

LOVE'S SEASONS.

Full flowered summer lies upon the land. I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand. Slips into mine, lo, we two understand That love is sweet.

The roseleaf falls, the color fades and dies; The sunlight fades, the summer bird-like flies. There comes a shade across your wistful eyes— Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain; The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain— Can any note revive the broken strain, Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere; I turn to you, and in my heart's despair Find peace and rest. We know, through foot or fair, That love is sweet. —Paul Mall Gazette.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.

Two people were sitting on the veranda of an Indian bungalow; a tall man of about forty, handsome and bronzed, and a girl about fifteen years younger, fair and delicately pretty. From within came the distant sound of a piano and violin, and without, at the bottom of the compound, was the ceaseless sigh and whisper of the river.

"The air feels almost like England today," said the man. "When I shut my eyes I can fancy myself at home."

"Do you long so much for England?" said the girl, looking up with a smile. "It's all so new to me, and so full of interest, that I don't want to go back at all."

"Ah, Miss Graham, if you had been an exile for ten years, as I have, you'd know what the longing is."

"Ten years!" said the girl, sympathetically. "Yes, I shall want to go back long before that."

"I was only home for a month then," went on the man, as if he found it hard to leave the subject. "Twenty years of my life I have spent in strange countries and among strange peoples, and now I'm getting old and England is calling, calling in a louder and louder voice as the days go by. I've learned what it is to be homesick, Miss Graham."

"Then why not go home?" said the girl, gently. "Surely—"

"Why not?" the man laughed a little bitterly. "You see I am reaping the rewards of a misspent youth. I got into scrapes when I was at home—I wasn't worse than other people, but I was a bit more reckless. I belong to a respectable family, you see, and it's part of the contract that I don't go back unless—"

"Unless—what?" asked the girl, softly. "Unless I marry, and take my wife back with me."

"So it's either slavery or exile," said the girl, laughing. "Don't laugh, Miss Graham," said the man, earnestly. "The truth is, I have never seen a woman I wished to make my wife, until—"

"Alison," said a voice at the window, "will you have a scarf? There is quite a breeze, and your dress is very thin."

The man muttered something under his breath, as the girl rose and turned to take the scarf. She stood at the window a few minutes, and old words and phrases of talk, punctuated with laughter, came brokenly to the man's ears.

"There goes my chance," he said, under his breath. He got up and leaned over the railing looking out upon the river. When the girl came back to her seat he turned towards her.

"Do you mind if I smoke, Miss Graham?" he said. "Oh, no, I like it," she answered, smiling. She leaned back in her chair, gathering the scarf round her, and looked up at him, still smiling, while he lit his cigar.

more corrupt than any I could find at home in order that I might learn, I suppose, the value of the English life I had forfeited. I have learnt it, and I long for nothing better now than a cozy house in my native place, with a few acres to farm, and a boat on the river. I want to know my brothers' and sisters' children, and, before it's too late, I want to see my mother."

There was silence for a few moments; the girl was deeply moved, but she could think of nothing that was not trite and commonplace to say. The endless sweet song of the river beneath them seemed to be locking at the human passion it had stirred.

"Miss Graham," said Aldenham, speaking with sudden resolve. "I've done many things in my life that you would not like—that I don't like myself; but I believe no man can feel himself worthy of the woman he asks to be his wife. Perhaps—there may be some things you would put against that on the other side. I don't want to plead that, if there's any hope for me it won't be because I deserve it, but because—"

"Oh, please don't say anything more—I'm so sorry, so very, very sorry." The girl had risen and was standing before him with a face of utter bewilderment and consternation. "Oh, Captain Aldenham, I never knew, I never guessed—oh, I hope you didn't think—"

"No, I had no right to think—anything," said the man, gravely and sadly. "Miss Graham, if I wait—is there no hope for me?"

The girl shook her head. "It would be no use," she said. "Miss Graham—will you tell me—is there some one else?"

Alison lifted her head, and steadied her voice by an effort. "Yes, Captain Aldenham," she said, "there is—some one else."

She held out her hand to him in farewell, and he took it a moment between both his own.

"Then good-by," he said. "Good-by," said Alison, gently; then she turned and went swiftly in through the window.

Fred Aldenham stood a moment listening to the wash of the river. Then he drew a cigar from his case, and cut the end off slowly and deliberately.

"Poor Mabel," he said, as he lighted it, "after all, she has her revenge."

FIREPLACE MOTTOES.

They Can Be Etched Into Wood With A Hot Poker.

Over the fireplace, in straggling letters, may be carved in the wood, or fired upon the tiling, appropriate devices and sentences. It is not an expensive fad, and is something indicative of real individuality. As instances, "Welcome ye to this cottage by the sea," or "Welcome ye to the cot by the old oak tree," or whatever tree be nearest. Again, "Come, bask in my cheerful warmth." "Find in my fire, your heart's desire;" "Good cheer, find ye here;" "In gladness mirth, gather around my hearth;" "Shall I not take mine ease beside my fireside?"

These or other mottoes might be etched into wood, for a cottage, or poker work, a decoration of which too little is generally known. Pyrography, as it is designated, is done after a little practice by any one having the least art training or dexterity and precision in drawing.

While there are sets of tools by which finished work can be done, a small-pointed poker, heated either over a spirit lamp, or in a coal fire, can be made the instrument for fine effects. Not only lettering for mantels, but designs in lights and shadows, for panels, screens, picture frames, cabinets and brackets are made by the poker point.

Good, well seasoned wood, free from knots and cracks, must be used to expect good results. It is said by experts that elm shows the blackest tracings, but that sycamore, holly and lime, followed by the oak, ash and elm, lend themselves readily to this work.

On any simple design or lettering the beginner can practice. There are but few rules. The bright woman will soon find the limitations and the beauties of pyrography. The beginner should trace upon a panel a simple design, perfectly geometrical, and with the heated poker or point follow the pattern with light, quick strokes. She should avoid resting the poker for an instant, even on first touching the wood or upon leaving it, under the penalty of leaving an unsightly hard dot or point.

Where the shadows are deep the point can be slowly touched again and again. With practice the amateur can shade the wood etching from any conceivable depth of shadow to the high lights, which are the untouched wood. It is well to first lightly trace the outlines, when the iron can afterwards go over the deeper portions at pleasure. The dark background is made by fine parallel lines crossed diagonally by others. The same rules in regard to leaving the design untouched should be observed, as in any other kind of drawing.

Smallest Colliery in the World.

The little village of Nelson, England, has the distinction of possessing the smallest colliery in the world. It is situated near the Colliers Arms, and affords employment to two workmen. These are father and son, and they combine in themselves the proprietors, managers, miners and hauliers of the undertaking. There is no siding connecting the works with any railway, and all the output is sold to the householders who live in the village and its surroundings. It should be stated that a stout little donkey does duty for a horse, and performs his work well. The coal has a ready sale and commands a good price.

Signor Criapi, when in Rome, has an escort of twenty-nine police officials, for which Italy pays \$12,000 a year. Whenever he leaves the city the cost of guarding him is increased three or four fold.

Money in Walking Canes.

"The men who earn the most money, so far as employes are concerned, in the walkingstick trade are the inventors, the men who strike out original ideas in the way of 'samples'—patterns, in fact," said the manager of one of the greatest stick manufacturing firms in the world to a writer in Answers.

"There are stick inventors who have made moderate fortunes out of one pattern, strange as it may seem to you. I can instance two inventors who have made fortunes during the last two years—namely, the man who produced what are known as 'Brazilian pine' and 'acacia' sticks respectively, and on which there has been an enormous run. But in regard to this, it must be remembered that Britain supplies the whole world with walking sticks, 5,000 people being employed in London alone. And to show you the importance of the trade I may tell you that at East Smithfield, in the London docks, there is one huge warehouse full of these sticks in the rough that have come from every part of the world, civilized and savage.

"Sticks are wonderfully subject to fashion, and the first thing that a manufacturer strives for is that his travelers may introduce a novelty and set a fashion, for in this way alone can continuously large orders be got. A retail dealer will say, if there be nothing new, 'I'll go on with the stock I have'; but if an attractive new pattern is shown him he will rush for it.

"There is always a handsome living for a man who can invent new types of sticks; but this fact is only really known to a few, and these live well out of their inventiveness. Part of the art is to make one sort of wood simulate a dozen others, and in this regard you may take olive, out of which quite a score of wholly different looking kinds of sticks are produced."

They Do Not Use Pennies.

Have you ever noticed that men in Arizona do not pay their bills with chicken feed or small change? In the older States when a purchase is made, exact change is usually tendered, and one thing certain—a bill is not broken if it can possibly be avoided. Here in the West any ordinary little purchase is made simply by asking for the article, and when it is passed across the counter a piece of money amply large to cover the cost is thrown down. When change is made, the customer carelessly drops it into his pocket, apparently without counting it, and goes out without once mentioning the cost of the article.

This custom of throwing down a larger piece of money than is necessary is not done, as a rule, to exhibit the cash, for in this Territory everybody has money. It is only to show apparent indifference, and is a mark of liberality.

It may be said that pennies have no abiding place in the West, especially in this Territory. Even at the Post Office, where everything is supposed to be legal tender, pennies, two-cent and three-cent pieces are unknown. Change is made to the cent by the Postmasters, but they do it with postage stamps or postal cards. Nowhere else are odd pennies recognized, even in the banks. A check drawn for \$4.98 would be paid with a five-dollar bill without a word. The same is true in all the shops and stores; change is made to the nearest nickel, sometimes only to the nearest quarter or dollar. Poor Richard's saying: "Take care of the pennies," etc., does not apply to Arizona, as small change, anything under a dollar, is by most people considered only as trash of little value.

New Idea in House Building.

A house has been constructed on a new principle, which the builder claims comprehends very great durability and strength and also the highest extreme of comfort, while attractiveness has not been sacrificed. As a starting point, a frame was built of steel tubing. This was so arranged as to permit a continuous flow of water. Around this frame he built a cottage in one of the approved styles of architecture and used the place as a residence. The dwelling is situated on a mountain slope, and water from above the snow-line is piped through the steel arteries. This keeps the air in the building at a low temperature in summer, while in the winter the water is turned into a hot-air chamber as soon as it enters the house and heated to the required degree. Thus the house is kept extremely cool in summer and is as warm in winter as may be desired. The temperature is perfectly regulatable, and great advantages are claimed for the system, in that it practically annihilates the discomforts incident to extreme heat and cold. It is also claimed that the structure is of such a solid character that earthquakes or similar disturbances will have no appreciable effect on it. It is not stated whether the continuous tubing may attract lightning, but probably there is no more danger of this than there would be in the gas and water-piped residences.

Rehearsing His Funeral.

When Lord Chesterfield was in his last illness, and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along, it was met by a lady, who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid: "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out."

"I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield; "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

DIASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

The barge Nellie Duff was wrecked off the port of Loraine, Ohio, and Captain Peterson and two of the crew were drowned.

The shaft house at the Summit Coal Mine, near Story City, Iowa, was burned and four miners, imprisoned in the shaft, perished. A passenger train collided with a water train near Altoona, Pa., and two men were killed, one fatally injured and a dozen hurt.

Maurice Perkins, a journalist, while delirious, leaped from a third-story window of the City Hospital, in Indianapolis, Ind., and was fatally hurt.

A despatch from Helena, Mont., says the fire which started in the Muir tunnel, on the Northern Pacific, a month ago, is burning almost as furiously as ever.

Simon Hissack's horse was frightened by a dog at New Philadelphia, Ohio, and plunged in front of a trolley car. Mr. Hissack and the horse were both instantly killed.

A Mrs. Miner, of Magnolia, Ark., looked her two little children in a room while she visited a neighbor. The house caught fire, and when the mother returned both children had been burned to death.

The converter in Jones & Laughlin's Steel Works, near Pittsburgh, burst and threw the molten metal in every direction. One man died of his injuries in the evening, and three were dangerously and four painfully burned.

A laborer was thawing out dynamite in a pit of hot water at Niagara Falls, when the dynamite exploded, throwing several men a distance of fifty feet, one of whom may die.

Mrs. Anna Bell, aged 28, an inmate of the Venango County (Pennsylvania) Home, was burned to death. Her clothing caught fire, and, as she rejected assistance in extinguishing the flames, it is thought she meant to commit suicide.

By the explosion of a dynamite blast in the ruin of the Manufacturers Building at the World's Fair Grounds, Chicago, Samuel Hobart, a laborer, was killed. His head was blown off. "He was thrown blocks away from the scene of the explosion."

A train on the Norfolk and Western road was wrecked between Bluefields and Roanoke, in West Virginia. The baggage car and the second-class coach was derailed, the latter turning upside down in a creek. All the 76 passengers in the coach were injured more or less.

WAS A FLOOD OF DEATH.

A Plateau Town Felt the Pacific Cyclone More Than Did Lapaz.

The story of the terrible storm that recently swept the Gulf of California has only been hinted at in the meager despatches that have been received from Mexico. The first details came with Captain Vanhelms, master of the steamship Williams Valley, who has just arrived in San Francisco from the region devastated. The storm swept over a country remote from railway and all means of communication. The telegraph wires were all prostrated and many of them will remain down for weeks to come.

Thus the world will first learn of the partial destruction of the capital of the State of Sinaloa through Captain Vanhelms, nearly three weeks after the cyclone. The fury of the storm was not most felt at Lapaz, as had been supposed, but at the interior plateau town of Culiacan. The storm burst in the mountains back of this important town and the waters worked an awful wreck. Between twenty-five and thirty people were drowned and many others were injured in the raging flood that rushed through the city. Culiacan is an historic city. In it are the State buildings of Sinaloa. Back of it are some of the richest silver mines the world has known. It is a town of fully 11,000 people. When the storm struck the ridge of high mountains back of the city, there was such a downpour of rain that in an incredibly short time the canyons were full of water pent up by the very quickness with which it fell. After the climax and the fury of the elements was reached, this water descended from canyon to valley and valley to plateau with ferocity never before known in the part of Mexico.

BLOWN UP BY GAS.

A Fatal Explosion in a Mine in Pennsylvania.

Three men were fatally hurt and six other badly burned at Shenandoah, Pa. All the men except one are Poles and Lithuanians. They were all seated in a heading eating lunch when the explosion occurred, and besides being terribly roasted, they were thrown about by the concussion and cut and bruised.

Michael Chico's scalp was torn off and his skull fractured, and he was in a semi-conscious state when taken out of the mine. A cause of the explosion has not yet been discovered, though it is believed that Lord, who was a starter and carried a naked light, ignited the gas. The miners worked with safety lamps, and they advance the theory that it was Lord who caused the explosion, though the colliery officials say it was probably caused by a blast fired in one of the breasts.

The colliery is owned and operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

THE ARMENIAN REFORMS.

Twenty-Four People Killed by Turks in Senlis.

The Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, has commended to Shakhir Pasha the scheme for reform to be introduced in Armenia. The High Commissioner has been instructed to maintain a scrupulous watch over the execution of the reforms and to report the results by letter to Constantinople. The communication also defines the functions of the High Commissioner relating to the amnesty to be granted to political prisoners and the return of Armenian emigrants and exiles.

Disturbances of a serious nature are reported from Kerasus. The Turks attacked the Armenians inhabiting the village of Senelus, in the district of Mudania. Twenty-four persons were killed.

The Rev. Edwin Palmer, D.D., archdeacon of Oxford, is dead, at the age of seventy-two years.

NEW ORLEANS MINT CLOSED.

All Coinage Operations There Discontinued.

The appropriation for loss on the recoinage of worn and uncurrent silver coin for the current fiscal year is exhausted. No further transfer of such coin can be made from the treasury to the mints for recoinage, and as it is the intention of the Secretary of the Treasury not to resume, for the present at least, the coinage of silver bullion purchased under the "Sherman act," and as the stock of gold bullion on hand at the mint at New Orleans is very limited, the Secretary has decided to discontinue all coinage operations at that mint for the present. Instructions have been given for the forbidding, without pay, of nearly all the force employed at the New Orleans mint. About seventy employees will be furnished until such time as coinage operations can be resumed.

The treasury now holds of silver bullion purchased under the "Sherman act" 157,644,000 lbs. ounces, the cost of which was \$24,080,323. The coinage value of this bullion in silver dollars is \$177,964,000. If this bullion were coined into silver dollars, the profit to the government on its coinage would be nearly \$54,000,000, which sum could be paid out for the ordinary expenses of the government, or silver certificates would be issued against it. It is not thought that the coinage of silver dollars will be resumed at the mints until there is some action by Congress on the currency question. The mints at Philadelphia and San Francisco will continue to be employed in the coinage of gold.

NATIONAL FUNDS INVOLVED.

Secret Investigation in Progress in the State Department.

A Washington special to the New York Press says: "An investigation of the State Department's financial affairs is in progress. The auditor for the State Department has been pushing the inquiry for some time. It is reported that discoveries have been made of the deposit of funds in private banks, of the diversion of receipts from various sources to other than government channels, and of a general condition of confusion and irregularity that may yet develop some startling disclosures."

"At the State Department the fact that an investigation is in progress is not denied, but it is positively said that nothing of an incriminating character is involved in the affair, and that the result will simply effect the establishment of perhaps a better method of bookkeeping. At the Treasury Department the investigation is also admitted, but no one will venture an official opinion as to what the result will be."

"The mystery observed at the State Department in the auditor's office tends to confirm the suspicion of the seriousness of the investigation now going on. Yet it is probable that nothing definite will be known of the result until the auditor makes his report to the Secretary of the Treasury."

MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities including grain, flour, sugar, and other goods across different locations like Baltimore, New York, and Philadelphia.