

## BABYLAND.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland.

The realm where the dear little darlings stay.

Till the kind storks go, as all men know.

And, oh, so tenderly bring them away?

The paths are winding and past all finding.

By all save the storks who understand.

The gates and the highways and the intricate byways.

That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss;

And under the ferns fair, and under the plants there.

Lie little heads like spoons of floss.

With a soothing number the river of slumber

Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand;

And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping

Babies of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland Only the kindly, kind storks know;

If they fly over mountains, or wade through fountains.

No man sees them come or go.

But an angel maybe, who guards some baby.

Or a fairy perhaps, with her magic wand.

Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway

That leads to Babyland.

And there in the Valley of Babyland Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,

Like an unfledged starting, they find the darling.

For whom the heart of a mother yearns;

And they lift him lightly, and snug him tightly

In feathers soft as a lady's hand;

And off with a rockaway step they walk away

Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland.

Forth into the world of great unrest.

Sometimes in weeping, he wakes from sleeping

Before he reaches the mother's breast.

Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him.

Bonniest bird in the bright home band.

That o'er land and water, the kind stork brought her

From far off Babyland.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## DUNMORE'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF CUBA.

By Karl Stanley.

The Valley of the Yumuri is one of the loveliest in Cuba. Its cane-fields, with their pea-green verdure, and the darker hue of the pines scattered at irregular distances over them; its orange groves and its broad plantations; its farms and cottages, bright in the sunlight—make the valley, though small, peculiarly beautiful.

It is so shut in on every side by mountains and high precipices that it seems like a little world by itself. More than this it seemed to Dick Dunmore when he brought his fair young wife with him, and settled in the coziest cottage in the whole valley. It was an Eden to him!

Their house, which looked like a bird house when viewed from the top of the ridge, was perched on a small hill, and with the little farmyard back of it, and the kids lying on the grassy knoll in front, made a lovely picture.

Dick had practiced the healing art ever since he took his diploma; he decided to follow the same calling when he married and settled in Cuba.

Many letters had reached me, begging me to come and make them a visit; but it was not until they had been married nearly three years that fortune led me that way, and I looked them up in their valley home.

When I first reached the little cottage, Dick was absent, and Lucia, his pretty wife, received me with unaffected delight, while on my part I thought Dick's praise had come far short of the reality.

She bustled about, getting up a delicious warm supper before I could stop looking at her, and waited on me, with a coquettish white apron tied on over her gay dress.

"I am so glad you came to-night," she said, over the urn of fragrant coffee; "to-night of all nights, because Dick is away, and I was just getting so lonely."

"Does he often have to go out at night?" I inquired.

"Not often," she said, smiling, "or I should rebel."

"I suppose, then, this was a case of necessity?"

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "If I could be sure it was a case of necessity, I should feel better contented."

I looked up in some surprise, and saw the bright tears in her blue eyes.

"It isn't possible that any harm could come to him?" was my next question.

"He laughed at me when I hinted at such a thing," she said; "but it was all very strange."

"Tell me all about it, please," I said, pushing my chair back from the table.

"Perhaps, if I divide the trouble, it will disappear."

She shook her head, smiling sadly through her tears, and then gave me an insight into her fears.

"It was just after dusk," she said, "when a man—a stranger to both of us—came to our door, on horseback, and asked if my husband was a doctor. Dick came to the door, and sent me back; but I listened to all they said,

and when Dick came back, I begged him not to go.

"My Lucia," he said, kissing me good-by, "you have always been a brave little wife—don't fail now. A man is dying up there in the mountains—so this man says—but perhaps I may save his life if I go. Will you hinder me now?"

"What could I say?" she continued. "He took his case of instruments, and one of medicines, and rode away on his own horse. But I am sure I saw, hidden in the bushes, a band of men, who stole carefully down the path after them. What if it was all a plot to get him away from home and murder him?"

And she shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"The man who was hurt may have been a robber-captain—I have heard of such fellows up among the mountains—and may have sent his men as a guard. I do not believe Dick is in any danger, and we shall see him, back before midnight."

And then, when I saw she was still nervous, I began to tell her of my home and sisters, whom she had never seen, and so the hours slipped away until midnight.

At that moment Lucia held up her finger to enjoin silence, and I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming nearer and nearer. She ran to open the door, and Dick sprang to the ground, safe and sound as when he went away.

After our tumultuous greeting, Lucia brought a low chair to be near Dick, and throwing himself back, with a sigh of satisfaction, in the easy chair, he began his story.

He had ridden some distance up the side of the Cumbre, when he and his guide were suddenly surrounded by a band of armed men. He began to be sorry he had not taken his wife's advice, and the more so when they insisted on bandaging his eyes.

After an hour's ride, they stopped, the handkerchief was taken from his eyes, and he was led into an old hut, standing among thick trees, where he found a man suffering from a wound made by a dagger thrust.

The man gave no account of the wound, but wanted to know if his life could be saved.

"I made an examination, bound up the wound, left him some medicine to allay the fever, and was again escorted to the foot of the mountain; and here I am, little wife," Dick said, softly, "with good gold in my pocket."

"I don't care for the gold, Dick; but you shall never run such a risk again!" He laughed at her fears, but under all his merriment I saw his cheeks grow pale.

When we were alone, the next day, he told me what he had concealed from his wife.

"While I was in the hut," he said, his lips trembling, "the door opened softly, and a tiny note was dropped inside. I had only a glimpse of a dark face, when it was gone; but I dropped my handkerchief over the note, and secured it without being seen. Now what do you think of it, Karl?"

He had put the note in my hands, and I opened and read it. It ran something like this:

"SURGEON DUNMORE, married to my pretty Lucia: Tell her that her Cousin Marguerette is in the hands of the robber-captain. I would appeal to you for help to-night, but that it would surely involve us both in destruction. Come again, a week from to-night, and I will be alone with the solitary guard, left always with me—a man equal in strength to two men. A straight journey through the Lion's Pass will bring you to three paths. I will tie my handkerchief to a tree in the right path. Come armed, and do not come alone."

"MARG. PIRATA DE GOMEZ."

I advised him not to tell Lucia, and agreed to go with him on the designated day.

The week crept by, and at last the day came. We were both armed, and started away at daybreak, leaving Lucia with a neighbor's family, thinking we were going on business to a near city.

"Do you know this Lion's Pass?" It has rather a venturesome sound," I said.

"I know it well," he replied.

And then we rode cautiously up the mountain, until we came to the spot where the path divided, and there we found a red-bordered handkerchief, tied in a knot to a tall palm tree.

"This is the path! More slowly," Dick whispered.

And, side by side, we crept along under the shadow of the trees, having first tied our horses at the entrance to the path.

A little further on, we came to the hut, and heard a man's voice inside.

Nearer, nearer we crept to the door, and listened.

"You would have betrayed me, Donna Marguerette! You have knotted your handkerchief to the palm to point the way to our retreat. Is it not true?"

But there was not a word in reply—only a sob.

"I loved you, and would have made you queen of my robbers!" he cried, in a passionate voice. "I loved you, yet you are a traitor! Die like a traitor!"

We both leaped to our feet, forced open the door, and entered; but it was too late.

Dick sank down beside the dying girl, and I sprang forward in time to secure her murderer. As her last breath fled, Dick came to my side.

"Bring him out!" he said.

And, between us, we tied his hands and feet, and carried him out doors.

The hut was on the brow of a precipice, at the foot of which rushed a rapid river. Near by, a tall, lithe tree had been bent over for some purpose, and its top fastened to the ground.

With lips as pale as death, Dick bound the robber-captain to the tree, and cut the fastenings. One mighty swoosh through the air, and the tree stood upright; but the cord snapped, and Marguerette's murderer was

hurled over the brink of the precipice to certain death.

Between us we carried the body of Lucia's cousin down the mountain, and she had a peaceful burial in the little valley below.

But Dick sold his pretty cottage and farm, and brought Lucia away to our Northern home.

Years have passed since then, but I never think of the beautiful Valley of the Yumuri without shuddering at the horrible memory of the mountain tragedy.

## PERSPARATION A HEALTH ESSENTIAL.

Even if Excessive It Is a Condition to be Sought Rather Than Avoided.

"Perspiration is essential to health," writes Edward B. Warman in the Ladies' Home Journal. "A person in good health never suffers from the heat or the cold unless unduly exposed. One may be inconvenienced by excessive perspiration, but it is a condition of health rather than to be sought than to be avoided. Too much of a good thing, however, is not desirable. Proper care of the body, proper diet, proper exercise, with proper bathing, will produce the normal condition—in which condition the heat will not oppress any one. Let me especially caution against the too sudden checking of perspiration. Millions of canals or tubes from the inner part of the body open their little mouths at the surface, and through these channels, as ceaseless as the flow of time, a fluid containing the wastes and impurities of the system is passing outward and is emptied out of the skin. This fluid must have exit or we die in a few hours. If it does not have vent at the surface of the body it must have some internal escape. Nature abhors shocks as she does a vacuum. Heat distends the mouths of these ducts and promotes a larger and more rapid flow of the contained fluid; on the other hand, cold contracts them, and the fluid is at first arrested, then dammed up, and then it rebounds. If these months are gradually closed Nature has time to adapt herself to the circumstances by opening her channels into the great internal waterways of the body, and no harm follows; hence the safety and wisdom of cooling off slowly after any exertion, and the danger of cooling off rapidly under the same circumstances. Encourage perspiration, under proper conditions and with proper precautions. Always keep the surface of the body warm and clean, and at the end of the season you will be mentally, morally and physically sound."

## He Saw the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years.

A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at.

"He'd have told me that now that I had stopped drinking and smoking and chewing I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."

—Boston Globe.

## St Hoskin's Boy.

Passenger Agent Drake, on his recent trip to Denver, got hold of a yarn about Arkansas, from a Little Rock school teacher who was going to Los Angeles. This teacher said that below Little Rock eighty miles was a country that was a century behind. Children were not compelled to put on civilized dress until 21 years old. He said he went down into that particular section during the holidays of last winter hunting. Just as the party got into a little town that had the only post-office for forty miles a big burly young fellow, looking a good deal as Adam probably looked when he bossed the Garden of Eden, came tearing down the rocky street, swinging his arms and clanking the rocks and clamoring along pursued by three men. One of the party asked a young fellow who stood near the wagon, laughing, if that fellow running was crazy.

"Naw," he said with a drawl; "that's St Hoskin's boy. He's twenty-one years old to-day and they're trying to catch him to put some clothes on him."

—Wichita Eagle.

## School of Whales Driven Ashore.

A large school of bottle-nose whales recently appeared off Thurso sands, England, and were driven ashore on the sands. The sea was red with their blood as they lay floundering, and 104 were captured. Most of them measured twenty feet in length. They crept close to the fisher part of the town and the authorities dread that they will be run into considerable expense by having to remove the carcasses for sanitary reasons.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Two Americans in Korea dispersed 3,000 Koreans who were attacking the employes of the trolley system. This establishes a new ratio of American supremacy.

Kansas City, Mo., has established an institute particularly for substitute teachers, in order that they may be kept up to the modern methods of teaching.

A German legal decision holds that the ladies-in-waiting of the Prussian Court are servants. Almost any American household will testify that the reverse is here true and that domestic servants are simply ladies-in-waiting.

A record has been made in the Schuylkill County (Penn.) Court that was never before equalled. In one day the grand jury ignored forty-nine bills of indictment out of sixty-one that were passed upon. The costs were placed on the prosecutors in all but one case for bringing before the court trivial cases, and the magistrates escaped.

The Rocky Mountain states—Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico—where silver mining was the chief industry a few years ago, have all found compensation for the decline in this industry by going diligently into gold mining, and their total annual production of precious metals is actually greater in value than it was in the great days of high-priced silver bullion.

It is an extraordinary thing that in the international college games in 1894 and since the Englishmen carried off most of the honors in the runs, and the Americans excelled in hammer-throwing and weight-putting. As regards the running, the Englishmen must be credited with more endurance, and the conclusion seems just that the American college has more muscular strength, for in feats of strength the Englishmen made a sorry showing.

It is computed that in New York City, there are 7,500 barber shops and 25,000 barbers. For a long time the barbers were chiefly Germans, or Americans of German descent, but within ten years the Germans have lost their control of the business, having been superseded by Italians. Some former German "bosses" are now employees; others have retired from the business and others still have been obliged to seek other work. Meantime their Italian successors are making money.

An English murderer has been hanged in spite of strenuous efforts to obtain her a reprieve. The lady seems to have gained great sympathy; her only crime was that she sent poisoned cake to her sister, whose life she had insured for her own benefit. Such a thrifty use of relatives seems to have caught the popular fancy, and had she been freed she probably would not have lacked marriage opportunities. But English justice refused to be swayed by the merciful heart of the public, and the lady was prevented from enjoying the fruits of her enterprise.

Just pass along those thank-yous when any one has the grace to "move on" and let you have that debatable ground—the "end seat" facetiously observes the Boston Transcript. To be sure, it is not absolutely necessary, and in your calmly judicial moods, you say it is superfluous—that it is "slopping over." But don't you believe it—there's a bit of self-sacrifice involved every time a man or woman thus surrenders the observation seat to you, and he or she likes that little expression of gratitude, and it helps also to re-enforce a resolution always to be as unselfish.

Some friend of the English sparrow which so infest our cities, has started the story that the expulsion of the sparrows from Boston common has been followed by an invasion of caterpillars which are destroying the foliage. The story falls through the denial that the sparrows have been driven off, and from the added fact that the public experience with the sparrows is that they will cover a field to pick off seeds and leave the caterpillars and other insects to ravage the plants around them. The sparrows have driven away birds which are wholly insectivorous and themselves seek other food. They are a public nuisance.

City Council of Oakland, Md., has taken advanced ground by passing an ordinance prohibiting the throwing of rice at newly married couples in that place, and providing severe penalties for violations of the act. The practice appears to have been seriously over-worked in the town, so much so in fact that the neighborhood was recently threatened with a rice famine. The custom might be tolerated if the rice throwers would only tie their offerings in stout bags or put it into barrels, so that the recipients could take the grain home with them for household use. There would be an element of utility in that sort of thing that sensible people would appreciate, whereas the present method is inherently pernicious in that it sets an example of extravagance to young persons at a time of life when they should be taught the importance of domestic economy.

The second year's trial of manual labor teaching in the Garrison colored school of Kansas City according to the Kansas City Star has abundantly justified the wisdom of the experiment. The boys have got on well with the

woodwork, and the girls have profited by the winter's course in sewing. The pupils have not lost ground in the scholastic department, but furnish their full proportion of graduates who will enter the high schools.

Books have not suffered from the use of chisel and plane and needle and thimble. It is suggested that this good work among the colored scholars be extended and that something like an industrial high school shall be established, something on the line of the industrial high school the white children enjoy, at least the selection of a school where pupils from all the colored schools who desire industrial education could gather, say, for an hour each day. The suggestion of an addition to or improvement in our school system is usually followed by consideration and adoption.

Just as in the case of practically every great scientific achievement, there has for some months past been an active course of speculation in various channels respecting the probable uses to which liquid air could be put with benefit to mankind. The X-rays came in for their share of this sort of discussion, much of which was uninformed, some of it harmful to the accurate judgment of the people, and some of it suggestive. Liquid air has been hailed as a great power agency and as a refrigerant, capable in either capacity of revolutionizing existing methods. Later developments have served to cast doubt somewhat upon these sweeping claims. It is found that there is a serious difficulty in the storing of the power, with an alternative of running grave risk of explosions or of suffering loss through waste. Thus far little progress has been made toward the general adoption of the liquid for either purpose. Meanwhile a new field for it has been opened—that of surgery and medicine. There is little doubt now in scientific minds that this new agency will prove of value in many branches of their work.

Unless something is done to decrease the present rate of cutting redwood timber from the California forests the supply will be exhausted within the next generation. The redwood is of slow growth, the tree not reaching a marketable age in less than fifty years, and then the timber is only valuable for telegraph poles and lesser uses of commerce, whereas if the tree is permitted to attain its full growth its timber may be employed for any number of ornamental purposes. The tree itself is particularly beautiful and is found only in California, where in maturity it is from twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter and reaches a height of from 100 to 400 feet. It is perfectly straight and for nearly half its height there is not a limb. It lives to the age of 1,000 years; some writers say 1,500 years, estimating from the number of rings around the trunk. The timber is largely used for wainscoting, panels and ceilings, and being of a smooth grain readily takes a fine finish. The lumber is shipped to the eastern states in large cargoes, also to Australia, New Zealand, India and to other parts of the world.

The sad story comes from the coast of Maine that the lobster crop is a failure—that an industry which was once as steady as the ice harvest in winter or the summer granite crop is now on its last legs states the New York World, and that the Maine lobster is destined to go into extinction with the dodo, the great auk and the American bison. The lobster's objection to living is based not so much on the injury to his feelings caused by the cruelty of the restaurants in announcing "broiled live lobster" as by the precipitate haste of the Maine fishermen in catching him before he is fit to be broiled at all, and subjecting him to the humiliation of "canning." If his feelings were respected he would continue to furnish gustatory delight to the gourmand in limitless numbers for countless years. As it is, the "cardinal of the seas" will take his place in history with the canvas-back and the terrapin, the lost heritages of a generation unfit to appreciate them.

The man-eating lion.

The man eater is very different from the ordinary lion that has not acquired the taste for human flesh. Lions, as a rule, are not such ferocious and fear-inspiring animals as many imagine them to be. They very seldom attack any one unless they are persistently pursued or have been wounded. If they see a person approaching them they usually prefer to slink off into the jungle and hide in its depths. They invite no attack and are willing a man should go his way if he will let them alone. But it is very different with the man-eating lion. It marks the human being for its prey, and killing mankind is its profession. This is the reason it is very difficult to catch the man eater in the traps that are set for it. A hut is reared with a wide entrance and inside a kid or goat is temptingly displayed in such a way that if the lion tries to carry him off, the rope that ties the intended victim will release the door through which the brute has entered. It falls behind the animal and it is trapped, and may be despatched at leisure. But nine times in ten the strategem fails to work. The king of beasts has not entered the village in the stillness of the night for goats or kids. It much prefers to dash through the low doorway of a habitation and seize a sleeping man or woman and then bound through the jungle with the victim in its powerful jaws, and if in the morning the natives are brave enough to beat the tall grass around the settlement, they may find, perhaps a mile away, the bones of their unfortunate friend.

## MARVELOUS ZUNI TRICK.

Calling of the Waters by the Priesthood of the Bow.

"A marvelous trick performed by the priesthood of the Bow, members of the Arizona tribe of Zuni Indians," relates Mr. Cushing, a government agent, "is the 'calling up' of the waters in the primeval jar, which is a piece of pottery unnumbered centuries old—perhaps as old a relic as they have in the Zuni nation. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, with elaborate decorations, and is the ordinary receptacle of the fetiches of that priesthood. It is intrusted to the charge of the master priest and used once a year—in January—to call forth the waters, as they term it.

"The jar is placed in the centre of the circle and incantations take place. The words of the song describe the powers of the elements and offer them praise. When, in the course of the chant, the god of water is named, the two guardian priests pour a little water—perhaps a teaspoonful—into the jar, with certain fetiches. This is known as the 'water seed.' Then, as the incantations continue, the water rises in the jar until it reaches the rim and overflows in a little rivulet, running toward the altar upon which the image of the god of water stands. Then the high priest dips a sacred shell into the jar and allows each member of the tribe present to drink. After the last one has drained the shell the water slowly subsides and the incantation dies away."

"How do you explain this?" Mr. Cushing was asked.

"I do not attempt to explain it, except as an optical illusion or an example of hypnotism, but I am sure I saw that jar fill with water by some invisible agency. There could be no connection with underground pipes, for such a thing would be impossible in Zuni, nor could anybody have poured in water unseen by me. The skill of the performance and the ingenuity of the trick equals anything I have read of the jugglers of India. It is equal to their trick of climbing an invisible rope."

"Do the Zunis know anything of hypnotism?"

"Yes; their applications of hypnotism are phenomenal and scientific. They believe in all sorts of occultism and are subject to the highest influence of mystery. The intensity of their natures, the absolute faith in which their priests, shamans and medicine men are held make them easily subject to the hypnotic power."

Horses Show Sympathy.

More than a score of the residents of Twelfth and Fitzwater streets are willing to testify to what they regard as a remarkable display of intelligence and affection on the part of a team of horses.

James Sullivan, a driver in the employ of the Gannon contractors, drove an excursion party to one of the groves, and on his return to Twelfth and Fitzwater streets he was taken so ill that he was compelled to go into a drug store. The team of horses was permitted to stand outside while he was in the store. When he walked back to the sidewalk and was about to step into the wagon he became so weak that he was forced to take hold of an awning post to hold himself up.

The near horse pressed close to Sullivan, who was obliged to vomit as a result of his illness. The animal began to lick the back of his head and rub its face against his cheek. While thus engaged the horse knocked Sullivan's straw hat to the pavement and afterwards stooped its head and picked it up between his teeth. The off horse, which was standing as a mute spectator of what was going on, began to neigh and the near horse joined in the chorus. They kept it up until Sullivan took hold of his hat, patted the kind animals on their foreheads and jumped into the wagon and started away.—The Philadelphia Times.

Society to Protect Elephants.

Some English women are about to band themselves into an association to prevent the slaughter of elephants for their ivory. The women argue that if their efforts could become universal ivory would cease to be in demand. It is estimated that the tusks of fully forty thousand elephants are used yearly for manufacturing billiard implements, etc. The exportation of ivory from Africa to Europe averages 800 tons annually.

London ships most of the ivory to India and the United States. In India it is converted into pieces of art and sent back to Europe. In 1896 the average price paid for 2½ pounds was \$3.62. The average weight of a tusk is about 14½ pounds.

A Rubber Leg.

An English inventor has devised a very ingenious artificial leg and foot intended for use in cases of amputation below the knee joint. It is mainly composed, according to the Scientific American, of a hollow rubber chamber, which is inflated in exactly the same way as is a bicycle tire. The skeleton of the foot is of wood, and contains within it a rubber-faced joint, which permits of movements like those that take place at the ankle. A pair of rubber pneumatic pads surround the end of the amputated limb, so that no undue pressure is exerted on the tissue.

A Fact.

Teacher—"Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

Patsy—"Yes'm."

Teacher—"Why?"

Patsy—"Cause you can't."—Boston Traveler.