

ULTIMATE FAILURE.

However much my arrows have fallen short, Or swerved aside, or overshoot that mark Far-set, whose circles centre but in Truth, This the desire—the one unfulfilling dream— The hope of my young manhood—so to stand, So aim, so loathe the tense expectant strain, That, at the last, each winged shaft may fly Unto the heart of Truth unerringly.

BLACK BART.

The recent appearance of "Black Bart" in the San Joaquin valley has set California to wondering if this, at one time most daring and eccentric robber and highwayman, contempts resuming the business he made so successful ten years ago. Ten years ago "Black Bart" held up stage coaches on the roads of northern and central California, and put the Wells-Fargo Express Company to much expense to protect their property from him. Ten years ago he became too daring, and one night while under the influence of liquor he reeled through the streets of Beeding shooting his revolvers at the doorways and windows, and subsequently landed in the penitentiary at San Quentin to serve a term of ten years, which expired about two months ago. In face and figure "Black Bart" was a handsome man. He was of Mexican parentage, and possessed the tall, straight figure of that race. He let his glossy hair grow long and it fell like a sliver veil over his shoulders. His dark and perfect features were rendered doubly attractive by a black mustache that curved gracefully across his upper lip. In all his career as a highwayman he was never known to kill a person, though his nefarious business was carried on at the point of a revolver or rifle, and his body bore many scars made by bullets when he became too venturesome. His hobby was to ride mail sacks, and he never was in better spirits than when he held up a mail coach, relieved the driver and passengers of their arms, money and jewelry, and, with his rifle within easy reach, sat down near his helpless victims and keeping one eye on them ripped open love letters, business notes, registered letters, read the contents of a part of them to his listeners and stuck them back into the mail pouch through a rent in the side, made by his knife, a jumbled mass. One of the eccentricities of this strange robber was to write a piece of poetry whenever he robbed the mail and shove it into the pouch when he had finished sorting out the valuable part of its contents. To these notes in rhyme he would always sign the nom de plume "Black Bart," and as this came to be known among men. In the office of the warden at the San Quentin penitentiary there are two bits of "Bart's" poetry found in mail pouches that he robbed in 1869. They were written with a lead pencil, in a legible hand, which indicates that the man had from some source gathered some fragments of an education. One of the poems, a quatrain, epitomizes his disgust at the poor haul he made, in the following words: I'm sorry I spent my time, Ripping up this mail, I didn't find money enough, To buy a feeding for a mail.

began to lessen their vigilance and once more the mails and the strong boxes were sent out with only one man beside the driver to watch them. It was generally thought that one or more bullets of the guards in the scrimmage had taken fatal effect, and that the bold highwayman had dragged himself away to die in some of his mountain retreats, northeast of Sacramento, on the east side of the Sacramento river valley. Among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains is a deep canyon, at the head of which a mountain stream of modest proportions tumbles over the edge of a cliff or ledge, making a beautiful fall known as the Maiden's Tears. Through this canyon wound the Nevada City trail, and over it once a week rattled the heavy mail and express coaches. Near the falls the trail lay across a great open space with the stream on one side and piles of huge boulders on the other. A coach was crossing this space one afternoon in August, a few months subsequent to the wounding of "Bart." The guard on the seat by the driver was dozing and nodding in the heat of the summer sun, while the driver was struggling to keep his eyes open by whistling, shouting and snapping leaves from the trees with his long lash. Inside there were a dozen passengers stowed away, among whom was a young lady going to Nevada City to teach school. She was plucky as well as handsome, and four years as teacher in the mining districts of the West had given her a splendid knowledge of the ways and customs of the rough element in which she was living. The other passengers were business men and speculators, who had come from the east to try their luck in the gold diggings. The coach had just reached the center of the open space when the noise of a lasso, flung from among the boulders above his head, settled over the shoulders and arms of the drowsy guard, and in the twinkling of an eye he was hauled from his seat and fell in a helpless heap in the road. At the same time a deep voice from among the rocks ordered the driver to stop and throw up his hands, which he did without a second invitation, and then the same voice ordered the passengers, who had begun to stick their heads through the coach doors to ascertain what was the trouble, to step down and out and hold up their hands. They hastily obeyed the command and were soon in line with their hands pointing heavenward, the driver heading the "line." When they were well in position "Black Bart," holding a revolver in one hand and the lasso in the other, stepped out from among the rocks and came down to where the coach stood. He first bound the guard securely and then proceeded to relieve the passengers of their money and valuables, which he tossed into his big satchel that he had thrown down by the side of the road. In the pocket of a miner he found a pack of playing cards and threw them with the rest of his booty into his hat. When he had finished searching the passengers he said: "You can put your hands down now, gentlemen, it must be kinder awkward standing in that position. I'm sorry to put you to so much trouble, but you see I had to have money, and I thought this was a pretty good crowd to strike. I'm kind of ashamed of myself to put such a pretty woman as this lady is to so much inconvenience," and he smiled apologetically at the young school teacher, who surprised her fellow passengers by smiling back at the robber and saying: "Don't worry yourself, Bart, it was no inconvenience at all."

teacher, "but your three lives don't beat my three sevens," and, picking up the "hole" card she showed him the seven spot of clubs, which gave her the winning hands. The smile faded off the highwayman's face, but when he realized that he had been fairly beaten he smiled pleasantly and took his seat. "Gentlemen, I've lost a mighty big stake. Come up here one at a time and get what belongs to you out of that hat." Singly the men came up and took their money and jewelry. Their firearms "Bart" kept. "Bart" ordered them to get into the coach, and he handed the school-teacher in as carefully as might a devotee of modern society. He ordered the driver to his seat, unbound the guard, and, at his command the horses dashed up the trail, and thirteen hours later the coach rolled into Nevada City with its precious cargo intact. When the story of the school-teacher's pluck was told, the citizens of Nevada City presented her with a handsome gold watch, and the Wells-Fargo Express Company gave her a check for \$1000. Twelve months later she married the Mayor of the town, and she still lives in Nevada City, where her husband carries on a very successful banking business.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Sure Cure for Corns. Replying to a correspondent who asks it to give a sure cure for corns, the New York Sun says: "Ours is a cure without drugs. It can be procured at the shoemaker's only, and then at the hands of a shoemaker of the highest intelligence and without such prejudice in favor of a peculiar cut of shoe that he will be unwilling to make one different. "The whole secret of curing or preventing the human affliction known as corns lies in making a very loose boot which will still hold the foot so firmly that the latter's sides will not, by rubbing about, be irritated by friction worse than the steady pressure of too much tightness. That can be done by making the shoe (boots cannot be used to advantage) fit closely around the instep and all back of it up to the ankle. And in front of the instep all desire for beauty must be abandoned and the shoe made very loose. For some feet it must be so loose that its upper can be pressed into folds, and the looseness should extend even beyond the extreme ends of the toes. With this shoe, also, all the joints of the foot will expand and play with the freedom needed to ward off those more unsightly and no less troublesome derangements known as bunions. "Before long the wearer will step off with a stride as unimpeded as that of the soft-moccasined aborigine, and he will be ready to plunge into a crowd where feet are planted at random with a fearlessness regarding his own and an indifference as to where those of others may fall, which alone is worth the price of his new shoes. Then he will wonder how he ever submitted for an hour to the oppressive measurements of his shoemaker, and, after the manner of a man without headaches who never knows that he has a head, his walk through life will be completed in blissful ignorance that he has a foot."

Railroad Innovations in Scotland. The blasts of a trumpet on railroads as a means of giving signals to engineers, switchmen and others engaged in switching and drilling operations, are now extensively used in the large yards of the Caledonian Railway in and around Glasgow, Scotland, and are about to be introduced on some of the great railway systems having termini in London. According to the code of trumpet signals for shunting, in operation at St. Rollox freight yard, Glasgow, the various signals are represented by long blasts, short blasts, and "crows" of the trumpet, the repetition of each varying the directions. For instance, one long blast of the trumpet means "move forward," and two long blasts are a signal to "move back." Each shunter, and in some cases the signalman, is furnished with a horn trumpet, which is eleven inches in length, having a reed inside the mouth-piece, the whole being of very light construction. The trumpet is carried by the shunter, slung over his left shoulder with a piece of cord, and hangs across the right hip. Another ancient and pastoral implement, the shepherd's crook, is also used for facilitating switching operations across the water. Each yardman carries a sort of shepherd's crook by which he lifts the chain coupling. It is stated on good authority that since this method of coupling freight-cars has been adopted on the Caledonian, it has not only a single man has been injured in coupling cars. This can be readily understood, as the shepherd's crook obviates the necessity of going between the cars.—Argonaut.

Partridges of the Steppes. German sporting men and naturalists are interested in the reports from several different parts of that country of the appearance this year of the "partridge of the steppes" (syrrhaptes paradoxus), a bird hitherto found only in the Asiatic steppes. It is not so large as the European partridge. Its color is a dirty yellow, passing into light bay, on the head, throat and around the eye orange predominates; the breast is gray and the belly black; the back is streaked with black cross-bands and the wings are dark brown; the feet have only three toes; the feathers on the feet are like fine hair, and come down to the toes, while the soles have a scaly covering; the middle tail feathers and the tip of the wings are long and finely pointed. No reason is known for its quitting its old home and appearing in Germany.—Chicago Herald.

Effect of the Bottle on Wine. The curious discovery is reported from France that good old wine is differently affected by bottles of different manufacture. It is stated that wines kept in so-called Rouen bottles improve, while many other bottles seem to impart the harsh flavor of new wine. The chemist Peligot attributes the changes which wine kept long in bottles undergoes to the action of the ingredients used in the preparation of the glass. It appears that an undue admixture of lime and magnesia, which are often substituted for soda and potash on account of their cheapness, acts injuriously upon the wine. In those bottles in which the lime is found not to exceed eighteen or twenty per cent.—Times-Democrat.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Dr. Gill, a French astronomer, has furnished names for 2000 stars.

London omnibusses are to be illuminated with the electric light, the storage battery to be carried under the seat of the drivers.

A dog can recognize the peculiar odor of his master among a crowd of other persons, and in spite of the presence of powerful perfumes, even at a great distance.

The latest meteor story is one that is alleged to have fallen near Kiev, Russia, and which, when broken open, is said to have been found full of small diamonds.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

According to recent experiments, strychnine undoubtedly neutralizes the intoxicating and narcotic effects of alcohol. It enables large quantities of alcohol to be taken for a considerable stretch of time.

The restoration of some of the most important stone structures in Paris, such as the colonnade of the Louvre, of the Pont Neuf and of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, has been mainly accomplished by means of a metallic cement, invented by Professor Brunet.

Quite a number of cases of "smokers' vertigo" have been investigated by Dr. Decaisne. Of sixty-three patients, forty-nine were between fifty and sixty six years of age. More than half of them suffered also from digestive troubles, sleeplessness, palpitations, etc.

Among the English inventions of interest is one by G. Bischoff, of London, called a process and apparatus for purifying water. According to the inventor, water is purified by mixing with it iron in a state of fine division, allowing subsidence of part of the iron and effecting precipitation of a further quantity of the iron by aerating the liquid.

According to geographical computations the minimum age of the earth since the formations of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years, allowing 7,000,000 years for the primordial formation, 6,400,000 years for the primary age, 2,300,000 years for the secondary age, 400,000 years for the tertiary age, and 100,000 years since the appearance of man upon the globe.

The discovery of electric welding has suggested the welding together of ends of rails so as to make continuous rails of 1000 to 1500 feet in length. The device would save in wear and tear, but would necessitate a special joint to provide for the gap of six or seven inches which would occur between rails of this length under the ranges of North American temperature.

The moon has a very decided, almost a controlling, influence upon the tides by virtue of its proximity to the earth's surface and its consequent attractive power. The sun's tide-producing power is very much less than the moon's—in the proportion of about 4 to 3. The lunar tide is raised in the open sea by the attraction of our satellite. Its original shape is an "immensely broad and excessively flat wave," which follows the moon's apparent motions.

The affection known as writer's cramps is not confined to users of the pen, but appears in telegraphers and others who make continual use of one set of muscles. These cramps have been variously supposed to result from a diseased condition of the brain, spinal cord or nerves, and were long regarded as incurable. During several years past, however, Wolff has been applying gymnastics, combined with massage, to the muscles affected, and has succeeded in curing more than half of the many cases treated.

Spiders Utilize Electric Lights. One of the many curious facts in natural history which are apt to escape the observation of most people was brought to the attention of a New York Mail and Express reporter as he was chatting with a companion at the entrance of an apartment hotel.

"Look there," exclaimed the latter, who, by the way, has some reputation as a naturalist. "There is an interesting fight going on up there," pointing to one of the incandescent lights overhead. Following the direction of his finger, the reporter saw one of the big beetles so common during the hot evenings of this season of the year, struggling vigorously in the web constructed by a small spider just under the lamp. The proprietor of the web was barely a medium-sized insect, and had evidently scarcely bargained for so monstrous an intruder when he constructed his trap, but he made up in nerve and pluck what he lacked in physical size. The struggle of the beetle had nearly torn the frail structure to pieces, and it required the most energetic efforts on the part of the owner to still the struggles of its victim. At the end of five minutes they had ceased.

"There, you see what the modern improvements are doing for the spiders," said the naturalist, who had watched the performance with as much interest as the reporter. "If it had not been for the electric lights the spiders would not be able to do business at night in this fashion, and as a matter of fact it is a distinct advantage to them."

"How so?" "Because it not only enables these industrious insects to construct and keep their nets in order at night, but it attracts their prey right into their clutches. If they would only devote their attention to capturing mosquitoes and other birds of prey instead of harmless moths and June bugs, they would be rendering Gothamites an inestimable service at the same time."

South American Presidents. Costa Rica elects her President for five years. The President of Honduras holds office for four years. In 1886 Barrillas was chosen Chief Executive of Guatemala for four years. When Nicaragua elected Carazo to the Presidency of that Republic it was for a term of four years. Chili will elect a President again in 1891. In 1886 President Balmaceda began to serve a four-year term. The Argentine Republic elects its Chief Executive every six years, and its present ruler, President Ceiman, was elected in 1886. When the Executive of Colombia signs a bill he writes: "President Nuñez." He was elected in 1886 for a term of six years.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The Four Courses of Chicken. At first the chicken stuff'd and roasted brown with apple sauce and fixings all complete, and then the fricasse, all cover'd o'er with thickened butter, pour'd with lavish hand.

To do up into pies, with pastry tops just fitted to the dish. Last course of all Of this eventful bird is chicken soup—The general lavings and the scrapings-up Of wings, legs, tails, necks, bones and everything.

How to Wash Lace. The only way to wash lace is on a bottle. Cover the bottle with a cotton cloth, sew the lace around, sewing down all the delicate points; then sponge it clean; or, if necessary, soak the whole thing in soap suds (look out for your soap) or borax-water, or ammonia water, or whatever you think the best thing; rinse by soaking in clean water, and let the whole thing dry perfectly before taking the lace off. Lemon juice can be applied to spots before the soap water is used. If the lace is carefully sewed down in the first place it should come out of its "washing" as good as new.—Detroit Free Press.

A Homemade Juice Press. The ordinary method of extracting juice from fruits, lard from scraps, etc., by placing the material in a strong bag or cloth and squeezing and wringing it by hand, is exceedingly irksome. There are screw presses for the purpose, but they are more or less expensive and are to be found in few kitchens. Much aid may be derived from the use of a simple lever press, made on the principle of a lemon squeezer. It requires two persons, however, to manage this, one to hold the material in the bag or cloth, and the other to apply the pressure. But if one of the halves of the press is hinged to a piece of board, 2 feet long and 1 1/2 inches wide, and set upon a table with one end a little elevated, it can be worked by one person. This press will be found especially convenient in jelly making time, as with its aid the juice may be pressed without either unduly staining or tiring the hands.—Brooklyn Citizen.

House Flies. I have discovered a good way to destroy house flies, says a lady in the Beacon. It has the advantage of cheapness and also preventing dead flies from falling into everything, as they do when poison is used. Mix together equal parts, by measure, of melted rosin and castor oil. Stir until thoroughly mixed—which will take only a minute. While yet a little warm, spread this and evenly on any paper that is not porous. Use wool-flop, writing papers, catalogue covers, show bills, etc. Spread with a case knife, or any straight-edged instrument, slightly warmed. Leave a narrow border to handle with. Lay the papers on tables, shelves, or any spare places where flies are numerous. They will soon cover the papers. As soon as they alight they will stick fast, and soon pull themselves down. When the papers are covered two or three flies deep, put in stove and replace with another one. Be sure to use no water. The oil prevents the resin from hardening and has the peculiarity of not evaporating. The oil leaves no odor when cool. Ten cents will buy enough to kill all the flies in a hotel.

Recipes. CHEAP RICE Pudding.—Two quarts of milk, two-thirds of a cup of rice, same of sugar, small piece of butter, and a little salt, stir it occasionally until boiling hot, and cook in a slow oven until of the consistency of cream. CREAM BEETS.—Cut three or four boiled beets into pieces the size of a grain of corn. Place in stew pan; to one pint cut beets add one teacupful rich sweet milk, piece of butter size of a butternut, or small egg. Salt and pepper to season. Stew ten minutes and serve hot.

SWEET POTATO PIES.—When the potatoes are dry and mealy take a quart after they have been peeled, boiled and mashed; a quart of milk, four eggs, salt nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar to taste. Bake the same as squash pies. If the potatoes are very moist use less milk. CHILI SAUCE.—One peck of ripe tomatoes, six green peppers, six onions, two teaspoonfuls each of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon; two cups of brown sugar, five cups of vinegar. Salt to taste. Scald and skin tomatoes, chop onions and peppers fine; boil altogether slowly three or four hours, then bottle.

ASPARAGUS A LA POMPADOUR.—Boil the asparagus in salt and water. When cooked cut it into lengths of about three inches. After draining them let them lie before the fire a few moments. Next take one ounce of fresh butter, two yolks of egg, a pinch of salt, a snitspoon of pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cook in a saucepan till thick, dish up in a pyramid and pour over the liquor.

APPLE SAUCE.—Mix into a syrup one cupful and a half of sugar and one cupful of boiling water. Cut two oranges transversely, leave the peel on, and put them into the syrup and boil them until soft; then add six apples, peeled, cored and quartered. Take the oranges out and place in a bowl then boil the six apples in the syrup till soft enough to run into sauce, keep them whole, then pour apples and syrup over the oranges. Serve cold.

Couldn't Get Away With Much. "United States Sub-Treasurer Sutton, suppose a thief should get into your big vault some night?" "No thief can get in there." "But suppose he could?" "It is impossible." "But say that some clever fellow did get in, how much could he carry away in gold?" "Not more than \$25,000. We put that much in double eagles in a single bag, the weight of which is 100 pounds. That is a good deal of weight in a mighty small bundle, making it hard to carry. A thief would have hard work to run with one of those bags, and he couldn't manage to lug two to save his life. You have no idea how hard it is to carry a 100 pound bag of gold. The weight is so concentrated. But after all no thief can get in here. The safes are absolutely proof against burglars."—St. Paul Globe.

A Southern Musical Wonder. In the picturesque little village of Oxford, a residence suburb of Anniston, Ala., lives a musical prodigy whose tender years and wonderful talent make her even more remarkable, perhaps, than Josef Hoffman. The little musician about whom I write, and whose portrait is printed herewith, is Ione Mathis, the daughter of Mr. J. M. Mathis, of Anniston. She is now only four years old, but she has been playing the piano since she was two and a half years old. At that age her musical talent began to assert itself, and she was given free and constant access to the instrument. At intervals she composed numerous sweet little airs, one of which, "Ione's First Thought," was published in sheet form by a Savannah music house, and has met with a remarkable sale. This was composed at the age of three and a half years, and is probably the first instance on record where one of such tender age composed and published a piece of music. Little Ione's rendition of this and other compositions is very skillful, never missing a note nor making a discord. The velvety touch of her nimble little fingers is that of a born musician, and the sweetest strains almost unconsciously float out from beneath her touch. After climbing upon the stool she hesitates not a moment, but dexterously presses the keys and sounds note after note. She is so very young that her parents have never attempted to teach her anything about music, and she plays exclusively by ear. She can play a bass accompaniment in a duet to any third or fourth grade piece of music, whether she has heard it before or not. All she wants when she goes to the piano is to catch the first chord in the treble, and then, striking the chords in the bass, she is ready to begin. She watches the hands of the treble player and notes the changes quick enough to make the proper changes in the bass without missing a single note. Accomplished musicians who have heard her play, and have seen the music of her first composition, have pronounced her powers simply those of a veritable prodigy. With the proper training she will develop into one of the finest musicians the world has ever seen. Her father is constantly in receipt of offers from musical managers desirous to make engagements with her, but he declines to entertain them. The family is one of wealth, refinement and high social position, and such notoriety would be distasteful to them.—Philadelphia Times.

Wages No Object. Woman (to tramp)—"Can't ye get any work to do?" Tramp—"Yes, ma'am; I was offered a steady job by the old agricultural expert who lives just beyond the forks of the road." Woman—"That's Mr. Hayseed. What did he want you to do?" Tramp—"Ma'am, he wanted me to get up at four in the morning and milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then saw wood until it was time to begin the day's work." Woman—"How much did he want to pay you?" Tramp—"I dunno; I didn't stop to ask."—Epsch.

On the Safe Side. "William," said a merchant to his clerk, "you just take those price cards down from where they are hanging up on the wall." "I thought I would put them up there so that everybody could see them." "Well, you just lean them up next to the floor, I don't propose to give anybody the chance to complain that my prices are too high."—Merchant Traveler.

The Best He Could Do. Old Lady (to street gamin)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?" Little Boy—"No, no; but I kin give yer a cigarette."—New York Sun.

A Baron's Clever Scheme for Telling Three Brothers Apart

