

## THE CRIB-KEEPER'S WIFE.

How She Saved Her Husband's Wife—A Story of the Chicago Water Works.

A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* says:—I wonder how many of the hundreds who look out at the lake every day and see the crib-tower rising up against a blue or a gray sky, as the case may be, know of a scene that took place there nearly three years ago?

At the time of which I speak the crib-keeper was a Fin named Kalstrom, a gigantic man and heavy in proportion to his size. He was known about the wharves as 'Big Charlie,' and his claim to distinction was that he had, as he said, 'gommended a bark of a thousand duns, in which he had sailed the North Seas, and in which, Vikinglike, he had carried off his wife, a bright-faced Irish girl, from Drogheda, one of the east ports of Ireland.

She was a small woman, with gray eyes and long black lashes. She had strongly marked eyebrows and a mass of waving black hair that crept in little curls around her temples and the nape of her neck. She had the piquant nose of her race and a generous mouth filled with strong white teeth. It was in March, and the day was one of those soft, treacherous ones that lure unwary flowers to their destruction, and sow pneumonia and bronchitis broadcast. The sun shone warmly, and the great lake seemed to dream of springtime.

The crib-larder was like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and Kalstrom took his small boat and rowed ashore. In the few hours he spent among the shops and in taking a glass of beer with his friends, the wind changed, and when he reached the shore with his stores, he found the lake churned up to the fury peculiar to inland seas.

He was worried, but had such confidence in his little Irish girl, as he called her, that he spent the night quietly. The next day found the storm as wild as ever, and he spent the hours of daylight striding up and down the shore, for by this time he knew the few provisions had given out, and that his wife was actually suffering for food. Twice he launched his boat, and twice it swamped.

At dark the light gleamed out from the crib-top, but to Kalstrom's eye it had a paleful glare, and morning found him determined 'To go ev I hev to swim vor it,' as he swore with some round Scandinavian paths. Fortunately the wind was more quiet, and, after hard work he came under the lee of the crib-walls. His wife had spied him, and she cast him a noosed rope from the top story of the crib; for the waves rolled so high that all the storm doors and shutters were battered down and the white caps spit at the lantern as they drove before the wind.

He caught the rope, and passed up his bundle of supplies. She dropped it a second time; and, just as she got it under his arms, a great wave swamped the boat, leaving him clinging to the wall; blinded and bruised, and depending on the little woman up aloft for his life.

She began hauling on the rope, and had drawn him as high as the sill-frame—he thrusting fingers and toes into whatever crevices offered. As he reached his right hand up, the wind came round the corner with a yell and tore him loose, dropping him into the lake; but the faithful Irish girl paid out the line as fast as she could, and he found himself with a chance for life still in his reach.

Up he came, hand over hand, and as he entered the window he saw her fall, and in the dim light he noticed a strange discoloration of her face, a black stain on the bright rag carpet, and the fact that her dress was torn to rags in front.

Well, to make a long story short, when he picked her up he found the wedding-finger of her left hand entirely gone, and the tendon ripped out up to the elbow. It had been caught between the rope and the stone casing when he fell, and his great weight, playing against the wedding-ring, had done the mischief. But, as she said, "It weren't a time for faintin', miss." And she had hauled him up with the right hand and those strong, white teeth.

The rugging of the hemp had cut her mouth cruelly, and she had ground her knees against the wall so desperately that the thick stuff-gown she wore was frayed through and through.

That night the wind shrieked and roared till the lake went mad with noise, and the waves threw their spray among the pigeons under the eave of the lantern-roof, and the injured woman moaned through the house for the relief that could not come. Kalstrom signalled and signalled for help, and four days after the accident a boat got out, and Mrs. Kalstrom was taken to the hospital, where the wound was dressed, and where she lay for many a weary day.

When I saw her first, I noticed with great satisfaction that a fall of pretty lace covered her maimed hand, and that 'Big Charlie' under his rough husk held

a real reverence and affection for her. These feelings he bore to witness everywhere, and when his friends would play upon him and say half in jest and half in earnest: "Ah, Charlie, you're a fine fellow, ain't you?" he would answer with naive conceit and confidence: "Yase, I am; for I hef gommended a bark of a thousand duns; but dere's a better dan me at home. And ev anybody says 'Kalstrom's a vine yellow,' you gan dell him, 'Yase, but Kalstrom's wife is a viner.'"

### A Lamprey's Nest.

One day late in spring, writes John Burroughs in the *Century*, as I was passing over a bridge I chanced to see two lampreys, or "lamper-eels," as they are usually called, engaged in building their nest in the creek below me. It was one of the most curious spectacles I ever saw in our stream. They were a few yards below the bridge, just where the water breaks from the still pool beneath it, and flows with a rapid current over its roughly-paved bottom. They were distinguishable from the yellowish-brown and black stones and pebbles amid which they were working only by their motions. They were tugging away at the small movable stones with great persistence. I went down to the water's edge where they were within reach of my staff, the better to observe them. They would run up to the edge of the still-water and seize upon the stones with their suction mouth and drag them back with the current and drop them upon their nest. I understood at once why their nests, which I had often observed before, were always at the beginning of a riff; it is that the fish may avail themselves of the current in building them. The water sweeps them back with the pebble in stemming the current to seize it. They are thus enabled to move stones which they could not stir in still water.

The stones varied in size from a walnut to a goose egg. When one of them was tugging away at a stone too heavy for it, I would lend a helping hand with my staff; I would move the stone along gently, and the lamprey seemed entirely unconscious of the fact that it was being helped; it would drop the burden at the proper point, and run up for another. Indeed my aid and presence did not disturb them at all. From time to time, the larger of the two, which was the female, would thrust her tail with great violence down among the pebbles at the bottom of the creek and loosen them up, and set free the mud which the current quickly carried away. The new material thus plowed up was carried to the nest. Twice in the course of the half-hour that I observed them, the act of spawning took place.

Besides helping move the larger stones with my staff, I several times plowed up the bottom with its point, thus relieving the female of that duty. The fish took it all as a matter of course, and seized upon the pebbles I had loosened with great alacrity. When I thrust my cane beneath them and tried to lift them out of the water, they would suck fast to the stones and prevent me; but they did not manifest any alarm. The lampreys became much exhausted with the spawning and nest building, and large numbers of them die when it was over. In June it is not unusual to find their dead bodies in the streams they inhabit.

### The Earth Still as Steel.

G. H. Darwin has just published an important paper upon the rigidity of the earth. The data upon which his work is based are the tidal observations made under the direction of the Indian government during the past few years, combined with others in England and France—in all, thirty-three years' observation at fourteen different ports. The whole tide at any place may be regarded as made up of a great number of smaller tides, of varying period. Among these subordinate tides two were selected for the discussion—one with a period of two weeks, depending upon the distance of the moon north or south of the celestial equator, the other with a period of a month, depending upon the varying distance of the moon from the earth. These are free from all systematic meteorological or seasonal influence. Now, if the earth is not rigid, but yields at all to the tide-raising force, the time and height of high water will be affected. It appears from the investigation that each of these tides is only a little more than two-thirds what it should be if the earth were absolutely rigid, and from this Mr. Darwin shows that the amount of yielding is about that of steel, a conclusion agreeing very well with that deduced by Sir William Thomson, some fifteen years ago, from rather scanty data. Evidently this result does not favor the idea that the earth's interior is a molten mass.

The annual cheese product of the United States, for an average good season, is now estimated at 400,000,000 pounds, and the butter product at 1,200,000,000 pounds.

### A Mormon Romance.

When the overland train reaches Ogden, the agitation of the female mind about visiting Salt Lake City becomes evident. There are always some ladies going there for the benefit of their health, and many more to gratify their curiosity; for, strange as it may seem, the Mormon stronghold is the great business, social and educational centre between Omaha and San Francisco. The conductor told us that there were always ladies bound for Salt Lake, particularly during the winter, when the climate is salubrious; yet even in a large party the members of the fair sex felt a half-amused trepidation in preparing to inspect a society so entirely at variance with their principles and notions of propriety.

What, then, was our surprise to meet on the very day of our arrival a Philadelphia lady, a niece of an eminent Presbyterian divine, who had been residing in the capital of Mormondom for five years! She was a widow, whose extensive landed interests lay in Idaho, and who had found fine educational advantages for her children, and a pleasant social circle for herself beneath the peerless blue sky and within the circling snow-capped mountains that bound Zion. She lived in a double house with long French windows, surrounded by a blooming garden. The furniture was elegant and convenient. Church privileges were ample, and she had some friends among the Mormons. Her *betie noire* was her landlord, whose particular offence was his too great desire to make improvements and repairs upon her residence. His manners were very mild and pleasant; but he at last justified her antipathy by sending his first wife to ask her to be his fourth spouse. To free herself from association with him after this, she bought the house, when he coolly told her that what she regarded as audacity had been prospered by the Lord, and enabled him to sell at a profit.

The romance of Salt Lake City is the story of Libbie Young, and visitors are sure to hear it as an illustration of how love rules the world. Libbie Young resided in Philadelphia. One of her relatives was the second wife of Brigham Young, Jr., and while visiting her husband fell in love with Libbie, and Libbie became infatuated with him. She refused to marry him, however, unless he discarded his wives—an agreement which, strange to say, was agreed to. Brigham, Jr., then made a settlement on each of them and he and Libbie were married. They lived happily until the death of old Brigham induced his son to look to the succession to the presidency, when, to strengthen his influence with the church, he took to himself two new wives. On this Libbie left him, and ever since both of them have broken hearts. She still maintains intimate relations with his former wives, and frequently visits them; and when she goes to Salt Lake, Brigham hovers around her residence to get a glimpse of her, but she will not see him. And yet everybody says she loves him and he still loves her, though ambition proves the stronger passion.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

### Diarrhea in Calves.

In the treatment of diarrhea in young calves it is best always to begin with a laxative. Give, according to age, from two to three ounces of castor oil. After four to six hours give a mixture of two drams of compound chalk powder with opium, one dram of powdered gentian, one ounce of peppermint water and three ounces of starch emulsion. This dose may be given twice or thrice daily, according to the severity of the case. It is best to let such a calf suck the mother; if this, for any reason cannot be done, then the rations of the calf should be small, but frequent; and instead of milk alone it is best to give equal parts of fresh milk and flaxseed tea, in a blood warm, never in a cold state. The admixture of flaxseed tea will prevent the milk from curdling in the calf's stomach upon which depends the scouring.—*Breeder's Gazette*.

### Oil upon Troubled Waters.

Captain Brice, one of the inspectors of the Board of Trade, was in Aberdeen Scotland, the other day, watching experiments for the purpose of rendering the passage of vessels over the bar safe in stormy weather by pumping oil upon the water. A heavy southwesterly gale was blowing. Seal oil was used. After the pumps had been at work twenty minutes the crested waves which were dashing with great fury against the piers, became greatly assuaged, and the entrance was rendered safe. The experiments were considered successful.

Since Wolsey, 1533, the following British and Irish cardinals have been created: Fisher, 1535; Beaton, 1546; Pole, 1558; Allen, 1564; Howard, 1604; Norris, 1704; York, 1807; Erskine, 1811; Weld, 1837; Acton, 1847; Wiseman, 1865.

### Sharp Practice.

A certain Michigander who had long succeeded in dodging a certain creditor, was a few weeks ago cornered in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began: "Sir! you have owed me \$25 for a year past, and now I want to know what you are going to do about it?" "Well, I'll think it over."

"There will be no thinking it over, my friend. If you don't pay me I'll sue you."

"You will?" "I will, sir!"

"Then you'll be certain to get a judgment. The party which brings the suit always gets the verdict before a justice. Knowing this, you will take advantage of me?" "I will."

"Very well. Now, then, I deny that I owe you a dollar."

"You do?"

"I do, sir, but in case you want to borrow \$25 of me for a week here it is."

"I don't care whether you call it paying or lending, so long as I get my money," replied the creditor, and he made out a receipt in full and took the money.

At the end of the week he was asked to return the loan, but laughed at the absurdity of the request. Suit was begun to recover it, the mutual friend used as a witness, and the plaintiff received judgment in his favor and had a clean receipt to show for the debt.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### The True Standard of Value.

Values are relative. One person puts a high estimate on what another deems worthless. A savage covets a showy feather or a gaudy trinket. Civilized ladies sometimes have a similar fancy; but, again, an antiquarian would prize an old book above a bale of feathers and a barrel of trinkets. Who shall say what is the real test of value in material possessions? A little child was recently startled by what she had heard said at the family table about a robbery in the neighborhood. As she learned the possibility of her own home being entered by robbers she trembled for her choice possessions. "Mama," she whispered, "do robbers take dolls?" Her dolls were here treasure. If they were in danger, life had new perils for her. "No, my dear," said her mamma. "Robbers don't want dolls. Why should they take them?" "I didn't know but they would want them for their little girls," was the answer, showing the child-benefit that robbers were human, and that their children had child-longings and child fancies. With the assurance that her dolls were safe, that little girl had less dread of robbers. What was the loss of family silver or of clothing and jewels, of books and pictures, if the dolls were to be left unharmed? After all, was that child's estimate of values wrong or unreal, or is the trouble with the rest of us?—*Sunday School Times*.

### Sacred Animals in India.

In every larger city there are walled tanks where sacred crocodiles await the contributions of the pious. In Benares they subsist upon the rent of a real-estate legacy and occasional donations of the wealthy produce-merchants. But even the poorest of the poor contribute to the support of the sacred baboons. The bhunder-baboon and the Hanuman have every reason to regard themselves as the primates of the animal kingdom, and man as a humble relative, gifted with certain horticultural talents for the purpose of ministering to the wants of his four-handed superiors. Northern India is dotted with "mahakhunds," or monkeyfarms, where thousands of long-tailed saints are provided with shelter, respectful attendants, and three substantial meals a day, on the sole condition that they shall renounce their sylvan haunts and bless the neighborhood with the influence of their holy presence. Sick monkeys are sent to the next bhunder-hospital, generally a well-endowed and well-managed institution with a special *dheedar* or responsible major-domo. The little town of Cawnpore has eight such infirmaries, Benares twenty or twenty-five, some of them with a subdivision for incurables and chronic dyspeptics!—*Popular Science Monthly*.

### Asbestos.

Asbestos is not a rare mineral, as it is found in most of the middle and northern States in this country and in Europe, in all mountainous sections. In New York there is a deposit in Richmond county which affords fibres two feet long. In Brunswick, N. J., there is a fine deposit of the interlaced variety, the mountain leather, so-called. In Maryland, asbestos of good quality is found in several localities. In Massachusetts it occurs at Brighton, Sheffield, Pelham, Windsor, and several other towns. The mineral is plentiful enough for all our wants, even if, some day, it is used in house construction, an event not improbable.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

### The Russian Colony in Alta California.

Fully a century ago the pleasant valleys leading up into the Coast mountains had been penetrated by the frontiersmen of Mexico, of which country this whole great region was an ill-defined province under the name of Alta California. These men were herdsmen or farmers. Early in the present century a colony of Russians and Indians from Alaska, under the leadership of Alexander Koskoff, landed at Bodega Bay, and began farming where now is the village of Bodega. Not satisfied with this place alone, however, they travelled northward some forty miles, and established a permanent trading post and agricultural station near Salt Point, the site and many of the buildings of which are now occupied as the village of Fort Ross—an anglicized abbreviation of *Puerto de los Russos*, as the post was called by the Spaniards.

The occupancy of this strip of coast—for their hold extended all the way between Point Arenas on the north and Point Reyes on the south—by the Muscovites from 1811 until 1880, when they abandoned their station, left its impress upon the names of the region, and especially clings to the principal stream watering this portion of the redwoods' belt—the Russian river.—*Harper's Magazine*.

### A Remarkable Experiment.

Not many years ago a remarkable experiment was tried at the Hospital Los Lazeros, Sao Christovao, near Rio de Janeiro. A Brazilian physician pretended to have discovered that "heriberi," the mysterious and deadly malarial fever of that country, half dropsy, half leprosy, was identical with the *Elephantiasis Graecorum*, which the ancient exponents of the healing art used to cure by inoculation of snake venom. An inmate of the hospital knowing his state to be hopeless as it stood, consented to allow the trial to be made on his body. So a vigorous rattlesnake was accordingly brought to his bedside and made to bite his swollen and hypertrophied hand, in the presence of a large number of doctors, both native and foreign. It was noted at the time that the reptile displayed great apparent reluctance to use its fangs, and it was not until after much irritation that it could be induced to strike. The punctures were inflicted near the base of the little finger, but the patient was not aware that he had been bitten till the bystanders told him, so lifeless was the part. For some hours no results were apparent. The characteristic evidences of blood-poisoning nevertheless set in, and before night the man was a corpse.

### What the Brain Does.

It is a well-known fact that people whose limbs have been amputated tell you that they can feel their fingers and toes for a long time afterward—for years, sometimes—and will even describe pains and definite sensations affecting certain joints of individual digits. This is readily understood when we remember that the brain is the only part of the body that feels, all sensations and impulses being conveyed to it from different parts by nerve fibres. Feelings of pain, heat, cold, touch, and the functions of the special senses are telegraphed to it; and when the connecting nerve is divided it may be some time before it learns to localize truly the seat of the sensation it appreciates. When we kneek our "funny bones" we experience a thrill in the little finger and in the border of the hand; the fact being that we have stimulated the bundle of telegraph wires—known as the ulnar nerve—which transmits sensations from that finger and part of the next, in the middle of its course, as it winds round the joint of the elbow.—*Washington Star*.

### The Age of Steel.

Even if there was once a time when the state of industrial civilization could fittingly be described as the age of iron, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, that time is past and gone. We are rapidly approaching the age of steel. Iron is being superseded in many directions by its more popular rival. Great transportation lines prefer steel rails to iron ones on account of their superior wearing qualities. True, there are many iron tracks still in existence; but there are also wooden tracks on some old-fashioned railways. Wire rods will henceforth be made of steel rather than of iron. Already the production of steel in the United States is reported to exceed the production of iron in magnitude. For many purposes iron is so admirably designated that it will remain, certainly for many years, and probably forever, in common use; but, the number of instances in which it has been or is being superseded by steel is much greater than would have been believed a decade ago.

The *Lancet* says that women often wear a weight of clothes such as few men would care to carry.

### Dreamland.

Only in visions does the future wait  
To tell us of the mysteries to be;  
Yet even thus we linger at the gate  
That opens eternity.

Except in dreams, the Past comes not again  
With all its vanished weight of joy and fears;  
But blindly we retrace, in grief and pain,  
The saddened bygone years!

The present lives; to bane us or to bless  
Within its guidance does the Future hide;  
The Past holds over it with tenderness—  
All good is at its side.

To live within the Present—yet to take  
From out the Future and the darkened Past  
All hopes and lessons that for goodness make—  
May this be ours at last!

—WALTER L. SAWYER in *Youth's Companion*.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A tale of the sea—A sea-serpent's tail.

The latest thing in cradles—The new baby.

Years are like tigers. They always come with a spring.

Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none.

When a man wants to step on the scales he gets awigh.

We admire spirited animals, but deliver us from a wildly enthusiastic mule.

The rising young man of the future is one who will be willing to jump up and build the morning tires.

There are a good many desolate and uncomfortable things in this world, but a plug hat in a snow storm strikes us as about the climax.

The operators in mythical mines are always willing to let you in; but there is quite a difference between letting you in and letting you win.

What is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement?—One is not filled full, and the other is not fulfilled.

With exceptional truthfulness a quack doctor begins his advertisement: "I offer my valuable services to all who are so unfortunate as to require them."

Life must be a perfect desert to the women of Salt Lake. What can they talk about? There's absolutely nothing a man of that city can do that is scandalous.

Said a farmer, who was given to long drinks, to a brother agriculturist: "What breed of cattle would you advise me to adopt?" "Short horns," was the significant reply.

Four daughters of a Kentucky farmer eloped in one night, each couple taking a different road, and it drove the old man about crazy to decide which party to pursue.

Dong Tong is the name of a very successful Chinese artist at Chicago. He has painted the picture of a man and a dog, and you can tell which is the man and which is the dog almost at a glance.

"Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" "I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" "She said, if you came to see her, she'd be gone till doomsday."

One gaunt unpleasantness attending a man's getting married is his utter insignificance on the occasion. The bride is the object of attention as the star performer of the show, and he is regarded merely as a necessary property.

An exchange asks in bold head lines: "Why do women work?" Well, some women work because they enjoy it, and others because their husbands are busy in politics and the woman of the house is obliged to hustle around and earn their daily bread.

They had only been married a short time. The other day she slung her arm around him, and warbled, in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are married—we are only one?" "No," replied the brute. "I can't realize it. I have just paid a \$75 millinery bill, and a lot more of your bills, with several outside precincts to hear from, so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expense goes, instead of being one, we are about half a dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet, not by a large majority."

"I tell you what it is, fellahs," yawned Adolphus. "I'm making an awful commotion among the girls. Only wanted a little fun, yer know, but deuced if they ain't all falling in love with me. 'Hon honor, I believe I'm getting into hot water, yer know.' 'Do you?' said one of the girls who chanced to overhear; 'well, perhaps it will have the same effect upon you as it does upon the lobster.' 'I say, Martha,' exclaimed Adolphus, turning about, 'you're deucedly sharp, yer know, but blamed if I know what you're driving at now.' 'Oh, nothing,' replied Martha; 'only lobsters, you know, are green till they get into hot water.'"