ARMENIAN FOLK SONG-THE MOTHER.

I was a mother, and I weep; The Night is come—the Day is sped— The Night of Wee profound, for, oh! My little golden son is dead!

The pretty rose that bloomed anon Upon my mother breast, they stole They let the dove I nursed with love Fly far away—so sped my soul!

That falcon Death swooped down upon
My sweet voiced turtle as he sung;
'Tis hushed and dark where soared the lark
And so, and so my heart is wrung!

Before my eyes they sent the hail Upon my green pomegranate tree-Upon the bough where but just now A rosy apple bent to me!

They shook my beauteous almond tree, Beating its glorious bloom to death— They strewed it round upon the ground And mocked its fragrant dying breath.

I was a mother, and I weep;
I seek the rose where nestleth none-

I have no little gones.

So fall the shadows over me,
The blighted garden, lonely nest;
Reach down in love, O God above,
And fold my darling to thy breast:
—Eugene Field.

The Bride Rides a Mule.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs The bridegroom goes to bring a bride and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipe is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the

bridegroom's house.

The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver orna-ments, after which the friends of the

oride follow.

The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl free. pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with clivic heavables, and depend on the piper. with olive branches, amid much laugh-

In the evening, on some occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time for the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step to make room for another. dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only cir

ing round occasionally.
But they swing their bodies about with But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, trilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.—New York Journal.

Wellington's Plans.

Before the battle of Waterloo, no one was probably more uneasy than Lord Uxbridge, who, if Wellington should be killed, would be called upon to succeed him in command, and who knew nothing whatever about the duke's plans.

"I am in a very difficult position," he said to a friend. "If any accident happens to the duke, I shall find myself commander-in-cluef. I would give anything in the world to know the duke's projects, and yet I dare not ask him what I ought to do."

After some consultation on the subject, they went together to Wellington and frankly told him the difficulty in hand.

The duke listened without impatience, and at the end of Lord Uxbridge's speech, he said, calmly: "Who will attack the first to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?"
"Bonaparte," replied Lord Uxbridge.

continued the duke, "Bonaparte has not given me any idea of his projects, and, as my plans will depend upon his, how can you expect me to tell

reply. The duke rose, and continued, touching him in a friendly way on the

"There is one thing certain, Uxbridge -that is, that whatever happens, you therefore, imperceptibly, the will do our duty.

eticent nature would allow.

Yet the great duke did depend in a All this

sprinkled on and the machine set going. It is derive manipulated and an arm comes down and flutes the surface all over. Then it is heaped up again; this is repeated until the sate is thoroughly worked through the stumbled on a sad exception to the rule, and we have one striking example of how superstition may exist also by side with irreligion and rascality. A cook had been robbing him right and left. The one man's word was set against that of the other, and its came to a case of hard swearing in court between the imaster and the servant. A cruriax was handed to the cook, and howse in the little stone milk house. All the butter is made of cream, please don't forget that.

"What shall be a sale was they are the falsehood he intended to swear to, but twice he was unable to utter a word, turned as white as a sheet, and fell to the floor in a fainting fit.—London Times.

A TALK ABOUT BUTTER.

A MILKMAID TELLS OF THE PRO-CESSES OF ITS MAKING.

It All Comes from Cream-A Visit to a Large Dairy Farm-How the Milk is Gathered-Recollections of "Cherry," "Queen Bess," and Other Old Favorites

"Why don't you buy creamery butter? I always do, I think it is better; why, it is made of cream, you know," said a young woman who has been recently married and who superintends the keep-ing of the dearest house in the world. I was rather amused at the remark and at the tone of advice. To me it seemed inexpressibly funny, as I thought I knew inexpressibly funny, as I thought I, knew better than she did, having seen those mysterious processes called butter making. Wondering if there were others who knew no more about that rather necessary article, I resolved that I would enlighten the public, and beginning with a cow—a red cow, I think, called Cherry—I would tell the whole story of how -I would tell the whole story of how butter is made, and perhaps prove that other butter is made of cream, too. Cherry stands up to her knees in red

clover and, rapidly but not greedily, bites off the glowing heads. Nobod knows how many "four leaf clovers" sh Nobody has swallowed; perhaps, that is what makes all her milk turn to golden butter. She puts in a white and gold daisy and eats sweet flag and anise, so that at night when she is driven home to the barnyard her breath is as fragrant as new mown

I am sorry that the pretty milkmaid whom Barney bothers, is almost extinct; but if it is not her, as it sometimes still is, it is somebody else with clean fingers who does the milking and, as he whistles,

thinks of her.
So you thought dairy butter was not So you thought dairy butter was not made of cream. Let us follow the milk-man, while Cherry lies down and in "meditation, fancy free" chews her con-templative cud. When you have seen the milk carried to a little stone milk house, built on a hillside, where the water from a spring trickles in and around the pans, and smelled the cool, sweet cleanness of the place, you will be ready to confess that dairy butter may be good. Then when you have seen a woman in white cap and apron, with strong, grace ful arms, lift the dasher up and down in an earthen churn, and seen her with a ladle in her hand working the butter into a yellow roll, I am sure you will be glad to taste it. This is surely the poetry of butter making, and I thought there could be no other, until I realized that perfection of mechanical detail and fitness for

ses did make poetry also.

I visited a large dairy farm and was taken through a great cool cellar, where the milk of forty deer-like Jerseys was cooling. It was in large vats with run-ning water all around it. Then the ning water all around it. Then the churning was done by a water motor, and the butter worked in a large bowl, and after this I saw it pressed into half pound packages just right for the table. Each package had a sheaf of wheat printed on it, was wrapped in a sheet of parafine paper, and laid by itself in an ice-lined compartment. I thought the people of Prackirbia, where this was to be shipped, were very fortunate.

I have not described all the processes very minutely, as I wanted to tell about the making of creamery butter, and the principle is the same in all butter making.

ing.
To go back a little, they carry the pails of foaming milk—and this is no poet's figure—to the great tin cans that stand in the corner of the grassy yard and strain it into them. The cans are wheeled out to the roadside and set on a rude platform there, and when the man who drives the milk wagon come along he sets them lightly in, along with many others. I have found it in my heart to envy this I have found it in my heart to envy this man. He sees the world in all the fresh-ness of morning, when everything is waking up and is fresh and bright after its rest; again when the sun sets and the glow still lingers, the big man drives his sturdy team slowly up the hills and at a round pace down the slopes, and carried his load to the creamery. It is a long rojects, and, as my plans will depend pon his, how can you expect me to tell ou what mine are?"

Lord Uxbridge bowed and made no pely. The duke rose, and continued, puching him in a friendly way on the houlder:

"Polyanthus" is emptied together into great vats and inextricably mixed. In great vats and inextricably mixed. In the property of the prop quiet it stands, and chemically, and, vellow cream particles He then shook his band warmly, and they separated, Lord Uxbridge no wiser than before, yet feeling that Wellington had trusted him exactly as far as his

milking is put with it, as they churn only once a day.

Yet the great duke did depend in a great measure upon the application of common sense to the needs of the moment. When he was once asked how he succeeded in conquering Napoleon's marshals, one after another, he replied:

"They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well and answers very well until it gets broken, and then you are done for. Now, I make my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on."

Exchange.

Adolphus Trollope's Cook.

Mr. Trollope was fortunate in securing attached servants. Once, when he paid a long visit to Venice, his devoted Tuscan attendants took positive pride in fighting it out with the "foreign trades" trades.

DIED WITH HER BOOTS ON.

A Horse Thief That Proved to Be a Hand-some Young Girl.

In the first days of Leadville wagons formed the only means of transportation for the immense quantity of merchan-dise needed there and for the shipment of the large output of ore and bullion. As a consequence horses and mules were used in large numbers. Trains of freight wagons lined the roads leading to the wagous lined the reads leading to the great carbonate camp, and it frequently became necessary to turn the stock out after a hard day's journey to graze on the adjoining hill sides. Leadville offered a good market for work stock of all kinds, as animals brought from the east frequently succumbed to the climatic effect of a high altitude and heavy work. Many a freighter reached the matic effect of a high attitude and heavy work. Many a freighter reached the top of a hard pull only to see his best work mule lie down and die in the har-ness. Such inducements and easy sale brought professional horse thieves in abundance. The immunity from pun-ishment that they seemed to enjoy and high prices paid for their plunder stimulated them to constant activity and made them bold in their profession. Saguache county, Colo., was a favorite section for the operations of this frater-nity, these gentlemen making their trips with almost the regularity of stage

After an unusually bold raid a party was organized, determined to follow the trail and overtake the thieves, and if the depredators were caught to save all county expenses in the way of sheriff fees and trials. The party started early in the morning, and as the trail was large and hot they were able to follow it almost at a gallop. Following along the west side of the San Luis valley and then through a defile of the Sangre de Christo mountains, the course of the pursuers and pursued emerged into the Arkansas valley, close to where the South Arkansas flows into the main stream. Here it was evident that the two parties could only be a short distance apart. The rob-bers had taken more stock than they could easily handle, and did not seem to be aware that they were being followed Two of the stockmen from the rancher on the route joined the vigilantes and furnished fresh horses. About noon on the following day the thieves with the stolen stock were discovered camped at the north of Cottonwood creek. were but two. One appeared to be a young boy not over 16; the other was a fine looking young man of perhaps 20 or 22 years of age. On being called on to surrender the boy pulled a six shooter and fired on the vigilantes. At the same time he and his companion jumped down behind the bank of the river, from which place it was found impossible to dislodge them without the loss of at least three or

four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was decided for two men to go down the river, cross over and come up on the other side to a point where the fugitives could be easily covered, and the balance to prevent their escape from the position they were in. This was done, and when the thieves were again summoned to surrender, they simply turned and commenced firing at their two pursuers on the opposite side of the river. The fire was returned, and resulted in the boy dropping dead with a broken neck, and his companion falling with a bullet through the lungs. When the vigilantes went to where they lay the elder was still alive, and the boy was, of course, dead, and proved to be a lovely young girl, with delicate and refined features. The one who could still talk refused to tell who they were or from whence they came, only that their people were respectable, and that he desired them to remove his boots, as he did not wish to die with his boots on. He was evidently a man of good education, but prelived to girl any inforwas evidently a man of good education, but positively refused to give any infor-mation. In a few hours he also was dead, and the two were buried beneath the cottonwoods near the river bank.
Their identity was never discovered.— Helena Journal.

God's Acre.

The old Tentonic and Saxon term,
"God's Acre," as applied to the last resting place of the human body, Longfellow made the theme of one of his most touching and beautiful poems; it is an eminently suggestive term. The acre or field of God contains the seed hidden in the ground for a while, to ripen into a glorious harvest; and, just as we write the labels in the spring time for seed we put in the ground, that we may remem ber what beautiful flower is to spring, from the little gray atom, so we p stone at the head of the grave of dead. The name "cemetery" also signi-fies merely the place where one may lie, slumbering for awhile, till the dawn shall come and the trumpet sound.—St. Louis Republic.

A Public Service.

Dr. C. W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, has done a public service for which he de-serves thanks. A harrowing dispatch was sent from a western town talling how a young girl had been buried alive, every one supposing her to be dead. Dr. Dulles took the trouble to write to responsible people in the town named, and learned that there was not a word of truth in the story. More recently another similar story was sent from Springfield, O., and the doctor investigated that also. It proved to be a lie like the other. The probabilities are that every such story would prove to be equally devoid of the fact if it was investigated. And the same might be said of the stories about snakes in people's stomachs.—New York Tribune. learned that there was not a word of

More than 10,000 plated Roman coins, dated between 200 A. D. and 360 A. D., have been found beneath a tile at St. Pabu. Finisterre. The question is, Were these the result of a queer private enterprise, or did Vulcrian, Diocletian and other emperors play off these plated imitations for the true coin of the realm?

A Pathic County of the realm?

A Relation of the realm?

Modern Eastern Magle.

The last issue of The Journal of the Anthropological society of Bombay contains a curious paper by Mr. Rehatsek on twenty of the branches of eastern magic, all of which are in vogue at the present and of which are in vogue at the present time. The first of these is the "Argana of letters and of names," by which let-ters and figures are combined into magic squares, incantations, etc. These derive their power from the "arbitrary use of them made by the spirits governing the natural world, in such a way that the ninety-nine beautiful names of God and other divine words formed of letters containing the Arcana, which pass into ma-terial substances, intercedes." The ma-gician, of course, is the sole interpreter of the uses and significances of the com-

Alchemy comes next, and is followed Anteneny comes next, and is followed by astrology, the most popular of all the Eastern occult sciences. It is practiced on all occasions, to discover thefts, to foretell the result of a journey, the future of an infant, etc. Another popular ture of an infant, etc. Another popular practice is soothsaying from the sacred books by opening one at random and placing the finger on a line. This is almost the only one of the sciences which costs nothing, and which every one can practice. The selection of days is a sub-ordinate branch of astrology, and is empraching to prach of a strology, and is emprached. ordinate branch of astrology, and is employed to ascertain what days are lucky

ployed to ascertain what cays are incey or unlucky for the commencement of certain enterprises, the wearing of new clothes, and the like. Divination and the interpretation of dreams are common everywhere. Sam-moning and subjugating demons is the west fearful of the marging sciences. most fearful of the magical sciences.
There are two kinds—one dangerous and
embracing unlawful magic, the other religious and consisting mainly in con-fining demons in flame, so that they are compelled to obey the commands of the magician. Geomancy is practiced by

magician. Geomancy is practiced by means of dots made with a pencil and arranged in complicated combinations so that they answer questions.

The art of invisibility appears to be only known by name to Mr. Rehatsek, for he does not desire it. Jefr is a science which is only known to one family. It is defined as "the general science con-It is defined as "the general science con-cerning the Tables of the Eternal De-cree and of Predestination," and enables adepts to know all that has happened, is happening or will happen in the most remote future.—London Times.

Feathered Policeme

The description given by The London Globe of the cariamas or soriemas, lo-cated in the eastern aviary of the Zoological gardens, will amuse everybody while it should not surprise any one. That there should be among birds a species which is fitted to perform among its kind the duties undertaken among men by policemen is a fact for which all ought to be prepared. Why should not each variety of created things have in its

species which is fitted to perform among its kind the duties undertaken among men by policemen is a fact for which all ought to be prepared. Why should not each variety of created things have in its midst the same sort of functions and functionaries, modified according to circumstances and habit? More than one pictorial attist—as, for instance, C. II. Beanett in this country—has shown us what marvelous resemblances birds and animals can be made to bear and actually do bear to man, and if humanity finds it necessary to have policemen, why should not the "feathered tribes" be similarly impelled.

The cariama scems particularly well fitted for the post of public guardian. He perambulates his cage with all the regularity and hauteur of his human prototype on his "beat," and if at intervals he emits piercing shrieks which seem uncalled for, he only the more faithfully carried out the analogy. This, no doubt, is his way of blowing the whistle, and when he does it in his cage it is probably from instinct or from immemorial custom. He has already been acclimatized in the poultry yard, where he faithfully performs his duty as the preserver of order. If two young cocks assault or batter each other he steps in between them and stops the combat "by a series of pecks divided impartially at the heads" popular the period of their own empire was recognized, and finally, the people generally becoming discovering the nature that all those beloands of their temple, then all those busies in within fell on their knees before the busshold Joss. After saying the New Year prayer they started in to burn Joss sticks and incense papers, and the room was quickly filled with smoke. Then came congratulations and the greetings of "Koon he fa Toy," which means "a happy New Year." Informal calling began inmediately, but the swell boss chimamen did not make their calls till not make their calls till not be a division and the greetings of "Koon he fa Toy," which means "a happy New Year." Informal calling began inmediately, but the swell boss chi them and stops the combat "by a series of pecks divided impartially at the heads

quality in a policeman, whether he be bird or man; would there were more of it. The origin of the cariama is, it seems, lost in obscurity; but it is admittedly ancient, and possibly he may be a lineal descendant of the judge birds of ornitho-logical antiquity.—Denver Republican.

Touch Old Zulu Chiefs

nothing about trekking, and on several occasions became so impatient that they started off on foot ahead of the wagons. One day they had to walk thirty-seven miles before reaching water, and then had to wait two days on seant rations before we came up with them. One of these men is 75 years old, but the tough old Zulu (the Matabele rulers are of Zulu origin) was none the ways for the case. nothing about trekking, and on

pade.
On another occasion, in spite of our warnings, they left us, armed only with assegais, in the worst part of the lion country. When we followed a few hours country. When we followed a few hours afterward we saw to our horror that their footprints in the sand had been partially obliterated by the spoor of a lion. Fortunately, however, he had followed them only for some hundred yards, and then, probably not being hungry, he wandered off toward a nool of

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Cuvious Variation of Dates and Very Cu-

The Caucasian has but one New Year's; the Mongolian has many—in a set There is, first, the real New Year, there is the day on which the reigning emperor began his reign, and that is a patriotic New Year's. Finally, there is the great "Devil Drive," about the first of October.



WORSHIP OF JOSS

In Chinese annals this is the 4,238th year of this era, as eras were divided by Pau Koo Wong, the divine regulator of time; but as to the real duration of or time; but as to the real duration of mundane things Chinese history deals with eras so vast and reigns so long that a little variation of 1,000 years is treated as a trifling discrepancy. The New York Chinese made the day glorious indeed. The night before the big Joss house at 16 Mott street had been newly decorated within and promptly at 6 delect Chine. within, and promptly at 6 o'clock Chin Bah, one of the officiating priests, placed four cups of tea in front of the idol of Joss and lighted the big Chinese lanterns on the front of the building.
The great event of the day was the
Whey Nean dinner at about 8 o'clock,

when was the grand wind up for the departing year. No expense had been spared to make it a success.

The Whey Nean dinner is the best the Chinaman eats during the year, and after it in good time—for they spend four or five hours eating, drinking and speking—comes the annual purifying smoking-comes the annual purifying bath, which is much like the ceremony some sects have of bathing in the Jor-dan. Anti-Chinese agitators have de-clared that this is the only bath the Chinaman takes in the year. At any rate the New York Chinamen did all their religion required, and exactly at midnight the blaze of fireworks began from the balcony of their temple, then all those within fell on their knees before the

their own empire was recognized, and finally, the people generally becoming skeptical, the annual combine against In both.

Impartiality, of course, is an excellent uality in a policeman, whether he beind or man; would there were more of ... The origin of the cariama is, it seems, it should be the condition of the cariama is, it seems, it is seen, it is should be sufficient to the condition of the cariama is, it seems, it is should be sufficient to the condition of the con



DESTRUCTION OF THE DEVIL.
nce the "devil drive" excites
siasm immensely. A journalist other emperors play off these plated imitations for the true coin of the realm?

A Bellaire (Mich.) tailor has made a pair of pants out of 300 different kinds of cloth for a fortune hunting youth, who wants to create the impression that he is the most economical man on earth. The pants cost \$100.

The hideous figure was seated in the first all his red and yellow paper trappings blazed, thousands of crackers flew from his sides, and when the fire reached the hollow column constituting his solid body, he shot high in air, like a rocket, and exploded with a feurful stink! And so they were rid of the devil for another twenty-one, and then the patent will have expired. "What nonsense!" "What nonsense!" "What nonsense!" "A lockester man has just patented a voting machine. It can't vote until it's twenty-one, and then the patent will so they were rid of the devil for another year."

NOW SHE IS FAMOUS.

"Nellie Bly," The New York World's Cir-

cumnavigator.
"Nellie Bly," of The New York World, "Nellie Bly," of The New having gone who has the satisfaction of having gone than around the world in quicker time thar any other person living or dead, left New York on Nov. 14 at 9:30 a. m. eastward,



NELLIE AND HER NEW YORK RECEPTION. From there she went to Paris, and the**nce** through Venice to Brindisi. From Brin-disi she set sail on the Mediterranean and passing through the Suez canal, crossed the Indian ocean to Penang, China. From Penang she went to Singapore, and thence through the China sea to Hong Kong.

through the China sea to Hong Kong.

Then came Yokohama, from which
place she crossed the Pacific ocean to
San Francisco. There she took a special
train and reached New York in 72 days she started. She was met at the depot in Jersey City by hosts of admiring friends, and The World office, on her ar The trip makes Nellie Bly as widely, if not better, known than any other journalist in the world, except Stanley, who may no longer be called a journalist in

A DISCOURAGED PROHIBITIONIST.

His Attempt to Slay Bishop Whitaker at Philadelphia.

The attempt on the life of Bishop Whitaker at Philadelphia on a recent

Whitaker at Philadelphia on a recent Sunday evening was a strange thing. Here is a brief recapitulation of the facts for those who do not recall them:
David Alexander, of Philadelphia, grew discouraged lately over the slow progress of prohibition sentiments and decided to try to shoot the "rum power" out of existence. His first attempt was on the Right Rev. Ozi W. Whitaker, Protestant bishop of eastern Pennsylvania, and taking a seat near the altar he fired at the bishop while the latter was opening the evening service. He missed, was are sted and gave as his reason that the bishop was an advocate

question back to him. The salient feature was: "You have read the Bible. Can you say that BISHOP WHITAKER. your life is a model of Christ?" "Upon receipt of this," continued the prisoner, "I vowed that I would kill him." He meant also, he said, to kill Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, giving this reason: "Because he and the bishop are two vile hypocrites. I saw Dr. McConnell seated on a platform with a party of rum sellers. It was just before election at the Academy of Music, and I said to myself, 'You will go, too.'"

You will go, too."
David Alexander is but 20 years old, and was a clerk in the mail order department of a large store. His acquaintances give him a high character for of reform. He is evidently a mono-maniac on certain subjects.

The strangest part of the affair is that

Bishop Whitaker did not know he was shot at, and continued the services with-out a pause. His first thought was that the shot was fired in the street, and his the snot was fired in the street, and insecond that some boy had exploded a fire-cracker. He adds, somewhat naively: "My first parish was in a community where parish was in a community where most men were arms, and I suppose two or three hundred men at a time have been in the church with pistols in their pockets; but this is the first time I ever knew one to be expleded to