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A WAYSIDE SONG.

I saw to-day a fair young girl,
With gold-brown hair in braid and curl,
A face like apple-blooms in May,
And wondrous eyes of purple-gray.

As willow bending to the storm,
So supple was her slender form!
As rose that breathes a perfume rare,
So dignified her queenly air.

'Twas not alone her perfect face,
But the unconscious charming grace
With which she moved and spoke that had
Such power to make me inly glad.

A lovely woman is to me
The fairest of things fair to see,
Wherein all graceful parts combine,
A masterpiece of work divine;

And, as the minstrel-king of old
In music did his heart unfold,
So hath my spirit for a space
Been gladdened by this beauteous face.

STORY OF A BIRTHRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

I am an old man now; my hair is white, my back is bent, and the furrows of age are on my cheek and brow. Nearly sixty years have passed over my head since the never-to-be-forgotten day when I first became acquainted with a terrible portion of our family history. The remembrance of my trouble haunts me still, and I sometimes fear will hover as a phantom near my bed when the last scene of my earthly existence closes.

I was a younger son; my elder brother inherited that which had belonged to our ancestors for generations. I will explain later on the nature of his birthright.

Never were brothers more unlike than Carlos and myself. People used to say that he took after my father, who was a man of rough exterior, iron nerves, and inflexible will, and that I resembled my mother in appearance and disposition. I never knew my mother; she died when I was barely four years old; but I have vague recollections of a gentle, soft-eyed woman bending over my bed at night, pressing me to her heart, and saying she was thankful that I, her darling, was not the eldest son. When I came to years of reason, I too was thankful for that circumstance.

We were Spaniards; no alien blood flowed in our veins, for our family had never intermarried with foreigners. The house in which we lived was situated about three miles from Burgos, and had come down in an unbroken line from father to son for centuries. It was a low, flat building, consisting of only one story, and painted bright red outside. There was nothing unusual in the internal decorations, and the rooms were comfortably furnished, but no one ever entered the house besides ourselves. The windows opened upon a large garden, around which was a field, or rather common, about an acre in extent. The whole was surrounded by a wall, beyond which I seldom went.

Our family consisted of my father, my brother, myself, and an old woman—a distant connection of ours—who acted as servant. My father always wore a brown uniform trimmed with red and yellow, also a hat, with very large beads, on which were embroidered certain devices. These bright colors made a great impression on my childish imagination, and, when, on one or two occasions, I was taken to Burgos, the uniforms of the officials I saw in the streets struck me as looking very poor in comparison.

From childhood I was extremely timid and sensitive, and this natural timidity was increased by my brother's rough and tyrannical conduct towards me. When Carlos was twelve years old, he was sent to a remote part of Spain to finish his education, and I—five years his junior—acquired the rudiments of learning under the care of a lady who kept a day-school for boys in the neighborhood.

"The lad has abilities," my father said, as he confided me to the care of the Senora Loyados; and, as he turned to leave the room, he added, "Poor little Alfonso"—every one called me "poor little Alfonso"—"is the younger son, and will have to decide on his line of life betimes; so the more progress he makes in his studies the better. My eldest son has his career marked out for him."

"Yes, yes—I know!" answered the Senora in a voice that trembled a little; and, as we went to the schoolroom, I fancied her hand trembled too.

My governess was very kind to me; but my school-fellows seemed to avoid my company, and never invited me to join in their games. In addition to this they always spoke in whispers when I approached. I think the Senora was sorry for me, for she would often call me to her when I was standing alone in the playground, and, stroking my curly head, say gently—

"Poor little Alfonso, poor little Alfonso!"

The conduct of my companions occupied my thoughts less than it would have done had I not been too ailing and timid for rough play; but after a few weeks I began to wonder why I made no friends among the boys like the rest. I learnt the secret on my tenth birthday.

One of my school-fellows, Fernando Torrodeas, was kinder to me than the others; and I asked him to come and spend the evening at our house, as it was my birthday. He colored, and stammered out a refusal. I pressed him to come, and bring his sister with him—a pretty little girl whom I had seen once or twice; but to whom I had never spoken. He again refused. Then I asked him the reason. After a little hesitation, he told me the truth. Young as I was, I at once understood all that before had been incomprehensible to me. I thanked Fernando for his frankness, and was turning away, when he seized my hand in rough boyish fashion and said—

"Never mind, poor little Alfonso; you can't help it, you know. And, besides, you are not the eldest son."

I walked home in silence and, as usual, alone. My reflections were very bitter that night; and, when I was in bed and sure nobody could see me, I cried bitterly. From that day my sensitiveness increased tenfold, and I imagined premeditated slights where in all probability none were meant. Soon afterwards I left the Senora's school, and my brother returned home. I soon discovered that his society was by no means congenial to me, for he was rough and rude in speech and brutal in manners. This obnoxious behavior was always more observable when he and my father returned from one of their periodical absences. My only consolation was in books, for they diverted my thoughts from myself and my miserable position.

After a time I implored my father to let me seek employment abroad; but he refused, and said I must remain where I was another year, and then go where Carlos had been to complete my education. The thought of another year at home was unbearable, and I resolved to run away.

A species of friendship had arisen between Fernando Torrodeas and myself from the day he had told me the bitter truth concerning my family. He was a warm-hearted fellow, and always regretted having been the first to tell me a painful fact, although it must have come to my knowledge ere long.

Before I carried into effect my intention of running away, I wrote to Fernando, who was studying law at Madrid, and asked his advice. He was older than I, and, before leaving Burgos, had promised to stand my friend in case of need. He answered my letter, saying he was acquainted with the head of a large publishing firm in that city, and could procure me a situation in the office. So, one dark night in November, I turned my back on my native place, with an earnest wish never to see it again. After undergoing numerous difficulties *en route*, I reached Madrid, and went to Fernando's lodgings. The following day he presented me to my employer, and I entered on my new duties without delay.

Years passed, and, by the time I was five-and-twenty, I was gaining a tolerable income on the staff of a leading journal. I might have been happy but for the one absorbing terror of my existence—the fear that, by some untoward fate, the birthright would eventually descend to me. I led a solitary life, and studiously avoided making acquaintances. In a word, I had no friend but Fernando, and took interest in nothing but the daily work of my brain.

My father had been dead some years, and my brother had inherited the birthright. He was married, and had a son. I remember, when I told Fernando the news, he grasped my hand in his hearty way, and exclaimed—

"Brave, Alfonso! you have my congratulations."

One evening a few years after my brother's marriage, I went to Fernando's lodgings. Receiving no answer to my knock, I was turning away, when my friend came running up the stairs and bade me welcome.

"Don't you go away, Alfonso," he said, shaking my hand warmly. My sister is here—just come from Burgos." Then, as we entered the room—"Juanita, let me introduce you to my friend, Alfonso Mendoza."

In Madrid none knew me or my parentage. From the day of my arrival in the capital I had adopted the name I still bear, that of Mendoza.

"Take your customary place, old fellow," continued Fernando, "and we will enjoy ourselves together."

Nothing loath to pass the evening with Fernando and his handsome sister, I drew my chair close to the fire and glanced at the latter, to ascertain if she had any recollection of me. I came to the conclusion that the fourteen years which had elapsed since I quitted Burgos had effaced every trace of my former self, and that I ran no risk of discovery as far as she was concerned. In fact it could not have been otherwise, for the now grown-up girl was a mere child when I left home. Juanita Torrodeas was very beautiful—of the true Spanish type of loveliness—with clear dark complexion, large liquid black eyes, magnificent hair of the same hue, small rosy mouth, and regular, white teeth. She was short, but well made, and possessed that great charm in a woman an exquisitely sweet voice.

As we sat chatting round the fire, I thought I had never seen my friend's room look so pleasant before. The soft light of the lamp fell on Juanita's face as she bent over some delicate embroidery and abstracted gold thread and sparkling beads from a work-box on the table beside her. The blazing logs on the hearth threw out a ruddy glow, crimsoning the old mahogany furniture and making the brass nails round the chairs and antiquated sofa glitter like diamonds. On an old piano that had belonged to Juanita's mother, and which had arrived from Burgos the preceding day, lay a heap of music, chiefly, as I afterwards learned, quaint old Spanish ballads that told of the glories of Madrid in days gone by; and a few family portraits that had also come from Juanita's former home graced the walls, and looked life-like as the flickering light of the fire fell on them. The deep-crimson curtains were drawn across the windows, making the small *salon* look homelike and cosy. A large bouquet of hot-house flowers stood on a slab near the fire-place, and a few choice plants were placed here and there about the room.

"Juanita," said Fernando, as a servant entered with a tray, "when we have had our chocolate, you must sing that old romance I like so much—the one about Don Quixotte I mean."

The young girl made no reply; apparently she had not heard what her brother said.

"What will you sell your thoughts for, Juanita?" asked Fernando, laughing. "You look very serious."

"I will let you have them gratis," she replied. "I was thinking about my *vis-a-vis* in the railway carriage yesterday."

"Indeed! A lady or a gentleman?"

"Neither. A horrid man, with a most repulsive face. Who do you think he was?" she asked with a shudder.

"I have no idea," answered her brother. "But, if he was so horrid, why didn't you get into another compartment?"

"It was impossible, for he jumped into the train as it was moving, and I had to travel with him more than forty miles. It was the express, and only stopped at the principal stations."

"But who was he? I suppose he didn't interfere with you in any way?"

"Oh, no; certainly not! He slept all the time—happily—but such a traveling-companion! It was the man who wears the brown uniform, and lives in the red house near Burgos—the public—"

"Juanita," interrupted Fernando hastily, with a glance at my pale face, "do sing that ballad at once, there's a good girl!"

She flushed angrily at the interruption, but rose and went to the piano, merely saying, as she selected the romance—

"Madrid has not improved your politeness, Fernando."

When the song was ended, I thanked Juanita, and, having regained my composure, complimented her on her exquisite contralto voice, and wished her good night. Fernando accompanied me part of the way home. On the road he told me that, his mother being dead, Juanita would have to take a situation as governess, and that she had come up to Madrid for that purpose.

"I am glad to have her near me," he added. "And listen, Alphonso, you will probably see her at my lodgings from time to time; but it is not necessary for her to know your real name, if you don't wish it."

"It is better she should not," I replied in a low voice.

"Not that it would make any difference to Juanita," continued Fernando hastily; "she is too noble-minded for that, and would never pause to ask herself what people would say, as long as she acted up to her own sense of right. But it might make you feel awkward."

"But you heard what she said about Carlos? That shows what her feelings are on the subject."

"Pooh, pooh! You are not Carlos. If you were, why, of course it would be different! You are too sensitive by half."

"No, thank Heaven, I am not that unfortunate individual," I said, in reply to the first part of my friend's speech—"at any rate, for the time being. But who knows what may be my fate in the future?"

"Don't be a fool, Mendoza; leave the future to unravel itself. Good night, old fellow"—and we shook hands and separated.

CHAPTER II.

Juanita remained with her brother a fortnight, then entered on her new duties. We met every evening at Fernando's lodgings, and all went to some place of amusement together. Long before the end of that fortnight I began to dread her approaching departure, and, when we said good-bye, the whole world seemed a void to me. I realized then how truly and sincerely I loved Juanita Torrodeas, and I believed she was not quite indifferent to me. For a few happy hours I gave way to the sweet delirium; but soon, alas, came the bitter awakening!

"Fool, fool!" I repeated bitterly, as I tossed restlessly on the bed where I had thrown myself without undressing, the night after her departure. "Madman that I have been to dream for a moment that she would marry me if she knew my parentage! She would pity me, if I were to tell her, but would shrink from a union with one of my race. Ah, that horrible birthright! When, and by what dark doom, did it become ours?"

My intense sensitiveness even magnified the evil, and caused me to pass many solitary hours in bemoaning my hard fate.

"And the birthright may be mine some day!" I repeated, shuddering for the hundredth time that night. "I could not bear it. Every fibre of my frame revolts against it. Flight, death—anything rather than that! And I have dared to think of marriage—madness, madness!"

When morning dawned, I sprang out of bed in a raging fever, and walked up and down the room for hours. Presently my landlady brought me my breakfast, a cup of chocolate and a roll. She looked at me earnestly, evidently amazed at my manner, and asked if she could do anything for me.

"You can go," was all the answer I vouchsafed to her anxious inquiries; "you can go."

She proposed sending for a doctor, telling me I looked ill and haggard.

I pointed to the door, saying—

"I have all I want; don't disturb me. I wish to be alone."

The woman made no further remark, but glanced uneasily at me as she left the room. The moment she had crossed the threshold, I shut the door and turned the key in the lock.

"To work, to work," I exclaimed excitedly—"to work harder than ever, that I may not have time to remember, that I may tear her image from my heart!"

I sat down to my desk, snatched up a pen, and began to write. At that time I was occupied in compiling a work entitled "Indian Mutinies and Massacres." I tried to fix my mind on my subject, but in vain. Two figures stood between me and the paper—Juanita, pale, indignant, with angry averted eyes and scornful gestures, waving me from her; and by her side my brother, with a demoniac smile upon his coarse brutalized face, beckoning me on. At last, by a tremendous effort, I mastered my mental agony and fixed my attention on the page before me. How I managed to do it I cannot say; but I wrote all that day and far into the night, vouchsafing no answer to the repeated knocks at my door and my landlady's petitions for admittance. Then, as my trembling fingers could no longer grasp the pen, some one forcibly entered the room, making me start from my seat in agonized fear, believing that they—the phantoms of my brain—were coming to take me—where?—to whom—why?—oh, Heaven to replace my brother—to do his work! I fell backwards on the floor, and for a time reason entirely fled, and delirium reigned.

For many weeks I knew neither where I was nor by whom I was tended—nothing, absolutely nothing.

The first thing I remember was hearing a woman's voice behind my curtain, a mere whisper; but I knew whose voice it was. A long time passed before I recovered; and, during my tedious convalescence, Fernando came to see me every evening. He told me I had been at death's door with brain-fever, and, little by little, I gathered from him all the details of my illness. My ravings had all turned on one subject—on blood spilt by me and flowing through my hands on to the white robe of Juanita—whom I believed to be my wife—and on to her child. He said my cries were appalling when, in my delirium, I strove to stop the crimson stream, and strove in vain.

"Did your sister hear this, Fernando?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"That is well," I said; "it is better so." Then presently—"What did she say?"

"Pitied you, as every one who knows you must."

"Did she leave me when she discovered my secret?"

"No, surely! She wept by your bedside, and said, 'Poor fellow, poor fellow; he is so sensitive and feeling; it must be hard to bear.'"

"Did she come to see me afterwards?"

"Yes, as often as she could."

I saw nothing more of Juanita, who did not come again after the day I regained consciousness. Fernando told me she was not happy in her situation; but he offered no further explanation.

At length my health was completely re-established, and I resumed my usual occupations. The first time I went to see Fernando, I found him hastily leaving the house. He told me he had received a letter from his sister that morning, that she had something important to communicate, and begging him to go to her without delay.

"It was impossible for me to get away during the day," he said; "so I am off now. Await my return here; I shall not be long absent."

Accordingly I took my place by my friend's hearth, and in the semi-obscurity gave full scope to my imagination on the subject of Juanita's mysterious communication.

"What can she have to tell her brother?" I asked myself over and over again. Then the most unpalatable solution of the enigma presented itself to my mind, and I exclaimed, "She is going to be married!"

The thought that Juanita was going to be married gave me unmitigated vexation and pain. In vain I said to myself that it could not make any difference to me, since I had resolved never to marry. That reasoning only made me more desperately miserable; for did I not love Juanita Torrodeas with all my heart, and was not the idea of her belonging to another bitterness itself?

I had sat musing thus nearly an hour, when the door suddenly opened, and the object of my thoughts entered the room.

"Fernando," she said, in an excited manner, as she approached the corner where I sat; "why didn't you come to me as I requested? The Senora has dismissed me peremptorily—she is cruel, unjust——" Then, seeing who I was, she stopped short, and exclaimed, "Senor Mendoza!"

It was the first time we had met since my illness, and for a moment I felt ill at ease, remembering that she had discovered my real name and parentage. But all thoughts of self were forgotten, as I saw, by the dim light to which I had grown accustomed, that her eyes were red and swollen. Scarcely knowing what I did or said, I rose and caught her hand.

"Juanita, my darling, my darling, have they insulted you?"

She stood abashed and silent for a moment, then agitatedly replied—

"I thought it was my brother sitting there, or I should not have spoken as I did."

"But, darling, tell me what is the matter. Tell me, for I love you dearly—oh, so dearly!—tell me everything—everything, dearest."

Then in an instant my resolution never to marry flashed across my mind, and I dropped the little hand that had lain so unresistingly in mine.

"Forgive me for what I have said," I resumed, in an altered voice; "forgive me; I will never trouble you again." And I turned to leave the room.

"Don't go, Alfonso," she whispered. I did not move, but remained near the door, and continued—

"I have said to you what I ought never to have said; but, for the sake of my great love, you will forgive me, and forget that the son of—of——"

The word stuck in my throat; I could not give it utterance. Juanita came and stood close beside me.

"Never mind whose son you are, Alfonso."

"But the brand is on me," I said, in a quivering voice. "If my brother and his boy should die——"

"They are living and well."

"But they may die, and in that case, I——"

"Then—then Heaven help you, Alfonso, and me too, for I love you as you love me, and shall be with you!"

She laid her hand in mine as she spoke the last words, and I opened my arms and clasped her to my heart.

* * * *

It was the eve of our wedding-day. I had been dining with Juanita and her brother, and we were sitting talking of the morrow, when Senor Elio, an old friend of the Torrodeas family, was announced. He was starting for Burgos the next morning, and came to offer his congratulations on our approaching marriage.

"By-the-bye, Senor Torrodeas," he said, as he rose to take leave, "have you seen the evening papers?"

"No," replied Fernando; "is there anything important in them?"

"Yes; the account of the trial of that villain Valenzo for the murder of his wife. He is sentenced to death. The new executioner of Burgos will have his hands full—that is, if they can find him—for there are two women condemned to receive capital punishment the same week."

"The new executioner," stammered Fernando, turning pale, while a death-like sickness came over me, and Juanita looked ready to faint—"the new executioner! What has become of the old one?"

"He and his son were killed in the railway accident near Salamanca yesterday; haven't you heard of it? His successor is a younger brother who, they say, is living in Madrid under a false name. It is believed he has a nervous presentiment of coming in for the lugubrious office, which, you know, is hereditary in Spain. The papers are full of it; but I suppose you have been too busy with preparations for the wedding to read them. And now I really must be going—good night, Senorita. I wish you every happiness once more—good night!" And the Senor left the room.

"So it has come at last!" I muttered, sinking on to a chair and burying my face in my hands, while tears of agony, which I did not attempt to conceal, forced their way through my fingers. "The birthright has descended to me. Oh, Heaven, that I should have lived to see this day!"

"Alfonso," said Juanita tenderly, coming to my side and taking my cold hand in hers—"Alfonso, my affianced husband!"

"They are on my track, and may be here to take me any minute," broke from my trembling lips. "It is all over between us, Juanita; I give you back your promise."

"Do you think me capable of deserting you in your hour of sorrow, Alfonso?" replied the brave girl, almost reproachfully. "No, no; this calamity shall not separate us! You must leave this country at once and for ever—and I will soon be with you, come what may."

Juanita's courage communicated itself to me, and I determined on immediate departure. I was afraid of appearing in the streets, lest I should be recognized by those in pursuit of me; so Fernando went to my lodgings for such things as I required, and for the sum of money I had laid by to defray the expenses of my marriage with his sister—now, alas, to be spent in putting hundreds of miles between us! It was hard to leave the girl I loved so dearly, and who was to have been my wife in a few hours; but we consoled each other with vows of fidelity and the hope of meeting again soon. My darling's last words were—

"I will come to you, Alfonso, as soon as you can have me: and, remember, I don't care how poor our home is, for we shall share it."

Well disguised, I left Madrid by night express, and reached St. Sebastian about the time I was to have been at the church to be married. I continued my route, and crossed the frontier at Irun. Although then on French territory, I could not rest, but hurried to Paris, and thence, *via* Calais and Dover, to London. Once in the capital of England, I breathed freely and felt safe, for I knew no officers of justice could touch me there, and that I had nothing more to fear from the dreaded birthright.

I took a small lodging in a quiet street off the Strand, went at once to the house of a well-known Spanish grandee, and told him my story. He kindly promised to do what he could for me, and within a month took me as his secretary. Soon afterwards, Juanita Torrodeas became my wife, and, for love of the executioner's heir, bade an eternal adieu to her native country.

Two Husbands at a Funeral.

In August, 1752, a gentleman purporting to be a Mr. Williams, a Hamburg merchant, landed near Colchester, England, with a chest, which was promptly seized by the custom-house officers. One of the officers opened the chest, and was going to run his hanger into it, when Mr. Williams clasped his hand upon his sword and desired him in French to desist, for in the chest was the corpse of his dear wife. As there were other boxes of fine clothing and jewels belonging to the deceased, and as a distinguished foreigner always excites the suspicion of the British official, the custom-house people insisted on plucking off the coverings and setting the corpse in the church, where anybody might come and look on it, while they refused to allow the agonized husband to bury it until he should give a better account of himself. The poor man at last acknowledged that he was a person of quality; that his name was not Williams; that he was born at Florence; that the lady was English and his wife, and that she desired to be buried in her native Essex. The officials, however, bluntly told him that in order to clear himself of murder he must disclose his name and condition. The husband refused to do this, but was allowed to have a key to the vestry, where he sat every day with the corpse. The story I shall continue in the words of the correspondent of a newspaper of the period, from whose letter this account is taken: "My brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him he could hardly bear it he said it was like 'Romeo and Juliet.' He was so much pleased with my brother, as he talked both Latin and French, and to his great surprise, told him who the lady was, which, proving to be a person he knew, he could not help uncovering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed he was the earl of Rosbery's son (the name in print rose), and his title Lord Delamere (Dalmeny); that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom and marry him; that having bad health, he traveled with her all over Europe, and when she was dying she asked for pen and paper, and wrote. "I am the wife of Rev. Mr.——, rector of Th——, in Essex My maiden name was Cannom; and my last request is to be buried at Th——. The poor gentleman who had last married her protests he never knew (till this confession on her death bed) that she was another's wife; but in compliance with her desire he brought her over and should have buried her at Th—— (if the corpse had not been stopped, without making any stir about it. After the nobleman had made this confession they sent to Mr. G—— who put himself into a passion and threatened to run her last husband through the body; however, he was prevailed on to be calm. It was represented to him that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire, and Mr G——, consented to see him. They say the meeting was very moving, and that they addressed each other civilly. The stranger protested his affection to the lady was so strong that it was his earnest wish not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up forever with her there. He put himself in the most solemn mourning and on Sunday last in a coach attended the corpse to The——, where Mr. G——, met it in solemn mourning likewise. There never was anything like his behavior to his dear, dear wife; for so he would call her to the last. Mr. G—— attended him to London yesterday, and they were civil to each other: but my lord is inconsolable; he says he must fly England which he can never see more. Kitty Cannom is I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands attended her to the grave together. You may remember her to be sure; her life would appear more romantic than a novel." This old letter appears in the Cambridge *Journal* of October, 1752.

Whitewash That Will Stick and Wash.

We find in a German paper a formula for a wash which can be applied to lime walls and afterward become waterproof so as to bear washing. Resenchek, of Munich, mixes together the powder from three parts silicious rock (quartz), three parts broken marble and sandstone, also two parts burned porcelain clay, with two parts freshly slaked lime, still warm. In this way a wash is made which forms a silicate, if often wetted, and becomes after a time almost like stone. The four constituents mixed together give the ground color to which any pigment, that can be used with lime is added. It is applied quite thickly to the wall or other surface, let dry one day, and the next frequently covered with water without losing any of its color; on the contrary, each time it gets harder, so that it even can be brushed, while its porosity makes it look soft. The wash or calcimine can be used for ordinary purposes as well as for the finest painting. A so called fresco surface can be prepared with it in the dry way.

The Turcoman.

The most valuable possession of the Turcoman is his horse, and he bestows more than ordinary attention on it. He, his wife, and his children may be in rags and starving; but his dear steed must want for nothing and be richly caparisoned and wraped in several horse-cloths. A fact connected with these horses is that they are never washed. When they sweat, they are carefully rubbed down with the hand, and then wrapped up in felt horse-cloths. General Grodekoff says that the animals are always scrupulously clean, and possess a beautiful glossy

A California Well.

Cutler Salmon of French Camp, not far from Stockton, Cal., sank a well with a seven-inch tube to a depth of about 840 feet, and struck a copious stream of excellent water. Desiring to learn whether he could increase the flow by going deeper, and fearing that should he continue the well the same size, he might injure the quality of the upper strata of water, Mr. Salmon hit on the plan of sinking a four-inch one, and thus making what might be called the experimental well four inches in diameter. This inner one he bored to a depth of 1,250 feet, and then came to water again. This lower stream came to the surface, and, indeed, rose in a tube twenty-two feet above the ground. The last water found was unfit for drinking, and but for an accidental discovery of its properties might have been considered a nuisance. It was found there was a large amount of gas in this water from the lower depth. This came bubbling to the surface, making one think of a gigantic soda fountain.

Some one suggested the idea of seeing if the gas would burn. A coal oil can was put over the top of the can, and having a few holes punched in it, an improvised gas fixture was at hand. Only a match was required to complete the preparations. The match was lighted and applied to a hole in the can and the flames shot up three or four feet into the air and burned steadily. The gas would burn. Mr. Salmon had fire and water coming out of the same hole in the ground. The tube of the outer well, that which was only 840 feet deep and furnished the good water for all domestic uses and for stock, etc., was led off in pipes to the house and other localities. A curbing was built around the twin wells in such a way that it formed a reservoir for the water from the 1,250 foot level, and that portion from above which was not conveyed away in the pipes. All through this water in the reservoir came bubbling up the gas generated somehow somewhere down below. When Mr. Salmon next went to Stockton he had a gasometer made with a stop-cock in the top, and this he took home and fastened over his wells. The bottom was beneath the surface of the water in the reservoir, and the gas speedily filled the bell-shaped receiver. The next thing was to attach a gas pipe and connect his home-made gas machine with the house.

He put a pipe perforated with small holes across his large, open fireplace, turned the gas, applied a match, and the problem of cheap fuel was instantly solved. After that gas-pipe was put into the fire-box of the kitchen stove, and now the meats are prepared with the new fuel. Mr. Salmon has also used the gas for illuminating, but it does not seem to entirely fill the bill, although it is a great improvement on a tallow dip. It has been suggested that, as this gas seems to be almost pure hydrogen, it might be carburretted and its illuminating power improved. The gas throws off a great amount of heat, and without doubt such a well would supply a large number of families with the means of warming their houses and preparing their food.

No More Frontier.

Bill Nye says the system of building railroads into the wilderness and then allowing the wilderness to develop afterwards, has knocked the essential joy out of the life of the pioneer. At one time the hardy hewer of wood and drawer of water gave his lifetime willingly that his son might ride in the "varnished cars." Now the Pullman car takes the New Yorker to the threshold of the sea or the boundry line between the United States and the British possessions.

It has driven out the long handled frying pan and the flapjack of twenty years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long handled shovel and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be picturesque with an empty peach can in the foreground any more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horseblanket and false teeth.

The modern camp is not the camp of the wilderness. It wears the half civilized and shabby genteel garments of a sawed-off town. You know that if you ride a day you will be where you can get the daily papers and read them under the electric light. That robs the old canons of their solemn isolation and peoples each gulch with the odor of codfish balls and civilization. Civilization is not to blame for all this, and yet it seems sad.

Civilization could not have done this all alone. It had to call to its aid the infernal fruit can that now desolates the most obscure trail in the mountains. You walk over chaos where the "hydraulic" has plowed up the valley like a convulsion, or you tread the yielding path across the deserted dump, and on all sides the rusty, neglected and humiliated empty tin can stares at you with its monotonous, dude-like stare.

An old timer once said to me: "I've about decided, Bill, that the west is a matter of history. When we cooked our grub over a sage brush fire we could get fat and fight the Indians, but now we fill our digestors with cold pizen and pewter of the canned peach; we go to a big tavern and tuck a big towel under our chins and eat pie with a fork and heat up our carcasses with antichrist coal, and what do we amount to? Nuthin! I used to chase Indians all day and eat raw pork at night bekase I dassent build a fire, and still I felt better than I do now with a wad of tin can sodder in my stummick and a homesick feeling in my weather-beaten breast.

"No we don't have the fun we used to. We have more swarrys and sciatica and one bloomin' thing and another of that kind, but we don't get one breath of fresh air in a year. They are bringin' their blamed telephones now and malaria and ague and old sledge, and fun might as well skip out. There ain't no frontier any more. All we've got left is the old fashioned t'rantler jooce and rhumatiz of '49."

—Meerschaum has been discovered in parts of North Carolina.

—800 000 bushels of wheat are used every day in the United States.

—St. Helena was discovered by the Portuguese in 1502.

—Hindo witnesses are sworn by the waters of the Ganges.

A Typical Texas Town.

The hour of 8 P. M. is a fitting one to arrive at Fort Worth, for this is the Texas city which never sleeps. The census of 1880 gave it the population of a good-sized village. About that time the Texas and Pacific pushing westward reached "the Fort," as it is still known in common parlace, and a growth set in which has been so rapid that the legitimate uses of the night have been forgotten. Probably this wakefulness is just as well, for transient arrivals increase faster than the hotels do, and every evening the harassed clerks wrestle with the problem of finding beds enough to go around. Single rooms are impossible luxuries. Of all Texas cities this takes the palm for liveliness and a peculiar combination of metropolitan and frontier character. The street cars run until midnight, stop two hours, and then resume trips. When most honest merchants are abed the two long business streets, which run parallel from the railroad a mile and a half to the bluff overlooking the Trinity, are ablaze with lights from the still open shops. On the main thoroughfare one of the most conspicuous structures is "The White Elephant." The sum of $27,000 has been laid out in mirrors and interior decorations to make the cowboy feel at home as he takes high-priced drinks over the massive counter. Behind the saloon there is a billiard hall as large as any in St. Louis. Adjoining is a restaurant of metropolitan size and elegance. Down the broad, richly carpeted stair-case streams a flood of light from the second floor. No closed doors muffled the click of chips and the monotone of the roulette roller as he sings:

Round and round the little ball goes
Low, even, the black wins,
All paid and here we roll again,
A dime, a quarter, a half a dollar,
Everything goes in Texas.

The dusty boot of the cowboy sinks in the body brussels as he moves from faro table to black and red, and thence to the Mexican monte, on to stud-horse poker, and brings up at the gaudy, rattling roulette circle. "The White Elephant" was built to meet a want. It furnishes the visitor with food, drink and amusement in variety, everything but a place to sleep. As has been remarked already, people don't come to Fort Worth to find beds. So the institution may be considered typical of the restless, speculative people who inhabit the city.

She Was In His Debt

A tramp struck Detroit the other day who will grow rich where others of his class will freeze and starve. It has long been a wonder that none of these men seemed to know how to take human nature, but here is a man at last. He was yesterday working several streets in the northern part of the city. He made his calls at the front door. Selecting his house, and when his ring was answered he would remove his hat and inquire:

"Beg pardon, but is this place for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! excuse me. I was told it was for sale, although I could not understand why you should want to part with such fine property. This is one of the prettiest streets in Detroit."

"Yes, I think so."

"The air must be sweet and pure here?"

"Oh, yes."

"How nice everything around your house is kept up! Any stranger could at once see that the family had taste and culture. Sorry the place is not for sale."

"Did you wish to buy?"

"Not exactly, but I know a gentleman who is looking for just such a place, and I volunteered to run about a little for him. I presume you want at least $20,000."

"Oh, my, no! my husband values the place at about $9,000."

"Only $9,000! Beg pardon, but I hope he won't be foolish enough to think of selling at that figure. He might just as well get $16,000. I see that your neighbors try to imitate your curtains. Ha! ha! Poor imitations! That is a grand flower vase you have there. I priced one in New York the other day, and it was $600."

"Y-e-s," she replied, pleased and smiling.

"If I was an art *connoisseur* I should like to look over your house. Everything betokens that you have made art a study and traveled extensively in Europe. By the way, I'll step to the side entrance for a glass of water, and if the girl can spare a bit of bread and meat I'll be thankful. My long walk has made me faint. Beautiful front view here—taste and culture apparent even in the way this matting is nailed down on the steps. Sorry your residence is not for sale, and I'll just step to the kitchen door."

He not only got a square meal, but she hunted him up a coat, hat and a pair of boots, and then felt that she was in his debt.

"A Calamity Sir."

On an incoming Vandalia train was a family of five—a fat, good-natured man, his wife, a pretty but nervous lady, and gracious knows, 'twas enough to make her nervous, the trouble she had with their three children. The eldest, a boy of six, mashed his hand by pulling a window down on it. A little later, the three-year-old, at a sudden jerk of the train, turned a somersault, bruising and gashing his head. Then the half-year-old baby upset the alchohol lamp from the window sill, which frightened the mother nearly into hysterics, which was a signal for all the children to set up in chorus. But during the next five minutes, when that half distracted woman was trying to stop the music, that fat man, from the seat back of her, looked on with never an effort—he was really charming in his complacency. When quiet reigned again the wife said with a sigh:

"I do know I have more trouble than any woman on earth."

"Oh, no, my dear; don't say that," answered Benedict, not moving his eyes from his paper.

"I do say it!" she replied more stoutly. "There's no calamity could befall a woman which I have not suffered."

"Oh, no, my dear; not so bad as that. For instance: You are not a widow," he answered sweetly.

She held her breath two seconds and then retorted—and it made the *Sentinel* man laugh the next hour to hear the shot:

"I said 'calamity,' sir!"

—Konigsberg was founded by the Teutonic Knights in 12[illegible]

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Glass bath tubs are the latest novelty.

—Brazil's navy consists of 3000 men and 50 vessels.

—The kindergarten system was first practised in Germany in 1849.

—Three-fourths of the officers in the German army wear corsets.

—The stealthy moth has begun flying in clothes closets and boudoirs.

—The ancient Britons wore leather cuirasses until the Anglo-Saxon era.

—Eighteen colored teachers are employed in the Nashville, Tenn., schools.

—An industrial exposition will be held at Raleigh, N. C., next September.

—For the year 1883 the South spent $8,000,000 for new railroad locomotives.

—There are 315 cotton mills in the Southern States, against 180 four years ago.

—A Chicago widow ordered her funeral outfit before death, paying $5,000 for it.

—There are twenty-eight direct heirs to the succession to the British throne.

—The semi-annual dividends payable in Boston in May aggregate $3,198,080.

—Mrs. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, is said to spend $250,000 a year in charity.

—Jay Gould expects to build a winter dwelling house at St. Augustine, Fla.

—Saw mills are said to have been first used in Europe in the fifteenth century.

—There are eleven States, it is asserted, in which women vote for School Directors.

—About 125,000 elephants are annually slain in Africa to supply the ivory trade.

—Turkey imports about $1,000,000 worth of petroleum from this country annually.

—It is expected that the Panama Canal will be opened for business as early as 1892.

—The people of this country consume $100,000 000 worth of patent medicine a year.

—The French originated the industrial exhibition; the first was held in Paris in 1798.

—The Japanese entangle whales in nets and then kill them with harpoons and lances.

—There are a hundred students in the Irish College of Paris, all of whom are Irish by birth.

—The houses built in London in 1883 would cover a street for a distance of over seventy-five miles.

—The game of curling was introduced into Scotland from Holland in the sixteenth century.

—A leather cannon was proved at Edinburgh in 1778, fired three times and pronounced good.

—Depression in the English shipbuilding trades has thrown 25,000 men out of employment.

—The new imperial palace at Strasburg is to be completed in three years, at a cost $1,250,000.

—In India the natives have hoarded $1,000,000,000 in gold, which cannot be got into circulation.

—About two million sheep are at present in Colorado. The clip this year will be ten million pounds.

—James Rilly founded the Universalists in England in 1760 and John Murray in Boston in 1770.

—Queen Victoria saves annually from her Parliamentary allowance, five hundred thousand dollars.

—The Spanish army averages one officer below the grade of brigadier-general to every five privates.

—Four million three hundred and forty thousand boxes of sardines were packed in Lubec, Me., in 1883.

—Homœpathy was first brought to the world's notice in 1810. It was introduced into England in 1827.

—Chicago, according to one of her newspapers, has 1000 more saloon keepers and bartenders than preachers.

—A Committee of Safety has been organized at Los Angeles to rid the place of burglars and petty thieves.

—There are several sorts of fishes which are armed with poisonous spines, and many which have poisonous flesh.

—Only 32 of the 177 divorce applications now before the Massachusetts Supreme Court this term are uncontested.

—The old ballad of The Babes in the Wood was a covert account of the murder of his nephews by Richard III.

—Louisiana has school accommodations for but 75,000 children, though there are at least 250,000 little ones in the state.

—A wealthy citizen of Cleveland, whose name is not disclosed has given $150,000 for the erection of a new building for the Cleveland Medical Society.

—The members of the German Commission express the opinion that there will be no outbreak of the disease in India this year.

—The low price of wheat has led farmers in South Michigan to pay more attention to grass and corn in the production of stock.

—In two years there were left in New York Elevated carriages 1207 packages, 1064 umbrellas, 180 valises, books, canes, and small articles.

—The earthen pitcher out of which John Brown drank while in jail at Charlston, Va., is still in the possession of a family in Albany.

—The total number of cattle, affected with foot and mouth disease in Ireland in 1883 was 16 173; sheep, 19,503; swine