

ONE LIFE
Her little hand is resting
On the arm that holds it of old,
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.
Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes so faithful to him—
And he thinks it is the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.
Her pretty face turns toward him—
Ah, when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it is the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.
O lips that flingers and falters,
That courage and whisper "Good-by,"
A life! Why, a life is nothing—
When millions each minute die.
With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death—
One fragile and tender existence—
One tremulous, passing breath?
A life! Why, a life is nothing—
What matters though one turn dim
Ours for the folly of reason,
Ours for the world to him.
—G. H. in Frank Leslie's Newspaper

FRANCISCO.

From out of the sands of that sun-
baked desert which stretches across
the southwestern country the Zili Le
Jini, Indian named, rises abruptly.
For many miles the mountain lifts a barrier
across the plain. Its precipitous sides,
scarred and broken by crevices, or
rugged with fallen boulders, render pas-
sage impossible to all but the naked sav-
ages who have found there a home.
In this solitude a fragment of the
Navajo Indian tribe, under the leader-
ship of morose old Francisco, have for
a long while indulged their savage in-
stincts. And while the arm of the law
is too strong for them to make open war,
little provocation is needed to in-
duce them to mischief unless detection
and punishment hang imminent.
Here and there in the tortuous fast-
nesses a spring bubbles from the rocks,
and along the water, before it sinks into
the sand, is found luxuriant pasturage
for the herds of Indian ponies.
Midway in its extent the mountain is
broken by a narrow pass through which
meanders an Indian trail. It was just
about that several months ago after-
noon sun was scorching a party of young
arroyeros. They had been riding al-
most across the dusty plain and were
nearly looking now for the water at the
foot of the mountain. A score of weary
saddled animals, with drooping heads and
long ears flapping, were picking their
way carefully over the stony trail while
the men rode old Hamlin, the Mormon
ranger, with his two Mexican assistants,
behind these followed in single file the
young men of the corps.
The ringing crack of a driver's whip
now and then came echoing back from
the cliffs along with the unintelligible
argon of a Mexican urging on the tired
beasts. The tinkle-tinkle of the lead-
ing bell moved slowly on; the dust
rose in clouds from four score feet; the
men poured down between the narrow
ridges, and as yet no sign of water had
been seen.
A youth named Jim impatiently pushed
ahead in his eager search. He had not
gone far when he sighted an Indian boy
riding leisurely through the pass. Ah,
there was one who could tell of the cor-
rect spring. Pricking his horse he hur-
ried to overtake the little savage.
The young man roused up at the sound of galloping
hoofs, and seeing a white man following
him, without pausing to question his
intent, lashed the shaggy pony to the
top of its speed.
"Hold on, there! Hold on!" Jim called
after him, but if his voice reached the
frightened youngster he gave it no heed,
but to urge his pony the faster. Then
the reckless thought crossed the young
man's mind, and spurring his horse wild-
ly along the trail he began to utter war
whoops and shrieks that might have
startled old Francisco himself, had he
been near.
The nimble pony was making good
speed, but the little savage, fearing to be
overtaken and scalped, thought the moun-
tain safer than the saddle. Without
stopping his pony he sprang lightly to
the ground, ran up the hillside and dis-
appeared in the boulders at the foot of
the cliff.
Jim could scarcely keep his saddle
from laughing for a few moments; then
he rode along the trail to where the little
savage had disappeared and called to him
to come down, that he was a good white
man and wanted water. But he might
as well have hailed a wild jack rabbit.
The pony checked his speed when the
other left him, but still eluded the young
man's efforts to turn him back in the
narrow pass. The pack train came up,
and the wild animal scurried ahead of it
until the pass had widened into the val-
ley. There he was turned and sent
prancing back toward the mountain.
But the perverse little animal instead
of returning insisted now upon following
the train. Again and again the boys
called at him, and away he would go
at a moment; but presently his heels
would fly into the air and back he would
come, frisking impishly, and through
the rest of the afternoon followed at a
distance.
A spring was found before sunset, and
the party was pitched for the night by the
side of the water. The animals were
loosed to graze. The weary men
dropped upon the ground, while the
arroyeros busied himself preparing supper.
Presently a shadow fell across the ground
where they lay, and looking up we ob-
served a solitary Indian approaching, a
cloak thrown over his shoulders and a
bow in his arm. It was so usual an oc-
currence that little heed was given him;
everywhere they frequent our camps,
begging incessantly for whiskey, tobacco
and food. But when he drew near and
made no request, nor even acknowledged
our salutation of "How," we knew that
he was another object, and that he was
not disposed to be friendly.
Night had come and with it the cold
breeze from the mountains. The camp
fire blazed cheerily, and around it the
Navajos gathered, squatting upon their
haunches. Our men were weary with
the day's ride, and after the animals had
been picketed, drew out their blankets
and lay down about them, their baggage
under their heads. No other trouble was
expected if the stock were guarded from
stampede, for a body of troops lay at the
fort, three days' journey from the moun-
tain.
After the men had lain down the Indi-
ans drew closer around the fire, now and
then gathering fuel, or speaking one to
another in their own language. We lay
on the ground in the shadow, but against
the darkness the swarthy figures of the
Navajos were thrown in bold relief by
the firelight, and they were not so far
away but that their voices came to us.
What a dreamy picture it seemed as
we fell asleep! The coppery figures
drawn about the fire, half concealed by
their gaudy blankets, the gleam of rifles,
the sleeping men, the dusky animal forms
outlined in shadow, while off on the hills
a coyote barked at the moon, which was
tinting the east and the waste of desert.
The picture was soon forgotten by the
boys, but the Mormon, as was his duty,
lay watching.
Presently the Indians formed in a half
circle about him that had first come to
us, and made ready for a powwow.
Hamlin knew then that our visitor was
the noted and dangerous Francisco. The
chief began to speak to his warriors in
Plute. It so happened that Hamlin had
been raised among the Plutes and un-
derstood the language even better than
the Navajos. He heard Francisco re-
counting the wrongs of his people; how
often their pastures had been wrested
from them, their horses and cattle stolen.
And now they were being followed
into the desert. Only one moon before
two comrades had been murdered on the
plain, and by whom? These men? To-
day a pony had been driven from the
mountains; to-morrow what outrage
might be expected? What should be
done? They were thirty braves, the
white men numbered seven. Horses were
here, food, rifles and powder; one
bold stroke and all would be theirs.
The boys had been sleeping some hours,
when Hamlin wakened the nearest one
with a touch. "Sh-h-h!" he whispered.
"Danger!" An instant every nerve
was strung, and he would have risen
but the Mormon pressed him down. The
Mexicans were already whispering to-
gether, and soon the entire party was
on the alert.
We were still in the shadow, though
the moon was shining now. My first
glance was toward the fire. All the In-
dians had vanished but two, who were
squatting before the smoldering embers
as they had been earlier in the night.
"The Navajos have gone behind the
ridge," we were presently told, "and
these two remain lest we should suspect
something wrong, and be on our guard
or get away." Then the Mormon told us
what he had overheard. Francisco had
planned to attack us just before day,
when most likely the entire party would
be sleeping. They had withdrawn the
more surely to take us unawares, and
had crossed the ridge in order to conceal
their fire.
He had heard more, news had most
probably reached the fort of the murder
of the two Indians, and a squad of sol-
diers had been dispatched to investigate the
matter, for a detachment was in camp at
the Cheza-kia spring, only ten miles
away. It was then 11 o'clock; a man
must start off at once to notify the lieut-
enant. Even if the troops did not arrive
before the Indians returned we might be
able to defend ourselves for awhile till
succor should come.
One of the boys was selected as mes-
senger. None of us had yet risen from
the ground; the Navajos thought us sleep-
ing. The lad began to slide off in the
grass, and presently reached the edge of
a little gulch undiscovered. There he
dropped over and under shelter of the
rocks made good his escape. It is need-
less to say we did not sleep again. Every
eye and ear was on the alert and every
ride in hand. Now and then a coyote
sleeked near, and the uncertain shadow
gave our nerves a thrill, or if his mate
called we fancied the Navajos were sig-
naling. The suspense so wrought upon
the nerves of the party that they would
gladly have followed Hamlin to surprise
the Indians in their camp; but the watch-
ers were near. A suspicious movement
on our part, and they would have van-
ished like phantoms; or the crack of a
rifle the whole band would be upon us.
Hamlin, too, grew restless as we lay
there, and presently crept near to us.
He had been considering the chances of
the troops arriving in time to be of ser-
vice. The Cheza-kia was ten miles away,
and even were the detachment still there
they could not reach us before 3 o'clock.
It was the day before when the Indians
had seen them, but had they remained?
It was doubtful if he could follow the
trail aright, and besides, the Navajos
might attack us at any moment.
Hamlin had nerves like the rest of us;
perhaps he had more. He was a gaunt,
muscular man, who had been reared
among the Plutes, where his father had
been sent a Mormon missionary. Hav-
ing enjoined us strictly to lie quiet, he
raised up and yawned, as though he
just wakened from sleep.
"Hello, there! If you are going to sit
by my fire, why don't you keep it burn-
ing?" he called out to the pair who were
yet squatting about the embers. "You
trifling, lazy back, now you keep your
fire up till day, or I'll take my cowhide
and drive you off!"
The blaze crackled and the sparks flew
up as he piled the fuel on, while the two
moved back somewhat. Drawing his
blanket about his shoulders, Hamlin
squatting near them, shivering and pre-
tending to be cold. Presently he spoke,
inquiring after some Mormon friends
who had been among the Navajos.
"Are you Mormon men?" one of them
asked. It was just the question he
wanted. Certainly he was a Mormon,
and knew so and so, and his father was
old Hamlin, whom all the Navajos knew.
"Then you ought to be ashamed," a
Mormon man, to work for Pellicanos!"
said one. "Pellicanos are thieves; they
steal Indians' ponies!"
With this, conversation began in Na-
vajo fashion, and as they talked, Hamlin
moved slowly nearer, until they were
face to face. The bright fire threw them
in high light, and beyond were the un-
certain shadows. From the darkness
came the long, wavering call of the coy-
ote, and ever and anon we were startled
as some browsing pony clinked the peb-
bles in his way. The suspense grew in-
tolerable as the moments slipped past
and the time drew near when the Navajos
would return. And what could Hamlin

mean? Was he seeking favor on his own
account? Was he about to desert us?
A comrade touched me, and pointed to
the place of the two drivers a little way
off in the shadow. Their blankets were
on the ground, but peering intently, I
saw them to be empty. The Mexicans had
slipped off in the darkness undiscovered.
Hamlin must be informed at once, and
I raised on my elbow to call. Perhaps
he heard me move, for the next moment
he sprang at a Navajo's throat like a
wildcat. His companions uttered a single
"Yip!" and leaped to his feet, but before
his weapon could be used was plinked
by the two Mexicans. Hamlin seized the
larger, and as we ran up they were
clenched and struggling.
The two were quickly gagged and
bound. The Mexicans wished to dis-
patch them at once, but milder counsels
prevailed.
We were uncertain if the camp be-
yond the ridge had heard the warning
note, and with all haste threw the saddles
and more valuable packs upon the ani-
mals, sprang to our places and hurried
along the obscure and difficult trail.
We rode with whip and spur through
sand and sagebrush, over stones and
gulches, across fallen timber; a mad,
wild race, as fast as beasts could strug-
gle. After the intense night of watch-
ing action was relief; we could have
jumped from a precipice, charged a bat-
tery or fought a band of grizzly bears.
On and on we urged the train; one
mile passed, two, then three; by that
time we were shaken with the perilous
ride, the animals were panting, and our
speed slackened. Another mile and a
call was heard. We paused to listen.
Were the Navajos following, or was it a
friend? A moment and another whoop
came ringing, and there was a sound of
galloping hoofs. The voice was familiar,
and we sent an answer echoing across
the plain.
In a few minutes we were with friends.
The lad had reached the Cheza-kia, and
roused the camp, then mounted a horse
and was guiding the bluecoats back to
our aid.
The next day Francisco was followed
into the mountains and shortly after-
ward captured; but instead of taking
him to the fort for trial we called his
people together and held a grand pow-
wow. Hamlin explained how the pony
had followed us, and the lieutenant de-
clared that he had been sent to seek and
punish the murderers of the two Nava-
jos. Then a priest of tobacco was
given, we each whiffed from Francisco's
dirty pipe, and, as the story books say,
all lived happily together ever after, for
as long as we worked in that region they
were our friends.—John Willis Hays in
Youth's Companion.

Treatment of Cancer.
There appears to prevail among the
laity a belief that the cure of cancer is
seldom effected by the use of the knife,
and that, when it is used, the disease is
quite certain to reappear. At the recent
congress of German surgeons a number
of them told of the after results of op-
erations for the removal of cancers from
the tongue and throat. In one instance
the whole tongue was removed from a
patient twenty years ago, and the cancer
never returned. Another patient first
had the left side of his tongue removed,
and, as the disease reappeared, he was
again operated upon and the other side
taken out. That was between five and
six years ago, and yet since that time he
has remained perfectly well. Professor
Kuster, of Berlin, presented a case of
carcinoma of the tongue upon which he
operated ten years ago, and which has
not returned since. Professor von Berg-
mann exhibited two patients: one was a
case operated upon two years previously,
and the other four years before; the dis-
ease had not returned. As for carcinoma
of the throat, several patients were pre-
sented who had had the entire larynx re-
moved, and now, several years after the
operation, there had been no signs of a
recurrence of the disease.—Boston Her-
ald.

A Flannel Shirt Exchange.
"You cannot imagine how the flannel
shirt business of our store has grown in
the past few years," said a trusted clerk
of one of Boston's largest firms. "Two
years ago three clerks were enough to
handle all the trade in flannel shirts we
had. Now I have six good men under
me, and the work is all they can do.
Everybody is wearing flannel shirts now,
and our sales amount to more than 75-
000 shirts a year."
"You know how a flannel shirt will
shrink? I have a plan which will not
only make a man's flannel shirt fit him
all the time, but will enable him to come
out with a new style shirt every two
days. My Flannel Shirt Exchange will
take a shirt that is too small for a man
from washing and give him one a size
longer of the same quality for the small
sum of 25 cents, provided the shirt he
brings in is clean. Thus a man with a
30-inch torso can get the shirt of the 32-
inch man, and give his out to the 28-inch
man, while the 32-inch man will take
that which belonged to him of 37 inches,
and so on up to the largest."—Boston
Globe.

Prevention of Tuberculosis.
The pathologists of the New York city
health department, in their report on the
prevention of tuberculosis, specially em-
phasize the following facts: First, that
tuberculosis is a distinctly preventable
disease; second, that it is not directly in-
herited; and, third, that it is acquired by
the direct transmission of the tubercle
bacillus from the sick to the healthy,
usually by means of the dried and pul-
verized sputum floating as dust in the
air. The measures, then, which are sug-
gested for the prevention of the spread
of tuberculosis are: First, the security of
the public against tuberculous meat and
milk, attained by a system of rigid official
inspection of cattle; second, the dissemi-
nation among the people of the knowl-
edge that every tuberculous person may
be a source of actual danger to his asso-
ciates, if the discharges from the lungs
are not immediately destroyed or render-
ed harmless; and, third, the careful dis-
infection of rooms and hospital wards
that are occupied, or have been occupied,
by phthisical patients.—Boston Herald.

Reptiles Were Land Animals at First.
"Reptiles as they are found in the
world at the present day are but degen-
erate survivors of their kind as they
existed in epochs long ago," said Pro-
fessor Cope. "The first reptiles of the
world made their appearance at the close
of the paleozoic period, when the
coal was in process of formation. They
were all land animals. Among them
there were no flying creatures, no ma-
rine swimmers, no gigantic types and
no especially herbivorous kinds."—
Washington Star.

ABOUT FINGER RINGS.
Something About the Customs of the Past
and Present in Their Use.
The famous Dr. John Thomas, bishop
of Lincoln in 1738, married three times.
On the occasion of his fourth nuptial,
he put this motto on his posy ring:
If I survive
I'll make them five.
History does not tell us whether the
fourth Mrs. Thomas approved the sen-
timent, nor whether the much marrying
bishop lived to carry it out.
The motto rings of today are patterns
of the posy rings of several centuries ago.
The inscriptions are, of course, more
modern, but the sentiment remains the
same. Of late society has gone back to
the real old English posy, and the hands
of our American belles are being adorned
with rings that carry the same mottoes
that graced them in King Hal's time.
There used to be a custom in Rome
which made the bridegroom send the
bride before marriage a ring of iron to
show how lasting the union ought to be,
and the fragility they were to observe
together; but by and by luxury crept in,
and the iron ring was exchanged for one
of gold, which change doubtless delig-
hted the Roman ladies.
Numerous superstitions are connected
with the ring. The English and French
ladies of the times of the Crusades slept
with their pillows while their lords and
lovers were away fighting the infidel.
The custom was supposed to produce
pleasant dreams of the absent ones, and
the rings were believed to be talismans
of safety. The Scotch lass who looks
through her betrothal ring three times
on the night before her marriage is sure
to see visions of the happiness in store
for her, and the Greek girl who finds a
ring will marry before the year is out.
The women of the uncivilized countries
adorn their fingers with clumsy rings of
bone and metal. Not satisfied with this,
they wear rings in their ears and through
the nose. Gypsy women are fond of
rings, some of which they claim possess
magical powers.
Of course there is nothing in the so-
called invisible rings. We are told that
the famous circlet of Gyges rendered the
wearer invisible when the stone was
turned inward, and that the ring which
Otis, king of Lombardy, received from
the queen's mother, always directed the
owner the right road to take in traveling.
There is a legend that a knight's daugh-
ter once found one of these invisible
rings on the day before her wedding.
Charmed with the beauty of it, she put
it on and wore it to the altar. After the
ceremony she happened to turn the
stone inward, when lo! the prince saw
her vanish, as it were, and rushing from
the palace he was about to throw him-
self into the sea, when he was checked
by the bride discarding the ring and
calling him by name.
The custom of wearing locks of hair
or pictures in rings has gone out of style,
and that, when it is used, the disease is
quite certain to reappear. At the recent
congress of German surgeons a number
of them told of the after results of op-
erations for the removal of cancers from
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the whole tongue was removed from a
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of the throat, several patients were pre-
sented who had had the entire larynx re-
moved, and now, several years after the
operation, there had been no signs of a
recurrence of the disease.—Boston Her-
ald.

Washington's Jump.
A story is told of Washington making
a famous jump for a wife during his
youth. "He was riding, so the story
goes, along the Potomac above George-
town, when he came to the house of a
large estate, and seeing a crowd on the
lawn, he asked the cause of the gather-
ing. He was told that a jumping match
was in progress, and the prize was the
hand of the farmer's daughter. He
looked on for a time at the different
jumps, and finally asked if he might
not also try his skill. The host con-
sented, and Washington jumped farther
than the farthest. As he did so he noted
that the countenance of the maiden fell,
and that she looked rather woefully at
the face of his leading competitor, who
had made the next best jump, and who
was evidently her lover. He resigned
his claim to the lady's hand in his rival's
favor, and it is said that this lady after-
ward recalled the circumstance when she
met him at one of his presidential levees."—Cosmopolitan.

Making Out a Prima Facie Case.
Here is a yarn about the incorrigible
small boy which I heard yesterday. An
Albany woman was visiting in this
city, of the rapidity with which rents
were shooting skyward in Albany. The
Binghamton woman, after listening
awhile, began to tell of the Binghamton
rents. Then her small son interrupted
her, just as she had finished telling what
she paid per month in Binghamton, by
remarking: "Why, that wasn't for a
month, mamma; that was for a day."
Both the women laughed at the boy's
idea, but the little fellow kept right on
and paralyzed his mother by adding: "It
must have been for a day, any way, be-
cause the man used to come every day,
for the rent." Reports sayeth that the
Binghamton woman collapsed.—
Albany Express.

One Way to Clear the Score.
Two gentlemen were walking on F
street recently when one said:
"Let's cross the street. There comes a
man to whom I owe some money, and I
don't want to meet him."
"Does he run fast?"
"No; that's the worst of it. He never
speaks of it."
After they had crossed over, the debtor
walked some distance in thoughtful si-
lence. Then he said, seriously:
"I wish that man would get mad about
it and go to me with a club. I can't pay
him the money, and I wish he would
thrash me like fury and settle the matter
so that I wouldn't ever be afraid again to
meet him."—Washington Post.

The Common Fly.
The common fly lays more than one
hundred eggs, and the time for egg lay-
ing to maturity is only about two weeks.
Most of us have studied geometrical
progress. Here we see it illustrated.
Suppose one fly commences "to multiply
and replenish the earth" about June 1.
June 15, if all lived, would give 150
Suppose 75 of these are females, July 1
would give us, supposing no cruel wasp
or other untoward circumstances to in-
terfere, 11,250 flies. Suppose 5,625 of
these are females, we might have, July
15, 843,750 flies.—New York Telegram.

"Jerry-Built" Houses of Rome.
On the outskirts of the Ghetto a long
street led to the portico of Octavia, where
Titus celebrated his triumph and Syrian
captives bore the spoils of the temple in
his train. Close by the colonnade of this
noble ruin, the ancient fish market, which
had been held here for centuries, might
still have been seen a year or two ago.
The sight was strikingly picturesque.
The many storied houses of the narrow
street almost shut out the blue sky over-
head, and the sunshine streamed through
the meeting roofs on the glittering scales
of fish and the worn marble slabs which
had been in use since the days of the
Caesars. A few steps further on was the
theatre which Augustus built in honor of
the young Marcellus. Here we were met
by another of those strange contrasts
under which Amperer loved to moralize.
Under the Doric arches of the lowest tier
artisans had their shops, and the ruddy
light of the forge glowed upon piles of
green vegetables and watermelons and
joints of meat which dangled from the
travertine blocks of the Augustan age.
Above the ionic arches of the upper story
rose the grim walls of the Savelli palace,
built in the middle ages on a lofty heap
of debris within the theatre.
This was the home of Niebuhr when
he lived in Rome as Prussian ambas-
sador. From these windows he looked
down on the fountains, the orange trees
and flowering jasmine of his little gar-
den, and far away across the Tiber to St.
Peter's and Monte Mario. This district
has undergone a thorough cleansing.
The ancient fish market and the shops
have been removed, and the Ghetto lev-
eled to the ground. Whole streets were
carted away last year amid clouds of
white dust and mortar. Only the fore-
tress looking walls of the Cenci palace,
the portico of Octavia and the theatre
of Marcellus remain, isolated and
stripped of their surroundings. In short,
the whole of this remarkable quarter has
disappeared to make room for more bou-
levards and "jerry-built" houses.—Nine-
teenth Century.

Strauss's Hand Plays Into the Phonograph.
It was Mr. Edison's express desire to
have some of Strauss's waltzes recorded
on the phonograph as being one of the
most characteristic products of Vienna.
Accordingly, the phonograph was taken
to the music hall yesterday where Herr
Eduard Strauss and his famous band
were waiting. When the enormous fun-
nel had been adjusted and everything
was ready, the band struck up "By the
Beautiful Blue Danube." Musicians and
conductor seemed to be fully aware that
they were playing not only to the world,
but to posterity. The famous waltz has,
perhaps, never been played with such
purity and such vigor. Herr Strauss
was quite invisible while the waltz cylin-
der and the tubes were screwed on, and
it was interesting to watch his face as he
listened to the familiar strains that re-
turned to him. He followed every note
most critically, and confirmed the asser-
tion that not one tone had undergone the
slightest change. Afterward a merry
polka was played, and the gentle, re-
fined music of which was wonderfully
reproduced. Mendelssohn's "Farewell
to the Forest" came next, and a quartet
of cornets, and the instrument rendered
the loud passages as faithfully as the
soft and tender ones.—London Daily
News.

Unwelcome Magnetism.
In a recent lecture the well known
electrician, Professor Nichols, was dem-
onstrating the fact that an iron rod be-
comes a magnet by forcibly striking one
end while holding the rod in a
north and south direction. By way of
illustrating his remarks he told how
while yachting several summers ago he
was sailing from the Isle of Shoals to
the coast of Maine when it was
noticed that a large magnet in Maine,
a landmark, had unaccountably moved
several points away from its natural
position.
Under the supposition that the com-
pass was being affected in some way
everything around it was moved away;
but to no purpose. The mountain re-
fused to move, until finally an umbrella
which was lying near by was removed,
and the mountain quickly moved
back to where it belonged. The um-
brella as the owner walked along had
evidently been tapped against the
ground, which eventually caused the
steel stays holding the cover to become
quite strongly magnetized. When
placed near the compass a deflection of
the compass of several points had taken
place.—New York Commercial Ad-
vertiser.

Amilcare Cipriani.
The most striking figure, physically
speaking, at the recent workingmen's
congress in Paris was that of Amilcare
Cipriani. Cipriani was born at Rimini
in 1844. Nominally he is a journalist;
actually he is a fighter. A Socialist since
he was 15 years old, he has for thirty
years fought and suffered. Twice he
has been condemned to death; once to
New Caledonia for life—actually ten
years; to twenty-five years' hard labor in
Italy—actually eight (chained to a log)
He was delivered from this last by the
persistence of the Italian people, who
nine times elected him deputy. To de-
fend his people against the triple al-
liance of Russia, Germany, Austria on
the one hand, and against Boulanger
on the other, Cipriani has started a uni-
versal federation of the people—a move-
ment that has already spread widely in
Italy, France, Spain and Portugal. He
is a giant in physique, but with a beau-
tiful tenderness of manner. His eyes
hair and beard are black, and the two
last are graying here and there. He
speaks French perfectly and with great
energy and fire.—London Star.

Curious Atmospheric Phenomena.
A Boston lawyer, who has returned
from a trip to Maine, tells of a curious
phenomenon existing at the Livermore
falls in that state. At the foot of one of
the dams the descending water seems to
be driven back with so much force that
half way up the column of water there
is an ever moving line of water, like a
crease in a piece of cloth. This has an
effect upon the surrounding atmosphere
that is almost incredibly great. The
phenomenon is not observable at all
times, but when the "wave" is visible on
the falling water objects suspended in
the air at some distance from the falls
are observed to vibrate perceptibly in a
regular movement. The vibration, while
perceptible at the time when the "wave"
can be seen, seems to stop almost in-
stantly after the "wave" disappears, and
it seems almost certain that the latter
causes the former.—Boston Advertiser.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.
Going out to buy as clothing.
Going out, the bill to pay.
Coming in each working day.
Going out from an easy day.
Coming in, so hard to win.
Cautious stream of little pennies
Going out and coming in.
Through the many wants of home life,
From beneath our humble cot;
To the butcher and the baker
Where the meat and bread are bought.
From the old and much worn wallet,
To the cruet world of greed;
Going out with sighs and sadness,
To supply each family need.
Through the wants that crowd us daily,
Through the bills that must be met,
Through the many needs of children,
Where the family's growing yet;
To the busy world about us,
With its heartless weal and sin,
Restless stream of little pennies,
Rushing out into the din.
Coming back so very slowly,
Though we try to hold and save;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to keep us brave;
Weary, are we very often,
Weary, when we try to win,
From the world the little pennies,
Which are slow in coming in.
Going out to pay the taxes,
Coming to our hearts to cheer,
Going out to pay for schooling,
Coming in to family dear;
Cautious stream of little pennies,
Which we find so hard to win,
From the doorways of the homestead,
Going out and coming in.
—Portland Transcript.

Cultivation of Boys.
There are as a rule plenty of boys on
the farm, but, as the Iowa State Register
said recently, their cultivation is fre-
quently sadly neglected. They are not
cultivated in a way to make them con-
tented and successful farmers. The fa-
thers of the boys on the farms do not
sufficiently take them into their confi-
dence, to consult them about all of the
farm operations and give them to feel
they are partners in all that is done.
The father should also, when he sells his
hogs, cattle, horses, or any of the crops,
sit down with his boys and tell all about
the sale, the amount received, and com-
pare the cost and profit of one class of
farming over the other. Show them by
figures what it costs to raise wheat and
corn, as well as what amount of corn and
grass each animal eats during his life and
what each brought in the market. In
this way boys will be cultivated into
thinking, intelligent farmers, instead of
mere drudges.
Then the boys should be consulted what
to do with the money received from the
crop that their joint labor has produced.
The father can point out to them what
debts have to be paid, what the neces-
sities of the family for food and clothing
will require, and how the balance shall
be invested—whether in buying more
land, laying a foundation for improved
breeds of stock, and what it shall be. In
this way report all of the operations, the
same as you would to partners in busi-
ness. They are partners, and they should
be made to feel that they are truly part-
ners in the work, and partners in direct-
ing all of the operations of the farm.

Some Dates of Easter Sunday.
Thomas Cunningham, of this place,
who is a corresponding member of the
Numismatic and Archaeological society,
of New York, possesses, among his many
other "curios," a complete file of Phine-
as's Almanac from 1803 to 1887, inclu-
sive, the publication of which was stopped
in 1887. In looking over them one is
struck by the variety of dates on which
Easter Sunday occurs, every day in the
month of April being represented except
the last five. Throughout the file it oc-
curs five times on the 10th and five times
on the 16th of April; four times on each
the 1st, 3d, 11th and 13th of April, and
four times on the 31st of March; three
times on the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th,
13th, 14th and 23d of April and the 27th
and 28th of March; April 25, 1886, being
the latest and March 22, 1818, the earliest
dates on which it occurs. Eight dates in
March are represented, viz.: 23d, 24d,
25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 30th and 31st.—
Utica Herald.

A Queer Nine of Valuable Wood.
Forty miles above New Orleans is the
old bed of the Bonnet Carré crevasse.
Fifteen years ago the Father of Waters
burst his bonds and swept through there
to Lake Pontchartrain. Five years ago
the state of Louisiana, with the assist-
ance of the Mississippi Valley railroad,
rebuilt the Bonnet Carré levee, but it
could not restore altogether the condi-
tions prevailing antecedent to the cre-
vasse. The river in the ten years it
passed through the swamp piled up its
sands against the big cypress forests
there. It has left behind a barbed for-
est. The piled up sand has deadened
nearly all the trees, and a shingle mill
is now at work there manufacturing
them into shingles with all the rapidity
with which that machine works.—New
Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Curiosity of Red Tape.
A curious case of red tape has just
come to my attention. The Brazilian
Indians have a trick of compressing the
skulls of the dead. They take out all
the bones and reduce the size of the
head to about one-third of its original
dimensions, but manage to retain the
features and expression exact. A gen-
tleman in New York on a recent trip to
Brazil secured one of these heads and
shipped it home. It now lies in a box in
the basement of the custom house, and
he can get it no further, because the
health officer will not give the neces-
sary authority to the customs officer to
pass the invoice, for the reason that no
certificate has been furnished as to the
cause of the man's death.—Cor. Chicago
News.

Amusing Liabilities.
Master Thief—What yer so glum
about? Didn't yer git ther chap's over-
coat?
Apprentice—Yes, but ther wuz a lot
er bills in ther pocket. Will I hav er
pay 'em?—Pack.

In Frankfort experiments are shortly
to be made to show the application of
electricity to aerial navigation. The
pilot which controls the ascent and de-
scent of the balloon will be operated by
an electric motor, and a telephone wire
will enable conversation to be carried on
between those in the balloon and those
at the starting point below.

A wrench, called a sprain, which is a
twisting of the ligaments that hold the
bones together, shows itself by a great
swelling and pain. The way to treat
it is to bind the parts in cloths wrung
out in hot water as hot as can be
borne, or, as in a foot, put it into hot
water, then bind with a bandage to
make the joint immovable.

Tooth Present.
In Iceland, that country of gentle,
primitive customs, from time immem-
orial it has been the fashion to present to
lads or lasses, when the first baby tooth
appeared, a lamb to be his or her very
own, cared for and tended as no other
pet could be, and never to be parted
with.
There comes to us in a pretty story
concerning the ways and manners of
that sturdy, truly loving and warm
hearted people account of such an offer-
ing to the bailliff's son. A winsome, soft
eyed creature was Botna, the queen of
the lamb flock. The pet grew apace, as
did the frolicsome owner, and when he
was 10 years old, a hardy shepherd lad,
Botna had become old, toothless and
lame. She could no longer go away to
pasture with the herd, or eat her fill of
grass, even in the pleasant midsummer
weather. Her faithful young master
was, however, mindful of Botna's needs.
He had not forgotten that every year she
had given him a little lamb, and in her
old age a corner was given to her in the
family living room, where she could see
familiar faces and hear the voices of her
best friends. Many times a day she was
fed from a bottle, and was never taken
out for fresh air unless the day was mild
and the air balmy. Fortunate Botna!—
Harper's Bazar.

A Painter's List Go.
Every sailor has his story of the mis-
takes which "landlubbers" make over
the names of things at sea, which always
seem to be exactly the opposite of what
they are on land. A sheet, for instance,
instead of being something broad, like a
sheet of cloth or a sheet of water, is nothing
but a rope.
A new boy had come on board a West
India ship, upon which a painter had
also been employed to paint the ship's side.
The painter was at work upon a staving
suspended under the ship's stern. The
captain, who had just got into a boat
alongside, called out to the new boy, who
stood leaning over the rail:
"Let go the painter!"
Everybody should know that a boat's
painter is the rope which makes it fast,
but this boy did not know it. He ran
aft and let go the ropes by which the
painter's stage was held.
Meantime the captain wearied with
waiting to be cast off.
"You rascal!" he called; "why don't
you let go the painter?"
"He's gone, sir," said the boy, bris-
kly; "he's gone, pots, brushes and all!"—
Youth's Companion.

A Window Decoration.
What is more beautiful for a low screen
around the kitchen windows than sweet
peas. If the kitchen is on the sunny
side of the house they will luxuriate with
no other fertilizer than the soap suds of
the weekly washing. The seed should be
planted very early in the season, in a
rich, sunny place, as deep as six or eight
inches. Some floriculturists plant them
in the fall, putting them under the depth
of ten inches and covering the ground
with rich fertilizer. They must be given
something for support as soon as they
are out of the ground. Bushes may be
used for this purpose, but a wire gauze
of large mesh, painted a medium shade
of green, is prettier than anything else.
The new varieties of sweet peas are con-
siderably larger than the old varieties
and will cover a trellis from four to six
feet in height. A mixture of black-purple
sweet peas with the old fashioned
rose and white "painted lady" looks very
pretty on such a trellis.—New York Trib-
une.

Turkey's Bad Navy.
A naval awakening is being forced on
the Sublime Porte by the visit of the
German emperor. The condition of the
Turkish fleet is so bad, costs ironclads
have been allowed to rust into decay so
long in the waters of the Bosphorus, that
the Ottoman government would be wise
not to offer any maritime display to so
keen a critic, so good a judge