

Drought.
Why do we pity those who weep? The pain
That finds a ready outlet in the flow
Of salt and bitter tears, is blessed we
And does not need our sympathies. The rain
But fills the sown field for new yield of grain,
While the red, brazen skies, the sun's fierce
glow,
The dry, hot winds which from the tropics
blow,
Do parch and wither the unsheltered plain.
The anguish that thro' long, remorseless years
Looks out upon the world with no relief
Of sudden tempests or slow dripping tears,
The still, unuttered, silent, smiling grief
That ever more doth ache, and ache, and ache,
This is the sorrow wherewith hearts do break.
—Ella Wheeler.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Although the hand organs have retired from business, there are still lots of cranks turning up.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Last words of the balloonist: "It's all up with me." Last words of the gosling: "It's all down with me."

An exchange wants to know "whether our colleges turn out gentlemen." Certainly not; the gentlemen are allowed to go on and graduate.

Customer—"You say that those figures are life size? My dear sir, they seem very small." Artist—"Perfectly correct, sir; you know 'life is short.'"

"Live within your income," shouts the philanthropist. That's easy enough, old boy; it isn't living within one that bothers a fellow half as much as living without one.

A plumber went forth to plumb
To a kingly palace by the way,
And when his half-day's work was done
Presented his bill without delay.
The king brought forth his bags of gold,
His diamonds and his jeweled crown,
The plumber gave credit for them,
And took a mortgage on the throne.

The question is raised in the Paris *Figaro* whether a man should bow on entering a railroad carriage. If he wears a silk hat, and the car door is the regulation height, the probabilities are that he would be compelled to bow.

No man who has ever written a book can comprehend the awful joy which fills the soul of the author as he discovers the offspring of his brain sandwiched in among a number of other discarded volumes, and marked "Your choice for ten cents."

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmer's fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound, and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."

Arabella (on her toes in a chair, clutching convulsively at her skirt)—"Oh, Bridget! A mouse! A mouse! Come and catch it, quick!" Bridget—"Shure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can get plenty more for ye, mum."

He was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his \$50 a month. "You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or a half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted this investigator after truth, "sometimes it's all turn up tails. What do you do then?" "Oh," replied the conductor, with an ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home and sold out his railroad shares.

The Secret Out.

A reporter dropped into one of our largest retail establishments yesterday, and held a conversation with the proprietor. "You have a great rush," remarked the reporter. "Yes," replied the proprietor, "a big rush—mainly on account of advertising." "How can you tell whether advertising pays and what papers are good mediums?" "I can tell that advertising pays by stopping my advertisements. I've tried it. Trade drops, not at once, but the tide of purchasers flows some other way. The cash receipts tell the story." "Suppose you should give up advertising?" "You must keep the boilers heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps business moving. I've studied the matter."—*Boston Journal.*

How to Sleep in a Sleeping Car.

1. Get a berth in the fore part of the car. This is because the pure air comes in at the front end and windows and goes out at the rear end and windows. I always take the upper berth. My reason for taking the upper berth is, because it is freely ventilated and away from the hot pipes. 2. Have your berth made up head toward the engine. This will keep all drafts of air from your head and prevent taking cold. If the car is very tight put a lead pencil under the window at your feet in case of a lower berth; or, in case of the upper berth, open the hind-side window at your feet. 3. Fix your pillow in one corner of the berth, and your feet in the other. By laying crosswise you will not roll in your berth.—*A Traveler.*

A CITY WITHIN A CITY.

A Correspondent Explores the Celestial Quarter of San Francisco—Sights and Scenes of an Alien City.

A correspondent who has visited the "Chinese quarter" of San Francisco, describes the strange scenes as witnessed as follows: We see signs of civilization older than the Pharaohs; we hear the twang and squeak of a fiddle of rude workmanship, whose music was heard in tea gardens two thousand years before the three stringed rebec (sire of our violin) was heard in Italy; we bend at doorways that bar our path at sudden turns, peer into dark dens that line the way; here is a shrine, with gold and saffron legends and scarlet streamers round the door through which floats the scent of burning sandal wood in the joss sticks, and we catch the gleam of tinsel, flare of a lamp before an ugly image; and this is what men are left to do! These garish figures are actually worshiped by human beings in their blind gropings for superior prowess! We have meat shops where everything is sold from pork to rats; restaurants or chop (stick) houses where we see companies feasting, possibly on shark's fin or bird's nest soup and tea; were the royal Hamlet with us he would say, "And smells so! Pah!" Here is a group of fellows in a wash-house playing *fi-ji* to see who shall pay for a treat of tea, a game I have seen before but power fails me to describe. Next is a barber shop, where many are undergoing dainty cleaning of eyes, ears, and nostrils, trimming and penciling of eye-brows and lashes. The streets are narrow, crooked alleys, where are crowded strange buildings, and crowded, quaint shadows. We see roofs towering in the air as if striving for space to breathe; we meet women with broad fans, red silk handkerchiefs, and wide back sleeves waving like bat wings; their heads are adorned with stiff outworks of shining hair, bright with tinsel and paper flowers. The blue-bloused men swarm along the sidewalks with an easy, swinging swagger, bred of an independence unknown to them in the place of their birth, but arguing the appreciation of the advantages they here enjoy.

We enter stores and see huge jars the size of men, wrought silken screens, giant dragon kites, and baskets and gay china; there are queer foreign scents lingering in every corner; from half-open basements comes the rattle of dice; among the curbstone dealers are pipe cleaners, cigarette rollers, cobblers, vegetable and sweetmeat vendors. One of them accosts a portly gentleman of our party in a private and surreptitious manner, with the words: "You like cigar? Me sell belly cheap." As curiosity tempted the one addressed to wink at this contraband business, the almond-eyed, blandly smiling Chinaman "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and in a manner worthy of the magician Hartz calls cigars from the vast depths of his loose sleeves, and sells five for ten cents. "Vile things," remarks the purchaser, as he pitches them into the reeking gutter, whence they are deftly rescued by the blandly smiling quondam seller.

Inside the windows of the dimly-lighted shops are pasted strips of red paper bearing those remarkable regular hieroglyphics which are an open letter to four hundred millions of the human race, but look to the eyes of the uninitiated balance like a series of photographs of dislocated skeletons on a jamboree.

The names of Hop Wo, Shan Tong, Shun Wo, Wo Ki, Yan On, Chang Lun, Wing on Tsing are some of the most familiar inscriptions over the stores of business houses. I have learned that these are not always the names of parties engaged in business, nor do they indicate the trade pursued, nor the kind of goods to be found within, but are mottoes of sayings adopted by the firm. In the original they are suggestive and poetical, however void of euphony in the English. When Shun Wo, the cigar maker, hangs out his sign, it does not follow that his name is Wo, and he is impelled by conscientious motives to utter this warning against himself, but he merely proclaims that his shop is the seat of faith and charity. Here are a few free translations of some signs: Hip Yo over a wash-house signifies "Mutual help and concord." Here a doctor proclaims *Chai Lang Shung*, which means "Abundant relief." *Man Li*, a synonym for "Ten thousand profits," is suggestive both ways; exceedingly so when surmounting the door of a lawyer. Equally pertinent is *Foo Ling*, at the entrance to a gambling den on the corner there. Restaurants proclaim themselves: *Garden of the Golden Valley*; chamber of the odors of distant lands.

The butcher announces: "We receive the golden hogs." The apothecary shop is "Hall of relief; promise of life palace." Dry goods and grocery stores modestly ask: "Let the East and West assist our plans," or boast: "Customers coming like clouds; merchandise revolving like the wheels," or give gentle

warning and admonition to buy: "the price in the morning may not be the price in the evening;" upon their scales is written: "Be busy and be prosperous;" on the safe: "Hoard up gold;" upon the goods, perhaps: "Once seeing and once speaking fixes it—not two prices."

Over the doorway of dwellings: "Let the five blessings come to this door;" or "Old and gaining in health and peace."

Above the theaters is ascending luminous dragon, and everywhere we see one or the other of the Six Companies into which the population is divided; Nine Yung, which owns the most men in San Francisco; Sam Yup, which sends the most men to the States, Hong Chow, etc.

I am told of story under story beneath the sidewalks, damp, dirty cellars where the coolies fit around like gnomes, where no window lets in light, no drain bears off bad air; I am told of the pent, full workshops and boarding houses, each story reforested once or twice between the first floor and ceiling, and their lodgings where the inmates are shelved in tiers; of their courts of justice presided over by their six-headed chief power, the strong Six Companies; from whose joint decree there is no appeal; of the theater, grotesque in the extreme; of the gambling dens, with dice, dominoes, dragon or demon-pictured cards, where Fan-Tan holds sway, of underground depths like the abysses after death; of long passages with a strange smell, a smell that makes one faint, a smell of death, where ghastly figures cursed with leprosy cross the slimy rotten floors; of—but enough; let us out from China and enter America, under a starry sky, and breathing an air fresh and free from beyond the Golden Gate.

Harvest Time in Italy.

At harvest time there is feasting and rejoicing. Ham, eggs and wine are consumed in great quantities. During "miciatura" scarcely any one stays at home, and all other work is neglected. The harvest home is usually celebrated by a dance, and it is at this time that marriages are chiefly arranged. The vintage is a quieter proceeding, for, although the soil is favorable to the vine, it is not so extensively cultivated as corn. For some time before the grape gathering peasants, chiefly women and girls, may be seen guarding their vines, and forming picturesque groups beneath the festooned trees. Were it not for this precaution all these fine clusters of grapes would disappear as if by magic, respect for their neighbors' property not being among the virtues of these Arcadians. After the gathering wagon loads of grapes, some as fine as any in hothouses, are to be met, drawn by the slow oxen along the roads, on their way to be deposited in a vat with a hole in the bottom. This is placed on the top of a cask, and on it mounts a man or a boy, who begins treading the grapes, the juice of which falls into the receptacle beneath. This is hard and very unpleasant work, for a swarm of wasps follow the grapes, and severely sting the naked feet which tread upon them. The sight of the muddy feet increased my distaste for the wine of the country so much that, in deference to my prejudices, our wine-treaders were made to wash their feet before beginning their work—a ceremony they considered superfluous. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

What They Eat in Africa.

An African correspondent of *Food and Health*, speaking of the people and incidents, says:

Of course hunter's food, such as elephant foot, buffalo hump, sea cow, giraffe, and the hundreds of different kinds of deer that abound in various parts of the country, are all more or less good eating, especially when you have a good supply of Dame Nature's sauce, hunger, on hand. I also found the oney or rock rabbit a fair dish, although too much like a large rat to look pleasant on the table. The natives of the country are not, as a rule, great meat eaters, living generally on corn (called there mealies), milk, pumpkins, and a sort of sugar cane, now and then going in for a feast of meat. I have often considered whether to this way of living may be ascribed the really wonderful manner in which they recover from wounds.

In the Zulu war I saw four persons wounded in the legs with bullets, one of them especially having received a bullet just below the knee, smashing all the bones, and leaving a hole that you could see through. The doctors said the only hope for any of them was amputation. This they refused to allow, and they would do nothing but pour cold water from time to time. When I last saw them all but the worst could walk alone, and his wound looked healthy, the bone having grown together and knitted quite strongly. No white man could have lived without an operation. On the other hand, these men soon succumb to illness or disease.

How to restore oil paintings—Carry them back to the owner.

Novelties of the Law.

A Chicago boy only four years old, whose father had gone to his day's work, and whose mother was sickened, slipped out of the house and wandered along the street, where he fell in company with older boys, who coaxed him to frolic with them on the "swing bridge," over the south branch of the Chicago river. A swing bridge answers the purpose of a drawbridge, but turns on a pivot instead of being hoisted. The men in charge of this one had just let a vessel through and were swinging the bridge back into place, when the children began jumping back and forth, and the little four-year-old fell over the narrow space between the bridge and the abutment, and his right arm, which hung down, was crushed. The city was sued for damages. The judges said that they did not consider the family to blame for the child's being at play in the street; working people cannot always keep governesses. But neither was the city to blame. A city must keep a swing bridge in reasonably safe condition, and if a person crossing it properly is hurt by a defect of the bridge he can recover. But persons who use swing bridges must be careful. The city is not bound to keep a gate or a watchman for preventing persons from stepping upon the bridge at an improper time. Bridges are not playgrounds for children, and if children wander from home unattended and are hurt while playing about a bridge this must be called a pure accident.

A Maryland girl wrote to the president of the Illinois female college applying for a situation as teacher, and was at length engaged at a salary of \$300, besides "home and washing." The president's letters stated that each teacher would have a well-furnished sleeping room, but did not say on which floor it would be. The teacher wrote, asking if she might have a room on the second floor, and the president answered at first that it would be on the second floor. Subsequently he wrote again, saying that he found that he would have to assign her a room on the third floor. She declined this, because "her people were very much opposed to her sleeping on the third floor." Then the president engaged another teacher in her place, and lastly she sued him for her damages in losing the year's employment. The decision was against her; the court said that as the letters forming the original contract did not express or stimulate for a second-floor room, the president was only bound to award a comfortable room. And he had the right, if needful, to move a teacher from one room to another; because he assigned her a second-floor room at first, it did not follow that she was entitled to keep it the whole year.

A street-car passenger asked the driver to let him off at the Palmer house, Chicago, which the driver promised to do; and when the car drew near the spot the driver beckoned to him and said: "Here is your place," and slowed up the car, as if to stop. The passenger went to the rear platform, and when the car was moving very slowly, stepped off; but at that instant the driver, who apparently thought the passenger had already alighted, whipped his horse, the car gave a jerk, and the passenger, who had not yet let go the iron rail, was thrown violently to the ground, crippling him for life. He recovered \$5,000 damages from the company, and the court said this was not too much. As a general rule, the driver is bound to stop the car entirely, and if passengers jump off while a car is moving, they take the risk of being hurt; but this does not apply where the driver slows the car enough to render stepping off apparently safe, and invites the passenger to do so, but starts the car forward without giving him time.

The arrangements of a railroad terminus in Austin, Texas, are such that the train makes a short stop in a freight depot first, and then runs onward to the passenger depot. One passenger, not understanding this peculiarity, alighted from the cars while they were in the freight depot, supposing that to be the proper place for him to get off. There were no lamps in or about the freight depot—none were probably needed for the work done there—and the passenger, groping his way along the platform as well as he could, had a fall of about six feet, sustaining serious dislocations and bruises. The company said he was not entitled to damages, for a railroad is not bound to light up its freight depot, nor is it under any obligations to take care of a passenger after he has left the train at his place of destination. But the court said it is bound to provide safe, convenient accommodations for passengers to get fairly off from the platform and grounds of the station, and that therefore the suit would hold.

A man in St. Louis sat watching stone masons laying a cellar wall, when he suddenly arose, approached one of them, aimed a pistol at him, and shot him dead. Pointing his pistol at the other workmen, he said: "If you do not stand still I will shoot you, too." He then walked leisurely away, and was arrested a few blocks distant. The

defense was insanity. There was no proof of hereditary insanity, nor much of previous mental disease, but the lawyer for the accused argued that the lack of any motive for the shooting, the defiant publicity of the act, and the total heedlessness of consequences shown; also the fact that the accused gave various contradictory and absurd accounts of his reasons for the deed, showed insanity. But the court held that these are not sufficient grounds. The law presumes every person to be sane; if any one is not so this must be proved. It cannot be inferred from the extraordinary malice, wickedness, recklessness or uselessness of the act, nor from abnormal insensibility to consequences.

To the Pole by Balloon.

Commander Cheyne, who is trying to interest prominent persons in the United States and Canada in his scheme for reaching the North pole by a balloon expedition, says: The ship of the expedition is to be called the Grinnell, after Mr. Grinnell's father, the celebrated patron of Arctic exploration. Lieutenant Schwatka has arranged to accompany the expedition, provided he can obtain the consent of the government. The three balloons which will cost \$20,000, will be made in England and will be shipped in this country. New York will be the starting point of the expedition, and we expect to leave in June next. We shall go to St. Patrick's bay, where Captain Nares found an immense bed of fine coal lying on the surface. We shall build a house directly upon the coal. We shall put up apparatus and manufacture hydrogen gas for the balloons. The place is six miles from where Captain Nares' ship, the *Discovery*, wintered in 1875-6, and is 496 miles from the pole. When we get the right wind, it will take us eighteen or twenty-four hours to reach the pole.

Commander Cheyne says further that the experience of the *Jeanette* is only another confirmation of the fact that it is impossible to reach the pole by means of vessels. In his opinion the region of the pole is an archipelago bound in a solid ice pack, presenting no opening for navigation. Each balloon will be provided with a sledge, boat and provisions for fifty-one days, and will reel out telegraph wire as it travels, keeping in communication with the main station. If during the stay of the party at the pole the gas should escape so as seriously to impair the levity of the balloon, the gas of one can be used to inflate fully the two others. The balloons will be weighted so as to travel low, and Commander Cheyne is confident that he can land within ten miles of the pole. He anticipates no difficulty from cold during the balloon voyage, which is to take place in June of the summer after the expedition sails. "The occupants of the cars," says Mr. Cheyne, "will have to work with their coats off to keep cool."

The expedition will be composed of seventeen men, who will be joined by three Esquimaux at Greenland. Orders have already been sent from Denmark to Greenland directing the authorities there to aid the expedition in every way possible.

Hunting Its Hunter.

A lad named Six, in Oliver township, Mich., had an exciting encounter with a deer a short time since. He fired at the deer, a large buck, and was in the act of reloading when he noticed the deer coming toward him. His rifle was a muzzle loader, and his patches were not out any faster than he used them, so that before he could reload the deer was close to him. He made lively time around a large tree, with the deer pressing him too closely for comfort, and seeing two trees at a short distance that stood quite close together he struck out for them, which he barely reached when the buck went rushing by. Here he could dodge between the trees, while the buck would have to go around on account of his horns. Finally the baffled beast stopped to study the situation, when the lad, hastily ramming the ball home, fixed the cap with nervous fingers and, placing the gun between the trees and close to the deer's head, he pulled the trigger, and—kerflop went the beauty.

Joined His Wife and Child.

Mrs. Melvin A. Major, wife of Thomas Major, of Chicago, died shortly after having given birth to a child, whose decease immediately followed. "I will be buried with her," was the comment of Thomas Major. His brother lived in the same house, kept close watch of him, but the next morning, after visiting a priest, the former managed to get away and secure a dose of poison, which he took early in the evening. The mother and child were to have been buried Sunday. The next day and night the watchers around the bed were startled by the moans of some one in great agony, and hurrying to Major's room, he was found writhing with pain. A physician's efforts proved unavailing, and the suicide died about 6:30 o'clock Sunday morning. The three were buried together.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Men are never killed by the adversities they have, but by the impatience which they suffer.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.

A truly great and noble mind is always humble in its feeling and modest in its deportment.

We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends.

Life is but sighs, and when they cease 'tis over.

The purest water runs from the hardest rock.

No ashes are lighter than incense, and few things burn out sooner.

Neither a man nor a woman is entirely safe until he or she can endure blame and receive praise without excitement.

I am not among those that fear the people; they, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom; and, to preserve our independence, we must not let our leaders load us with perpetual excitement.

Do not say: "I will help thee to-morrow." Perchance the poor soul may not need thee to-morrow; perchance thou mayest have nothing to give to-morrow; perchance there may be no such day as to-morrow.

Guarding the Treasure.

"It would not pay robbers to make a raid on one of our parcel wagons," said the superintendent of a New York express company to a reporter. "The aggregate value of all they could secure would not be enough for the risk. With respect to the wagons for money delivery, however, the case is very different. There the driver and his assistant have in charge sometimes hundreds of thousands of dollars—a rich haul for thieves if they could get at it. But that is what they cannot do. In the first place, the region where these money wagons are generally used is in the most crowded part of the city—the downtown part—where there are thousands about all the time, and it would be impossible for thieves to make an attempt on our drivers without such a struggle as would call attention, and not only frustrate the purposes of the robbers, but in all probability insure their arrest. There are always two men in those wagons when they are out on duty, and care is taken in their selection that they shall be young, vigorous, quick-witted and courageous fellows. They are armed with revolvers, and they know how to use them, but my instructions are that they shall put more confidence in their voices than their pistols. A pistol, even the best, might snap, but a yell is bound to go off. So, if attacked, they are expected to make all the uproar they can. Anybody with any knowledge of New York street crowds can imagine what would be the consequence.

"Beside, our wagons are arranged so as to put the greatest obstacles in the way of unwarranted intrusion compatible with convenience. Look at this one for illustration. It is a one-horse vehicle with only two wheels, and the only way of getting into it is over the seat in front, where the driver or his partner, or both, will be on guard. Externally it is a solid surface of varnished wood on sides and back, except where that small window of thick glass, high up in the rear, admits light. Internally it is lined with heavy wire netting. Inside, filling the space behind the seat and fastened there, is a heavy wooden box, with a safety lock. That box is never opened, except when the driver is taking out a money package. When he leaves the wagon to deliver a package he locks the box and carries the key with him. His partner, who is left in the wagon, has no means of opening the box, and it would take thieves, even with axes and a clear field of action, several minutes to get at its contents. When the driver takes a package out for delivery he is instructed to either carry it hidden or in a bag slung to his left wrist, while his right hand is free to use his pistol. Where we have occasion to send money uptown, where there are comparatively few persons in the streets, a wagon is sent with a single package, or perhaps two, and the men are cautioned to extraordinary vigilance. The system is the same in all the companies. Wherever an improvement for greater security can be devised by one it is immediately communicated to and adopted by all the others, as all are equally interested in keeping up the common reputation for absolute safety. Then another fact may have some influence in our favor. The thieves know that our companies are very rich corporations, and that we will prosecute to the utmost anybody who makes an attack on the goods under our care, regardless of cost and trouble. A prosecution by an express company would not be the perfunctory service of an ordinary prosecuting attorney."