

IMPRESSIONS.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye, Or a word exchanged with a passer-by...

An angered word from our lips is spoil Or a tender word is left unsaid...

A friendly smile and love's embering spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark...

For small things build up to eternity, And blazon the ways for a destiny.

—W. B. Herford.

The Vizier and the Fly.



HE Vizier Ali-Ben-Hassan, Prime Minister of the Calif Amgial, was one day walking in the country in the environs of Bagdad.

At the first place, he had slept ill. Then his first born, his son, Nourreddin, had left his home the previous evening, and had returned, after sunrise, shamefully tipsy.

Then, again, the servant entrusted with the duty of accompanying his daughter to the bath had, on her return, confided to him that, for the fifth time in as many days, a young man, with a self-satisfied air, had, as if by chance, thrown himself in their way.

Already considerably put out of temper by all these worries, Ali had gone to the sitting of the Council.

A short time before, a sedition had broken out in a neighboring province. Ali, after having severely repressed it, had not thought it worth while to bring the matter before his glorious master.

On quitting the Council, Ali bore with him this impression—always painful to a statesman—that his credit was considerably shaken.

He had no sooner returned home than his wife had quarreled with him, accusing him of idleness in the sum he allowed her for her dress.

"Truly," he muttered, as he went along, "there are days when one would like to make an end of one's existence. Of what use to one is life?—nothing but to make one angry with everything!"

Meanwhile, a burning sun was scorching the road on which he was walking; and it was not long before he felt an irrepressible desire to find shelter somewhere.

The windings of this path conducted him to a ruined wall near which there grew a palm tree. Ali uttered a sigh of relief and stretched himself at the foot of the wall in the shade of the wide leaves.

Doubtless he would soon have fallen asleep had not a buzzing sound come to annoy his sense of hearing. He looked up, and saw a pretty gold-and-green-headed fly gaily wheeling about his head.

This was too much for Ali, who jerked himself into a sitting posture, and with his hand made a vigorous, but unsuccessful, dab at his enemy.

an angle of the wall and the neighboring palm tree.

Witness of this catastrophe, the Vizier could not at first help feeling glad.

"Now," he thought, "you tiresome insect, you will no longer be able to prevent me from getting the nap I want."

But as he continued to watch the fate of the pretty gold-green fly he saw emerge from a crack in the wall a monstrous spider, with a body as big as the finger-tip of a man and long, black and hairy limbs.

The poor fly made such desperate efforts to free itself from its bonds that Ali, at the sight of its hopeless exertion, felt moved by compassion; and, though he was very tired, and in spite of the little insect having so recently worried him considerably, he could not bring himself to allow it to perish so miserably.

He rose up, and with a wave of his hand frightened away the spider, after which he released the fly from its perilous captivity.

"Now," he said, "I hope you will leave me in peace."

He opened his finger and thumb, the fly flew away, and Ali speedily lost sight of it.

The sound of a voice pronouncing his name awoke him. He opened his eyes and saw standing before him a personage of dazzling beauty and gigantic form.

"Vizier," said the supernatural being, "you have rendered me a great service. I was the fly which lately buzzed about your nose. I took that form for the purpose of relieving myself for awhile from my ordinary greatness and flitting freely in the sunshine.

"You must know that, though we are permitted to assume what appearance we please, we at the same time run the risk of falling into the same snares as the human creatures whose resemblance we borrow; and, if we so fall, we can only be rescued by human aid. It is, therefore, by your generous intervention I have been saved.

"I was saying to myself only a short time back that long life was no advantage, since so many of our days are spoiled by divers vexations, and that it would be better to have a shorter existence, composed exclusively of happy and cloudless days; then, if it be in your power to do it, good genie, suppress from my life in future all days of affliction, or even of annoyance, and let me live only during those which are exempt from trouble. Do that and you will have largely repaid me the service I have done you."

On hearing these words an enigmatical smile overspread the face of the genie.

"Have you well weighed your request?" "Yes," replied Ali. "Let it be according to your desire."

Instantly, as it seemed to the Vizier, his fantastic interlocutor seized him by the middle of the body and rose in the air with him to a height so giddy as presently caused him to lose his senses.

His eyes were closed. Nevertheless he saw all that was passing about him, and heard all that was being said. The room was full of people. His wife, his children, his servants were there; all lamented him, and deplored the loss of so good a husband, so good a father, so good a master, a friend so faithful and devoted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought Ali. "Am I dead, then?" "Yes," said a voice.

The genie stood at the foot of the Vizier's bed, visible only to him, reading his thoughts.

"Perditional spirits!" thought Ali; "is this the way you redeem your promise?"

"Do not accuse me," replied the genie, but lay the blame to your own stupidity alone. Why did you ask of me what was impossible? Two fairies have been entrusted with the task of spinning the destinies of men. Before one, at the beginning of things, was placed a heap of white wool, from which she spun fortunate days; before the other was placed a heap of black wool, from which she spun the days that were to be unfortunate.

"Now, one night, while they were sleeping, Satan came by and amused himself by mixing together the two heaps of wool, and so thoroughly entangled the whole that the fairies, on awaking, found it impossible to separate the black from the white wool; and, from that time, the days spun by them are of mixed color—made up of contentments and affliction. Recall the days you have passed; is there one of them on which you have not experienced some satisfaction, small as it may have been?"

"In asking me to take from your days to come all those on which some discomfort may reach you, you have, in fact, asked me to suppress the whole, and you have immediately arrived at the day of my vengeance—and

death. I am sorry to have had to teach you this lesson, but you have drawn it down upon yourself."

"Unfortunately, it can now be of no use to me, since I am dead," said Ali.

The genie smiled. "I am good natured," he replied. "If you like I will imagine that you have said nothing, carry you back to the spot whence I brought you and nothing in your life shall be changed. What do you say?"

"I could wish for nothing better," replied the Vizier.

The genie stretched his hands toward him. Everything melted from his sight and, for the second time, he became unconscious. When he recovered the use of his senses he found himself at the foot of the wall under the shade of the palm tree where he had fallen asleep.

Rising to his feet he asked himself whether this adventure had really happened to him or whether he had simply dreamed it; then, thoughtfully, he made his way back home. While he slept the sun had declined, so that his walk was no longer rendered unpleasant.

On reaching his house, Ali learned that his son, Nourreddin, had been made so ill by his overnight's excesses that he had vowed never, thenceforth, to drink anything but water. He also learned that the young man whom his daughter had so frequently met on her way to and from the bath was the son of one of the richest and most important personages in Bagdad, and asked for the hand of Amine in marriage.

Furthermore, he received a message from the Calif Amgial, the Sovereign, admitting that, on reflection, the conduct of Ali in the matter of the sedition had appeared to him to have been both prudent and firm; and conveying the assurance that he might consider himself to be more in favor than ever.

The wife of the Vizier having paid a visit to the wife of the Governor of the palace and seen, with her own eyes, that the last new dress of that lady was an utter failure, was now in a delightfully amiable temper. Finally, the cook had determined to make up in a striking manner for his shortcomings of the morning, and served up an exquisite repast.

So ended, in the happiest way in the world, a day begun so adversely; and the Vizier, on retiring to bed, confessed within himself that the genie, real or imaginary, had given him some sage advice.—Strand Magazine.

Oranges Both Food and Medicine.

To a thoughtful observer the time has long since passed when oranges were a luxury to be indulged in now and then and not an essential article of diet. That this luscious fruit is not more generally considered as one of the necessary household supplies is, we think, in great measure owing to a mistaken idea as to its cost and keeping qualities.

No policy could be more fallacious, and the plan is doubtless so generally adopted without a second thought, since no household supply is sold so proportionately high in a retail way. With potatoes or apples at a dollar per bushel the customer may usually procure a peck for twenty-five cents, but not so with the golden products of the Florida orange groves.

When oranges are generally sold at retail at an advance of from one to two hundred per cent. on the price at which they are obtainable by the box. The regulation box contains 112, 128, 152, 176, 200, 250 and 300 oranges, the quality being, of course, according to the size of the fruit. The cost in this market will generally run from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per box. Take the average of \$2 and the cost by the box for 200 size would be twelve cents per dozen; the usual retail price is from twenty-five to thirty cents; at the same price the 176 size would cost by the box 13 cents per dozen, and are retailed at thirty to forty cents, while for the 150 size, costing by the box sixteen cents per dozen, the consumer is generally required to pay fifty cents. Oranges retailed at lower prices are generally frost-bitten or culls and inferior fruit.

Is there any other item of household supplies for which the consumer is willing to pay so large an advance when bought at retail? The solution of the problem is not hard to find. Oranges decay in the hands of dealers when tightly boxed, and consumers are told they will not keep. Under similar conditions other fruits would decay still more rapidly. It should be remembered that the orange is accustomed to an abundant supply of air and sunshine, and as soon as received oranges should be unpacked, the wrappers removed and the fruit spread on the floor in a dry place with moderate temperature, or otherwise exposed to the air. With such proper care the loss from decay will be but trifling as compared with the difference in cost between buying by the box and by the dozen, to say nothing of the vital importance of a liberal use of this fruit as an article of diet.

Physicians are unanimous in the opinion that a dozen oranges should be eaten where one is now used, but the question of expense alone has hitherto prevented this advice from being generally acted upon. If consumers generally would buy oranges by the box, this question would be solved, though we doubt if either physicians or druggists would be benefited by the solution.—New York Shipping and Commercial List.

The eggs of the Bahama cuckoo are held at \$100 per set by dealers in birds' eggs.

GRIZZLIES.

MEN WHO TELL ABOUT KILLING THEM WITH KNIVES

Are Able Liars, Says a Man From the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains—A Huge, Strong and Savage Brute.

"A GRIZZLY bear," said the man from the foothills, "won't eat anything in the vegetable line unless he can't get meat, and a black bear won't eat meat unless he can't get nothing in the vegetable line. Bear story writers are responsible for impression being about that grizzly bears just dote on killing men and eating them. There isn't any doubt that grizzly bears have killed a great many men, but no grizzly bears ever eat a man. The grizzly will eat every kind of flesh except man flesh. The big savage would starve to death rather than swallow a piece of man. He seems to have a horror of that kind of flesh as victuals."

"Grizzly bears are tough and no mistake, but not any tougher than some of the stories that are told about them. An average-sized grizzly will weigh about half a ton, and he can break a steer's neck with one blow of his paw. And he handles that paw with a quickness that comes about as near to the movement of lightning as anything can. Yet the number of men put in the grizzly bear districts who will stand up and tell you how they have killed grizzlies in hand-to-hand fights, with no weapons but their hunting knives, is simply amazing. Any one who has ever stood and pounded lead from a repeating rifle into one of these Rocky Mountain terrors, and seen it keep right on in its savage charge toward him until his magazine was empty and he had to take to his heels to save his bacon, knows how likely a man is to stand up against a grizzly and slay him with a knife. I have known as many as eighteen heavy bullets to be shot into one of these big and tough beasts before he even showed any sign that he was being inconvenienced by the burden of lead. I have heard of one that received ten explosive bullets in his body before his charge upon the hunter was stopped, and then when he was not two paces away and the last bullet was fired into one of his eyes. The grizzly bear doesn't mind a shot in the heart even a little bit, but if you can send a bullet through his kidneys it will break him down at once and stop him, but it won't kill him for a good while after the wound is given. Nothing but a bullet in the brain will drop a grizzly in his tracks and kill him on the spot, and it's a difficult thing to put a bullet there. The bony guard that surrounds that vital spot is as impenetrable almost as the steel hull of a Government liner. Yet the sturdy mountaineers go right on tackling these half-ton bundles of gristle, bone and ferocity, and slaughtering them with their knives with the same impunity that they would stick a pig. They always shove their knives through the unfortunate grizzly's heart."

"As a matter of fact, if a grizzly bear should stand erect, spread his paws wide open, and make no opposition at all, a man would have to have a helper with a sledge hammer to pound his knife through the bear's armor before it could touch the heart. Then, again, unlike the common black bear, which is big if it weighs one-third as much as a grizzly, the grizzly bear never stands up on his hind feet when it has a foe to meet. It charges on all fours, and a man with a knife waiting for it might just as well be standing in the way of a locomotive coming at him wide open."

"When a grizzly bear is right good and hungry he doesn't think anything at all of coming down out of the mountains, walking straight to the nearest ranch, breaking the neck of a steer and lugging it away with him. When buffaloes were part of the wild animal population of the Rockies, the grizzly would pounce on one of those powerful and ugly beasts with as much assurance and confidence as he attacks a tame cow or steer. Sometimes he would be met with the fierce resistance of a few ponderous bulls in a herd, and would have to kill them before he got away with the animal he had selected for his dinner, and sometimes he would himself fall before the assaults of the bulls. Once, in those days, I came upon four buffalo bulls lying dead on the plain, the carcasses being all near one another. Every bull's neck was broken. Close by lay a dead grizzly, the biggest one I ever saw. He was ripped open from his flank to his shoulder, literally disembowelled. The story these bodies told was plain enough. The grizzly had come down on a herd of buffalo seeking his dinner. Bull after bull attacked him. He killed four, but lost his own life in the terrible fray, some tough and wary old bull having caught him right and ripped him open with his horns."

The Czar's Income.

I notice a statement in the newspapers that the Czar "has an income of \$12,500,000 a year." I do not know what may be the value of the crown estates in Russia, but, as a matter of fact, the Czar's private treasury is practically inexhaustible, for he has no settled civil list, but draws what he likes from the Imperial Exchequer, every ruble in which is supposed to belong to him.—London Truth.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

A Cave of Bats.

The San Francisco Call describes a cave of bats, which is found in Caveash canyon in the recesses of the Sierra Nevada. The cave is in the wall of the canyon, not far back from the water in the rainy season, and there is nothing about the appearance of the opening to attract attention during the day. But approach the place at about dusk and a black stream of shadowy forms will be seen passing in and out of the opening, accompanied by the most peculiar odor in the world and a soft, rustling sound. The bats have been asleep all day and are going in search of food. To enter the cave in the daytime is not a difficult task, but is somewhat unpleasant. The opening is large and a man can enter in an erect position. About ten feet in the entrance makes a turn and a inky blackness exists. Go a little farther, so as to be away from the air at the entrance, and a most disagreeable odor strikes the nostrils, and every few feet one treads upon the body of a bat. While the cave is in darkness a most profound silence exists, but strike a light and a sound like a waterfall is heard. Thousands of bats that have been asleep at once awake and commence to fly in circles about the cavern, which can be seen to be very large. Round and round they go, increasing in speed every moment, and the odor of the cave becomes more and more disagreeable. When this happens it is a wise thing for the explorer to make his escape and postpone further investigation until night, at which time the cave is deserted. Even the dead bats on the floor will disappear, having been eaten by the others as soon as they awake.

Making the Finest Olive Oil.

Curiously enough the crudest and most barbarous process of all produces the very finest grade of olive oil, a grade so fine and so rare, indeed, that it is seldom used, in America, at any rate, except for the lubrication of watches and delicate machinery, and in surgery. A stone vat is built with a small internal depression. Over this is erected a heavy frame of untrimmed timber supporting at its center, which is also the center of the vat, a vertical spindle which supports a horizontal rod upon which is affixed a heavy roller of hard wood, in the Oran district of Algeria, or of porous stone in Northern Morocco and in the hill region of Tunis. In some of these regions the women are the oil-makers, and may be seen tramping round and round the vat-tugging the pole in pairs, while another woman stirs the mass in the stone trough, the children, standing or squatting about watching the proceedings with infantine interest. When the pulp has been sufficiently mashed, the women scoop it up in small quantities into bags which are wrung into stone jars and pots. These latter are sealed with cloths coated with wax, and in this shape are shipped to Europe, where the contents are carefully decanted into flasks and vials containing a few ounces each, and bringing a high price in the large cities of the world, chiefly, as has been said, for extra fine mechanical purposes, though, like the "truffles of Avignon," it also reaches the table of the epicure.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Forest Barred by Alluvial Deposits.

A remarkable instance of the rapid formation of alluvial deposits from overloaded streams has been discovered by the Government geological expedition on the Yaktse River, in Alaska. This river in its course from the Chaiu Hills to the sea passes through a tunnel in the Malaspina glacier, some six or eight miles in length. When it emerges into the open air it is a very swiftly flowing stream of dark muddy water, 100 feet wide and about twenty feet in depth. Near the point where the river emerges from the ice it flows through a forest of large trees, and the gravel and sand carried along by the stream are deposited here to the depth of many feet. Some of the tallest trees still project through the deposit and retain their branches. The greater part, however, have been broken off and completely covered by the sand. In other places the presence of vast forests is indicated by a few dead branches projecting through the deposits. In places where the deposits are thickest all signs of the trees have disappeared and in their place nothing may be seen but broad land flats. These are inundated in stormy weather, and are of about the consistency of quicksand.—Scientific American.

Sleeping in the Open Air.

There is a widespread and foolish superstition that children should not be allowed to sleep in the open air, which we see very often illustrated in our streets by nurse or mother shaking or stirring up the sleeping nite, and reiterating the command that "Baby must not go to sleep."

The secret of this prevalent idea is that during sleep the temperature of the body is slightly lowered, because there is decreased rapidity in the vital functions, those of respiration and circulation being markedly slower than during the waking hours. Owing to this children are more liable to take cold when asleep than when awake, and therefore the necessity for increased care in the avoidance of chill. A carefully arranged shawl, however, is a sufficient safeguard, and the advantages of sleeping in fresh air are so obvious that such a small obstacle ought not to stand in the way of the great benefit to children.—New York Dispenser.

Cats and several other animals have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball, either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong a light.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Celery is good for the nerves. Milk, boiled with fine sugar, will keep during a long voyage. Cinnamon as a cure for cancer in the earlier stages is advocated by a writer in the London Lancet.

Patents have just been issued at Washington to a Western man for an electrical device making collision of trains impossible. Paul Vernier, a mathematical prodigy of eighteen, has been admitted without examination to the Higher Normal School in Paris.

Pneumatic tires on the wheels of cabs have been successfully used in Glasgow and Dublin. Passengers greatly prefer these cabs, as they lessen the jolting. The New York Board of Health has discovered that there is fraudulent anti-toxine on the market. It is harmless, but absolutely valueless, and resembles the true serum only in color.

Chimneys smoke because the carbon of the coal is disintegrated and drawn off by the heat instead of being consumed in the fire. A furnace properly tended would not smoke, as all the fuel would be consumed. A cat is enabled to send out or retract her claws, because the bone to which the claw is attached has a rotary movement on the bone above, and a powerful ligament draws the former down and exhibits the claws.

Professor Roux, of Paris, is credited with the statement that in the Paris hospitals seventy-five per cent. of children inoculated with Baurin anti-diphtheritic (serum taken from horses) were saved, while only five per cent. of the uninoculated survived. The coldest place in the world, according to Professor Wild, of Petersburg, is Wercholyansk, in Siberia. He found the mean temperature in July thirteen above zero, in January fifty-three below, and for the entire year 19.3 below zero (centigrade).

A remarkable case of rapid growth has recently been investigated by the French Academie des Sciences. A boy at the age of five began to grow, and at the age of six and a half he seemed a man of thirty. At six years old he was five feet six and six eighths high, and carried on his back bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. At eight his hair and beard turned gray, at ten his teeth fell out and his hands and legs became palsied, and twelve he died.

Chinese Prisoners.

Describing a visit to a prison in Canton, Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., says in the Century: "I had hardly finished my investigation of this weird and morbidly interesting picture when I heard a tremendous clanking of chains over the stone paving. Three men were being along, and another walked twenty yards behind. All were hobble-chained, and in addition, carried a large block of granite on their hands that must have weighed at least fifty pounds. As they drew closer, I saw that stone blocks had holes in the ends, and that through them ran long chains. Each chain was rove through a hole, fastened around the man's waist, running free, was carried up, welded around his neck. The men had hardly sat down when another, similarly fettered, appeared, coming down the long courtyard. He kept them, and they sat in a row. I had not seen these fellows walking through the prison. They presented the usual semi-ragged, shaven, unwashed, hungry, and rapacious appearance. Some looked dejected, others broken-spirited, and one looked a coward and a sneak, as I said in my own mind that he was the worst scoundrel of all. Still no magistrate appeared, and had leisure to examine the surroundings. The materials for a terrible scene were present: first, the prisoners; and, second, certain instruments of a coercive nature. There were four or five wooden lars stacked like slates against the wall. A narrow ring at the edge of the hole was worn bright and shining, ended abruptly in a ridge of dirt, which edged off outwardly, faded into the dull, dusty road of the main surface. A few iron scourges hung from a nail close, and also a piece of heavy leather boot-sole. The guide told me that this beating the prisoners across the back when they cried out too much was an examination."

Things Learned in the Morgue.

The old keeper of the morgue in a city, who has seen hundreds of known bodies exhibited for instruction, has arrived at some interesting conclusions. If the face of the person is perfectly composed naturally, of course intimate friends and relatives recognize them immediately. But, he says, if the face is distorted through pain or disfigurement by a casual acquaintance can identify the body much easier than the relation. He explains this by saying that people who have known a well for a long time lose sight of features and see rather the person reflected in the lines of the face. A casual acquaintance notes the eyes and can recognize them at once again, even if considerably distorted. Philadelphia Record.

Brazil's Miniature Maiden.

There is a miniature maiden grown in Brazil. The ears are larger than a little finger and the granas are the size of mustard-seeds. Chicago Times.

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