The Whirlpool.

In the shade of the headland, a span from the

The whirlpool lies coiled in sleep-Who could guess that the slumbering brow

A frown that is crafty and deep ? Yet 'tis here in the blast of the hurricane's breath

That the soul-laden ship finds a doom; To the musical moan of this circle of death Do they pass to their fathomless tomb. Youth in its bloom. Age in its gloom,

Mother and father, the maid and he mate, Master and slave Finding a grave In this mad magic circle, the whirlpool

of tate!

In the heart of the city, in turmoil and din, The whirlpool doth fearlessly ride; In its merciless torrents are virtue and sin The parson and thief side by side; Here the hand of the peasant is gripped by the glove

Of the gallant who lives but to lie; And the maiden to-day who is learning to love, On the morrow has learnt how to die!

Vice with its paint, Crime with its taint, Cradle and coffin, the lowly and great Billows of blood Cresting the flood Of this mad magic circles, the whirpool -Arthur W. Pinero.

THE ADOPTED SON.

The burgomaster frowned and knit his heavy brows; he was perplexed as to what should be done with the little figure before him. There he stood in his wooden sabot and rough peasant's clothes, hat in hand, and under one arm the precious possession of his life -a little old black fiddle.

The child's face was what puzzled the burgomaster more than the simple question of what he should do. When the boy looked up with his eager, earnest eyes, it somehow seemed to him strangely familiar.

Where had he seen it all before?

There was no fear in his manner; only a restless movement of the hand holding the cap, showed him to be ill at ease. The week before he had come into town with his little old fiddle and strange accent, and until to-day had been unmolested.

Now, for what reason he could not guess, he had been seized upon suddenly by the town authorities and brought before the burgomaster. A part only could he make out of what was said, for his own language sounded queer on those strange tongues; and as to the explanations offered, they had seemed a perfect jargon to the towns people; therefore the burgomaster being a learned man and versed in the patois spoken in various sections of the country, the lad was brought to him. Their duty, at all events, had been accomplished. They had explained how day after day the child pursued no calling-attempted no trade-but sat on a bench or by the road, with the children clustering about, playing his fiddle, content, if in return they sometimes shared with him their huge slices of bread.

It was a vagrant life, and would teach their own little ones bad habits. therefore must be stopped. Either he must leave the place, or go among the town people and learn an honest trade. The burgomaster, a stout, red-faced man, had long ago done with sentiment—therefore small leniency was to be looked for from him.

So Carl was brought, and now all stood before the magistrate. What had he done, or what was to be done with him, he did not know.

After a silence, seeing the burgomaster looking at him, Carl came a step forward, and, with his impetuous manner, exclaimed:

"What is it I have done? Naught but play upon my fiddle to the children. It did no harm, and they liked it. Is it an offense to make music? In other places, I and my fiddle have made friends with the towns folks."

The shaggy brows knit closer, and away down in the burgomaster's heart stirred a chord that for long years had lain so quiet its existence had wellnigh been forgotten.

Understand what the boy said? At sound of that patois, so strange to the ignorant townspeople, there came to him visions of his youth, and a long holiday in the far-off sunny hamlet where this dialect to him had grown the sweetest music in the world as it fell in liquid, guttural notes from the lips of a young peasant maid.

So well the memory came-so fresh, it seemed but yesterday-when, overworked with studies, he had gone from home to gain health and strength, and leave learning for awhile to its own devices. Well had his father's injunctions been carried out in all save the last, and that truly had been through no spirit of disobedience. It was no lore gained from books; it sprang up in his heart, and not until the lesson

had been learned too thoroughly ever to be forgotten, did he even guess of its existence.

"Come, lad," he says kindly, and at the sound the boy's heart rejoices, for he hears his own tongue, a little strange from disuse, yet perfectly intelligible. "They say that thou must give up thy fiddle if ever thou wouldst thrive.'

"Ah, nein, nein- it is my heart!" clasping it the closer.

"Thy heart? Then, lad, it shall not go; yet first let's hear what thou canst bring from it."

For a moment Carl looked thoughtfully into the burgomaster's face; then says:

"Thou shall hear what the corn sings when it is growing, and the trees whisper when the breeze touches them at night. In the times when I have lain upon the hillsides, watching sheep, my fiddle and I heard it over and over."

The lad's quaint imaginings touch the burgomaster's heart, and smiling, he nods his head to the boy. Slowly the old fiddle is taken out, the strings tightened; then resting his chin upon it lightly he draws the bow across. The burgomaster starts; he had thought to hear some childish strains, yet these notes the boy brings forth from the old fiddle have in them all the power of a master hand.

The picture comes before him of the quiet night, the restful sheep huddled ogether on the hillside, the breeze as it goes sweeping by moaning the trees, the gentle rustle of the distant grain growing in the darkness, and the lonely little figure of the watchful lad gathering these sounds and heaping them up in his heart till they tremble forth at his touch upon the vibrating strings.

Hark! The darkness moves away. In the east the sun comes flushing up, and all the air is suddenly pulsing with the singing of the dawn-birds.

Ah, Carl, Carl-lad, with thy heavenborn gift, thou hast won the stern old heart before thee. Thou hast saved thyself a world of wondering, and gained a life of ease.

The one green spot in the magnate's heart holds a memory which Carl's playing has brought to life. Again he s young-a student-and in the twilight stands waiting for the song of the young peasant coming home from her work. The song comes nearer, and when into her pathway he steps with outstretched arms, he laughs out joyously to see the happiness spring up in her eyes.

Yet fate had come between. It was not fit that the only son of rich old burgomaster Van Gruisen should wed with a peasant; so he had come away at his father's bidding, leaving behind his heart among the green country lanes where dwelt the impetuous little soul through whose veins ran the fire of the South. Ah, God, how he had suffered! Suffered as his father, with his plegmatic temperament, could not ven dream.

He had pined so that his studies and whole life grew distasteful; then, at length the father had relented, consented grudgingly to his son's wearing the little field flower where he had hoped to place a rare exotic.

Not waiting for aught beyond a bare consent, the son started forth. eager to gain that so long denied. Alas, he came too late. Elspeth had been but a foolish maid, the neighbors said, to love the burgomaster's sona foolish maid to have naught to say to the village lads; and when the young stranger left, just seemed to lose all heart, and one day came home ill with a fever.

So while the stern old man debated. Death stepped in and gathered the wild daisy of his son's heart; and when he came, the grass was already green on her grave, and he could but take away with him the memory of what had been, and the knowledge that of the two hearts thus sundered, one had

Long years went by, and the old burgomaster died. When his son succeeded him, he had married a buxom, unimpressionable dame, who brought

with her a dower of gold and linen. She ruled his house, attended to his wants, and of the two daughters born of the marriage, had seen that they were both well versed in those things good housewife should know.

They were too much like their mother ever to interest him much, and his heart some times yearned for a son to bear his name, but none had come.

Carl, little guessed, as he ended his playing, of all the thoughts he had conjured up in the burgomaster's brain.

"Well, lad, thou hast a gift, thee and thy fiddle, of bringing old-time music into my heart. Thou has a name, what is it?"

"Carl Mueller; and I have neither friends nor home, save those we win together, my fiddle and I."

"Thou hast not? So much the better, for now thou canst have both. Wilt thou be a son to me? Thou shalt be taught, and if thou art clever, as I take thee to be, one day from out thy little black fiddle thou shalt draw music that shall make all hearts thine.'

Could Carl believe his own senses? He hardly knew what to say . What was this life promised him? No more wandering, sleeping where he might, tired and often supperless. The tears stood in his eyes, then quickly seizing the burgomaster's hand, he kissed it.

Yes, the fiddle, the little old Lack thing so contemptuously spoken of by the townsfolks, had gained for Carl what money could never have donea place in the burgomaster's heart.

At first the little peasant lad, with his strange tongue and odd ways, had been a sore trial to the burgomaster's wife; yet the lad being gentle and lovable, had won a place for himself in the household; and when, after his day's studies were over, he sat back in a corner softly playing the melodies as they sprang up in his heart, the active hands would drop their knitting, and the glittering needles lay quiet in the lap of the busy housewife

So time went by, and the little lad was sent up to one of the great city conservatories to follow his calling.

He had not been idle; even the dullest parts of his studies were a pleasure, and day after day he worked away through very love of his art, and that the dear old burgomaster might see his kindness had not been misplaced-

Thus Carl grew, until when, at length, having wrought out all the themes of the great master, he bade the place adieu, carrying with him only the black fiddle.

Of how he went from city to city and land to land, swaying with his magic touch of the bow the throngs who came to hear, I cannot tell you.

Yet to-day there is not a crowned head in Europe who has not listened to the little peasant's playing, and showered upon him gifts and medals, Through it all, Carl's heart is true to the memory of the white-haired old man in far-off Germany who calls him son, and who, almost as much as the lad himself, prizes the old black fiddle which has won for him all this honor.

As there comes to him in loving language news of each fresh triumph, tears dim his eyes, and his mind recalls the time when the towns-folk had said the stranger lad must part with his fiddle, and he, clasping it the closer, cried

"Nein, nein; it is my heart!"

Accidental Discoveries.

Accidental discoveries have supplied ome of the most valuable proce the industrial arts. It is said that the rolling of cold iron was first suggested by the fact that a workman who was placing a piece of hot iron in the rolls carelessly permitted his tongs to be drawn in. He noticed that they were rolled, and not broken. He called the attention of the superintendent to the occurrence, and this led to investigation and experiment and the discovery that cold rolled iron is equal to steel for shafting purposes. The process of rolling iron cold was soon patented, and millions of dollars have been made out of the patent.

There are many similar instances where observing workmen have called attention to valuable processes. A signal one was in the early period of otton manufacture, when a good deal of trouble was caused by the cotton sticking to the bobbins. All the workmen in the mill were delayed by the necessity of stopping work to clean the bobbins. At last one workman found a way to obviate the trouble. He, and he alone in all the mill, had clean bobbins. For a long time he kept his secret to himself. He finally revealed it on the promise of a pint of beer a day for life. His secret was to "chalk the bobbins." This little scraping of salt on the bobbins saved millions of dollars a year, and the observing workman got not only his beer, but a competence.

Each extension of modern enterprise and skill brings with it a train of inventions. The railway, the telegraph, the steamboat, the development of iron, electricity and petroleum, have each produced a long line of inventors more or less successful, so that each of these industries might have a creditable exhibition by itself .- New York

France's Population.

From the complete returns of the last French census it appears that the female sex exceeds the male by 122,254 -- thus, males 18,656,518, females 18,778,772. Of the males 10,110,601 are unmarried and 1,025,-731 widowers; while of the females 9,280,862 are unmarried and 1,964,-557 widows. The total number of inhabitants is 37,405,290.

CANNIBALISM IN AMERICA.

Customs of the New Mexican Indians

The aborigines of Mexico and Central America were far less barbarous than the natives of other parts of North America. While, therefore, cannibalism existed among them, it took the form of a religious ceremony. Prescott asserts, on the authority of the Spaniards, that the Mexicans were not cannibals in the coarsest acceptation of the term. They did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion. Their repasts were made of victims whose blood had been poured out on the altar of sacrifice. A similar statement is made regarding the Itzas of Central America.

Among the New Mexican Indians the case was different. While tribes differed among themselves in regard to this practice, with many human flesh was sought as food. Incredible as it may seem, at least one tribe of Indians inhabiting Texas has practised cannibalism within twenty-five years. Mr. J. G. Walker, formerly a member of the United States Army, and now a resident of Mexico, in a private letter to the author, gives the following interesting facts:

"The early American settlers on Matagorda Bay were greatly harassed by a tribe of Indians called Carronkowas, inhabiting the bay shore, and subsisting chiefly on fish and oysters. But they were known to have a keen relish for human flesh, which they sometimes added to their ordinary menu. In 1834-5, the custom was, however, becoming obsolete, and about that time was wholly abolished by the reigning chief. But there was a cognate tribe, a remnant of which still exists, which practiced cannibalism as late certainly as 1854. At that time I was an officer in the United States army, and stationed at Fort Inge, in Texas. The Tonkowas, the tribe to which I allude, being on good terms with the whites, were allowed to roam about Western Texas, and in the summer of 1854 were camped on the Nueces river, a few miles from the fort I was frequently at their village, and on one occasion, when encamped with a party of soldiers not far off, a returning war-party of the tribe brought in the remains of a Comanche whom they had slain; and the night was made hideous, in a double sense, by the orgies that followed. During the night the entire remains were eaten. principally by the warriors. I do not think that the eating of human flesh was often practiced by them at this time; and even on this occasion it may have been done more as an expression of exultation over a fallen enemy than for the mere satisfying of hunger. But these Indians afterward confessed to me that formerly their tribe habitually fed on human flesh when they could obtain the bodies of their ene

"It seems inconsistent with the facts I have just stated, but it is nevertheless true, that these semi-cannibals were less fierce and bloodthirsty than most of the other wild Indians. They were always on good terms with the settlers, and made common cause with them against the Comanches, Kiowas, and other predatory tribes on the northern border of the state.

"I have often heard from participants in some of these engagements that it was the invariable custom of their Tonkowa allies to have a feast of roasted Comanche after their battles."

Son of An African King.

Among the citizens of this republic there is at least one undoubted son of royalty, says the New York Tribune, in the person of the Rev. William J. Barnet, pastor of the Shiloh (colored) Baptist church, Williamsport, Penn. He is the son of a once powerful African king, Dumba by name. He early came to the conclusion that a trusty trade is a valuable adjunct even to royalty, so he became a river and coast pilot at Sierra Leone, and while thus engaged was converted to Christianity and was baptized in the Atlantic ocean. Then he was kidnapped, and was being brought to New Orleans as a slave when he contrived to escape at Liverpool. From there he went to California, and then back to Liverpool. On his second visit to England Lord Garney became interested in him and had him well educated. In 1862 he visited New York and Philadelphia, and was sent to Sierra Leone as a Baptist missionary. Returning to this country after a year he became pastor successively of churches in Brooklyn, Newport and New Haven. After the war he went to Richmond, and founded a strong church on Navy Hill, the site of the old slave market. After that he preached at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, Lexington, Staunton, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, North

strong and prosperous churches. He has been in Williamsport three years, and has enjoyed remarkable success. He is now only forty-three years of

Leprosy in Wisconsin.

Prominent medical men, among them a number resident in this city, have investigated what at first was considered merely a sensational rumor, and have discovered and noted with concern that leprosy has gained a foot hold in the northwestern portion of the state, where the Norwegian element preponderates, and that its eradication will require much effort. As far as it has been ascertained, the loathsome disease has confined its ravages among the Norwegian inhabitants, but its rapid spread has been viewed with much alarm. A prominent physician of Milwaukee said: "As has been well known for some time, there exists among the Norwegian population of the state a large number of cases of leprosy. In searching the records of the state board of health I cannot find that any effort has as yet been made to stop its spread, or to limit its introduction. At the present time there are four leprous centers in the United States, namely, eastern Minnesota and northwestern Wisconsin, among Norwegians; California among the Chinese, Louisiana, and among the Indians of the northwest. That the disease is spreading among us, and that, too, with comparative rapidity, cannot for a moment be doubted, and it would seem that the time had come for legislation and national action to prevent its future introduction and further spread."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

HERE AND THERE.

Labette county, Kansas, has paid a premium on 45,000 rabbit scalps this

There are still over 4,000,000 acres f public lands in Florida open to setlement in tracts of 160 acres.

It has been discovered by a Mississippian that from sweet potatoes an xcellent quality of sugar can be made.

King Louis of Bavaria, is building a palace which he wants to excel very other royal palace in the world, in every way.

It is believed that 50,000,000 people in the United States to-day drink no more whisky than 35,000,000 did 30 years ago.

A little Alabama girl saw a fog for the first time. "Come, mamma, and see the sky all crammed down to the ground," she cried.

Last year Arizona produced over 17,000,000 pounds of copper. Arizona's output will probably be at least 25,000,000 pounds for 1883.

Twenty years ago most of the clover seed raised for the market was produced in New York and Pennsylvania. At present the older of the Western States supply most of the clover.

A Pennsylvania firm is erecting at Johnson City, Tenn., what is said will be the largest tannery in the world. The building will cover several acres, and the vats will be on an extensive scale. The supply of oak bark is said to be almost inexhaustible in that section of East Tennessee,

The highest Sunday-school in Amerca, if not in the world, has been organized at Hancock, Col., 11,000 feet above the sea. Though the camp is three years old, no Protestant religus service had ever been held there The school starts off with forty mem- the wood.—Nature. bers and hearty pledges from the miners to support it.

From 250 to 300 cats are destroyed Philadelphia by the agent of the Woman's Branch of the City Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals. They are not drowned, but suffocated with charcoal gas. Last year no less than 7151 unhappy cats were thus put beyond reach of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Physicians in Berlin have been giving a deal of attention to the defects of vision among school children. Thousands of children have been examined Many changes and improvements were made in the arrangements of school houses, classrooms, etc. Of late years an aurist has been examining the ears of the children, and has discovered 1393 cases of ear disease among 5905 children.

Competent judges, taking department reports to the government as a basis, estimate the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves in European Russia at 15,000,000 rubles, or about \$12,000,000. To this great sum must be added the value of the wild animals which the wolves kill, the reindeer in Siberia alone representing a high figure. The annual loss of human life is never accurately Danville and Louisa Court House. In known, but in 1875 the police reportall these Virginian towns he built up ed 161 persons killed by wolves.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Incandescent electric lamps are used in the carriage lamps of Baron Rothschild, of Vienna. Storage batteries placed under the coachman's seat are said to be capable of carrying a charge of electricity sufficient to feed the lamps for one hundred hours.

M. Charles Montigny, of Brussels, has noticed that not only does the aurora borealis increase the scintillation of stars-as other observers have noted-but that magnetic disturbances produce the same effect even when accompanied by no visible aurora. The influence is strongest for stars in the north.

Recently one man was taken very ill and another died from the effects of handling poisoned hides. There is no reason why hides should not convey serious and fatal diseases, like clothing Some years ago," says the Scientifle American, "an importer of hides in New York died from the effects of a bite or sting of a fly which inhabited the loft where his hides were stored."

There are reports from several parts of Sweden of a hitherto unknown and very destructive kind of caterpillar which is giving a great deal of trouble to the farmers and anxiety to the whole population. It is gray-brown, with deep gray stripes; its appearance is most common after rain. Its work on the crops has been so serious as to demand the assistance of the government.

The opinion is said to be gaining ground among metallurgists, that whatever mechanical strength is desirable, an alloy is preferable to pure metal. One of the greatest obstru tions to the mechanical value of iron is its tendency to crystallize, the result being the same whether the article be a monster gun or a ship's cable. But this tendency of iron to crystallize may be prevented by the admixture of other metals.

Prof. Proctor asserts that the moon has grown old six times as fast as the earth, a comparison of the masses and radiating surfaces of the two bodies making it evident that the earth's internal heat was originally sufficient to last six times as long as the moon's supply. On the very moderate assumption, therefore, that only twelve millions of years have passed since the earth and the moon were at the same stage of planetary life, this astronomer shows us that sixty millions of years must elapse before the earth will have reached the stage of life through which the moon is now pass-

Japanese Object Teaching.

The teachers at the school for the sons of Japanese nobles in Tokio appears to have hit upon a notable method of teaching physical geography. In the court behind the school building is a physical map of the country, between 300 and 400 feet long. It is made of turf and rock and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities. Ingenious devices are employed in illustrating botanic studies also. For example the pine is illustrated by a picture showing the cone, leaf and dissected flower, set in a frame which shows the bark and longitudinal and transverse sect

Half Worm and Half Snake.

The mountains furnish many strange eekly during the warm season in forms of life which the dry, hot valleys never develop. Old rotten pine logs seem to be the favorite nest of a loath some creature which is half-way between a worm and a snake. It is usually a foot long and nearly an inch in diameter, with a head like a snake, and a clumsy, blunt tail. It is of a dead color, between a dirty green and a brown, without spots or stripes. It is slow of movement, cold and clammy to the touch, and seems to be more of a jelly than bone and muscle. It is regarded as harmless, and the woodsmen pick it up and handle it carelessly .- Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

> Around Gainesville, Fla., the raising and shipping of the turbine squash has become an industry. It finds a ready sale at Boston, and is used al. most exclusively for making pies. In shape it resembles a turbine wheel, whence it takes its name. It has the color of the pumpkin and looks like a kershaw, but is finer and of a more delicate flavor. The vines bear heavily, and continue bearing until about the 1st of August. The prices vary from \$4.50 to \$5 per barrel.

> Montana is paying great attention to boring artesian wells