

The Khan's Devil.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The khan came from Bokhara town
To Hamza, santon of renown.
"My head is sick, my hands are weak;
Thy help, oh holy man, I seek!"
In silence marking for a space
The khan's red eyes and purple face,
Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,
"Thou hast a devil!" Hamza said.
"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the khan.
"Bid me of him at once, oh man!"
"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine
Can slay that cursed thing of thine.
"Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink
Water of healing on the brink,
"Where clear and cold from mountain snows
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.
"Six moons remain, then come to me;
May Allah's pity go with thee!"
Awestruck, from feast and wine, the khan
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.
Roots were his food, the desert dust
His bed; the water quenched his thirst.
And when the sixth moon's omenet
Curved sharp above the evening star,
He sought again the santon's door—
Not weak and trembling as before,
But strong of limb and clear of brain;
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain."
"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved and
drowned,
The cursed one lies in death-like swoon.
"But evil breaks the strongest gyves,
And djins like him have charmed lives.
"One beaker of the juicy grape
May call him up in living shape.
"When the red wine of Badakshan
Sparkles for thee, beware, oh khan!
"With water quench the fire within,
And down each day thy devilkin!"
Thenceforth the great khan slumped the cup
As Shitan's own, though offered up
With laughing eyes and jeweled hands,
By Yarkand's maids and Sarmacand's.
And in the lofty vestibule
Of the messuage of Kanah Kodul,
The students of the holy law
A golden-lettered tablet saw,
With these words, by a cunning hand,
Graved on it at the khan's command:
"In Allah's name, to him who hath
A devil, Khan el Hamed said:
"Wisely our prophet cured the vine;
The fiend that loves the breath of wine
"No prayer can slay, no marabout
Nor Meccan dervish can drive out.
"I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm
That robs him of his power to harm.
"Drown him, oh Islam's child! the spell
To save thee lies in tank and well."
—Youth's Companion.

ROSE CLAVERING;

Or, A Leap for Life.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.

"And where does this fair lily of the Black Hills reside, Dick?"
"About an hour's gallop from our camp here, leftinint. She is with her father—a queer old stick by the name of Clavering. He keeps by himself, and I am afeared he will yet come to harm. The cursed Sioux are about, and Rose would be a fine prize for some daring brave. It is said that the old man has dug piles of gold. He may have made his pile, or may not, but his darter—she's purtier than a prairie fender blowing afore the mornin' breeze when sparklin' with dew."
"Bravo, my old scout! You have poetry and the love of the beautiful in your soul if you have never seen the inside of a schoolhouse."
"It's leetle book larnin' I have picked up, leftinint. But the works of nature and the handiwork of God I love," and the old man removed his slouch hat for a moment, exposing his gray locks, as he allowed the light breeze to fan his broad brow.
"Dick, what do you say if we gallop down to the camping-spot of your friend. You have excited my curiosity regarding this mysterious beauty. I will tell the sergeant to look out during my absence, and he is fully competent to manage fifty men. We have been stationed here 'n the hills for over six weeks. I am tired, and must have a little recreation."
"You may git more than you bargain for. There's Injun signs about, and there's no tellin' what moment you may run into a Sioux camp among these infernal hills."
"Well, we'll take our chances. We are both well armed."
A sharp gallop of an hour brought the army officer and his companion to the banks of a small stream, and riding to a group of stately trees, the scout reined up with a sharp cry of astonishment and alarm.
The tent of the solitary miner had disappeared. Nangh's remained but smoking ruins, and the unmistakable evidence of a desperate struggle having taken place.
Dismounting, the scout carefully went over the ground, while the officer watched him with a face expressive of sternness and a desire for vengeance.
"There's only nine of 'em. But bark, there was a groan. If it should be Rose?" and rushing toward a clump of grass, the scout beheld the tall, gaunt form of a miner, from whose gaping wounds the life-blood was rapidly oozing. "Clavering, poor fellow! has it come to this? I was afeared of it, and my words have come true."
"My time is short. I would speak of my daughter. The Sioux have captured her. The young chief of a war party tore her from my arms and dealt me my death blow. But who is that with you?"
"It is Lieutenant Paul Welch, of the cavalry."
"Your hand, sir. Men of your pro-

fession are gentlemen. I once occupied the position of one myself. I have a package in my breast pocket that will explain all. If you recover my daughter give it to her, otherwise burn it as it is. It can interest no third party."
He was rapidly growing weaker, the eye was fixed, and the hoarse voice faltered:
"Chase the Sioux, recover poor Rose. She is a lady," he muttered, then with an effort he roused himself. "I have gold for her—look—great rock, cross, full moon, shadow—dig"—and with a rattle, a terrible gasp, and the stout heart ceased to beat.
Possessing himself of the package, the officer briefly penciled the vague and unsatisfactory words of the dying man on the back. It might have been the wanderings of a mind unsettled by the near approach of death, but he was determined to investigate the matter whenever an opportunity should occur.
"Now for work, Dick. We'll bury poor Clavering, then follow on the trail of these red fiends, and Rose shall either be rescued or avenged."
Mounting their horses the two sadly turned away, sallying forth upon the dark and silent prairie.
Suddenly the scout halted, and his hand pressed the arm of his superior with a nervous clutch.
"Look there, lieutenant. Do you know what that means?"
Just under the horizon a faint glow of light was perceptible, above which hung a black threatening cloud, which rapidly spread over the heavens. Gradually the stars disappeared, while herds of wild mustangs, buffaloes and deer swept furiously by.
Then it was the lieutenant realized the danger he was in. The Sioux had fired the dry grass from three different points, and with gigantic leaps the billowy flames were rolling, hissing and roaring toward them.
But old Dick had not been idle. He was too old and experienced an Indian-fighter to be outdone in the peculiar warfare of the frontier.
Leaping from his horse, he struck a light and set fire to the prairie in his turn. Rapidly the flames spread, darting onward, sweeping everything in its path. Leading their horses forward the two men followed close upon the track of the counter fire, while every moment the number of half-frantic animals increased.
Stretching far away in front and behind them, the terrible crescent rapidly closed in upon the men. The glowing billows of writhing flame roared and thundered in their ears, smothering the cries of the poor animals, who perished by hundreds.
The air became very hot, and the eddying volumes of smoke made it all but impossible for the two to breathe.
Their horses became almost unmanageable; they were obliged to cover their own heads, as well as their beasts', with blankets. It was an awful moment of agonizing darkness, with the terrible heat blistering the exposed portions of their skins.
The earth shook beneath the mighty tramp of an immense herd of buffalo, as they burst suddenly forth from the surrounding smoke. A muffled, indistinct cry of warning from Dick echoed for a moment in the ears of Paul Welch, and then he felt himself borne furiously along, his horse hemmed in on all sides by the frantic animals.
Hours elapsed before he succeeded in extricating his gallant animal from the ranks of the buffaloes, and as he stood, half suffocated, his eyes all but powerless, the officer realized that he was alone in the smoking waste, hopelessly lost, surrounded by gloom and stifling odors, which rose incessantly from the blackened earth.
It was agony to remain stationary, and in hopes to gain a position where the smoke would be less blinding he slowly urged his horse over the prairie, waiting and hoping for daylight to appear.
Gradually the atmosphere became clear, the stars peeped timidly forth above his head, while a long gray streak along the distant horizon gave token that daylight would soon dawn.
As objects became more and more distinct, the young officer was finally enabled to make out the rugged outlines, deep gullies, thick underbrush, and peculiar formation of the Black Hills, into the lower portion of which his horse had wandered. Carefully he looked about him on all sides, but failed to recognize a single object. Everything was strange; but the fact occasioned no disquietude to the officer. He had every faith in the judgment of his scout, and it would not be many hours before the old veteran would be on his trail, followed by his faithful companions-in-arms.
He had allowed his horse to browse on the fresh green verdure which had escaped the track of the fire, while he plunged into a profound reverie over the events of the last few hours, and was oblivious to what was passing around him.
The rumble of horses' feet, a ferocious yell, aroused the army officer to a full sense of the peril into which his absence of mind had partially betrayed him.
Pressing his regimental hat well down upon his forehead, loosening the sword in its scabbard, and feeling for his trusty revolver, he dashed the spurs into his horse's sides, while in his rear followed half a dozen half-naked warriors, yelling like so many fiends.
It would have been madness to have turned back and galloped on to the burnt prairie, where no cover was to be found, but by penetrating deeper into the hills a chance was barely possible of escaping the painted fiends.
The animal which Paul Welch bestrode had the reputation of both speed and endurance, qualities that were now likely to stand him in good need. The turf was soft and springy, the ascent gentle, and, having every faith in the well-tried animal, Paul allowed the howling rascals to gain upon him. He had emerged on to a small but level plateau that enabled him to take a survey of the surrounding country, interspersed here and there with scattering shrubs and trees.
Cantering leisurely toward him, from opposite directions, were two bottles of Sioux, and with the band clattering in his rear, but one pathway remained open to the officer, who began to feel decidedly uncomfortable as he found his chances rapidly narrowing down.
Dashing the spurs into his steed, he for the first time urged him to his speed.

Bounding over a broad and level space of ground, which led to a small valley lined on either side by rough, jagged rocks, the gallant animal struck sparks of fire as his hoofs spurred the light gravelly bottom of the gulch.
A shout of triumph, a ferocious cry of joy burst from the throats of the warriors as they somewhat leisurely followed the broad trail.
Paul Welch did not understand the meaning of that hoarse indication of satisfaction which was wafted to his ears by the light, cool breath of the morning.
He thought it strange that no attempt was made to pick him off with their rifles, and turning the matter over in his mind as he plunged deeper and deeper into a country to which he was an utter stranger, he asked himself the question how it was all to end.
The path grew steeper with every bound of his pattering steed; the aspect of the country had undergone a decided change, and in place of verdure and shrubby rocks, gravel and overhanging boulders had taken their places.
The rush and sullen muttering of a deep mountain stream fell suddenly upon his ear, mingling with the yells of triumph which now burst incessantly from the warriors as they urged their ponies forward, rapidly narrowing the circle.
Halting for a moment on a smooth, level ledge of limestone, Paul took a rapid survey of the dangers which surrounded him on all sides. His stout heart all but failed him as he realized the trap into which he had run.
On three sides of him the painted Sioux were rapidly advancing, while before him yawned a precipice fully sixty feet in height, at the bottom of which flowed the dark waters of the stream whose mutterings he had heard.
Now he understood the meaning of those yells of triumph, realized why they had foreborne from using their rifles. They anticipated an easy capture, and a victim was wanted to torture, whose ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the spirits who were supposed to reside amid the hills.
This was to die a thousand deaths, in preference to which he determined to run the risk of being dashed to pieces.
On came the warriors, eager to pluck the fruits of their triumph, while the officer, with a hasty prayer, plunged his spurs into the smoking flanks of his charger, guiding him to the edge of the precipice.
The warriors paused in wonder and amazement as they saw the act. They had calculated on the precipice proving an insurmountable obstacle to the escape of their intended victim, and they could not believe it to be the intention of the white man to attempt the awful leap, which to all appearance was certain death.
With his long hair streaming over his shoulders, feet firmly pressed in the stirrups, his left hand waving defiance to his foe, Paul urged the noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of the bank, when again applying the spur, they made the fearful leap.
Down, down they went with terrible velocity, without resistance or impediment. A plunge, a shiver, and meeting the full force of the torrent, the steed was swept away, while Paul despite his efforts was carried down the stream as if he had been a feather.
His horse had disappeared amid the foaming rapids, the steep precipitous sides of the rocky cliff debarred him from all hopes of effecting a landing, and floating on his back Paul held his strength in reserve.
The Indians had disappeared; the rough sides of the rocky gorge and a strip of the blue heavens above were all that he could discern as the current bore him he knew not whither. He thought of his distant home, his parents, the many friends of his youth, his brother officers, the soldiers under his command, the old scout, and the murdered miner's daughter in the power of the savages. Long forgotten facts and reminiscences of the past crowded through his brain, and he could not believe that he was to perish in the unknown depths of the Black Hills, his fate enveloped in mystery.
A sudden sharp shock recalled him to himself. A whirling eddy had thrown him roughly against the sharp projecting side of the cliff, and catching at a crevice, he succeeded in gaining a foothold. Slowly and cautiously he drew himself up from point to point, sealing the smooth sides of the gorge, until his head was on a level with the edge of the bank.
Cautiously he reconnoitered before drawing himself over the brink, but he saw nothing that gave evidence of an enemy, and once more he found himself in an unknown region of the Black Hills, minus his horse, with only his saber and one revolver upon which to rely.
The high ground where Paul found himself gradually sloped toward the broad and rolling prairie, forming a succession of ridges skirting the steep sides of a hill. A confused hum, a low hoarse cry reached his ears, and with faculties sharpened by the danger through which he had passed, the army officer reconnoitered the depths below, of which he had an unobstructed view.
An Indian encampment with a number of warriors departing upon some expedition was revealed to his impatient gaze, and as they disappeared, brandishing their long lances in the air, Paul determined to have a nearer look at the lodges.
Bringing into requisition his somewhat limited knowledge of woodcraft, Paul cautiously wormed his way through the tall grass until he reached a spring on the outskirts of the camp. It was surrounded by a thick growth of bushes, from the midst of which he could observe everything that transpired before him.
A number of warriors left to guard the camp lounged carelessly about, and Paul was on the point of withdrawing to the heights above, when he perceived a figure, evidently that of a woman, approaching in his direction.
She carried a calabash in her hand, walking slowly and deliberately, the heart of the army officer beating with increased rapidity and excitement as he perceived that her costume was not that of a Sioux squaw.
Looking over her shoulder, the woman quickened her movements as she per-

ceived that a number of warriors were watching her. A shout, a yell of rage, and the braves started in pursuit.
The fugitive, for such she undoubtedly was, immediately dropped the calabash, and sprang away with the swiftness of an antelope.
Paul noted the pale golden hair, beautiful features and rounded form of the fugitive, who he made up his mind could be no less than Rose, the far-famed daughter of the slaughtered miner.
There was little time to think, as the fair fugitive sped rapidly along, her long hair streaming in the wind, and the warriors in close pursuit.
Swift though she was, the foremost warrior had all but overtaken her as she reached the opposite side of the spring, and he was in the act of hurling his lance as Paul leveled his revolver and fired.
The brave passed to the happy hunting-grounds of his people without a cry; but the shot had alarmed the camp, and for a few moments all was confusion.
Rose had uttered a faint cry as she caught a glimpse of Paul, but never relaxed her speed, while the army officer, as he beheld the Indians mounting and preparing for a fight, rapidly retreated in hopes to find a more advantageous position where a stand could be made.
He had but little hopes of saving his life; the odds were far too great; but if he could over the retreat of the girl, who evidently knew the country better than he did, and enable her to reach a place of safety, he would die satisfied.
His saber flashed in his right hand, securely fastened to his wrist by a leather strap, upon which he should depend after exhausting the contents of the revolver.
He had reached one of the ridges along which ran a fringe of bushes, when a low familiar voice reached his ear:
"Keep on, leftinint; don't turn your head. We are here, sergeant and all. The gal is safe. So—here they come."
On swooped the Sioux in all the glory of their war paint and feathers. With lances in rest, uttering shrill cries, they rapidly closed in on Paul, when a sharp word of command, the flash of rifles, followed by the riderless horses galloping wildly to and fro, and all was over.
Charging upon the lodges, the soldiers encountered the body of braves who had turned back alarmed by the noise that they had heard. A short, but sharp engagement followed; the band was completely broken up, lodges burned, after which the troops prepared to bivouac themselves and rest awhile on their lances.
Dick assumed full charge of Rose, who mourned the loss of her father, and to whose care Paul delivered the sealed packet containing the secret of the old miner.
By the fitful blaze of the camp-fire, amid the solitude of the frowning Black Hills, Roger Clavering's true history was at last revealed.
He had once been a wealthy and respected merchant of Chicago, but a younger brother forged large amounts in his name and fled, leaving him to face the storm alone. The younger brother had been his mother's pet, and on her death-bed Roger had promised to protect and shield him. Nobly he redeemed the word he had given. The brother came out of the trial broken in fortune and reputation, his wife dead, with naught left him but the little waif of a daughter.
With her he had removed to the far West, beyond the pale of civilization, pursuing the occupation of a hunter and Indian trader, peacefully gliding down the stream of life, watching his daughter bloom into handsome, and by no means uncultivated woman. Then the excitement of the Black Hills spread far and wide, he followed in the tracks of others, and the sad finale has already been told.
Dick then related how he had been separated from the lieutenant, and knowing the danger he incurred by scouting over the prairie alone, he rejoined the soldiers, starting on the trail of his superior.
Everything was plain up to the very verge of the precipice, when it was evident Paul had made the desperate leap. Then Dick was in doubt whether his superior was alive or not. But following the course of the river as a forlorn hope, they had fortunately reached the ambush in time to save both Rose and Paul's life.
Nothing now remained but to find the treasure which Clavering had obtained at such a sacrifice, and many an hour of anxious thought had Paul expended on the subject. There was but little to guide him—a vague hint that might mean nothing—still, for the sake of the orphan, he persevered. "Great rock—cross—full moon—shadow—dig."
Rose was consulted, but she knew nothing of the haunts of her father, and absolutely nothing of a great rock or cross.
Accompanied by the entire force of cavalrymen, under the direction of Dick, a thorough search was instituted in the vicinity of the old miner's last resting-place.
In a small gully running into the side of a precipitous hill, a huge rock was finally found surmounted by a huge representation of a cross.
At the full of the moon Paul and Dick secretly repaired to the spot prepared to unearth the buried gold; and noting the extremity of the shadow cast by the rough rocks, the two men commenced their labors.
They were crowned with success, and four large canvas bags of gold dust and nuggets were dragged forth.
It was the fortune of Rose Clavering; and Paul, with his escort, conveyed her to the nearest military post, where she was to remain until he could obtain leave of absence, and travel with her to the East in hopes of finding some of her relatives.
Months elapsed before he was enabled to carry out his plans; but when he reached Chicago no trace of the name of Clavering remained. The machinery of the police and law was put in motion, but with no satisfactory result.
Every moment of his leave was expended in the search, and when he sought Rose, at her hotel, his heart heavy and sad at the prospect of parting with her, she listened in silence to Paul's regrets at his failure to find her friends, but started impetuously to her feet when he added that, with the dawn

of another day, he must return to his post and duty.
Her face flushed and paled as she strove in vain to speak, her bosom rose and fell convulsively, and but for the strong arm of the officer Rose would have fallen to the floor.
His visit was prolonged. What passed between them is known only to themselves; but soon after the war department received First Lieutenant Paul Welch's resignation, and in place of returning to his post amid the savage Sioux, he engaged double passage for the more congenial climate of Europe with Rose as his young, blushing bride.
Hanging and Whipping Afghans.
A London *Standard* letter from the seat of war in Afghanistan describes the punishment inflicted upon some native prisoners, as follows: Between the soldiers hundreds of natives could be seen squatting patiently for the proceedings to commence, and it was curious to notice here and there Afghans with their long black hair, sitting quietly among the crowd of Hindoos. A party of low-caste Hindoos were busy digging a large, square hole close to the gallows. Everybody understood its use. To the right the men of the Hussars were quietly exercising their horses, and the fields above them were dotted with soldiers belonging to the Ninety-second Highlanders, who were quite content to see the execution from a distance. At eleven o'clock a company of the Twenty-first marched down to the gallows with six prisoners in their midst. Two were to be lashed and four to be hanged. The four condemned men were singled out and led to the front. Their dress consisted only of a long, blue cotton shirt and loose pygamas tied in at the ankles. In two of the instances the shirts were a mass of rags frayed into ribbons at the edges, and holding wonderfully together. None of them wore sandals or head dresses. There they stood staring curiously around them with their jet hair hanging over their faces and their hands strapped behind their backs, and all looking thoroughly desperate ruffians. The provost-marshal, a stout-built sergeant of the Tenth Hussars, showed each man his plank and made him walk across it. This all the men did without much compulsion. They did not appear to realize what was about to happen to them, and kept looking over their shoulders to see what was going on. Their legs were strapped together. What appeared to be their old blue pugarees or turbans were tied over their faces, and the nooses were fixed round their necks. Then they appeared to realize what was coming, and all commenced crying out prayers to Allah. While they were doing this one of the prisoners who was standing behind waiting for his flogging shouted out to them that they were never to mind; he would be left alive and he would avenge their deaths. All eyes were turned toward him, but only for a second, as the scene being enacted in front was of more absorbing interest. Four European sailors caught up ropes attached to the plank, a signal was given, and they pulled at the same moment, sweeping away the scaffold and launching the prisoners into the air. But it was only for a second that the condemned men hung. The cross beam creaked and broke with a startling crash, and the four men fell to the ground hanging, half resting their feet upon the earth. Scarcely had any person time to feel horrified at this unfortunate accident, before the provost-marshal drew his revolver and sent a bullet through each man's brain. One of the Afghans was then stripped naked and tied up to one of the poles of the gallows. A stalwart hussar gave him a dozen and a half lashes as warmly as his arm could lay on, then another hussar completed the three dozen. The fellow grinned considerably, but bore the flogging marvelously. He never uttered a groan the whole time he was receiving his punishment. One of the hussars threw his clothes at him and told him roughly to salamat. This the man did not understand. It was a grim joke at the best. He quietly put on his clothes—they were but rags—and coolly asked if he might go. It was told that the next time he was caught with a loaded rifle near a British camp he would not get off so easily, and then he was marched across the river by two armed Sikhs, who gave him a parting push with right good will. The other man who was to have been flogged was marched back to camp in custody.
A Power for the "Hawkeye" Man.
A young man, who evidently represents some St. Louis house, asks me where I am from. I tell him. His eye brightens. He says:
"Do you know Gust. Hirsch, there?"
No, I tell him, I do not.
"Know Marx Oppenheimer?"
I don't know Marx Oppenheimer.
"Do you know Joe Helminghausen?"
I fail to remember Mr. H.
"Then do you know Chris. Erlingen-schaftlicher?"
I don't believe I do.
"But you must know Ernest Gund-lachenstreibichukirchsenliebalstenheiminghaus?"
I think possibly that I may have known some of him, and possibly a great deal of him, at different times, but I am quite positive that I never knew him all at once.
The young man from the St. Louis house looks amazed.
"Well," he says at last, "you ain't got much acquaintance in Burlington."
And I sadly remarked that my acquaintance there is rather limited, and he goes away. Presently he returns.
"Oh," he says, "them fellus I said to you about lives in Davenport."
And I feel greatly relieved, for I had begun to think that I didn't know anybody in Burlington.—R. J. Burdette.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
A wrecked bark—A dead dog.
A matter of cores—Apple sauce.
A checkered career—A convict's.
A man of pluck—The fowl-stripper.
To ascertain the age of a tree—Axe it.
Flags are employed for signaling at sea.
Every baker's shop has the stomach ache.
William Tell was an arrow-minded man.
A shot tower is usually about 180 feet high.
There are 107,000 Hebrews in New York.
There are about 600 newspapers in Russia.
The only thing which is constant—Change.
A man of push—The wheelbarrow trundler.
The serpent was subtle, but the army trader is sutler.
In the year 1828 there were but three miles of railroad in the whole United States.
What is the need of being told to rise with the lark? The lark sees also 3,000 feet.
It is safe enough to tickle a wasp under his wing, if you do it with a very long straw.
The river Yukon, in Alaska, never has been surveyed, but has been navigated for 2,000 miles.
Pocahontas is to have a monument over her grave at Gravesend, England, where she lies buried.
Nothing does so much for people's looks as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.
If you sweep your own doorsteps clean you will have little time to criticize those of your neighbor.
It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.
"That's the long and short of it," as the street Arab remarked on passing a tall wife and a little husband.
"Pa," said Pat, "may I det up and twot on your knee?" "Certainly," was the ready reply, "let the little gallop."
A somnambulist in Fountain City, Wis., cut off his finger with an axe while asleep, a felon being the incentive.
It is a most mortifying reflection of any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.
Electricity is found to be a delicate test for purity of oils, which are judged of by the resistance they offer to the current.
The French are acquiring a more stable government every year. Paris alone consumed 11,219 horses for food last year.
"You ought to husband your coal more," said the charity woman. "I always does. I make him sift ashes and pick the cinders."
Even the most religious man, who would scorn to worship an idol, takes a peculiar delight in being worshipped as an idol himself.
The leg of a "Granthor Graybeard" (which is a species of spider) retains its vitality one or two days after being severed from the body.
One hundred and three boys between the ages of fourteen and nineteen are now confined in the California State prison, at San Quentin.
Beware of prejudices, they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.
A muddy pool, rippled by a breeze, will sparkle quite brilliantly while in motion; but when quiet it is seen the more plainly to be only a shallow pool.
Stopping to deny denials is as profitless as stopping to deny truths. It is consenting to leave an affirmative for a negative position, which is a removal from the strong side to the weak.
To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fall our pride supports us—when we succeed it betrays us.
Piletier, the French chemist, discovered quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, about sixty years ago, and was awarded a prize of \$2,000.
In the course of a recent libel suit, the English attorney-general said: "There is at present a mania in literature, art and philosophy to say something which cannot be understood."
A San Franciscoan, who was sued for the value of half-a-dozen shirts made to his order, pleaded a misfit, and appeared upon the witness-stand wearing one of the garments. He won the case.
The Jackson (Miss.) *Cornet* remarks that there cannot be too much gratitude to the North and West for aid given the yellow fever sufferers, but there can be far too much poetry on the subject.
Hood, in an article of singular humor, states that the phrase "republic of letters" was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them.
An exchange grimly asserts: "An impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, past one thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets."
There are published in Sweden 300 papers and periodicals, of which eighty-four appear in Stockholm. There are only ten daily papers, of which five are published in Stockholm; while in Norway there are fifteen, in Denmark seventy-six, and in Finland six.
The sleeping hours of a plant were changed recently by a French chemist, by exposing it to a bright light at night and placing it in a dark room during the daytime. At first the leaves opened and closed irregularly, but at length submitted to the change, unfolding at night and closing in the morning.
Elias Black, a farmer near Doyleston, Pa., has sixteen harvests of hay and grain rotting in stacks on his farm. When farm produce began to rise with the breaking out of the war, he held his crop for still higher prices. When prices fell, embittered by disappointment, he kept on stacking until he has \$20,000 worth hay and grain on his hands.