

The Poets.

There's never a robin that pipes of spring, Nor a stream that runs or leaps, Nor a bee that hums on drowsy wing...

There's many a soul that throbs in tim With the robin, the leaf, or star, That may not voice the silent rhyme...

-W. J. HENDERSON, in Harper's Weekly.

Revaliere's Sacrifice

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

This adventure happened to me in 1882. I had just taken my seat in a corner of an empty compartment in the car, and had closed the door...

"Be careful, sir, the step is very high." Another voice replied: "Don't be afraid, Lawrence. I will take hold of the handles."

Then a head appeared, covered with a round hat, and two hands, grasping the leather straps suspended at each side of the door, slowly hoisted a large body, whose feet made a noise on the car steps like that of a cane striking the ground.

A head appeared behind this traveler, and I heard its owner ask: "Are you comfortable, sir?"

"Yes, my boy." "Then here are your bundles and your crutches."

And a servant, who had the air of an old soldier, got into the car, bearing in his arms a lot of packages done up in black and yellow paper, carefully tied, and placed them one after the other in the network rack above his master's head.

"There, sir, that is all. There are five bundles: the sweetmeats, the doll, the drum, the gun and the pates de foie gras."

"That's all right, my boy." "A pleasant journey, sir."

"Thank you, Lawrence." The servant stepped down from the car, closed the door and went away, while I observed my neighbor. He was, perhaps, thirty-five years old, although his hair was nearly white.

He was decorated, wore a mustache, and had that pursy obesity of strong and vigorous men whom an infirmity obliges to remain inactive. He wiped his brow, puffed, and, looking me squarely in the face, said:

"Does smoking incommode you, monsieur?" "Not at all," I replied.

"I knew that eye, voice and face; but where and when had I seen them? I had certainly met this man, spoken to him and shaken his hand. It was long, long ago, lost in that haze where the mind seems to obscurely seek and pursue its souvenirs, like fleeting phantoms, without being able to grasp them."

My fellow-traveller now began to examine me with the tenacity and fixity of a man who recollects slightly but not entirely. Annoyed by this steady contact, our eyes turned away; then, after a few seconds, attracted by the obscure but persistent action of memory, they again met and I remarked:

"Really, monsieur, instead of looking stealthily at each other for an hour, would it not be better to try and recall together where we have met?"

"You are quite right," replied my neighbor with good grace. "My name is Henry Bonclair, magistrate," I added.

He hesitated a few seconds; then, with that vagueness of eye and voice which generally accompanies great tension of mind, he said:

"Ah, yes! I met you at the Ponceles, before the war, a dozen years ago." "Exactly. Ah! Ah! you are Lieutenant Revaliere?"

"Yes, I was even Captain Revaliere until the day when I lost my feet—both of them at a single stroke from a passing shell."

We looked at each other anew, now that we were acquainted. I remembered perfectly well having seen this man when he was a fine-looking slender fellow, who led the cotillions with a nimble and graceful frenzy. But behind this figure there still floated something I could not grasp, some story that I had known and for-

gotten,—one of those stories to which one lends a kind and short attention and which leave only an imperceptible impression on the mind. There was no love in it. I recalled the particular sensation from the depths of my memory, but nothing more.

Little by little, however, the shadows cleared away, and the face of a young girl rose before my eyes. Then her name, Mlle. de Mandat, flashed upon my mind. Now I remembered everything. It was, in fact, a love-story, but an ordinary one. This young girl loved this young man when I met them, and people spoke of their coming marriage.

I raised my eyes to the rack where all those bundles were trembling with the motion of the train, and the servant's voice returned to me as though he had just finished speaking. He had said:

"There, sir, that is all. There are five bundles: the sweetmeats, the doll, the drum, the gun and the pates de foie gras."

In a second a romance was composed and unrolled in my mind. It resembled all the romances which one so often reads, in which the young man or the young woman marries his or her choice after overcoming all the obstacles. So this officer, mutilated during the war, had again found, after the campaign, the young girl who was pledged to him, and keeping her engagement, she had married him.

I considered that to be beautiful, but simple, just as we judge to be simple all the heroic actions in books and at the theatre. When we read or listen at these schools of magnanimity, we always feel that we should have sacrificed ourselves with an enthusiastic pleasure and a magnificent impulse. But we are always in a bad humor on the following day, when a wretched friend comes to borrow money.

Suddenly, another supposition, less poetic and more realistic, replaced the first one. Perhaps this officer had been married before the war, before this frightful accident had cut off his feet, and his wife had been obliged, grieved and resigned, to receive, care for, console and sustain this husband who had started off strong and handsome, but who now returned, after having lost his feet, a frightful wreck, condemned to immobility, impotent anger and fatal obesity.

Was he happy or tortured? I was seized with an irresistible desire to know his history, or at least the principal points of it, which would permit me to divine what he could not or would not tell me.

I talked with him while thinking at the same time. We had exchanged a few commonplace remarks, and as I raised my eye to the rack, I thought to myself: "So he has three children; the sweetmeats are for his wife, the doll for his little girl, the drum and gun for his sons, and the pates de foie gras for himself."

Suddenly, I asked him: "You are a father?"

"No," he replied. "I felt confused, as though I had committed an impropriety, and continued: 'I beg your pardon. I thought you were, in hearing your servant speak of playthings. We often hear without listening, and draw conclusions, in spite of ourselves.'"

He smiled and murmured: "No, I am not even married. I stopped at the preliminaries."

I pretended to remember all at once. "Ah, that's true; you were engaged when I knew you,—to Mlle. de Mandat, I believe."

"Yes, Monsieur, your memory is excellent."

I was excessively audacious, and added: "I also have a vague idea of having heard that Mlle. de Mandat married Monsieur—Monsieur—"

"Monsieur de Fleurel," he interrupted in a calm tone.

"Yes, that's it. I remember, even, to have heard about your wound."

I looked at him intently, and he blushed. His full, puffy face, already purple from the constant afflux of blood became still more highly colored. He replied with the animation and sudden ardor of a man who pleads a case lost in advance in his mind and heart, but who wishes to win it before public opinion.

"People are wrong in pronouncing Mlle. de Fleurel's name with mine. When I returned from the war—without my feet, alas!—I should never have accepted her offer to become my wife. Was such a thing possible? When a woman marries, it is not to make a parade of generosity, it is to live every day, every hour, every minute and every second by the side of a man; and if this man is deformed, as I am, she condemns herself in marrying him, to suffering that will last unto death. Oh, I comprehend and admire all the sacrifices and all the devotions, when they have a limit! But I

do not admit that a woman should renounce an existence which she hopes will prove happy, and abandon all her joys and dreams, for the sake of satisfying the admiration of the gallery. Do you believe that a man can induce a woman to tolerate what he himself cannot support? And, besides, do you think that my wooden feet are attractive?"

M. Revaliere became silent. What could I say to him? I felt that he was right. Could I blame her, scorn her or even admit that she was wrong? No. However, the denouement which conformed to the rule, to the average, to truth and probability, did not satisfy my poetic appetite. These heroic stumps called for a noble sacrifice that was wanting, and I experienced a profound deception.

"Eas Mme. de Fleurel any children?" I asked him suddenly.

"Yes, a daughter and two sons. These toys are for them. She and her husband have been very kind to me."

The train mounted the incline at Saint Germain, passed through the two tunnels and entered the station. I was about to offer my arm to help the mutilated officer alight, when two hands were stretched toward him through the open door.

"Good morning, my dear Revaliere."

"Ah! good morning, Fleurel."

Behind the man was a woman smiling radiantly and throwing her "good morning" with her gloved fingers. A little girl by her side jumped with joy, and two youngsters looked with eager eyes at the drum and gun that their father was taking down from the rack.

When the disabled man was upon the platform, all the children kissed him. Then the crowd started off, the little girl holding in her hand the varnish support of the crutch, as she would have been able to hold, in walking at his side, the thumb of her big friend.—Translated for Romance.

A Great Texas Dam.

The great dam at Austin, Texas, is 1,200 feet long, sixty-six feet wide at the base, and 16 feet on top, and is sixty feet high from low-water mark. It is estimated in round figures that 22,000 carloads of material of the different kinds used were required for its construction. There are over 93,000 cubic yards of masonry laid with some 45,000 barrels of Portland cement.

There is now on hand in round figures \$62,000 in cash to the credit of the fund, with \$500,000 of the bonds remaining. In addition to this there is \$70,000 invested in the dam railroad. The water works will have two pumps of a daily capacity of 4,000,000 gallons. Contracts have been let for forty-two miles of piping. The electrical plant will have ten dynamos of 12,000 sixteen-candle power each for domestic and commercial lighting, and two dynamos of like capacity for street lighting.

For moving cars and other motors there will be four dynamos each of 120-horse power. The water horse power is provided with eight penstocks each, nine feet in diameter, for regulating the flow and distribution of water in the dam. Bernard Corrigan, contractor for building the dam, was two years engaged in that part of the work, and has \$94,000 yet due him under his contract. The dam ranks among the largest in the world.—San Antonio Express.

What Makes the True Sailor.

More is wanted in a seaman than the artfullest acquaintance with the mechanism of his ship. He needs a spirit that is in perfect sympathy with the whole bounding fabric. It is this spirit which in its perfection makes the exquisite helmsman, who feels the life of the vessel in a single spoke of her wheel as the uttermost link of the spider's delicate principal of silk trembles its sensibility to the insect's fore-claw resting on a single thread.—Scribner.

A Better Phrase.

"Do you know," said the man who was going to have a tooth pulled, "I don't think 'dental parlor' is a good phrase." "No?" "Drawing room would be much better."—Washington Star.

CURIOUS CATTLE.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF ODD SELECTION.

Sacred Bulls of the Brahmans—Coach Cattle and Horned Ponies—Tartars Milk Their Mares—Riding Tame Ostriches.



ON PLAND, the traveler, in commenting upon the curious influence of habit, mentions the fact that the Spanish-American creoles consider broad-brimmed hats wholly indispensable for the pursuits of outdoor life in the tropics, while in a still warmer climate the Arabs dispense with hats altogether and have for ages contrived to make their turbans compatible with longevity and pretty keen eyesight.

"Why don't you people try reindeer or caribos?" said their leader. "What a waste to make pets of big brutes that can't be milked and are unfit for food, according to your own statement. And these everlasting runaways and complaints of people kicked by vicious horses! Do you know that in our country accidents of that kind never occur? A reindeer buck can't hurt you with his flat horns and his kicking doesn't amount to anything at all. The deer can be milked for seven months in the year, and if we have too many fawns we roast a few of them, or salt them for the next winter. And besides, reindeer will shift with the coarsest food, and are tough to a degree that would make your Canadian teamsters stare. After galloping a journey of forty miles they will content themselves with an armful of frozen moss

with a knock-kneed donkey in a country where time is considered an equivalent of money. A pot-bellied buffalo, slouching along with a weary grunt, and every now and then stopping altogether to browse the wayside herbs, could not try the patience of his driver more severely; but the Buddhist Tibetans seem to have no object in life but to reach its end with a minimum of trouble and are never



in a hurry. The highland yak is dressed in a fleece that makes it look like a walking bale of alpaca wool, but the appearance of his foothill relative is even more grotesque. From the hips to the breast his shaggy coat hangs down like a misplaced mane, his rump would furnish hair enough for a pashaw of nine tails, but the top of his back is as bald as the head of a Mormon elder.

With all his laziness the Thibet bull is subject to fits of pig-like ferocity and will trot grunting after a stranger trespassing upon his pasture grounds, and in a rough-and-tumble struggle has an ugly trick of flinging himself forward to crush his opponent by the weight of his big-boned body. The females of the species are less stubborn, and a white yak cow has the honor to be ridden now and then by his holiness, the Dalai Lama, the high priest of Buddhism.

But if the Thibetans ride their cows their neighbors, the Tartars, milk their mares. At Kuban Heri, on the tableland of Asia, there are regular dairies for the preparation of milk beer, butter and cheese from the mare's milk. Curds, dried and powdered in a sort of meal, are carried in bags on the long migration of the nomadic Tartars and are eaten with slices of dried horseflesh, when game is scarce. A good milk mare is considered worth her weight in smoked

man on one of them, if the beast is tired he turns his head around and spits in his rider's face."

The Spanish Hidalgo, it might be supposed, would rather have dispensed with such saddle horses, but a llama will travel at a steady gait along precipices where even a Spanish mule would stumble, and, like the ship of the desert, the American camel has an almost miraculous faculty of surviving protracted famines and shifting with a minimum of fluid refreshments or even with such queer beverages as alkali water and brine.

But the strangest of all substitutes for our beasts of burden can be seen in the southern Soudan, where the youngsters of the Donga natives trot about on tame ostriches. A full-grown ostrich cock can carry a load of 200 pounds, though only at a moderate rate of speed, but with a light rider he will rush away at a breakneck gait for a stretch of ten or twelve miles without manifesting any symptoms of fatigue. For a short distance, and with an extra-light jockey, a trained ostrich might even carry off the first prize of an African derby, though, as an American wag observes, "the rider could at best only hope to win on a fowl."

The Proposed New Headgear For the United States Army.

The War Department of the United States now has under consideration a change in the headgear of the soldiers

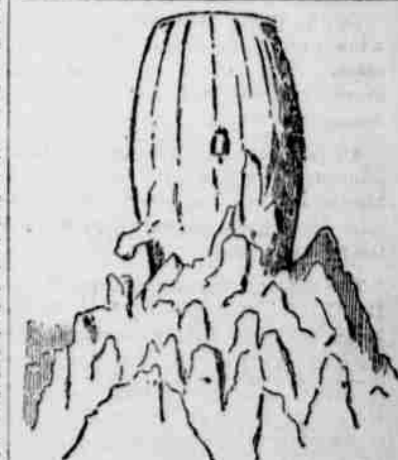


and officers to replace the forage cap and helmet now worn in the service. The Detroit Free Press publishes cuts of the proposed innovation. The forage cap, intended for all branches of the army, is what is known as the German pattern, and it is claimed for it that the visor, being turned down instead of being straight, gives more protection to the eyes. The top is soft and pliable and has the advantage of keeping the head cool. Many officers favor its adoption, while not a few look upon it with disfavor, owing to the fact that it is almost the exact counterpart in shape, but, of course, not in material, of those so frequently met with on the heads of emigrants from the Fatherland.

The other design, known as the busby, is for the cavalry and is exactly similar to that worn by the Eighteenth Hussars of the English Army. It is made of black astrakhan cloth, and will weigh, complete, about ten ounces. It also has a sloping visor, but very small. The cut shown is for officers. For enlisted men it will be the same minus the pompon or top ornament. Every cavalry officer at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, twenty in all, favor its adoption.

One of Arizona's Wonders.

For many years Heidelberg University has had the honor of owning the largest barrel, or "tun," as they call it, in the world. They have had the honor, although, according to the San Francisco Call, it does not belong to them, for Arizona has a barrel that makes theirs fade into insignificance. The one at Heidelberg will not hold liquid, neither will the one in Arizona. In this they are the same, but are different in many other ways. Arizona's barrel is the work of nature, and it is on a high peak of mountain, about five miles from Agass Calientes, which is in the Catalina Mountains, about sixteen miles from a railroad. The barrel is one of those peculiar rock formations and is about 200 feet high, and the top of it is at least 2000 feet above the valley. It can be seen for miles before the traveler gets to it, and its appearance is most deceiving. It requires no effort of the imagination to see the large utensil of Bacchus perched on its peak with a glass under its faucet



THE LARGEST BARREL IN THE WORLD.

as if ready to be filled. A large fissure in a certain spot forms a bughole. It does not look like a barrel unless seen from the plain; on all other sides it is simply a rugged rock. It is a soft granite formation of volcanic origin, and is crumbling to pieces all the time. It is so soft that half a dozen men with picks could knock it to pieces in a few days.

The National salute for the President is twenty one guns. This was fixed by law in 1819, and previous to that time the Presidential salute consisted of the firing of one gun for every State.



WINGED STEEDS OF SOUDAN.

and lie down in an ice-storm cold enough to freeze the ground twenty feet deep.

But Yankees in their turn might question the wisdom of the Hindoos who share their last morsel of food with a lazy Zebu bull. A Zebu, or Brahma bull, can be used as a beast of burden, but is weakkneed, stupid and as lazy as a Holland prize cow. Warm weather makes him capricious, he will balk or turn in a circle with the perseverance of an inspired dervish. The monstrous lump of fat on his back sometimes assumes proportions that make every ounce of additional burden a grievance, and to climax matters, the ungainly brute is holy, i. e., supposed to enjoy the special protection of Brahma and his allied divinities. To beat a Brahma bull is an indictable offense, and to kill him a crime that can be expiated only by life-long penance, if, indeed, the fury of the orthodox natives should suffer the offender to survive.

Should a Brahma bull enter the shop of a green grocer and help himself left and right the proprietor must be careful to abstain from profanities of speech. He may coax the bull to the door and gently assist him in appreciating the necessity of departure, but verbal comments have to be couched in the most respectful terms. On a crowded market place Brahma bulls may be seen pushing their way through the throng with sublime indifference to the convenience of less sacred entities, and trample down scores of refreshment tables to reach an assortment of attractive vegetables. And yet that four-footed nuisance is deemed the pride of every Hindoo homestead, and the proprietor of a saddle bull will sit patiently waiting in the rays of the broiling sun to give the pet of Brahma time to get over a balking fit.



A LONG-HORNED PONY.

An equally sluggish quadruped, the yak, or long-haired bison, is domesticated in the mountains of Thibet, and recommends itself by its ability to survive the winters of the icy highlands, but could not compete even