

A Leave-Taking.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak;
The ghost of a lily
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!
Her hair—her hair!
How helplessly
My hands go there!
But my caresses
Meet not here,
O golden tresses
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus some day!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Among the Buffaloes.

Whoever desires to shoot a buffalo on the soil of America must do it very soon. It is said, by good authority, that there are now left on the Continent but two large herds. Of course there are a good many scattering groups yet to be found; but the red men are rapidly procuring the best weapons, and the number of Englishmen and Americans who glory in the hunt is increasing with every year, and at the rate at which the herds of the prairies have been slaughtered for some time past, there will scarcely be a buffalo in the country five years hence.

State legislatures may do what they please in trying to protect this noble game from destruction, but it will be all in vain. The laws are not enforced, and cannot be enforced without the presence of an army larger than that required to keep the Indians in subjection, and to any one at all conversant with the country it seems certain that the poor buffalo "must go."

The pursuit of this noble game is most inspiring sport, and a chapter of the actual experiences of a hunting-party for a month would prove very attractive reading. It would be sometimes terribly thrilling, and at others indescribably laughable, for both tragedy and comedy have their place in this wild life. Suppose I give a single instance of each?

A few years ago a gentleman from one of the Eastern states spent some weeks in the buffalo country, and during his stay had the following very remarkable experience. He had been out one day for several hours without finding game, and as the weather was excessively hot, had stopped to rest beneath a large cotton-wood tree, which stood on a gently sloping hill about half-way up its side. He laid his rifle on the grass beside him, and had nearly fallen asleep, when he was roused by a sound as if an army were marching past.

Accustomed to life on the prairies, he instantly guessed what it meant, and springing to his feet and glancing in the direction whence the sound came, he saw a herd of a thousand buffaloes pouring over the hill at a terrific pace, and coming directly to ward him.

Quick as thought he saw what he must do, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had hidden himself away behind the trunk of the tree under whose branches he had been reclining.

He knew the herd must divide in passing the tree, and at the speed they were going it seemed probable that the brutes would rush past without noticing him.

On came the great herd with thundering tread, and dividing right and left, swept past the tree on either side so closely that he could have touched them with his hand. He supposed they were simply running to rid themselves of flies, as they frequently do on a hot day; but as the last of the herd went by, he saw a strange spectacle.

One of the cow buffaloes was carrying upon her shoulders, and staggering under the weight of, an enormous panther. The monster's claws were sunk in the animal's shoulders and back, while his terrible teeth were in her throat. Evidently she had been running thus for some time, for she showed signs of weariness, and at every leap she uttered a low moan.

It was a strange sight to our hunter, though the scene itself is doubtless repeated every day.

It is no unusual thing for panthers to conceal themselves near a watering-place, and spring upon their victims unawares. They usually select the cows, knowing them to be less capable of long endurance; and after riding them, as in this case, till, faint with loss of blood, they fall upon the prairie, the panthers take their meals at leisure.

What seems singular is that, if the monster is seen by the buffaloes, they

will face him and drive him away; but if he once sets his teeth upon the throat of one of the number, the whole herd are seized with a panic and begin to run for life, leaving their unfortunate companion to her fate.

This was the case with the herd now going past; they were fleeing for their lives from their dreaded enemy.

Our friend was so much surprised, the herd had gone several rods before he thought of shooting at one of them; but suddenly coming to himself, and touched with a feeling of pity for the poor beast lagging behind with the panther at her throat, he raised his rifle and sent a ball after her tormentor. It struck the panther, inflicting a severe wound.

With a yell of pain he sprang from the buffalo's back, and, with tremendous bounds started toward the tree where the hunter stood. Obviously he was now going for the hunter.

The man had only a single-barreled rifle, and so, springing behind the tree, he drew his long hunting-knife and nerved himself for a terrible conflict.

To his surprise, the wounded animal did not attack him, but sprang up into the tree with all possible speed.

The foliage was dense and heavy, and in a moment the great beast was out of sight. He supposed, however, that this was only done by the panther to obtain a foothold for springing upon its enemy, its usual custom. For a moment or two he stood grasping his knife, looking upward and dreading the attack.

But to his amazement the creature did not spring, and as it still kept up an angry, growling sound, he concluded that it must be badly wounded, and that, perhaps, ere it fully recovered for the attack, he might reload his rifle.

So, thrusting his knife into the bark of the tree, that it might be ready for instant use, and keeping careful watch for the movements of his dreaded foe, he managed quietly to reload his rifle. Then creeping softly around the cottonwood, he peered carefully through the branches till he saw the panther crouched on a large limb, about thirty feet from the ground.

The beast did not see him, and its side was now fairly exposed. Everything depended upon this shot, for if he missed, or only slightly wounded the creature, it might cost him his life. With a steady nerve, and a silent prayer to Him who holds both life and death in his hands, he raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. As the sharp crack of the rifle rang out, it was drowned by a piercing scream from the panther, who sprang wildly into the air, shot through the heart, and fell dead not ten feet from where the hunter was standing.

Looking over the whole matter, he concluded that the panther had not seen him at all, but that when struck by the first ball, he supposed he was in some way hurt by the buffalo, and that he ran to the tree as the best place to escape from the rest of the herd.

Whether the injured buffalo recovered from her wounds, he had no means of knowing, for he did not follow up the trail.

But now for an incident of the laughable sort.

A couple of gentlemen, H— and M— went into the region of the Bad Lands of Montana, for the double purpose of hunting and taking photographic views of the scenery. Like all persons who visit the Far West, they were ambitious to shoot a buffalo. It was not long before an opportunity was afforded them to show their skill.

One day they noticed several dark objects on the prairie two miles distant, and by the aid of their glasses, they made out that a small group of buffaloes were lying there in the sand.

Riding to a little grove about half a mile distant from the game, they dismounted and crept through the sagebrush, till they came to a little eminence which overlooked the buffaloes, now only one hundred and fifty yards away.

Here they carefully singled out a couple which were now standing, and actually tumbled them over upon the prairie, where they lay kicking and bellowing at a fearful rate. The rest of the herd scampered away a few rods, but, attracted by the cries and antics of their wounded companions, they soon stopped and stood stupidly looking at them.

One old bull, more daring than the rest, began walking around the fallen ones to see what the trouble was. He at length came between the wounded animals and the hunters, and stood still for a few minutes, with head erect and every muscle ready for action—a noble picture. It was so tempting that H— raised his rifle and fired at him. He was badly wounded, but did not fall, and as the rest of the herd took the alarm and scampered away,

he tried to follow them; but his wound so troubled him that before he disappeared from sight in a small ravine, he had fallen into a walk.

They then went back to the grove, and brought up the horses, intending to follow up and secure the wounded bull.

Just then an idea—a brilliant idea—entered M—'s head. Why not follow on till within a fair distance of the animal, and then set the camera and photograph him? The photograph of a bull buffalo, taken while the animal actually stood holding his pursuers at bay, oh! that would be immense.

So while M— took his rifle, H— took the "machine," and they followed on after his majesty. They soon found him lying down, but he rose at their approach, and after looking about him curiously for a while, started for them at a speed which compelled their retreat. When at a safe distance, however, M— suggested to his companion:

"Now, H—, I'll go round by that ledge and attract the old fellow's attention, and you plant your camera just beside that ash-tree, and then we shall get a magnificent view of him."

H— assented, but with an inward feeling that he would like to exchange places with his companion.

Away went M—, and shortly afterward he appeared on the opposite ledge. It took some time for H— to get his plates in readiness, and during this time the bull again lay down, but this time in the sage-brush, so that they could not exactly place him; but, with tripod in hand, the photographer went carefully down the ravine.

Before he was aware how near he was getting to him, up sprang the wounded bull with a mad roar and with fury in his eyes. For an instant he glared at the intruder, and then, with a tremendous bellow, he started for him.

The photographer man dropped his machine and fled. The bull first struck the machine, which he shivered into a thousand atoms, and then kept on after its owner.

With all his power, the poor fellow sprang through the sage-brush, with hair on end and coat-tail extended, and the bull close at his heels.

It was ludicrous beyond description. M— stood on the opposite ledge, and, despite the imminent danger of his friend, was nearly unmanned by laughter. But he saw that something must be done, and when the mad buffalo was not more than eight feet distant from the flying photographer, M— raised his rifle and sent a ball through the animal, which dropped dead in his tracks.

They took out the creature's tongue as a trophy of victory, and after picking up the fragments of the camera, with its supporting tripod, they sought their horses, and journeyed on with the settled determination not to attempt to photograph another wounded buffalo, unless it should be at long range and from a safe hiding-place.

The Sting of the Bee.

If we press the abdomen of the bee or wasp, so as to cause the sting to protrude, we should naturally think that the sharp, dark-colored instrument was the sting itself. This, however, is not the case. The real sting is a very slender instrument, nearly transparent, keenly pointed, and armed on one edge with a row of barbs. So exactly does the sting resemble the many barbed arrows of certain savage tribes that, if the savages had possessed microscopes, we should certainly have thought that they borrowed the idea of the barb from the insect. What we see with the unaided eye is simply the sheath of the sting. Many savages poison their spears and arrows, and here also they have been anticipated by the insect. But the sting is infinitely superior to the arrow poison. No poison that has yet been made, not even the terrible wourali, or curare, as it is sometimes called, can retain its strength after long exposure to the air. The upas poison of Borneo, for example, loses its potency in two or three hours. But the venom of the sting is never exposed to the air at all. It is secreted by two long thread-like glands, not nearly so thick as a human hair, and is then received into a little bag at the base of the sting. When the insect uses its weapon it contracts the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting out and compressing the venom-bag. By the force of the stroke which drives the sting into the foe its base is pressed against the venom-bag and a small amount of poison driven into the wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp be allowed to remain quiet, it will withdraw its sting, but as the pain causes a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon cannot be withdrawn, and the whole apparatus of sting, poison-bag and glands is torn out of the insect, thereby causing its death.—*Good Words.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Sunshine for Sleepless People.—Sleepless people—and they are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

Colds.—Dr. J. H. Hanford says in *Dr. Foot's Health Monthly*: While many of the affections attributed to an exposure, unquestionably are but an inflammation of the mucous surfaces generally dependent on the state of the stomach, there are still other forms resulting from a sudden checking of the perspiration or an interference with the steady and necessary discharge of the waste matter of the system through the millions of pores of the skin. It is reasonable to infer that most of these are preceded by a depressed state of the body, either resulting from an exposure to too great heat—always weakening—or to sudden transitions from heat to cold, or vice versa. If, for example, one is long exposed to a heated room the temperature much higher than would be patiently endured in the summer—of course weakened in perspiration, the skin relaxed, depressed in vital force, then to brave the bleak winds and the frosts of a winter's night, a cold of the severest form may be reasonably expected. This results partially, at least, from the abruptness, suddenness of the transition. It is also true that a similar effect is induced by the suddenness of the change from a cold and moist air to a dry and hot air, with the temperature too high, as in public speaking or in most forms of brain labor. It is safe, therefore, to seek an intermediate temperature, remaining for a time in an intermediate temperature—not long enough to become really cold, but simply to avoid the results of exposure to extremes of heat and cold. Be comfortable.

Asbestos.

Some very fine specimens of asbestos, says the Virginia (New) *Enterprise*, are being found in the Bishop Creek country. Contrary to the popular notion, this mineral is generally found in volcanic regions. The fiber of the specimens shown is from four to six inches in length, and is soft and silky. A strand of it can be tied into a knot, same as flax fiber. It is found in what, from the description of it, appears to be serpentine rock, and not very far from the crater of an extinct volcano. In the rough, the mineral looks like so many roots of the beech tree, but on being beaten with a mallet or hammer, the whole becomes a mass of white fiber, with a sort of satin luster. It is said that great planks or slabs of the raw material may be procured. The ordinary asbestos is used in the manufacture of a sort of plaster for coating steam drums and for fire-proof paint; but this, it seems, might be spun and woven into a fire-proof cloth that would be useful for some purposes. It might be made into drop curtains for theaters, and for partitions in places where it is necessary to guard against the spread of fire—that is, could be utilized in making curtains to drop across halls and passages in large buildings in case of fire. Tapestry or wall paper made of this material would be a great safeguard against fire.

A Witch.

Witches are still common in the west of England. A Plymouth witch has lately caused a good deal of discomfort to a seafaring young man. He set sail with a smack-owner of Brixham, as a member of the crew, but his health suffered in his maritime adventure, and a physician advised him that he was in danger of losing his eyesight. The master of the smack bade the young mariner consult a white witch at Plymouth, and the sufferer took his advice. The white witch boldly declared that not the invalid but the whole smack was under a spell, and suffering from the wiles of sorcerers. The master and the lad visited the witch together, but the spell could not be removed. The youth then went into an infirmary, and recovered not only his health, but wages from his master. But the witch will continue to drive trade in Plymouth.

Figures of Interest.

The vastness of the sum which would have resulted from an investment of one million dollars, made at the time the Pyramid "Cheops" was built (if it had then been possible to have so "planted" or lodged it, or its equivalent, that it would have, in any wise, increased at an average rate of one per cent per annum), it is very difficult to comprehend. The figures given in the last line of the table printed hereon, we will not attempt to enumerate, but simply write the total there shown (resulting in 3900 years at one per cent interest,) as follows: 4,052,555,153,018,976,297,900,000 dollars. We thus leave the reader to suit his own notions in regard to enumeration. We remark, however, that if so vast a sum as the foregoing should be divided equally among the 1,400,000,000 men, women and children now inhabiting the globe, each (including all the babies) would have the very handsome fortune of \$2,894,000,000, an amount sufficient to buy the City of New York, for a winter residence, and also the northern portion of the state itself in which to recreate in the summer, and still have a residue large enough to buy half the states of Delaware and Rhode Island, to hold for any possible heir of the next generation. Or this residue would be large enough to secure the control, in great measure, at least, of the chief railway and other transportation systems of the United States. If the evil uses of wealth that would have thus grown should all be canceled (except in one isolated case, that one, when he arrived at man's estate, could, under existing laws, make a continent dance whenever he should choose to pipe.

The Pyramid Kings reigned about 4000 years ago. One of the Pyramids of the Gizeh group (Cheops) now standing, covers 18 acres, and is 480 feet high. Herodotus says 100,000 men worked 20 years in building this sepulchral monument. At one cent per day, the cost for labor alone would therefore have been six million dollars. If one-sixth of this amount (or one million dollars) had been lodged at that period where it would have increased at the rate of one per cent, (and a small fraction additional, so as to make the increase even three-fold each 100 years) the total now would be as shown in the accompanying table:

At the time "Cheops" was built	\$1 million
In 100 years	1,000,000
" 500 "	1,500,000
" 1000 "	2,250,000
" 1500 "	3,375,000
" 2000 "	5,062,500
" 2500 "	7,593,750
" 3000 "	11,390,625
" 3500 "	17,085,937
" 4000 "	25,628,906
" 4500 "	38,443,359
" 5000 "	57,665,038
" 5500 "	86,497,557
" 6000 "	129,746,336
" 6500 "	194,619,504
" 7000 "	291,929,256
" 7500 "	437,893,884
" 8000 "	656,840,826
" 8500 "	985,261,239
" 9000 "	1,477,891,858
" 9500 "	2,216,837,787
" 10000 "	3,325,256,680

Origin of Blizzard.

In the *North American Review* Mr. Tucker looks up the origin of several Americanisms, among which is the vigorous newcomer "blizzard." It is hardly necessary to say that the word blizzard, as now understood, is a terrific storm, with low barometer, light clouds or none at all, and the air full of particles of snow, in the form of dry, sharp crystals, which, driven before the wind, bite and sting like fire. The term is said to have made its first appearance in print about the year 1860, in a newspaper called the *Northern Indicator*, published at Estherville, Minn. Its etymology can only be guessed at, but there has been no lack of guesses. The English word "blister," the French "bouillard," the German "blitz," the Spanish "brisa," the surname "Blizzard" (said to be common around Baltimore), an unpronounceable Sioux term, and the Scotch verb "blizen"—all these and other words have been suggested with various degrees of improbability as the origin of the term. Mr. Tucker's conjecture is that it is simply an attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, to represent the whistling and "driving" noise of a terrific storm.

Quick as a Wink.

When the professor of chemistry at Oxford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, was experimenting on a peculiarly explosive fluid of his own discovery, and was holding a small bottle of this fluid between his eyes and the light, either through the tremulous motion or the warmth of his hand the fluid exploded with such violence as to blow to pieces—to dust, in fact—the bottle which contained it; and his first thought was, "I am blinded; this glass has been driven into my eyes, and I shall never see again." Upon putting his hand to his eyes, however, he found that the glass had gone entirely into the outside of his lids, and that his eyes were perfectly safe. Either the flash of light or the explosion (which occurred first is not known) had called forth an instantaneous respondent muscular movement, which protected his eyes by the closure of his eyelids.

The Silver Lining.

No life could lie in shadow
Unless the world were light;
Were justice not eternal
No deathly wrong could blight.
On passion's burned-out ashes
The purest heart-plants are;
Grows peace, to bless us ever,
On the red soil of war.
Unto the oldest ruins
The greenest mosses cling;
In the fierce blast of winter
Is felt the breath of spring!
—Clarence M. Boutelle.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The mother of Josh Billings is ninety-two years old. She evidently resolved to live until her son learns how to spell.

The Cincinnatians call everything that has a noise to it a "musical festival," from the visitation of a hand organ to a week of grand opera.

A correspondent tells an anecdote of an old woman, who when her pastor said to her, "Heaven has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, sir, I have a very great appetite still."

"Do you realize—have you reflected over it—Angelina?" whispered Clarence to her betrothed. "Only two weeks more and we shall be one! But remember, darling, I am to be that one."

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails, and flung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made, but thought it was the choir rehearsing.

"You make me think," John Williams said, dropping upon a sofa beside a pretty girl one Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured; "it is so nice; but that is pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking, you'll have a little wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not."

With trumpet voice that loudly rang,
Long, long ago, a poet sang:
"Alas, what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron!"
But now, when bold defectors fly,
A still, small voice says, with a sigh:
"How fresh and free those fellows feel
Who make a fiddle with a cold steel!"

A penguins fable was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing fowl, which word she pronounced fowl, as is not uncommon to Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean fowl," said the prig, in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so. Take away the fowl and let the fowl remain."

Instruction for Girls.

Give your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for its better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays greater luster than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common-sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working-dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only "Yes" or "No" in good earnest. Teach them that happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearances nor on wealth, but on the man's character.

A Good Place.

Puget Sound is considered one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. It is surrounded by continuous forests that reach back to the summits of the Cascade and Olympic ranges. The streams that come down from the mountains on every side have fertile valleys; some of them are already occupied and well cultivated. It was once believed that the land around the sound was worthless, and that its forests stood on rock without soil; but time has demonstrated that this is only true of a small extent of country near the sound, and that all the upland between the streams, and extending to the mountains, is rich, deep soil that will produce anything that will grow in that climate.