

FROM THE HEIGHTS.

LADY POEM WRITTEN BY THE LATE JOHN BOYLE... City Comptroller... The poet is a tall, near-sighted, bashful...

"Come to me for wisdom," said the mountain; "In the valley and the plain There is knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain; There is effort, with its hope like a fountain; There the chained rebel, passion, Laboring strength and fleeting fashion; There the ambitious leaping flame, And the iris crown of fame; But these gains are dear forever Won from loss and pain and fever. Nature's gospel never changes; Every sudden force deranges; Blind endeavor is not vain; Wisdom entered is not vain; And the seer is the knower, Is the doer and the sower."

"Come to me for safety," said the height; "In the future as the past, Road and river end at last Like a raindrop in the ever circling sea. Who shall know by lessened sight Where the gain and the loss In the desert they must cross? Guides who lead their charge from hills, Passing soon from town to town, Through the forest and the dune, Take direction from the hills; Who range a wide land Higher climb until they stand Where the past and future swing Like a far blue ocean-ring. Who sail from land afar Leap from mountain-top to star! Higher still from star to God, Have the spirit-plat to tread, Setting lights for mind and soul That the ships may reach the goal. "They shall safely steer who see, Sight is wisdom—come to me!"

MISS ANSPROTHER'S TRIAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

In speaking of her niece, Miss Letitia Anstruther was accustomed to plainly call her "the trial of my life," and for once, the expression was a simple truth, entirely devoid of exaggeration. Mattie Anstruther certainly was a trial. "You know, my dear," Miss Anstruther would say to one intimate friend or another, "my brother John went to Texas twenty years ago. Don't ask me who his wife was! I don't know. I never saw her. I never heard her name until John died, and somebody sent his child to me, with her baptismal record, John's marriage certificate and the lawyer's letters, telling me she will have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars when she is twenty-one. John made his money upon a stock-farm, and after his wife died, appears to have lived alone on a small farm, and she calls it. She was sixteen when she came here, and she was a perfect savage; a savage, my dear, and is very little better now." And a savage the girl appeared to her neat, prim aunt, who nearly went into convulsions over a crooked table-cloth, and looked upon a knowledge of house-keeping and needle-work as the climax of womanly education. Miss Anstruther's house was small, a cottage set in an exact square of prim garden, but every room was the perfection of order and cleanliness, and a small income was economized and nursed to give a margin for Berlin wools and tidy cotton, wherewith in the leisure hours left by household care, the old maid manufactured wonderful articles for the ornamentation (or otherwise) of her parlor and guest-room. Into this domain there had been thrust a lank, tall girl of sixteen, in shabby mourning, grieving violently for the loss of her only friend, her father. A girl who wore thick-soled boots whose she never wiped upon the door-mat, whose profusion of hair was gathered into a net loosely, "anyhow," as her aunt remarked, who had never owned a collar or a pair of cuffs, nor had ever seen a carpet. And yet, a girl who could read Homer and Virgil in the original, was acquainted with Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer as familiar friends, could solve geometrical problems and make the church organ speak, but never had fashioned a garment or knotted Berlin wool. And she seemed utterly untamable. In vain Miss Anstruther scolded and grieved, in vain grew pathetic and tearful. Mattie would "litter up" her neat rooms with growing ferns, birds' nests, leaves, flowers, stones, would have "John's horrid books" piled in her own bedroom on shelves, tables or even the floor; would not learn to stir puddings or hem towels, and darted about like an elf, regardless of furniture or decorum. Now she was singing in a glorious contralto to the wildest of glees, now sobbing convulsively over some scrap of paper folded away by her father's hand, and newly discovered by the girl in her sewing reading. She would sit on the best sofa with her feet tucked under her, and wear the ample landscape wardrobe Miss Anstruther ordered out of her liberal allowance, with utter disregard of the proprieties—wappers in the evening and evening dresses at breakfast, "just as it happened." In the first two years of her life at Doncaster, it would have been hard to say which was more miserable in the little cottage, the prim maiden lady or the wayward niece. She was seated under the shade of a willow, one June afternoon, looking moodily into the water of a little brook as her feet, while the Reverend Albert Anstruther finished a little lecture Miss Anstruther had asked him to deliver, was a tall, near-sighted, bashful

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN. This was what surprised his washer-woman: "MY DEAR GIRL: I will call for you at 8 Sunday evening for a drive over to the lake. Don't disappoint me." "JIM." And this was what surprised his "dear girl": "MADAME: What in thunder do you do to my shirts that makes the bosoms wrinkle up so? If you can't do better work I must go somewhere else." "JAMES E. BLAKE."

THE GREAT GERMAN SOLDIER AT HIS HOME.

An American Representative of Inventor Edison visits the Field Marshal with a Photograph—Von Moltke at His Wife's Tomb. A gentleman named Wangeman has been traveling through Europe as Mr. Edison's representative, exhibiting the great inventor's photograph to the crowned heads and other important personages. Among others Mr. Wangeman, says the New York Sun, visited Von Moltke, the venerable soldier whom Germany idolizes, and who, since he entertained Mr. Edison's representative, has laid down his sword and surrendered the title of Field Marshal of the German armies. The weight of 90 years of burdens on him, but his mind is still clear and vigorous and his heart warm and sympathetic. Mr. Wangeman was unable to accept his first invitation to visit him at his old chateau at Creisan, and in answer to his written apology the old soldier telegraphed him: "You always welcome; come when you can."

His First Thousand Dollars.

While Luther Ladin Mills was going through some old papers the other day he found very interesting documents from the pen of the lamented Emory A. Storrs, which is reproduced below: "I do not know exactly what called forth these utterances from Mr. Storrs," said Mr. Mills, "but I apprehend that they were in reply to some young man who wrote the brilliant lawyer for advice as to the best way of investing a sum of money which he had in his possession." The manuscript is as follows: "There are several answers to your question: "One boy takes his \$1,000, spends it either in foreign travel or in the cultivation and improvement of his mind, and manages to get on at the age of 31, if he is consistent in this course, he has laid the foundation for a long career of usefulness and honor, and whatever at his death his bank account may be, he has achieved something for the good of mankind for which the world will always gratefully remember him. The high spirit, the clear head, the sharp intellect, the discrimination between the right and wrong which his travel, culture and education have given him is a capital as much better than bank stock as gold is better than brass. No reverses of fortune can take it from him. No financial panics can rob him of it. It is his and his children's forever. "The other boy lays up his \$1,000; he doubles it; he trebles it. What of it! What kind of a man is he at the age of 31? The mere money-getter is the sorriest spectacle on God's green earth. Leisure is dreadful to him. He leaves nothing behind him but money, and that his children waste. The glory of this world is not in corner lots nor bank stocks, it is in great work which will do to-day's reverence is remembered because he was a reverend. The saddest spectacle on this earth is that of a man dying on his pile of greenbacks, which he cannot carry with him, while his legates are counting his coin even as the breath escapes from his body. "But suppose that your saving boy loses his stock; suppose, as often happens, through no fault of his, values are melted away. Where is he then? A bankrupt, hopelessly and irrevocably ruined. "Which shall the rich man's daughter marry? I answer that the man of cultured mind and that broad and liberal spirit which travels and education give care but little about it. If the father desires to sell his daughter, that is his business and his daughter's. She may start by marrying the compound-interest chap in a palace, but statistics show that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she will wind up in a hovel. The father of this daughter can take his choice. "The third boy invests his money in the value and lender of strong native business genius half so much as educated man. Don't despise nor under-rate it. It will always help you. It will never hurt you. Stocks and cash and corner lots are well, but they are not all that there is of this world, nor nearly all. Our great men have lived without them and died without them, but the world loves them still. Cressus was very rich, but the generations of 3,000 years have despised him. Socrates was wretchedly poor, but for 2,000 years the world has loved him. You buy and sell cattle and are at liberty to do so because of what he taught 2,000 years ago."—Chicago News.

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

Every one who knows Mr. Whistler knows Mr. Whistler's white tuft, which is as much part of the man as his butterfly is part of his writings. "Attention must be drawn," says the British Medical Journal, "to a remarkable example of a similar peculiarity which was published last year by M. E. Pascal in the Univers Illustré. In an old Limousin family with which that gentleman is acquainted nearly all the members, both male and female, have from their earliest youth a tuft of perfectly white hair, such as adorns the head of a well known London artist. This tuft is generally situated over the brow, but sometimes it is on the forehead and sometimes on the back of the head. The family has been famous for this distinctive mark in its own part of the country for 300 years, and they are said to be as proud of it as Redgauntlet was of the hereditary horseshoe vein on his forehead. The white lock, which can be seen in the family portraits for many generations back, is said to be rather becoming, even to the young women of the line."

A Curious Anesthetic.

A curious anesthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which, when mixed with water, has the property of producing insensibility. This paste, dissolved in water, has well marked anesthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.—Times-Democrat.

To Remove the Smell of Paint.

The best way to remove the smell of paint is to first render the room as nearly as possible air-tight by closing the windows, doors and other openings. Place a vessel of lighted charcoal in the room and throw on it a quantity of lamp glass. This will have entirely disappeared. Another method of doing the same thing is to plunge a handful of new hay into a pail of water and let it stand in the newly painted room.—Boston Cultivator.

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DEER IN SNOW PITS.

Imprisoned in Corrals of Their Own Making—Easily Tamed. From a gentleman recently down from the mountains the Appeal learns of the strange experiences of various sorts of wild animals last winter: "Deer, when caught in a blinding snow-storm, huddle together and tramp round and round in a circle, beating down the soft snow, so that when a very heavy fall occurs during such a storm, they find themselves imprisoned in a snow-pit, with walls above them, and if they commence to tramp on top of several feet of snow during a storm, they often find themselves in a corral of snow, with a wall surrounding them to a height of ten or twelve feet when the storm clears away, being thus imprisoned in a snowy prison, seen from which escape is impossible until the spring thaw of the season. "There lives an old miner on Canon Creek, in Sierra County, several miles above Brandy City, who was taking a stroll near his cabin last winter after one of the heavy snows, when he came across one of these deer pits in the snow, and there imprisoned were seventeen deer of various sizes. They were in a circular pen of snow, with walls fifteen feet high. Upon the man's appearance the deer became quite excited, and huddled together and dodged from one side of the pen to the other. However, as hunger came upon them they became more docile, and on frequent visits of the miner, with boughs and buds from adjoining trees, which he threw into the pen as food, caused the deer to become regular pets, and to watch for the visits of their protector. After awhile the man placed a ladder in the pit, and spent a great deal of time in handling his pets. Occasionally he would take one out for food, as meat became scarce, and in this way used several of the deer, but he has most of the deer yet in a state of domestication. It is said he has a deer ranch in his mountain home, much after the fashion of a cattle ranch on a small scale. The Appeal is also informed that a similar kind of deer was found in one of those deadly snow pits near Washington, Nevada County, and was likewise rescued. The streets of Downville were enlivened last winter by the appearance of deer which were driven from the mountains down to the river towns by starvation, and domesticated by kindness and frequent visits of the miner, disappearing many carcasses of deer have been found where they have perished in the deadly snow corral. The heavy and sudden snows of the past winter have caused fearful mortality among the deer which did not escape to the lower altitudes.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

A Struggle with a Sturgeon.

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THE GREAT GERMAN SOLDIER AT HIS HOME. An American Representative of Inventor Edison visits the Field Marshal with a Photograph—Von Moltke at His Wife's Tomb. A gentleman named Wangeman has been traveling through Europe as Mr. Edison's representative, exhibiting the great inventor's photograph to the crowned heads and other important personages. Among others Mr. Wangeman, says the New York Sun, visited Von Moltke, the venerable soldier whom Germany idolizes, and who, since he entertained Mr. Edison's representative, has laid down his sword and surrendered the title of Field Marshal of the German armies. The weight of 90 years of burdens on him, but his mind is still clear and vigorous and his heart warm and sympathetic. Mr. Wangeman was unable to accept his first invitation to visit him at his old chateau at Creisan, and in answer to his written apology the old soldier telegraphed him: "You always welcome; come when you can."

His First Thousand Dollars.

While Luther Ladin Mills was going through some old papers the other day he found very interesting documents from the pen of the lamented Emory A. Storrs, which is reproduced below: "I do not know exactly what called forth these utterances from Mr. Storrs," said Mr. Mills, "but I apprehend that they were in reply to some young man who wrote the brilliant lawyer for advice as to the best way of investing a sum of money which he had in his possession." The manuscript is as follows: "There are several answers to your question: "One boy takes his \$1,000, spends it either in foreign travel or in the cultivation and improvement of his mind, and manages to get on at the age of 31, if he is consistent in this course, he has laid the foundation for a long career of usefulness and honor, and whatever at his death his bank account may be, he has achieved something for the good of mankind for which the world will always gratefully remember him. The high spirit, the clear head, the sharp intellect, the discrimination between the right and wrong which his travel, culture and education have given him is a capital as much better than bank stock as gold is better than brass. No reverses of fortune can take it from him. No financial panics can rob him of it. It is his and his children's forever. "The other boy lays up his \$1,000; he doubles it; he trebles it. What of it! What kind of a man is he at the age of 31? The mere money-getter is the sorriest spectacle on God's green earth. Leisure is dreadful to him. He leaves nothing behind him but money, and that his children waste. The glory of this world is not in corner lots nor bank stocks, it is in great work which will do to-day's reverence is remembered because he was a reverend. The saddest spectacle on this earth is that of a man dying on his pile of greenbacks, which he cannot carry with him, while his legates are counting his coin even as the breath escapes from his body. "But suppose that your saving boy loses his stock; suppose, as often happens, through no fault of his, values are melted away. Where is he then? A bankrupt, hopelessly and irrevocably ruined. "Which shall the rich man's daughter marry? I answer that the man of cultured mind and that broad and liberal spirit which travels and education give care but little about it. If the father desires to sell his daughter, that is his business and his daughter's. She may start by marrying the compound-interest chap in a palace, but statistics show that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she will wind up in a hovel. The father of this daughter can take his choice. "The third boy invests his money in the value and lender of strong native business genius half so much as educated man. Don't despise nor under-rate it. It will always help you. It will never hurt you. Stocks and cash and corner lots are well, but they are not all that there is of this world, nor nearly all. Our great men have lived without them and died without them, but the world loves them still. Cressus was very rich, but the generations of 3,000 years have despised him. Socrates was wretchedly poor, but for 2,000 years the world has loved him. You buy and sell cattle and are at liberty to do so because of what he taught 2,000 years ago."—Chicago News.

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

Every one who knows Mr. Whistler knows Mr. Whistler's white tuft, which is as much part of the man as his butterfly is part of his writings. "Attention must be drawn," says the British Medical Journal, "to a remarkable example of a similar peculiarity which was published last year by M. E. Pascal in the Univers Illustré. In an old Limousin family with which that gentleman is acquainted nearly all the members, both male and female, have from their earliest youth a tuft of perfectly white hair, such as adorns the head of a well known London artist. This tuft is generally situated over the brow, but sometimes it is on the forehead and sometimes on the back of the head. The family has been famous for this distinctive mark in its own part of the country for 300 years, and they are said to be as proud of it as Redgauntlet was of the hereditary horseshoe vein on his forehead. The white lock, which can be seen in the family portraits for many generations back, is said to be rather becoming, even to the young women of the line."

A Curious Anesthetic.

A curious anesthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which, when mixed with water, has the property of producing insensibility. This paste, dissolved in water, has well marked anesthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.—Times-Democrat.

To Remove the Smell of Paint.

The best way to remove the smell of paint is to first render the room as nearly as possible air-tight by closing the windows, doors and other openings. Place a vessel of lighted charcoal in the room and throw on it a quantity of lamp glass. This will have entirely disappeared. Another method of doing the same thing is to plunge a handful of new hay into a pail of water and let it stand in the newly painted room.—Boston Cultivator.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENT.—Fitzzy Tries to be Funny.—A Fair Average Cost, Etc., Etc. HER MOTIVE WAS ARCHITECTURAL. Mrs. DeFash—Amy, why are you all the time looking out of the window? Don't you know it's not good form? Amy—Yes, ma, but you said yourself the other day that the front of the house is too plain and needs some decoration badly.—[Munsey's Weekly.]

DEER IN SNOW PITS.

Imprisoned in Corrals of Their Own Making—Easily Tamed. From a gentleman recently down from the mountains the Appeal learns of the strange experiences of various sorts of wild animals last winter: "Deer, when caught in a blinding snow-storm, huddle together and tramp round and round in a circle, beating down the soft snow, so that when a very heavy fall occurs during such a storm, they find themselves imprisoned in a snow-pit, with walls above them, and if they commence to tramp on top of several feet of snow during a storm, they often find themselves in a corral of snow, with a wall surrounding them to a height of ten or twelve feet when the storm clears away, being thus imprisoned in a snowy prison, seen from which escape is impossible until the spring thaw of the season. "There lives an old miner on Canon Creek, in Sierra County, several miles above Brandy City, who was taking a stroll near his cabin last winter after one of the heavy snows, when he came across one of these deer pits in the snow, and there imprisoned were seventeen deer of various sizes. They were in a circular pen of snow, with walls fifteen feet high. Upon the man's appearance the deer became quite excited, and huddled together and dodged from one side of the pen to the other. However, as hunger came upon them they became more docile, and on frequent visits of the miner, with boughs and buds from adjoining trees, which he threw into the pen as food, caused the deer to become regular pets, and to watch for the visits of their protector. After awhile the man placed a ladder in the pit, and spent a great deal of time in handling his pets. Occasionally he would take one out for food, as meat became scarce, and in this way used several of the deer, but he has most of the deer yet in a state of domestication. It is said he has a deer ranch in his mountain home, much after the fashion of a cattle ranch on a small scale. The Appeal is also informed that a similar kind of deer was found in one of those deadly snow pits near Washington, Nevada County, and was likewise rescued. The streets of Downville were enlivened last winter by the appearance of deer which were driven from the mountains down to the river towns by starvation, and domesticated by kindness and frequent visits of the miner, disappearing many carcasses of deer have been found where they have perished in the deadly snow corral. The heavy and sudden snows of the past winter have caused fearful mortality among the deer which did not escape to the lower altitudes.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

A Struggle with a Sturgeon.

Faithful Jim is the name of an old Siwash in the employ of Mr. W. H. Vianen. Jim looks after the fish-house, cleans salmon, runs the delivery barrow, breaks ice, and performs numerous other little duties of an easy and pleasant nature. Faithful Jim, as his name would indicate, is a very trustworthy and honest Indian, and he takes really a wonderful delight in performing every one of his little duties with an exactness and care that would make the eyes of the strictest disciplinarian glitter with pride and pleasure. The other morning a number of fat and handsome sturgeon were landed on the slip, apparently dead, and without the power of motion, and Mr. Vianen ordered Jim to carry them inside and clean them. Jim carried the first two inside and laid them down carefully beside the water hole, and he was just about to deposit the third, a fifty-pounder, when the fish, coming suddenly to life, seized a tremendous wriggle and almost slipped through Jim's hands into the water hole. Faithful Jim took a strong hold and was about to drag it from the water, when the fish gave another jump, causing the Siwash to slip, and like a flash the fish and the man shot through the hole into the river. Then there was a commotion in the depths that betokened that a gigantic struggle was in full swing, and the loiterers who had seen the accident felt very anxious for Jim's safety, for they knew he would never let go while life remained in his body. The terrible struggle lasted fully a minute, and Jim's long shaggy hair came to the surface, swirling and twirling, and washing the water into foam. Mr. Vianen seized a tremendous dred Jim's head above water, and as he drew the Siwash gave vent to a Squawish war-whoop, which startled the whole neighborhood. "Me Faithful Jim," he said, and sure enough when they dragged him out the fish was found locked in the strong embrace of his arms, and as peaceful as a snail, after the long struggle. Then Faithful Jim seized a heavy club, and, after dancing a species of Siwash war dance over the tired sturgeon, belabored it until life was extinct.—[New Westminister (B. C.) Columbian.]

Iceland's Hot Springs.

As to the hot springs, those in Reykjavik, though not the most magnificent, are perhaps the most curious among the numerous phenomena of this sort in Iceland. On entering the valley you see columns of vapor ascending from different parts of the rock. There is a number of apertures in a sort of platform of rock. The water is at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and it rises two or three feet into the air. A river flows through the valley in the midst of which a jet of boiling water issues with violence from a rock raised but a few feet above the icy-cold water of the river. Not far from this place is the grotto, or cave of Surt, which is so large that no one has penetrated to its inner end. In forming these scenes nature seems to have deserted all her ordinary operations and to have worked only in combining the most terrific extremes which her powers can command. Nor is the yet fiercer scene to be seen in the fire of the volcano still bursts out among regions of eternal snow, and the impetuous thundering of the geysers continues to disturb the stillness of the surrounding solitude.—[Murray's Magazine.]

Georgia's Sinking Mountain.

The famous "sinking mountain" on the Chattahoochee River makes a first-class earthquake barometer. Although gradually sinking all the time, its periods of greatest disquiet are when earthquakes are making some remote part of the globe. When the great earthquake occurred in Java a few years ago Sinking Mountain instantly lowered ten feet.—(St. Louis Republic.)

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.