

### MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,  
Make your mark;  
Do you delve upon the soil,  
Make your mark;  
In whatever place you go,  
Make your mark;  
In whatever path you stand,  
Moving swift or moving slow,  
With a firm and honest hand,  
Make your mark.  
Should opponents hedge your way,  
Make your mark;  
Work by night or work by day,  
Make your mark;  
Struggle manfully and well,  
Let no obstacles oppose,  
None, right-shouldered, ever fell,  
By the weapons of his foes,  
Make your mark.  
What though born a peasant's son;  
Make your mark;  
Good by poor men can be done;  
Make your mark;  
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold;  
Peasants' words may calm a fear,  
Better far than hoarding gold  
Is the drying of a tear;  
Make your mark.  
Life is fleeting as a shade;  
Make your mark;  
Marks of some kind must be made;  
Make your mark;  
Make it while the arm is strong,  
In the golden hours of youth;  
Never, never make it wrong;  
Make it with the stamp of truth;  
Make your mark.

—(David Barker.)

### "HAVE YOU SEEN MOSES?"

BY EVELYN HAYMOND.

It was the saddest sound I ever heard. The first day it set my mind continually wandering from the work in hand; on the second it exasperated me; but on the third I felt that I must answer the mournful question in the affirmative or go mad.

"Have you seen—Moses?"

"Over and over again, with its pathetic iteration, its little catching of the breath before the final word, and that emphasis upon the second one which made it such a personal matter. I heard it from the bar across the hall, from among the group of loungers on the hotel stoop, beside me at the post-office window, all up and down the straggling street—everywhere throughout the small mining town in which the interests of my employers had stranded me.

To the credit of my kind I must say that I rarely heard an impatient retort given to the appealing inquiry. Rough manners would break off in a middle of an oath and answer with unlooked-for gentleness: "No, Pop; I hadn't seen him."

Some would merely smile and shake their heads kindly, and one exceptional brute would thrust his hand in his vest-pocket—the abomination of the chestnut-bell had just gravitated to Boomville—and ring his little admonition in the other's ear. He had done this on the second time within my hearing and within the space of an hour, when I could hear it no longer. I wheeled around from the table, strewn with the company's maps and charts, and demanded, savagely: "Who is that man, and what does he mean by that eternal question?"

The landlady was startled as well, her husband being a poor thing with good clothes on—stopped dusting and looked at me gratefully. She had disturbed my solitude unceremoniously enough, and I had at first resented it; till I found out that the poor creature had come "from Cawncord" and was suffering for need of far-off New Hampshire, and having regretfully admitted that I did not know "the Dows from 'round Cawncord," she had still hovered near me. She felt, no doubt, that I had almost the claim of relationship upon her hospitality because I had passed through Concord on my way to the West, and had had the good fortune to be born among the granite hills of her native State.

She sat down near me. "The poor fellow is—well, nobody knows, exactly. He came to Boomville some months ago. He had a son with him, and he told me that it was on account of the boy's health. He bought a little tract of land out toward the gulch, and put up a shanty. He didn't seem to care much whether he made any money or not. If the boy felt like work, work it was; if he didn't, it was all one to his father. So it passed, any way. He was the handsomest young chap that ever set foot in this city—the "city" boasted one street and a few houses—but any one could see at a glance that he wasn't right in his head."

"Insanity?"

"No; it didn't reach that way. I kind of picked it out that the boy, Moses, had been at college and overworked."

"What did you say the man's name was?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. That's the worst of it—nobody knows. The old man—though I ought to call him that, for he isn't more than fifty—used to say to the boy: 'Moses—same 's you hear him now—but the boy himself never was heard to say anything that folks could understand."

"Yet, when they bought their land there must have been some name revealed in the transaction."

"I suppose there was. Only the company he dealt with all went to smash a few days afterward, and the tract vanished. They didn't have any more right to the land, anyhow, than you or I have, and you know how much that is. Nobody molested the pair, and they would have been there yet if it hadn't been for the cyclone."

"Did it blow their wits away?" It was such a million work getting at the few facts of the old man's story, that I was fast losing my patience.

The landlady looked at me in mild reproach, as if I had jested with a sacred subject. I found that I had.

"That is exactly what it did do."

"What?" I cried, in astonishment. The woman seemed to expect me to believe her startling statement.

"That is exactly what it did do," she repeated with grave distinctness. "It swept through the gulch, and there wasn't a work left when it got done. Its work, now I can tell you. Afterward, when the men from here went up to the camp to see if anybody was left alive, they found 'Pop' lying in the bottom of the canon. They thought he was dead at first, and started to bring him down to town just to bury him; but Jim Corson, the veterinary, he said that he reckoned there was some little life left in the man, and after he had worked over him a spell he found that he was right. We picked it out that he had been blown off the bluff where his cabin had stood, and landed in the ravine; but whatever became of 'Moses,' no one has heard from that day to this. 'Pop'—he goes

by that name everywhere now, seeing that he doesn't know any other—was sick more'n a month right here in this house. I tended him, and I never heard him say one thing the whole 'durin' time, only just that heart-breakin' question: 'Have you seen—Moses?' He had struck his head, and every other place 'neath to have left it except that he had lost his boy and must find him. Here he comes, now. Be kind to him, neighbors; how do we know but that he hails from Cawncord?"

How, indeed? Yet, even without that recommendation to my sympathy, I should have been "kind" to the harmless mental wreck whom chance had thrown in my path.

He attached himself to me from the beginning, and in a short time became the constant companion of my walks. He was always silent, save for that pitiful query, which it is quite likely I heard less than any one else, but which after a long day's ride, I found myself recurring to, and which he would suddenly propound. He would toss back the fringed locks from his worn face and look up into my eyes with that wide, wondering glance of his: "Have you—seen Moses?" and would impassively receive my sorrowful, negative shake of the head. Evidently he expected no other reply; that is, if his brain had any power of expectation left within its convolutions.

When I left Boomville I parted with "Pop" with real regret. He was so patient, so faithful, so unobtrusive, that his society was more like that of some devoted animal than of any human being; and those who have lived much with the companionship of a favorite dog or horse will understand that there are times when their silent presence is vastly more agreeable than that of one's own kind.

As I journeyed farther into the wilds, sometimes meeting not more than one or two fellow-creatures in the course of a long day's ride, I found myself recurring, with strange persistence to "Pop's" pathetic story, and half impelled to ask of each traveler whom I met: "Have you seen—Moses?"

I do not now remember when it was impressed upon me that I should yet "see Moses"; but I became imbued with the idea very shortly after leaving Boomville. I did not go about making the inquiry which now seemed so natural to me, but I kept my eyes and ears well open. If Moses were still alive—and probable as it might be, no proof of his death had ever yet been found—he could not have wandered very far away from the scene of the accident which had injured his father's brain.

He had been described to me as an extremely winning and handsome lad. Every one, white men and Indians alike, had been kind to him; there was an appeal in his silent helplessness which no one could resist.

The hopeful possibility was that he had attached himself to some company of trappers or miners; and as my business led me to visit many camps, I had an excellent opportunity of searching for the missing lad. I was the more determined in my endeavor by the thought that his restoration to his father might also serve to clear that father's clouded intelligence. For "Pop's" trouble was not insanity; I agreed with the landlady in that. It was a total suspension of memory and intellect save on one point. It was like a clog in machinery that is only a temporary hindrance, and of no permanent injury once it is removed.

I was not at all surprised when I found him. I knew him at once from the description I had had, and from the intuition that I was destined to do.

He was washing dishes in a mining camp where I had stopped to pass the night, and, as good fortune had it, I was on my return trip toward Boomville. After watching him closely for a little while I asked the miner sitting next me in the circle around the fire: "Where did that boy come from?"

"Him? that ye've got me, stranger. He's nobody knows from whar. He just crawled into camp one day, 'long last spring, 'em'st dead with hunger, an' wore ter a shadder trampin'. When the boys ast him ter give er 'count of himself—he just looked at 'em an' laid right down on their groun' an' went ter sleep. We see 'd he was clean beat out, an' wall, we jest fed him an' took keer on him, so 'ber'n' he didn't 'pear ter have no more ter take keer on himself. An' that's—all I er anybody knows."

"Does he never speak?"

"Look here! How'd ye ever come ter ast that, I'd like ter know? Ever seen him afore? Er heern tell on him?"

I told him the story of poor "Pop's" misfortune, the disappearance of his son, and my own ideas concerning it. He listened with the utmost attention. Finally, one who appeared to be a leader among them, cried out, excitedly: "See here, traveler! that thar boy hain't spoke nary word since ever he come inter camp, but thar ain't no better nor handier critter 'bove groun' an' whar he hain't, an' I'll 'dye my eye' what we'll do. You kin see 'em' ter him with 'Moses,' er any thing ye've a min' ter, an' ef ye kin git anything out'n him, we'll 'dye the yarn ye've been tellin', an' I'll fix him up to go 'long back with ye ter that thar looney daddy o' his'n. Ef ye can't—we'll 'low this ain't thar chap ye're a-lookin' fer, an' keep him 'mongst us er spell longer. What d'ye say, boys?"

They all agreed to the experiment.

The spokesman, tuning his voice as if the handsome dishwasher were deaf, bawled out: "Look-a-here, Numb'y!"

The lad desisted from his unfeeling task and lifted his great blue eyes toward the speaker's face. That his brain was not wholly without intelligence was evident from the fact that he had learned the title his protectors had given him, and that he paid no attention when he was not addressed.

The miner raised his grimy hand and beckoned. Laying his towel softly down—a peculiar quietude accompanied all his movements—"Numb'y" obeyed. He came slowly up to the circle and stood just outside its limits, looking mutely from face to face as a dog might have done, yet without a dog's inquiring interest.

"Tackle him, stranger," said some one with eager curiosity.

Fixing my eyes upon the vacant face, and putting all my will into my low-pitched voice, I spoke to him: "Moses!"

His blue eyes ceased wandering and fastened themselves upon me. To a profound hush fell the circle. There is no man either so stolid or so sensitive as the frontiersman. If there is any psychological principle involved in the fact that the wish of every miner present was for "Numb'y" to find his way back to his own identity, I do not know it; but this I do know—each would have sacrificed a fragment of his own intelligence to augment that of the poor lad before us. This may have helped—no human sympathy is wasted—and certain it is that there had come over that fair, boyish face a new expression.

His hand, and went to his side. Taking his hand, and impressively as I could: "Mo—ses—Mo—ses!"

A slow, faint flush, lovelier than any maiden's blush could be, stole up into

the blonde cheek of the poor wail. "Moses, your father—wants—you!" The color deepened, but some of us could not see it for the mist that veiled our eyes.

We had been two days on our homeward journey, and I had become intensely absorbed in the mental experiment which I was making. The same gentle docility which had characterized the lad's father during his intercourse with me at Boomville was manifest in my fellow-traveler. I was trying to discover the path to the hidden intelligence of Moses, and to lead him with me.

We stopped for a noon rest by the bank of a little stream, and the boy lay at my feet as a child might have done, and it was then and there that I found the coveted clue.

I needed to sleep, but was wakeful. To facilitate the matter I began idly to repeat a Latin conjugation—the old familiar jangle: *Amo, amas, amat; amamus, amatis, amant.*

There was a strange sound from the lad as he suddenly catching his breath, then his hand clutched mine, and the long-silent voice took up the refrain: "*Amata, amabas, amabat; amabamus, amabatis, amabant.*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more startled. Had the thunderbolt brought me a fortune I could not have been so glad.

When we came within sight of Boomville another period of days had elapsed, and the random beginning had led to blessed results. I could scarcely restrain my impatience to find poor "Pop," and was sanguine even of his future. All things seemed now possible. I had not only "seen Moses," but I had brought him back to his body and hourly gaining in mind. Fortunately, the passage of a swift-riding cowboy, who halted and fed with us, enabled me to send a message to the landlady of the "Eureka" concerning my happy "find" and its results. I wished the "city" to be prepared, so that no untoward shock might undo the work which had already been accomplished for "Moses."

But I was destined to a surprise. That kindly soul "from 'round Cawncord" welcomed her compatriot with more than granite force; she literally fell upon my neck and wept.

Corson, the veterinary, in fact the only physic dealer of any sort in the place, took immediate possession of the returned Moses, and, after precise promises that the newly awakened brain should not be overtaxed, carried the lad away in triumph. The landlady then ushered me into her little parlor, and into the presence of a gracious, sweet-faced woman with soft gray hair and a general air of culture and refinement that could only have been acquired at either "Cawncord" or "Boston."

"This is him," my friend explained, by way of introduction, and with a total disregard of her early advantages, which was barely excusable on the ground of superabundant Western emotion—"This is him—himself!"

"Mrs. Dow has forgotten to tell you who I am," said the sweet-faced woman, coming toward me with extended hands and a smile upon her grief-marked features.

"There is no need, I think, dear madam," I answered, grasping the slender fingers. "You are—Moses' mother."

"Yes; and eternally beholden to Moses' savior."

"But that was a mere chance—a happy one, I grant you. Yes; so his father, Will you believe that the days of miracles are past when I tell you, as I do, that he also is restored to a comprehension of much that has befallen him? Not all, of course; but the rest will come—must come. Do you, who have done so much, care to hear our whole, simple story?"

"I do care to hear it—greatly."

"My husband had not the advantage of the education we desire to give our son, and we both erred, as many ambitious parents have done, in urging a brain which too late we saw was not as strong as we had fancied it. The tension was so great that just before our dear boy was to have been graduated he broke down utterly. The best physicians said that his only hope lay in a complete change of life and surroundings; so his father brought him West, and, hoping for his restoration, sheltered the lad's pride by withholding his name.

"Everything was going well until the passage of that cyclone. You know the rest. But you do not know how long has been my search for my dear ones. I knew that Mr. Pennington intended to change his residence from time to time, as he saw Moses wearying of any; and I never heard when he came here."

There was a feeble call from the bedroom, and the sweet-faced woman went to answer it.

"And, indeed, it was the Lord guided her to this very door," exclaimed the mother, sitting away her ready tears, and continuing the tale: "The door opened and out she stepped. There sat 'Pop,' and when he clasped eyes on her he sprung up wild like and pushed his hair off his forehead, as if that would help him to remember. Then he gave an awful cry and fell down in a faint. When he had come to again she was with him, and he's been getting clearer and clearer ever since. It's stranger than a story out of a book; but Corson, he allows that it was the shock of seeing her so sudden that brought Mr. Pennington to his senses. But I'm kind of dreading to have her and Moses meet. The poor woman has gone through trouble enough, Lord knows, and if he shouldn't happen

There was a noise outside the door, and we looked toward it to see Jim Corson enter from the street leading his temporary charge, who had been entrusted to his care in accordance with the landlady's urgent advice that his longing mother should be duly "prepared."

There was a stir, also, from the bedroom way, and a rustle of woman's garments. The landlady lifted her face upon my shoulder, and I turned away my eyes.

For a moment an intensity of silence—then a low cry: "Moses, my son!"

Almost at once the answer: "Mother—why, mother!"

It was the gladdest sound I ever heard.

—(Frank Leslie's.)

### What is Known About Diphtheria.

At the Berlin Medical Congress, one of the most interesting speeches was delivered by Professor Treffer, of Greifswald, who spoke on the propagation and prevention of diphtheria. He proved that in Prussia the most numerous cases occur in the coldest provinces. He arrived at this conclusion by comparing the cause of the disease is the diphtheria bacillus. The disease is propagated by the excreta of patients. The bacillus, floating in the air, gets into the clothes and bodies of healthy people. Diphtheritic children must be kept away from school for at least four weeks.—(Pall Mall Gazette.)

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dubious Forebodings—She Saw too Much—The Trouble—A Brutal Retort, Etc., Etc.

ONE SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

"What do you like best about school, George?"

"Not gettin' caught whisperin'."

LOST TRACK OF THE PRICE.

New Boarder—What is the price of good, fresh butter?

Landlady—Really, I couldn't tell. It's been so long since I made any inquiries about it.

A CONDENSED QUART.

"What's this?"

"That's your condensed milk."

"But I ordered a quart—that's no quart."

"Yes, it is. It's a condensed quart."

—(Bazar.)

THE NEXT THING.

Mrs. Larkin (reading)—Mrs. McGill of Salt Lake City found a \$5 gold piece in a crop of a chicken she was dressing for dinner.

Larkin—Now look out for an English syndicate to buy up all the chickens in the country.—(New York Sun.)

A BRUTAL RETORT.

"A Portuguese proverb asserts that a contented man enjoys long life."

"You ought to be able to get good insurance rates on that principle."

—(Epoch.)

SHREWD FLATTERY.

Agent—That child is very much like you, Madam.

"Is not my child, Sir."

"One would think that, Madam, for it is a very homely little thing."

A SUGGESTION.

"I don't know whether to make the incision from the left hankipanki over to the boorioboolaga, three inches, or to achieve the same results by cutting from the parallax straight through to the rut-abaga," said the surgeon to his assistant.

"Take the short cut and you'll get there quicker, doctor," suggested the patient.—(New York Sun.)

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL.

Cautious Dame—Are you sure this horse is suitable for a lady to drive?

Livery Man—Yes'm. He's a very intelligent hoss, mum, and won't let you run him into anything.

LOVE'S TIE DOESN'T BIND THE DOG.

Oh, love's a chain of wondrous might,  
We find it as on we jog;  
'Twill tie up hearts exceeding tight—  
But will not tie the dog.

—(Washington Post.)

A SHOCK TO HIS FAITH.

"Now, Tommy," said a young man's mother, after a heated encounter in which he had come out second best, "say your prayers right away and get into bed."

"I already said 'em, maw," answered Tommy, "as soon as I found out you meant to gimme a lickin', but it didn't work."—(Terre Haute Express.)

THE STOVE WENT OUT.

Mistress (during a heated term)—Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did try, but th' stove went out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yet. It went out t'rough th' roof.—(New York Weekly.)

STRUCK BY A TRAMP.

"What do you mean?" said a gentleman, jumping aside as a tramp drew back his hand as if to strike him.

"Nothing at all, sir," replied the tramp meekly. "I wouldn't strike you for \$50, sir. No, sir," he continued hurriedly; "no, sir, I wouldn't. But if you will permit me I'd like to strike you for a quarter."

NOTHIN'.

"My dorg kin lick your dorg, Tommy Boddins."

"He can't do no seech thing, Patsy McElvure; I ain't got no dorg."

"Well, my pa kin lick youm."

"Can't neither; ain't got no pa."

"Well, my ma kin lick youm."

"Bet she can't; ain't got no ma."

"What her yer got, anyhow?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, jes yer come over here, an' I'll take that out o' yer."—(Harper's Bazar.)

CHARGES SUSTAINED.

Immigrant Inspector—We have information that you came over here on contract.

Lord Fitzmud-Fitzmud (indignantly)—Aw-what-er-er-why, you wude, impudent fellow, I come over here to marry Miss Angelina Goldust, of New York.

Immigrant Inspector (triumphantly)—Well, what's the matter with yer; ain't marriage a contract? You'll have to go back.—(Life.)

A TECHNICALITY.

Susie—Papa, isn't it murder to kill a hog?

Papa (who is a lawyer)—Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to sell.—(Harper's Bazar.)

EASILY SPOTTED.

Whenever you meet a man whose face is very sadly patched,  
As though he'd fallen through a hedge  
And had it fiercely scratched,  
Oh, do not dare to ask of him  
The source of all his woe.  
He's one of those who thinks that he  
Can shave himself, you know.  
—(Chicago Evening Post.)

DUBIOUS FOREBODINGS.

Miss Columbia—Are you sure you really love me and are not marrying me on account of my wealth?

Lord Anglo—And are you sure you love me and are not marrying me on account of my title?—(San Francisco Wasp.)

THE TROUBLE.

"They say the sun never sets on the British Empire."

"Too many bayonets, I suppose."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

"Maria," he pleaded, "if your father will not give his consent, will you elope with me?"

"But, Tom, just think of the wedding presents we will miss. I will promise to be yours when papa says yes."

"Oh, pshaw! Why wait all that time for we can celebrate our golden wedding by the time your father comes around."

SHE SAW TOO MUCH.

She (after marriage)—You told me that you were in love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See!—(New York Weekly.)

UNDECEASED AT LAST.

Barber—Your head is full of dandruff, sir.

Customer—I'm glad you told me. I was under the impression that it was brains.—(Life.)

A FAMILIAR CUSTOMER.

New Boy (at news stand)—That man has been standing there an hour reading all the latest weeklies and magazines.

News Man—Have patience. He'll buy a penny paper when he gets through.—(Good News.)

THE MERCENARY GIRL.

Miss Gotham—What kind of sect do you prefer?

Mr. Bullion—Cent per cent.—(New York Herald.)

DIDN'T WANT ANY CONSCIENCE IN HIS.

"Can you recommend me to an artist who can make a picture of my hotel?"

"Yes. Try Smithkins. He's a straightforward, conscientious fellow.

"But he won't do. The hotel is on a side street, I want a picture of it facing the square, with four-horse omnibuses and barouches passing up and down."—(New York Sun.)

IMPRATICABLE ADVICE.

Hubbard—Dr. Knowall says people should change their clothing with the weather.

Wife—Fuh! And I haven't but ten dresses to my name, and only one waiting-maid.

PARTICULARS NEEDED.

Easterner (in far Western store)—Got any neckties?

Proprietor (mystified)—Um—er—what sort—silk, calico or hemp?—(Good News.)

A POSER.

"They have one law for the poor and one for the rich."

"Oh, come! That's all cant."

"All cant, is it? Show me the time when Cornelius Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor has been sent up for vagrancy."

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"Lives of rich men all remind us  
We can make our own sublime,  
And by liberal advertising  
To the highest summit climb.  
—(Drug, Oil and Paint Reporter.)

SLEEP IN THE WOOD.

They say that pines conduce to somnolence,  
And leave the weary man both span and spick,  
To put a tramp to sleep, who gives offence,  
There's nothing like a solid chestnut stick.

—(Epoch.)

THE TABLES TURNED.

Distinguished Guest (at the summer resort hotel)—Garcon, you may hand me the menu. By the way, your face is strangely familiar.

Garcon—Possibly, sir. (Proudly.) I mean to gimme a lickin', but it didn't work."—(Terre Haute Express.)

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

When night has let her curtains down,  
With low and plaintive hum,  
Mosquitoes thirsting for our blood around our pillows come.

We watch, we wait with bated breath  
While strikes the midnight chime,  
And hit our cheeks a stinging slap and miss 'em every time.

—(Boston Courier.)

HE LOVED PRECISION IN SPEECH.

A citizen who was stopped by a tramp on Michigan avenue the other day replied to his request by saying:

"No, sir—no, sir—not a penny! You are a fraud!"

"What respect?"

"Why, haven't you asked me for money?"

"Certainly, but how does that make me a fraud?"

"Well, then, an impostor."

"But I'm no impostor; I simply asked you for a dime. I didn't claim to be either the Governor of New York or a fire-sufferer. I made no statement from which you can argue that I am either a fraud or an impostor."

"Well, I have nothing for you."

"Ah! But that's different. Now you make a plain statement of facts, and I have nothing further to say. I can stand it to be poor, but ambiguity of language is something that I never have and never will accept. Good morning, sir!"—(Detroit Free Press.)

IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

Fond Young Mother—What a pity that babies can't talk!

Hubbard—I think it's a great blessing.

"Why, Harry, how can you talk so?"

"Well, if babies could talk I think they'd do a lot of swearing when half a dozen women got at them and teased them for hours at a time."—(Lawrence American.)

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique things I have ever seen on my travels," said Arthur Thomas, of New York, "is the old Court House in Greenacres, Ind. I was in the town the other day, and my attention was called to a full-grown tree. Now, the curious thing about this tree was that it didn't grow on terra firma but on the tower of the Court House. The tree sprouted years ago from a crevice in the bricks of the tower, and it developed year after year, and now it is a foot or more in circumference at the trunk. It is one of the most curious tree growths I have seen anywhere. It will have to go soon, however, for the county is going to construct a new Court House. It seems a pity that it cannot be preserved for it is a fine specimen of erratic tree growth."—(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

Keeping Trousers in Shape.

I have solved the problem of keeping trousers in shape. The so-called trousers stretchers are in many respects a delusion and a snare. The machine has a tendency towards lengthening the legs. My plan is to have a separate pair of suspenders for each pair of pants and hang the garment by the suspenders on two pegs about as far apart as a man's shoulders. Try this and you will notice that the pants will never bag at the knees. Besides there is a great deal of time and worry saved in not being obliged to change suspenders every time you change trousers.—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

### A TERRIBLE PRISON.

THE LOATHSOME TORTURE HOUSE OF MACEDONIA.

Pitiable Aspect of the Unfortunate Convicts—Chained to a Pillar and Tortured by Huge Red Ants—A Charnel House.

Very reluctantly, and with many misgivings, the Mushir of Uskub in Macedonia, Ahmed Ayoub Pasha, gave a correspondent of the London Daily News a letter of introduction to the chief of the gendarmery, who alone could give permission to inspect the large prisons. The Mushir inquired over and over again of the dragoman whether the correspondent had evinced friendly feelings toward the Turks, or whether he was an enemy.

"The Mushir's ingenious replies," says the correspondent, "instilled in me with sufficient confidence to allow him to grant my request. I went through the badly-paved and filthy streets of the town, and reached the residence of the commander of the gendarmery of the Province of Uskub. He was quite as surprised as the Mushir when he heard that I wished to visit the prisons, declaring that since he had been in office no European had ever seen them, and that in the rare cases when a Consul representing a foreign power had wished to see them he had always given twenty-four hours' notice.

"Before entering I had to swear that I was not a Consul, and that I was what the dragoman had described me to be—a European hunting for antiquities. The fact that I was not a Consul, however, impressed the Turk more than anything, and he politely invited me to take coffee and to smoke a narghileh. While I was enjoying his hospitality he sent a number of men to the prisons to announce my visit and to give some special orders—the execution of which took some time. I was kept drinking coffee and smoking for nearly an hour and a half. At last my host rose and invited me to follow.

"We soon entered the largest prison of the province, which is called 'Kursch-umla,' or the House of Lead. It rises out of the River Warda, not far from the fortress, and occupies a vast area. Soldiers presenting arms, in two lines, which reached to the interior courtyard, where a number of prison officials were awaiting us. The courtyard is square, and surrounded on all sides by the building, which has three stories. A loggia, or covered balcony, runs all round on each story. The commander first showed me a great number of red inscriptions on the walls, which are supposed to have been made by Genoese or Venetian merchants in the seventeenth century, who, perhaps, erected the building as a warehouse for the Oriental goods which they sent to Europe. Of course, I affected great interest in these inscriptions to keep up my character as an antiquarian, and I noticed that the commander no longer distrusted me. After this we ascended the staircase to inspect the first story. There was scarcely room to pass on the steps, so covered were they with accumulations of dirt, which filled the air with a pestiferous odor.

"In the so-called office I was shown the books, according to which the Kursh-umla contains 149 prison cells and 1,811 prisoners. Those who are sentenced to two years are sentenced for slight offenses, and the time of detention varies from one to ten years. I do not believe that any prisoner has ever outlived the fifth year of imprisonment in those loathsome dark cells. In this respect the prison officials confirmed my suspicions by saying that the mortality was very great, and that very few prisoners lived to the end of their term. In a cell certainly not larger than two and a half yards square, and of about the same height, between fifteen and twenty prisoners are confined. All they can do by being friendly and making room for each other is to stand up and lie down again, and they are allowed half an hour's walk in the courtyard once in the day.

"But how shall I describe the pitiable aspect of these poor creatures? With hollow cheeks, the pallor of death upon their faces, and terrible protruding eyes, they write in continual agony on the floor, not only panting for air, but suffering from want of food. They receive absolutely nothing but bread and water, even if their sufferings be so fierce. If their friends send them money, they are allowed to buy meat twice a week. But the prison officials brutally cheat them out of three-fourths of what is sent to them. Thus exposed to hunger and thirst, to the pestilence in the atmosphere; confined in these black holes without the possibility of relief, and kicked and outraged by the brutal prison guards, no wonder that they succumb to their misery! The greater number of the prisoners are naked from head to foot, with heavy iron rings and chains on their wrists and ankles. As I passed some of the cells, after looking through the loopholes in the doors, the prisoners within pushed their heads out, which a little leather bag was attached. I placed a franc piece in each, but I had my doubts as to whether the prisoners would benefit by my almsgiving, and thought it more likely that the greedy guard would take the money from them.

"The cells on the first and second floors are all alike. The degree of sickness and misery of the inmates alone varies. The cells in the underground prisons, where the worst offenders expiate their crimes, are, however, far more horrible even than those I have described. Here every ray of light is excluded. In utter darkness the unhappy wretches lie chained to the reeking floor of the cell. They are totally unable to change their positions, and are released from their chains for a few moments each day, lest death should afford them an escape from this Inferno. The official who conducted me told me with a cynical smile how this class of offenders is brought to confess. Hands and feet are bound together and the man is placed at a pillar to which his head is fastened. He is then left absolutely unable to move. The preparations completed, the torture begins. There is always a stock of large knots ready in little boxes, and of these about fifty are placed upon the body of the poor wretch. The tortures he endures from the bites of these insects seldom fail to make him confess, no matter whether guilty or innocent. Upon others the same effect is produced by chaining them to the pavement of the courtyard and exposing them for a whole day to the scorching rays of the sun without the power of moving a limb. Never in my life had I so fully appreciated the privilege of breathing fresh air as when I turned my back upon the prisoners of Uskub, which, moreover, are but a specimen of what may be seen in every city of Macedonia."

Shooting a Deer in the Adirondacks.

They tell a good story of a Boston merchant at the Adirondacks last year. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed one of the best guides in the region, and they jacked and jacked nearly all night, amid great

suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see or hear. The shooter was nearly dead from sitting in one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a rustling in the reeds. The guide asked in a short whisper if the shooter heard it. He did hear it, and his teeth were already chattering with buck fever, with cold he could not tell which. He signified his willingness to shoot by the trembling of the gun in his unsteady hands. The guide again whispered that the rustling was a deer, and for the merchant to watch for eyes, but if he could not see any eyes to shoot as near as he could at the sound. At the same time the guide suggested the caution that the shooter would be careful and not shoot him. The hunter fired. The echoes awoke and the splashing and rustling ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot a deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubts as to whether it was a buck or a doe. But the answer was that it was a buck of such a nature that it would not be possible to get the deer, but when winter came the place would freeze over and then the horns and hide could be secured. He would take the earliest opportunity to get them and forward them to Boston. The merchant came home in the full faith of his success. What cold weather came he daily expected the horns. The express was watched, but they have not come to hand. Later in the winter he learned that some guides arrange with another guide to go into the swamp, get behind a tree, so as to be safe from the shot, and then to rustle and splash till the tenderfoot shoots. After which all is still, and the hunter is satisfied. He has shot a deer. Now that merchant does not care to have his friends mention the pair of horns he expected.—(Forest and Stream.)

A SHAVED COUNTRY.

Curious Appearance Old Mexico Takes on During the Dry Season.

The City of Mexico is 7,500 feet above sea level. During the dry season the temperature fluctuates between 70 and 90 degrees, but at night it never gets above the sixties, so the year around you cannot get without a cover. The rainy season starts in the middle of the summer months. Then the country is verdant, the pampas grass flourishes on the great ranges and rich foliage covers mountain and valley along the rivers with mantles of green.

The dry season lasts about ninety months, and before it ends things are pretty well burned up. But bounteous crops are harvested during the summer months, and garnered for the dry season. After the rainy season the grass on the ranges is cured on the ground by the sun, the same as hay is cured by being mowed, and thus it furnishes food for the cattle. Before the dry season is ended, however, the grass is nibbled close to the sod, and then the whole face of the country looks as though it had been shaved. In some places the forests are heavy, but in others not a tree can be seen.

Mahogany, rosewood and pine flourish in abundance along the Monterey & Gulf Railroad, and for miles the trees are as but differently developed. Surface mining is about the only kind done. Prospectors expect to find coined dollars on the ground, and when they are disappointed they leave in disgust. Last year enough wheat was raised in Sonora to supply five other States. The people did not know what to do with it.

With their old-fashioned habits they did not know how to take advantage of their prosperity, and so lost much, but a great deal of it was shipped to New York and Europe. Every year the Mexican merchants visit Germany, France and England, and purchase a season's stock of merchandise, which is shipped to them in clipper ships by way of Cape Horn. This they do because the tariff of the United States prevents Mexico from making cheap purchases in the States.

Why Cats are Thin.

Have you ever inquired how it is that cats coming within the proverbial idleness such great agility? Says "L'Esperance's Physiology." Muscular inaction leads just as much in other kinds of animals as in the human species to obesity; the dog which does not hunt, the horse kept in the stable becomes fat and sluggish. Wild animals even, if kept in a cage, where they are forced into the repose of a life, very rapidly lose their slenderness of figure and their ease of movement.

Why does the cat escape the ordinary law, and why, in spite of the fact that it rarely moves, does it seldom become fat as does a dog or horse under similar circumstances?

It is because its immobility is not that of inaction and its nerves are working while its muscles seem at rest. Like the fencer waiting the moment to attack, the cat is constantly ready to spring. It is always watching something; a rat, a fly, or a joint of meat.

A drawing-room cat only make three or four springs in the course of a day, but each of them has been preceded by two or three hours of latent work.

When we believe that an animal is engaged in a happy dream it is meditating a capture, calculating the distance of its spring and holding its muscles in readiness for anything that may happen.

Hence it is never taken by surprise. If a little bird escapes from its cage it is caught and eaten in three seconds. The cat has been watching it for a week. When it seemed asleep it was lying in wait.

Can Babies Remember?

"My mother went to visit my grandfather," writes a reader of Tackett, "and with her a little brother of mine who was eleven months old, and his nurse who waited on her as a maid. One day this nurse brought the baby into my mother's room and put him on the floor, which was carpeted with blue. There he crept about and amused himself as he felt inclined. When my mother was dressed, a certain ring that she generally wore was not to be found. Great search was made, but it was never produced, and, the visit over, they all went away, and it was almost forgotten.

"Exactly a year after, they again went to visit the grandfather. This baby was now a year and eleven months old. The same nurse took him into the same room and my mother saw him, after looking about her, deliberately walk up to a certain corner, turn a bit of carpet back and produce the ring. He never gave any account of the matter, nor did he, so far as I know, remember it afterward. It seems most likely that he found the ring on the floor and hid it, as in a safe place under the corner of the Brussels carpet where it was not noticed. He probably forgot all about it till he saw the place again, and he was far too infantile at the time it was missed to understand what the talk that went on was about, or he would not have been so happy, perhaps, he did not notice, was for."