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THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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Daisies on the Farm.

She painted them on canvas
With a rapt, artistic air;
She wore them in her bodice
And in her raven hair.
She thought farm life idyllic,
And said its greatest charm
Was lent it by the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

"Do you not love the daisies?
To the farmer's son she saith.
But all the praise he uttered
Was underneath his breath.
It sounded energetic,
But she felt a vague alarm
That he did not love the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

She read to him a poem,
A pastoral complete;
He seemed unsympathetic,
Though her voice was very sweet,
With some repressed emotion
His face grew dark and warm,
For its burden was the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

Soon the charming summer boarder
To her city home returned;
For a soul of higher longing
Her æsthetic nature yearned.
And the farmer's son, undaunted,
With his scythe upon his arm,
Went to battle with the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.

A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

"Good-by!" It was a madness of farewells. The two stood looking into one another's eyes with blanched faces. Would he ever come back? Her wide eyes grew desolate as she looked at him. Then the lashes drooped over them and she lay motionless against his breast for a second, as though the spirit had died within her.

"Jeannette—is this the girl fitted to be a soldier's wife? Have you no regard for my honor?" His lips quivered, but his eyes looked down upon her proudly.

"Yes." She roused herself bravely. "Your duty is at the front. I would not hold you back."

She placed her hand on the bunch of pansies at her throat; royal beauties they were, with great velvety hearts of purple and gold.

"They are my colors," she whispered. "Wear them, my knight, and be true to your lady always."

Her trembling fingers pinned them inside his coat.

"God be with you." She kept the tears back, smiling in his face, though the drum-beat sounding in the street below seemed like a death-knell. It was the signal to start. The signal for the volunteers, the brave men who were off for the Indian war—the dreadful war that had come like a blight upon her beautiful Western home.

"Good-by, and God bless you! The pansies will be my talisman."

A last look in the dreamy, lifted eyes, and he was away, riding down the street with a dash and a clatter into the midst of the excited men who were armed to the teeth, well mounted and equipped, ready to meet on his own battle-ground the Indian Chieftain and his war-like band.

The most intense excitement raged in the mining camp. Ever since the news had come that the old chief was on the warpath, and the call had been made for volunteers to defend the settlers on the frontier, the town had been alive with men anxious to obtain the scalp of the bloodthirsty redskin.

Two days before the muster had been ordered out, and just as the sun was illuminating the red buttes in the valley, the strains of the martial music sounding sadly in the ears of those who had loved ones in the ranks. And now these plucky volunteers were to follow. A determined set they were; most of them hardy mountaineers, as well trained to the saddle as cowboys, and as reckless of life and limb.

Among them none was more fearless or more brave than Ned Ashby. He was one of the young pioneers who had struck a bonanza in the mines. More than that (to use the phraseology of the mining camp) he had located a claim on the prettiest girl in town and located it—a stroke of good luck that had made him more envied among the boys than even his mining shares in the "May Queen."

He shared the universal feeling of all people upon the frontier that the red man must become civilized or "go." Too long these untamed citizens had committed their lawless depredations and their fiendish outrages. The white settlers felt that their wrongs must be avenged. If the Government had handled these savages with gloved hands, all felt assured that the State would not. Hence this call for volunteers to defend the isolated ranchmen and their families.

Jeannette, standing at the window, gazed with a dumb despair at the horsemen riding down the valley. Among them none looked so handsome or so dashing as her own lover, he whose warm kisses still lingered on her lips.

The tears rose slowly in her eyes as she looked after him. The world was so beautiful, why should it be marred by such a thing as war? Her eyes wandered away from the horsemen now lost in a cloud of dust to the fair mountain that hemmed her in.

It was September in Colorado, and the beautiful queen, Summer, was looking backward over the mountain, leaving her smiles on the blossoms and the green slopes that turned to gold and crimson as she passed.

The next three days were days of suspense and almost agony to the patient ones left at home. What if the brave little band should be ambushed, as were Thornburgh's companies? The Meeker massacre was too fresh in the minds of all concerned for them not to think of the terrible fate that might befall these courageous men, and when news came of their safe arrival on the Indian battle-ground there was a rejoicing which was universal.

And with the good news came a letter for Jeannette from Ned—so full of tenderness for her, so full of courage and hope for himself. He expected to go on a scouting expedition the next day with Major R——, a dangerous affair, but his words were full of bravery and enthusiasm.

She trembled a little as she read, for she knew his reckless, self-willed nature, so ready to risk life and limb in the service of others.

Then passed many weary days and nights in which no word came—nights which she spent in prayer in the pretty chamber overlooking the vine-shadowed porch; nights when she looked but upon the silent, moonlit world, its shadowy, up-reaching mountains almost piercing the dim stars, with a dark foreboding of evil in her heart, trying in vain to still the tumult that fevered her brain. Oftentimes it seemed

Then came the news of a fierce battle between the Utes and the Major's men, in which many were wounded on either side. Her father came home at noon with an open telegram in his hand.

She took it from him silently, reading.

"Edward Ashby was wounded in the battle of the —th inst."

She did not faint, though he had expected she would, but her face blanched—blanched until it was like marble—and her eyes grew large and black, glowing like stars.

"I must go," she said, "and nurse him."

"Dear child," he replied, his hand upon hers, "this is folly, the talk of insanity. You cannot go, Jeannette."

"But I will." The color leaped to her cheeks again and her eyes flashed.

He could not say her nay then. He knew her nature too well. Thwarted in this desire, she would die.

"I cannot go with you, Jeannette. Can you go alone?"

"Yes." She drew herself up grandly. It was the proud right of the Western American girl. She knew no fear.

At 6 the next morning her favorite horse, Plato, stood at the door. He was a noble fellow, her faithful companion in every mountain adventure. Mounted on this splendid creature, her slender figure had long been a familiar one to the mountaineers. Her fearlessness, her womanliness and her gracious acts of kindliness and good-will had endeared her to every inhabitant of the camp.

"My dear philosopher—he will carry me safely through," she said, patting his arched neck affectionately and laying her small head for a moment against his own.

The sun was just lighting the far peaks. He had not peeped over the high mountains yet into the little valley where the quiet town lay asleep. All was in shadow—all save the golden aspens, whose quivering leaves gleamed fitfully in the glowing light.

At nightfall she was at the Springs, fifty miles away. It was a popular summer resort, and many guests had been there, but at the first news of war most of them had fled to Eastern towns.

At the hotel many people knew her, but they had only words of sympathy and encouragement for the brave girl. In that exciting time deeds of bravery like this, even from women, were not rare.

The general, who had headquarters at the Springs, and who had heard of her arrival and her purpose, sent for her in the evening.

She came to him with eager eyes, awaiting the news which he had just received by courier from the scene of the battle. Beyond the Springs there were no telegraph wires, and the couriers rode day and night over the dangerous Indian trails to bring the tidings.

"Is there any—any—news of him?" she faltered.

"Yes." The general's voice almost choked as he looked at her. How could he break the heart of this brave young creature, whose great love made her so beautiful, its unselfish purpose shining from every feature? How could he tell her the cruel truth, with those love-lit starry eyes fixed so unflinchingly on his?

"Child," he said, his hand upon hers, even as her father's had been, his eyes full of kindness, his stern voice suddenly tender, "your lover is dead. The courier just in states that he died yesterday afternoon."

Not one word came from her lips. The great eyes gave him one stricken look, and then she fell—fell just where she stood at his feet, like a helpless, broken reed.

He lifted her up gently and called for assistance. But in a little while she revived, rising to her feet with the old brave determination upon her pale face and in those deep, mournful eyes.

"I must go to him," she said. "They will bury him there, and I shall never look upon his face again. I must go!"

The general did not attempt to dissuade her. He felt almost reverent in the presence of such devotion. The gruff old soldier was moved, by this girl's heart-break as no scene of battle had ever moved him.

"An escort of my best and bravest men shall accompany you," he said. "They will protect you and bring the body here."

"Thank you." It was all she could say, but tears of gratitude rose in her eyes as she bent low over his extended hand.

And then for the first time she learned the full particulars of her lover's exploit; how he had led the scouting party, rushing boldly into the very face of the foe, and by this action saving the military from the ambush the savages had prepared for them. In a moment the battle had begun, but ere his comrades were hand to hand with the redskins, who seemed to lurk behind every bush and tree, this bold young soldier had met his fate, falling with his face to the foe.

"At least he died like a hero," her heart whispered whenever the bitterness of her woe threatened to overwhelm her.

Two days later, after a long and weary journey, her little party reached the soldier's camp. The boys had intrenched themselves behind a small knoll overlooking the surrounding country, fortifying themselves with earthworks against any attack from the Indians. The flag of truce was up, however, and all things seemed for the present peaceful.

The soldiers looked with astonishment as the small cavalcade came upon them, that girlish figure in their midst, her fair face tinged by the sun and wind into a warmer beauty, her dark eyes resplendent with dauntless courage. For many, many miles back her straight form had drooped, not as though with physical weariness, but as though the spirit within her were slowly dying. Next to her heart she wore his letter—the last words his dear hand had penned. She did not need to read them, for every word was graven upon her memory, but the burden of their warm love, now dead to her forever, was pressing more and more heavily upon her tender heart.

But now, at sight of these soldiers, all her pride uprose. She sat erect in the saddle, the color coming and going in her face, her eyes glowing. She raised her head nobly, as became the woman who had been loved by a hero.

At sight of her the boys raised a cheer. Many of them knew her, and they were proud of her. They knew her for what she was—a brave, heroic girl, purely, sweetly womanly, yet ready as any of their brothers to take the weapons from their belt and defend

imbued with all the glory and the strength of her native mountains.

She acknowledged their cheers with a sweet, grave dignity; then the leading officer in her escort whispered something to the major ere he helped her to dismount.

She caught the reply. It made her tremble; but with the suspicion of a great joy, not a sorrow.

"Not dead!" were the words which came from her white lips with a gasp.

"No"—the major came to her side quickly—"the courier made a mistake. It was Ned Sampson who died. Ashby still lives, though he lies almost at death's door."

All a mistake—all a horrible dream!—oh! such happiness was almost impossible to realize! Giving her hand to the major, she almost leaped from the saddle. Her feet seemed like the winged Mercury's, to speed to him.

The major led the way into the tent where the wounded man lay, motioning the guards aside. Then he left her, followed by the young officer who had been in attendance.

Alone, the girl threw herself on her knees beside her lover. But there was no recognition for her in the deep blue eyes—those proud, brave eyes that never met her own save in love and tenderness. He was unconscious, with the delirium of the fever upon him. The words he muttered were of the battle-field, not of the brave girl who had ridden so many, many weary miles just to look upon his dead face.

Taking up the hand that lay so helpless against the rough blankets, she pressed it to her lips; and then for the first time the tears fell from her eyes—fell in hot, blinding mist. What pain and anguish had not done joy now accomplished—joy that he still lived and that she had reached him in time to give all her young life to his care and service.

His coat—the one he had worn when parting from her—lay on the bed. Her eyes darkened as she saw the stains of blood and the bullet-hole. She took it in her hands, examining it keenly. There were the pansies, faded and worn, still pinned inside. The bullet had passed through just above them.

"Had the bullet struck him an inch lower," one of the men afterward told her, "it would have proved fatal."

Perhaps the pansies by some subtle influence had saved him; perhaps her own spirit in that moment of agony had passed into them, making them, indeed, a real talisman to protect him. She loved to think of this—that God had answered her earnest prayers by investing these, her chosen flowers, with the power to save his life.

It was only a girlish fancy, but it made her happy. She took the dead, sweet blossoms and laid them tenderly away. Until they became as dust, these faded flowers would scarcely be cherished.

The next few days brought with them endless care and anxiety. His life hung by a thread. A woman the men had rescued from an adjoining ranch came to assist Jeannette, and not one of the soldiers but would have risked his life to have done her service. Her patient manners won them all, and her patient love, so pure and brave in its devotion, made them feel as never before the high grace and worth of womanhood.

The officers were untiring in their attention to the wounded man, and gave the girl relief at every opportunity. Still it was a weary task, and when at last he was pronounced out of danger, she, worn out with incessant watching, fell into a stupor from which they could not arouse her for hours.

All this time the camp had not been without menace, but the redskin had been kept at bay until the arrival of fresh troops. Through all this danger Jeannette had been unwavering. Not one expression of fear had passed her lips, though she, like all the rest, drew a sigh of relief when the troops arrived.

Then followed a hot pursuit of the Indians; they were pushed back to the reservation.

Jeannette came to Ned's bedside one day with a look of joy upon her lovely face. It was like transfiguration.

"Ned," she cried, with a return of her old life and spirits, "the war is over. Peace is declared, and we are going to take you home to-morrow."

For answer he silently pressed the small, warm hand that crept into his own. Whenever was there a sweetheart so tender and true, so beautiful and brave.

When they reached the Springs, loud and wild were the cheers given for the brave boys returning from the war and not only for the boys, but also for the brave girl who had dared to go to the front for love's sake. Under the glorious sweep of the spangled banner she rode, her cheeks aflame like the crimson slopes and her eyes splendid with the sunlight of love.

"I know it was the pansies that saved you," she whispered to Ned, when they stood once more together under the shadow of their own, beautiful, royal-tinted mountains. "The pansies have human faces, and I believe God has invested every blossom with graces and power which we do not comprehend."

Her tall lover looked down upon the sweet face uplifted to his, smiling at the girlish folly, yet touched by the pure faith in it.

Am I, after all, who shall say that she was not right?—that God had not left His divine impress upon the beautiful, wind-tossed blossom, as upon our human, up-reaching souls? The mysteries of the spiritual world so close to our own are so unfathomable.

Instructing the Reporter.

Unhappy is the lot of a daily newspaper chief who has never been a reporter. The service calls for officers that have come up from the ranks. Otherwise they will fail to gauge accurately the relations of men and events to each other, and will become a prey to circumstances. I have known the publisher of an influential journal to instruct a reporter to take out his note book and pencil as a preliminary step whenever he should be sent to interview a person. As well tell a detective to wear a badge on his breast, or a patrolman to walk the street with a cocked revolver in his right hand. Many people would be more afraid of a reporter who should suddenly "draw" a note book on them than they would of either policeman or detective. Of course, the note book must be used for public speeches and deliberations, and, also, like the revolver in dire emergencies, but the reporter who cannot remember a column and a half of ordinary conversation unless it concerns technical matters of which he had no previous knowledge) until he has time to turn it into intelligible "copy," should seek bread and fame in some other em-

TWO MEALS PER DAY.

To Interrupt Work at Midday is a Great Mistake.

Now, say that breakfast time is 7 o'clock. It takes a full hour afterward before it is safe to interfere the nervous energy essential to digestion. By 10 o'clock a healthy person ought to be in good condition for work. At about 11 o'clock the air out of doors reaches the highest point of purity, or in other words, the oxygen in the atmosphere is approaching the maximum. It continues in this state until 1 o'clock P. M. The electricity following the sun is then at its height.

So we have at midday the inner and outer conditions for the greatest brain and bodily power. To interrupt work at such a time is a mistake which the Anglo-Saxon race does not realize, because it has inherited the custom of stopping to take provisions between 12 and 2 o'clock in the day.

All kinds of mental and physical work proceeded by better sustained attention. The difference between an Isaac Newton and an ordinary mortal is shown in the ease with which the occupation of the day is thrown aside in order to do what is described as "forcibly driving another man." Newton could concentrate his mind upon a subject so as to be oblivious of all else, including eating and sleeping, for twenty-four hours. I think there is an appropriateness in comparing the too frequently loaded stomach to an engine which has been fired and working splendidly when the fire is buried under new coals and the steam cooled down by a deluge of water. I am convinced that there ought to be an interval of at least seven hours between the two meals of the day. If there must be a brief rest from labor at noon it will be found healthier to do anything else than eat and drink.

Nature is quicker to forgive the mistake of sleeping, bathing or walking too much than the fault of oppressing the whole man with an unnecessary load of food. The theory that the stomach demands something to sustain it after a few hours from the last time it took food is as wild as that a horse should be put to work in a very little while after it has had hard service.

BENEFITS OF FASTING.

The stomach is not dependent upon work for its health, except as, of course, it and the whole body must have the blood made from its digested food; but this blood does not need replenishing so often as is supposed, considering that it remains in the system and continues an endless circuit.

Disease is occasioned by the over fatigue of the digestive system, such as overwork kills the horse. Many persons of mature judgment obtain relief from bodily troubles by fasts of three days. I have often tried this experiment, and have always found that the stomach gains in tone. I have even done the seven day fast, studying and working the whole time, and believe it did me good.

Fasting for long periods has to be done intelligently or it may do more harm than good. I can fully appreciate the danger of advising any particular course of action outside the line beyond which everyday people should go; but there is good ground for advising them to become accustomed to two meals.

When Christ sat at the well in Samaria waiting for his cold victuals it was 6 o'clock P. M., Roman reckoning. He is never mentioned as having eaten at noon. The eating habits of his disciples were the same. The only exception to the general record was St. Peter, who is said to have eaten a noon meal on the roof at Joppa; but, judging from what appears elsewhere concerning him, I believe he was then only breaking his fast for the day.

The Chinese habit of eating only twice a day is confined to those who do not work in the fields. The latter mentioned eat three times.

To break off the habit of eating the noon meal, it only requires about four days' persistent fasting. After that the craving for food will become more and more moderate, and ultimately disappear.

IN THE STEERAGE.

Hardships of the Seekers for Homes in a New Land.

A gentleman from the northern part of Missouri, who was in Omaha, is a living exemplification of the advantages which the land of the free and the home of the brave possesses for men of all nationalities. A few years ago this gentlemen landed in this country, one of a number of tired and wretched immigrants. Today he is an associate justice of the county court of a prosperous Missouri county, in which he has made considerable money as well as many friends.

"The scene on the pier previous to the departure of a vessel is an exciting one," said he. "It is crowded with emigrants all in a confused and excited state, reminding one of a frightened flock of sheep. The majority are perhaps English, Irish and German, though nearly all nations are represented. Each emigrant has a contract ticket, which, in consideration of the transportation fare, stipulates for his transportation to New York, together with a full supply of wholesome provisions, cooked and served by its stewards. The passenger is required to provide himself with bedding and cooking utensils. In my time the weekly allowance of food for adults was prescribed by the government and printed on the contract ticket. As I remember it, it was 21 quarts of water, 3 1-2 pounds of bread, 1 pound of wheaten flour, 1 1-2 pounds of oat meal, rice and peas, 2 pounds of potatoes, 1 1-4 pounds of beef, 1 pound of pork, 2 ounces of tea, 1 pound of sugar, and salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, etc. The steerage stewards herd the emigrants, and they are then marshalled on deck under the scrutiny of a government inspector who examines them for infectious diseases.

"What is the general treatment these people receive while at sea?" asked the reporter.

"Well," replied the Missourian, "neither officers nor men seem to consider them worthy of respect. Occasionally you will find some ships' officers who will treat them in a humane, tolerating manner, but as a rule they are treated more like a drove of cattle. No difference is made between the better or worse class, but all are treated alike. There is no classification; the single women and men are separated, but Foles, Germans, English, French, Italians and people of all countries are thrown together. A cleanly, thrifty human is herded next to a filthy one, hardworking men, who are compelled to mingle with the dirtiest of vagabonds.

"The steerage is usually cold, dark and foul smelling. It extends nearly the entire length of the vessel under the saloon deck and is cut up into gloomy apartments. In each of these are four tiers of berths or bunks, two on each side. The lower tier is two feet from the deck and the upper tier is three feet from the roof. The steerage is about ten feet in height, in each tier are probably six berths of eighteen inches wide and six feet long and made of boards. These berths generally emit an unpleasant smell of chlorate of lime or carbolic acid.

"Officious stewards are moving about indulging in a coarse joke here and a growl at some unfortunate there. After the supper, and but few partake of the first one at sea, the tables are raised to the roof and the steerage center space is clear. Some lamps are then lighted, but promptly extinguished at 9 o'clock. Three meals are served every day, and in quality and quantity they are substantial. At breakfast at 8 o'clock emigrants sit down to do justice to oatmeal porridge and molasses, hot bread, coffee and salt fish. For dinner at 12 perhaps soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes and bread. For supper at 6, tea and bread and butter, with molasses. However, substantial the food may be, the manner in which it is served is unclean. Beef and soup are placed on the table in rusty looking tins and then a scramble takes place, dirty fingers often being used instead of forks. On a pleasant summer day the emigrants have quite a merry time on deck. Some of the Italians bring out their harps and violins, and a concert takes place. Aside from this these people amuse themselves at cards, checkers and other games, and after a time they become partially accustomed to their filthy prison; the majority make the best of it and enjoy themselves to a degree."

"How is the emigrant cared for during a storm?" queried the reporter.

"That's just where he reaches the height of his misery," answered the ex-emigrant. "I shall never forget the sufferings we all endured during a severe storm on my passage. When the storm came up the hatches were battered down, the ports screwed in their places and the companionways closed. During all the time the sea is on deck perhaps 1,000 people were confined to the steerage, on this occasion, for nearly three days. The atmosphere became close and in twenty-four hours was loaded with impurities; meals were irregularly served and the food barely cooked. I shall never forget the exhibition of terror on the part of some of the emigrants, and their terror became contagious as their shrieks grew louder and their prayers more frequent. After the storm had subsided and the steerage was open, the sailors would not go in to clean up for six hours, and then they had to be supplied with an extra allowance of grog. I remember on this trip an incident which a sailor told me was not an unusual one. One of the Italians in the steerage had not washed himself since he had been on board, and after the storm he refused to leave his bunk, but clung to it in all its filth. On the captain's order he was brought on board and thoroughly cleansed with a hose, after which he returned, apparently feeling no better for his clean up, but I am certain the balance of us rested easier.

"When the steamer arrived at quarantine a towboat conveys the doctor on board and he inspects the immigrants. If there are no cases of infections disease the steamer proceeds to the city, and shortly another steamboat appears with the boarding officer of the emigration commissioners. This official ascertains the number of passengers on board and listens to complaints.

"Soon the trees of the Battery park come in sight, the steamer's pulse ceases, several barges are towed alongside, and the immigrants with their baggage are transferred to these. The same excitement is here manifest as at the outset of the voyage. The poor immigrants are browbeaten and driven about like the same old sheep, and as soon as the barges are loaded a small steamer takes them in tow and they are landed with their load of human freight at Castle Garden."

Qualities of Cork.

The density of cork varies with its quality and age. Thin corks are usually heavier than those of the same volume that have grown more rapidly and in corks of the same class the density increases with age. M. Brisson gives 0.240 as an average maximum, and the ordinary density of a ten year old cork may be taken at 0.2. With extreme lightness are associated other valuable qualities, that of being a poor conductor of heat and sound; impermeability to liquid imperfect combustibility, and non liability to decay, by reason of which it is susceptible of very numerous applications in industry. The most important use of the substance is for bottle corks. The bark which is intended to be used in this form is kept in a damp cellar. When taken to the shop it is cut by the first workman into strips, the width of which correspond with the length of the future cork. A second workman cuts these strips into squares suited in size to its diameter. The squares strung are plunged into boiling water to make them swell out. They are then stored in a cool place, and kept in a cool place, and kept constantly moist by sprinkling, till they pass into the hands of the cork maker. He applies them in succession, giving them a rotary motion to the edge of a wide-bladed knife, drawing them at the same time slowly along its length, and by skilful manipulation transforms the square into a round cork. This is the method usually practiced in France. Workmen in other countries handle the knife in different manners. It is essential, to obtain a good and solid cork, to take care that its axis, as it is cut from the barb, be parallel with the axis of the tree on which the bark grew; but the broad flat cork have to be cut perpendicular to the axis of the tree. Only the finest corks are now made by hand. A good workman can turn out in the method described, about one thousand corks a day.

Mr. C. C. R. suggests in a contemporary the use of wind-mills to drive dynamo-electric machines to decompose water. He would store the resulting gases in suitable holders, and used when desired for lighting purposes, or for any employment for which such gases may be available.

An Indianapolis inventor has devised

Too Late, or a Terrible Mistake.

"I can't understand what you see in the fellow," Tom Carter said, testily.

"What do I see in poor Isolani," replied Florence Asgard. "Why, I see a genius of the first water. He may, as you have hinted, eat peas with his knife but that is ignorance. In many things he is a thorough gentleman."

"I see," said Tom, in an offensive manner, as he took off his hat, "that you will not see your protege abused."

"You are right," she said, a little coldly, "for I am very fond or him."

The whole trouble was this. The Asgards had somewhere found this thin, half-starved Italian, Isolani, and had brought him to their house and cared for him until he could find something to do. Tom Carter, whohad always intended to marry Florence, did not like the new addition to their household and promptlyresented it. In fact, he was absurdly jealous of the Italian s influence.

As for Florence, she was too proud to be dictated to, and so they parted not to meet again for many months. Tom was off on a cruise in a yacht trying to hide his sorrow.

On one occasion the owner of the yacht ran over to the pier, and while there invited a small party aboard. Isolina, without his violin was with them.

The Italian recognized Carter at the same moment and came gravely toward him.

He did not seem to take notice of the curtness of the latter's "How d'ye do?"

Carter saw him watching him with a curious expression in which there seemed to lurk a question every now and then.

Toward the close of the afternoon he chose an opportunity, when Carter was standing a little apart from the rest, to address him directly.

"You have—pardon me," he said in his slow, broken English, "you have not seen Meess Asgard since you have been back!"

Carter was silent for a moment before he replied:

"No."

"Meess Asgard is a beautiful lady," Isolani went on slowly. "She is one of the most noble creatures God has made. And her uncle, too. They have been the noblest friends to me." He paused. "You will not go again soon to see Meess Asgard?" he said, simply. "It hurt her that you stayed away. She loves you very much."

"Good God, man are you crazy?" Carter turned a savage face of unutterable dismay upon the Italian.

Isolani made a little motion with his head.

"No—it is true," he reiterated placidly. "You knew it, did you not? Oh, yes. She loved you very much. She never told any one, I think. No. A woman like that never does. But I saw it; I knew it. I loved her myself—as one may love a Madonna, a saint. I knew she loved you—yes. And you loved her—is it not so?"

"Loved her! Carter set his teeth hard. A stiff breeze was rippling in. The sun was going down and a long track of shimmering gold lay across the uneasy, leaping surface of the water.

"Meess Asgard was ill, for a little while," Isolani began again.

"Ill?"

"Yes. Not very seriously, I think. I would have liked to have gone to see her good uncle and learn how she is now, but my engagements here prevented."

That night's boat bore Carter toward the home of the Asgards. It was 9 o'clock in the morning when he arrived. He began to count the time which must elapse before he could, with any regard for the conventionalities present himself.

When he finally reached the Asgards' house he found the windows all barred, and he had some trouble in calling up the housekeeper.

"They have not gone to the country?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, sir. The young lady was not feeling well and she had a relapse."

"What do you mean?" he cried in agony.

"That she is dead!"

Poisons of Java.

Java and the Archipelago generally are the centre of poisons, animal and vegetable. The poison of the sumpitan, or blow-tube dart, is very real. The Bataks, that singular race inhabiting central Sumatra, and the only known people who combine cannibalism with civilization enough for a written alphabetical language, are very skillful in its use. They obtain it from two sources—on the upas tree and the other an allied species called the "ringus." The juice of this latter is more virulent, and burns the skin like boiling oil. I have many a time seen coolies brought in howling dismally, with heads and faces swollen to pantomimic size from having incautiously struck an axe into the "ringus." The only way to attack it is for the woodmen to give themselves a thorough coating of grease, and even then the risk to the eyes is so great that it is generally allowed to stand. The upas poison, however, requires to be used quite fresh, as a few hours' exposure to the air converts it to a crumbly black rosin, quite harmless. Another poison is obtained from a species of vine, bearing clusters of bright fruit, the size of a cricket ball, containing a number of seeds in an intensely bitter pulp. The effects of this are very rapid. I have seen the Balak creep up, sumpitan in hand, to where a troop of gibbons were yelling their noisy chorus from a lofty tree top, and scarcely half a minute elapsed between the dispatch of the missile and the crashing fall of the struck ape. Even the gigantic and formidable species of the orang-outang, which haunts the forests of the east coast, falls paralyzed by two or three of these tiny darts. One of the most famous poisons of Java is obtained from the bamboo. The young shoots of the cane, when they first appear, are covered with fine, brownish hair; this, under a powerful microscope, appears a bayonet-like spikes of silex, infinitely sharp, and I think hollow, though I could not be quite sure. This hair, administered daily in small quantities in the food, brings on ulceration of the bowels, simulating malignant dysentery. The action must be of a mechanical, rather than chemical, nature, just as with the terrible effect on the eyes of the spores of the common puffball. It is greatly dreaded by the Dutch and Europeans living in Java. A Dutch official told me that scores of deaths among European planters, etc., put down to dysentery and diarrhœa, were really due to the bamboo hair and the jealousy of

MERCANTILE MAXIMS.

Pieces of Advice Wisely Given to Those in Business.

A thoroughly honest clerk can always command a better salary than one of equivocal habits.

He who has traded out his neighbor's good opinion is pretty sure to die a poor man, however high the price for which he sold it.

When business is attended with minuteness of detail, strict punctuality, it runs evenly, without jar or friction, and ensures success.

It is statistical truth that no single cause leads to more disasters than the use of liquors, not necessarily through drunkenness, but the enfeebling of the judgment.

In dress be neat and unobtrusive. The perfection of dress is to be so perfectly in keeping with your occupation that the attention of an observer is not directed to it at all.

Vainly shall a man hope to live and thrive by buying and selling after his neighbor; his customers have learned by sad experience that his word is not reliable, that his representations of the cost or quality of his wares are not to be trusted.

Fuming and fretting in and around a store, finding fault with clerks and employes, denotes a lack of order and business tact and exposes the merchant to ridicule and unpleasant comments from those from whom he should have respect and confidence.

Never do business for the sake of doing it.

Do not be in a hurry to get rich. Gradual gains are the only natural gains.

It is not the business that elevates the man, but the man who elevates the business.

Never take great hazards, for they are seldom well balanced by the prospects of profit.

The man who has not one-half of his stock paid for is an unsafe customer, provided he has no other available means.

Stick to your business. Let speculators make their thousands in a day. Your increase may be slow, but it is sure and safe.

The honorable merchant who infuses energy, ability, honesty and good sense in his business, with moderate capital, invariably succeeds.

When trade is dull use every legitimate means to improve it. Some merchants stop advertising when trade is slow. This is just the time it is most needed.

Steel Lace.

"Very handsome, is it not?"

A dealer in laces was exhibiting to an inquisitive reporter a remarkably tasteful specimen of lace of an extremely delicate pattern, and so light that it could almost be blown away by a breath of air. Had it been woven of spider webs it could not have been much lighter.

"Very handsome, indeed. What is it made of?"

"What do you suppose?"

"Silk, probably; but how was it made so tight?"

"Because it is not made of silk."

"What then?"

"Steel."

"Steel?"

"Yes, made of steel rolled as fine as the point of a cambric needle."

"How was it woven?"

"It wasn't woven. It was stamped out of a sheet of low-grade steel, so that it would not be too brittle."

"What can it be used for?"

"This is only an experiment. It was turned out of a small Pittsburg mill and sent to me to show what can be done in that line. In the course of time other patterns will be made, heavier, perhaps, but certainly more tenacious than this piece. They can be used for children's underwear and hats very nicely. There is no question as to its durability, and its cheapness makes it the most salable of all laces in the market. I am looking for its perfection with great interest. It will create a small revolution in the market."

What Would Have Happened.

A party of gentlemen were seated in a cosy parlor on Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, recently when the conversation turned upon the personal dangers they had incurred. Several stories were told with varying degrees of modesty and bravado, when the demure and pretty wife of the host claimed attention. "My experience," she said, "was only a dream, yet I think you will agree with me that, from a woman's standpoint, the situation was more thrilling than any you have experienced.

"I dreamed that I was taking a sleigh ride, unaccompanied. I was driving at a rapid rate when my horse, taking fright at some object by the roadside, bolted and ran. At the same instant I discovered a mouse in the bottom of the sleigh. I have a mortal terror of all manner of rodents, as have most women. The horse was running so fast that I dared not leap out, and it was all I could do to keep him in the road. The mouse came nearer. I was too much frightened to scream. I thought I should die. The mouse came nearer still. I could stand it no longer, so I awoke. Now it is all over—perhaps it is woman's curiosity—I have often wished I had remained asleep a little while longer just to see how the adventure would have turned out. It was one of the few disappointments of my life that I didn't."

And the men never said a word.

We're all Being Duped.

A bright-faced, cleanly dressed boy kept himself busy for nearly two hours recently, handing out little squares of paper to the pedestrians who passed up the street. They were curious bits of paper, a great deal smaller than the average advertising dodger, and the closest scrutiny failed to reveal anything on them. Young ladies would accept them, and after looking at them with puzzled expressions put them in their pocketbooks. Old men took out their spectacles and stopped to examine them closely. Small boys and young men stood in groups holding them to the light and looking through them, and finally put them in their pockets for a future examination. A subsequent investigation elicited the information that two young men, for their own amusement, had paid the boy to distribute blank pieces of paper to passers

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Two brave girls, living near Campbellford, Ont., met a bear in the woods, and, instead of retreating in terror, picked up a club each and gave him battle. Bruin stood it for a while, but was at last forced to turn tail and run.

—Little Maggie Ream was playing by the roadside near Johnstown, Pa., when a Nimrod from the city came along. A ribbon around her neck fluttered in the breeze, and he thought she was a turkey. Taking deliberate aim he shot her in the neck.

—Montana territory claims to be ready for statehood, with plenty of property, plenty of population, 1,400,000 cattle, 190,000 horses, 2,000,000 sheep, and gold and silver at the rate of $26,000,000 a year.

—The skin of the catfish is now tanned into leather in Germany. The new leather is tough, supple and of good appearance. It is made into purses and shoe laces. Tanned salmon skins are used as robes by the women of Castrio's Bay.

—In Italy turkeys are always fattened with walnuts Thirty days before the turkey is to be killed one walnut is stuffed down his throat. Each day he is given an additional walnut, and on the twenty-ninth day he has twenty-nine walnuts. He is then immensely fat.

—A Calais (Me.) gentleman gave a birthday dinner the other evening, and all the game served—the snipe on toast, the woodcock, the partridge pie, the roasted duck—was shot for the occasion by the host. At the plate of each guest was a souvenir snipe wings, arranged with bright ribbons.

—There is a watch in the Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the time when watches were inserted in snuff boxes, shirt studs and finger rings. Some were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform or in the share of pearls, tulips, etc.

—According to Mr. Holyoke the outlook of the industrial class fifty years ago was as dreary as Siberia. Food was scarce. The English race was thin. Even girls had an ill favored look because underfed. In a few years after the repeal of the corn laws every 1,000,000 of adult persons in England weighed 12,000 tons heavier than they did before the repeal, and the young people had grown ten times comelier than they were.

—The funeral of Napoleon, when the body was brought back from St. Helena, furnished a theme for one of the longest articles in Hugo's "Choses Vues," in which are noted a few curious facts, among them that the statue of Marshal Ney furnished for the occasion was a foot too tall, so the chiefs of the Beax Arts department "sawed out of the statue a slice of the stomach twelve inches wide, and stuck the two pieces together again as well as they were able."

—Perhaps the statement may be of interest that the little screech owl, getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in vehicles of the English sparrow has become so extra saucy that the imported birds are and in this owl as bold an enemy as the sparrow hawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since his attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not so wide awake for ways and means to escape.

—There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery, in that it is a proof that Mr. St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and that as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.

—Conformably to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the valley of Chamonix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than 200 feet above the level of the sea, and rising still lower. During the last three years this lower extremity has "advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1886, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards." Although other Alpine glaciers, which cannot be so definitely observed, are known to be increasing in width and height, it will require many years of the present speed "before they occupy ground which within the memory of living persons they once covered."

—"The Kings' head was first used as one of the the hall marks on English silver in 1784. The story is that George III, having attended a dinner at Goldsmith's Hall, was greatly impressed with the rich display of plate used on that occasion. His Majesty was in need of money, it being just after the close of the American war, and the idea was suggested that silver plate was a good article for taxation. Soon after the Duty Act was passed, which imposed a tax of six-pence per ounce on all silver made in England, and also enacted that the additional stamp of the King's head or duty mark should be placed on all articles as an evidence that the duty had been paid. The sovereign's head is the fifth mark, therefore any piece of English silver with only four marks is certainly over a hundred years old. There are many fine specimens of the earlier period owned in Boston.

—Before the rain was obtained in the Pho-ting Prefecture the drought was severely felt by the peasants, who, having been unsuccessful in all their efforts to obtain relief, engaged a Taoist priest, who erected in the open street a wooden stage, covered around with matsheds. Incense sticks were kept burning in the front, and a coffin was prepared, with four gentry, or elders, of the people, standing one at each corner of the coffin, while the priest prostrated himself, murmuring and burning some papers. After that the priest laid himself in the coffin, enjoining that the lid be held tight by several men. Should the rain still fail to appear, these performances were to be repeated three times, after which it was believed that the rain would certainly come. One difficul