.

The Pinta and the Nina are lying quite close to the Santa Maria. They are much smaller and neither is open to the inspection of visitors. I cannot begin to tell you with what a sparkle of antique realism these three caravels make the Convent of La Rabida glitter. From this point I stepped down along the lake shore to view the Viking ship that arrived from Norway a few days after the Spanish Caravels anchored at the Convent. It is nothing more than a very large skiff with a mast and lateen

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saill. Along the sides are circular shields a little larger than a barrel head. These are alternated red and yellow. Between them rested the oars. Its bow, rising up about six feet, develops into a dragon's head and neck. Beside such rude ornaments the long and grizzily-bearded Olafs stood, chief figure in a fleet of a thousand craft as crude as this. In such frail ships as these came old Sweyn to Britain's coast and a Dane sat on the English throne. And farther back than he those hardy men who found shelter from their enemies in the tempest, who used the tempest to shield them when they meditated an attack, the people of whom Hengist and Horsa were the leaders, came over to Britain's coast in such galleys vessels. This slight frail thing is in terrible contrast with the battle ship "Illinois" near which it rests. Oh! the utter helplessness of ten thousand frail woe skiffs such as this, in contest with a floating fort shielded in iron and bristling from stem to stern with the gleaming barrels of huge cannons!

## THE FUEL QUESTION.

### Possible Exhaustion of the Present Sources of Supply.

With the rapid extension of the application of power to manufacturing, transportation, and all other industrial purposes, the extent of our fuel resources and the modes of securing and using them become of the greatest importance. The ease with which the different forms of fuel have heretofore been secured in this country has led, in many quarters, to reckless waste and extravagant modes of use, in the apparent belief that the stores from which these sources of power have been drawn were inexhaustible. No greater error can be conceived than that of supposing the world's supply of fuel, under the present systems of transformation of energy, to be exhaustible in amount. As is well known, the total available supply of English coal is reliably measurable, at the present rate of consumption, in terms of a period of years which does not by any means extend indefinitely into the future. A very few years, indeed, have sufficed to practically exhaust our own natural gas supply, although the most ruthless waste has contributed largely to this result. It is not impossible that the discovery of new fields may replenish the waning store of gaseous fuel, although that does not now seem probable. A considerable number of oil fields have ceased to yield a paying output, and many others have reached the period of decreasing production. Although the prospect for the discovery and utilization of new oil centres in different parts of the world is certainly encouraging, experience conclusively shows that only a limited supply in reference to the world's demands can be expected.

The case is not so very different when the matter of coal supply is considered. It is true that our soft coal is found in so many locations and in such quantities that it seems to be practically limitless; and at the present rate of use it is so. There is every reason, however, to anticipate an increasingly rapid extension of the application of mechanical power, with a correspondingly enormous consumption of fuel under the present modes of use. If it were possible to estimate this increased consumption for the next century, on the one hand, and our available soft-coal supply on the other, there is no reason to believe that the latter would not be quite finitely expressed in terms of the former. Some really startling, though very conservative, results were recently set forth by the Pennsylvania commission appointed to investigate the matter of waste in anthracite coal mining. In the first place, it was shown that in the past not more than about 30 per cent. of the actual coal in the ground has been obtained for the market by mining operations. The commission believes that this percentage may reach the future be raised to 49 by reworking the coal lands and by utilizing the coal now in the culm banks. Even that gain, however, leaves a loss of 60 per cent.

The full significance of these figures does not appear until they are made to exhibit the total available remaining supply in the three great anthracite districts. There remain in the Wyoming district four and one-half times the amount already mined, and in the Lehigh district but two and one-half times the amount now mined, while the Schuylkill district has been depleted of one-fifteenth only of its total store. The quantity termed "mined" includes the 40 per cent. available for market and the 60 per cent. lost. It is thus seen that the supply of anthracite coal is quite limited. Indeed, view the whole question in any way that we will, it is apparent that the present system of utilizing power from its great natural sources is such as to make the exhaustion of our natural fuel supply a mere matter of definite time.

It is very probable, however, in fact almost a certainty at the present time, that developments in the science of energy will lead to direct and vastly more economical utilization of the power stored in nature. The best of our present processes are in reality excessively wasteful, and would within a definite period of time exhaust the supply. But probably no one can be found bold enough to predict that exhaustion and deny that further advances in science will not radically improve our present methods and virtually open new sources of supply of power. It is only through such possible avenues that escape from ultimate fuel exhaustion can be made, and they indicate the way to the most interesting and remarkable scientific developments that have yet been made.

## For the Nails.

A bit of emory paper two inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide is far better for the nails than a file; it can slip under them and gently remove any little roughness that a file would only aggravate and it is very gentle in its treatment of the tiny color spots that thimble, raquets or pens soon determined to produce. Slip the emory paper into your pocket-book with the hair-pin and the extra postage stamp and you are armed against all emergencies. No other manicure tool than the emory paper is necessary, for a finer polish can be produced by quick, light rubbing of the nails of one hand on the ball of the other thumb than by all the chamois skin or velvet polishers in creation.

## A RIDGE OF CORN.

With heart grown weary of the heat,  
 And hungry for the breath  
 Of field and farm, with eager feet  
 I trod the pavement dry as death.  
 Through city streets where vice is born—  
 And sudden, lo! a ridge of corn.

Above the dingy roofs it stood.  
 A dome of tossing, tangled spears,  
 Dark, cool and sweet as any wood.  
 Its silken gleam and plumed ears  
 Laughed on me through the haze of morn—  
 The tranquil presence of the corn.

Upon the salt wind from the sea,  
 Borne westward swift as dreams  
 Of boyhood are, I seemed to be  
 Once more a part of sounds and gleams  
 Thrown on me by the winds of morn  
 Amid the rustling rows of corn.

I bared my head and on me fell  
 The old, wild wizardry again  
 Of leaf and sky, the moving spell  
 Of boyhood's easy joy or pain,  
 When pumpkin trump was Siegfried's horn  
 Echoing down the tracks of corn.

## I saw the field as trackless seas

I saw the field as trackless seas  
 As wood to Daniel Boone  
 Wherein we hunted wolves and men,  
 And ranged and tramped the green beas-  
 soon.

Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn  
 Than pumpkin vine amid the corn.  
 In central deep the melons lay,  
 Slow swelling in the August sun.  
 I traced again the narrow way  
 And joined again the stealthy run.  
 The Jack-o'-lantern race was born  
 Within the shadows of the corn.

O wide, west wilderness of leaves!  
 O playmates far away! O'er thee  
 The slow wind like a mourner grieves,  
 And stirs the plumed ears like a sea.  
 Would I could sound again the horn  
 In vast, sweet presence of the corn!  
 —[Hamlin Garland, in Harper's Weekly.

## MANY WOOD BUFFALO.

### Plenty of Them North of Edmonton—What Traders Report.

James Mundie, a representative of the firm of Carscaden & Peck, who has just returned to the city from a business trip in the West, brings an interesting bit of intelligence concerning the wood buffalo of the North. Three years ago, when Mr. Mundie was at Edmonton, on a trip similar to the one just completed, he purchased the head of a wood buffalo, and it was thought at the time that it was the last one that would ever be seen, as the species was supposed to have become practically extinct. Imagine, then, Mr. Mundie's surprise a week ago on again visiting Edmonton to find there one trader with ten heads and another with twenty robes, and to learn that over two hundred of the animals had been killed by Indians this season in the Slave Lake and Peace River districts. In the lot which Mr. Mundie saw at Edmonton was the largest head he had ever seen, and the robes were of an exceptionally good quality, the hair being very dark and grizzly. The traders told him that some of the animals killed were of such a great size that the Indians were unable to turn them over, and had to split the carcasses in two in order to remove the robes. This is a point worthy of note, as it has always been stated by those supposed to know that the wood buffalo are smaller than the plain buffalo.

Mr. Secord, the trader who brought in the robes from the North, had also in his pack 200 musk ox robes from the barren lands east of the Mackenzie river. Another trader brought in 100 ox robes. Mr. Secord is the authority for the statement that 200 wood buffalo robes will reach Edmonton this summer from Slave Lake and Peace river.

The question where did these wood buffalo so suddenly come from now naturally suggests itself. The Indians and traders had long ago given up hope of seeing any again. The theory—and a plausible one it is—which is advanced by the traders is that the remnant of the large herds that once roamed through the prairies and forests of the Northwest found a feeding ground secluded from the customary haunts of the Indians and safe from the Winchester of the hunters, and rapidly replenished their decimated numbers. Last winter the weather was unusually severe, and in addition to the heavy cold snow storms prevailed and thus the animals were driven southward in search of food, and wandered in the track of the Indians, who only too eagerly rushed among them and slaughtered their right and left. The heavy catch of musk ox is accounted for in the same way, they having been driven south from their feeding grounds in the barren lands of hunger. Raw musk ox robes are selling this year for \$40 apiece at Edmonton.

Mr. Mundie states that Mr. Secord's pack of robes was worth \$10,000. He had in the lot no less than six hundred beaver skins, the finest that have ever been seen in this country. In fact all the fur that is coming from the North this season is far better than ordinarily.

—[Winnipeg Free Press.

## Vast Power of the Atmosphere.

Somebody has made the calculation that, taking the quantities roughly and in round numbers, the atmosphere weighs about a ton to every square foot of the earth's surface, 25,000,000 tons per square mile, or 5,000,000,000,000 tons on the total of 200,000,000 square miles; and its energy is that due to the motion of this inconceivable mass, at velocities varying all the way from the slightest zephyr to the hurricane and the cyclone, rushing over the prairie or along the surface of the sea at more than one hundred miles an hour. Again, according to this authority, a cubic mile of air, weighing about ten billion pounds, develops, at the rate of motion of the cyclone, some 4,000,000,000,000 "foot tons" of energy, and if all were employed at such rate for the performance of work, useful or destructive, this number of "foot pounds" would be equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000,000 horse power.—[New York Sun.

The Laplanders rub their noses against the nose of him whom they would honor.