

UNDER THE STARS.

The midnight hour is here, and silence broods With folded wings o'er all the sleeping world.

Peace in the perfect motion of the spheres, Truth in the light that streams upon the world.

HUMBLE HERO.

An Incident of the Flood in the Alabama River.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful degree of heroism in times of danger.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers.

An amusing occurrence took place not long after our starting. In the middle of a submerged field, about one hundred yards to our right, we saw a little, woolly black head.

"Here, Moses," cried one, holding a tin cup with whisky in it to his mouth, "here, take a drink."

"Take a bite of this bread, Moses," cried another, trying to crowd the bread into his mouth.

"No; let Moses have some of this fried bacon. It'll do him the most good," said the negro oarsman.

But Moses shook his head and turned aside from all the offered food.

"I see erblegged to yer, marsters," he said, while his white teeth shone and his eyes rolled wildly.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now.

The words were hardly out of my mouth when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again.

"Come, auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

As we rode off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness.

"We're a elmin' to do arit. Take us in, take us in. Fudge watah's deep on dark.

We could wait and listen to the weird sounds no longer, but struck our oars into the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat, bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the crib and saved all of its living freight.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that, as they neared the crib, the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"The Lord is hyat'd our cry, Answered by the men: 'Take us in, take us in. En Heli save us by en by. Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "until death do us part."

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

They Form a Completely United Body, Enterprising and Harmonious.

No State of the Union is a nation, though several States exceed European nations both in size and population, the State of New York, for example, being both larger and more populous than the whole of Switzerland.

Doing His Prettiest. Mr. Budworthy—Rather clever fellow, that young Dudson, don't you think?

PETER THE GREAT.

The Half-Crazy Imperial Genius Who Created Modern Russia.

In 1721 he created himself Emperor, placing the imperial crown upon his own head, and soon after on that of the Livonian peasant girl whom he married, the mistress of his favorite Prince Menschikoff.

His interference was as trying in small as in great things. One story of his didactic tyranny sounds like a lesson out of "Sandford and Merton."

"The impatient activity of Peter," as a German writer calls it, attempted impossibilities; a perfectly barbarous people could not be dragged up to the level of civilization of other nations by mere force of a despot's will.

Knives From Old Files. As smiths are often asked to make knives from old files by farmers who believe that such knives are better than any they can buy at hardware stores.

KNIVES FROM OLD FILES.

An Experienced Artisan Explains How They Are Made.

As smiths are often asked to make knives from old files by farmers who believe that such knives are better than any they can buy at hardware stores, I first draw the temper by heating the file to a cherry red, then placing it in the ashes, and five inches under the forge and leaving it there until it is cool.

In tempering I use soft and somewhat warm water. I seize the handle end with a pair of tongs, hold the blade over a clear, well-charred fire with the back down, and heat evenly to the first hole until I see that the blade is red, and then plunge it endwise into the water.

Upper Burma's Magnetic Rock. In a recent report on magnetic rock among the hills of Upper Burma, Dr. Neotling describes a mountain or hill at Singaung which consists of a huge mass of iron ore.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has an endowment of \$700,000.

GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE.

Statue in the Memorial Gardens, Stratford-on-Avon.

One of the features of Stratford, interesting to the Shakespeare pilgrim, is Lord Ronald Gower's statue of the poet, erected last summer in the Memorial gardens.

The figure is the fulfillment of a noble ideal. The face and figure are full of misery, yet full of thought. The type of man thus embodied would beat once recognized anywhere—an imperial, powerful, tender, gracious nature, completely broken and subjugated by hopeless grief.

THE USEFUL CACTUS.

Without It the Average Mexican Would Lead a Sorry Existence.

The remark has been made that "the cactus has many good points and will not be set down upon." The remark is a true one, for, as is the reindeer to the Laplander, so is the cactus to the poor Mexican.

Though the Mexican people are not a race of hard drinkers, yet at meal times the wine or other fermented liquors are inevitable, and, as the lower class of Mexicans can not well afford wine, you are invited to partake once more of this much abused cactus, this time in the form of tequila, a most atrocious drink.

CHUGWATER'S MISTAKE.

How the Growing Old Gentleman Put His Foot in It.

Mr. Chugwater (growing)—Samantha, that young Snodgers comes to this house altogether too often to suit me.

A Slip of the Tongue.

Mamma—Why, Harry St. Clair. You naughty, naughty boy!

Harry—I—I—er—I meant to say "please sit over," but my tongue slipped—Time.

HONEST CARL DUNDER.

The Old Fellow Is Catching On to American Ways at Last.

"Hello! Mr. Dunder!" saluted Sergeant Rendall as that individual entered the Central station, with a broad, satisfied smile on his countenance.

"I guess so. You look happy." "Sergeant, I vhas shust like sweet oil. No more troubles for me. I vhas catching on to do shust like Americans."

"I presume so. Have you the shears there?" "I haf. I believe you like to see 'em."

"You are out of pocket fourteen shillings, and what do you expect to do with sheep-shears?" "Heavens! I doan' think of det!"

"Any thing else?" "Well, I get my life insured. I doan' believe I vhas cheated by dot. A feller comes along and says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Vhell, der President of der United States says he likes me to call on you and insure your life.

"You pay only two dollars avery twenty years, and if you die your wife gets \$75,000. It vhas der biggest thing out. Shilldren cry for it. Wanderbilt, Shay Gould, Russell Sage and all der big fellows vhas into it. How oldt you vhas—who vhas your grandmother—how many tooth have you lost outd—vhas you eafar bit by some dogs—did you eafar own a white horse—how often you fall down stairs—do you ride on some bicycles, and dis vhas der truth, der whole truth, and nothing but der truth."

"And he wanted the two dollars in advance," queried the sergeant. "Of course. Dot was to pay for sheawring me."

"Well, you are beaten again, Mr. Dunder. Insurance men don't do business that way. Good day!" "How you mean?"

"You had better go home. Have you got a tub in your house?" "Of course."

"Any bran at the barn?" "Yes."

"Well, make the tub about half full of mash and then put your head to soak for about forty-eight hours. When through buy some No. 4 sand-paper and polish it down to the bone."

"Sergeant, vhas I some greenhorns?" "You are."

"Vhill I eafar learn somethings?" "Never."

"Then, good-bye! I shan't try no more. It vhas a queer country, and nothing vhas der same two times alike. When my body was brought in here doan' make fun of it. Shust use it shently and say dot I did so wellash I could."

Mrs. Chugwater (placidy)—I don't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Chug—Mr. Chugwater (rising to his feet and bringing his fist down on the table)—You don't see what business it is of mine? Why, good heavens, madam! Ain't I the head of this family?

Mrs. Chugwater (mildly)—I suppose you consider yourself such.

Mr. Chugwater (in a towering rage)—I certainly do, madam! And if I say that giggling simpleton of a Snodgers isn't the kind of a man I want for a son-in-law it goes, Mrs. Chugwater! It goes in many cases results very disastrously for the imbibber.—Mexico Letter.

Yeg, said the dentist, as he yanked away at the tooth regardless of the patient's yells, "a man is bound to succeed at his work, provided it is done with sufficient pains."—Merchant Traveller.

PUMPED BY ELECTRICITY.

An Effective Organ Motor Introduced in Several New York Churches.

Not least among the many uses which electricity now subserves is its adaptability through the medium of motors to the operating of church organs. During the last two or three years experiments have been made to this end by the various electric light and electric motor companies.

The first church in the country, and probably in the world, to make use of this latest triumph of electrical science was St. Paul's, of this city, which for nearly a year has operated its organ by means of a one-horse power C and C motor, where formerly four men were required to do the same amount of work.

The advantages of the motor over other means of pumping organ bellows are so many and evident, that it is but the question of a short time before all churches within reach of an electric current will be provided with the labor-saving appliance. Henceforth the organist is independent of his beto noire, the human organ blower, or the vagaries of the gas engine.

The use of the water motor, the cheapest of all known methods for generating wind, was made impossible in this city some years since because of the enormous waste of water which it necessarily involved. The great and insurmountable objections to the gas engine is that it has been found impossible, either to minimize or overcome the noise and the great expense involved both initial and constant. The cost of the equipping an organ with an electric motor is less than half that for the simplest kind of gas engine.

The small space that the motor occupies, the evenness of its blowing, the facility of its control in starting and stopping, as well as in regulating, and the little attention required, are the special advantages claimed for it over any other power used for this purpose. It runs with practically no noise, is free from heat or odor, gives no trouble from frost in the coldest weather, and is always to be depended upon to do what is asked of it. If an organ is built for power, its attachment is the work of a moment. If built to be run by hand, it can easily be transformed into one ready for power.

The one in use at St. Paul's is an automatic motor connected to the main driving pulley by a shifting belt. When the bellows rise to a certain point this belt is made to work on a loose pulley, thus disconnecting the motor from the driving shaft. When, however, the bellows fall below this point (by the use of compressed air) the belt is made to automatically shift on to the tight pulley, and the motor again does its work.

A Mississippi Girl's Revenge.

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and was entertained at a dinner party at the Governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner a degenerate son of the Governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit to Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the State.