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NEW EVERY MORNING

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive and forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

HORSE AGAINST LION.

"How I came to be sitting, in very good company, one glorious September evening in the little moonlighted garden of the hotel at Algiers is neither here nor there."

The story-teller was a good-looking man of 50, with beard grayer than his head, and a merry twinkle in his eye. What he said I shall repeat, for the sake of clearness, in the first person, just as he told the story himself:

"The adventure of which I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened to me a good many years ago. It was my first serious interview with a lion. Like most serious things, it had a comic side, too.

"I was a young man then, and had been some half dozen years in Constantine, farming in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I made on board ship coming out from Marseilles

"Our business was corn and cattle raising, and we did very well together until my partner died of a fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my ground into this province, Algiers, push toward the frontier, and get a grant of government land and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition.

I say I, but I should say we, for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

"First there was your humble servant; secondly there was my horse Marengo, and a better never looked through a bridle. He was bred between a Barb sire and an English mare belonging to the Colonel of chasseurs, of whom I bought him in town when his regiment was going home. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of his body was all bone and muscle. His temper was as good as his courage was high; me he would follow about like a dog; but he had one failing, and that was an insuperable objection to the close proximity of anything, except one thing, that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipeds were all very well, but multiply the legs by two, and he let fly immediately, and never missed his aim.

"Such was Marengo.

"Thirdly, there was Cognac, the faithfulest, the most honest, the oddest, and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was more like a terrier than anything else, with a short yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears, and a very short tail. The shrillness of his bark pierced your ears like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if left alone—baffles description. During the fourteen years I had him he seldom left me day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and when tired get up and sit in my wallet. The great pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity he and Marengo were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

"Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground I thought I had decided on a location, and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas eastward into Constantine.

"It was about 8 o'clock one morning, when I had been some two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road ran, on to a sandy plain dotted with bushes and scrub.

"I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck when suddenly he gave a tremendous shy that pitched me clean off.

"The next minute, with a horrible roar, a lion sprang right at his head.

"I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but as Marengo wheeled short round like lightning on his hind legs the streaming reins caught the brute's fore-paw and, as it were, tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, but the throat-lash broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away among a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse that he paid no attention to me lying defenceless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground, he pursued Marengo whom I gave up for lost—for his chance against the lithe brute among the trees seemed hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across. In the center of this Marengo took his stand with his tail toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulder, watching him.

"He stood quite still, except for the slight shifting of his hind feet and lifting of his quarters, which I knew meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so too. For he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his game, and pivoting on his fore-legs still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon with a roar, the lion made his spring, but Marengo lashed out both heels together, with such excellent judgment of time and distance that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all of a heap to the ground, where he lay motionless. Then with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels away he galloped through the grove out on to the plain and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead or at any rate quite hors de combat, and was just running to pick up the bridle and follow Marengo, when he sat up on his haunches. This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and mouth half open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eye and changed expression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The outermost tree was large and low-branched. To it I ran and up it I scrambled, and had just perched in a fork about fifteen feet above terra firma, as the lion arrived at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red-hot coals for eyes, his long nervous tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body turned to wire, and his great paws protruded, he chattered at me as a cat chatters to a bird out of reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering he stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, smelled it, patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket-pistol, double-barreled, and what in those days we called a breech-loader, that is, the barrel unscrewed to load, and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball—but for a lion! Besides, the beast was too far off.

"Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Cognac?

"I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him it would, I knew, be soon all over with the poor little fellow.

"All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful and familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking Cognac's voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long-drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the deuce was he?

"The lion appeared utterly astonished, and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when from some hole among the roots of the tree there popped a small yellow head with long ears.

"'Down, down, Cognac!' I cried in my agony; go back, sir!

"A cry of delight, cut short by a piteous whine, was his reply, as he spied me, and then, dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked defiantly.

"With a low growl and ruffling mane the beast charged at the little dog.

"Back went Cognac into his cave as quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for Cognac!

"But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was plain he was either well round a corner or that the hole was deep enough for his safety.

"All the same, to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that was more than I could stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his bloodshot eye. He shook his head, and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded back.

"Cognac immediately shot forth his head and insulted him with jeering barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again, and after a bit he lay down further off and pretended to go to sleep. Cognac barked at him till he was tired, and then retired into his castle.

"Reloading, I found I had only three bullets left, and concluded to reserve them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile the time I smoked a pipe or two, sang a song, and cut my name, Cognac's, and Marengo's on the tree leaving a space for the lion's, which I determined should be Wellington.

"I wished he would go away.

"Having some milk in my bottle I took a drink, and should have liked to have given some to Cognac.

"The lion began to pant, with his red thorny tongue hanging a foot out of his mouth. He was as mangy and disreputable a looking brute as I ever saw.

"By and by he got up and snuffed the air all round him, and then, without as much as looking at me, walked off and went deliberately down the road.

"Slipping to the ground, I caught up Cognac, who had crept out directly, and, after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. That light green foliage—willows, water! Had the cunning brute sniffed it out?

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a branch. The lion disappeared round the bushes. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave Cognac a drink of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of course it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only 200 yards' start in any number of miles. The tree was better than that.

"All the same, he was a long time; perhaps he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head around the corner again, making straight for us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed Cognac and threw a bit more cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch, Cognac retired growling into his fortress, and the beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before.

"He looked quite cool and comfortable, and had evidently had a good drink.

"Another hour, and he was still there.

"While I was wandering how long he really meant to stay, and if I was destined to spend all night on a bough like a monkey, and on very short commons, he got up, and walking quitely to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound, sprang up at me with all his might.

"He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance.

"His coup having failed, he lay down right under the branch I was on, couching his head on his paws as if to hide his mortification.

"Suddenly the thought came into my mind: Why not make a devil and drop it on his back? I dismissed it as ridiculous, but it came again. As we have all, including our English friend here, been boys, you know what I mean—not a fallen angel, but the gun-powder devil.

"Good! Well, it seemed feasible—I would try it.

"I had plenty of powder in my little flask, so pouring some into my hand, I moistened it well with spittle and kneaded away until it came out a tiny Vesuvius of black paste. Then I formed the little crater, which I filled with a few grains of powder, and set it carefully on the branch.

"My hand shook with excitement; I could hardly hold the flint and steel, but I struck and struck—the tinder ignited—now Vesuvius!

"Whiff, whizz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plumb on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not seem to know what had happened; then with an angry growl up he jumped and tore savagely at the big fiery flea on his back, which sent a shower of sparks into his mouth and nose.

"Again and again he tried, and then raved wildly about, using the most horrible leonine language, and no wonder, for the devil had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a hundred hornets. His back hair and mane burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror.

"Then he went stark, staving mad, clapped his tail between his legs, laid back his ears, and rushed out of the grove at twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the ravine.

"Almost as mad as the lion with joy, and feeling sure he was gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as hard as I could with Cognac barking at my heels. By and by I had to pull up, for the sun was still very hot, but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for Marengo, who would not, I knew, go very far from his master. Presently I spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and whinnying with delight, he trotted up and laid his head on my shoulder.

"In my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end round his nose, and, catching up Cognac, mounted and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

"There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, and by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our suppers goes without saying. And that, gentlemen, is my story."

We agreed it was wonderful.

Conjurers' Tricks.

Mechanical pistols, not permitting examination, in which the projectile drops into a secret chamber by the action of springs on the pulling of the trigger, will be beneath the consideration of the true artist, as well as being dangerous in the highest degree. The mode of performing this surprising trick at the present day is as follows: One member of the audience places in the pistol or rifle—an ordinary one—a charge of real powder; a second is asked to choose and privately mark a real bullet from a box of such, which he himself drops into the barrel, and a third rams the whole tightly down with a ramrod, either retaining possession of the weapon from that moment, or passing it to some one else. But in the act of moving from No. 1 to No. 2—that is to say, between the introduction of the powder and the ball—the performer, while calling general attention to, and laying great stress upon the circumstance that three or four people take part in loading, and not one only, who might be a confederate, slips into the barrel a little tube about an inch in length, which slides down to the charge, and afterwards receives the bullet. This tube, closed at one end, is of just such a size, shape, and color as to fit on the end of the ramrod, and be brought away with it without being noticeable. It is disengaged by the wizard, and the ball secured as he walks back to the stage, and is put inside the lips in readiness in the very act of showing that the mouth is empty.

The great difficulty which occurs in the execution of this feat is to induce the casual spectator to take deliberate aim at one's face; so impressed is he, as a rule, that the weapon he holds is genuinely loaded, that he hesitates to let fly at the performer, and will rather let fly in the air. This, of course, spoils the effect altogether, unless the conjurer has presence of mind enough to pretend to catch the bullet as it falls.

Houdin, who was pre-eminent for neatness and finish, used to conclude this trick by making a long palaver about the mysterious properties of lead in extracting vital essences from the body; then firing the bullet himself at a white-washed wall, and producing thereon a splash of red, the ball having been exchanged this time for a hollow shell of black wax filled with a blood-colored liquid.

Only a short time ago a son of the famous Houdin executed in Paris a very pretty little trick. Coming forward on the stage as the curtain rose, he made an amusing introductory speech, with much characteristic gesticulation, hand extended and shoulders shrugged up to his ears; then he breathed on his gloves, and presto! they vanished. The gloves—I got it from him afterwards—had no backs to them, and were secured only by the tips of the fingers, which barely covered the nails; a piece of strong elastic ran in a hem round the margin of each and kept them in position, the end passing up the sleeve, to be attached to the back of the vest. A slight flexure of the fingers, therefore, freed them, and caused them to fly away with lightning rapidity; but everything depended on the palms being alone exposed, Frenchmanlike, all the time. Address is more than half the battle which the magician has to fight single handed with the army of watchful eyes which encompass him.

A good story was going the rounds of the papers some months ago to the effect that Hermann, while on the River Plata, was giving a private representation before the Patagonian chiefs, and, though exerting his wonderful abilities to the utmost, was somewhat annoyed at the stoldity, and apparent lack of surprise with which they received the marvels displayed. Showers of gold and packs of cards were made to fall from their ears and noses, dozens of eggs from their pockets, and live canaries from their hair, and still they sat on undismayed. At last, after the entertainment was over, it was discovered that one of them had abstracted a valuable gold watch from the Professor's pocket while the latter was disengaging a miraculous fowl from the savage breast; and that the untutored mind of another had led him to improve the occasion by annexing a handkerchief and pencil case.

Whatever makes men happier makes them better.

The Wealth of Peru.

The population of Peru is a curious mixture. In the interior the best type of Indians predominates. In all settled places along the coast we find half-breed Spaniards, mixtures of negroes, Chinese and white people—a people having the vices of every nationality and the virtues of hardly any. The Incas or Indians still preserve their simple habits, but are steeped in the deepest ignorance and kept down in every way. They are engaged mostly in agriculture and mining. They form but an insignificant factor among the people on the sugar plantations along the coast. Chinese laborers are chiefly employed, being cheaper and more reliable. Many have been thrown out of employment, the haciendas having been destroyed by the Chilians. In guano alone the revenue for twenty-five years was $1,000,000,000. All the country has to show for this immense wealth is a few lines of railway—one towards the mines of Cerro del Pasco, which, for want of funds, is left unfinished to within sixty miles of the mines. Another line runs from Yollendo to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, and is the most direct route to La Paz, Bolivia, the road going by way of Arequipa. There are two or three other short lines. All these are government property. There are also two or three short lines of rail owned by private parties.

The debt on the government railways is nearly $200,000,000. Much of this money has enriched foreign merchants, but most of it could be found in the pockets of runaway presidents and other Peruvian notables. Peculation in official circles has ruled in Peru to such extent that a man who, after occupying office, came out without a fortune, was called un leso (half-witted.) Industries hardly exist in Peru. Commerce is in the hands of foreigners. First quality of rice (chiclayo) and large quantities of sugarcane are grown almost without labor. Much Peruvian bark and some caoutchoue are found in the interior, some being sent abroad by way of Guayaquil, but most of it finding a market by way of the Amazon river. The immense mineral wealth of the country is almost undeveloped and until a different race of people takes hold of things the mines will not rise to the importance they should. Of late years immense deposits of nitrate of soda have been discovered along the coast of southern Peru, extending to the Bolivian and north coast of Chile. They have proved a large source of revenue. These deposits have been the chief cause of the war. From the nitrates large quantities of iodine are obtained to such an extent that this metal has become a drug in the market. Many experiments have been made to discover a mordant to iodine for dyeing purposes, but so far without any practical result. Like Ecuador, the eastern slope of the Andes in Peru contains immense forests of valuable woods, but owing to the lack of communication they are almost unattainable. In the interior, near Ica, the celebrated liquor called pisco is made. Some is made from rice and some from grapes. The liquor is put in large conical earthen jars, holding about six gallons each. To give it age it is buried in the sand and in time becomes mellow. Much wool is shipped from several ports of Peru, going by the Strait's steamers to England.

With few exceptions from Payta, the extreme northern port of Peru, to Caldera, in Chile, the country on the seaboard is destitute of vegetation—nothing but barren sand-hills, with an occasional oasis of vegetation. In times past, through volcanic action, the sea receded some miles, leaving a wide strip of sand exposed. Our steamer remaining at Payta all day, I went ashore to take a look at the place. A couple of months before the Chileans had landed and destroyed the railway shops and depot. The town looked desolate. All who could had left. Nearly all the houses were empty. I took four Mexican dollars ashore with me. We had a bottle of bear, which cost $5, and I returned with $31. The explanation is that the silver was exchanged for Peruvian currency, $9 in paper money being equal to one Mexican dollar. This might pass as an adaptation of the miracle of the "loaves and fishes." So much for the credit of poor Peru. My companion invited me to take some chicha. Here it is made from maize. It is a fermented beverage! We entered an adobe building without floor. An old woman handed us a muddy looking liquid in an old teapot. One gulp was sufficient. It tasted like vinegar bitters. The natives said it was chicha. Tambo de Moro is an exceptional Peruvian port. It is a green spot in the desert. The finest oranges on the west coast are grown here; also, fruit of all kinds. The palta, a fruit tasting like fresh butter, is much grown here and prized by the people of the coast. Here the vegetation is very rich, showing that many places in Peru could be made productive if the people would take the trouble to irrigate the land, as is done in Chile.

Next to Callao the most important Peruvian port is at present Iquique. It is near the frontier of Bolivia, but only in name, Chile having gobbled the whole territory, for the time at least. This port has acquired its importance through the large salt deposits in its immediate vicinity. Iquique is the capital of the province of Tarapaca. Its importance may be understood when it is known that its average monthly receipts at the custom house are over $400,000. There is a railway leading to the salt fields some sixty miles distant. The road, until lately, was owned by Montero, a Peruvian notable, who turned it over to an English company, but has lately been actually sold to parties in England connected with the Peruvian bonds. A year ago an opposition road was started by this company. Three leading firms, uniting, built and equipped a wagon-road and now get their salt by carts. Still the railway is kept busy all day. They do not run at night. Iquique put me more in mind of a California mining town than any other place I have seen since leaving that country. It has the most go-ahead sort of people on the coast. Burnt down twice, shaken down by an earthquake once, it is now rebuilt on a more substantial basis than ever. Most all nationalities are represented here. This accounts for the cosmopolitan character of the place.

English capital controls the salt deposits in the north, although two or three German houses have heavy interests. Americans are nowhere—in fact there are but few on the coast. Much lumber is received from Puget sound. the market for it is controlled by the Bremen house of Gildemeister & Co. Three of that firm have retired with large fortunes and the house is now managed by juniors. Gradually the business of the place is being concentrated in few hands, as it requires large capital now to handle salt mines, and as a rule, the people of South America do not understand much about co-operative societies. It is also the usual story of the big fish swallowing the little fish. Iquique is built on flat projections of land extending out from the hills. The anchorage is fair. The place is protected from tidal waves by an island running from southeast in a northwesterly direction. The rocks render landing, especially in rough weather, dangerous and at times impossible. Earthquakes are often felt. The bulk of the town is built of wood. Water being scarce, distilled water is mostly used. A fire once started is difficult to check. It hardly ever rains along this part of the coast, but when a shower does come it is fun to watch the people scrambling out with canvas, carpets, etc., to protect the interiors of their houses. For want of yard space poultry is kept on the roofs of the houses. The roofs are all flat and anything but water tight.

Most goods are purchased cheaper in Iquique than in Valparaiso, as the bulk of merchandise is imported direct from Europe. Iquique is now the coaling station for American men-of-war. The streets are wide and well kept. Taken altogether, Iquique is the most cosmopolitan town on the whole west coast, but such a hard set I never met since the palmy days of Virginia City. One morning I asked an acquaintance before breakfast to take a cocktail. He refused. Astonished, for it was the first time such a thing had happened to me, I asked him, "What's the matter?" "Oh, nothing," said he, "only I have already had five." This is not an extreme case, either. Thus it goes on all night. At night they taper off on German beer. English beer is not much liked, being too heavy. Large quantities of Chilean beer are consumed here, as well as at all points south of Callao. Much American hardware is used, such as shovels, locks and notions; still, not near so much as there should be. Manchester and Birmingham goods, as well as German imitations, take the lead, American houses having no one to represent them permanently. The best institutions in Iquique are the baths. One may have hot or cold baths, salt or fresh water swimming baths.

Brains in Housekeeping.

Another convenience at Aunt Jane's is the two dustpans and the chamber broom hung in the back entry upstairs. You know when one has been cutting out work in her room there will be litter, or when the boys are not careful to use the door-mat, they will leave traces of mud on the carpet, and what a trouble it is to run down stairs after broom and dustpan. Aunt Jane said she never could afford to carry her one hundred and forty pounds of weight up and down stairs every time a room needed extra sweeping, when a new broom costs thirty-five cents and second dustpan ten. While she was about it, she would have a dust-bin too, and if you lift the cover of that large box in brown linen and red trimming in the corner of the passage upstairs, you will find it an old tin cracker-box, to receive sweepings from the bedrooms. They are all swept thoroughly once a week of course, but between whiles all transient sweepings go into this box, which is emptied at convenience. Aunt Jane counts that this second broom and pan which cost 40 cents in all, have saved her going up and down stairs at least five times a week for the last five years, or thirteen hundred times, and allowing that interest on the first investment might make the price of her broom and things 75 cents; 1 cent fare saves her from going up and down seventeen times, and she considers it cheap. I know a family who went without a new dustpan ten years after they needed it, and made the old one do, because they never felt they could afford to pay half a dollar—country price—just for a convenience. But the mistress said when she had to get a new one finally, and thought of all the backaches and vexations about sweeping up she might have saved by getting it before, she felt too big a fool to stay in the family.

The boys' bed stands in a corner of their room, away from the windows, and inconvenient to reach for making. You know how unwholesome it is for any one who sleeps at the back of a bed in such a position where no fresh air reaches it. Yet how tiresome it is to pull the bedstead out every night, and push it out of the way in the morning, the room being too small to allow its standing out. The casters are too small. Get a larger size or broad wooden wheels, and you can push the bedstead back and forth easier than you can move a chair. The boys can pull it out at night into the best air in the room, and shove it back to give them room for dressing. You can move it about as you like to tuck in the clothes when making the bed, and leave it out to air when no one is in the room; a touch will put it in place any time, and the broad tires will not wear the carpet like small iron ones. It is a trifle to see that the furniture in a house has easy castors, but the difference in ease of moving and keeping it neat will surprise you. It's the principle of having two tea-kettles over again—that comforts are always cheap.

Police Orders.

Among other curious police orders issued at Moscow in view of the coronation is one prohibiting the exhibition or sale of busts or pictures of their Imperial Majesties among the populace, which decree is dictated by the desire to prevent the distribution of false representations of the Imperial features. All householders and proprietors of apartments in the streets through which the state entry into Moscow will be made have also been obliged to give guarantees to the police that they will not let out their windows and balconies, or allow anybody to be on the roofs of their houses, during the passage of the procession; besides which they will be held responsible for all persons within their doors on that occasion.

—A primeval red wood forest has been discovered in San Louis Obsipo county, Cal., near the head waters of the Rio Sisquoe. Also a magnificent waterfall, where the waters of the Sisquoe pour over a precipice six or seven hundred feet in height.

—Reports up to date show 250 persons to have been killed by tornadoes in this country since January 1. During 1881, 187 persons thus lost their lives, and in 1882, 369.

A Chinese Funeral.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fuhkein are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him; and three souls—one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping of the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham. In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians: now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms," and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

Nobody in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are, indeed, so superstitious in regard to death, as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution—such, for instance, as "having become immortal."

After the body of the deceased is washed, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silver paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be recoined into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses, made of paper, are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods—sometimes for years.

Mexican Express Runners.

All through the interior of the country at almost every town and village, are to be found "runners," usually Indians, whose business it is to carry small packages upon their shoulders from place to place. Knowing all the mountain paths and short cuts, and possessing a vast amount of strength and staying power, these "runners" make long journeys in a prodigiously short time. To cite a case that illustrates both the custom of gift sending and the manner of sending gifts. One of my friends here in Monterey, being then on his way home from the City of Mexico, stopped for a night with his carriage, horses and servants at a hospitable rancho, where he was admirably well entertained. On the evening of the next day he came to a town famous for its delicious fish, and as an acknowledgement of the hospitality tendered him, he sent a "runner" with a basket of fish to his host of the night before. The distance, allowing for short cuts, was forty miles across a mountainous country; yet the "runner" made it inside of ten hours—leaving at 7 o'clock at night, and arriving at the rancha (as my friend subsequently was informed) at 5 o'clock the next morning. Taking into consideration the time lost between collection and shipment, and between receipt at the terminal point and actual delivery to consignee, the best regulated express company in the world could not have made this shipment more expeditiously. Moreover, as these "runners" are absolutely trustworthy—there are cases on record of their dying in defence of their freight—the express facilities which they afford in a small way scarcely can be improved upon.

Too Much Liquor.

A young man of Cape Ann who occasionally drinks more liquor than is good for him, failed to return home one day not long ago at his usual hour, and his wife, knowing his weakness, went to look for him. On the railroad track not far from her house she saw a man lying across the rails; but the danger of his position did not immediately occur to her and she was about to pass by at a distance when she heard the whistle of an approaching train. Then, instantly realizing that he must inevitably be run over unless she saved him, for the train was coming around a curve, and no one else was in sight, she ran to where he lay and succeeded in rolling him into the ditch almost from under the wheels of the locomotive. It was not until the danger was past that she discovered that she had saved her husband.

An Avalanche in May.

In the early part of May, three miners, named William Downing, Arthur Hastings and Edward Hughes, left Leadville, Colorado. They are three old-timers in Colorado and started for Kokomo. The men decided to work an old claim known to Hastings on Fletcher Mountain. About half-past eleven o'clock on the 15th of May, Hastings declared his intention of going to the tent and preparing dinner. Downing and Hughes continued to work and thought nothing more of Hastings' absence. He had been gone about a quarter of an hour, and the men were about to quit work, when a strange, rumbling noise, like distant thunder, was heard. Downing turned pale with alarm, as he had heard that strange sound before. He turned to Hughes and exclaimed, in a voice that betrayed his great agitation:

"Do you hear that sound? It is a snow-slide."

At first Downing was in doubt as to whether it would be better to stay in the hole or go out. Hughes declared that he would go out and see what had become of Hastings. Downing then said that he would accompany him. On getting out the men were terrified to see the snow coming down the little gulch in which their tent was pitched. The place where they stood overlooked the gulch and they could see the immense rocks being driven along by the snow. On, on it came, and they saw that everything in and around their tent would be destroyed. They shouted as loud as they could for the purpose of attracting Hastings' attention, but it was of no use. He was too busily occupied within the tent to hear the shouts of his friends. The snow-slide came down with a swoop and lifting the tent as though it had been a piece of paper it hurled it on down the gulch.

Downing and Hughes ran as fast as they could and they were glad to see the tent lodged on a shelving rock. They hurried to the spot and found Hastings half buried in the snow. They pulled him out, but he was unable to move. He groaned loudly and told his two partners he was going to die. They picked him up and with as much care as they possibly could carried him a little way down the mountain to a miner's hut. He was laid on the rude couch and preparations were made for his removal to Kokomo. These were all unnecessary, however. In about an hour after Hastings had been laid in bed he expired.

Stealing Melons.

The stealing of melons is something that will try the patience of even a Quaker. A farmer may lose his wheat crop by bugs, his corn by smut or cattle, and his potatoes by rot or bugs, and he will go right along whistling "Yankee Doodle" and put another mortgage on the farm, and be cheerful. His cattle may die or be stolen, his horses follow off a tramp with a halter, and his chickens disappear, and he will not get mad, but if anybody steals a melon he will load up a shot-gun and lay in an adjacent corn-field five nights in the week to get a chance to shoot somebody. A lightning-rod peddler or a fellow selling a patent corn cultivator may beat him out of hundreds of dollars by getting him to sign a receipt which turns out to be a note, and he will sigh or go to law, and act as though he hated to hurt the feelings of persons who bilked him, but if he has a melon patch that is not worth $4, and he hears that a green melon has been plugged by a melon thief, he will poison all his melons to get a chance to murder somebody, or fire his old blunderbuss at a crowd of boys with murder in his heart. There is something queer about this, and we would like to have somebody explain why it is that a sensible man, a deacon in a church, will get so boiling over with rage at the loss of a few melons, and stand up and smile at losses a thousand times greater. Of course it is wrong to steal melons, and we do not defend the practice, but, since we have picked so many bird-shot and dog's teeth out of an otherwise immaculate person, we have felt that there was a good deal more fuss made about a few melons than the importance of that agricultural product seemed to warrant.

The May Pole.

The 1st of May was the chief festival in ancient and modern times. Chaucer and other writers tell us that in England, during the middle ages, it was customary for all, even the court itself, to join in this carnival, and the fairest maid in the village was crowned with flowers and seated in an arbor, covered with hawthorn, where she sat in state and received the youthful courtiers who danced and sang around her after the fashion of worshipping the Goddess Flora.

During the reign of Henry the Eighth, the heads of the corporation of London went out in the high grounds of Kent to gather the May, the king and Queen Katherine of Aragon coming from their palace of Greenwich to meet them. In every town and village was erected a May pole, upon which each season was suspended wreaths of flowers, and the villagers danced in pretty rings the whole day through. This custom, abolished by the Puritans, was revived during the Restoration, and held its ground for a long time.

May poles are yet to be seen in some portions of France and Germany, and the festive sports are still observed.

An Emperor's Portable Altar.

A traveling-altar may certainly be counted among the most singular requisites; one such has, however, long been in use in the imperial house of Austria. On all long journeys the emperor takes with him not only a court chaplain but also his traveling-altar. To this latter attaches a history. It dates from the time of Emperor Rudolph II.; at it prayed Ferdinand II.; it accompanied Emperor Joseph II. in his Turkish campaigns, and in more recent days the emperor's brother, Ferdinand Max, took it with him to Mexico. The altar consists of an oblong wooden box, strongly fastened with iron, on the inside of the cover of which, when opened, an ancient painting, representing the Holy Supper, may be seen. The two side-pieces, hinged, are turned up to give more length; four wooden legs, nicely folding into the body of the box, can be let down to raise the altar to a proper height; the consecrated altar-stone is taken from the box and placed on the mensa, and the three cloths put on together with the cross and candles. Emperor Francis Joseph carried the altar with him to Palestine in 1869, also to the opening of the Suez canal; the then chaplain, Dr. Dudik, read mass on it at sea.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Twenty hotels are now building in the City of Mexico.

—A son of the late Charles Kingsley is employed in the office of the City Engineer of Buffalo.

—Scarlet is still the favorite color for sunshades in London.

—Lousiana is cheered by the prospect of big orange and sugar crops.

—General Grant's income is said to be about $9,000 a year

Gridley, Cal., is to add a frog farm to its industries.

—Representative Hazleton, of Wisconsin, is so ill that his recovery is not expected.

—Bowie, Texas, has raised a capital of $35,000 for the purpose of establishing a national bank.

—General Hazen has been visiting Chicamauga battle-field where he commanded a brigade.

—P. T. Barnum has given $25,000 worth of land for park purposes to Bridgeport, Conn.

—Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, will be the commencement orator at Colby University.

—It is said that the grandfather of Arch-bishop Benson, of Canterbury, was a Wesleyan Methodist.

—General E. P. Alexander is said to have been offered the presidency of the Mexican Central Road.

—There are now 191 cotton factories in the Southern States, and most of them are making money.

Oyster culture was commenced in Norway in 1877, and at last they are having a good yield of spat.

—J. Q. Ward, the sculptor, has been given the contract for the Garfield statue to be erected in Washington.

—The first metal found in the ruins of the Tuileries was coined into a medal and presented to Victor Hugo.

—There are in Boston sixty-nine women taxed over $100,000, five over $500,000 and two over $1,000,000.

—The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has just given a valuable collection of books to the Mechanics' Library of Bangor, Me.

—In Paris a fashion among the young men is the wearing of four studs on the shirt front instead of the former single stud.

—Louis Blanc's will has just been proved in London. The value of the personal estate in England exceeded £9000.

—Ex-Vice President Wheeler is rapidly recovering from the illness with which he has for some time past been afflicted.

—President Grevy's salary is $240,000 a year. Louis Napoleon, when Emperor, received a yearly allowance of $5,000,000.

—Prof. Abel, who has conducted the Government dynamite investigation in England, has been knighted. "It's an ill wind," etc.

—A prominent young man named Allen was on trial at Delphi, Indiana, a few days ago upon the charge of having married his cousin.

—The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., is to be open to the public every Sunday afternoon until November 1.

—A silver mine has been discovered near Hartford, Ark. Old instruments used by the savages for smelting purposes led to the discovery.

—The average of land devoted to the cultivation of wheat in the United States has within the last ten years extended from 19,000,000 to more than 36,000,000.

—The King of Bavaria has made a niece of Wagner "Royal Professor of the School of Music," the first appointment of the kind conferred on a woman.

—It is estimated that the British workmen and women spend more than a fifth of their wages, or £75,000,000 out of £350,000,000 for beer and other strong drinks.

—The Wesleyans of Great Britain have sent a petition to Parliament for the closing of public houses on Sunday, on a roll of paper two and three-quarter miles long, containing 590,332 names.

—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, of Alabama, has a very fine dairy, in which she takes much pride. Her Jersey cows take prizes. She personally attends to the making of jams and jellies, and her guests at Mobile praise her excellent home-made pies.

—Enterprising citizens of New Orleans, La., have already taken measures to attract to that city next winter a portion of the Northern travel which has recently been directed to Florida and South Carolina, and some capitalists have contracted for the building of a win