

**The Bravest Battle.**  
The bravest battle that ever was fought!  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it  
not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.  
Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,  
With sword, or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.  
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently, bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battlefield.  
No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But, oh! these battles, they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!  
Yet, faithfully still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down.  
O ye with banners and battle shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kindest victories fought  
Were fought in these silent ways.  
O spotless woman in a world of shame!  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came,  
The kindest warrior born!  
—Joaquin Miller.

### A Prearranged Marriage.

As a boy I had but one great trouble in the world, and its name was Eliza. "My Eliza," Godmother Richards called her. She was a very nightmare. I am sorry to say that news of her demise would have given him intense joy. But that was my godmother's fault, for but for her I should never have cast a thought upon Eliza.

My Eliza was nothing new to me. When I was in frocks this model little girl, a year my junior, was spoken of ecstatically, whenever Godmother Richards came to the city. She was her other godchild, a model of grace and beauty and obedience. "I shall bring her up for Billy," she would say. "They shall be little man and wife. Don't you want to send a kiss to your Eliza, Billy—a nice sweet one?" At four I used to send it. At eight I allowed it to be taken. At ten I refused my lips.

It was hard to bear then, but nothing to the persecution it became at 16. Then I was obliged to hear what pieces my Eliza could play upon the piano—how much French she could speak—how she had on long dresses—how much handsomer she was than any godmother knew, and, in short, how it was the hope of the old lady's heart to bring us together some day and make a match of it. Even the dislike I had to quarrelling with the fairy godmother who could convert my pumpkin of hope into a coach and horses with a wave of her pen, could not make me exhibit any show of complacency when Eliza was spoken of. I scowled in silence and refused to praise, and had the satisfaction of hearing my godmother inform my mother in a stage-aside, that actually the dear boy was head and ears in love with Eliza already.

This sort of thing went on until I was 22, growing even worse with time, and fast approaching a climax. We were to be introduced to each other before long; a meeting was on the tapis. We were ordered to be mutually stricken with love at first sight, to do our courting in the shortest possible space of time, and to live thereafter with Godmother Richards, who confessed to having divided her property between us with a view to our ultimate union. According to her account of affairs, the young lady would throw no obstacle in my way, but "felt as though she knew me already."

"I hope she has not been annoyed on my account," I said, sarcastically. "Don't urge her to meet me, I beg. I wouldn't have her do anything disagreeable to please me."  
But she did not see the sarcasm. "Don't be angry," she said. "Girls are naturally timid, and she knows how smart and handsome you are, and is just a little afraid of you. She thinks ever so much of you, and is always talking about you."  
I didn't use wicked language, but I wanted to.  
"You'll be there, of course," continued my godmother, "and look your best. Be sure to come. You'll admire her so, I know."  
And she departed.  
"Go voluntarily to meet Eliza, never! That afternoon I packed my trunk and fled the house, determined never to return or give my godmother a clue as to my whereabouts as long as Eliza awaited my coming.  
"Let her leave her confounded money where she pleases," I said, apostrophizing my absent godmother. "No one shall saddle me with a wife against my will."  
My cousins the Cripins, took summer boarders. Their house always could be stretched to hold one more. Thither, therefore, I posted without ceremony.  
"We can accommodate you with an attic room, if you'll put up with that," said the old lady. "We had a very nice room yesterday, but now its occupied. But you've lost it for a young lady, so you won't mind."  
I declared that I did not mind, and I meant it; when at the tea table the young lady in question dawned upon me. A little brunette, with a rose bud mouth and hair that waved and kinked in the most magical manner.  
Miss Lizzie Smith by name, as my hostess informed me.  
That night when I laid my head upon my pillow I felt that I had met my fate. I did not seek to fly it. I talked with her; I sang with her; I rowed with her and I drove her about. I took board for a month instead of a week.

It was not pleasant, to be sure, to receive an angry letter from home, upbraiding me with throwing away my good fortune. Godmother Richards was very angry and had threatened to disinherit me. All my own fault, what harm could it have done me to know the girl. A good deal, I thought, if it had prevented me from knowing Lizzie Smith. I wrote an answer in which I in a measure, defied my godmother and said a good deal about youth and health, and a disposition to keep myself, and was glad after all that it was over, and went on boasting and driving as before. But one day I received a sudden shock, on learning that Miss Smith was going home.

We were to part. I resolved that we should not be separated before I knew whether she really liked me well enough to make me happy.  
The next day I drove her over to an old fort and having reached the spot found ourselves alone amidst crumbling stones and grass and tangled bushes, just as I hoped I should. Within the fort a great block of stone lay with moss upon it, thick and green and spongy. There I made her seat herself.  
"Lizzie," I said, "we haven't known each other very long, but I have known you long enough to be sure that I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife, Lizzie?"  
She cast her eyes down and blushed and said nothing.  
"Can't you like me well enough?" I asked bon-ding over her.  
"I—I think I do," faltered Lizzie.  
"But the thing is, what will they say about it?"  
"They?" I queried, venturing to steal on arm about her waist. "You mean your parents?"  
"Yes," said Lizzie, "and my godmother."  
Visions of my godmother flashed across my mind.  
"You see," said Lizzie, "she's a very peculiar old lady, and really did consider herself bound to teach me my catechism. Most sponsors think giving you a silver spoon is enough, you know. But why she should think she must choose me a husband, I don't know."

Again my godmother arose before my vision.  
"But she did," said Lizzie, hysterically. "And that is not the worst of it, she thought when he was chosen I must like him. Oh, that horrible Billy, how I have hated him; a nasty, red-haired little puppy, I am sure. His very name is insupportable. Billy, bah! He used to send me kisses, and sugar plums and his love until I did wish he would have the measles or whooping cough and not get well. It was wicked, but I did it, and to end it all,

the little wretch really thought I was in love with him and intended to meet me at my godmother's. Then I could stand it no longer. I refused to meet 'Billy' and made mamma send me here for a month, I shall be left out of her will—Godmother Richards, you know—but I could not be married against my will for a million—nor for the whole world; and I'd die before I'd so much as speak to that dreadful Billy. Oh, what is the matter, Mr. Brown?"  
"Matter!" I groaned; "matter! I can't believe it. You—she—I—"  
"Oh, dear, what is it?" cried Lizzie.  
"I believe," said I, with the calmness of despair, "that you are 'my Eliza.'"  
"Godmother Richards does call me Eliza. I was christened so, but I hate the name," said Lizzie, "and you—you'r not 'Billy'?"  
Then there was a table. It ended with a peal of laughter which came from Lizzie.  
"So I ran away from you," she cried.  
"And I ran away from you, too," cried I.  
Then I told her all, and we looked at each other.  
"We have such common names," said Lizzie. "Miss Smith and Mr. Brown. It never entered my mind that you were 'Billy.'"  
"How could I dream that you were 'My Eliza'?" I said. And then:  
Suffice it to say that I drove Lizzie home as though the little wagon were a triumphal car, and the next day we went to our godmother's.

The shutters of the house were all closed and everything was quiet. Afterwards I understood that the disappointment had caused my godmother to take to her bed with the idea that she was extremely ill. No one answered our first knock, but at the second an upper window creaked and a head was stuck forth. Then there came a little shriek and an exclamation vehemently ungrammatical. "Gracious goodness, it's them. I was going to after my will tomorrow and here's her with Billy and him with his Eliza."  
And in five minutes we were admitted, embraced, forgiven and congratulated.—New York News.

### Daring Plunge of a Steamboat.

The development of the great Northwest is sometimes attended with perilous incidents. In running steamboats from Rainy Lake river to Rainy Lake recently a steamboat was compelled to plauge over falls ten feet high.  
At the last moment the engineer deemed prudence the better part of valor, and decided not to make the perilous trip. So the captain fixed a wire running from the pilot-house to the engine-room and attached it to the steam throttle so he could shut off steam when he desired. Then casting off lines and pulling the throttle wide open, with a full head of steam on, he steered into the current leading to the rapids above the falls, which is confined in a narrow gorge, and where the water runs with a fearful current.  
With the force of the current and the full head of steam the steamboat shot ahead with the speed of an arrow, and as the brow of the falls was reached the captain pulled the wire to shut off steam, the steamboat shot out of the water full length, exposing the whole bottom, keel, wheel and rudder, and then dropped into the boiling, swirling water below the falls. The current was swift, strong and tortuous, but luckily he guided her safely into quiet water, when steam was applied and she was soon to the landing below the falls.—Northwestern Magazine.

**Plants From Egyptian Graves.**  
Probably there are no botanical specimens that can vie with the old herbarium in the Cairo Museum in the matter of age, says the "British and Colonial Druggist." It contains a quantity of plants found in the old Egyptian graves, and in spite of their age and delicacy, the protection afforded to them by their covering has kept them in perfect state of preservation. Even the color is, in most cases preserved. The watermelon found in one of the graves becomes a bright green when dipped into water. Most of the plants are at least 4,000 years old. The clover from the pyramid in Dalechur and the barley and juniper berries found in a grave at Sakhara are as old as this, as are the flowers found in a mummy in Dair el Bahars, and those found in the graves of Ahmes I. and Rameses II. Among the plants are found blue and white lotus, red poppy, oriental larkspur, palms, various kinds of chrysanthems, safflower, willow, and the various grasses, and even celery.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

### OLD LIVELIHOODS.

#### Earning an Existence in Queer and Original Ways.

#### A Unique Character Who Buys Left Over Washing.

The ever-increasing energy necessary to keep the wolf from the door in these times of pushing, jostling competition has driven many of the rank and file of life to capture the fleeting dollar in queer and original ways. It occurred to one genius recently that there might be a profitable trade done through purchasing the left-over linen from Chinese laundrymen and disposing of it to indigent individuals who retain a lingering amount of self-respect and a weakness for a clean shirt. The man to whom the idea came has been making a steady living since at his unique business, and already has a competitor in the field.

In almost every Chinese laundry there is an accumulation of linen, left there for the most part by persons who forget to call for it, and in some instances through the loss of the ticket and the consequent hopelessness of identifying the owner. This left-over linen the individual referred to makes a bid for, gets, usually at his own price, and retails at a handsome profit.

Another queer way of getting a living is that pursued by a man on the East River front, who is known from Cherry Hill to Corlear's Hook as "The Grappler." In the summer time, when the piers and stringpieces are crowded with sweltering humanity from the east side tenement houses, it is a common thing for some unfortunate to topple over into the water and be drowned before help arrives. The body is usually washed around by the tides and eddies on the pier front and cannot be located without a careful search by an experienced hand.

"The Grappler" is usually sent for by the sorrowing relatives, and he strikes a bargain to recover the body for so much money. The price usually paid him is \$25. Then, armed with tools of his own invention, "The Grappler" launches his boat, makes a careful study of the spot where the body disappeared, draws his own conclusions as to the whereabouts of the drowned from a life-long study of the ways of East River waters, and then begins to grapple. Sometimes a body will be brought to the surface within half an hour. At other times the work has to be carried on patiently for days and weeks before the grappling irons catch the remains. In some instances the grappler has failed to find the body and has thrown up his contract. As a rule, however, his gruesome task is successfully accomplished. When not searching for bodies, "The Grappler" fills out his time fishing for anything he can get. He catches all sorts of flotsam and jetsam, that he turns into cash. Old rope, lost anchors, chains, rusty iron and other deposits of the river bed are all worth money to him. "The Grappler" says business is not flourishing now. He succeeded to his peculiar calling through his father, who taught him the business in the days when grappling paid, and he cannot turn his hand to anything else at this late date.

One of the remarkable band of camp followers that hovers on the outskirts of Wall street's speculating crowd is Billy the Goose, an ex-stool pigeon of the police, who is credited with earning a weekly sum in a variety of ways. Billy is usually seen holding in his arms a pyramid of cast-off hats, which he sells for anything they will fetch. These transactions are all clear profit to Billy for he gets the hats as gifts from the brokers of the neighborhood who have purchased new ones. Billy also loans money at exorbitant rates of interest to impetuous messenger boys, and makes a large profit in this manner. Then he acts as the broker on commission to men who wish to speculate in the bucket shop, but who do not care to be seen in this lone strata of Wall street society. Every one in the street knows Billy, and if he were to announce that he had accumulated a fortune and was about to retire from business, no one would be at all surprised.—New York Recorder.

**Phenomena of Human Hair.**  
A medical expert reports that the curly locks of three young girls belonging to a family which is predisposed to nervousness straighten out every time when they become exhausted by overwork or pleasure. Thus it happens that if they go to a ball they enter upon the pleasure straight-haired, after dancing a few times their locks begin to form again, and

before the festivity is half over the three pretty heads are covered with ringlets. Investigation has proved that these girls have to work particularly hard on the days preceding the balls. They make their own dresses, do their own housework, etc. The anticipation of pleasure may also have something to do with increasing their nervous condition. Similar observations have been made in the case of a 2-year-old girl predisposed to insomnia by nervous excitement. She has long, silky blonde locks, that straighten out if the child experiences any sensation of a frightful nature. That having passed, the hair is seen to draw up into ringlets.

The microscope does not explain the last mentioned phenomena; it shows, however, the nature of the cause that make the hair appear white as the consequence of fear, distress, or any strong mental excitement. As already stated, the sensation is apparently due to degeneration of the pigment matter. According to my own investigations it is occasioned by air bubbles arising in the shaft of the hair, and completely covering the color particles. How this process comes about science has not yet discovered. It is an open question whether the air is admitted from outside or whether the elastic fluid is the result of decomposition in the interior of the hair shaft or roots.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Connecticut's Wildcat Infested Swamp

Leonard Perkins, a hunter and trapper of North Bradford, had a fight recently with two wildcats of large size while conducting a party of sportsmen through Wild Cat Swamp, a large area of wild land on the old Corby woodland, in the southern part of Essex. Perkins had lost his party, and was cutting across the swamp to reach them when one of the cats pounced upon his two dogs, clawing and biting them, and completely blinding one of them. Perkins shot the cat through the heart as soon as he was able to single it out from the dogs.

Perkins had no sooner done this than a second cat, smaller than the first, attacked the blind dog, lacerating it so that it had to be killed. Perkins succeeded in shooting this cat as well. A large wildcat was shot in the same swamp last week by Robert Fielding, an old Saybrook trapper. Fielding and his dogs had a tussle of nearly half an hour with the cat.

Five wildcats have now been killed in this swamp during the past twelve months. It is believed there are several more in the swamp, and a party is being formed in North Branford to surround the swamp and capture them if possible. They are a menace to the safety of any solitary hunter.—Hartford Courant.

#### A Prehistoric Road.

Herman C. Cooke and C. A. Fauble, who are exploring the San Miguel mountain, near this city, and who were reported some days ago to have found an ancient roadway and tunnel to a gold mine, are in this city. They say it can easily be seen that a dirt road over the crest of the Hogback rising from Sweetwater river well up the mountain side was first traveled extensively. Later travel was diverted over a part of the distance to the level shelf, and this new road is the one that creates wonder and astonishment. The grade is so perfect that Cooke and Fauble believe it was established by the best of surveying instruments, and solid rock has been cut out so deep that powder or some other explosive must have been used. The fills on the lower side have been made on true lines, and a distance of 1,000 or more feet of this kind of work shows educated workmanship. Traces of wagon tracks can be seen on the surface of the roadway.—San Francisco Call.

#### Corn Belt Moving North.

A press dispatch from St. Paul quotes Mr. S. S. Russell of North Dakota as saying, at the immigration convention, that the corn belt was moving northward, following the civilization of the soil by wheat. Wheat was a great civilizer of the soil, and its effect was to prepare the soil for corn which accoutred for the steady advance of the corn belt toward the north.  
We suppose Mr. Russell uses the word "civilize" in an adapted sense, though here at the east we look upon corn, potatoes, roots, etc., as preparers of the soil for wheat and other grains, the finer product awaiting itself of the previously long-continued working of the soil. It may be, however, that at the west, in lack of regular rotation, the wheat roots furnish that mass of vegetable fiber on which the corn delights to feed, and so the latter follows instead of precedes.—Country Gentleman.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Aluminum is being used in making the bodies of cars.

Gun springs are now tempered by electricity in France. The process is satisfactory.

The Mississippi, at the point where it flows out of Lake Itaska, is ten feet wide and eighteen inches deep.

The total run of the wind in Kansas last November was 8,711 miles, the highest November run now on record.

An oil-burning locomotive is running in regular service between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, Cal., and works perfectly and very economically.

Coal dust is successfully used as fuel for boilers by a process invented by a German named Wegener. It is fed to the furnace automatically, and only ordinary chimney draft is needed.

The power of taste is believed to be due to the fungi-form papillae of the tongue. These are from a twentieth to a fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and are found on every part of the tongue, but most thickly towards the tip.

The officials of the various "homes" for domestic animals in London report that the mortality in cases of influenza among dogs amounts to six per cent; among cats, to 24 per cent, and the percentage is said to be even still larger among horses.

The town of Deseronto, in Canada, where there are several large lumber mills, is partially lighted by gas made from sawdust. The sawdust is charged in retorts which are heated by a wood fire, the gas from the retorts passing into a series of coils, and thence into the purifiers, which are similar to those used for coal gas. Lime is the principal purifying agent employed.

The Sokol, Russia's new English built torpedo boat, is a long, narrow craft, lying low in the water, and possesses four funnels. The hull is of nickel steel, which has thirty per cent more strength than ordinary steel, and this permits of a considerable reduction of weight. There are eight boilers. Improvements have been introduced for safeguarding the stokers, and also to enable to boat to run, even if some of the boilers should be injured.

#### A Japanese Hostelry.

When one enters a Japanese hotel, far away from a treaty port, he passes through the spotless kitchen, where landlord, cook and waitress all salute him with, "You have come with honorable earliness." Here, too, his departure is hailed with, "Please return with angust earliness." The food prepared in the clean kitchen, however, the traveler will not like. Especially will he miss the meat to which he is accustomed, unless he is near the sea when an abundance of fish will be served.

Tourists often, perhaps usually, take with them knives, forks, spoons, bread and canned meat. At the hotel they find neither these, nor chairs, nor tables, nor milk nor coffee, or beds. Nor will he, unless the hotel is very small, find quiet.

Fish, rice, lily bulbs, boiled chestnuts and other articles of the sort disposed of, the evening draws on and the bath is ready. This is in nearly the most public view, and filled with boiling hot water. The first use belongs as a matter of honor, to the most distinguished guest, though he is bound to protest that someone else should precede him. And then the whole household use the bath in turn. Next morning there are again the fish, the rice and the queer vegetables. No coffee, no bread, plenty of tea, no milk.—Home Queen.

#### An Oklahoma Contest.

Clara George and Albert Jones were claimants for the one quarter-section of land on the Arkansas River, north of Perry, Oklahoma. For two years they had been quarreling and even fighting over this excellent tract of bottom land. Both built humble cabins and have lived on the land for two years. Some weeks ago Jones was taken down with fever. Miss George was informed of her neighbor's illness, and ventured to his lonely hut to see him. Her heart was touched at his afflictions and she remained a while with him. All of Jones' neighbors left him, and Miss George's tender heart compelled her to remain and administer to the wants of her contestant. She remained for weeks, and when Jones got better he proposed to Miss George to divide the claim and quit quarreling, and to this Miss George agreed. When Jones got up from his bed he proposed that they marry and enjoy the claim together. This was agreed to, and the couple were married.—Kansas City Times.