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TO THE COLORADO DESERT.

Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot Sphinx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast thou done?
Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos turned
Thy naked, burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silence have speech, the rivers sing.
Thou answerest never unto anything.
Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps and proves.
Away, and howls and howls and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness.
Thy sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies.
And drips rare honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands,
And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands.
Mark here and there a grewsome graveless spot
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and is not.
God must have made thee in his anger, and forgot.

—Lippincott's.

BOSS OF LIBERTY RANCH

The boss was very sick. The men who disliked him, and his clever, systematic ways, and straight, honest dealing, and the men who had learned to respect and love him for his goodness and unselfishness, were alike worried and disheartened over his case. They had sent thirty miles for a doctor, who came and went, and wasn't doing him a bit of good. A low fever was sapping his life away, and we realized that the doctor did not understand his case, and was not helping him. I suggested getting another doctor, who had a great reputation for his medical skill, but before I could act upon it he heard of it in some way and sent for me.

"Hal," he said, holding out a lean, brown hand, "it's of no use. I'm going over the Great Divide and I'm going alone. I'm not afraid of the journey, but I want you to help me and not hinder me. And, Hal, you must be the boss of Liberty Ranch—you must finish my work."

He made me give him a solemn promise that I would carry out the plans he had made, and then he grew light-headed, and began calling for "Clara" and "Loren," and I went out of the cabin, and strong man that I was, I felt a tear trickling down my cheek in the starlight. The night was so beautiful, so full of heavenly promise, and the only being I loved on earth was lying just within there—dying.

He was our "boss," too, the leader, director, of this camp of rough men hired by a big contractor who wanted their sinews and souls like the cattle they branded in herds. They had fought and rioted and despoiled until one day this brown-skinned, smooth-faced chap walked in among them, said, "men, I'm your master," and made a compact with them for their fealty, and saw that they kept it, too. One look from under his level brow brought the roughest man there to terms. A word or two conquered another. Soon he was writing their letters home for them, reading to them, and keeping them out of mischief.

I did not take to him at first. It seemed to me he was always watching for some one, and I was suspicious that he was a fugitive from justice, always on the alert for a surprise. He fastened the door of his adobe cabin like a tenderfoot, and had to be approached like an army general in his tent. And he never got over that way he had of looking off to the East and listening and starting as stags do when they scent the sea. I was apprehensive that some day he would stampede just as they do, and we would never see him again. And he did—but in a rather different way.

He had been with us a year or more, when one day a couple of tourists rode up on horseback on our ranch, and asked if they could stay and rest and have dinner there. I missed the boss and went to the adobe after him.

"Company, sir," I said when I was inside. The boss was standing in the middle of the cabin and didn't look around.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I wish people would let us alone. But, Hal, give them the best, and Hal"—he turned a ghastly white face toward me—"don't let them in here."

"Are you sick, sir?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, I feel wretchedly bad. Hal, notice what they talk about, what he says, but keep them away—keep them away!"

I pitied the boss, and as he had won me over before this time, by his goodness, I was willing to stand between him and harm, but I felt sure, more sure than ever, that he had committed some crime and was afraid of being apprehended. I determined to protect him and if these were enemies to go to any length to aid him to escape.

But the two strangers who had come to the ranch were idlers of fashion who were on an outing with a large company from whom they had parted for the day. They had a curiosity to see our ranch, were tired, and only sought a brief rest, and to be left to themselves.

They were a man and his wife. She was a faded beauty; at least she was fading, though still young. He was a rather handsome cavalier of the gentlemanly type, and he was very fond of his wife, who pettishly accepted his attentions. I noticed them both particularly, and remarked on their personal appearance, so that I could describe them to the boss afterwards.

When they were gone, later in the afternoon, I sought the adobe and found the boss lying on his bunk, face down, the curtain partly drawn.

"Well, Hal."

"They are gone, sir."

"Who were they?"

"A man and his wife. He is very much in love with her, sir, but I judge she doesn't care much for him."

"Ah! doesn't love him? No, no, how could she help loving him—he, so noble, so—"

"I beg pardon, sir, but he did not impress me as noble; on the contrary, I thought him weak. The woman must have been beautiful once, but she looked disappointed and peevish now."

"Did you hear what he called her?"

"He called her 'darling' and 'dear' a great deal, but once he spoke to her by the name of 'Clara.'"

"And she called him?"

"'Loren?'"

Every word I said must have implanted a thorn or a sword thrust in the unhappy heart of the man who heard me, but I did not know it then. But I did imagine a romance that would account for the strange action of the boss. It was that Clara had been his sweetheart before Loren had married her, and that she had jilted him for the other man.

From that hour the boss was under the ban of the illness, which was now at its hight. Now, indeed, I had learned to love him, as I never loved mortal man before. I would have throttled the man who would have hinted aught against him. I was his faithful nurse as far as he would let me be, for he still held aloof from intimacy; but I was glad to know that my hand could soothe the pain that racked his poor head; that he liked to have me sit beside him; that at night, when he would stay alone, I might lie in my buffalo robe outside the adobe, and sometimes speak to him for companionship.

I was with him when death came, for come it did. He had seen all the men one by one, and then he signified his wish to be alone with me, so we two were together hand in hand, waiting for the supreme moment when death would part us.

Then he told me his story. It was strange, romantic, wonderful, but as I listened a great tide of joy ran through my heart. Yes. Part of my theory about the boss had been true. He had loved most unhappily—had been cruelly jilted for another. But it was not the woman who visited the ranch that day whom he had loved; she had wrecked his life. The boss lifted my hand to his lips to prepare me for that last great surprise—it was for Loren's sake he was exiled from the world and from life. When I closed his eyes that night I solemnly kissed the unresponsive lips. Then I wrapped that wasted form, which no hand but mine had touched, in the draperies of death, and bore it in my arms to the grave which the men had dug under the great cottonwood tree, there to sleep until the resurrection morn.

Have you guessed it? Yes; the boss of Liberty Ranch was a woman—Free Press.

Of Modern Construction.

The construction of mechanical singing birds has now reached such perfection that at first sight the little automaton is absolutely like the bird whose plumage it borrows, whether it represents a simple nightingale or is adorned with the brilliant feathers of a bird of paradise. Neither in the pose nor form could the art of the taxidermist do better. The attitude of each species is carefully studied. Certain of these birds are inclosed in a simple cage or are placed upon a branch forming a perch, while others placed upon a tree, flutter from one branch to another, without it being possible to see the little rod, mounted upon a pivot and hidden in the leaves, that carries it back and forth. Again, others may be placed upon a stand or in a basket of flowers. Humming birds are concealed in a snuff-box, the cover of which being raised, they suddenly appear and begin to sing. After the air is finished, they re-enter the box and the cover closes of itself. The snuff-boxes in which they are inclosed are decorated in all possible ways, with inlaid enamel work, Japanese designs upon silver and gold, old silver, repousse work, inlaid work, and so on. The first automatic singing birds had a motion of the bill only, and it was by means of a bird organ or a music box that they seemed to sing. The improvements afterward introduced consisted in the substitution of a genuine warbling for the music box, and in giving these little singers the perfect appearance of life. A reproduction of the true song of birds has been successfully obtained, and we are now able to hear all our ordinary artists, with the repertory peculiar to each of them. The mechanical apparatus is wound up like clock-work, and produces various motions of the head, tail and wings which are so naturally combined with the warbling that the mechanical songster, whose plumage leaves nothing to be desired, seems to be a living, breathing thing.

The Mouth of the Pope.

An Italian daily supplies the world with a pleasant little anecdote upon the personal vanity of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

The nuns inhabiting a convent near Rome had joined in embroidering a beautiful carpet, the center of which displayed a likeness of the Pope. When the clerical messenger unrolled the splendid gobelin before the eyes of Leo the latter scrutinized his likeness and pulled a face, saying, gravelously, "That mouth is twice as large as mine. I would not have so ugly a face said to be mine, even to be trampled under foot. Take it away!" The messenger was speechless. Then one of the papal courtiers said, "Woman is talkative. It is not surprising that even the mouth of Your Holiness under female manipulation should have grown beyond all measure." The Pope laughed and ordered the carpet to be accepted with thanks.

Inaction.

Great evils result from physical inaction. It is well known that through the whole human system strength and development come only by exercise. Every unused muscle shrinks in size and loses its force, and the man or woman who lives chiefly a life of passive repose will gradually lose the power as well as the desire for activity. This, however, is by no means the whole of the evil involved. The connection between the mind and the body is very intimate, and the mental faculties cannot obtain their full power, nor the character attain its highest excellence, unless the body be kept in healthful condition by salutary exercise. Pure air and regular physical exertion are necessary in order to think clearly, to decide wisely, to reason acutely, to plan with discretion, and to execute with vigor. Strength of will depends largely upon the strength of muscle, and he who is weak and flabby in the latter will in all probability be feeble and irresolute in the former.

PERSISTENCE OF PESTS.

They Thrive and Increase While Desirable Creatures Grow Fewer.

From the sowing and planting of his seed, almost, indeed from the turning of the furrow, the farmer enters upon a contest with the weeds, for a place in which his crops may grow, and if he or the crops are not vanquished, as the weeds never are, the warfare continues till harvest time.

While he, with infinite labor, prepares the ground and sows his seed with all care, praying that drouth may not wither nor floods drown it, and that frosts may not cut down the tender plants, the winds of Heaven and the fowls of the air scatter broadcast the seeds of the noxious weeds, or they lie dormant in the ground awaiting opportunity, and then they germinate in sterile places, fence corners and nooks of the wayside, and flourish alike in scorching sunshine and in sodden soil.

They defy the latest and the earliest frosts, grow with their roots in the air; and cut down, spring up, grow on, blossoming and ripening their seed in creeping stealth and even unscathed by blight; and so flourish in spite of all unkindliness of man or stress of nature, that the husbandman wishes they might by some freak of demand become the useful plants, his present crop the undesired ones.

Somewhat of the position that weeds stand opposed to the plants which the husbandman depends upon for his livelihood, vermin hold toward the beasts and birds, upon which the sportsman depends for his recreation.

While they whose protection men endeavor to maintain during the season of procreation, and at times when scarcity of food prevails, decrease often to complete extinction, the vermin, whom the hand of man is always against, continue to increase and multiply or at least hold their own.

To them as to the weeds nature seems to deal a kinder hand, and spares, even nourishes, while she destroys their betters.

The snow crust, that walls the quail in a living tomb, makes a royal banqueting hall for the pestiferous field mice, where they feast and revel in plenty, secure from all their enemies, feathered or furry. It impounds the deer, but gives free range to the wolf and to his as pitiless two-legged brother, the crust hunter.

The wet seasons that drown the callow woodcock and grouse work no harm to the ravenous brood of the hawk and owl, nor to the litter of fox, mink or weasel. Wet or dry, hot or cold, the year fosters them throughout its varied round.

Winged ticks kill the grouse, but the owl endures their companionship with sedate serenity and thrives with a swarm of the parasites in the covert of his feathers.

The skunk has been in bad odor since man's first acquaintance with him, and has always been killed on sight as a pest that the world be the sweeter for being rid of. In latter years the warfare against him has received an impetus from the value of his fury, but though this has gone on relentlessly for a quarter of a century, or more, his tribe still live to load the air with a fragrance that incites the ambitious trapper to further conquest.

All the year round all the farmers and their boys wage war upon the crows, but each returning autumn sees the columns of the black army moving southward with apparently unthinned ranks, while year by year, the harried platoons of ducks and geese return fewer and less frequent.

Those detested foreigners, the English sparrows, increase and multiply in spite of bitter winters and righteous persecution, while our natives, the beloved song birds, diminish in numbers.

Thus on every hand we find the undesirable in animated nature, the birds and beasts that we would gladly be rid of, maintaining their numbers, while those who increase we desire are losing ground and tending toward extinction.

The prospect for the sportsman of the future is indeed gloomy, unless he shall make game of the pests and become a hunter of skunks and a shooter of crows and sparrows. Who can say that a hundred years hence the leading sportmen of the period will not be wrangling over the points and merits of their skunk and woodchuck dogs and bragging of their bags of crows and sparrows?—Forest and Stream.

His Valise.

Even when a man overcomes his scruples and resolves to do a little in the smuggling way, he is apt to blunder at the last moment. A tourist had concealed several boxes of fine Cuban cigars in an old valise. As the crisis approached, however, his nerve failed, as often happens on such occasions, and when called, on arrival at port, to claim his baggage, he failed to identify that containing the smuggled goods. His wife at once divined his trouble, and seeing not only the cigars, but far more valuable chattels, passing into a limbo from which they could never be reclaimed, came boldly forward. "Why, John," she exclaimed, "don't you know my maid's valise?" and proceeded forthwith to reclaim the baggage, which was handed over to her without question. A very successful device was practiced by a Hebrew merchant and his wife. For a long time they escaped detection, but at last their method transpired. It appeared that always, when he arrived at port, the man was met by his wife, who forthwith installed herself in his state-room. The lace was secreted in the state-room and left there by the merchant when he came ashore to be examined. After a rigid investigation had proved his guilelessness and impeccability he rejoined his wife who meanwhile had calmly proceeded to gather up his leavings, and, unsearched and unsuspected, conveyed them safely into his hands. Government officials have numerous unsuspected sources of information and many a woman is detected by information quietly conveyed, for a consideration, to headquarters by some one in the establishment where the goods intended to be smuggled were purchased. A lady consults an experienced "packer" in a Parisian house with regard to the best method of concealing a piece of dress goods so that it will pass the custom officials undetected. The advice is freely given, the contrivance suggested is ingenious, and perfectly well known at the custom house, which receives, if the game is worth the candle, an intimation of how to recognize the *ci devant* purchaser and would-be smuggler, and what to look for when she is searched.

Horseshoes.

Horses were not shod in Egypt, Assyria, or Palestine. The latter country was supplied with horses by the Egyptians. Solomon paid 150 shekels of silver, equal in value to $75 for each horse. This was a high price, the difference in relative value of a shekel and a given weight of wheat being considered.

Isaiah speaks of horses whose "hoofs shall be counted like flint"—a valuable quality where they were shoeless. The Syrians and Hittites were supplied with Egyptian horses by Solomon, who turned an honest penny by this means.

Aristotle and Pliny mention the covering of horses' feet in stony places to protect the hoof from breakage and wear, but it is probable that such a covering was a bandage or boot, and used principally on long journeys.

Suetonius refers to the dismounting of Vespasian's muleteer, to shoe his mules. Wrappings of plaited fiber, such as hemp or broom, were used, as was also leather. In Japan the horses have clogs of twisted straw, of which a large supply is carried on a journey; when worn, another is immediately applied.

The modern custom of shoeing would, no doubt, appear a barbarous custom in their minds. Capt. Cook refers to the fact that the Siberians and Kamtschatkans use traveling socks for their dogs. Camels in old times were similarly provided. These boots were drawn on over the feet, and it does not appear that iron or other metallic plates were nailed to the hoofs. Such boots were shod with metal for the rich.

The mules of Nero were shod with silver; those of his wife Poppœa, with gold. For less stately purposes mules were shod with iron. Homer mentions brazen-footed steeds, probably a merely metaphorical expression implying strength.

Mithridates and Alexander experienced great difficulty with their cavalry, owing to the soreness of the unprotected feet of the horses in long marches. The first certain mention of shoes being nailed to horses' hoofs is in the works of the Emperor Leo, ninth century. The practice of shoeing horses is said to have been introduced into England by William I.

A Deadly Poison.

Two eminent French chemists have succeeded in extracting a deadly poison, in the shape of a liquid, from human and animal breath. It is concluded that in the air of ill-ventilated rooms there is an accumulation of a deadly volatile principle, more dangerous than the carbonic acid which is always present. The discovery constitutes an additional reason why greater attention should be paid to the purification of the air of dwelling-houses, and especially of sleeping rooms, by a thoroughly scientific system of ventilation. We are reminded, by the announcement of the discovery of the poisonous nature of breath, of the very extraordinary occurrence that took place at the Old Bailey in 1750. Newgate Gaol, always in a very bad sanitary condition, had been crowded with prisoners, mostly discharged soldiers, on the close of the great Continental War. Smollett, a doctor of medicine, says in his history, that "the very air they breathed acquired a pestilential degree of putrefaction." The result, when the men were taken for trial to the Old Bailey, was fearfully tragic. The lord mayor, an alderman, two judges, several lawyers, most of the jury, and a large number of spectators, died from the effects of inhaling the poison reeking from the prisoners.

Losing and Forgetting.

A successful business man said there were two things he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely—"Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provisions for such an occurrence; you must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought in the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do anything he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting.

If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me he forgets to do something, I tell him he might as well say, 'I do not think enough of my business to take the trouble to think of it again.'"

I once had a young man in my employ, said another gentleman, who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important duty to say, "I forgot." I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last three years he was utterly changed in that respect.

Understood His Business.

Druggist—I am getting up a new patent medicine, and I want some signs painted.

Scenery Decorator—How many words?

"Not many. Just say, 'Take Dr Squills' Sirup for that tired feeling."

"All right. I'll put it on every steep hill I can find."—New York Weekly.

COST OF INDIAN WARS.

Some Surprising Facts and Figures on the Cost of Fighting Poor Lo.

A few figures, which will prove very interesting to people who have paid attention to Indian affairs during the past few years, were given by a Commissioner connected with the Indian Bureau at Washington while he was visiting this city the other day.

He has had charge of the Indian census under one administration and has also taken a prominent part in the negotiations for the purchase of lands from the Sioux. He has lived among the Indians and was an ardent friend of the late Sitting Bull and other noted chiefs.

Some one in a party at an uptown hotel spoke of the trouble in the Northwest and asked the Commissioner for his opinion as to the cause of the outbreak.

He laid the blame on the Government and the incompetent men who have represented it in dealing with the aborigines. Those who were not incompetent, he said, were worse, and generally retired with a fortune in two or three years after receiving their appointments. During the past few years, however, there has been little or no chance to acquire wealth rapidly, and the only cause, the Commissioner said, was because the Indians were destitute of wealth and have none to lose for the white men to acquire. The rations promised by the Government were scanty, and the issue was often delayed for weeks at a time.

"This last statement," said he, "does not appear to mean very much; but when persons depend upon those rations for existence in lieu of game and are compelled to go days without food they can appreciate the Indian's condition, and not wonder that he hails with delight the belief that a Messiah is coming to mitigate his hardships."

Mr. Thomas Donaldson, who is connected with the Indian census, made a compilation several years ago regarding the cost of the various Indian wars. From these figures, if the Government policy had been to better the Indians' condition, I can safely say that every Sioux buck would now be the possessor of a farm worth at least $2,000 if the money had been paid him instead of it being spent for powder and shot.

"According to Mr. Donaldson's figures, since the organization of the Government on July 4, 1776, up to June 30, 1887, the Indians have cost us $929,239,284. Only one-third of this enormous amount has been spent in civilizing the Indians, while two-thirds has been spent in fighting them, in the transportation of troops and the purchase of munitions of war.

"The most costly of all Indian wars was that known as the great Sioux war, which broke out in 1852 and lasted about four years. How many Indians were killed I do not know, and I cannot give the exact number of soldiers and settlers. The losses on both sides, however, were very heavy.

"This war cost the Government $20,000,000. The Navajo war cost $15,000,000, and something like $200,000,000 were expended during the wars from 1862 to 1876. The Sioux war of 1876, celebrated by the Custer massacre, cost for actual field expenses $2,312,531, while the Nez Perces war of the following year cost $931,329.52. Two hundred and forty-one officers and soldiers were killed, and the Indian losses were 128.

"The next outbreak occurred among the Bannock Indians in 1878, and $556,636 were spent in subduing them. There has been considerable Indian fighting with little squads of Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico since 1882, and for every Apache run down and killed the Government has spent $100,000.

"These figures, of course, appear exorbitant to a person not familiar with Indian fighting, but when one takes into consideration all of the expenses incidental to the long chases across the country they will find that the figures are correct."—New York Herald.

Not a Virtue.

Those uncomfortable people who pride themselves upon saying just what they think on all occasions are unpopular, and deserve to be. Their boasted frankness is generally ill-concealed malice, and their unsolicited opinions are merely insolent. We have no right to say what we think unless kindly and lovingly; no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad-tempered we should at least keep our venom locked up in our own breasts, and not let it out to wound others. Truths need not be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The judicious flatterer is sure to be a favorite, for—no matter what is said to the contrary—there is no one quite impervious to compliments when he feels that there is reason for them. Even those who have an humble opinion of themselves cannot fail to be pleased by the kind intention shown. Every man, too, is sure to be a success in one direction, at least. Then why not tell him so? So far from desiring to say disagreeable things, kindly folk are continually on the alert lest they even unconsciously wound others. They make a point of avoiding localisms, or unpleasant generalities which may seem to include any member of the company in which they find themselves. Strange to say, this class of people are considered light-minded, false and worldly by the stern moralists who cannot recognize truth in a pleasant garb; but why any one should consider it more Christian like to utter unpleaasnt facts than pleasant ones, is a puzzling question.

It is asserted that the oldest building in the world is the Tower of London.

The dinner fork was introduced into Italy in 1491, into England in 1608.

A resident of Waitsburg, Wash., captured a red bat a short time ago.

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

A Word or Two About Gloves, as Well as Other Hints.

The glove is an essential part of a woman's attire, as a matter of adornment and one of essential service. Warmth and cleanliness, a safeguard against variations in the weather, and a protective influence in general, is the function of the glove. The flesh of the hand is as delicate and sensitive as that of any other portion of the body; in fact, more so than that of either face or limbs. It must, therefore, be furnished with a protective covering at such times as external conditions warrant.

Cold hands, chapped hands, rheumatism, and many other complaints may often be prevented by a proper glove, the variety of which depends to a certain extent upon the choice of the wearer.

Undressed kid, silk, and lisle thread may be classified as best. The fully dressed kid is practically suited for only evening wear. In cold weather a heavier glove should be worn. Woolen and dog skin are to be preferred, but if these appear to you as unsightly you may clothe your hands with a glove of lighter texture and wear a muff. The muff is, in its province, of the same character as the glove, but it is an article of convenience which is rarely ornamental.

A few rules in regard to gloves may be worthy of your observance. Wash and thoroughly dry your hands before placing your gloves on them; do not have them very tight about the palms and wrists; let them be of porous material and in all respects comfortable. In taking them off turn them inside out for airing.

There are persons who think that gloves should be worn at night in order to preserve the softness of the hands.

If you wish your hands to look faded, wear gloves at night; but if you wish them to preserve their natural characteristics, use gloves when you are not in repose.

While walking about in sun, wind, or rain, gloves will do you a very good service; at night, however—and here the hours of sleep are referred to—they are ill-suited to any one.

The custom of wearing gloves at night originated with the ancient Egyptians. Cleopatra, it is said, numbered this among her eccentricities; but the folly was more fully developed during the reign of Louis XIV., of France. To-day persons who affect the manners of the antique French may be selected as conspicuous among those who wear gloves at night, and a cursory glance at their hands will be sufficient to make an indelible stamp on the mind.

Naturally the hand of woman is molded by what she does with it. Its various lines, under ordinary circumstances, mark the contour of the different parts of the body. All should be in harmony. But if you put a pasty, greasy, and leathery covering over the hands you make them fade in advance of their time.—Frank H. Ingram, M. D., in New York World.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

SMALL sins cause great sorrows.

IF you want people to repent preach repentance.

IT doesn't take any ability at all to be a growler.

THERE is no river of life in the land of death.

SUCCESS anywhere requires singleness of purpose.

THE moment you kill faith you break all the banks.

A FLOWER will smell good no matter where you put it.

FAME is a bright robe but it soon wears out at the elbows.

THE best way to preach Christ is to preach what he preached.

PEOPLE who carry sunshine with them are always welcome.

YOU can't discourage a man while he believes God loves him.

THE angels are God's servants, but redeemed men are his sons.

A DOUBT is the heaviest thing you can pick up and try to carry.

TROUBLE always runs to meet the man who goes out to hunt it.

NO PARADISE is safe from which the devil cannot be kept out.

GIVE the past to God and determine to make good use of the future.

NOBODY has ever found happiness who did not seek for it in God's way.

ONE of the easiest things to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

THE prayer that does not bring us nearer to God puts us farther away.

CONFESSION of sin is impossible until there is a willingness to forsake it.

THE woman who never takes any interest in the fashions needs medicine.

NOTHING good can be found on earth that will not be found in Heaven.

THE people who disappoint God the most are those who try to fight their own battles.

IT is a good plan to keep a little money in your pocket that belongs entirely to God.

THE only people whom God can not help are those who think this world is their home.

"THE rebellious dwell in dry land." There is never any rainfall in the devil's country.

IF you have never been in adversity you have never found out who your real friends are.

THE best thing to do when we can not see in any other direction is to look straight up.

NO MAN can walk very far with God who does not keep step with everything that is good.

EVERY once in awhile you find a man who thinks that noise in class meeting is religion.

NO MAN can ever break any of the other commandments while he is keeping the first one.

THE man who puts his heart into everything he does is watched by the angels when he works.

MRS. FANGLE—You used to call me your angel, Henry, but you never say so now. Mr. Fangle—No, my dear; I have found out the difference. Angels, you know, don't care anything about dresses.

An Odd Creature.

The great oddity at the Golden Gate park, San Francisco, is the laughing jackass, which has an apartment all to himself. He doesn't look a big like a humorist, but he is so homely, and cocks his head in such a strangely solemn way that everybody laughs at him. Some of the park employes caught a slim snake two feet long one afternoon and it was thrown into the laughing jackass's big cage. The bird pounced on it joyfully, and grabbing it behind the head he quickly thrashed the life out of it against the sides of the cage. Then he started in at the snake's head and swallowed it all.

After giving a few extra gulps of satisfaction he expressed his thanks with a loud "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" that was about as musical as his physiognomy is beautiful.

Superintendent McLaren was visibly touched by the lonely bird's gratitude for an act of kindness. Next to snakes the laughing jackass likes lizards. As the park funds hardly warrant getting him a daily supply of delicious reptiles, he usually has to put up with chunks of fresh meat and occasional worms.

In Australia, where laughing jackasses generally do as they please, they make constant war on snakes. The bird will pounce down on one like a hawk, grab it back of the head and quickly rise to a considerable height, when he will let it drop to the ground.

The snake will be quite stunned by the fall, but it no sooner strikes the ground than the laughing jackass is thrashing it about preparatory to a speedy meal. The bird is often called the "squatter's clock," because at six o'clock every evening they set up a concert of "Ha! ha! ha!"

The Occupation of Wreckers is Gone.

The lighting of sea coasts has done away with the business of wrecking vessels for spoil. A British inspector of lighthouses, not many years ago, spoke to a boatman of the Orkney Islands about the dilapidated sails of the small craft he had hired. The fellow replied,—

"If you hadn't come here with your lights we might o' had better sails to our boats and more of other things."

Before the lighthouses were built, when only the bell of the Abbot of Aberthock warned sailors of their dangerous proximity to the Inchcape Rock, disasters to shipping were so frequent that the farmers of the Orkney Islands are said to have used wine instead of milk in their barley porridge, and to have fenced their farms with Honduras mahogany. They bitterly opposed the erection of lighthouses, saying that "if wrecks were to happen they might as well be sent to their poor island as elsewhere."

The murder of shipwrecked unfortunates for plunder seems to have been regarded as pardonable, if not positively commendable, in former times. Not the ocean itself was so merciless as the Irish who stabbed to death and beneaded the castaways of the Spanish Armada, whose religious cause was their own, in order to rob them of their jewels and clothing.

It is said that the people of the Bahamas used systematically to lure ships upon the reefs of those islands, imitating a revolving flash-light by trying a lantern to a horse's tail and walking the beast around in a circle.

A Difficulty Solved.

Sir Frederick Goldsmid tells an amusing anecdote about the construction, under his superintendence, of a telegraph line from Bagdad, in Asia Minor, to the Persian capital of Teheran.

The frontier line between Turkey and Persia was so undefinable that a tract of no less than seventeen miles of land over which the telegraph would have to be carried was in dispute, each of the two countries claiming the right to its possession.

Now, the engineering stores which our Government supplied to the Turkish Government differed to those supplied to the Persian Government. The former had wooden telegraph poles, the later iron ones. The Persian Government in their jealous hatred of the Turks, feared that if wooden poles were erected across the disputed territory, posterity would regard them as a proof that the territory was Turkish.

On the other hand, the Turks objected to iron poles being used, lest in the far future they should be adduced by Persia as evidence that the land was hers.

The way Sir Frederick contrived to get out of the difficulty did credit to his ingenuity and resource. He set up first a wooden pole, then an iron one, then another wooden, then an iron again, and so on—alternating wood an iron—for the whole seventeen miles.

Echoes.

They were talking about echoes, and he was an American. He listened while Germans praised German echoes; Englishmen, English echoes; and Swiss, Swiss echoes; and then, determined to make a supreme effort for the reputation of his great country, he said, quietly, "But, say? Whar's the echo that can compete with the American echo in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky?" As no one had been to Kentucky, no one dared to challenge the speaker, who, thus emboldened, continued: "Sure as my name's Hiram B. Cooling, if you call out to that echo, 'Hullo, Smith,' durned if the echo don't reply straightway; 'which Smith do you mean?' At the Chicago Exhibition they are not going to attempt to rival this echo, but a scientific professor has offered to construct for them an artificial echo which shall repeat a sentence of twenty words, and shall continue re-echoing for five minutes. He proposes to bring about this result in a specially prepared long chamber lined with sheet iron, and having at each end a huge steel tympanum thirty feet in diameter. If, however, half the gigantic projects which have been mooted in connection with the Exhibition should take form, the show will occupy not only the whole of Chicago, but nearly the whole of Illinois, and a great part of Lake Michigan as well.

IT is a pity that the apple crop was not as poor the year Eve made her mistake as it is this year.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

He who is virtuous is wise.

—Birds will not eat fireflies.

—Paper flower pots are in demand.

—There are no telegraph poles in China.

—The Chinese eat the flesh of the dog.

—Letter postage costs us $42,000,000 a year.

In Hinlopen Strait snow may fall even in the dog days.

—Stocking-making machines were the work of Lee, in 1589.

—Diving bells were invented by a Dutch mariner in 1509.

—Furnaces for puddling iron were invented by Cort in 1781.

—Machines for setting type were invented by Mitchell in 1854.

—Shoemaking machines were invented by Gallahue in 1858.

—Billiards were invented in France by Devigne about 1471.

—The first pipe organ was made by Archimedes, B. C., 220.

—Silk manufacturers were established in Europe in A. D. 550.

Arkansas has a wonderful onyx cave in the Ozark Mountains.

—The men of Japan outnumber the women by about three per cent.

—The mariner's compass was a Chinese invention, 1200 B. C.

—The Argand lamp was the invention of Amie Argand in 1789.

—The royal standard of Persia is a blacksmith's apron.

—The parchment used on the best banjos is made from wolf skins.

—Bovusboro, Md., has a pink cup cactus containg 198 flowers in full bloom.

—The "monkey-wrench," so called was named after its inventor, Mr. Muncky.

—At the age of forty a man usually attains his highest weight; a woman at fifty.

—Men with gray or blue eyes are usually better marksmen than those with dark eyes.

—The game of backgammon was invented by Palameda, a Greek, about 1224.

—In the year 1635 a tulip bulb was sold for $2200 in Holland. It weighed 200 grains.

—S. B. Victor, of Columbia, Mo., has worn the same duster and straw hat for forty years.

—An ordinary day coach weighs about 50,000 pounds; Pullman sleepers weigh about 75,000 pounds.

—A field of wheat is reported to have floated down the Missouri river past Atchison, Kan., recently.

—Paper from rags was made in 1035 A. D., the first linen paper in 1391 and paper from straw in 1800.

—The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders and the North American Indians are all beardless.

—A six-year-old Salem, Ore., girl became so excited about a fire that her heart stopped beating and she dropped dead.

—The shortest street in the world is Mansion House street, in the city of London. It is not more than a few yards in length.

—When the Falkland Islands were first visited by man the wild dogs found there, approached him without fear or aversion.

—The Chinese razor has the shape of an isosceles triangle. It is made of rude steel and many of them are pounded out from worn-out horseshoes.

—A dwarf residing at Shigaken, in Japan, is 36 years old and but 17 inches high. He is well educated, and earns a livelihood by teaching penmanship.

—The tortoise is the longest lived of all animals. Many have attained the age of 200 years, while one is known to have reached the age of 450 years.

—A farmer near Martinsburg, Mo., plowed up a perch in his field some time ago, and when he placed it in a tub of water it revived and swam about as lively as any fish.

—A resident of Stamford, N. Y., is the proud possessor of a rare relic of the Revolutionary War—nothing less than the watch which Major Andre offered as ransom to his captors.

—A dictionary of Chinese-Japanese words has just been issued in three parts. It is by J. H. Gibbins, and is a very valuable contribution to philological literature.

—A rooster in Columbus, Ind., got into a fight with a bull, and plucked out the bull's eye. About a year ago, on one day, the same fowl killed eleven turkeys, seven geese and three roosters.

—The largest pyramid in Egypt is 140 yards high, that is, about 90 times the average height of a man; whereas the nests of the termite are 1000 times the height of the insects which construct them.

—While workmen were excavating a trench for new gas pipes at Norwich, Conn., recently, a hummingbird in its swift flight from the trees overhead, came in contact with the upraised pick of one of the workmen and fell dead at his feet.

—The permanent gibbet erected in the San Quentin (Cal.) Prison has a singular provision of three cords to be simultaneously cut by three prison guards. These cords are so arranged that none of the guards will know whose knife sprung the trap and "launched into eternity" the gentleman standing on it.

—In Turkey, if a man fall to asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blow from the field toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

She that judgeth another and leaveth herself unjudged, setting against him a list of misdeeds and leaving unnumbered her own, will find that for every commission traced against his name by an accusing hand will there grow the double sin of a commission and an omission against hers. And the second may be greater than the first.

Watches were first made in Nuremburg in 1477, and were popularly called "Nuremburg Animated Eggs."

A bill-posting machine, which sticks bills on walls even as high as fifty feet without the aid of a ladder or paste pot, is doing successful work in Paris.