PHILOSOPHY.

I shut my heart against all sorrow, and I said:
"I will be happy whatsoe'er befall."
Alas! full soon the darling of my flock was laid
Beneath the somber pall.

Then grieved my aching heart in uttermost despair;
My tears gushed from their source in swollen streams.
Time passed; once more I made resolve that naught should e'er
Disturb my tranquil dreams.

I courted Joy, but Sorrow came, a pilgrim gray,
And brought such griefs as memory ne'er forgets;
A bush of thorns sprang up where bloom'd but yesterday
A bed of violets.

At last, full tired of seeking Joy and finding Sorrow,
I said, "Oh, thing of tears! I prithee come
With me today—be first to greet me on the morrow—
Make of my heart thy home."

Then Joy outspread her wings to follow where I went,
And time flew by as in a fairy's dream;
The fragrant air seemed filled with songs mellifluent,
And life was joy supreme.

There's wealth in penury; how rich are they who own
Contented hearts, and strength to bear their lot;
And many a petty tyrant—puppet on a throne—
Were happier in a cot.

So would I teach thy heart the dear philosophy
That showers blessings on the human race;
If rightly seen, 'tis man's best privilege to die
And see his Maker's face!

Of what avail is it to know when life shall end?
Our lives are reckoned best by deeds—not years;
Enough to know that God to every heart will send
Its share of joy and tears.

—R. H. Kennington in Good Housekeeping.

A MARITAL EPISODE.

Yes, Raoul had certainly married for love, and he had thrown himself with such enthusiasm into his new life that in a day all his relations with the outer world were shattered—like glass. He shut himself in his sanctuary, turned the key on the inside and tasted his happiness drop by drop. When by chance you encountered him he hardly gave you a word; he seemed to be afraid of his past, and took care to avoid all those who could possibly recall it to mind.

Raoul was thus for some eight months. Toward the middle of the ninth he had a relapse into former habits. One met him more frequently. He had resumed his cigars, walked more leisurely and did not disdain to cast an occasional glance at a pretty woman.

This was not because he was less happy in his home or loved less his pretty little wife. Oh, no, not at all; for whenever I met him he assured me earnestly "that his wife was a treasure."

When a husband says this so positively there is no room to doubt that he is still a lover. You do not agree with me? A man, you say, who announces thus that his wife is a treasure is a man who blows upon tea or ashes already cold. Ah, well, perhaps you are right; when the fire flames one warms himself and generally says nothing.

To tell the truth, Raoul had begun to blow upon his fire. The sweetness that had intoxicated him nine months ago appeared to him now a little insipid, the warm temperature about him a little heavy, and when his wife came softly behind him and kissed him on the brow he began to notice what he had never noticed before—that she ruffled his hair. He said nothing, but was irritated, annoyed; all the more so as the tender little woman, seeing nothing herself, after her kiss would close his eyes with her little hands and laugh like a gleeful child.

"Come, come, Louise," said he one morning, finding it impossible to be silent longer, "do you not see that I am reading?"

"Then say, 'My dear little wife, I adore you!' and I'll let you go," Louise returned, with the pout of an angel.

"But I have said it five hundred and one times already, and to be frank, Louise, I decline to be forced to repeat it every quarter of an hour." And he stooped for his book, which had fallen to the floor, and closing as it fell, obliged him to lose five minutes more seeking the place where he had left off, which so much increased his bad humor that ten minutes later when they sat down to lunch he found the soup decidedly too salt, and said so.

"Why, no, Raoul; I do not find it so," Louise returned innocently.

"But I do, and that settles it," Raoul declared peremptorily, pouring water in his bouillon with a determined air. "The fact is, my dear, your cook knows no more of seasoning than she knows of finance. This food is uneatable. It is only at a restaurant that a presentable fillet can be had." And he breathed a sort of sigh that resembled a stifled regret.

"But a month ago she pleased you," urged Louise, who, in spite of her love and gentleness, did not lack spirit; "I do not understand it."

"You do not understand! Now, why do you say that? And such a tone! The very minute, it seems to me, that I object to anything, you jump to the conclusion that I am content with nothing."

"I did not say that."

"You leave it to be supposed, nevertheless."

Silence fell between them, but meanwhile Raoul, still fuming, thought how, presently, they would go to install themselves in the sitting room, having neither theater nor ball to attend this evening; that he would open his paper, and, while reading, he would see over its edge the regular movement of his wife's needle, plying back and forth in that eternal embroidery; and that, after the paper, he would resume his book, yawn three times, look at the clock, and then, to keep him from going to sleep entirely, his wife would appeal to him with the usual question: "Blue, black or red in this corner, Raoul? What do you say pet?"

"Pet!" An expression that had once brought tears of tenderness to his eyes and that now seemed absurd.

All these thoughts came one by one, and gradually he felt his bad humor increase, till suddenly he resumed sharply, "I do not see what there is so extraordinary in wishing to have a properly cooked fillet."

"Well, I was wrong; I'll see to the next," Louise answered, with manner a little prim.

Raoul laid down knife and fork resignedly.

"My dear child," said he, "have I said that you were wrong? You have a very singular mania for posing as an injured person."

At heart he felt himself unjust, but anger was stronger than he, and mounted to his brain.

"If only you would be calm, Raoul," Louise began gently.

"Be calm—be calm, you say? As if I were the one who has lost his temper! But, Louise, this is perfectly childish. What else have you for dinner besides this fillet?"

"I really do not know."

The meal came to an end in the profoundest silence. Immediately afterward Raoul took his hat.

"You are going out, Raoul?" hazarded Louise softly.

"If you will kindly permit me?"

And out he went, but not with an assured step. On the staircase he stopped to listen.

"She did not ask me, even," thought he wonderingly, "if I were going to be late. How strange! But it proves what I believed—that I have been too weak with her in the first months of our marriage."

Once in the street he paused again irresolutely, not knowing where to go; but finally strolled on at random, buttoning his gloves and still uneasily reflecting. His wife was the best little woman in the world, but—he had been too weak with her, there was no doubt of it.

At the tobacconist's on the corner he stopped to light his cigar. On the boulevards all the cafes were open, a crowd filling the chairs. Ah, how good it was! To stroll at one's ease in Paris one must always stroll alone.

He passed before his old club, blazing with light and astir with men, but he dared not enter, though he had a great desire to do so; he dreaded the smiles that would greet his appearance and and crossed to the opposite side.

Then, too, how irritating it was when he gave his arm to his wife to have her make those long stops before the jewelers' and milliners' that always made him so furious. Yes, he was right—to stroll agreeably in Paris one must be alone.

Nevertheless, two hours later, filled with remorse, he turned his steps homeward to find his wife with red eyes.

"Crying!" thought he; "actually crying, as if I couldn't leave the house a moment without her behaving as if I had really deserted her!" And instead of embracing her, as he really wished to do, he calmly mounted the stairs with an icy little "Good night, my dear!"

Louise, on her side, was far from stupid; her husband was bored when with her—she felt it; she felt, too, that even the rustle of her skirts irritated Raoul. What should she do? The best she could, at all events; and by a thousand and one little wifely efforts and attentions she sought to re-establish the tender little chats and jokes and joyous laughter in the corner by the fire. But the very restraint that she imposed upon herself made the effort abortive. Time and again she opened a talk with him in the old, light hearted fashion, only to be thrown back upon herself by a cold or nonchalant "yes" or "no" from Raoul, accorded without even raising his eyes. More than all, too, she was wounded in her self respect when trying on a dress or hat before him, on the effect of which she had counted, to receive only an indifferent, "No, it isn't bad, that dress—or hat—but, had I been you, I'd have taken yellow in place of that blue."

Proud little Louise! Only a woman and a wife would know how she suffered!

This state of things had lasted perhaps a month, when one evening, Raoul, who was still at table, received a note, all sealed and white and daintily perfumed.

"Allow me," said he, addressing his wife; and he tore open the note, which ran:

> My Dear Raoul—Who knows if it would not be agreeable to you to find yourself again in that little restaurant of the Bois de Vincennes, which is in the middle of the water.
>
> It is room No. 3, is it not, whose windows open upon the lake? I have an idea that Tuesday p. m. (tomorrow) that room will be free. What do you think? At all events it will be well to see.
>
> Toward 7 o'clock the sun will have gone behind the trees; it will be fresh and cool in that little chalet, and the fillets chateaubriand there are simply delicious. Thine, AMANDA.

"Amanda, Amanda," said Raoul to himself; "where the devil have I known an Amanda?" and he remained a moment pondering.

"Is it bad news?" asked Louise quietly.

Then he remembered his wife's presence, and answered like a man interrupted by an importunate chatterer, "No, no—only from my tailor." And as he hurriedly began to sugar his coffee to escape looking his wife in the face it seemed to him, from the corner of his eye, that she was observing him fixedly. Thrown off his balance, he did not tear up the note, as one usually does with tailor's effusions, but replaced it carefully in the envelope and slipped it into his pocket. Stranger still, and a still more difficult thing to explain, he was charming all the rest of that evening.

That letter and Amanda—whom he could not recall the least in the world—roused in him, apparently, the gayest fancies. He was flattered, though he would never have admitted it, that there were some who did not believe the old spirit entirely dead in him.

"I shall certainly go to that rendezvous," he told himself, "and it is well for me that I am not like some men. Very few indeed could resist a moment of madness, which for me will be only a moment of frolic. To go on as I am is to rust out like iron. Ah, how lucky it is for me, too, that my wife is an angel! She does not suspect, poor darling; not the least in the world." He turned to look at her bending tranquilly over her embroidery and murmured again, "No, not the least in the world!" And with swaggering air he began to pace the salon, humming to himself with satisfaction, like one who is armed to the teeth and who tells himself, "I kill no one; it is only because I am good—how good they do not know." And, really, feeling himself at that moment of a superior essence, he was happy as a king.

Next morning, while breakfasting, Raoul could not resist the temptation to explain what a fillet chateaubriand was, and how to cook it.

"If you would like one this evening," said the young wife, "suppose I try it."

"No, thanks; I spoke of it, but do not want it. Moreover, it would not be possible this evening," and he thrilled with pleasure at putting his foot on the slippery incline, persuaded that he at least would not fall.

"But why not this evening?" Louise persisted.

"Have I not told you, then? I met Paul Varennas today, and promised to dine with him tonight. His brother, he says, has just returned from Mexico. I tried to excuse myself, but he insisted so much that I couldn't get out of it, you know."

"Indeed!" said Louise.

Presently Raoul rose, kissed his wife and started out, turning carelessly at the door to call back that may be he would not get up after all; he really could not tell.

Nevertheless toward 5 o'clock the model husband returned.

"I'm going," said he. "Paul would be seriously vexed if I failed to dine with him. And you, my little Louise, you are not to worry. Besides, I've thought of something—go to your aunt's to dinner. Jean will bring you home, and I'll take you there before I start. How does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but it is needless to trouble yourself to escort me there; I can easily go alone."

Half an hour later Raoul, fresh shaven, perfumed, smiling, carefully dressed, jumped into a coupe, and set out for the Bois de Vincennes.

He was fifty pounds lighter it seemed to him, as he mounted the restaurant steps. But then, what if, after all, she did not come? No matter, he would not think of it, but continued on, greeting again with pleasure that varied odor peculiar to restaurants, that rattle of plates and glasses clinked up and down the stairs by hurrying waiters, towel on arm, and knives and forks sticking like quills from their jacket pockets.

"Monsieur is alone?" asked one of them affably, advancing to meet him.

"Yes; but I expect some one. No. 3 is free, is it not?"

"Yes, monsieur." He threw open the door, and Raoul entered joyously.

"And monsieur will not order now?" demanded the man, depositing the menu with a flourish.

"Not now, I'll wait;" and he threw down his hat and looked about him.

The same eternal cabinet that he had seen a hundred times—red paper, leafed with gold; a sofa with three cushions, none too soft; a clock in gilt bronze, two flower pots with flowers, an upright piano out of tune, a carpet where all the boots of Paris had a right to leave their traces, and a table in the center, laid with covers for two. The forks were twisted and tarnished from service to hundreds of mouths, the crystal heavy, warranted not to "nick," and on the edges of the plates and the rest of the "indestructible" china the name of the restaurant scrolled in gilt.

Something in the surroundings recalled to Raoul the disgust that he had once felt, but certainly would feel no more; nevertheless he got up and opened wide the window to freshen the atmosphere, which was indisputably a trifle close.

"How curious!" he murmured; "but I had forgotten all this!"

And he began to whistle softly to chase away fancies not so pleasant that were coming to mind. Somehow or other his gayety, too, seemed leaving him. He drew out his watch to see the time—a quarter past 7, and he was distinctly hungry. What if that letter after all was a joke? A joke! He had not thought of it that way, but maybe after all it was better it should be so.

Quiet as it was now—not to say sad—in No 3, it was very gay indeed in the adjoining cabinet, the loud clatter of plates and clinking glasses mingling at times with gay bursts of laughter.

At last a rustle of skirts approached in the corridor. At the same moment the door flew back, a lady entered precipitately and fell, evidently a prey to fear or embarrassment, breathlessly upon the sofa.

A lady?—undoubtedly. Uneasy and puzzled—why he knew not—Raoul advanced to meet her. She raised her hand, the veil was off, and—Louise was before him!

Louise, serene, smiling, unruffled as ever and sweetly murmuring:

"I was dying, you see, Raoul, to taste a fillet chateaubriand properly prepared."

How they settled it and what explanations were made I have not an idea. But one thing is certain, Raoul no longer "kicks over the traces," is as happy and content as the day is long, and Louise, as generous as she was wise, has never once since that little dinner in a restaurant so much as whispered "fillets chateaubriand" in her husband's presence.—Translated for Argonaut from the French of Gustave Droz by E. C. Wagener.

The Waterways of Mars.

Perhaps the majority of the readers have read and speculated on one or more of the various theories respecting the so called "canals" of the planet Mars. Are they the work of intelligent beings or are they natural watercourses which flow from their sources into the various lakes and seas through an earth crust which lacks the density to offer resistance to the current of the moving waters? These questions, as well as the scores of others which will naturally suggest themselves to the reader, will in all probability remain unanswered throughout all eternity, but the fact remains that the Marsian streams without exception flow in straight lines and are of uniform width from source to mouth. In the region called "Opher Land" by the astronomers two of these streams, about 70 kilometers apart throughout their lengths, are intersected at right angles by a third, the width of which is the same as that of the two main waterways. Then, again, the island of Hellas is provided with two streams or canals which flow directly across it from ocean to ocean, crossing each other in the exact geographical center. These and other facts lead to the belief that these waterways are subject to intelligent control.—St. Louis Republic.

Poisoned Snuff.

An old New Yorker, who takes snuff regularly, wrote to Sanitary Superintendent Edson a few days ago to complain that some snuff which he had used had caused inflammatory symptoms which suggested poison. Dr. Edson examined the sample of snuff which was sent with the complaint and discovered that chromate of lead, known in the trade as chrome yellow, had been mixed with the snuff to brighten it. He next ascertained where the snuff was manufactured in the city, and called on the manufacturer for an explanation.

Subsequently the manufacturer declared that he had used the poisonous color in the snuff by mistake, supposing that he was using a harmless means of improving the appearance of the article. He promised to stop using chrome yellow, and also consented to destroy some of his stock which had been colored with it.—New York Letter.

Shoes with Stone Soles.

A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artificial stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such shoes will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The hardest known wood is said to be cocus wood. It turns the edge of any ax, however well tempered, so it is claimed.

Pearls are very perishable. They cannot be considered a first rate investment like diamonds. After a time they decay.

THE MINE SORCERER.

MALAY FAKIRS WHO WORK THE IGNORANT AND SUPERSTITIOUS.

They Are Not So Potent as They Were Some Years Ago—Ceremonies Observed by the Pawang In Invoking the Hantu, or Tutelary Spirit, of the Mine.

Miners in all countries have been noted for their superstitious beliefs as to various matters affecting their good or ill luck. Soothsayers, sorcerers, or at least lode finders, were in past ages trusted to secure the satisfactory results which are now nowadays more reasonably hoped for on the report of the mining expert and engineer. The latest survival of belief in the occult powers of the "medicine man" or sorcerer is probably to be found in the Malay peninsula, which contains the most important tin workings yet known to exist. The individual who thus guides his employers to fortune, or the reverse, is known as a pawang.

Until the practical termination of independent Malay rule throughout the major portion of the peninsula, about 19 years ago, the pawang was a recognized member of every mining staff, and recognized not only by the mine owners but by the petty chiefs, who alternately encouraged or obstructed mining enterprise.

So potent was he that he could foretell the prospects of a mine, levy fines (which went into his own pocket), direct the offering up of animal sacrifices and enforce rules respecting the workings of a mine which but for him would have been simply ridiculed by the miners. Although in many districts his pretensions are now discredited, he still lingers on, superstition with the existing generation of miners having yet a firm hold in the more remote districts.

The pawang may or may not be the hereditary successor of a predecessor. In some cases he is self made, and attains his position by a few lucky forecasts as to the value of a projected mine. In a territory where, as is sometimes said, "If you dig up the highway, you are sure to find tin," the supernaturally gifted prospector has a tolerably easy task. Not that tin is always found when a hole is sunk. But a moderate acquaintance with the usual indications is quite sufficient. Chinese of limited means do not often trouble a pawang in the initiatory stages. But when the mine—"stream tin," or tin sand, with an overburden of 10 or 20 feet earth and gravel—is fairly started, the pawang suggests that he alone knows how to keep good luck in sight. Sometimes he is politely informed that his services are not wanted, and he leaves in wrath, predicting all sorts of disaster to the unbelieving towkay or manager. Upon the whole, however, he manages to get his way.

A fine physical appearance is indispensable. When engaged in any duty, such as invoking spirits or offering sacrifices, he is allowed to assume only one of two positions—with his hands resting on his hips or with them clasped behind his back. He alone is allowed to wear a black coat in the mine. As in the case of camphor hunters in Formosa and gutta percha hunters in Malaya, he uses a peculiar vocabulary. Thus cats, elephants, tigers, buffaloes, etc., must not be mentioned by their usual designation, nor are such animals (tigers unfortunately sometimes prove unpleasant exceptions) ever allowed upon a mine. Perhaps the oddest article in the pawang's "index expurgatorius" is the lime fruit or lemon, which under no circumstances may be brought to a mine, and should the juice be thrown into the mine water dire results are dreaded. Raw cotton, glass and earthenware or an unsheathed spear or kris are equally anathema, all the articles mentioned being offensive to the hantu or spirits which haunt the mine.

Assuming that the pawang is engaged by a mine owner at a fee varying from £15 to £30, his first business is to erect a platform or altar, constructed of a special kind of wood. The four branches, which serve as supports, have the bark peeled off for about 4½ feet from the ground to where the twigs begin. The leaves on the latter are not removed. A square platform, measuring 15 inches each way, of peeled sticks is fixed to these supports at about three feet from the ground. A foot above this comes a railing round three sides of the platform, while a railed ladder with four rungs reaches from the open side of the platform to the ground. Fringes of cocoanut ornament the railing, and the whole construction is bound together with creepers, rattan, however, being forbidden. Upon it offerings are laid, and the pawang invokes the hantu or tutelary spirit of the mine to bless it with good fortune. A bag of tin sand from the first washing is the fee paid for this service.

Sometimes a cheaper kind of altar is made by placing in the ground a single peeled stick with its upper end split in four, upon which is placed the little platform above described. The next process is to hang an ancha, or square frame, about 18 inches each way in the smelting house just under the eaves of the roof. This serves as an interior altar, upon which the miners place their offerings to the hantu. The accurate hanging up of the ancha is a matter of special care.

These preliminaries accomplished, the mine is considered sure of luck.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Under the Monroe Doctrine.

Should European vessels land their forces and interfere in the affairs of Brazil, there is no escape from the conclusion that such act would constitute a cause of offense to the United States government. Under the light of the Monroe doctrine the administration can construe such acts as nothing less than an offense. If Europe can without let or hindrance land troops in Brazil and menace the security of that republic, Europe can do likewise in every American republic.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Prehistoric Burial Ground.

An interesting archaeological find has been reported from the neighborhood of Foster's Ferry, on the Warrior river, about nine miles south of Tuskaloosa, Ala. When the recent high waters receded from the river bottoms it was found that the current had unearthed a prehistoric burial ground. Great quantities of human bones, rough stonework and pottery were left exposed. It is surmised here from the nature of the relics found that it was a Choctaw burial ground, but a thorough examination will be made at once and the results reported.

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

Mrs. Miller Tries to Save the Innocent and Reform the Guilty.

Mrs. Martha A. Miller has for many years been known in Chicago as "the prisoners' friend," and her face is well known in all the criminal institutions of that city. Her method of work is quiet, but effective. She visits a jail and talks with the prisoners, picking out those who have been deserted by their friends. For these she does errands and work outside the jail. She investigates their stories, and if they are found worthy of belief she goes into court and pleads for them. She collects witnesses, and it is her one purpose above others that no innocent man shall suffer.

She does not shun the hardened men of crime. "It is those," said she, "that I think it does most good to work with. Kindness

MRS. MARTHA A. MILLER.

accomplishes wonders with them. It is a thing which is strange to their beings. Every man is their enemy. They look at the world as a cheerless place. Their influence counteracted and kept away from others is what is most desired in a movement for reform."

The novitiate is sought after to be reclaimed before hope of virtue is gone. To enumerate the boys that have been persuaded from their evil ways by the "prisoners' friend" would be difficult. Mrs. Miller's work has not been entirely confined to prisons and jails. She is well known in the hospitals, where she has worked faithfully. She has gone among the slums and by force of moral suasion, in which she has the greatest faith, she has sought out girls and put them in the way of better lives.

Mrs. Miller is the pioneer prison reformer of America, and for 40 years she has been engaged in the work. In St. Louis in 1854, when she was scarcely 20 years old, a young man with whose parents she was very well acquainted was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary for larceny. She knew him to be innocent, but despite all effort he was taken to Jefferson City. Mrs. Miller drew up a petition, took it from house to house in St. Louis and obtained many signatures. Then she conveyed it to the state capital and laid it before the governor. Her first effort was successful. This experience with criminals interested her in the cause.

Spurred on by success, she determined to devote herself to work in the prison. She studied out the question on two lines—that poverty would diminish with crime and with it suffering; that the redemption of the hardened from their ways and the turning back of the tyro in crime to the beaten path was the only true kind of charity.

After a long work in St. Louis Mrs. Miller moved to Davenport, Ia., where she lived until she went to Chicago in 1882. Her fame had spread, and she held a place of honor among philanthropists. The first work Mrs. Miller did after she moved to Chicago was to begin an investigation of the penitentiary at Joliet. She called to the minds of the people the iniquity of the prison whipping post. Public opinion was aroused, and the whipping post was banished. Prison reform began in earnest. The work did not stop with prisons, but went to the lockups and jails.

Mrs. Miller does not believe in punishment for crime and calls the prison and the jail schools of crime and the alma maters of burglars and murderers. "Of course," she says, "there are some men who are vicious and a menace to society, and something should be done with them. Society has to be protected; I appreciate that. Insane asylums are humane and worthy institutions. I believe that penitentiaries make more crime. The more that crime is flaunted before the eyes of women and children, the more occasion there will be for punishment. Crime transmits itself. What we ought to do is to restrain and educate our criminal class. Prison discipline is worth more a thousand times than the grated cells, the high walls and the prison guards."

SUCH IS LIFE IN CHICAGO.

The Mysterious Shadow That Shelters an Affectionate Young Couple.

On a certain west side corner lot in Chicago stands a tidy little cottage. The front gate is hardly 20 feet from the street lamp. On the side of the lamp next the gate is a round smear of black paint. A reporter

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

was passing the corner one night, and he noticed that the street lamp was so painted that the deep shadow fell on the front gate of the lot in which stood the little cottage. This was a suspicious circumstance, and he felt sure there must be a story in it, so he asked the policeman on the beat, and of course the policeman could tell him.

"I know the girl very well," said the policeman. "She was mad enough when they put the lamp on that corner, because it made too much light in their front yard. The fellow works over there in the store, and they used to go to dancing school or something of that kind, and when they came home he would stand at the gate anywhere from 10 minutes to an hour. Of course after the lamp was there he couldn't do it without making a show of himself, so one night she told me he was going to paint the glass, and sure enough he did."

The Season for Dog Distemper.

This spring season is very trying for house bred doggies, and unless great care is taken of their exercise and diet they are pretty sure to have a touch of distemper. This will promptly announce itself by running at the eyes and nose, and the small quadruped should be at once taken to the doctor. No home treatment is safe, and a good doctor will cure him in two days and prevent a relapse. Keep vermifuge comfits always by you and give him one now and then as a preventive.—New York Press.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH BEFEL THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Contest Between Angry Waters and a Bucket Line, In Which the Latter Lost. A Cowardly Engineer—A Bird Guided the Ellen to the Rescue.

And who that remembers can hear without a thrill the name of the steamship Central America, which sank in a great storm on Sept. 12, 1857, with most of her officers and crew, nearly 400 passengers and $1,800,000 in gold?

The Central America was crowded with treasure laden people from California on their way to New York. After leaving Havana on Sept. 8 she ran into a storm. The steamer began to leak, and Captain Hernden called upon the passengers to form lines and pass the buckets. Hour after hour the tempest howled, and the huge vessel groaned as the immense seas broke against her. Hour after hour the men with the buckets toiled for their lives; slowly the water gained on them.

The officers exhorted the bucket gangs not to pause for a moment if the ship was to be saved. The wind roared and the storm increased in fury. Every passenger stuck to his post and worked until he fell to the deck exhausted. Then the women offered to take the places of their wornout, fainting husbands and brothers, but none of the men would allow it. As the horror of the situation gradually dawned on the minds of the women and children the air was filled with sounds of terror, but above the raging hurricane and the cries of lamentation rose the chorus of the bucket men:

> Heave, oh! heave, oh! stamp and go,
> We'll be jolly blather, oh!

All day long they sang this song and fought for life against the steadily rising water. Mrs. Easton, a bride on her honeymoon trip, passed bottles of wine to the heroic men to strengthen them in their desperate work. All night long the struggle was continued, and still the ocean gained inch by inch. The women begged, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to help. They cheered the brave fellows and wept when they saw them fall to the deck with white faces and trembling limbs.

During the next day the peril of the steamer was increased by the lack of food and water. The hurricane tossed the sinking hull about and shattered her spars and masts. While the tired and sleepless men stuck to the buckets the women knelt and prayed to God for assistance.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon a sail was seen to windward. Guns were fired and signals of distress hoisted. The strange vessel, which turned out to be the brig Marine of Boston, answered the signals and tried to approach, but the gale blew her about three miles away.

Then the boats were made ready, and the women and children prepared themselves. They had to strip off nearly all of their clothes and put on life preservers. Many of the women had gold, which they could not carry with the them. Two of them went to their staterooms and took out bags of $20 gold pieces, which they threw down in the cabin, inviting the others to take what they pleased. The money rolled and jingled about on the floor, while the two weeping women explained that they were returning home to enjoy the fortune which they had made in California, and that they would be beggars if the ship was lost. None of the women dared to take more than two pieces of gold lest it might weigh them down.

The men still remained at their work, saying that they would remain on board until another ship arrived, as the Marine could not take all the passengers, and the women and children must be saved first. Among those heroes was Billy Birch, the famous minstrel.

Two of the lifeboats were smashed by the sea, but three boats were filled with women and children, many of the latter being infants. The last boat to leave carried the chief engineer. He solemnly promised the captain to return, but the moment he got into the boat he drew a knife and threatened to kill any one who followed him. Later on, when the women and children were put on board the Marine, the chief engineer, like the coward and liar he was, refused to return.

Now the sinking steamship was so low in the ocean that almost every wave swept her deck. Some of the passengers got into the rigging, while others tried to build a raft. Night came on. The storm continued to rage. The ship quivered and careened. Rockets soared up into the bellowing, angry heavens. Slowly the vessel filled with water, and the doomed host clinging to her deck and rigging prepared for death. There was no weeping and no shrieking, no wringing of hands. The captain stood at the wheel to the last.

All at once the ship, as if in an agony of death herself, made a plunge at an angle of 45 degrees, and with an appalling shriek from the engulfed mass she disappeared, and nearly 500 human beings were left struggling among the fierce waters. The scene was horrifying, and many who were saved afterward fainted at the mere memory of it.

A few held on to planks and spars all through the wild night, and as the day broke the Norwegian bark Ellen arrived and picked up 49 of the men.

"I was forced out of my course just before I met you," said the captain of the Ellen to the rescued passengers, "and when I altered my course a bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted into my face. A few minutes later the bird repeated its movements. I thought it an extraordinary thing, and while thinking on it in this way the mysterious bird reappeared, and for the third time flew into my face. This induced me to alter my course back to the original one, and in a short time I heard noises in the sea and discovered that I was in the midst of shipwrecked people."

Who shall say what power guided the flight of the frail messenger through the stormy air?—New York Herald.

Forged Nickel.

Dr. Stephen A. Emmons claims to have succeeded in forging nickel. He says the metal is as strong as steel, can be made as cheaply and is as susceptible of as bright a polish as silver. Its advantages over steel are that it is water and acid proof. In other words, he asserts it will not rust. —Philadelphia Ledger.

His Point of View.

Daughter—He says he worships the ground I walk on.

Farmer—He does, eh? There'paps he'll help me to pay off the mortgage on it.—Exchange.

COURTSHIP IN GREENLAND.

How an Arctic Beauty Is Mildly Bullied Into Matrimony.

Since the Danish missionaries have gained the confidence of the natives of Greenland, marriages in the far north are celebrated by the representatives of the church. In a recent issue of one of the Danish papers one of the missionaries gives the following account of the way courtship and marriage are brought about:

The man calls on the missionary and says, "I wish to take unto myself a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary.

The man gives her name.

"Have you spoken with her?"

As a rule the answer is in the negative, and the missionary asks the reason.

"Because," comes the reply, "it is so difficult. You must speak to her."

The missionary then calls the young woman to him and says, "I think it is time that you marry."

"But," she replies, "I do not wish to marry."

"That is a pity," adds the missionary, "as I have a husband for you."

"Who is he?" asks the maiden.

The missionary names the candidate for her love.

"But he is not worth anything. I will not have him."

"However," suggests the missionary, "he is a good fellow and attends well to his house. He throws a good harpoon, and he loves you."

The Greenland beauty listens attentively, but again declares that she will not accept the man as her husband.

"Very well," goes on the missionary; "I do not wish to force you. I shall easily find another wife for so good a fellow."

The missionary then remains silent as though he looked upon the incident as closed. But in a few minutes she whispers, "But if you wish it"——

"No," answered the pastor, "only if you wish it. I do not wish to overpersuade you."

Another sigh follows, and the pastor expresses regret that she cannot accept the man.

"Pastor," she then breaks out, "I fear he is not worthy."

"But did he not kill two whales last summer while the others killed one? Will you not take him now?"

"Yes, yes; I will."

"God bless you both," answers the pastor and joins the two in marriage.

The Shade He Wanted.

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his, when he fell into a brown study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop! stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied, without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said, in tones of entreaty, to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop; I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck; Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."—Harper's Young People.

Velocity of the Earth's Rotation.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once every 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed necessary to accomplish that feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The earth, in making one revolution in 24 hours, must turn with a velocity nearly equal to that of a cannon ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator has been estimated at nearly 1,500 feet per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore it has been calculated that if a cannon ball were fired due west and could maintain its initial velocity independent of the earth, and could keep up the speed with which it left the mouth of the gun, it would beat the sun in his apparent journey around the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Crushing the Clerk.

The hotel clerk who is flip may be a prize package to his employer, because some people love the easy familiarity which blooms without cultivation, and then again some don't. One of those who doesn't recently walked up to the desk of a hostelry.

"Can you give me a room in this house?" he asked, with the air of a man who wanted the best.

The clerk spried up at once.

"I couldn't very well give you one out of it," he replied, whirling the register around.

"Well, I guess somebody else can," retorted the visitor, and he picked up his bag and walked out.—Detroit Free Press.

Origin of Tawdry.

Tawdry came from St. Audrey. In old times there was an annual fair in several cities of Europe on St. Audrey's day. Incautious persons were frequently imposed on at these fairs by worthless tinsel jewelry; hence the saying, "Bought at Audrey's," was equivalent to show without value.

A Vegetarian.

"I thought you were a vegetarian, and still you are eating roast mutton!"

"Yes, but I am only an indirect vegetarian—that is to say, I only eat the flesh of such animals as live on vegetable diet."—Reisejournal.

A Strange Ordinance.

The city council of Salem, O., has passed an ordinance prohibiting girls from being on the streets after 8 o'clock at night. A number of the young men of the place are already preparing to leave and locate where the rights of the fair sex are not infringed upon by the city authorities.—Exchange.

Safe.

There is a poet in the Statesboro jail. He was the first of the spring season, and the watchful editors nipped him in the bud.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.