

**A CARCANET.**

Not what the chemists say they be  
Are pearls—they never grow;  
They come not from the hollow sea,  
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,  
Through green and briny whirls,  
Where great shells catch it in their lips  
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beautiful made,  
Oh, why not tears, my girl?  
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—  
I do but kiss a pearl!

—R. H. Stoddard.

**A MOURNER'S HORSE.**

Recently on my way across the downs I overtook the national schoolmaster and walked some little distance with him discussing free education and what would come of it. The schoolmaster is town bred—a thin, clean shaven man, whose black habit and tall hat, though considerably bronzed, refused to harmonize with the scenery amid which they move. His speech is formal and slightly dogmatic. On the subject of free education he talked with angry positiveness, as one acquainted with the facts. His cold eyes sparkled behind his spectacles, and, tucking his umbrella tightly under his arm, he ticked off his arguments, tapping his right forefinger on the palm of his left hand.

Thus occupied, we were passing the door of a farmhouse on the edge of the downs when an ugly sheepdog, a grizzled, tail-less brute, came leaping over it and flew at our legs.

I had wheeled around and my ash sapling was lifted for a blow when the schoolmaster arrested me with a peal of horrid, discordant laughter. He was crouching with a hand on either thigh and his spectacles almost on a level with the dog's jaws. His hat had shifted to the back of his head, and the look of derision on his face was something devilish. At intervals of about three seconds he flung a yell of unattractive mirth straight in the dog's face. Down went the brute's tail, and he slunk around and back over the wall, rubbing his belly on the coping in his abject discomfort.

The schoolmaster straightened himself and resumed his somber respectability at once. I stared back on the empty road without speaking. The man's impish outburst, to tell the truth, had startled me not a little. I saw its success, of course, but somehow it had been too well done, and I wondered if he would take up his argument again.

Instead he chuckled dryly after a moment and began:  
"That's a better weapon than a gun."  
"Ridiculous!"  
He nodded.  
"You used it uncommonly well," said I.  
"Oh, it's easy. The test of any creature—man or dog—is, Can he parry it? I never met one that could. You see, every living being has some secret shame; man or dog, we all pretend to be what we are not. It is all very well to say 'like to the crackling of thorns under a pot,' but the point is that we're all in the pot and liable to be cooked."

He walked on a dozen steps and resumed in a tone altogether lighter:

"I'll tell you a tale on this point that may amuse you at my expense. I am London bred, as you know—a cockney in the grain to this day, though when I came down here to teach school I was barely twenty and now I'm fifty-six. 'Twas during the summer holidays that I first set foot in the neighborhood, a week before school opened again. I came early to look for lodgings and find out a little about the people and settle down a bit before beginning work.

"The vicar—the late vicar—commended me to the farmhouse we had just passed. It was occupied in those days by an old farmer called Retalack, a widower and childless. His sister, Miss Jane Ann, kept home for him, and these were the only two souls on the premises till I came and was boarded by them for thirteen shillings a week. For that price they let me have a bedroom, a fair sized sitting room and as much as I could eat.

"A month after I arrived Farmer Retalack was put to bed with a bad attack of colic. This was on a Wednesday, and on Saturday morning Miss Jane Ann came to my door with a message that the old man would like to see me. So I went to his room and found him propped up in the bed with pillows and looking very yellow in the gills, though clearly convalescent.

"Schoolmaster," said he, "I've surmised a favor to beg of ye. You give the children a half holiday, Saturdays—hey? Well, dy'e think ye could drive the brown horse into Terzarick this afternoon? Fact is, my old friend, Abe Walters, that keeps the Packhorse, is lyin' dead, and they bury en at half after 3 today. I'd be main glad to attend the feast an tell Missus Walters how much deceased 'll be missed, but I might so well try to fly. Now if you could attend an just pass the word that I'm laid on my back with colic, but that ye've come to show respect! my place—there'll be lubbins of vittles an drink; no Walters was ever interred under a kilderkin, exceptin' their second child that died in teething—an he took a nice gallon cask, besides port an sherry wip to an uncertain amount. I had that from the mother."

"Now the fact was, I had never driven a horse in my life and hardly knew, as they say, a horse's head from his tail till he began to move. But this is just the sort of ignorance no young man will confess to. So I answered that I was engaged that evening. We were just organizing night classes for the young men of the parish and the vicar was to open the first, with a short address, at half past 6.

"You'll be back in loads o' time," the farmer assured me.

"To tell you the truth," said I, "I'm not accustomed to drive much."

"He declared that it was impossible to come to grief on the way, the brown horse being quiet as a lamb and knowing every stone of the road by heart. And the end was that I consented. The brown horse was harnessed by the farm boy and led around with the gig while Miss Jane Ann and I were finishing our midday meal. And I drove off alone in a black suit and with my heart in my mouth.

"The brown horse, as the farmer had promised, was quiet as a lamb. He went forward at a steady jog, and even had the

good sense to quarter on his own account for the one or two vehicles we met on the broad road. Pretty soon I began to experiment gingerly with the reins, and by the time we reach Terzarick street was handling them with quite an air, while observing the face of every one I met to make sure I was not being laughed at. The prospect of Terzarick Park—sweet frightened me a good deal, and there was a sharp corner to turn at the entrance of the inn yard. But the old horse knew his business so well that had I pulled on one rein with all my strength I believe it would have merely annoyed without affecting him. He took me into the yard without a mistake, and I gave up the reins to the ostler, thanking heaven and looking careless.

"The inn was crowded with mourners, eating and drinking and discussing the dead man's virtues. The assembly room at the back, where the subscription dances were held, was filled with a suffocating crowd, a reek of hot joints and the clicking of knives and forks. I caught sight of the widow moving up and down before a long table and shedding tears while she changed her guests' plates. She heard my message, and welcoming me with effusion hurried away to put on her bonnet for the funeral.

"More than an hour later I hurried back from the churchyard to the inn and told the ostler to put my horse in the gig. The funeral was over and I had not much time to spare.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the ostler said, "but I'm new to this place. Which is your horse?"

"Oh, I answered, 'he's a brown. You'll know him easily enough."

"The man returned in about five minutes. 'There's six brown horses in the stable, sir. Would 'er mind comin an pickin out yours?'  
"I followed him with a sense of coming evil. Sure enough, there were six brown horses in the big stable and to save my life I couldn't tell which was mine. Of any difference between horses, except that of color, I'd no idea. I scanned them all anxiously and felt the ostler's eye upon me. I had an impulse to confide my difficulty to him, but reflected that this wouldn't help me in the least. After a minute, pulling out my watch carefully I said:

"By George, I'd no idea it was so early. Never mind. I won't start for a few minutes yet."

"This was the only course—to wait until the other five owners of brown horses had driven home. I went back to the inn and talked and drank sherry, watching the clock tick by degrees and speeding the lingering mourners with all my prayers. The time dragged on till nothing short of a miracle could take me back in time for the night class. The widow came and talked to me. I answered her at random.

"Twice I revisited the stable, and the last time found but three brown horses left. I went back and consumed more sherry and biscuits. Ten more minutes passed, and there were left only the widow herself and a trio of elderly men. As I hung about trying to look unobtrusive sympathy at the group, it dawned on me that they were beginning to eye me unkindly. I took a sponge cake and another glass of wine. One of the men who wore a high stock and an edging of stiff gray hair around his bald head—advanced to me:

"This funeral," said he, "is over."  
"Yes, yes," I stammered, and choked over a sip of sherry.

"We are waiting—let me tap you on the back—we are waiting to read the will."

"I rushed out of the room and down to the stables. The ostler was harnessing the one brown horse that remained. 'I was thinkin you wouldn't be long, sir,' he said; 'you're the very last, 'a believe, an here ends a hard day's work.'

"I drove off. It was nearly 7 by this, but I didn't even think of the night class. I was wondering if the horse I drove were really Farmer Retalack's. Somehow—really because his feed of corn pricked him or no, I can't say—he was a deal more lively than on the outward journey. I looked at him narrowly and began to feel sure it was another horse. In spite of the cool evening a sweat broke out upon me.

"Reaching home, I found the farmer dressed and leaning on a stick in the door way.  
"'Lor bless my soul!' he hailed me, 'I've been that worried about ye I couldn't stay in bed. The parson's been up twice from the school house to make inquiries. Where, in the name of goodness—'

"That's a long story," said I, and then, feigning to speak carelessly, though I heard my heart go thump. 'How dy'e think the brown horse look after the journey?'  
"Oh, he's right enough," the old man replied indifferently. 'I'd take a lot to hurt he. But—'

"But I had never felt so glad in my life."  
—Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in Spraker

**"Choke Off" in English Prisons.**

The greater number of men who daily complain of sickness in a convict prison are undoubtedly shamming in order to obtain lighter labor or a spell in the hospital. Generally it is no easy task to impose upon an experienced prison doctor, and "By men" trying it on have to devise and contrive the most ingenious of dodges to throw dust into his eyes. In most cases the medico is too sharp for the knowing gentleman and prescribes, by way of reprisal, a dose of—what convicts term—"choke off," to be taken there and then.

"Choke off" is compounded of several of the nastiest and most noxious drugs in the pharmacopoeia ingeniously blended to insure a lasting impression on the palate. It takes days—so I have been assured—to get the taste of this horrible mixture out of the mouth; and as garlic and asafoetida are two of its ingredients, the sense of smell is likewise offensively exercised when a dose of "choke off" is partaken of by an unhappy wretch suspected of shamming. I have never seen anything in the way of a pantomime more comic and diverting than the grimaces and facial contortions of Bill Sikes on receiving a strong and liberal dose of this powerful antidote to laziness and humbug.—London Tit-Bits.

During a masked ball at Covent Garden theater thieves made off with valuable diamonds and jewelry which they are said to have cut from the ladies' dresses.

**THE PARIS AMBULANCE SYSTEM.**

**Careful Transfer of Patients with Contagious Diseases to the Hospital.**

The ambulances of the De Stael and Chaligny street stations in Paris have four wheels provided with rubber tires and are drawn by one horse. The corners are rounded in the interior, and the sheet iron sides are painted and varnished. They contain a flexible metallic seat for the nurse and a litter for the patient. A rubber tube permits of communication with the driver. They include no drawers for the carriage of the clothing and bedding of the patient, this service being incumbent upon the disinfecting station. In winter they are heated with cylinders of hot water.

Each of these vehicles is capable of carrying one adult patient or two children afflicted with the same contagious disease. The ambulance is closed by the driver, who must keep the key in his pocket, but the door can be opened from the interior. So no outsider can open it by inadvertence.

The litter put in use in the ambulance stations of Paris is jointed, so that the patient can be either seated or placed in a reclining posture without having to be disturbed. It is arranged as an armchair for descending stairways and as a bed in the ambulance. The invalid rests on a cushion of pure horsehair, which can be passed through the disinfecting stove an indefinite period.

The patient having been brought down stairs the legs of the litter are placed upon the rollers designed to facilitate its introduction or removal through rails arranged in the vehicle. This litter is made of iron plate, painted and varnished. Apertures are punched in the bottom of it in order to give it greater lightness. For children a litter in the form of a hand barrow is used. It is easily seen that this apparatus can be very easily disinfected.

The carriage is effected as follows: Each station comprises a superintendent, two drivers and a groom. The nurses, who are trained, put on for the carriage of the patient a long blouse of unbleached cotton, well adjusted to the neck and wrists, descending to the heels and buttoning all the way down. The head covering is a cotton cap, which incloses the hair and falls upon the neck.

The road costume of the driver is a blouse and a pair of trousers of cotton worn over his ordinary clothing, and an oilcloth cap which can be easily washed with a disinfecting solution.

The ambulances may be ordered direct by the public verbally, by letter, by telegraph or by telephone. As soon as the notification is received the station superintendent calls up the driver and nurse through an electric bell, the number of strokes sounding giving the number of the ambulances to be got ready. The ambulances, moreover, are always ready to start and a horse remains constantly harnessed. In the office there is posted a list showing to what hospital the patient will have to be sent, according to the nature of his disease.

The ambulance must not stop at any point of its travel under any pretext whatever. As soon as it has deposited the patient at the hospital it must return to the station, where it first enters the yard set apart for disinfection. This operation is effected by means of a liquid projected by a vaporizer. The outer clothing of the nurse and driver are placed in the disinfecting stove. The ambulance and its litter are afterward placed in the wagon house. The nurse, before retiring to her apartments, enters a room where she makes her toilet with disinfecting liquids, and takes care not to neglect to brush her hands and nails with care.—Paris Letter.

**Making the Bench.**

A good story is told of a United States senator who began life as a carpenter. "I will not always be a carpenter," he used to declare, for it seems he had set his heart upon some time entering the legal profession. He did not slight his carpenter's work for his day dreams of what he should do and become, but was noted for his honest, conscientious labor.

One day the young man was planing a board that was to become a part of a "judge's bench" when a friend, observing his painstaking, inquired:

"Why do you take so much pains to smooth that board?"

Instantly the young carpenter replied: "Because I want a smooth seat when I come to sit on it."

His friend laughed and thought the joke so good that he reported it in the shop, and the young man was bantered not a little about the "judge's bench." He always replied, good naturedly:

"Wait and see. He laughs who wins, and I may sit there yet."

And he did; but the distance between the carpenter's and judge's bench was paved with heroic struggles and self sacrifice.—Youth's Companion.

**Scared by a Voice in the Box.**

A baggageman on a midnight train, while taking on board the usual load of freight and baggage, placed to one side a parrot cage. Further up the line, at a small station, he took on board a corpse, and as the next stopping place was a long distance, the baggageman, in order to be comfortable for the ride, stretched himself at full length on the coffin.

He had not ridden far when to his great horror he heard issuing as he supposed from the coffin these words, "Let me out."

The baggageman immediately made up his mind to get out, but was stopped at the end of the car by the mail agent. They decided to investigate the matter, and while thus engaged again heard, "Let me out," in decided tones.

They determined to open the coffin and liberate the corpse, when to their great surprise they heard the same voice exclaim, "Polly wants a cracker!" That solved the mystery.—New York Recorder.

**Snow in June, but None in Winter.**

Persons returning from the hills report that a foot of snow fell Wednesday. It extended down within 2,000 feet of the plains. A shower of "round" snow fell in the vineyards between Fresno and the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where no snow fell at any time last winter.—Fresno Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

**Sunstroke Stops the Wedding of 75 and 25.**

A marriage was interrupted Thursday night by the groom becoming suddenly overcome with the heat and he had to be taken to his hotel, where he has been confined to his bed ever since.

The groom in question is Mr. W. S. Fowler who boards at the Enterprise hotel. Until a short while ago he conducted a livery stable on East Market street, but retired about a year ago with a comfortable fortune. Mr. Fowler is a widower, seventy-five years old, and has several grown children. A short while ago he met Miss Lillie Townsend, a young woman twenty-five years of age, who is employed by J. Bacon & Sons at the glove counter.

The courtship did not last long till the engagement was announced. Mr. Fowler's children, it seems, objected strongly to the marriage and did everything in their power to break off the match. They were unsuccessful, however, and June 15, the day set for the marriage, arrived. The wedding was to take place where Miss Townsend has boarded for several years. Everything was in readiness at the time appointed—the guests, the minister and the happy couple.

Just before the time for the ceremony Mr. Fowler became very faint and would have fallen but for the support of one of the guests. He soon lost consciousness and was taken to the Enterprise hotel in a carriage, where he was put to bed and the doctor summoned. His condition was found not to be serious, but he was suffering from a slight case of sunstroke.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**An Imprisoned Genius.**

Alberto Lopez, who was taken to Yuma recently to serve a two years' term for burglary gave his personal effects to his friends about the jail. Deputy Barry was presented with a facsimile of the Episcopal church made out of pasteboard. Lopez could see the church from one of the jail windows, and he reproduced it almost perfectly. He borrowed a knife from Deputy Sheridan with which he cut up the pasteboard, and then made paste from flour with which to stick the pieces together. It is a piece of workmanship to be proud of. The greatest production of Lopez while confined in jail here is a reproduction of the magnificent Merchants' exchange building in Guadalajara. The entire affair is constructed of paper. On the inside of the building are the stairways, etc., each perfect in its construction. The prisoner must be possessed of a memory much stronger than most men are, to remember every detail of that large structure for a number of years. However much genius the man possessed, he has made bad use of it.—Phoenix Herald.

**Troublesome Seals.**

The salmon fishermen down the river and bay are having trouble this spring from the seals, as usual. These pests are multiplying rather than decreasing and are causing great losses to the weirs. While the seals of the arctic regions have the reputation of being slow, stupid animals, hunters killing them with clubs, those on the Maine coast are the sharp game to be found. They will go in and out of the salmon weirs, either by force or strategy, and eat all the fish they want. They are very hard to get a shot at, and when hit sink to the bottom, the carcass thus being lost to the gunner. One fisherman remarked on a recent Saturday that there was a small fortune in store for the man who would invent a trap that would catch seals and hold them. The bounty upon them doesn't seem to do a bit of good.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

**No Buyer for Raleigh's Youghall House.**

Sir Walter Raleigh's Irish home in Youghall, County Cork, which belonged to the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, M. P., was put up for sale by Messrs. E. & H. Lumley, in the Auction mart, Tokenhouse yard. The house is a fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It was there that Sir Walter smoked the first pipe of tobacco in Ireland and received an unexpected bath from a faithful servant maid, who, on seeing the blue smoke emerging from her master's mouth and curling around his head, thought Sir Walter was falling a victim to spontaneous combustion and threw a pail of cold water over him to extinguish the conflagration. Only £1,250 was bid for the property, which was accordingly bought in by the auctioneer, who said he could not think of selling a historical mansion like it for such a figure.—London Telegraph.

**Telephone from Paris to Bordeaux.**

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the new telephone line between Paris and Bordeaux was opened. Complimentary messages were exchanged between the presidents of the chambers of commerce of both cities, and the minister of commerce, and the mayor of Bordeaux. The telephone works exceedingly well, every word being clearly heard. Before concluding the Elysee telephone was hitched on and a complimentary message sent through from Bordeaux to President Carnot, to which he replied in suitable terms.—Galvani Messenger.

**Cold Water is a Stimulant.**

According to Dr. Lauder Brunton, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. His own experience is that sipping half a wine glass of cold water will raise his pulse from 76 to over 100.

**LITTLE, BUT FULL OF GRIT.**

**What a Plucky Woman Did to a Man Who Tried to Impose Upon Her.**

"Talking about 'pure grit,'" said a woman who was lunching the other day at the Colonial club, "I knew a woman once who was full of it."

"Tell us about her," exclaimed the other two women of the luncheon party. "Who was she?"

"Why, she was my mother," answered the first speaker. "She was the littlest little woman I ever saw, but there was courage and fight enough in her to stock a regiment. I don't mean that she was a nagging creature, making trouble for everybody. She was the sweetest, kindest woman in the world. It was only when somebody tried to impose on her, or on some of us girls, that she came out as a fighter. Let me tell you a story about her, and you'll see what I mean."

"Well, we were living in Iowa when my father, a minister, by the way, died and left mother to manage a farm and to care for a big family of girls. The grain was high in the field and it had to be cut at once. Mother entered into negotiations with a neighbor and was just about to close a trade with him when she discovered that he was trying to overreach—insisting on terms that were exorbitant and absurd."

"Mother told him that she'd get somebody else to cut the grain, and that made him so angry that he was quite rude in his speech. But mother shut the door in his face and left him to have his sputter out all by himself."

"That night about 1 o'clock mother was awakened by a noise out in the yard. She slipped out of bed and peered through the window. There was that same farmer engaged in taking down the bars of grain that mother wouldn't let him cut. The bars down, the man went out into the road for a minute, and the next minute he came back driving a yoke of oxen, which he turned loose into the field."

"What did your mother say to the man?" asked one of the listeners.

"She didn't say anything."

"Didn't she tell him to take that cattle right out of the field?"

"No, indeed; that was not her way of doing things. What she did first was to dress herself. Then she stole quietly down stairs and went out into the yard. Then she went to the barn and got an ox goad. Then she bounded to the grain field and drove the oxen out of it."

"And then she went back to bed, I suppose," said one of the women. "Or did she watch the rest of the night?"

"Neither. She drove those oxen a mile and a half down the road till she came to a great field of corn which belonged to that awful man. Then she took down the bars and wished the oxen good morning."

"On the way back she stopped long enough to open the gate of a pasture in which was quite a herd of steers and to set some of them moving toward the corn field, and they found that field, I can assure you."

"Next morning mother told us what she had done, and we just hugged her and kissed her till she cried."

"And what came of it?"

"Oh, yes—that's the best part of the story. The neighbors somehow found out what had happened, and they were so pleased over it that they came and cut mother's grain for nothing."

"But just think of that little ninety-five-pound woman driving a yoke of oxen a mile and a half in the middle of the night on such an errand! I always feel proud of my little mother when I recall this episode in her life."—New York Times.

**Color Blindness.**

Professor Hering undertook a series of observations upon three normal-sighted persons, namely, upon himself and his two assistants, Doctor Biedermann and Doctor Stilling. These experiments were designed to elicit whether any constant differences could be detected in the color judgments of the three normal-sighted persons who were the subject of experiment. The question proposed for judgment was the determination of the point at which a red which had been graduated off on the one side into a blue red and on the other into a yellow red, could be regarded as the neutral point at which it did not incline either to the one or the other of these colors. When the matter was put to the experimental test in this manner, constant differences were actually discovered to obtain between the judgments of the three individual observers.

The one observer, Dr. Biedermann, in all cases still continued to see a yellowish tinge when the red proposed for judgment had already, in the judgment of the two other observers, long ceased to contain any trace of yellow. Similarly, when it was a question of transition from a blue red to a pure red, the blue faded out from the red first to Dr. Biedermann, next to Professor Hering, and last of all to Dr. Stilling. In fact Dr. Biedermann had regularly begun to see a yellow shade in the red before it had well ceased to have a blue shade for Dr. Stilling. Professor Hering was ascertained to occupy a kind of intermediate position in respect to his susceptibility to yellow and blue rays.—Nineteenth Century.

**Horrors of War.**

Mrs. de Fashion—The papers are again hinting of a war in Europe.  
Mrs. de Style—That would be terrible.  
Mrs. de Fashion—Perfectly dreadful! We'd have to stay at home this summer.—New York Weekly.

**That's All.**

Susie (in stock yard)—Oh, Johnnie look at that big cow—a sleepin over there!  
Johnnie (with a show of superior knowledge)—Now, you be careful, Susie. He's not sleeping; he's only bulldozing.—Truth.

**No Exceptions.**

Tom Barry—Did your girl friends remember you on your birthday?  
Pezilla—No, but you may be sure every one of my girl friends did.—Brooklyn Life.

**Not a Soap Ad.**

Rivers (taking a good look at the infant)—Hain't she rare self possession?  
Banks—Yes. She's a woman of Castle. —Chicago Tribune.