A WESTERN METHOD.

In Western skies, o'er prairies broad,
The crimson hues are blending,
While eastward, o'er the misty woods,
Night shades are soft descending.

The summer day, so calm, so sweet,
In peace serene is dying,
And o'er the harvest-laden fields
The vesper breeze is sighing.

While lingering on the vine-clad porch,
Our hearts with joy o'erflowing,
We gaze on fields, and woods, and sky
In somber beauty glowing.

You say: "If Time, in his wild flight,
Would list' to human reason,
And give us but four extra weeks
In this sweet summer season,

"'Twould be, indeed, a precious gift
To claim our heart's devotion—
Another isle of fragrant flowers
Upon life's varied ocean."

He knoweth best who loveth best:
Each season sent by Heaven,
Though summer's sun or winter's storm,
For human good is given.

But if our future paths of life
Were both converged together,
To me, though storms and tempests roar,
'Twould all be summer weather.

Say, would thy life as happy be,
With love the hours beguiling,
Would every season be to thee
A vernal summer smiling?

Ah, so! Well, let us then proceed
To regulate the weather,
And hand in hand we gayly walk
Adown the slope together.

—Chauncey A. Lewis, in America.

CAUSED BY A CAMERA.

The Woes of an Amateur in Search of the Picturesque.

There is nothing criminal about being an amateur photographer. No civilized country has a law against amateur photography, although in France and Germany and other semi-barbarous countries they arrest a man if he photographs too near to their fortifications. Still the general tendency of modern cameras is toward concealment. There is a camera made which a person can put under his vest and the lens take the place of a vest-button. Other cameras are done up like parcels, or take the form of a sachet, or some other unobtrusive shape, so that the general passer-by may not know that the man he meets is an amateur photographer. The trouble with the cameras that I have named is that they are generally too small to take a picture that is at all satisfactory. Some of them have no focusing-glass and no arrangement for letting a person know what sort of a picture he is taking. Now I use a camera that takes a picture four by five inches, which I think is the smallest size that is of any service to a man, although some get along with what is known as the lantern size, a size of plate that is large enough to take a picture that will go into a stereopticon.

The other day I bought a brand new valise in which to conceal my photographing apparatus, and instead of the long alpenstock tripod which I have carried heretofore, I bought what is known as "the daisy tripod," which folds up into a very small compass and can be packed away in a valise that is about eighteen inches long.

The whole outfit goes into a very ordinary sized valise and a person moves through the world like an ordinary traveler who has a few boiled shirts and clean collars and cuffs with him.

One very hot day I found myself in Cincinnati with the forenoon to spare. I had seen Cincinnati often enough but had never had a view of the suburbs. Cincinnati, as every body knows, is down in a hole and is surrounded by hills. If you speak to a Cincinnatian reproachfully about the humiliating position his city occupies, he will answer:

"Oh, yes, but you ought to see the suburbs; the suburbs in Cincinnati are the grandest in the world."

Cincinnati suburbs are on the hill-tops, as they are called, and extend for miles around the city. There are ways of getting up on the hill-tops: One is an ordinary incline railway, the platforms of some of which are so large that a street car and a couple of horses drive right on it and is wafted to the skies, and when the car gets up there it goes along for eight or ten miles out in the country. Another way of reaching the suburbs is by the ordinary cable car, which winds up to the hill-tops by following streets that zig-zag their way up the elevation.

I asked a number of Cincinnati men which the principal suburb was, and it seemed to be generally agreed that Clifton was the best for a stranger to seen. The particular cable line I patronized took me across Clifton avenue, and there I got off.

Clifton is an aristocratic suburb that is conducted as a sort of suburban club. No person is allowed to get a lot there who is not acceptable as a neighbor to the rest of the residents, and when he does get a lot he must build a house that will cost over a certain amount and comply with a lot of rules and regulations all tending to make the place very exclusive, and all that.

Clifton avenue is a wide street, kept in perfect conditon, and is bordered on each side by fine trees. It runs straight along for a bit, then drops down into a valley, rises on the other side unimpaired, winds along for a long distance and then seems to come to an abrupt conclusion at a fine house that bars the way.

On each side are great park-like lawns with here and there a palace owned by some aristocratic citizen who has made his money on hogs or beer. So ungrateful are these aristocrats that now no beer wagon is allowed along Clifton avenue and no hog—that is, no four-legged one—is permitted to walk on that street.

I opened the valise at one point where there was a fine view of a grand mansion away back among noble trees, and as I set my camera there came from a palace nearer the road a troup of merry, well-dressed children who raced down the lawn and cried:

"Please, mister, won't you photograph us?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to take Mr. Blank's house?"

"Yes."

"And may we stand here and be in the picture?"

"Yes."

"Oh, *thank* you."

At this moment the voice of propriety and aristocracy came from out of the vine-shaded veranda from some unseen guardians, and in a tone of reproach was uttered the one word—

"*Children.*"

The unfortunate little girls had forgotten for the moment that they were rich, and they had rashly taken up with a wandering photographer. Here was a chance for great fun, but it was denied them. They had to sacrifice fun to the proprieties, and with longing, lingering and regretful glance at the camera, they slowly departed up to the mansion, and from the shaded porch took furtive glances at the forbidden photographer.

It is better to be born lucky than rich, especially when a person is young.

Now, the thing that got me into trouble at Clifton was the distaste I have for twice going over the same road. I did not want to go back to Cincinnati over the cable line that I had come out on. I thought I would walk through the place and that I would come to some other line and go in that way and thus see more of the surrounding country.

The day became hotter and hotter. The valise became heavier and heavier. I passed an academy. Public school would be too plebeian a name for an institution that was to teach the children of such wealthy people as live in Clifton, so they call the place an academy. Then there was an aristocratic church. Finally I met some one and said to him:

"How far is it to a street-car line?"

"Oh, you're going the wrong way. The cable-cars are a few miles in the other direction."

"Yes, I know. I came that way and I want to go back another."

"That's your best way back to town. I don't know how far it is to another line this way. Five miles, I guess."

I thought I was good for five miles, so I tramped along. The next person I accosted made it four miles and a half, and the next four miles. I was polishing off the distance in good shape and so was satisfied. Finally Clifton avenue came to an abrupt and untimely end, and the street that branched off was called Lafayette avenue, I think. It went at right angles to Clifton and was equally beautiful. After a tiresome trudge, I came to a gang of men fixing the road. Among them was a civil engineer taking a sight through his telescope, which stood on the usual tripod.

"How far is it to a street car line?" I asked.

"The nearest street car line is at Cummingsville. You had better go back and take the cable road."

"Good heavens! *Don't* say that. It must be twenty miles to the cable road."

"Not quite so far. But it's five miles and a half to Cummingsville."

"Oh see here," I said, "you've got to do better than that. A man miles back told me it was only five miles then and I have been offered Cummingsville at four and a half and four miles since that time. Make it three and a half, like a good fellow."

"Can't do it, my boy. You see, I've measured every inch of the way. They couldn't deliver Cummingsville at that rate. I'll tell you the very best I can do. I will take twenty rods from the five and a half. I'll let you have the cable cars at five and a quarter, and not so much uphill work at that."

"I wouldn't have the cable cars at any figure. It's Cummingsville or bust with me."

"You will find the ville a long time cumming," said the surveyor, and after he said that I left.

From that time forth the valise weighed a ton. But I soon came on a view that was worth all the toil. There was a tremendous ravine and a small lake at the bottom. On the other bank was a private residence, that looked like a castle on the Rhine. Further on, the view became even more extended. The road was now at the top of a steep hill. At the bottom ran a canal, and beyond that was a town. Away in the blue distance stretched a long valley, and the outlook reminded me of some of the minor ravines of Switzerland. I was wishing the town at my feet was Cummingsville, when I came on some more road-makers.

"What town is that below there?" I asked.

"Cummingsville," was the reply.

"Thunder! It can't be very far there."

"About five miles by the road. About a quarter of a mile down the hill."

"Then I'm going down the hill."

"They won't let you. It'll be trespassing."

"Trespassing be hanged. I'm not going to walk five miles to a place when I can get there in a quarter of a mile. Here goes for Cummingsville."

With that I swung my ton and a half valise over the garden wall and started down the steep hill. As I neared the bottom I noticed a man coming to head me off. As he came within hearing distance I said:

"Oh, I know all about it. I'm trespassing and doing it deliberately. You can arrest me if you want to. I don't object. In fact I would rather like it, for I'm dead tired out and you'll have to take me to town in the patrol wagon."

"I don't object to your trespassing," he said, calmly. "I merely wanted to know if you knew where you were going?"

"I'm going to Cummingsville."

"Really? Then may I ask can you swim?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Well, you'll *have* to. There is no bridge within five or six miles, and you'll have to get across the canal before you get to Cummingsville."

"What's the matter with my going along the bank of the canal till I come to a bridge?"

"Nothing, except that the tow path is on the other side, and to go along the canal you will have to climb about a score of fences, some of which are made to prevent people from doing just what you propose. Then there are a dozen hedges, which you can't possibly get over and which would tear the clothes from your back if you tried to go through. That's all."

I sat down on the green sward and groaned.

"Take my advice and climb the hill again. It's your only chance."

"You don't want a hired man, do you? I'd rather stay here the rest of my natural life than try to climb that hill. The only consolation I would have would be that when I got up there I might massacre some of those road-makers who induced me to come down."

The darkest time is before the dawn. Just at this moment a canal boat came along. I shouted to the man at the wheel in spite of the restriction there is generally in vogue about speaking to that individual, and asked him if he could slew his craft near enough the shore for me to get on board. He did so and I swung on my two-ton valise and got on after.

"See here," I said, "what will you charge to take me to Cincinnati?"

"Twenty-five cents." was the reply.

"All right," I agree. "I'll make myself comfortable, for I'm very tired."

"Do," said the man.

After we had gone about a mile he said:

"That don't include board, you know."

I was nearly asleep, and started up.

"*What* don't?"

"The twenty-five cents."

"Oh, all right."

"I think it's a mighty cheap ride as it is."

"It's only five cents on the street car."

"Yes, but you see we go to Toledo first. We won't get to Cincinnati for three weeks."

"WHAT!!!"

He was kind enough to swing his boat to the shore and let me get off. The photographic valise weighed three tons during the dreary tramp along the tow-path to Cummingsville.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

ONE CENTURY AGO.

When Farmers Had to Do Without Mowers, Reapers and Loaders.

The farmer did not have a mower and reaper then. Although Pliny the elder, who was born A. D. 23, describes a machine to reap grain which was used in Gaul, it was not until the present century that these machines came into use. Pliny says of the Gaulic reaper: "In the extensive fields in the lowlands of Gaul vans [carts] of large size, with projecting teeth on the edge, are driven on two wheels through the standing grain by an ox yoked in a reverse position. In this manner the ears are taken off and fall into the van." The first patent for a reaping machine in England was taken out in 1799. It was not until 1822 that a machine was made by a school-master named Henry Ogle, which may have become the model of all subsequent reapers. His contrivance was very simple, and upon trial cut fourteen acres of grain a day. But this machine met an untimely end. Mr. Ogle writes of it that "some working people threatened to kill Mr. Brown, the man who made it, if he persevered any further in it, and it hasnever been more tried." The oldest known machine still in use was invented in 1826 by Mr. Bell, a Scotch minister. This reaper was improved in 1834. Whether American inventors obtained their ideas from these foreign machines is a matter of dispute. But the reaper has taken the romance out of the haying-field. Haying-time used to be the pleasantest on the farm, and no sight was more beautiful than a line of sturdy men gracefully swinging the scythe in the tall grass. The mower, the tedder, the horse-rake and loader have made the haying season as prosy as hoeing potatoes.—Chicago News.

—A woman in New York has invented an ingenious and unique bath for infants. It is made of pure rubber on strong cloth, and as folded over a pretty frame of bamboo, which can be enlarged as the child grows older. At the bottom is a hard rubber faucet for the water outlet. One end is furnished with convenient pockets for toilet articles, and the other end with a clothes and towel bracket. It is raised sufficiently from the floor to make it convenient for the mother to sit in her chair while bathing the baby.

A QUEER NEWSPAPER.

It Has the Greatest Earthly Dignity and a Circulation of Three.

Instead of "the largest circulation" the newspaper of the greatest dignity has "the smallest circulation in the world." It is the Austrian Kaiser's Chronicle, the most curious publication in Europe. Its proprietor is Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, who publishes it for his sole benefit, and not for that of the public. State duties occupy most of his time, and he has little leisure to read the Vienna dailies. He wants to know not only what goes on every day in the civilized world, but also what is said in Europe and America about the Austrian Government.

To satisfy this desire it would be necessary for him to skim through hundreds of papers daily, but even then many a pungent notice of himself or his Government would certainly escape him. And even if he were to employ a staff of clerks to examine the papers, and clip out the proper articles, he would be little better off, for he would have no time to read the mass of material which they would hand to him every morning. News, however, the Kaiser must have, and through this paper, the Imperial Review, he gets it in richer and fuller measure than any other man in the world. The construction of the paper is as unique as its object. The imperial news bureau, which is almost a department of state, publishes it at a cost of 200,000 gulden yearly. The chief of the bureau, who is a high Government official, is assisted by several sub-editors, each of whom is in turn assisted by a corps of trained clerks. The work begins before dawn, when the chief's mail wagon proceeds to the depot for the foreign papers. Once in the bureau they are sorted to the different countries or states, and taken to the various sub-editors. There is a copy of every leading paper in Europe, no matter in what language it may be printed, and there are also copies of several minor Austrian papers in the different dialects of the empire. The huge pile of papers being arranged, the clerks go to work. On any reference to the Austrian Government or the imperial family being found a blue pencil is drawn through the article. In this manner the readers get through their work, after which the marked papers are sent to the sub-editors, who read the articles carefully and condense them. A lengthy criticism may thus be reduced to a few lines, though if very important little pruning may take place. In all cases the original language and style are closely preserved. It is, of course, necessary to translate all foreign articles into German, as the Review is in that language. This work of translation takes a long time, but can not be shirked, as the foreign criticisms form an essential part of the Review. In due time, however, every paper has been read and every article condensed, and now comes the last process in the construction of this strange paper. It is late at night, for the work is very heavy and the paper must be ready for the Emperor in the morning. Men famous for their penmanship do the finishing work. The selected articles are given to them and they make three copies—one for the Emperor, one for the Foreign Minister, and one for the Secretary of State. A fourth copy is never made, and a glimpse at one of the three is never vouchsafed to any one unconnected with the bureau. The copy for the Emperor is written on beautiful linen paper, and at the head of the first page stands the finely decorated title, Journal-Revue for Sie Majestat den Kaiser. The copies of the minister and secretary are also written on exceptionally handsome paper, but of an inferior quality to that used for the Emperor's. The writing itself is like copper plate, and no matter what the hurry may be, excellence in this respect is imperative. There are usually from sixteen to twenty pages in the paper, but in dull times, when criticism is scanty, it falls as low as four or five. It is the Emperor's regular custom to read the Review as soon as he wakes in the morning, and if there is any specially important article in it he summons his minister and has a talk with him about it. At any rate he reads the journal from beginning to end, and thus knows each day how he and his Government are regarded by the civilized nations of the earth. The articles may be old—as a matter of fact each journal is a day late—but they are new to him.—Current Literature.

A Sensible Canvasser.

An agent who had made a study of human nature stopped at a gate on Second avenue the other day and asked of a small boy digging plantains out of the grass:

"Bub, is your mother home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Changed hired girls within a week?"

"No, sir."

"House cleaning all done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got her new spring bonnet?"

"She has."

"Children well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father go away good-natured this morning?"

"He did."

"Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture."

She took two, and asked him to call in a day or two with a $7 family Bible.—Detroit Free Press.

—An Indiana gardener claims that he protects against the cabbage worm by laying a sprig of pennyroyal on each cabbage.

HAVING THE EVIL EYE.

One of the Most Familiar Superstitions Among the Italians.

Shortly after his election Pius IX. who was then adored by the Romans and perhaps the best loved man in Italy, was driving through the streets when he happened to glance upward at an open window at which a nurse was standing with a child. A few minutes afterward the nurse let the child drop and it was killed. No one thought the Pope had wished this, but the fancy that he had the evil eye became universal and lasted till his death. In Carniola, if you tell a mother her baby is strong and large for its age, a farmer that his crops are looking well, or a coachman that his team is good, all three will spit at your feet to avert the omen and, if you understand the custom, you will do the same as an act of politeness. A person who wandered through Upper Carniola and praised every thing he saw would soon come to be considered the most malevolent of men. In Naples the same feeling exists. The terms of endearment which mothers of the lower class use to their children and the pet names they call them by are often so indecent that it would be impossible to reproduce them in English, and always so contemptuous that they would be offensive in any other relation.

The well-known habit of Neapolitans to offer a guest any thing he may praise has probably the same origin. It is, of course, now to a very large extent only a form of courtesy; but even now another feeling lurks behind, at least in a good many cases. Your host has been delighted at your admiration of his possessions; he would have been disappointed if it had not been so warmly expressed as it was; but still he is a little afraid of the ill luck the kind things you have said may bring. By offering the objects you have liked best to you, and receiving your certain refusal to accept them, he puts them in a bad light, and thus counteracts the evil effects of your praise. He says to fate, you see their value is not great after all.

This superstition, however, is by no means confined to Naples or Italy; it is said to be common in China and Japan, and among negroes and red Indians. Even in England it is unknown. In fact, in all countries when visiting a sick acquaintance it is better to say: "I am glad to hear you are a little better to-day," than "I am glad to see you looking so much better." Nor is the belief by any means confined to the lower classes. A person who is highly educated, very intelligent, and by no means prejudiced in religious matters, was once asked whether the words acted as an evil charm or whether they merely foretold evil. The reply was: "I don't know; but I do know from experience that whenever any body tells me I am looking well I fall ill within three days; and the more intimate I am with the person that says it the worse the illness is." There may be a connection between this superstition and that of the evil eye—we are inclined to think there is—but they must not be confounded, as one is often found in districts where the other is unknown.—Saturday Review.

THAT SOUP PHRASE.

Fortunately It Is Gradually Losing Its Hold on the Public.

The reasons why we do not and never have indorsed the phrase "He fell in the soup" are manifold. When it first came into general use it was harsh and grating, and now that it has become old, rheumatic and moss-covered, it is positively, diobolical in its discordancy. "Fell in the soup" was primarily intended to convey the meaning to the auditor or auditors that a man or a woman, or a collection of men and women, had in some way become downed, or more elegantly speaking, been compeled through force of circumstances or events to acknowledge the corn. While this was undoubtedly the object of the phrase, it has manifestly failed in reaching the goal of its intentions. It is not graphic, and that is absolutely essential to any real claim to the public consideration. There have been so-called improvements suggested such as "he fell in the consomme," "in the mulliga-tawny," and "stumbled into the tureen," but none of these are one iota better than the original. In some unaccountable manner, however, the phrase came into quite general use, but most assuredly not through any real worth of its own, but because of the peculiar fancies of the American people. In the first place it is important that a phase should be so constructed and composed as to instantly convey to the uninitiated the idea intended to be expressed. "In the soup" fails manifestly in this regard, especially when addressed to an individual ignorant of the idioms of speech of our country. How many people would understand by "in the soup" that a person had failed in his undertaking? None, unless they had previous acquaintance with this combination of very uneuphonious words. We are glad to note that this really obnoxious phase is gradually losing its hold on the public, and our sincerest hope is that "in the soup" will fall so deeply into the bouillon as to become tangled in the vegetables and unable to clamber over the side of the tureen.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Several Caro (Mich.) gentlemen recently saw a large rat carry a hen's egg on its back. They say that it twisted its tail around the egg and carried it safely until it was hit with a stone.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Carl Dunder Tells Some Good Jokes on Several People.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Sergeant Bendall yesterday as Carl Dunder entered the Woodbridge Street station with a grin on his face.

"May pe I vhas green like some grass, eh?" chuckeled the old man in reply.

"I have often said so."

"Und I doan' come in der house vhen he rains, may pe?"

"Well, what is it?"

"I beat a schwindler py his own game—ha! ha! ha!"

"It isn't possible."

"Yes, she vhas, Sergeant. You vhas always down on me. You pelief I vhas an idiot, you speak dot I ought to haf some guardians oafer me, und you make me feel bad. Howefer, I show you dot I vhas no childrens. I goes down py der Third Street depot yesterday, to wait for dot Toledo train, und pooty soon a stranger comes opp to me und says:

"'Hello! Smith, how you vhas?'

"'I vhas all right.'

"'How vhas farming this year?'

"'Werry good.'

"'Vhas your wheat and hogs and turnips all right?'

"'She vhas.'

"'How vhas all der folks in Podunk?'

"'All well.'

"'Dot vhas good. Say, Smith, I like to use $10 right avhay. Here vhas a $20 check on der bank oop town. Gif me der $10 and take der check, und I meet you at der bank in an hour.'"

"And you gave him the money?"

"Yes."

"And took the check?"

"Of course."

"And I'll bet ten to one the check is worthless."

"Vhell, dot's vhat der cashier said."

"Well, you *are* an idiot!"

"Say, Sergeant, doin' you see some shokes in dot?"

"No, I don't!"

"Vhell, you must be idots, too. Dot man dakes me for a farmer named Smith, und I vhas Carl Dunder all der while—ha! ha! ha! Now you see der point."

"Yes, but you are $10 out."

"So I vhas—so I vhas. I doan' see dot pefore."

"Any one else take you for Smith?"

"Vhell, not exactly, but I vhas oop to some snuff mit a plackleg who vhants to beat me."

"I'll bet he got the best of you."

"I bet you $10,000,000 he doan't! He comes in my place to get a $5 bill shanged. I vhas on to him shust so queek ash dot. I know he likes to flim-flam me, and I keeps my eyes open."

"'Can you shange me $5, Mr. Dunker?'

"'Mit pleasure.'

"I count him out $2 in bills and $3 in silver, und $1 vhas counterfeit—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well?"

"Vhell, he likes two hafs for one, und I gif one haf mit a hole in him—ha! ha! ha!"

"I vhas pooty much obliged, Mr. Dunder. He vhas a hot day?'

"'So he vhas. So long.'

"Und he goes avhay shust like a lamb. Doan' I beat him?"

"Got the bill with you?"

"Yes, I bring him along to ask you sometings. Who puts that man's name on him?"

"Where—there? That's no name?"

"I read him dot he vhas C. O. Unterfeit. I guess he vhas Sherman."

"That reads, 'counterfeit.'"

"She does?"

"Of course it does, and you are beaten, just as I expected. Mr. Dunder, it ——"

"Sergeant, it vhas all right—right. Doan' speak py me one word. Tomorrow I goes py der lunatic asylum and knocks on der door.'

"'Who vhas dot?'

"'Carl Dunder.'

"'Vhas you want?'

"'I likes to come in and shtop two hoonered years.'

"'All right—you vhas in.'

"Good-pye, Sergeant. Shust keep quiet und doan' shpeak. I vhas going—I vhas gone!"—Detroit Free Press.

Alabama's Natural Bridge.

High up in the crest of the mountains on the Birmingham, Sheffield & Tennessee railroad there is to be found one of Nature's wonders. It is a natural bridge, as complete, as perfect, as symmetrical, and in some essentials more remarkable than the great natural bridge of Virginia. The bridge lies between the stations of Lynn and Delmar. It is about fifty-eight miles from Sheffield and twenty-nine miles from Jasper. Its length from abutment to abutment is one hundred and seventy-five feet. Its width is twenty-five feet, and the thickness ranges from four to six feet. It is of pure sandstone, and has no doubt stood the climatic changes of ages. Leaning over the bridge you see in the ravine which it spans, some sixty-five feet below, the shimmer and sparkle of many springs of clear limpid water which bubble from the sandstone soil, and, joining, flow down the ravine. A singular feature is a subdivision or smaller bridge, constructed on the same pattern, perhaps even more perfect in its outlines, which leads from one side of the bridge proper.—North Alabamian.

—Fools with bookish knowledge are children with edged weapons; they hurt themselves, and put others in pain. The half-learned is more dangerous than the simpleton.—Zimmerman.