

## Queries.

Could the sky be robbed of blue  
If all the flowers should gather  
For dress its beautiful hue  
In crowds and crowds together?  
Should all the flowers wear its blue,  
Unchanged were Heaven's beautiful hue.

Or, holding all that they may,  
Could brook, lake, sea or river  
Make less the blue of the day,  
Or the stars the night set over?  
Nay, nay, but clouds between may hide  
The blue of day and worlds beside.

Could the sunset's pomp be less,  
That autumn wears like glowing?  
Or its hues of gorgeousness  
The rainbow's arch is showing?  
From Heaven earth may not take away  
Or make less fair one beguiling ray.

The true Heaven cannot miss  
The beauty earth may borrow;  
Yet hath it more of bliss  
When, hid in clouds of sorrow,  
Our hearts lie cheerless, making moan  
For loved ones through its portals flown?

## A Queer Fellow-Traveler.

Somewhat years ago I had occasion to take a long journey to the north—a journey which would involve my traveling all night. A few days before I had received an invitation from a friend of mine, who lived at a town which I had to pass, to dine and stay the night at his house; an invitation which I gladly accepted, as it would prove a pleasant break in the monotony of the journey. I resolved, therefore, to so arrange matters as to arrive at his house in time for dinner, and proceeded to my destination next morning. When the day arrived I was very busy; so, after a hurried lunch, I packed up a few necessities and rushed off to Enstons, where I arrived with just two minutes to spare. I asked for my train, which the conductor pointed out, adding, "If you don't hurry up, sir, you'll lose it." I took his advice and jumped into the nearest car, the door of which stood open, and in which there was but one other occupant. I settled myself for my journey, and for the first time had leisure to observe my fellow-traveler. Now I rather pride myself on being a judge of physiognomy, and my first impressions of him were the reverse of pleasant. He was evidently a flighty, nervous sort of a man; he had restless, gray eyes, without much expression in them; while his hair and beard were of a reddish hue. He was dressed in a long ulster, which I thought quite unnecessary, for, though it was late in the year, the weather was by no means cold. There was on the seat beside him a small oaken box, strongly bound with brass, and his eyes were constantly glancing from this box to me in a way that I did not at all like. I began to have visions of plots, infernal machines, and I do not know what. After regarding me steadily for a few minutes he said:

"Is it possible, sir, that you are not aware of this carriage being reserved for state officials?"

I looked around, and seeing no indication of the fact, replied:

"I was not aware of such being the case."

"Then, sir," he replied, "I must beg of you instantly to vacate it, and leave me here in solitary silence."

Considering that the train was going at the rate of about forty miles an hour and would not stop until it reached a small station half way to my destination in about an hour's time, I could not quite see why I should comply with his request, or rather command; and I frankly told him so, adding that "I had as much right there as he had, and did not intend moving."

He replied with a most solemn air:

"Then your fate be on your own head."

This began to frighten me, for the man's manner convinced me that he must be insane, and the prospect of an hour's journey in a car with a madman was not calculated to raise my spirits. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and affected to be engrossed with my newspaper, though in reality I was watching every movement. He suddenly seized hold of the wooden box and held it on his knees, mumbling some inarticulate words, then suddenly replaced it beside him. In doing so I caught a glimpse of the butt of a pistol sticking out of his pocket. I had nothing more defensive than an umbrella and a roll of paper, which, in consequence of their extreme length, I was compelled to carry in my hand. Presently he began again.

"Have you studied the marvelous powers of electricity, may I ask?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have," said he; "and have arrived at such a pitch of perfection that, aided by the contents of this box, I could blow this train and everybody in it to infinitesimal atoms."

"But," I hazarded, "how about yourself?"

"I should calmly mount into the air and survey the scene without injury."

"How?" said I.

"That," he replied, "is my business; look to yourself."

Pleasant this, for me! However, I made some remark which seemed to satisfy him; and he lapsed again into silence. I felt more than ever convinced of his madness, thinking he had probably escaped from some private asylum, for he was evidently a gentleman; yet I could not understand what the box could be which he guarded so jealously. I felt very sorry for him in spite of my dangerous situation. I then tried another tack, and made several commonplace remarks to him; to all of which he answered in monosyllables, suddenly bursting out with:

"Do you dare to address me, sir, without having first disclosed to me who you are? Your temerity surprises me!"

I thought it best to humor him, and handed him my card, on which was inscribed "J. B. Smith."

"Ha, I guessed you were a Smith; you look like one; a blacksmith, if I may judge by the smuts on your face." Here he broke into a maniacal laugh. When he had finished laughing he said: "Do you want to know who I am?"

I said I thought I might as well know his name, if he did not mind.

"Well," said he, leaning forward and peering into my eyes, keeping one hand on the box, "when you first jumped into the carriage I was the khan of Tartary; but the wonders of electricity are such that I am even now changing; I may be anybody in a few hours, or even minutes." I suppose I looked surprised, for he went on: "Ah, you looked surprised; but, perhaps, you will hardly believe that my temper quite depends on who I may happen to be. Not long ago I was conversing with some friends, and I suddenly changed into the king of Siam, and before they could get out of my way I bit three of their fingers off. You should have seen them scatter. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it?"

"Oh, yes, I do; but do not be alarmed, I never am so dangerous unless I happen to assume that character."

Then he sat quiet and I was thankful for a little peace. All at once, to my alarm, he said, quite unconcernedly:

"I feel it my solemn duty to inform you that I am changing, and that in a few minutes I shall be the king of Siam."

Instinctively I looked around for some means of escape, at the same time grasping my umbrella firm, resolved at least to sell my fingers dearly. It wasn't worth while changing cars, as just at that moment I heard the whistle of the train announcing our approach to the next depot. I collected my things together near me, so as to be prepared for a hasty exit, the more so as I noticed the feelings of his majesty of Siam were being worked up to a pitch of excitement, and the way he showed his teeth would have terrified a far less nervous man than myself. As we neared the depot the train slackened speed, and at last stopped. Just as I jumped out the maniac made a spring at me; but I fortunately avoided him and shut the door in his face. I got into the next car, which was empty; and as the conductor closed the door, I called out: "Here, I say, there is a madman in—!" But the whistle drowned the rest of my sentence and the train moved off before I had time to complete it. I sat still in a horrible state of nervousness, expecting I hardly knew what.

At last the train stopped at the station for which I was bound, and I jumped out. As I passed his car I could see him sitting there quietly, and I went into the station-master's room and told him what had happened, advising him to take some means of securing him. He promised to telegraph, but said it was no business of his, and with this assurance I had to be content. I then went off to my friend's house, where I arrived just in time for dinner. I suppose the traces of my fright still remained, for no sooner did I enter the dining-room than my host exclaimed:

"Why, what is the matter, old man? You've not met a ghost on the road, have you?"

I told him I had seen somebody a good deal worse than a ghost; and, during dinner, I related my adventure, upon which they all congratulated me on my narrow escape. After dinner went off early to bed, pleading fatigue and the next day's business as my excuse.

When I awoke in the morning I found my host ready for breakfast; and I joined him at once, as my train left in an hour's time.

As I shook hands with him at the depot, he remarked that he should like to hear of the man being caught.

I transacted my business and, as I had time to spare, I turned into the first hotel I came to and walked up into the billiard room, where I met Fred.

Charles, an old school-fellow of mine, who was playing billiards with three others. He seemed surprised to see me, and asked me how I got there. I told him I had come down there early that

morning, and I then proceeded to give him a sketch of my adventurous journey of the night before. Fred smiled, and said:

"Ah, yes, old man; I heard something about it."

"You heard something?" I said.

"From whom?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it for the benefit of the company. Old Harris, the diamond broker, told me last night that he had just come down from the city. When he had taken his seat in the car at— all alone, just as the train started, some fellow rushed in. Harris said he did not much like the look of the fellow, and as he had about \$40,000 worth of diamonds with him in a small box, he began to feel uncomfortable. He said the stranger was a strong, active man, and if it had come to a struggle for the diamonds Harris would have had no chance—for he evidently felt sure the fellow meant robbery; so he determined to try and frighten him out of the car by pretending madness, which he said he did so effectually that the fellow, in sheer fright, bolted at the first stoppage, and left him to finish his journey here alone. But we did not know that you were the hero, old man," said Fred, as the whole four burst into such a shout of laughter as I never heard before.

"You must stay, and be introduced to him afresh; he will be here to-night."

I did not stop to hear anything more. I rushed downstairs, thoroughly realizing that I had been made a fool, caught the first train home, and have not shown myself in that neighborhood since.

## Wooden Flour.

There is danger ahead for the milling fraternity, and it may be as well to take time by the forelock and prepare to meet it. *Good Health* says bread of highly nutritious and palatable character may be made from wood. Think of this for a moment. When the price of wood pulp, for paper manufacture, falls below a profitable point, the pulp can be converted into flour, and this can be sold at a price far below that of flour. Why? Well, there will be no necessity for middling purifiers, as there will be no middlings; the germ will be so large it can be chopped out; the bran (bark) can be hewed off with a broadax. Big thing, ain't it? Here's the process:

"Everything soluble in water is first removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood is then reduced to a minute state of division, not merely into fine fibers, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to heat in an oven is ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white. It agrees with corn-flour in not fermenting without the addition of leaven, and in this case some leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread, and when it is thoroughly baked and has much crust it has a much better taste of bread than what in time of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn."

There has been at times great scarcity of medium and low grades of flour for export. There will be no need for this hereafter, as exporters can cut down a few telegraph poles, wooden hitching-posts, or even carry off their enemies' front doorposts, convert them into a highly nutritious article of flour and ship it abroad to supply the wants of the down-trodden laboring classes of Europe. When the manufacture of wood flour gets fairly under way, how would it do to convert the big Pillsbury and Washburn mills into a miller's college? There might be something in this suggestion.—*Milling World*.

## An Historic Picture.

One of the veteran photographers of Chicago, A. Heiler, some thirty years ago, while in business at Galena, Ill., had occasion one day to go to a blacksmith shop. At the moment he entered a wretched, ragged little colored boy was holding out an old horse-shoe to the blacksmith, endeavoring to induce him to buy it. The artist was quick to see that the scene before him would make a remarkably effective picture. He entered into negotiations which resulted in the transfer of the brawny-armed blacksmith, the ragged boy, the anvil and block and other implements lying about the shop, to the artist's gallery. An excellent picture of the group was taken. A few days afterward a very angry colored woman burst into the gallery and took the artist to task. After her wrath had cooled somewhat she said: "I wouldn't a had no 'jection to yer takin' my boy's picture, if yer only had let me know, so I could hev dressed him up." The artist was not mistaken in his judgment. The picture attracted wide attention, and was seen in one of the European galleries recently, copied in oil and greatly enlarged.

There are in Chicago about 8,000 houses used for immoral purposes, there are 300 churches and more than 5,000 liquor saloons; 400 clergymen and 5,000 bartenders.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them.

The heart has reasons that the reason does not understand.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wait.

How we do love to shut our eyes to what we fear may be reality.

So good services; sweet remembrances will grow with them.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvement.

A miser is a man who may be truthfully described as criminally poor.

Flattery is like your shadow; it makes you neither larger nor smaller.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted.

Genius finds new ideas, wit ridicules them, and common sense adopts them.

Many an honest man stands in need of help that has not the courage to ask it.

If he prayed who was without sin how much more it becometh a sinner to pray.

The most completely lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed.

Gratitude should mark all our conduct, for we are surrounded by the mercies of God.

Would you learn to judge kindly an offending brother place yourself in the position of the culprit.

The fairest fruit is not always the most palatable. The fairest woman is not always the most faultless.

"Oil On the Troubled Waters."

In October, 1861, the coast survey steamer Vixen was assigned to duty with the Port Royal expedition, then fitting out at Fortress Monroe, under the command of Flag Officer (afterward Admiral) Dupont. The Vixen was a small sidewheel steamer, built in 1846 for service in the Mexican war. She was a miracle of ugliness and was slow and difficult to handle in heavy weather, but she was strong and had weathered many severe gales. She was placed under the command of an old assistant in the coast survey, Mr. Bontelle, with a picked staff of reliable officers. For reasons not belonging to this narrative Flag Officer Dupont decided that Mr. Bontelle should accompany him in the flagship Wabash, and the Vixen went to sea with the fleet from Fortress Monroe in charge of her executive officer, Mr. Robert Platt, then of the coast survey and now of the United States navy. The fearful storm the fleet encountered on the North Carolina coast south of Hatteras is a matter of history. On the morning after leaving Fortress Monroe the number of the fleet reported to the commander-in-chief as in sight was forty-nine. On the next morning the squadron had dwindled to its square root. Only seven were in sight. In the height of the gale the large and powerful frigate Wabash labored so heavily in the tremendous sea that the deadlights closing the windows of the flag officer's stateroom had been broken in and he had been driven to occupy a sofa in the main cabin. Many of the transports in the fleet were notoriously unfitted to encounter such a storm, and anxiety and fear for their safety prevailed. Few of the marine battalion who were upon the ill-fated steamer Governor will ever forget their awful experience, or their rescue, chiefly through the seamanship and pluck of Lieutenant (now Rear Admiral) Balch, then executive officer of the frigate Sabina.

Small hope was entertained that the little surveying steamer Vixen, with her decks hardly five feet above the water, had survived the gale, but as the flagship approached the rendezvous off Port Royal she was seen quietly at anchor, having reached there among the first of the squadron. The commander, Mr. Platt, in relating the experiences of the storm to his chief, Mr. Bontelle, modestly recounted that, when the storm grew too heavy for him to keep his course, he had brought the vessel's head to sea and had put out a drag to assist him in keeping her in that position. As the storm reached its height and the huge waves frothed and combed, they began to break on board and the vessel was in great danger. He then poured about a gallon of oil overboard, just abaft the lee paddle-box. It drifted with the vessel and soon formed an oily scum about her, after which not a sea combed or broke on board, and she rode out the gale in safety, arriving at the appointed rendezvous in advance of many vessels of enormously greater power and speed. Mr. Bontelle immediately reported the circumstances to his official superior, Professor A. D. Bache, superintendent of the coast survey. At any other period it would probably have been published and excited attention, but we were then in the midst of events of too great moment for so small a matter to attract general notice.—*Railroad Journal*.

## GETTING BACK HIS OWN.

How a Herd of Cattle Were Rescued From a Knight of the Western Wilds.

Colonel Dodge, in his "Our Wild Indians," says: A few years ago the beef contractor at one of the military posts in the Indian Territory had an adventure which I will let him tell in his own idiom:

"Wall, boys, I was mighty nigh onto busted that time, and I'll tell you about it. You see, I'd worked hard and roughed it and got a nice little lot of cattle. The contract for the post was to be let. I bid on it and got it. Wall, my cattle was none of the best. The grass was poor, and afore long the commandin' officer says to me, says he, 'There's complaints agin your beef. You must do better or I'll order the commissary to buy good beef and charge it to yer.' Says I, 'Commandin' Officer, I know my beef is none of the best, but give me a little time and I'll git yer the very best.' 'All right,' says he, 'but do it.' So next mornin' I put some money in my belt and started for Texas. I bought a hundred and fifty head of first-class beef, and hired a Mexican boy to drive 'em. He was only a little chap, about twelve years old, but he was powerful bright and handy, and sand! lots! I had a breech-loadin' rifle and pistol, but the Indians was bad, so I bought a double-barreled shotgun for the boy. Everything went on all right till we'd got into the Territory, about one hundred miles from here. One mornin' we was movin' along when a man rode up to me. He was a small-sized man, but the handsomest man I ever seed an' dressed the handsomest. He had on high boots, big silver spurs an' buckskin breeches an' a hunting-shirt all over fringes an' open at the front. He had on a white billed shirt and a red silk neck-tie with long ends a flyin' behind. Around his waist there was a red silk sash an' he wore a regular Mexican sombrero an' his bridle and saddle was Mexican an' covered with silver. He was on a splendid mustang that bucked and shied all the time, but he rode him like a skin. I tell you, boys, it was a handsome outfit. 'Good mornin',' says he, a liftin' up his hat mighty polite. 'Good mornin',' says I, and with that we chatted along pleasant like. He told me that he had a big herd of cattle about three miles to the east, an' he was afraid I'd give 'em the fever, an' he wanted me to keep more to the left, off his range. Wall, I was agreeable, an' he kept with me for a mile an' more, showin' me where to go, an' then thankin' me polite, he said good-bye an' rode off. Wall, now, boys, I had kept on the course he told me for about two hours, when just beyant a little rise I drove right into my gentleman friend an' six other fellers. Ridin' right up to me, my friend says, says he: 'After thinkin' it over I have concluded to take em in.' Wall, boys, I saw right through the thing in a minute. I knowed it were no use to fight agin so many, so I begged. I told him how I was situated, that if I didn't get them cattle to the post I was ruined. He listened a few minutes pretty quiet, an' I thot I had him, when all at once he drew a pistol, an' all the other fellers drew their pistols at the same time.

"My friend," says he, "we don't take no advantage of cattle men, but them cattle of yours is the same as government property. They is going to feed soldiers. All such property is as much ours as anybody's. Now you git it" and with that he stuck his cocked pistol in my face, an' all the other six stuck their cocked pistols at me. Wall, boys, me and that Mexican—we left.

"Them fellows rounded up my cattle an' drove 'em back their own way. Boys, my heart was most broke. I reckoned I was most ruined if I lost them cattle. Wall, we traveled along for a mile or more, when I made up my mind. 'Domingo,' says I to the little Mexican, 'are you afraid to stay and take care of the horses while I settle with them chaps?' 'No,' says he, 'an' I'll help you if you want me.'

"The country was about half prairie, an' t'other half the thickest kind of black jack and scrub oak thickets. I hid that boy an' them horses whar a bound couldn't 'er found 'em, and when it got towards evenin' I started on foot to hunt up my friend's cattle camp, an' as I knowed I had to get in my work in the dark an' at close range, I took the boy's double-barrel shotgun, each barrel loaded with sixteen buckshot, an' big size at that.

"About midnight I found the herd. The cattle was held in a prairie with thickets all around it. I poked around, keepin' in the thickets. They had about a thousand head, no countin' mine. I found their dug-out. There was two men on herd. I poked around until I found wher my cattle was. They knowed me, an' didn't make no fuss when I went among 'em. Then I laid down in the grass. In about an hour one of the herders rode right close onto me, an' I let him have one barrel.

"In a minute the other herder holloed out, 'What is that?' an' gettin' no answer he galloped right over ther, an' I give him the other barrel. I got back to the thicket an' went to my

camp an' to sleep. Next mornin' when the sun was way up that boy he woke me, an' says he, 'Ther havin' a high time in that camp; you had better be lookin' after 'em all.' I got my breakfast an' went to look after 'em. They was in a big commotion all of 'em together, huntin' everywhere for my trail. I had wered moccasins, an' I knowed none of 'em fellers could foller my trail. I had another big advantage of 'em. They couldn't go nowhere unless they was on horseback, an' the brush was so thick that they had to ride in the open prairie wher I could see 'em. I poked round in the thicket whar they couldn't see me. Next night I tried it agin, but they was all on herd and held the cattle out on the prairie so far from the woods that I had no show. I changed my plan an' went back to my camp. Next mornin' I was out early pokin' in the thickets and watchin'. A lot of cattle grazed up toward a pint of woods. I knowed they would stop that soon, so I hid in that pint. Pretty soon a feller came chargin' round on a full run after them cattle. He was a likely chap and I felt a little uneasy until I recognized him as havin' stuck a pistol in my face two days before. I got him. Well, boys, there's no use in stringin' this thing out. Them chaps was scared from the start and would have got on of that if they hadn't had to go through thickets. I knowed that, an' took it easy. In three days I had gradually got away with them. They was so few they couldn't herd the cattle. On the mornin' of the fourth day I noticed a lot of cattle feedin' off. They was nigh two miles from the dug-out. I laid with 'em, but in the thicket. Toward afternoon a feller came dashin' in at full speed an' rounded up within twenty feet of me. When he fell he was so tied up in his lariat that he stopped the horse. I caught and hid that horse in a thicket so that the others in the dug-out wouldn't know this man was dead. After the second day I had never seen my fine captain. He had made the others take chances, but he had staid in the dug-out and run no risk himself. I thot if I could get him I would be all right myself. So afore day next mornin' I hid in a break about twenty yards from the door of the dug-out, an' just at day break I covered that door with my shotgun an' fired off my pistol with the other hand. As I expected, he jumped out of the door with his gun in his hand, but he had no chance an' no time. I doubled him right up in the door. In a few minits a white rag was stuck out of the door on a stick. I called to the man to come out and put up his hands, and he did. I walked up an' said to him: 'I ought to kill you, but I won't if you will do as I tell you. Get your horse, cut out my cattle and drive 'em over that hill.' He said, says he: 'I never, never saw you before an' I don't know your cattle; I am the cook of this outfit, an' I am the only man left.' So I made him get me a horse an' we cut out my cattle and drove 'em over near my camp, an' me an' the boy took 'em, and by hard driving got to the post in time."

Helping Editors to Obtain News.

Some supposed friends of a newspaper have peculiar ideas as to what kind of items a paper really requires. Not long since a gentleman came into the Galveston News sanctum and said: "Look here! You miss a heap of live items. I'm on the streets all day; I'll come up every once in a while and post you."

"All right, fetch on your items; but remember, we want news."

Next day he came up beaming all over. "I've got a live item for you. You know that bow-legged gorilla of a brother-in-law of mine, who was in business here with me?"

"I believe I remember such a person," said the editor, wearily.

"Well, I've just got news from Nebraska, wher he is living, that he is going to run for the legislature. Now, just give him a blast. Lift him out of his boots. Don't spare him on my account."

Next day he came up again. "My little item was crowded out. I brought you some news," and he hands in an item about his cat, as follows:

"A REMARKABLE ANIMAL.—The family cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow-townsmen Smith, who keeps the boss grocery store of Ward No. 13, yesterday became the mother of five singularly-marked kittens. This is not the first time this unheard-of event has taken place. We understand that Mr. Smith is being favorably spoken of as a candidate for alderman."

The editor groans in his spirit as he lights a cigar with the effort. It is not long before he hears that Smith is going around saying that he made the paper what it is, but it is not independent enough for a place like Galveston.

Many readers will say this sketch is overdrawn; but thousands of editors all over the country will lift up their right hands to testify that they are personally acquainted with the guilty party.

The Mormons employ about 1,000 proselyting missionaries.