

Address to Winter.

Ha! here you come to make us whoeze;
I see your fingers on the trees,
And hear you shouting on the breeze
The storm clan's slogan.

You'll soon be here to nip my toes,
And paint my cheeks with sunset glows,
And fresco this old chin and nose
With blue and purple.

I hear you've been, you roving fellow,
Among the Australasians yellow,
And soaring with your blatant bellow
The Polynesian.

Touch them kindly. Kindly deal
With those who most thy rigors feel:
In trembling supplication kneel
And crave thy mercy.

Bluster around the rich man's door;
Make him unlock his golden store,
Each year increasing more and more
His deeds of kindness.

You're getting rough; I fear you pass
Your time too much with Boreas,
And that star-mantled gypsy lass,
The summer Solstice.

Old friend, together many a year
We've journeyed on through foul and clear,
And now, old comrade, lend an ear
To my petition.

This year, I pray thee, leave thy snows
In cold Arcturus with thy blows;
Oh! Winter, gently come to those
Who have no shelter.

Roar 'round the miser till he quakes;
Nip him and strip him till he shakes;
Freeze him and squeeze him till he makes
A big donation.

And in the cause of science, pray
Keep out the ice from Baffin's bay,
So that Polar "savants" win their way
To frozen glory.

Let those we love, though they abide
Far from us now, come to our side
Happy and well at Christmas tide,
And we will bless thee.

—Guy H. Avery.

MARKHEAD'S EXPLOIT.

At Bismarck (Dakota) the mountain men often tell the story of Markhead's exploit with the Blackfeet.

It is the same Markhead who, five or six years later, was treacherously murdered by the Mexicans, near Taos. At the time of his death he was not more than twenty-seven years old, and he could hardly have been more than twenty-two when he had this Blackfoot adventure.

The old pioneers of the upper Missouri speak of Markhead as a most remarkable boy, so muscular and of such powers of endurance, that he would run fifteen or twenty miles without apparent fatigue. Indians he held in trifling regard, and delighted in a skirmish with them; though he bore the scars of not less than a dozen of their bullets and arrows.

At the time alluded to, he had gone on a trapping excursion for beaver, up one of the head creeks of the Yellowstone; a locality not much resorted to by other trappers, on account of the deadly hostility of the Blackfeet, who were very jealous of the white hunters, and killed every hunter they could surprise.

As was his custom, he had his horse with him, for carrying traps and provisions, and at this time had made his camp in a clump of cottonwoods, on the bank of the creek, near the foot of a range of bluffs which fronted the stream on the east side.

That morning—it was in the month of October—he had set off early to look to his beaver traps, of which he had a line both up and down the creek. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he found one of his steel traps missing from under the bank where he had set it.

There were bear tracks in the mud about the bank; very large ones, leading back into the cedar bushes, toward the bluff.

The trail was fresh, and Markhead followed it cautiously through the cedar.

Coming at length to the foot of the bluff, he found that the animal had turned aside, and gone further up the bottom. But just at that moment he thought he heard it thrashing about in the cedar a little way ahead.

So he carefully mounted the side of the bluff, twenty or thirty feet, hoping to catch sight of the animal over the tops of the bushes. From this point he saw a large grizzly, sitting on a broad flat rock, not more than forty or fifty yards distant.

Watching the creature a moment, he found that it limped painfully, and that it walked a short distance on three legs. Finally, it turned about and limped back to the stone again; and Markhead now perceived that the grizzly had his beaver trap hard and fast on one of his paws.

The bear was much annoyed by the trap. It sat down on the stone again, and from where he lay, Markhead could see him examining it attentively, holding it close up to his nose and gravely turning his paw over and over. Then it would tip its head to one side and look at the trap from out the corners of its eyes, in a most comical manner, as if at an entire loss to make out what the novel and painful appendage could be that had got such fast hold of his toes.

Now, the puzzled animal would try to step on its foot; but instantly took it

up from the stone again, with a low whimper, and would then commence licking the trap, as if wishing to appease its anger and coax it into letting go its grip.

This pantomime so interested the trapper that he could scarcely take aim with his rifle. But not wishing to lose his good steel trap, he was on the point of shooting the bear, when he was startled from it by the neigh of a horse.

Glancing out over the tops of the bushes, he saw, some four or five hundred yards down the opposite bank of the creek, a party of six Indians, sitting on their ponies. They had reined up, and stood among some little sand-hills, looking across, directly toward where his camp was, in the cottonwoods. It then flashed to his mind that it was his horse which had neighed. That was why the Indians had pulled up so suddenly and were staring across the creek.

Markhead saw that, even could he himself escape them, the Indians would inevitably discover his camp and capture his horse and provisions, together with all the peltries he had trapped. That was bad. But was worse, there was a heavy dew that morning, and his own trail through the grass along the bank of the creek must, he knew, be as plain as a pike-staff.

He knew that the Indians would not fail to discover his trail, and that they would follow him like bloodhounds to his death. It is not strange that our hunter thought no more of the bear, and that his merriment was cut short by this by no means laughable aspect of affairs.

But Markhead was a quick-witted fellow, not easily alarmed, and while he lay there watching the Blackfeet as they stealthily approached the place where his horse was picketed, he hit on a ruse for outwitting them at their own tactics.

Feeling sure that in a few minutes they would be on his track, he slid down from his perch on the bluff and ran back to the creek, to the point where he had left it in pursuit of the bear.

Here he resumed his way up the creek, taking care to leave a plainly-marked trail through the wet grass, with here and there a footprint in the mud or sand, just as if he was leisurely proceeding along the bank, looking to his traps.

But he ran on fast, and never slackened his pace till he had covered a distance of at least ten miles from the place where he had seen the Blackfeet cross the creek. His surmise was that the savages, on discovering his trail, would pursue him, but would expect to come upon him at every trap, and hence would follow on stealthily, and at no great speed.

Having thus planned out a ten-mile chase for them, Markhead ran back across the narrow meadow, and climbing the bluffs, made a detour for his camp again, keeping a mile or over from the creek, back among the sand-hills and cliffs.

Being a fleet and practiced runner, he was not more than an hour and a half making the trip back to the vicinity of his camp, among the cottonwoods, the tall tops of which he could see at a great distance.

After taking breath a few minutes, and looking to his rifle, Markhead crept out among the boulders on the crag overlooking the camping-place; for he expected the Indians would leave one of their number to watch the horses. That one he was prepared to deal with.

From the crag, he soon saw the six ponies down among the timber. They were hitched up near his own horse. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture about the savages leaving one of their number with the horses. The packs had been taken off the ponies' backs; and after looking a few moments, he espied an Indian sitting in the shade of a bush, on a heap of buffalo skins and peltries.

Watching the Indian a little, Markhead crept down, noiseless as a fox, to a large cottonwood, rather nearer the horses, and then, steadying his piece against the tree-trunk, was just about to shoot the unwary sentinel, when the Indian turned partially, and to his great surprise, he saw that it was not a Blackfoot warrior, but a plump and very comely squaw.

Markhead often admitted that, for the instant, he was quite nonplussed. He did not know what to do, for he would not shoot the squaw. At length, he gave a shout, and rushed toward her.

The squaw bounded from her seat, and seeing the trapper close upon her, "yelled like a pig," as Markhead said, and started to run away. But she had not got many yards before Markhead seized her by her long hair; at which the poor woman, thinking, no doubt, that her last hour had come, crouched on the ground, and begged piteously, in choicest Blackfoot, for the white to spare her.

Markhead led her back to the ponies, and drawing his knife, intimidated to her by most emphatic dumb show that her top-knot would assuredly come off if she made the least attempt to escape.

With that, the squaw protested, with every gesture she could devise, that she would never try to get away; she would be like a little dog, and run at his heels; she would be like the pony's tail, always at his back, and inseparable from him.

Finding that her life was in no immediate danger, the squaw rapidly recovered from her fright, and in answer to signs, gave her captor to understand

that the five savages had gone on his trail up the creek, just as he had surmised they would, and had been so confident that they would find him, that they had left only this squaw to sit by the ponies.

Markhead thought over the distance, and concluding he had a full two-hours start of them, resolved to take it easy. He made the squaw unpack some cold venison which they had in one of their sacks; and the two strange companions lunched very convivially together, for the long run Markhead had taken had given him a good appetite.

Assisted by the squaw, he next packed up all the Indians' peltries, and lashed them on the backs of the ponies, making up a sort of pony train, at the head of which he placed the squaw. Then collecting his own property, he mounted his horse and set off, driving the whole train in front of him—master of the situation—leaving, in fact, nothing of any value behind.

Once out on the plains, clear of the crags and timber, Markhead drove his singular cavalcade on at a great pace, and traveling all the rest of the day and all that night with but brief halts, reached a trading-post—Laramie fort, probably—toward the end of the next day. The feelings of the outwitted Blackfeet on their return to the place where they had left their ponies, after their unsuccessful chase after Markhead, may perhaps better be left to the fancy of the reader.

The young trapper realized about six hundred dollars from the sale of the captured ponies, peltries, buffalo robes, and other property.

The squaw was some time afterward reclaimed at the fort by a Blackfoot chief, whose wife she had been when captured. On Markhead being pointed out to him at the post, he said: "He big warrior. He play beaver on Indian."

Curious Facts.

Thirty-two thousand seed were one counted in the head of a poppy.

The Chinese make glue out of a common kind of seaweed on their shores.

The American Bible society has produced a new stop-cylinder press, upon which alone a whole Bible can be printed every minute.

There is a cave in Monroe, Conn., in which, at a depth of fifty feet, has been found a spring of water, and an antique trap for catching wolves.

A woman in Kansas, while at work clearing away some bushes near her house, was stung by a wasp, and the effect is such that she has been entirely paralyzed.

The object of the greatest interest in the Orkney islands is the cathedral of St. Magnus, at Kirkwall, which dates from the twelfth century, and is still entire and in an excellent state of preservation.

A field-glass, lost in Prickly Pear valley, Col., last winter, was found a few weeks ago, and the trees, vegetation and small stream, near which the glass lay, are indelibly photographed on the glasses.

At Macedonian weddings the groom leads the bride into her new home by a halter, and when she enters he knocks her head against the wall, as a warning of what she may expect if she does not behave well.

Hair often falls out after sickness, and bleaches suddenly after severe nervous shocks, but a white-haired elderly lady was lately surprised to observe that the hair which had fallen out during an attack of pneumonia was being replaced, if not by locks of raven hue, at least by those of a dark color, such as had not adorned her brow for many years.

The monks of the Greek church, who live in solitude, subsist upon fresh or dried vegetables, and are allowed fish only on Saturday and Sunday. Once in a great while they indulge in the luxuries of eggs and cheese. Each monk is required to support himself by some sort of manual labor; their principal occupations are the manufacture of clothing and wood carving.

In Royal Life.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives and the wives with the husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when out riding or driving carries a fan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theater or opera, but when the circus comes to town is then seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrianism. She has her own special riding establishment, and here she reigns supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes. She has a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she can sleep if she feels so disposed, and where she frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

In Breslau, Germany, there are three thousand people who do not receive their correspondence until it has been examined by the police. If any of our readers are on writing terms with any of these three thousand Breslavers we advise them to write a Horace Vereleay sort of a hand, in order to compel the police to earn their salaries—and perhaps to commit suicide.—*Norfolk News Herald.*

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

The Exchange Editor Does It Naturally.

"If you please sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and she takes the *Eagle* every day.

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a browning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me—"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweet the autumn air
The dying woodland fills.
And nature turns from restful care—"

"To anti-bilious pills," added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, out you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:—"

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad;
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"Of the matchless liver-pud!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:—"

"How sadly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say: 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? 'Deed it's new. Ben is the name for overcoat, and spout means to look. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid—that's just immense!"

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine.

"This is the fourth verse:
'The merry milkmaid's' sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks," by Jove!" cried the delighted exchange editor. "You see—"

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:
'As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tucks.'"

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in the Brooklyn *Eagle* it don't. Besides, when you say, 'tracks' and 'rocks,' you give the expression of some fellow heaving things to another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with 'rocks' and these beautify them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:
'And close behind, the farmer's boy
Thrills forth his simple tune,
And slips beside the maiden coy—'

"And splits his pantaloon!" Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"
Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he

snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Machine That Measures Thoughts.

A machine has been invented by Doctor Mosso, of Turin, which measures thought. It is called the plethysmograph, and its revelations are based on the fact that thought creates nervous action, which consumes in its performance a certain quantity of blood, and that quantity may be measured. In an address before the American Association of Science, Professor G. F. Barker describes the machine and its working as follows:

The forearm, for example, being the organ to be experimented on, is placed in a cylinder of water, and tightly inclosed. A rubber tube connects the interior of the cylinder with the recording apparatus. With the electric circuit by which the stimulus was applied to produce contraction were two keys, one of which was a dummy. It was noticed that, after using the active key several times, producing varying current strengths, the curve sank as before on pressing down the inactive key. Since no real effect was produced, the result was caused solely by the imagination, blood passing from the body to the brain in the act.

To test further the effect of mental action, Doctor Pagliani, whose arm was in the apparatus, was requested to multiply two hundred and sixty-seven by eight mentally, and to make a sign when he had finished. The recorded curve showed very distinctly how much more blood the brain took to perform the operation. Hence the plethysmograph is capable of measuring the relative amount of mental power required by different persons to work out the same mental problem. Indeed, Mr. Gaskell suggests the use of this instrument in the examination room, to find out, in addition to the amount of knowledge a man possesses, how much effort it causes him to produce any particular result of brain-work.

Doctor Mosso relates that, while the apparatus was set up in his room in Turin, a classical man came in to see him. He looked very contemptuously upon it, and asked of what use it could be, saying that it couldn't do anybody any good.

Doctor Mosso replied: "Well, now I can tell you by that whether you read Greek as easily as you can Latin."

As the classicist would not believe it, his own arm was put into the apparatus, and he was given a Latin book to read. A very slight sinking of the curve was the result.

The Latin book was then taken away, and a Greek book was given to him. This produced immediately a much deeper curve.

He had asserted before that it was quite as easy for him to read Greek as Latin, and that there was no difficulty in doing either. Doctor Mosso, however, was able to show him that he was laboring under a delusion.

Again, this apparatus is so sensitive as to be useful for ascertaining how much a person is dreaming. When Doctor Pagliani went to sleep in the apparatus, the effect upon the resulting curve was very marked indeed. He said afterward that he had been in a sound sleep, and remembered nothing of what passed in the room—that he had been absolutely unconscious; and yet, every little movement in the room, such as the slamming of a door, the barking of a dog, and even the knocking down of a piece of glass, were all marked on the curves. Sometimes he moved his lips, and gave other evidences that he was dreaming. They were all recorded on the curve, the amount of blood required for dreaming diminishing that in the extremities.

Treed by Figs.

Treed by figs is not exactly the position in which we should expect to find a colonial secretary—at least not often. But when Mr. Fowler, colonial secretary of the Honduras, was recently exploring the interior of the colony he was overtaken by a drove of peccaries and had only time to take a snap shot at the first of them and scramble up a tree, dropping his rifle in the performance, before the whole pack were around his perch, gnashing their teeth at him, grunting and sharpening their tusks against his tree. Now the peccary is not only ferocious, but patient, and rather than let an object of its anger escape will wait about for days, so that the secretary had before him only two courses—either to remain where he was until he dropped down among the swine from sheer exhaustion and hunger or else to commit suicide at once by coming down to be eaten there and then. While he was in this dilemma, however, what should come alone—and looking out for supper, too—but a jaguar. Never was beast so prey so opportune, for the jaguar has a particular fondness for wild pork and the peccaries know it, for no sooner did they see the great ruddy head thrust out through the bushes than they bolted helter-skelter, forgetting, in their anxiety to save their own bacon, the meal they were themselves leaving up the tree. The jaguar was off after the swine with admirable promptitude, and the secretary, finding the coast clear, came down—reflecting, as he walked toward the camp, upon the admirable arrangements of nature, who, having made peccaries to eat colonial secretaries, provided also jaguars to eat the peccaries.—*London Telegraph.*

THE BASUTO WAR.

The Land and the People Now in Arms Against Great Britain.

Basutoland may be described as the Wales of South America. It is a little province fitted in at the northeast corner of Cape Colony, between the Orange free state, the Cape Colony and Natal. It is about 150 miles long by fifty broad, its length running parallel to the Orange free state, or, roughly speaking, nearly parallel at some distance inland with the coast line. Some of the table lands are nearly 5,000 feet above the sea, while its loftiest mountain is credited with a height of 10,000 feet. The cold throughout the whole of Basutoland is very severe in the months of June, July, August, and even September. Though Basutoland may be said to be 150 miles by fifty miles in size, the eastern side of its breadth is scarcely inhabited on account of the extreme cold and of the inaccessible character of the mountains. The most thickly populated districts of the little country extend nearly along its whole length, but are of a breadth of about twenty miles only—the thirty miles to the northwest—and lying next to the Orange free state. It is from the free state, then, that Basutoland can be most easily entered, and its chief stations, which lie within a few hours of the free state border, most safely and easily reached. There are other routes from the south, but they present great difficulties to the march of troops, and are open to grave objections from a military point of view.

The Basutos are mostly remnants of tribes who were driven before the Kafirs. Early in the century they took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Basutoland to escape the pitiless soldiery of the Zulu conqueror, Chaka. It was on the steep and rocky hill of Thaba Bosigo that Moshesh, the first paramount chief of the Basutos, rallied the starved and desperate men of the different clans of his race, made a successful stand against the Zulus, and laid the foundation of the Basuto nation. To speak of the Basutos as equal or nearly equal to the Zulus in fighting qualities (as is sometimes done) is a mistake. The Basutos lack the discipline, the reckless bravery and the taste for fighting possessed by the Zulu soldiers. The Basutos have no military organization, merely turning out or being turned out by their chiefs for fighting by tribes or clans. They are not soldiers like the Zulus were before the Zulu army was broken up, but are merely mountaineers.

Unlike the Zulus, the Basutos fight, as a rule, mounted, possessing hardy and active ponies, which make light the difficulties of the mountain tracks of their country. Almost all the Basutos have taken to clothing, partly from their progress in civilization, and partly from the severe climate of their land. The military trait to be remarked in the Basutos is their aptitude for fortifying or enhancing themselves, and the intelligence with which they strengthen any position they may desire to hold. Indeed, the colonists' chief difficulty will probably commence when the Basutos, worsted in the open, betake themselves to their mountain strongholds.

Thaba Bosigo, the stronghold now held by the chief Masupha, is a good example of a Basuto position. It is an isolated hill about forty feet high, with a flat or table top, and with sides scraped away by natural causes. The table is only accessible by three or four paths. Some of these paths are said to have been rendered inaccessible; others to be barred by lines of schanzes, or stone barricades, loop-holed and possessing flanking defense. On the mountain are good pasture to graze the cattle, plenty of water, and stores of grain and ammunition.—*London Telegraph.*

The Blue Doctor.

Sarah Bernhardt has succeeded in the gossip of Paris by Dr. Chirou, called the "blue doctor." This name he obtained through being called in to see a lady who was on the point of death, as was supposed, from some mysterious weakness. He sent at once, not for medicaments, but for an upholsterer, and ordered this tradesman at once to refurbish the whole of the lady's rooms with stuffs and carpets dyed with indigo. He clothed her with stuffs similarly dyed, and ordered that none should approach her unless clad in indigo-dyed garments. The result was, so the story goes, that the lady recovered, and that M. Chirou received the name of "le docteur bleu." He is not liked by the regular practitioners, who do not scruple to call him a quack; but he has made some wonderful cures by wonderful methods. One of these cures has just occurred with the wife of an eminent English statesman. This lady had long suffered from an apparently incurable cough of a very distressing nature. She went to the blue doctor, who for three months made her inhale daily a mixture of chloroform and the fumes of some strong acid. Every day she was chloroformed to insensibility, and at the same time was scaldulated, with the result that she is now quit well.

It was so cold in the vicinity of the North Pole when Lieutenant Schwatka was there that the breath of the party in the Esquimaux huts condensed and fell in a small snow-storm around them. This comes very near to the story of the man's words which were frozen so hard that nobody knew what he said until they melted the next summer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Isn't it slightly sarcastic to tell a blind man that he is looking well?—*Fal Contributor.*