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EMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face,
Those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart
Which, through weary years;
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

HIS RIVAL!

It was the time when lilies blow.

The pearl-grey clouds were sailing and piling themselves lazily above, and behind these were "depths beyond depths" of clearest azure.

The crickets chirped drowsily among the drooping grasses, now and then a bird uttered a faint protest against the heat, and dropped into silence again.

Dell Irving tripped down the garden-path with its fringes of feathery ferns and pale, sweet-faced violets.

She was looking as cool as if the day were filled with delicious sea breezes.

The golden hair, piled on the dainty head in the indescribable manner fashion dictates, was shaded by a huge chip hat.

What a picture she made, as, scissors in hand, she stood and contemplated the sweetly-blooming flower-beds before her, filled with their old fashioned favorites, as well as newer, rarer flowers.

A small, yet perfectly formed young girl her every action and gesture a poem in itself, so unconsciously graceful was it.

But when you noticed the pretty arch mouth, you were somehow compelled to believe that Miss Dell was not quite so innocent as she looked, and that she had a will of her own, if she only chose to use it.

Another figure flitted up the garden-path—that of a young man, tall, dark stalwart and handsome.

The "dark, dark eyes" lit up when he saw Dell, and he waved his hand gaily to her.

"Isn't it warm to-day?"

Rick said this with a profoundly wise look, as if afraid Dell might not yet have discovered the fact.

Then he fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"Do you really think so?" with sarcasm. "Why, I was laboring under the mistaken impression that it is rather cool. I'm glad you came to undeceive me," gratefully.

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Rick Anderton severely.

Then—"Won't you give me a flower, Dell?"—with an insinuating smile.

"Here is the 'last rose of summer,'" said Dell, cutting the "last rose" off its stem with a vicious snip of the scissors. "Its rather faded and old, but, of course, you don't mind," in a tone impossible to translate.

"No, indeed," said Rick provokingly, while Dell pinned it to the lapel of his coat. "Of course I don't mind if it is a trifle faded."

He was looking straight into Dell's eyes as he said it, and as he was her lover, Dell took an unfair interpretation of this last remark.

"Dell, where did you get that ring?"

Rick Anderton took Dell's snowflake of a hand in his own great, strong one, and gazed at it, a frown, half playful, half real, in his eyes.

"Oh, somewhere!" said Dell, in a manner as exasperating as it was vague.

"But which one do you mean, Rick? This one? Why, you gave it to me. Don't you remember?"

"I don't mean that one," said Rick, the frown in his eyes growing more ominously dark, the playful expression entirely gone.

"This one, then? Aunt Belle gave it to me on my last birthday.

"You've seen it ever so many times before, I'm quite sure."

"I don't mean that one!"

And Rick's voice was so harsh, and stern and jealous that Dell almost skipped out of here dainty slippers.

Dell heaved a reluctant sigh.

There was only one ring left—a delicately-chased gold one—so she supposed she would have to tell him all about it.

She meant to teach him a lesson, though, for being so jealous without a cause.

"This," she began, with a charming, as well as exasperating, air of reluctance, "er—Jim sent me yesterday. Isn't it too lovely?" gazing up at him with those bewitching blue eyes.

Rick made no reply, but held her hand tightly crushed in his own, displeasure and pain in his eyes.

"You hurt me, Rick," said Dell plaintively, gently essaying to withdraw her hand.

She was rather enjoying the scene, but she had no intention of permitting her hand to be broken to bits.

With an impatient gesture, Rick dropped it.

"Who is Jim?" he said abruptly.

"A dear old friend of mine, Rick!" with enthusiasm. "I only wish you knew Jim. You would be perfectly delighted with ——"

"I beg leave to differ with you," said Rick freezingly, "I would not be delighted with him.

Dell looked snubbed.

"But isn't the ring pretty?" she said at last, holding it up tantalizingly. "And see what's engraved on it."

"To Darling Dell, from Jim."

As Rick read, the passionate jealous pain at his heart became almost unendurable.

He dared not trust himself to speak, so he turned abruptly on his heel, and strode rapidly down the garden path.

Dell laughed, though just a little uneasily.

"He will come back to-night," she thought, "to ask to be forgiven for doubting me, and then how he will laugh when he knows all about it."

But the lovely blue eyes were a trifle clouded for all that when she returned to the house laden with flowers.

Aunt Belle noticed the cloud, and said—

"What is the matter with Rick Anderton, Dell? He walked away as if racing for a wager."

"Oh, he got mad!" said Dell, delightfully vague, as was her wont.

"'The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel!'" laughed Aunt Belle, resuming her book without giving further thought to the matter.

She was quite accustomed to Rick's and Dell's little squabbles, and did not imagine that this was anything more serious than usual.

But Rick did not come back that evening nor the next; and Dell become uneasy, and then righteously indignant.

What a fuss Rick made about nothing, on account of jealousy and ill-temper.

Why couldn't he have waited for an explanation, instead of starting off in such a huff?

Well, she was glad to get rid of him, and hope it was for good and all.

But for all that, Dell did not feel quite happy.

If only Rick were not so inclined to misjudge her.

Glad news!

Jim Harper was coming on a visit that very afternoon, and Dell was to be at the station at two o'clock, with her pony phaeton.

She made herself look very bewitching in a light summer dress, with great, goldenhearted pansies at her throat and in her belt.

She was radiantly happy.

How nice it would be to see dear old Jim again!

After all, this world was a very glad world to live in, in spite of the jealous Ricks who tried to moke it so unhappy.

Rrick Anderton was at the station, lounging about with a dissatisfied and and not altogether happy look on his face.

As the train came up, shrieking and puffing, Dell flitted past him without even a nod of recognition, and gazed delightedly at one of the windows.

There were not many passengers bound for this sleepy village, but among them was one dainty brunette, who threw herself rapturously into Dell's arms.

Rick stared in astonishment.

He had heard, as naughty Dell well knew that a certain Jim Harper was about to pay a visit to Mrs. Belle Irving, and he had haunted the station in order to find out what sort of a looking fellow this Jim Harper was.

He found out at last.

"Jemima Harper—dear old Jim—how delighted I am to see you again!" gushed Dell rapturously, taking good care to speak loud enough for Rick to hear every word.

And then she and her old school-friend drove away, while Rick Anderton stood and started after them like one dazed.

I don't think Rick deserved much mercy at Dell's hands, do you?

But when he came to her that evening, so repentant and humble, what could she do but "forgive and forget?"

Rick promised never to be jealous again, and bids fair to keep his word.

Dell was a little sorry, however, that she surrendered so soon, for, as her old schoolmate herself declared—

"Rick would never have found so ready a pardon from Jim!"

Coffee Beans to Order.

"Give me your opinion of these, young man," said the east side grocer, as he spread before the reporter a handful of coffee beans. "They aren't very regular in size, are they? Now compare them with these, and tell me which you think are the better."

The grocer placed a second handful alongside of the others. The two lots were of the same dark color, and at a little distance away presented no very marked difference. Closer inspection showed that while the coffee beans first shown were not all of the same size, the second handful were of extraordinary regularity, the beans being very plump and large."

"I know what you are going to tell me, and at first glance any one would say so. Your opinion is that the last lot is the best, isn't it? Well, the difference between the two batches is that those which I showed you first are a fair lot of coffee beans, while the others aren't coffee at all, and never grew on a coffee bush."

"What kind of a bush did they grow on?"

"No bush at all. They are a manufactured article. You need not look as if you didn't believe it, for it's a fact on which you may safely risk your last dime. They are nothing more or less than imitations, made out of dough, and browned up to resemble the true coffee. They are made in moulds and baked afterward. Each one is almost perfect in shape, and all alike. You won't find genuine coffee beans to have such regularity."

"They look all right, but it strikes me that no one would mistake the beverage made from them for coffee."

"You are wrong again, young man. No respectable grocer would be foolish enough to give any customer who buys a pound of coffee a pound of the imitation. No, indeed. They mix it in the proportion of four or five of coffee to one of the imitation. Nobody examines each bean. You hear persons complaining of bad coffee all the time. 'I'm sure I can't tell how it is,' says the housekeeper; 'I buy the coffee in the bean and grind it myself. I am sure it is not adulterated.'

"You see, the grocer can mix chicory with ground coffee, but when coffee is bought in the bean something's got to be done. Some brilliant mind got over the difficulty by making coffee beans to order."

Recreation for the Million.

It is not given to every one to cross the ocean and make the tour of Europe; to revel in the halls of dazzling light of New port or Saratoga; to repair to the sea-side or the mountain top, and there for five dollars a day to drink in the life-giving air. The spirit may be willing but the means are wanting. And yet the same need for recreation exists in the life of those of moderate means as in those of the rich. This larger class, however, will be glad to know that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company proposes to continue during the season of 1883, its popular daily excursions between Jersey City and Newburgh, a route furnishing many objects of interest, and an infinite variety of scenery. The magnificent steamer, Richard Stockton, under the command of Captain Lawrence F. Frazee, will leave the Pennsylvania Railroad docks, Jersey City, every morning at 9 a. m., (excepting Thursday at 9:30 a. m.) and arrive at Jersey City on the return trip about 6:30 p. m. This steamer is substantially built, fully equipped and with a capacity for 2500 passengers. On the route such points of interest as Weehawken, Ft. Lee, Yonkers, the Palisades, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Sleepy Hollow, Stony Point, West Point, Iona Island and Newburgh, with a privilege of remaining at the three last named for a time varying from one to two hours. The tickets are put at very reasonable rates, and we know of no way in which a day can be so pleasantly spent, with a trifling expense as on one of these trips up the Hudson on the Stockton.

Bolognese Customs.

In the Bolognese territory some curious customs prevail. A young man may have courted a young womrn for several years, walking with her home from church, and assisting her in field labors; but he is never allowed to enter her house until he comes for betrothal before the priest. Even after this the girl's father is not supposed to be officially informed of the affair until a week before the marriage is to take place, the bridegroom's father or some one in his stead, goes to ask for the hand of the bride. Her father "plays the Indian," is astonished and reluctant, but at length bestows his conset and they all set out together to buy the marriage gifts, which consist of as much garnet jewelry as the bridegroom can afford, besides several rings. The buying of these things is a fete to the family—the amount of bargaining for them and discussion afterward as to whether they could have been got better and cheaper elsewhere, is something incredible to those who have not heard it. When the bride is dressed for the marriage ceremony, wearing her maiden necklace of coral, the bridegroom is introduced with the arnets in his hand, and asks her whether she will exchange her coral for what he brings. Her new ornamets add the finishing strokes to her attire, which is usually a gay flowered dress and embroidered silk or muslin apron, tied with a broad sash, and a white veil. After the ceromony the husband takes her home, and at the door she finds a broom. Her mother-in-law has designedly left the dust thick on a table or on the floor, if the bride does not notice it, it is a sign that she is a bad housekeeper; but she is usually warned of this trap, and falls to sweeping w th the convenient broom. It is very necessary that she should appease the presiding genius of the house, for no matter how old the sons may be, when they marry, the parents still hold undisputed sway, and as they usually all live together under one roof and at one table, a daughter-in-law's position is by no means an easy one if she is disliked by the heads of the family. She is greatly separated from her own family, in a ceremonial point of view; eight days after marriage she plays them a visit; and then and henceforward she is addressed by them with the formal "you" instead of the tender "thou" to which she has been accustomed.

One Lunar Day.

Let us, in fancy, take such a journey as perhaps the emancipated soul may take, across the abysses of space. We must leave our bodies behind us, and go on the voyage as unclothed spirits go. We swiftly traverse the void, and take our place in the center of the moon's visible hemisphere in the depth of the lunar midnight. We are not wrapped in complete darkness; a silvery earth-light illuminates such a landscape as Dante might have added to his pictures of the Inferno. We are camped upon a rugged plain of glassy basalt and scoria. To the westward, the prodigious volcanic masses of Copernicus rise twelve thousand feet above us, and to the northward the view is bounded by the great wall of the Apennines, rising to Andean heights. They are not forest-clothed or snow-crowned. We see only basaltic needles and columns, and enormous vertical precipices of glassy obsidian, standing unchanged and immovable from age to age—for here is no wind nor rain, nor any active agency capable of disturbing the deathly stillness and repose. No stream gnaws at the base of the tremendous precipices; no cloud rests upon their summits; no sound ever reverberates from mountain to mountain. Under our feet the floor of lava seems to rest upon insecure foundations. Vast clasms and crevices, of inconceivable depths and filled with a mysterious darkness, traverse the plain. We seem to be lost spirits—sole survivors of some awful doom, dwelling upon the burnt-out cinders of a floating planetary hell, now dead and frozen to its heart. We look upward and see a fairer vision—one of planetary life. In the center of the black dome above us, unchanging in its place except as it sways imperceptibly northward and southward in a slight vibration, we see, as vast and bright as its equator the great cloud-ring is revealed as a zone of dazzling whiteness; and cloud-masses are floating everywhere, yet not wholly concealing fifteen full moons, our familiar earth. Around are the well-known outlines of the continents. The earth has no secret to hide from us, as the moon hides one of its hemispheres from the earth. As we look upward we perceive a steady rotation, the continents marching past in panoramic succession. As Asia vanishes upon the eastern rim, America rises upon the western; the polar ice-caps shine with a splendid white light. The earth remains fixed in our zenith, but the stars march past it in an endless flow. The milky way, the constellations of the zodiac, the planets in their order, all sweep by or are hidden for a little while behind the great white orb, which seems to take no part in the endless procession of the universe; it whirls swiftly and visibly on its axis, but never changes its place. But for its slight pendulum swing, it is fixed immovably in mid-heaven. It was well that we left our bodies hidden under the warm, white atmosphere of the earth; the great planet above us has completed more than seven revolutions since the sunlight shone upon our resting-place, and around us is deadly, terrible cold, almost the inconceivable, absolute zero of the interplanetary spaces. The long night slowly wanes as we keep our strange watch. It was lightest at the lunar midnight, for a black shadow is slowly creeping across the earth's splendid white disk. It was a perfect sphere when we first looked upon it, but now it has completed seven revolutions, and is but a hemisphere; half of it has been swallowed by darkness. It is darkest just before dawn; but now a change is coming. There is no dawn light in the sky, but the tremendous spires of the Apennines begin to glitter with an intense bluish-white splendor. The moon's morning is at hand. There is no pomp of preparation, such as we saw on earth; no chariot of Apollo wrapped in gold and crimson clouds, no Aurora opening the gates of day; the glaring blue light is strangely contrasted with the utter blackness of the shadow. Slowly the day gains upon the night, as the illumination creeps downward toward the mountain bases. Suddenly the rim of the sun rises above the eastern horizon; without a moment's preparation, or any gradual transition, we pass from the depths of midnight to the light of the lunar day. The deadly desolation of the landscape is now fully revealed. We see only volcanic ruins, ashes, scoria, hardened lava-flows, the chimneys of burnt-out craters. Not a cloud floats in the heavens; not a water-drop or blade of grass exists upon the plain. There is no atmospheric perspective, no blue veil of air hiding and softening the distant outlines; the hollow cones upon the farthest horizon reveal features as sharp and clear as those of the great mountain at whose feet we stand. The sun shines with a destroying brightness, and the rocks beneath us begin to feel its power, and glow with fervent heat. We look upward, not upon a vault of tender blue, but upon a black abyss, crowded with stars, as in the lunar midnight. The earth still hangs from the center of its black dome, but it has waned to a hollow cadent, and as the sun glides past the light for a little while utterly goes out, but soon begins to kindle again and grow, as the sun sinks toward the west. The earth has made fourteen revolutions since the long day began, and now the sun seems to rest upon the southern slope of Copernicus. The valley is a furnace, seven times heated; the rocks are luminous with a dull red glow. But now the sun goes down suddenly, without a twilight, the earth, immovable in midheaven, is now a hemisphere of soft, splendid whiteness; the fiery light climbs the slopes of the Apennines; and dies upon their highest crest; the glowing heat of the rocks swiftly radiates into space; as the cold gains in intensity the earth-light brightens, till our home orb is once more the perfect sphere of the lunar midnight. Since we pitched our camp a period equal to twenty-nine and a half earthly days has passed, and the evening and morning are one day of the dead world.

Big Dining Rooms.

Speaking of stomachs that are palpable, they have become a feature in New York architecture. A walk up Fifth avenue reveals the fact that new houses have had to bend to the requirements of the era that Carlyle called the age of the belly. Dining rooms may have always had conspicuous attention in the plans for rich men's residences, but never before were they made to intrude upon observation, and to distend the wall lines of otherwise rectangular buildings, exactly after the fashion of that human proof or high regard for good living as is typified in the aldermen of tradition. The famed mansions that have lately arisen along the fashionable thoroughfare seem all to be alike in that one respect. So much extra space has been required for ample and luxurious dining halls that the houses seem to present fat paunches to the public gaze. Starting down from the Central Park, the first new mansion is that of Mr. Frederick W. Stevens, the millionaire lawyer, on the corner of Forty-seventh street. The dining-room extends beyond the great brown-stone palace in an annex almost as long and tall as the main building. It is equipped with a rare treasury of heavy plate, delicate china and filmy glass, and the carved hardwood furniture and row of odd candelabra are not surpassed elsewhere, but the main feature of the room is the collection of Moorish saddle-bags of embossed leather that pad the walls. They are the millionaire's pride. He collected them in long journeyings through Spain and Morocco. The dining-room in the new house of Mr. Kemp, the man who made millions in Florida water, is an exception to the rule as far as the manner of its construction goes, for it is like ordinary ones—a mere room in the house. But it is the costliest and biggest of all the rooms. Its ceiling is made of sheets of lustrous stamped brass. All three of the new Vanderbilt houses expose their dining-rooms after the abdominal fashion. It will not be deemed an oversight if the opportunity for the thousandth description of these gorgeous apartments is not here embraced. Perhaps the best examples of the new protruberant order of dining-room construction are seen in the grand houses that the sons of the old Huguenot land monopolist, Peter Goelet, have just moved into on the corner of Forty-ninth street and the corner of Forty-eighth street. These houses are exceedingly quiet in outward effect, but as markedly rich within. In each the dining-room is extended into a conservatory projection beyond the house. The dining-rooms proper are finished in the French style, in white, paneled with gilt molding, inclosing oil paintings on canvas, ordered from the most conspicuous artists in Paris and in London. The effect of leaving one end of these rooms open so as to allow the tropical display of huge-leaved plants and gaudy flowers in the glass-roofed conservatories to form an indefinite fourth wall, and permitting the concealment of an orchestra on great occasions, is exceedingly pleasing.

Leaves.

The leaf is the essential and really active part of the ordinary vegetal organism; it is at once the mouth, the stomach, the heart, the lungs and the whole vital mechanism of the entire plant. Indeed, from the strictest biological point of view every leaf must be regarded as to some extent an individual organism by itself, and the tree or the herb must be looked upon as an aggregate or colony of such separate units bound together much in the same way as a group of coral polypes or the separate parts of a sponge in the animal world. It is curious, therefore, that so little attention, comparatively speaking, should have been given to the shapes of the foliage in various plants.

"The causes which have led to the different forms of leaves," says Sir John Lubbock, have been, so far as I know, explained in very few cases." Yet the origin of so many beautiful and varied natural shapes is surely worth a little consideration from the evolutionary botanist at the present day, the more so as the main principles which must guide him in his search after their causes are simple and patent to every inquirer. The great function of a leaf is the absorption of carbonic acid from the air, and its deoxidation under the influence of sunlight. From the free carbon thus obtained, together with the hydrogen liberated from the water in the sap, the plant manufactures the hydro-carbons which form the mass of its various tissues. Vegetal life in the true or green plant consists merely in such deoxidation of carbonic acid and water, and rearrangement of their atoms in new forms, implying the reception of external energy, and the external energy is supplied by sunlight.

—Remains of a mastodom and a number of curious bones belonging to various other animals have been found near a salt mine at New Iberia, La. Among them were some fossil teeth of horses, and they have been presented to the Yale College Museum.

General Crook in Mexico.

General George Crook, commandin the Department of Arizona, is about to march into Mexico with a force of Indian scouts and a company of regular cavalry, there to co-operate with the Mexican troops in the endeavor to exterminate the hostile Apaches, who have lately been devastating the border. It is further asserted that, in accordance with the suggestion of General Sherman, the senior Mexican officer present will command all the troops of both countries which operate south of the boundary and the senior American officer those that may operate north of it or on the United States side.

This expedition marks an era in the military history of this country and a new departure in its international affairs. To have said ten years ago that American troops would one day conduct an Indian campaign under a Mexican officer would have seemed a wild prediction; and a like prophecy in regard to Mexican troops serving under an American officer would almost have presupposed the preliminary of annexing the Rio Grande States, or Sonora. Specially worthy of note is the total change of diplomatic policy on this subject which has taken place within three years. Early in President Hayes' Administration the question of repressing the plundering and murdering raids of Indians on the Mexican border came up. The main scene of cattle-stealing and scalping was then the Lower Rio Grande, and the criminals were Lipans and Mescaleros, who made a practice of crossing into Texas. Instead of inviting or accepting the co-operation of Mexican troops in checking these raids, their proffers of aid were rejected, and intimations were expressed in official dispatches from Washington that either municipal authorities in the Mexican river towns or some of the inhabitants were in collusion with these thieves, and that without their aid or convenient negligence the raids would not be possible. Acting on this theory, against the indignant complaints of Mexico, and with an airy disdain of her pleading that her express treaty guarantees were violated, the War Department directed General Ord to send his troops upon Mexican soil in pursuit of raiding Indians when on a hot trail. And it is a matter of history that United States troops, of all three arms, did frequently intrude upon Mexican territory without permission and against protest.

The abandonment of this policy seems to have been due to the logic of events. Mexico, having the good sense to perceive that she could not afford to be drawn into a boundary quarrel with her powerful neighbor, especially while filibustering designs upon Chihuahua and Sonora were rife, exercised great self-restraint and took care to avoid all possibility of conflict between her troops and ours. But she did more. Not only did every expedition of our troops into Mexico totally fail, but some of the reservation Indians in New Mexico and Arizona broke out, and, after committing great ravages on the American side of the line, crossed over the border into Mexico and continued their devastations there. The Mexican forces of General Trevino had meanwhile, in several combats, almost annihilated the Lipans and Mescalero thieves, so securing to the Texas ranches the almost complete tranquility which they have now enjoyed during four years. The Mexicans, both volunteer militia and the regular army, next turned their attention to the various bands of Apaches that had escaped from the United States, and they overwhelmed in successive years the bands of Victorio and Nana, killing both of these famous leaders. At last the Washington Government abandoned the theory that Mexican communities fostered these common pests of the border, and the War Department rescinded its order sanctioning and commanding the armed invasion of Mexico. The latter country was then invited to help to destroy the hostile Apaches on the Arizona frontier, but it refused to allow its own troops to cross the line, or to approve of the presence of our troops upon its territory except under an express treaty such as should befit two friendly countries.

The result was an agreement, made in July of last year, providing for the reciprocal crossing of the international boundary line "in the unpopulated or desert parts" by the troops of the two countries "in pursuit of savage, hostile Indians." By a modification subsequently agreed upon in September last it was stipulated that the convention was to remain in force until the 18th of August next, though terminable by four months notice. It is under this treaty, which prescribes the conditions of crossing, that General Crook's campaign becomes possible. There never has been any doubt that the boundary should not be a barrier to check pursuit of Indian thieves and murderers; yet never until now has a creditable mode of surmounting that barrier been effected. The former plan of violating the territory of a weaker neighbor, without conceding to her a mutual right, was disreputable, but under the present friendly plan of co-operating there is good hope of permanently subjugating the hostile Apaches and securing peace to the border.

A New Form of Madness.

The men who patrol the cemeteries after the sun has gone down are armed with pistols and clubs, and are generally accompanied by trained and savage bloodhounds. In addition to these external and tangible means of defense they must be gifted with rare and peculiar mental organization. So many men have lost their reason through watching graves at night that persons in that position have come to believe that they risk lapsing into a state of melancholia perfectly distinct from any other form of insanity. Sextons and grave diggers call the affection "tombstone madness."

A startling realization of this fact was telegraphed throughout the country recently. It was announced that several of the soldiers who do sentry duty day and night at the tomb of Garfield, amid the dreary solitude of Lake View Cemetery, near Cleveland, have become insane. Anything or any device is used by the men to get away from the ghostly muster of tombstones or the dark array of mounds. An old watchman at Glenwood Cemetery explained this to a reporter recently by saying that in all probability the soldiers detailed at the grave were not picked. "Take half a dozen men from any walk of life," he continued, "and place them at night to watch graveyards, and the chances are that in a short time five of the six will feel like retiring permanently to a lunatic asylum."

"If a man wants to enter this profession and be a success at it he must be about as impressionable as brick and mortar. If he has the least bit of imagination he had better abandon the business, for when the moon is obscured by clouds and he is walking about a cemetery, shivering from his heels upward, he will mistake tombstones for ghosts. He will think that the owls, as they whiz past his ear with their mournful hoot, are unquiet spirits come to haunt the receptacles of the bodies which they once permeated. When the noise of his footsteps makes the rats disappear with a rustling sound into little thickets of evergreens he will start and grasp his weapon. The very whine of his dog will make him feel nervous, and bit by bit his reason will become impaired."

"I could give you some sad reminiscenses of people who watched graveyards," said one of the oldest watchmen at Laurel Hill Cemetery, in a strange, solemn tone. Then, half jestingly, he added: "But they're buried in the past, and it's my business to let what's buried remain so." He did not mind telling one story, however. "I used to work in a Brooklyn cemetery before I came to this city, he began. "It was there that the terrible scene which I shall speak of occurred. We wanted an assistant night watchman very badly, but none of the persons who presented themselves could endure staying up with the graves for more than two or three nights each. At last there came an unfortunate man whose health seemed shattered by overwork and privation. It was his last venture. He had tried to get employment everywhere without result and his wife and children were suffering. We took him on. I don't think I shall ever forget his face the morning after his first night in the graveyard. He said he had endured unheard-of agony, but was hopeful of getting over it in time. The following night was dark and windy. Rain came down in torrents and there were flashes of lightning every few minutes. At about 1 o'clock the head watchman heard a low cry; there was a sound of running feat, followed by the report of a pistol. A search was made and the unfortunate man was found lying on his back across a grave dead. There was a small hole in his temple, and his own revolver, one barrel of which was empty, lay three feet away, where he had flung it, imbeded in the ground. It was certain that some fearful creation of the imagination had so terrified him that he took his life to escape from it."

When the old man had finished this narrative he was silent for many minutes. He sat perfectly still, with a vacant look, and allowed bright tears to chase each other down his cheek. Suddenly he made a brisk motion and forcibly forgot the subject of his narrative. "There are amusing things sometimes," he said, speaking at first with an effort. "A short time ago a man was put to work at night in a cemetery not far from here. He strolled around in an affected indifferent way, whistling tunes dear to his countrymen. In the course of his rambling he tumbled bodily into a newly-made grave, and a lot of loose earth feel on him when he reached the bottom. He struggled wildly, and in about an hour and three-quarters managed to get out, screaming lustily that the devil had dug a grave and tried to bury him in it. With a single bound he cleared a four-foot fence, rolled down a forty-foot hill, and that's the last of him, for no one about here ever set eyes on him again, dead or alive. He must have gone back to Ireland, for he wasn't hurt at all. Some practical jokers once tried to scare a watchman, a friend of mine. It was immense fun—for the watchman. They got into the cemetery disguised as body-snatchers, and pretended to be opening graves. There were three individuals. One got seven buckshot in him, the second received five in his leg, and I forget what happened to the third. The only thing that is more dangerous than watching graves is robbing them."

"What is it produces this dreadful melancholia?" asked the reporter.

The old man looked around him mysteriously and added, as he moved away: "I'm not a doctor nor a scholar, but I have my belief that it's the miasma from the graves that poisons the blood and warps the brain. Just see, cool as it is this evening, the vapor is rising—rising." And the old watchman pointed toward the setting sun, against which blazing background a filmy mist could be seen ascending from the ground like the genii from the fisherman's box in the Arabian tale.

Trees in the Northwest.

Economy has led to tree planting on an extensive scale in the North and Northwest. Belts of timber are taking the places of pine fences along the exposed portions of the railroad where some barrier of necessity be maintained against snow drifts. The fences that have been relied upon have to be eight feet high, and, besides costing $800 a mile, need constant attention and repair. Furthermore, the farmers carry off the boards, and the stoutest oak posts snap like pipe stems in a thoroughgoing prairie gale. Trees answer all the requirements much better. The white willow, which grows to a height of twelve feet in four years, has been found to be the cheapest and best, though the box elder, cotton wood, and green ash will serve. The soil must be prepared by harrowing, however, and prairie soil is often so poor as to require two or three years' work. Even then it is said that it is cheaper to use live fences than dead ones. These tree fences are constructed by planting two parallel lines of trees on the side of the tracks exposed to the strongest winds and one line on the other side.

Ancient Dishes.

The British museum has just acquired an interesting collection of thirty-nine silver objects which gives an insight into the daily life of the Babylonians, and reminds us of the discovery of the bird dealer's shop at Pompeii. These objects, which were all found together on the site of Babylon, consists of fragments of silver dishes, the broken handle of a vase and coins, most of the latter being defaced and clipped. It is easy to see that all have been broken purposely by a practiced hand, with the view of using the metal again, and we may fairly conclude that the collection is the remains of a silversmith's or coiner's shop. Among the coins is a Lycian one in good preservation. So far as can be judged from the vase handle and dishes, the art is distinctly Babylonian under Persian influence, and the workshop may date from the conquest of Alexander.

—Matthew Hamilton, a miner of West Lafayette, O., claims to be a survivor of the Light Brigade, which charged at Balaklava.

What Dynamite Can Do.

A "Plot to Blow up London" has been announced; but London is more difficult to blow up than to burn. A couple of hundred weight of nitro-glycerine is a fearful cargo, and would cause tremendous damage. The noise and confusion would strike terror into thousands, and many buildings not actually launched into the air would be thrown into a heap of ruins. A box of gunpowder would be far less terrible in its effects, and yet a large proportion of the energy possessed by the nitro-glycerine would be practically thrown away. That is to say, if all the force appertaining to the nitro-glycerine were presented in the form of gunpowder, much greater ruin would be wrought among surrounding buildings.

Considerable excitement was created in the summer of 1881 by the discovery of sundry "infernal machines" concealed in the cargoes which arrived at Liverpool from America. Each machine was a metallic box fitted with a clock-work arrangement, and containing about two pounds of dynamite. Col. Majendie and Major Ford, in their last annual report under the Explosives act of 1875, state that the experiments which they afterward conducted with one of these machines against a masonry structure "showed that the machines were not nearly so destructive as was popularly supposed." The experiments conducted by Col. Majendie and his colleague, as well as some of earlier date by the Royal Engineer Committee, were considered to prove that "the effect of small charges of dynamite and similar explosives upon masonry structures is essentially local." The results would necessarily vary according to the relation between the charge employed, the strength of the building attacked, the area presented by the structure, and the position selected for the charge. "But," it was added, "any general, or even partial, destruction of a public building or of a substantial dwelling house, could not be accomplished except by the use of very much larger charges of dynamite and similar substances than could usually be brought to bear without attracting observation; and the effect of a single 'infernal machine' containing a few pounds of explosive, would be structurally insignificant." In the explosion at the offices of the Local Government Board the local effect was intense, the stonework close at hand being pulverized, while the general structure of the building stood firm.

Sir Frederick A. Abel observes that the shattering and splitting effect of dynamite upon rock is much greater than that of gunpowder; in quarrying, the rock is not generally thrown off by them to the same extent as by the less violent agent. Dynamite has sometimes been employed to fissure the rock, and afterward large quantities of gunpowder have been poured into the crevices, by the explosion of which enormous masses of rock have been removed. In submarine demolitions it has in like manner been found that when iron-built ships have to be destroyed, the lifting effect of large charges of gunpowder is advantageous in clearing the framework and other parts which have been shattered, but not actually removed, by the more violent class of explosives. It is a curious fact that even gunpowder can be made to approximate in its character to the nitro-glycerine compounds, if it be fired by means of a powerful detonating fuse. If this plan be adopted it becomes no longer necessary for the gunpowder to be closely confined, but it shares with the dynamite class the property of displaying great force when placed merely in contact with the material to be destroyed.

It is this quality of force, independent of confinement, which makes nitro-glycerine compounds so available for evil purposes. The clockwork arrangement is also dispensed with by the use of an acid which is set free to eat its way through a few thicknesses of paper, until it reaches a chemical compound which detonates, and starts the explosive in contact with it. Comparing dynamite and gun-cotton with gunpowder, we are told that "in military operations, where great displacing action is required, gunpowder has the undoubted advantage." This is really what the "dynamite army" would desire in carrying out their designs for the destruction of London. But as the conspirators are obliged to act furtively, they have resorted to a fiercer and less cumbrous agent than gunpowder. If the nitro-glycerine seized by the police in Southampton street was intended to form the basis of one explosion, and if it was arranged that similar quantities should be fired in Southwark and elsewhere, the effect must needs have been tremendous, supposing the fiendish programme to have been successfully carried out. The deafening nature of explosion would itself constitute a moral effect of a very intense description. The smashing of brickwork and masonry, the crash of falling buildings, and the general uproar and confusion, would create a scene of the most fearful nature, inevitably accompanied by an extensive sacrifice of human life. Yet even 200 weight of nitro-glycerine, despite its terrible energy, would fail to accomplish all the desolation which writers have generally predicted concerning it.

Chilian Exploration.

The Chilians have several thousand men at work in the province of Araucania, and the latest result of explorations is the discovery of the site of the ancient city of Villarica. The ruins are now thickly studded with full grown oaks, and among them are traced streets which were fully one mile in length and which had been divided into blocks 100 yards square, as was customary in most of the cities founded by the Spaniards. The city had been surrounded by a wall, which is yet in a fair state of preservation from three to six feet from the ground—a sufficient defence in former days against any ordinary Indian attack. Tiles were found which have hardened to the consistency of stone. In the vicinity there is a very extensive lake, in which an island is situated which is reported to be swarming with the descendants of the domestic animals belonging to the Spaniards who were here sacrificed by the victorious Araucanians, who took the city after a siege of over two years. All the districts now being explored—and notably that surrounding Villarica—abound in mines, which returned large sums during the Spanish occupancy. These mines will again be worked under different auspices, and will lend their assistance in promoting the rapid settlement and development of Araucania, so long occupied by the scattered bands claiming dominion over it, but which now promises to become one of the richest provinces of Chili.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The yearly product of gold in California is from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

—The lands in Texas, capable of producing sugar, are placed at 1,000,000 acres.

—A little Atlanta boy denounced his snoring brother for "sleeping through his nose."

—During the last ten years we have sold $1,205,804,761 more than we have brought from foreign natons.

—Paris will gain $20,000,000 worth of land by the removal of her city walls which are to come down.

—The reply post cards are regarded as a failure in England because they have not come into general use.

—During the past six months Texas has sold 2,185,000 acres of school land.

—Some of the farmers in San Bernardino county, Cal., are killing birds by placing poisoned apples on trees.

—An Ashland, Ohio, wife recently became the mother of a perfectly healthy babe weighing less than one pound.

—Ex-Secretary Columbus Delano is spending his old age in luxury on his large sheep farm in Knox county, O.

—Internal revenue collections for the San Francisco district for the year ending February 28th, aggregate $3,862,590.

—Light-weight husbands are wondering how David Davis will get to his room at 2 A. M. without making the stairs creak.

—A granite monument is to be erected at Andersonville, Ga., in memory of the Federal soldiers who are buried there.

—There were twenty-two contested seats in the Forty-seventh Congress and it cost the country $100,000 to settle them.

—France in 1873 produced 17,000,000 pounds of cocoons; in 1879 only 11,000,000 pounds, and in 1880 14,000,000 pounds.

—Alexander H. Stephens was worth about $50,000—$20,000 of which he made out of his book, "The War among the States.

—In the United States there is about $46,000,000 of capital invested in paper mills, the annual product being 70,000,000 pounds.

—Ex-Secretary Kirkwood has recovered fully from the effects of his recent accident, and is lecturing in Iowa on "Education."

—Texas now leads the southern states in the production of cotton. The crop of last year will aggregate 1,500,000 bales, worth $75,000,000.

—Gen. Francis A. Walker will deliver the oration at the opening of the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute Fair, in Boston, next September.

—A recent letter from Honolulu, Hawaii, says that King Kalakaua's "Army" consists of 49 soldiers, exclusive of bands and attendants.

—The proprietors of the marble quarry in Hawkins, Tenn., have for the last year been realizing $300 per foot for their marble delivered on the cars.

—The number of hogs packed in Chicago for the year ending March 1, 1883, was 4,223,000, a decrease of 878,000 compared with the preceding year.

—One hundred and sixty active singers and two hundred associate members belong to the Mozart Society and Conservatory of Music of Memphis, Tenn.

—The state of Nevada has for the past sixteen years been collecting a cabinet of minerals, and now has a magnificent collection, over two thousand specimens in all.

—The total amount of 3½ per cent bonds exchanged into 3 per cents. to date is $299,600,400. Of this amount, $8,156,050 have been exchanged since February 1.

—It is asserted that Minnesota contains no less than 10,000 lakes, with an average extent of 300 acres each. These lakes, it is said, cover one-twentieth of the surface of the state.

—The curfew is still rung at many towns in England, and at Ripon a horn is blown at 9 p. m. in memory of the presentation to the city of a horn, still extant, by King Alfred.

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