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Editor and Proprietor

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Out of the 400 young men graduated from Harvard College this year not a single one intends to take up the study of theology.

A genuine hearty laugh is an aid to digestion, a stimulus to the circulation of the blood and a positive beautifier. The whole system is benefited by a cheerful, merry laugh, and one's friends are attracted by the bright, wholesome nature that ripples out in sunny music like a happy woodland stream.

Says the Philadelphia Call: These evidences of wealth, particularly the irresistible fascination of gold, have started a tide of emigration to Alaska that will cover her barren wastes with the evidences of civilization. Cities and towns will spring up. Railroads and other means of transportation must follow, and Alaska will not be long in seeking admission to the Union.

The Florida Citizen says: A pretty girl of sweet sixteen in Pennsylvania reached for a flower and a snake on the bough bit her arm. She fainted and a young man found her, threw water in her face and was hysterically told she had been bitten by a rattlesnake. He drew away the poison with his lips, and now there is the foundation for a thrilling romance. But after they are married some crusty old fellow will tell her that a rattlesnake cannot climb a bush, and then she will know that the blacksnake is harmless. Will there be a divorce? But John has noddled Bertha yet.

Statistics of the foreign trade of Germany have just been published showing that its exports and imports have both increased year by year, the latter having more than doubled in a decade, while the former have gone ahead steadily, though in a less degree. Caprivi's commercial treaties with Russia and Austria have worked well and, notwithstanding much initial opposition, their good results are now apparent to everybody. Since they went into effect three years ago the imports have increased 272,500,000 marks, and the exports 702,300,000 marks. The Agrarians fought the treaties at every step, but in the face of their prosperous effects they are now mute.

There are in this country, states the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, 180,000 families dependent on the bicycle trade; and the trade is sure to increase, as people will come to look upon a bicycle as they now do a suit of clothes, not as if it were an obelisk designed to last forever. When this time comes, says a writer in a contemporary, a man will buy a new bicycle every two or three years and be happy. This year persons in the British Empire will spend about \$117,000,000 on bicycles, and if the steel required to make these hundreds of thousands of wheels were converted into war vessels, the result would be a fleet of ships sufficient in numbers and power to make any of the smaller Continental Powers feel distinctly uncomfortable. One cannot eat bicycles. But bread is the staple food of many people, and this year we shall spend more money for bicycles than for bread, and nearly as much as we shall spend for meat.

The failure of Decker, Howell & Co., prominent brokers of Wall street, New York City, occasioned by the rise in sugar, recalls the fact that this firm failed in the "Baring panic" of November 11th, 1890, with liabilities of \$12,000,000. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger furnishes the following interesting and concise history of that event: "The incident is notable in the history of the street as one of the cases of phenomenally rapid recovery of financial standing and for one of the biggest fees ever paid to a lawyer. Decker, Howell & Co. were Mr. Villard's brokers. The panic swamped them. William Nelson Cromwell, their assignee, succeeded in straightening out their affairs, paying their creditors in full and getting them in condition for a new start in business in sixty days. The statutory fee received by the assignee was \$250,000, and so pleased were the creditors with his work that they afterwards presented to him a set of silver plate, valued at \$50,000, as a testimonial. It remains to be seen whether so happy a result all around will follow the present complications.

Possibly it is the mean people who start the bad "stories," but the good people keep them going.

THE WIND BLEW IN THE WHEAT.

A sickle moon hung low and white, In the edge of a golden west. With clanging bells the herd came home; and mother birds on the nest Thrilled to the song that is never sung—so soft! so wildly sweet! The whippoorwill in the marsh-land called, and the wind blew in the wheat.

High summer had broken to hedge-row waves with a foam of elder bloom. By waste and way-side the sweetbrier stars showed faint in the tender gloom. And nibbling hares crept out to play, on silent velvet feet. As waxing dewdrops timed the chant, the wind blew in the wheat.

"Benison to each bearded head, in the land of golden grain! Ye shall drink of the sun, in strength and power, nor lack the grateful rain. In the bursting mills, in the ocean pressed with the keels of a laden fleet, Ye may read the smile of the Lord of Hosts," the wind blew in the wheat. —Martha McCulloch-Williams, in Harper's Weekly.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

By DR. MAX NORDAU.



which filled the large hall.

A glance out into the night showed the deep-blue heaven overhead and a brilliant full moon, whose cold, clear rays sparkled on the fresh foliage of the budding trees as they swayed gently to and fro in the light breeze. The members of the society to which I at this time belonged had been accustomed for some time past to reserve a certain table in the cafe for themselves, where they met every evening to chat over and discuss the events of the passing hour. They were, for the most part, respectable citizens, who had far more appreciation for bright gas-light and a good dinner than for the charms of a glorious spring night, and nothing was further removed from their thoughts on this particular occasion than a romantic contemplation of the beauties of nature. On the night I am speaking of our conversation was of a prosaic enough character, as was only natural in a small town, and exhausted itself in discussions about local matters, the theatre, taxes, and similar—to an outsider—extremely uninteresting topics.

Through some chance remark, however, which I can no longer recall, the question had sprung up if it were really credible that a man's hair could suddenly become grey in consequence of a violent shock to the mind. Some of those present were only half inclined to disbelieve this somewhat startling theory, whilst others could not be sufficiently seething in the remarks they made concerning people who were simple enough to place any credence in such nursery tales.

As the discussion grew warmer and warmer, until every member of our party was engaged either in championing or combating the question in point, a man, seated near us, rose slowly, pushing his chair from him, and approached our table. He was a fine, tall fellow, of herculean build, and his intelligent features, which bore an expression of great determination, were rendered very striking by a pair of keen blue eyes; but what made his appearance still more remarkable was the fact that both his hair and beard were as white as snow, although they surrounded a countenance which would not permit one to reckon his age at more than about thirty-five.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am interrupting your conversation," he remarked, bowing politely to us. "You were just discussing a subject that has more than an ordinary interest for me, I happen myself to be a living proof that, under certain circumstances, a terrible shock to the mind can produce that self-same physical effect of which you were just speaking, and which the majority of you seem to discredit."

These words naturally excited the curiosity of all present to the highest degree. We quickly made room for our new acquaintance at the table, and, when he had seated himself comfortably, urged him to relate to us the circumstances which had produced such a strange and sudden change in his appearance. The stranger feigned no great shyness, and acquiesced in the most pleasant manner possible by relating to us the following:

"If any of you gentlemen have ever interested yourselves more closely in American affairs, the name of Auburn cannot well be strange to you; it denotes much the same for the United States as Spielberg does for Austria. You must not picture Auburn to yourselves merely as a gloomy and oppressive prison—as one large, solitary building—no! It is rather an entire colony of criminals, a sort of town or metropolis for the wretches that the community has thrust out.

"Shut in by immense walls, which rise up from the level plain to a considerable height, are crowded together a large number of detached buildings—houses that contain the prison-cells, warders' dwellings, hospital, and workshops—all sullen and forbidding-looking; and here and there dotted about may be seen a small patch of grass, a few trees, and, very occasionally, a flower-bed, like the last lingering recollections of innocent childhood amongst the black thoughts of a criminal.

"Certain events, which would have but little interest for you, had led to my journeying from Hamburg—my birthplace—to America, immediately

after the completion of my studies, and, after a short stay in New York, I accepted the post of prison-doctor at Auburn, which, as you perhaps know, is situated in the State of New York. I was intrusted with the medical supervision over that part of the prison which was set apart for the worst class of criminals—men, or I should say, human hyenas, whose blood, as Mephistopheles says, had already ceased to be a fluid of rare quality. "Two of these wretches were destined to spend the remainder of their days in the prison, and they, by reason of their great physical strength as well as by the extraordinary cunning they had evinced in several desperate attempts to regain their freedom, were subjected to even closer supervision than the rest of their companions. I was an object of particular hatred and dislike to these two scoundrels, because I had been instrumental in the discovery of a number of iron implements which they—God only knows how they had obtained possession of them!—had concealed under their clothes; and again on another occasion, because I had refused to receive them into the hospital when they feigned illness, expecting doubtless when they were once in there that they would find more favorable opportunities for accomplishing their escape. The ruffians were separated and placed in remote parts of the prison, and were laden with chains; but in spite of all these precautions, one fine morning the one, and a few days later the other, together with their chains, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind them.

"It must have been almost a fortnight after the flight of these two criminals, which had caused the utmost consternation amongst the authorities at Auburn, that I ordered my horse one afternoon, and started off for a ride to Cayuga Bridge. It was midday when I reached the end of my journey, and I stood still for some time contemplating with silent delight the exquisite scenery which lay stretched out for miles before me. The Cayuga Lake, one of those which, together with Lake Erie, compose that vast system of inland seas in the State of New York, lay in all its beauty at my feet. The long, slender streak of silver wound in and out of the rugged black cliffs which hemmed it in, and which rose sheer up out of the lake, facing each other like grim opponents who had for thousands of years bid one another defiance. Far down the lake, which is forty miles long, and at this particular spot about one broad, I could discern the enormous trestle-bridge, a marvel of American engineering skill, which carries the Auburn division of the New York Central Railway across, passing on its way through the small station of Cayuga Bridge.

"My business in the village was soon finished, and towards evening I started home again. Do you know how delightful a ride on a summer's evening is? Cayuga Bridge is surrounded by extensive oak forests, through which the greater part of my journey lay. The gnarled and massive trunks cast long shadows, and the foliage rustled so gently in the soft evening breeze, that one seemed rather to feel than to hear it. As I rode between these giants of the forest, sweet recollections of my distant home crept into my heart, and, sunk in my thoughts, I let the reins fall on my horse's neck, who trotted steadily forward. I admired the marvellous variety of color that the rays of the setting sun produced as they shone through the mass of dark-green leaves, and seemed to kindle their edges into flame.

"Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie by a slight noise which appeared to come from the undergrowth on either side of the road. Turning sharply round, I grasped my revolver, but in the same moment I received a stunning blow on the back of my head, which knocked me senseless from my saddle. Once more I recollect opening my eyes, and thinking that I could see indistinctly one of the escaped criminals bending over me, and then all became a blank.

"It must have been late in the night when consciousness again returned to me. Slowly opening my eyes, I saw far above me the dark blue vault of the sky, and the full moon shining brightly. A dull, painful sensation at the back of my head prompted me to place my hand there, and then I discovered that I was bound hand and foot. Gradually I collected my thoughts; I remembered now the murderous attack in the forest, and a fearful foreboding flashed through my mind, which almost caused my heart to stand still. I felt that I was laid across two sharp parallel projections, which cut into my shoulders and the back of my legs, causing me intense pain, and far below me I could hear the gentle plashing of water.

"Heavens! there could no longer be any doubt: I was lying stretched across Cayuga Bridge, bound, incapable of moving an inch, with the hideous and absolutely certain prospect of being cut literally to pieces by the next train that passed. For the second time that night I almost swooned as I realized my situation; but by a powerful effort of will I recovered myself, and tugged desperately at the ropes that bound me until they cut almost into my muscles; I shrieked, and wept finally like a child. I made mad endeavors to roll myself into another position, and then recollected that a careless movement might precipitate me into the flood below—bound hand and foot, to sink like a stone!

"A shudder ran through my frame, and I lay motionless again; but not for long, for the light of the great—almost fearfully bright—moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs, and then died away again, giving place to a death-like stillness, occasionally broken by the scream of some distant night-bird—all was unbearable, and I lay motionless again; but not for long, for the light of the great—almost fearfully bright—moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs, and then died away again, giving place to a death-like stillness, occasionally broken by the scream of some distant night-bird—all was unbearable, and I lay motionless again; but not for long, for the light of the great—almost fearfully bright—moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs, and then died away again, giving place to a death-like stillness, occasionally broken by the scream of some distant night-bird—all was unbearable, and I lay motionless again; 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