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DROUGHT.

From week to week there came no rain,
The very birds took flight,
The river shrank within its bed,
The borders of the world grew red
With woods that flamed by night.

No rest beneath the fearful sun,
No shelter brought the moon;
Lean cattle on the reeded fen
Searched every hole for drink, and men
Dropped dead beneath the noon.

And ever as each sun went down
Beyond the reeling plain,
Into the mocking sky uprist,
Like phantoms from the burning west,
Dim clouds that brought no rain.

Each root and leaf and living thing
Fell sicklier day by day,
And I, that still must live and see
The agony of plant and tree,
Grew weary even as they.

But oh, at last, the joy, the change;
With sudden sigh and start
I woke about the middle night,
And thought that something strange and bright
Had burst upon my heart.

With surging of great winds, a lull
And hush upon the plain,
A hollow murmer far aloof,
And then a roar upon the roof,
Down came the rushing rain.

—*A. Lampman, in Scribner's.*

A Startling Experience.

BY LILY TYNER.

Josie McClure was always plucky. Every one said so, and what every one says is pretty apt to have some truth in it. She was plucky from the hour of her birth, when, a poor, puny, posthumous little creature, she was sent into the world to assuage the sorrow of a half-heart-broken widow-mother—a delicate creature whose near friends were few and whose resources were slender.

Josie grew up the delight of her mother's heart. A quick-witted little red-haired termagant, some were pleased to term her, but these were, as a rule, such of her schoolmates as had cause to fear her just wrath for misdoings of their own. Big boys who tormented their smaller brethren and girls who stooped to petty meannesses were Josie's special detestation. But Josie's school life could not last as long as that of most girls. It came upon her all at once one day that she had a mission in the world, namely, to assist in providing for herself and her mother. I shall always believe that I first put the notion in her head of becoming a telegraph operator. She used to come up to the depot of that sleepy village nearly every day on her way home from school and watch me at my work. I was station-master, train-dispatcher and general operator all in one.

"I don't think I could ever learn to send a message," she said one day, as she stood watching me.

"Oh, yes, you could," I answered. "In fact, I think you'd soon become an expert."

She looked up sharply with her bright, red-hazel eyes.

"What makes you think so?"

"Your quick nature and good sense," I said. "I don't believe you'd ever lose your head."

"No; I am pretty cool. Remember when Crittenden's horse ran away with Grace and me? I made Grace drop out over the rear of the wagon. Neither of us was scratched. I was just as cool that moment as I am now. Grace was screaming murder."

"If you had a position like mine," I laughed, "there wouldn't be much to scare you. It's all I can do to keep awake—some days."

"I'd rather go farther West," said Josie.

Briefly it happened to suit her.

She took a few lessons of me. I gave her something of a start. Then she went to the city and took a regular course of instruction. The next I knew she had been assigned to a station five hundred miles further toward the setting sun. Her mother and herself removed at once from our midst and Josie was lost to me, save for a sparkling little epistle I used to receive every week or ten days detailing her various experiences.

I'm sure I don't know how I should have gotten on without her letters, I missed her so at first. It turned frightfully dull and sleepy at my station, but I managed to keep awake and attend to things as they deserved. Several months passed. Winter slipped away and spring moved along slowly. Josie's letters came regularly to gladden my heart.

"Haven't much excitement out here," she wrote. "No Indians and only an occasional train robbery. No smash-ups, no collisions, nothing lively. Not many messages. Sometimes I think I'll call you up and chat a little; then the roundabout way puts me cut of the humor. Take a vacation and visit us soon. Mother will be so glad to see you. She's crazy about her chickens; raising an enormous number. And such luck! They're always falling into the soft-soap keg or something else. Mother's health is just splendid. As for me, I've gained fifteen pounds," etc., etc.

It was this that put the notion in my head. I obtained a substitute and took my vacation in early June.

The evening of the next day I alighted from the way train at the town where Josie and her mother lived—at the station where Josie herself was a fixture.

A trim little figure came running toward me. It was she. She had on a plain gingham dress and a jaunty cap was pushed back from the auburn hair curling on her forehead. She gave me a good hearty handshaking and ordered me into the station.

"Gracious!" said I; "not much more than a shed. Do you have it all to yourself?"

"Pretty often. There's a man around sometimes, but he's a lazy sort of a creature and, to tell the truth, I haven't much confidence in him. I've got my eye on him pretty close. He went off this afternoon with a queer-looking character, some stranger friend of his. Where they went to is a mystery; might have been fishing, though folks don't fish at midday. Now," she went on, changing her subject with her old vivacity, "it's just about half an hour till supper time. I'll give you full directions how to go and you start at once. Walk fast and you'll be in time. And won't mother be pleased, though! You see, I've got my supper here in a tin pail. I've got to stay and see the express go by all right—

I interrupted her with the wish that she would allow me to remain with her. But she shook her head.

"No, I haven't enough supper for two and mother's all alone. You can come back after me if you like, though I don't mind the walk alone. Haven't the slightest idea how it feels to be afraid. Start right along now; it's a good mile."

She gave me the directions and I set out, rather reluctantly, it must be confessed.

The station stood somewhat above the village, the railroad wound past on an embankment, crossing a river gulley on a high bridge a short distance to the west.

I followed Josie's directions; went down through the village and up the road leading to her home. Mrs. McClure gave me a delightful welcome and a supper beyond description. We had a pleasant talk of old times and new. She spoke of Josie's goodness and filial affection until tears came into her eyes and my own as well.

Then I rose to return to the station.

I shall never know precisely what thought it was came into my mind and caused me to hasten my footsteps. Time had flown. It was 8 o'clock and after, and growing quite dark. The sky had clouded over, as if a storm were impending, and the quiet of the village was unearthly.

I hurried on; I almost ran, and finally reached the station. But what was my surprise to find Josie was not there. She had not gone home, for her tin pail stood upon the table and a handkerchief lay on the floor beneath. I glanced in the pail. Her supper was yet untouched. The place was growing dark and no lamp lighted. Suddenly, "click, click," from the table. I listened and knew that some one was calling up this station. "T. W.," "T. W." I knew that Josie was "T. W." Whoever it was calling persisted so that I grew uneasy. Where could the girl have gone? At length, as she did not come, I answered the call. "Well, what is it?" "About the express," the answer came. "There is no mistake?" I hesitated. What should I say? "Repeat instructions. 'T. W.' is out for the moment." I knew only that the express would come from the west, and this was a man talking at a station fifty or sixty miles to the east. He answered after a moment: "Matter of life or death. Express will leave A——in ten minutes. Should switch at P—— (Josie's station) and wait for special from east to pass. Other train blocked with freight. For God's sake, fix it right. No direct wire from here to A——."

A cold chill ran over me. Where was Josie? How could I call up the other station? I made an attempt but got no answer. I waited a little, but no Josie. It was growing darker. I rushed out on the platform and looked up and down. There was a small shed across the track. I ran over and wrenched open the door, but could see nothing for the darkness. "Josie," I called despairingly. Hark! What sound was that, faint and familiar, click, click-click. "I listened without breathing. "I am here," it said. "Bound and gagged; tied down so I can't get my hands free or stir. Unloose me quickly."

I groped my way into the shed, stumbled over piles of wood and came to something warm and human.

It was a moment's work to release her.

"Great God?" I cried, "who did this?"

She caught her breath with a gasp.

"Back to the station," she cried, "don't waste a second." We ran together. She caught the key and called up the office I had spoken with. "Villainy," she telegraphed. "Wire to A—— cut. Station man here in plot. Call up A —— by D—— and G——." "Too late," the answer came back. "Express has left A—— by this. Flag it!"

Josie turned and looked at me for an instant almost despairingly.

"What shall I do? The special has left there. The express has started. They will meet on the same track. The scoundrels came on me just as I had taken a note of the special, so I should make no mistake."

"We must flag the express!" I cried.

"We must flag both," she said. "This may not be all that has been done." While speaking she had turned to light the lamp and I could see how pale she was.

"A lantern," I said then. She hastened to a box in the corner and took it out. We trimmed and lighted it.

"This is only one," she said. "We need two. Take this and go down the track—you know, to the west. Stop the express and tell them—that is all. I will run to the nearest house, get another lantern and go the other way."

I shuddered.

"Suppose those men come upon you? No, you shall not go alone. I will go——"

"Hush!" she said. "Go quickly. The express is most here."

And I obeyed. And as I ran I trembled at the thought of her peril. I trembled so that the lantern shook, but I ran on.

* * * * * *

JOSIE ENDS THE STORY.

This was as far as Sam could write, poor boy. He always shudders when he speaks of that night. But it was nothing after all so terrible. I got the other lantern in great haste, not from any neighbor, for there was no time, but out from behind the box in the corner. Luckily I remembered in time. Then I ran—fast as I could, but feeling pretty shaky as I crossed the bridge on the trestles and heard the water far below. Sam turns pale when I mention the bridge.

On and on I ran in the darkness with my little lantern swinging until I heard a low humming of the rails begin and saw a distant light grow bright.

"Heaven give me strength," I prayed, and stood there waving my lantern wildly. The light came nearer. I kept on swinging my lantern. I stepped from the track, but kept on signaling. Thank heaven the light came more slowly, the special was stopping gradually—when at my ear I heard voices of suppressed rage. With a terrible oath some one seized me and flung me with furious force upon the ground.

Then I knew no more. But it was all right; the special picked me up and came along slowly with men out ahead.

And Sam, dear boy, had met the express, so all was well.

The people on the special made me a nice little present, though I'm sure I didn't want them to. Indeed, they made a great fuss over me.

I had run so far I suppose they knew it must have been exhausting. The scamps who laid the plot made off, but afterward were caught.

And Sam—Oh, well—Sam is my husband now.—*New York Mercury.*

A New Way to Catch Cod.

An interesting innovation in the method of catching cod has just been made by the French fishermen, coasting off Newfoundland. They catch large periwinkles, remove their shells, and use the creatures for bait. The cod, it is said, have bitten eagerly at the new bait, and the owners of the French vessels have caught fish so fast that they were able to sail for France in the first week of July, instead of October, as usual. In England the whelk has long been used for the same purpose. *Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

The total production of pig iron and steel, in tons, in England during 1888 was 11,304,170. The United States produced 9,387,178 tons.

THE EASTERN POPE.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM.

A Court of Glory Outshining the Pomp of Kings—The Patriarch's Appearance—Strange Court Formalities.

I have just had an audience with one of the highest religious functionaries of the Oriential world, says Frank Carpenter in a letter from Jerusalem. The Patriarch of Jerusalem has charge of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and as the head of the Greek Church in Syria, Palestine and Arabia he is to his people the Pope of the East. The Greek Church contains about 62,000,000 members in Russia—a number equal to the population of the United States. It has about 5,000,000 in Greece and Turkey, and it is in Jerusalem the most powerful and the richest church of all the denominations represented there. There is no King in the world who appears in such splendor upon state occasions as the Patriarch of Jerusalem. He wears cloth of gold, and his great hat is covered with magnificent diamonds, emeralds and rubies. His bishops who march with him have crosses of diamonds hanging to their necks, and their dresses are of gold and silver brocade, and the mitre and other church implements are of solid gold and silver. In the treasury of the Greek Church here there are jewels which would make the treasury of many a palace commonplace, and the rich men and the Kings of the world have for generations been giving to this collection, thinking that in so doing they have been buying their way into heaven.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem lives in one of the biggest and best mansions of the Holy City. The American Consul and myself in going to it wound in and out through narrow vaulted streets. We passed through arcades, and with the aid of the consular cavasses pushed our way through the dense crowds of pilgrims, Bedouins and Syrians, which are filling the Holy City during this holy week. We went of course in Oriental state, dressed in our black morning coats, and preceded by the cavasses. The cavasses are the guard of the Consul on state occasions.

At the Patriarch's mansion, which indeed is only a big, plain, stone house of two stories, we were met by several priests in long black gowns, which fell in full folds from their necks to their feet, and in tall, round, black caps, with capes falling down upon their backs. These put their hands to their foreheads as we entered and motioned us to come in. We then ascended a wide stairway at the sides, on which were brass railings, and at the top of which stood more priests similarly attired. Here we were taken into a great hall where the portraits of the Patriarchs of the past looked down upon us out of gold frames, and then on into a second grand salon in which were a number of Turkish soldiers and church dignitaries, and at the back of which in a chair of state sat the Patriarch himself. He rose as he saw us and moved toward us. Tall, broad-shouldered and well formed, he is one of the finest-looking public men I have ever seen.

He has a magnificent head, well set on a pair of broad shoulders; large, intellectual eyes, a big, straight nose and a long, patriarchal beard of sable silver. His high forehead was bordered with a black cap of fine cloth, which rose for full six inches above it, and from the back of which fell a cape of the same color, forming a striking background to his strong, intelligent face. He wore a long, full gown of some fine sack cloth, and he had two gorgeous gold medals about his neck, each as big as the palm of your hand, and between these hung a cross of diamonds. He met us in the middle of the salon, shook hands with us and conducted us to a divan at the right of his chair of state. We then chatted through the interpreter, the Legation addressing him, according to etiquette, as "Your Blessedness."

There was then some talk about the Greek Church as to its extent and doctines, and while this was going on a liveried servant brought in a silver tray containing a golden bowl filled with silver spoons, several glasses of water, and two cut-glass dishes, one of which contained a brown mixture and the other was filled with preserved oranges cut in small slices and floating in a molasses-like syrup. Luckily the tray was first passed to the Consul, and I followed suit in partaking of its delicacies. Lifting one of the silver spoons out of the gold holder, I dipped it into the orange preserves, conveyed some to my mouth and then dropping the spoon into another dish reserved for it, took a sip of the water. The preserves were delicious and the water was good. Then there was a little more talk about the Greek Church and a second servant came in with another tray more gorgeous than the one preceding. Upon this were wine glasses filled with a liquor the color of the dark moss rose. It was flavored with peppermint and it had the rich, oily strength of age. Though scarcely more than three thimbles full, it brought a pleasing warmth to the whole frame five minutes after it was drank and the doctrines of the Greek Church fell on my ear like the poetry of Moore. This liquor was followed a few moments later by a third waiter who brought in Turkish coffee, served in little cups of fine china, each the size of the smallest egg cup. The coffee was as thick as Vermont molasses. It was sweet and delicious and was served without cream.

Coffee in Jerusalem is the same as champagne in China. After the coffee is served the caller can politely terminate his visit. We sipped the aromatic liquid and then telling the patriarch that we doubted not that he was fatigued with his labors of Holy Week, we arose to say good-bye. Before we did so the Turkish Generals bade their adieus and to each of these he handed an Easter egg from a basket which sat on a table beside his chair. The Turks grasped his hand before he could let go of the egg and bending low, imprinted a kiss on his fist. They then, with many crossings and salaamings, bowed themselves out. We said good-bye in American style, shaking hands with "His Blessedness" and receiving from him a present of a Bethlehem egg.—*New York World.*

A Dog as Doorkeeper.

An Austrian banker went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, traveling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at a hotel, and next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care should be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chambermaid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hand, and made friends thoroughly, until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained, as perfectly as possible, that "he knew his duty." No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently for her to slip out he growled, showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs. The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let tham all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded and every bell in the house meantime rang, while the walls echoed cries of "Waiter! waiter!" Finally, the lady who kept the hotel appeared and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily as she walked in what sort of a picnic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in, too, but not out again—oh, no! When the lady's husband appeared she called to him loudly for heaven's sake to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and, meantime, to endeavor to pacify the angry customers downstairs.

That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Alpine Funerals.

A clue to the origin of the Irish wake and other funeral pomposities, may be found in the funeral customs of some of the Alpine regions. The circle of acquaintance of the more prosperous people of the villages often extends over miles of country; and the friends of a deceased proprietor will make long journeys to attend his funeral. The dictates of hospitality require that their physical wants be provided for, or, if not, they will meet at the inn and naturally have something very like a feast. In some districts, even before death occurs and the patient is in his last agonies, all around are informed of the fact, and expected to make a ceremonial last visit. They enter the sick room, take a long look at the dying man and go their ways. After death, when the body has been prepared for burial, a table is spread covered with refreshments, and open house is held till the funeral.—*New York Star.*

The Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany enjoys an income from all sources of about $360,000 a year.

FUN.

Hens are kept busy finding the means for moving their crops.—*Texas Siftings.*

Hay fever will make the most unassuming man blow his own horn.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A man who owns a goat has only to earn his bread; he has his butter for nothing.—*Rochester Post.*

Mr. Edison is going to visit Krupp's works at Essen. He expects to meet there some of the biggest guns in Europe.—*Boston Herald.*

"What are you laughing at?" "I was thinking of how father's hand must have burned after he boxed my ears to-day."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Bride—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are married." "All right, Maude; you can lug this valise."—*Nebraska Journal.*

Mr. Clubman—"My private secretary, young Nicefellow, says he is an acquaintance of yours." Miss Citybelle—"What impudence! I never met him except at the seaside, and last summer I even refused to become engaged to him again."—*New York Weekly.*

Modest.—"Doctor, will you let me know how much I owe you?" "Oh, my good woman, I know you are not in easy circumstances, I will not charge you anything for my trouble." "Yes, that is all very well, but who is to pay the apothecary?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"Father," said the boy, "I am going to leave the farm. I've been rather reckless, and I've decided to go out and see what I can do for myself." "All right, Sonny," responded the aged sire. "Good-bye; and I'll state I'll be ready to kill a veal about next spring."—*Washington Capital.*

Unearthing Ancient Skeletons.

A most remarkable story reached Denver from Aspen, Col., regarding an unexpected find in one of the principal mines on the Aspen Mountain. On a recent Thursday night the night shift in the Minnie mine, Messrs. Donnelly, Mackey, Taylor and Gilfillan, put in two thirty-inch holes in the breast of the 400-foot level, and fired the blast just before leaving for the surface. On returning to the mine it was found that the two shots had broken into a cave, which they explored.

Going in a few feet they found the walls covered with crystalized lime and lead that glittered like diamonds. Here and there little stalactites hung from the ceiling. The lime formation resembled lace and frieze work of wondrous beauty. The cave had a descent of about twenty degrees, and they found rooms and chambers grand beyond description.

They had entered about 200 feet when they found a flint axe. A little further was a pool of fresh water, and a strong current of fresh air was felt. Further on a chamber was discovered covered with a brownish muck that was sticky. Gilfillan, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and said:

"There sits a boy."

Sure enough there sat a human form. The head was resting on the knees, and the arms were drawn around the legs, Indian fashion. A stone bowl and axe were found beside the figure. The body was well preserved, but in trying to lift it one arm broke off. Other bodies in different attitudes were found in the chamber, but when disturbed they crumbled. One body was brought out with the loss of arms and feet.—*New York Sun.*

Pampering Condemned Men.

Where the custom of pampering the unfortunate wretches for a few days before their execution originated has often been discussed. The history of the religious customs of the Aztec Indians before the conquest of Mexico shows that when a victim was to be led to the sacrificial stone to be deprived of his life as a sacrifice to the gods, he was for some time before his death treated in royal style. When they selected the subject for the sacrifice they bedecked him in the richest manner, and showed him every attentiou up to the last minute before the bloody sacrifice. An old ex-Sheriff once gave it as his opinion that the custom of the Aztecs might have something to do with the practice of feasting condemned murderers. The general understanding is that it owes its origin to the demand of humanity to make the last hours of a person in this world as comfortable and cheerful as possible.—*Graphic.*

Queen Victoria has accumulated a fortune of $20,000,000.