

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways:
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said: "Since you
Are blind but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safe place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young—
"So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will

But listen, listen day by day,
To hear them tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

An Arizona Incident.

It was nearly 9 o'clock in the forenoon. Work was going on as usual in the quartz mill, and the heavy "crunch" of the stamps, crushing up ore, drowned out every other sound.

Ransom Flint and I were at this hour the only two workmen in the mill. Carter, the engineer, was in the engine house, and the foreman, Mr. Crocker, was taking a nap, I think; for he had had trouble with the "amalgam" (quick-silver process) the afternoon before, and had been on duty the most of the night. We were running night and day then. But the night hands had left work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and were sound asleep in their shanties, fifty or sixty rods down the bank.

The "lead," or ledge from which we took our ore, was now almost as far up the canon the other way. A railway track took the cars with the quartz down to the mill. There were four miners at work in the "lead," Zeff Whittle, James Bates, Raphael Covelo and Carl Hanson—thirteen of us in all at the mine; but so separated that we were in no plight for defence, though each was provided with a carbine.

The mine was the one formerly known in the stock market as "The Candidate," but afterwards as the "Los Nogales."

While we were in this condition we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a band of hostile Apaches, that began an attack.

There were but nine of the Apaches, at east I only saw nine. But they had been reconnoitering us no doubt all the morning, and knew that there were but few men at work, and so concluded it was safe to attack us. They were part of a band of Tonto renegades that had been down into Sonora, on a murdering and scalping raid.

The first that Rans and I knew of the attack was the sound of three or four rifle shots in the direction of the "lead." We had barely heard the reports above the noise.

"Indians!" Rans exclaimed; and we both turned from the "shute," where we were feeding ore, to look out at the open end of the mill, where the track came in. I suppose that some of the Indians had crept in and were behind the large pile of ore. For the moment we turned, I recollect hearing an explosion behind me and had the sense of a tremendous shock!

I also recall the feeling that I was sent headlong over a heap of picks and old drills. That was the last I knew for some minutes, I think. Later I found that a ball had struck me on the back of the head, and without quite fracturing my skull, had plowed a furrow along my scalp. The Indians probably thought that I was safely disposed of, or they would have followed up the shot by killing me.

Rans was shot at by another redskin at the same time, but only slightly wounded. He leaped out of the mill on the side next the engine-house, and ran a few yards down the bank, when another of the Apaches shot him dead.

The engineer, Carter, was the only man who made anything like an effective

resistance. Hearing the firing he seized his carbine, and coming out, shot one of the Indians. Then seeing four of them aiming their rifles at him, he ran through the engine-house and down the bank—three balls whistling past his head!

The men asleep in the shanties showed the white feather; Bidwell, Marsten, Rothrock, every one of them did the best he could for his own safety. They were in separate shanties. When the firing awoke them, thinking the mill was taken, each slipped out of his shanty and ran down the bank into the arroyo. Bidwell and Rothrock did not come in for two days.

Whittle was casing a car of ore down the track when the first shots were fired at the mill. He let go the car and ran back. That car came near killing me. I lay senseless, with my head within six inches of the track, when it came into the mill with a crash—judging by the wreck it made. The wheels must have brushed past my head.

The gang had all left the mill when I came to my senses, and were trying to break into the powder-house where the powder and dynamite were stored.

This was a small structure about ten feet square, built of mesquite logs and roofed with zinc. It was placed in the side of the bank, about half way from the mill up to the "lead," so as to be at a good distance both from the jar of the stamps and the shock of the blasts.

Here there were stored, at the time, some five hundred pounds of dynamite, together with a quantity of cartridges, and several cases of "rend-rock"—a kind of blasting-powder.

There was a strong door in the front side of the powder-house which the foreman always kept locked, but there was no window in the structure, nor any other means of ingress. On account of the zinc drawing the sun heat, a layer of turf had been piled on the roof.

The redskins saw this strong little house and probably mistook it for the place where the bullion was stored. The door resisted all their pushing and kicking. Then they tried to break it with rocks, and finally came back to the burning mill, after sledges and crowbars.

It was about this time that I began to come to my senses. A horrible burning in my eyes and humming in my ears, were the first feelings of which I was conscious. Then I got up on my hands and knees and partly remembered what had happened.

The roaring in my ears and the flashing in my eyes blinded me so much that I could hardly distinguish one object from another; but I perceived that the mill was afire, for I felt the heat, and began to crawl along the track to get away from it. It was in vain that I tried to stand; I was too dizzy.

Then I heard two shots fired, and my eyes clearing a little, for the moment, I saw five of the savages at the door of the powder-house trying to stave it in. The firing was up toward the ledge. As soon as I had made out how affairs stood, I crawled off the track and got out of sight down the bank; and a minute later there came a fearful explosion.

It shook the whole bank to pieces above me, and sent the dirt and stones in every direction. Great rocks went whirling across the canon, and in a moment or two stones began to drop all about me.

I knew the explosion was in the powder-house and hoped it had killed the murderous redskins. But I lay still. Stones which had been blown high into the air kept dropping all about me, and many large rocks slid down on the opposite side of the canon. It had jarred the whole locality.

The first living man I saw after the explosion was Mr. Crocker, the foreman. He heard it—for a wonder—and jumping up, ran out of the shanty. Seeing the mill on fire, he ran up the bank, thinking the engine boiler had exploded. Here he came upon me, lying half-buried in the dirt.

"For heaven's sake, what has happened, Henry?" he called out.

"Indians!" I said.

Upon that he ran back for his rifle, and coming out again, asked me where they were and where the other hands were.

"Blown up, I reckon," said I. "Go and look for yourself; I can't."

He peeped up over the bank. "What a sight!" I heard him exclaim.

Then he went up the bank. Soon I heard Bates and Crocker talking. By this time, the stunned, dizzy feeling in my head began to pass off. I crawled up where I could see what was going on. Whittle and Bates had come down from the ledge, and all stood looking at the wreck about the powder-house. Not only was the log house blown entirely to pieces, but the ground it stood on was blown away, clean and smooth, to the depth of three or four feet. The loose earth for thirty or forty feet was well-

mixed with the remains of the bloodthirsty Apaches. We afterward found the head of one of them off a hundred yards or more away. Another who had been lying behind a rock up the track watching the miners, jumped up and ran off, holding his hands to his head; and Whittle thought that one more of the wretches had escaped. Five of them were either in or about the powder-house when the explosion occurred. They were all instantly killed.

They had, Whittle thinks, broken in the door and were, it is likely, trying to break open one of the tin cases containing the dynamite, which exploded on being struck. A sledge which they were using was afterward found near half a mile away, on the side of the opposite mountain.

They were most summarily hoisted in the midst of their raid. It was a fortunate hoist for us, too. For though badly demoralized by the attack, we all escaped with our lives, excepting poor Flint. The mill was burned to the ground. It was nearly two months before we were running again. The one or two Apaches who escaped told a marvellous story of the "white man's big powder," among the other Tontos. We heard, during the following year, several accounts of it.

That was the first time they paid their respects to us; and they have not come near us since.—*Youths' Companion.*

Went Out Without a Word.

A West Side lady has been much annoyed the past six months by the driver of a laundry wagon, who insisted on ringing the front door bell and receiving the dirty clothes from the servant girl at that door. The lady had asked the girl to tell the laundryman to go to the back door for the clothes, but the man would not do it, and every Monday morning the clang of the bell announced the arrival of the dirty clothes man, and shirts were hurried into a paper and delivered to the great man. The lady could not see why the laundryman should be more of a society gentleman than the butcher's young man, or the grocer's driver, so she thought she would investigate. Last Monday when the door-bell rang the lady went to the door in her morning wrapper, and told the laundryman to walk in. He came into the hall, when she invited him into the parlor with a quiet dignity, and he could not fail to obey. He seated himself in the parlor, blushing and looking toward the hall for the servant with the shirts, and acting as though he had got his foot into it clear up. The lady did not seem to notice his embarrassment, but acted as though he was a caller that it was her duty to treat pleasantly. "It is a beautiful morning," said the lady, seating herself on a small sofa near the laundryman. He said it was, and then he looked for the girl to come with the shirts, and great drops of perspiration appeared on his brow. "Do you know," said the lady, appearing embarrassed, "I am at a loss to remember your name. Your face is familiar, but we meet so many people in society that it is no wonder we can not place them all. Let me see, did I not meet you at Mrs. So-and-so's reception? Why, yes, I remember now." Strange that I should have forgotten you. What a lovely time we had. But, may I ask to what happy circumstance I am indebted to this early visit?" The man stammered, colored up, and just then the girl came in with the shirts, and he grabbed the package and went out without a word. The lady laughed and said to the girl: "He will come to the back door after this."—*Peck's Sun.*

A Sect of Child Killers.

The *Norov Vremya* warns Russian mothers of a new religious sect which has given several proofs of its existence. In Rostov, on the Don, an officer engaged a middle-aged nurse for his three-year-old son. She was very attentive and seemed fond of the child, but after two months she suddenly left the situation and the town. The child began to all the very next day, lost its memory, and suffered from continual drowsiness. A week later it died without having been really ill. The corpse was placed in the coffin, when a young Jewess burst into the house, threw herself upon the dead child, and crying bitterly, said: "The same woman poisoned my child. She was my nurse before, and now she has murdered your poor boy!" The woman spoke the truth. It has been found that in Rostov there is a society of child murderers, who poison children by means of narcotics. They are instigated to do so by a fanatical woman, who says, "It is every woman's duty to spare the evils of life to as many children as possible, and to make them share in the bliss of heaven before the earth has contaminated their souls."

New York has 10,000 cigar makers, and the aggregate amount of wages gained by them last year was \$600,000.

THE RELUCTANT.

The Strange Story of a Beautiful Woman's Terrible Deed.

Ben Perley Poore, the veteran journalist and Washington correspondent, tells this strange story in the *Boston Budget*:

"Among the stories of real life which I have heard told at the capital, one of the strangest was of a widow in Virginia, who was left with several children, among them a very beautiful daughter about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself embarrassed, opened a boarding-house at the county site, and among her boarders was a Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, over forty years of age, but a very fine-looking man. The gentleman was the prop and stay of the family; gave employment to the sons, educated the daughter at a 'fashionable academy,' and, very naturally, on her return fell desperately in love with her, when he should have preferred the mother. He pressed his suit with perseverance, but the beautiful Mildred resisted his appeals and the importunities of all her friends. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W., and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecutions of her family, the fair girl reluctantly stood before the altar and became his wife. The next evening a arge party was given them, but in the midst of it Mr. W., being attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion; she poured out a wineglassful of laudanum and he swallowed it unconscious of its nature. It acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. His senses reeled. One moment he lay motionless as if on the brink of the spirit world, and the next he would leap up convulsively, a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into his chamber. At length he fell into a dead sleep. She then stopped for a moment over the smouldering embers, approached the bed, gazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand attempted to pour a stream of melted lead in his ear. She trembled, and the hissing liquid, intended to scald the brain and thus kill without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shrieked in excruciating torture, and the revelers in the adjoining saloon rushed into the chamber.

There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend-wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand and an empty vial, labeled laudanum, lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the cause flashed upon every one, and, in the confusion of the moment, she was hurried away and taken to another State. On searching the apartments an old magazine was found containing the confession of a woman who had murdered five husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before the marriage, and the ladle was part of his wedding gift. The grand jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the legislature, being in session, forthwith decreed an absolute divorce. What renders this case more extraordinary was that Miss T. was proverbial for the blandness of her manners and uniform sweetness of disposition. The sequel of this romance is yet more singular. Years rolled away, and W. continued a wretched and solitary man; but the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his store, sold his estates, collected his ample means and traced her to her distant retreat, to make a new offer of his hand. She had just married a gentleman of high standing, acquainted with all the details of her career, shuddering at the tragedy, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W! Then, indeed, did the iron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quivered in his side." His early love, his fluctuating courtship, his marriage and the catastrophe, the flight, the divorce, his years of misery, the new birth of his passion and now his disappointment, final and forever, came crushing over him like an iceberg in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death.

A Great Man.

Blinks—"Hello, Minks! How did you enjoy your visit to Washington?"

Minks—"First rate. Had a good time and saw all the sights."

"Notice anything peculiar?"

"Well, no; nothing very remarkable, except that there is only one Senator who wears a swallow-tailed coat during the sessions."

"Some great man, I suppose."

"Well, yes; he looks so—from behind."—*Philadelphia Call.*

for
a natural
utilization
in the
property,
which pur-
poses he is
enthusiastic
believer,
he has had
set in gear
about
Folkstone
harbor, where
journeyed
some
gentlemen
interested
in the ob-
ject.

The experiments would have had greater practical results if the sea had been rougher. But the visitors saw enough to convince them of the marvelous effects of oil in quieting the perturbation of the ocean. The "white horses" that came tumbling in from the channel had to smooth their manes and take on demureness as soon as they reached the rayon of the oil. And not the least surprising features of the oil's influence is the singularly small quantity of it needed to produce the most marked effect. It was told to the visitors that a single drop of oil will spread over a water surface of one square yard. In an Atlantic storm, in the winter of 1882, the captain of the *Airlie*, making very heavy weather as he lay hove-to, determined to try the "oil-cure." He hung out two canvas bags, each containing about two gallons of oil. In half an hour his deck was dry, and for forty-eight hours not even a spray broke over the bulwarks. When the gale abated he hauled in his bags, the oil in which had never been renewed, and there remained still in each bag over a quart of oil.

When the visitors reached the end of Folkstone pier they found a couple of force pumps rigged there, and were told that a pipe from these stretched along the bottom in a westerly direction to a point on the shore, inclosing a considerable extent of broken and troubled water. Presently the pumps were set to work, and soon after the oil was seen rising to the surface, and spreading over it, having escaped from the pipe through the valves. The "fields" of oil were at first distinct, but as they spread gradually over the troubled surface, they coalesced, and then that surface, though heaving in a languid, heavy manner, was unbroken by foam crest. The "pack" or "field" of oil slowly drifted away with the tide past the pier head, and so eastward in the direction of Dover, spreading wider and wider as it drifted, the oil still maintaining its dominance over the chafing billows. In the calm water it made, the Folkstone lifeboat rode lightly, gently rising and falling, whereas in the rougher water beyond the influence of the oil, the gallant craft had been dancing about like a cork. On the unrolled water her progress had been slow, notwithstanding that the lusty crew lay down to their work with a right good will; but within the region which the oil had lubricated, she traveled at speed with much less strenuous strokes of the oars.—*London News.*

Mines and Minerals of Mexico.

The next most important deposits are the important bed of iron, chiefly in the form of the magnetite and hematite ores. The well-known Cerro del Mercado, in the State of Durango, has been estimated to contain sixty million cubic yards of iron ore, which have a weight of five billion quintals, and give, according to an analysis by M. H. Borje, of Philadelphia, sixty-six per cent. of pure metal. Lead ores are abundant; copper is mined at various places; oxide of tin is found in veins and alluvial beds at Durango. Mercury occurs as cinnabar in several States; and zinc ores, with platinum, antimony, cobalt and nickel, in not large quantities, are found in Chihuahua. The principal coal-beds are in the States of Oaxaca, Vera Cruz, Mexico, Puebla, Neuvo Leon, Tamaulipas and Sonora. The anthracite bed recently discovered at Barranca, on the Yaqui river in Sonora, is probably the largest and richest deposit of coal in the republic. Lignite, or brown coal, occurs in many places, but is not used to any great extent. The demand for coal is, so far, much greater than the supply accessible to the railroads. Mining is still conducted by working on the old Mexican plan, and this system has been found, under existing circumstances, to be more economical and profitable than a system in which modern and improved methods are applied.

Some of the oldest mines in Mexico, many of which were worked before the Spanish conquest, are at Pachuca, in the State of Hidalgo. There are about 150 of them, seventy-five of which are in the Real del Monte, affording an ore composed mainly of blackish silver sulphides. The ore is worked here, as at Guanajuato by the patio process.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Australian carpenters work only eight hours per day, and have a half holiday every Saturday.