

To Summer Land.  
My bird has flown to summer land—  
Be still, sad heart.  
O'er stream and forest, field and sand,  
To southern seas of summer land,  
My bird has flown.  
My bird sings on where roses bloom—  
Be still, sad heart.  
Mid orange groves, where grasses plume,  
Far, far south of winter's gloom,  
My bird sings on.  
And I am left 'mid ice and snow—  
Be still, sad heart.  
With heart so cold, ah, none can know  
Save those who wait in land of snow,  
Alone! alone!  
O, happy bird, by summer sea,  
Sing on, sing on,  
And send an echo back to me  
O'er field and forest, stream and sea,  
Of thy sweet song.  
An echo, only this to say,  
Sing on, sing on,  
That, guided by thy song some day  
My chastened soul shall find its way  
To summer land.  
—(New York Observer.)

### THE COUNTESS REIFSKY.

BY EVAN EVANS.

An ugly, muggy, chilly evening, in spite of the fact that it was midsummer; but then I had found that weather in St. Petersburg was not to be depended on. The streets were deserted, save when the death-carts rattled along unmindful of their ghastly burdens. The city clocks had struck ten, and I was hurrying home—or rather to my den—to write my "special" to an American daily. Correspondents' letters are generally built upon a frail foundation of truth, but now, in these cholera times, I could hardly find time, or words strong enough, to depict the horrors I saw on every side. I had delayed writing a little longer than usual, so that I might go more deeply into details, for the benefit of my horror-loving countrymen, and I was in haste. I was obliged to go through that part of the city most infected with the awful plague, where the air seemed reeking with infection, but being pretty well seasoned, I did not mind it very much. As I hurried along I saw, standing under a lamp, whose dim rays shed light but a few feet around it, a woman dressed in white.  
As I passed she stepped forward and said, with a tone of recognition, "I have been waiting for you."  
I paused, and to my surprise recognized my beautiful friend, the Countess Reifsky, the toast of a hundred ball-rooms, who had been flirting with me fast and furiously for some weeks—why I could not imagine.  
With reproof in every accent I exclaimed: "Madame, what are you doing here in this deadly atmosphere, and alone, at this hour?"  
"I have been waiting for you," she repeated, simply.  
"How in the name of wonder did she know I was coming this way when I did not know it myself?" I asked myself.  
I assumed a severe air.  
"You must not stay here."  
"No; I mean to take you with me to the final meeting of a society to which I belong. Tonight we disband, and I want you to be there to describe the affair with your versatile pen to your great American people. You know we Nihilists are so misrepresented. No, you need not shrink away; you will come to no harm. Perhaps you do not enjoy being with a 'suspect.' Tonight the far-reaching grasp of the Czar himself would find it hard to reach me, and I shall place you beyond his power, too. But we must hurry."  
Half reluctant, and wholly fascinated, I allowed her to lead me along through the deserted streets until we came to a small, low building, which showed not a ray of light. Here she tapped softly. The door swung back on noiseless hinges. Along a dimly-lighted hall we went to another door, which opened in the same quiet fashion, and we stood in the dazzle and glitter of a ball room.  
In my business suit I ought to have felt embarrassed, but I did not, for I was too much impressed by the scene before me.  
It reminded me of what I had known in my younger days as "phantom parties," at which youth and maiden draped themselves in sheets. Yet that memory should not have given me a feeling of repugnance, for of those happy days I had the pleasantest recollections. As I looked closer I recognized the fact that these people were masquerading in grave-clothes—mocking the destroyer which held the city in its grasp; and a great horror filled me.  
I heard a low, musical laugh from the woman at my side.  
"Monsieur does not approve of our masquerade? We laugh at death.

Come it in whatever fashion it may, by pestilence or in Siberian mines, we do not fear it. Swift or slow, it matters not to us."  
"Yes, madame; I have heard that you Nihilists, if I must class you among them, care not how swift be the death to which you consign your victims."  
"I see you do not approve of our methods, but you see we know of no other way more honorable. With us the end justifies the means, but when we must send death it is always quick."  
"Not always. Bombs don't always work surely."  
A gleam in my fair companion's eyes warned me I was on dangerous ground, but it was gone almost instantly, and she continued:  
"Now, in the case of the late prime minister—when his fate was sealed, we decided—"  
I caught her arm, not knowing what damaging revelation she might make.  
"Countess, you are insane. In your country walls have ears."  
"Monsieur, these walls are safely guarded. But we miss the music and the dance."  
Never, so long as memory lasts, shall I forget that evening. Noble and art-an met on equal ground. Social distinctions seemed for the time being obliterated. Brain, wit, and a common cause were the passports to this brilliant society. Words were spoken which would condemn a man to Siberia for a lifetime. No one seemed to notice me very much, beyond a courteous recognition, and as I looked among the guests, I saw my brother correspondent and compatriot, John McPherson, who was also clad in a business suit, and who also seemed, like myself, a visitor.  
The hours flew past. I thought somewhat unceasingly of my neglected letter, but could not drag my reluctant feet away from the fascination of the scene.  
The music grew faster, and more weird were the strains. My feet fairly ached to tread to their measure, but something held me back.  
The hour grew late, the lights burned dim, still the dancers kept up their dizzy whirl. The music rose and fell, now wailing, now entreating; I felt I must yield to it. My beautiful countess put her white arm on mine. I felt her warm breath sweep me cheek.  
"Come with me; forget toil and sorrow. Name and fame are worth little. Together we should be forever happy."  
I looked into her great seductive brown eyes, and almost yielded, but before my vision came the little prim-rose-faced girl I had left in a New England village. I saw her as I had bidden her good-by, and I pushed my temptress back.  
The white arm fell, the music stopped with a crash, the decorations faded, the smiling faces vanished—changed in an instant—and with a cry of horror I saw death written on every countenance. I heard a hissing in my ear:  
"When you are racked with pain upon a cholera bed, remember a Nihilist's revenge."  
The floor swam. I turned and fled. At the door I met McPherson. Outside the gray dawn had broken; I turned to see where we were, and I recognized the grim walls of the morgue.  
An hour later Mac and I were counted among the plague victims, hurried to the pest house. I pulled through, almost by a miracle; he, poor fellow, found a nameless grave.  
Some weeks later, when I looked over the piles of papers which had accumulated in my absence, I read the notice of the death of the Countess Reifsky on the 17th of July—the day of my strange adventure.  
I accounted for McPherson and myself being honored to such an extent in this way, because we had both written letters home exposing some Nihilistic plots, and even then I had letters and material enough for another article in my pocket. Hence the revenge.  
I did not tell the little girl at home of her brilliant Nihilist rival. I never like to shatter a faith.—[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.]

#### Interior of the Mormon Temple.

The interior of the Temple has an air of mystery about it. Up to date none but the faithful have been admitted to its sacred precincts, and as none of the inquisitive Gentile reporters are allowed to enter, the newspaper descriptions of the inside are inaccurate, and chiefly the result of the imagination of the ubiquitous scribes. As a matter of fact, there are portions of the interior which are as sacred as was "The Holy of Holies" in the days of the Temple constructed by the wise son of David.

### A LOCUST PLAGUE.

#### A Province in China Devastated by the Insects.

#### Queer Efforts Made by the People to Dispel the Scourge.

The great Province of Kiang-Soo, China, is being devastated by locusts. Consul Jones, at Chin-Kiang, sends the State Department an account of the curious efforts made by the afflicted sections to dispel the scourge. Some of the methods resorted to are as striking as the suggestions offered to the Kansas people when they were suffering from a similar visitation some years ago. When the locusts make their appearance in one of these Chinese districts there is consternation among the unfortunate peasantry, who assemble in the fields with wild clamor and din of gongs, armed with long bamboos with streamers attached, and vainly endeavor to drive off the terrible invaders who are settling down in myriads and devouring their crops before their eyes. Every leaf and twig is covered thick, giving the appearance of some hideous yellow fruit or plant.  
There is a curious and widespread belief among the Chinese in the existence of a "king" locust—"Wang," he is called of colossal size and quasi supernatural character, who hovers invisible in the upper regions of the air, directing and controlling the migrations of the different swarms. At some places the leading officials have publicly sacrificed and made offerings to the king of the locusts in order that he might be influenced to spare their localities.  
"I know of few sights," writes the Consul, "more extraordinary than a swarm engaged in pairing. The air is filled with clouds of locusts drifting, circling, crossing and recrossing, with a faint, whirring noise, and getting on the ground in thousands and couples. The ground is carpeted thickly with them; you cannot make a step without crunching heaps of them under your feet, while thousands more star up in patting volleys against your legs, hands and face."  
The eggs are deposited in holes drilled by the female an inch or more deep in the ground. The time required for hatching depends entirely on the temperature. In hot weather, or the new brood begins to make its appearance at the end of a week. At this stage they are very small, black and active, making extraordinary bounds by means of their muscular hind legs. They are greedy feeders and grow rapidly. By the eighth or ninth day wings have budded and the color begins to change, yellow spots appearing, and in about three weeks or a month they are full grown.  
The destruction, by suitable measures, of this formidable pest, involving, as it does, the prevention of famines, fever epidemics and riots, is a matter of grave public concern. One constantly hears of mandarins losing their buttons and being disgraced as the penalty of remissness or failure to destroy the enemy.  
Consul Jones says the Chinese consider that the visitation of the locusts is a "calamity from heaven, and that there is no help for it." Chinese records chronicle many instances of the appearance and the calamities inflicted by the locusts in former times, but they have no peculiarly effective methods of destroying them. The Government usually issues proclamations ordering out the soldiers and encouraging the farmers to destroy them. The latter are given a bounty for their destruction.  
The soldiers are used against the locusts, with their officers at their head, as against an adverse army in the field. Instead of a gun or a lance, however, each soldier is armed with a coarse hempen bag, attached to a bamboo pole, which, with wide-open mouth, is waved back and forth among the swarms until filled, when they are killed and the action renewed.  
The farmers use large brooms made of bamboo twigs and other bushes, and each armed with this weapon goes forth to slaughter. When killed and collected, they are paid for by weight, which is at the rate of four cents per pound. The locusts' eggs are dug up and paid for on a similar scale.

#### Do Trees "Know"?

It is sometimes hard to understand how the roots or shoots of plants are able to do what they do in their apparent search for water or light, without special consciousness or intelligence; and yet we know they possess no such qualities.  
There are few farmers who have not seen the sprouts of potatoes in their cellars find the way to the knot hole in a board, and extend their growth through it in search for sunlight. The following case, recorded by a California paper, tells what a root did:  
The root of a tree followed the brick casing of a sewer until it reached a high brick wall in which, several feet above the level on which the root was growing, was a small hole leading through to the other side. For this hole the root made a "bee line," passed through it and ran down on the other side, where finally it found the water it sought.  
The questions are asked by the journal which records the case, "How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know of the water on the other side?"  
The answer made by a botanist is a very simple one. The tree did not know anything about the hole or the water, for trees do not "know" anything. But they send out their roots in every direction. Those which find moisture and nutrition grow and thrive; and those which find none die and waste away.  
The root in the case in question was probably turned upward by the wall, so that its discovery of the hole was purely accidental. But once through that aperture its discovery of the water below was perfectly natural.  
The roots of trees do "know"—not for their own consciousness, but as a result of countless ages of growth in their kind—how to push on in the direction of water.—[Youth's Companion.]

#### The Milky Way.

During the last few days Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, has been engaged in photographing in detail the Milky Way. When the plates are finished, which will not be for three years, it is expected that the facts revealed by them will revolutionize the old conceptions of this remarkable phenomenon. The text books declare that the Milky Way probably contains 20,000,000 suns; but Professor Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000, with the certainty that there must be a still larger number which are not visible.—[New York Tribune.]

There are 2754 languages and dialects now spoken.

#### The Soul of Man.

Say, in a hut of mean estate  
A light just glimmers and then is gone,  
Nature is seen to hesitate,—  
Put forth and then retract her paw;  
Say, in the alembic of an eye  
Haughty is mixed with poor and low;  
Say, Truth herself is not so high  
But Error laughs to see her so;  
Say, all that strength failed in its trust;  
Say, all that wit crept but a span;  
Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust.—  
And then say brother—then say man!  
—[Dora Reade Goodale, in Lippincott.]

### HUMOROUS.

The rose that all are praising is now the shade rose.  
It is doubtful if a blind man can possess the prophetic gift; he is no seer.  
Men who never take a stand any, where else frequently have to take one in a street car.  
He—I think Miss Trill would make an excellent sailor. She—Why? He—She likes to venture on the high C.  
Is Miss Trip a girl of means? Phipps—Yes, but what I am trying to discover whether it is yes or no she means.  
This difference still lingers  
Among women in all lands:  
The rich ones ring their fingers  
And the poor ones wring their hands.  
What nonsense it is to say a man is inclined to be bald. When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.  
Clipper—I often hear people speak about slow poisons. Do you know what they are? Lipper—Yes, meals served at the average boarding house.  
Friend—Going to try for a prize essay this term, Sawyer? Medical Student (lowering his voice)—Sh! Yes. Got a man hunting a subject for me already.  
Miss Hart—Which do you think is usually the sillier, the bride or the groom? Mr. Oldbatch—The groom, of course. That's how he happens to be a groom.  
Engagement times will soon be here, and now the prudent lover endeavors to get back that ring. That he may use it over.  
He—Deah me, don't you know, Miss Sweetbrier, that when the electric car struck me it knocked me silly? She—Poor fellow, how long ago that must have happened.  
"This chicken," said the boarder timidly. "That is a Plymouth Rock, sir, said the frowning landlady. "Ah! Thank you, ma'am. I knew it was a rock of some kind."  
"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately?" "Perhaps so, father, but his hair is so red that—" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."  
Queer Diet of a Dog.  
Mr. Thomas Morgan, of Kentish Town, wondered for a long time why his garden remained desolate, notwithstanding all the pains and seeds he lavished upon it, and why his neighbor's dog was always so plump and fat, until he discovered the cause and effect to be that the animal was inordinately fond of tulips, hyacinths, orchids, and other flowers, and was in the habit of visiting the floricultural preserves and eating up all the blooms he could reach. He did not care about grass or boxwood, or any of the common sorts, but the moment he saw Mr. Morgan plant a black tulip or a rare orchid his eyes sparkled with the feast in store, and the moment the plant blossomed he devoured it, stalk and all. For three years this went on. The dog was insatiable. He was a kind of walking botanical garden, and still had always an appetite for more. Mr. Morgan dared not kill the dog, because he might be held liable for its value, which, of course, would not be taken at his own appraisal, so he sued Mr. Hall, its owner, in the Bloomsbury County Court, for the damage done to the garden.—[London Telegraph.]

#### One of Nature's Economies.

Birds with long legs always have short tails. Writers on the flight of birds have shown that the only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying and so act as a sort of rudder. Nature is economical and never provides two organs for the same purpose, so when the long-legged birds began to use their legs as steering apparatus nature cut off their tails and made the leg rudder a permanency.—[Globe-Democrat.]

The turquoise was regarded by the Mexicans as a magic stone, and was worn as an amulet.

only in this particular, and in being almost voiceless.  
Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.  
"As thick as the hair on a dog's back" expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on its back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous. Mother Nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity of laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.  
"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long.  
"As cunning as a fox" would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamchatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid, because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.  
The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on but under water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.  
Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is only found in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.  
"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea Islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as any average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.  
Where Is Camp Jackson?  
One gentleman who visited St. Louis this spring after an absence abroad of nearly thirty years asked to be taken to Camp Jackson, where, as he explained, his son was shot during the "late unpleasantness."  
"To tell you the truth, I really don't know where Camp Jackson was," his guide explained. "I have lived here a good many years, and heard Camp Jackson spoken of repeatedly, but never had the curiosity to inquire as to its exact location."  
"I can find it easily enough," was the reply. "It's in the woods on the Olive street road, five or six blocks west of the old city limits at Nineteenth street."  
"There are no woods on Olive street within four or five miles of Nineteenth street," the guide promptly explained, "and if you are right as to location, Camp Jackson is the site of some of the best residences in St. Louis, with several merchant millionaires residing in them."  
Inquiries proved that the visitor knew more about the topography of the city than his guide, for what was Camp Jackson during the war is now a thickly-settled residence-section, three or four miles east of the city limits, and with tens of thousands of houses beyond it.—[Lippincott's.]

#### Whale-Oil Crullers.

Somebody mentioned crullers. "Well, I reckon you never tasted real crullers," said an old follower of the sea. "In the days when whales were plentiful and great rivalry existed between the New Bedford sailors it was customary for the captain of a vessel to offer his crew a barrel of flower, about twenty pounds of sugar and a barrel of oil out of the first whale caught. How that prize used to make the old salts work! And when they got the whale the cook was called in and there were crullers all you couldn't rest. Never tasted whale-oil crullers, you say? Then you never will. The whale business is almost done for. Whales are getting scarcer every year. They had no protection, and man has nearly exterminated them.—[New York Tribune.]

#### A Small Dividend.

"I hear your venture on the Stock Exchange was not very successful. Didn't you get anything out of it?"  
"Oh, yes, I got experience and the sympathy of my friends."  
The earliest library was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Every book was a brick engraved with cuneiform characters.

odd facts about beasts and birds. Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being also among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost the power of flight, it differs from the rest of the family