

LOVE DIES NOT.

shines out for a day of two,
the heart of the seed awakes and warms,
the skies are no longer blue,
on come shadows and clouds and storms
that have their way,
for hour, day after day:
"I'm a comfort to me and you
I fade not as the sunbeams do!

out in the quiet sky;
the moon and the moonbeams pale;
the stars bloom but to die;
fountains of pleasure fall;
on our bowers descend;
I sunshine must have an end;
I refer to home, wherever our lot,
I forget to know that love dies not."
—Josephine Pollard.

HURRY AND DISPATCH.

The Principal Causes of Poor and Inefficient Work—Examples.

One of the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry, which possession of some busy people, or imagining they have more to do in less time than can be done properly, or, when pressed, agitated and nervous, under this pressure, they proceed with their work in hand without the requisite attention and care, perhaps omitting some of the most important parts—resulting at last in an imperfect and inefficient performance, which can neither be corrected nor satisfactory.

There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult mental labor, that does not suffer from this cause. The hurry in process of building is to be seen at a certain time. With proper thought and system it would, however, be done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future is impatient, the contractor is impatient, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through, and annoyance, discontent, and sometimes danger ensue. Repairs are soon found necessary. Business men undertake more than they can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the pressure, driven by conflicting interests, his business suffers for the want of clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, and finally suffers from his deterioration, general disaster ensues.

The physician, with many other calls to be hurried through the visit, neglects some important symptom, and his patient dies; the lawyer hurries through his case, and loses his case; the preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon, and fails to make an impression; the artist hurries on his picture to complete, and his best conception is not there; the teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction, and the class is left without the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, even the loss of life that is endured in this world is to be traced to the hurry and which characterize so much of the work performed. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Noises to Promote Sleep.

Sleep preserver such as suggested in your recent issues would be a full blessing to thousands of mothers, would save the lives of many infants, and be a mercy of forty different kinds to discordant sounds.

A special instrument is necessary. Any continuous sound is a lullaby, the sweetest and soundest sleep is produced by sound. "We now have frogs and ostrich ranges; who'll be first to inaugurate a new American industry, establishing a bumble bee ranch, and being trained to buzz a man to sleep? Days when the bee is not needed at the hive, the owner can take him to the office and whenever a chronic bore buzzes him, the bee can be let loose to out-buzz him; there is no better sleep guard than machinery. A person having a spring electric or water motor to run her sewing machine need only remove the needle, and the machine near the patient, and it will run. The infant or invalid would become accustomed to it, and, perhaps, as the castoria man says, "cry for it." Thus will the sewing machine sew itself up "the raveled sleeve of care"—stroke more than its manufacturers have hitherto claimed for it.—S. N. Stearns Scientific American.

Blue Blood Lunatics.

It is singularly unfortunate that the marriage laws in Europe prevent the infusion of some healthy plebeian blood into the veins of the reigning dynasty. Continual intermarriage among relatives during a period of several hundred years has naturally engendered insanity, epilepsy and that agreeable lady known as the "king's evil." A gradually increasing number of infirm princes and princesses is beginning to alarm even the most conservative of monarchs. In addition to the Duchess of Alencon just reported, the names of the present king of Bavaria, the duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the ex-sultan of Turkey, Prince Alexander of Prussia, the Archduke Otto of Austria, the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch of Russia, the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, are sufficient to illustrate the evils of blood which is too "blue."—New York World.

Monte Carlo Deserted.

Monte Carlo may be said to be deserted at least by the English speaking race. The rooms present during the day a very empty appearance, and three or four tables are put out of play, there being few supporters. In the evening, after dinner, some of the old gentry is still evident; even this is in marked contrast to the month of January. Curiously enough, it is the time really heavy players desert to frequent the casino, inasmuch as they can carry on their game with more ease and freedom. Seldom has the maximum stake—12,000 francs—been so often on the rouge or noir as during the fortnight. A Spaniard lost a few days ago 200,000 francs at one sitting. He recovered 150,000 francs next day.—London World.

In society we should try to carry entertainment with us and to seem entertained with our company. A friendly behavior often facilitates and pleases more than wit or brill

AN INTERESTING PEOPLE.

Customs and Morals of the Ancient Inhabitants of the Canaries.

The Canarian Museum possesses some polished axes, of a form and workmanship perfectly similar to those of other parts of the globe, besides the usual instruments, knives, pinces, etc. But at the side of these characters of an inferior civilization some institutions, customs and manners appear which denote a state much more advanced. The Gouanches possessed domestic animals, as the goat, the hog and the dog; but not, as was thought, the camel. They tanned the skins with art, to the point that the skins of the goat and hog with which they enveloped their mummies are perfectly preserved for centuries. They were also very skillful at sewing these skins, although their needles were only bones of fishes and the points of leaves of the palm-tree. They made with woven rushes real tissues, resembling coarse cloth. Although they might not know of the wheel their skill was great in the potter's art. Their vases are frequently of large dimensions, of elegant forms, and of a red color, with designs in bright red or in black. The handles of some, says Dr. Chil, recall those of the pottery of the ancient Egyptian.

The Gouanches obtained fire by rubbing a hard piece of wood against a soft piece. They cultivated wheat, and above all barley. They consumed a great quantity of figs and dates, which are only a little carnosus and peculiar to the Canaries. The vine to them was unknown. Although warriors, and often engaged in civil war, their arms were of the most rudimentary kind. The stone-axes were exceptional. They did not even know the use of the sling. They hurled stones by force of the arm, and this method of attack was sometimes terrible. Their defensive arm was the stick, which was redoubtable in their hands. Their breasts were protected with cuirasses of wood. It was with these elementary means that they for a long time resisted their Spanish conquerors and accomplished exploits which are celebrated in the accounts of their chroniclers.

The Gouanches had neither chariots nor carts, carrying every thing on their backs. They possessed neither boats nor rafts, but were very skillful swimmers. As the seven islands were too distant for them to communicate in this way, their populations remained isolated, and although they had essentially the same degree of civilization, yet in detail their manners were different. In the islands of Fuerte Ventura the remains of important structures are found, which were called palacio by the conquerors. They embalmed their cadavers with great care, but the process has been lost for preserving the flesh. The preserved body was surrounded with aromatic branches, and a number of tanned skins of the hog and goat. The mummy was then placed in a cavern, where it is preserved until our days, or in the open, under some little tumulus. With the Egyptians of the time of the Pharaohs, and the Peruvians of the Incas, the Gouanches were the only people who practiced mummification. They believed in a Supreme Being, who chastised vice and recompensed virtue, particularly valor.

Contrary, however, to that which the chroniclers assert—to justify, without doubt, the cruelties of the Spaniards—they had no idols. Their religion was very advanced. They had, notably in the Grand Canaries, convents of men who lived on public charity, and convents of women rigorously cloistered for whom the sight only of a man was a sin. The morals of the Gouanches were severe. The man who misconducted himself was punished. In the case of a woman, she was unmercifully condemned to death. Another pitiable feature of their customs was that the men and women were not permitted to take the same road, but had their separate paths. They knew not how to write, but had, nevertheless, public schools where the traditions and national songs were taught. Their language was lost after the conquest. They now speak only the Spanish.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A new building material called stone-brick, harder than the hardest clay-brick, is made from simple mortar, but a scientifically made and perfect mortar; in fact, a hydraulic cement, and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state—including also some alumina, which is usually present in sand—and the subsequent heating by steam, give the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cements at present in use.—Public Opinion.

During August there were 2,000 freight cars required to carry California shipments to the East. The amount carried, in pounds, was 40,000,000, and of that enormous quantity over one-half, 20,500,000 pounds, consisted of round, dried and canned fruit. The railroads carried 10,000,000 pounds of sugar and 5,000,000 pounds of tea. The last article was imported, of course, and transhipped, as was also, part of the remainder of the 40,000,000 pounds.

RIPENING BANANAS.

How the Fruit is Nursed and Heated in Hot Cellars.

Everywhere one may hear the cry: "Bananas, all ripe!" Few people know where they come from, who imports them, how they are ripened and put upon the market. The yellow variety, the kind most extensively imported, is brought principally from Jamaica, although Port Limon and Aspinwall each export thousands of bunches yearly. The red variety is wholly imported from Baracao.

One firm now employs three steamships which ply between New York and Jamaica, and are used solely for the importation of fruit, chiefly bananas. These steamers were built expressly for this business, and are constructed with countless ventilators and numerous moveable decks. The fruit is packed in a rather peculiar way. The bunches are stood on end, and two layers are thus spread over the bottom of the vessel's hold, when a moveable deck is fitted over them. Then two more layers of the fruit are laid down, and so on until the cargo is complete. A vessel carries from 8,000 to 18,000 bunches per trip.

The middlemen in the banana business purchase their stock at the wharves as soon as the vessel begins to unload. They buy from 100 to 1,500 bunches at a time and cart them immediately to the cellars, where they are ripened. The banana reaches this country in an extremely green condition. Upon reaching these cellars the bunches are hung on hooks suspended in rows along the ceiling. In the center of the cellar is a gas or oil stove, which is generally so regulated as to preserve a temperature of 60 or 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Here the fruit ripens gradually until it is ready for the retailers.

Some times, however, when the demand is large for the ripened food, the cellar is heated to 75 degrees, and some times even to 80 degrees, but at this temperature the banana is apt to "cook," as it is called, and lose its flavor. In general the temperature of the cellar is varied as the condition of the fruit demands. If the fruit is chilled, a high temperature is imperative.

Some little time ago ice-boxes were introduced to the ripening rooms. In the top of the box is a large apartment, into which the ice is put, while underneath long dripping-pans of galvanized iron are placed. The heat from the gas-stove converts the ice into water, which slowly runs down into the pans below. There it quickly evaporates and reaches the top of the room, where the bananas are hung. This addition was at first regarded as a great improvement, for it ripened the fruit evenly and brought out a golden color on the skin; but it was found when ripened in this manner the fruit was extremely delicate, and that it spoiled almost immediately when exposed to an open atmosphere.

The banana must be nursed as carefully as a child. Any sudden change of temperature or exposure to inclement weather is very sure to produce a bad effect. The fruit may be ripened in twenty-four hours from the time of its arrival, but it is much better if a longer time is taken.

In the transportation of this fruit very great care is used. The bunches are first carefully folded in paper bags and then packed in patent heated cars. These cars contain oil stoves, and are fitted with patent ventilators, which preserve an even temperature about the fruit. The demand for bananas is largest from about April 10 to July 1. They are the most expensive during the last two weeks of April.—N. Y. Evening World.

Governor Ramsay says that the venerable Simon Cameron once explained to him how it was that so many hotel-keepers bear military titles. When the revolutionary war closed the business of the country was in a chaotic condition, all industrial affairs having suffered a complete prostration during the seven years' struggle. The American officers came out of the war without any occupations and as poor as a lot of church mice. About the only business they could go into that didn't require capital was tavern-keeping. So it came to pass in a short time that the head of every hostelry in the country was a Colonel, a Major or a Captain. And from that day to this it has been regarded as the proper thing to invest a hotel-keeper with a military title. It comes to him in the line of honorable tradition.

One of the sights at Buffalo is the Cyclone, a huge pneumatic grain transfer barge. It looks like a gigantic hopper on a raft. It is said that by means of an air exhaust it can elevate 200 bushels a minute, which is very much more than the ordinary elevator can do.

Tennessee has an area of 5,100 square miles of coal, which covers twenty-two counties. During the past six years the output of coal in the State has grown from 494,000 tons to 1,700,000 tons, an increase of 400 per cent.

DAKOTA'S POP-WEED.

A Remarkable Plant Which Sometimes Creates a Decided Sensation.

The last six years have developed wonderful things in Dakota, both in the productions of the soil and of the settlers, if we may believe the newspapers, and until we have occasion to doubt a Dakota editor our confidence will remain unshaken. Eastern Dakota is old now and no new thing can come out of it to startle the world, and since the delicious Buffalo berry acknowledged to a Pierre lady, a year ago, that it was discovered, men of science have crossed the "Big Muddy" into the wilds beyond, and their discoveries are numerous and even more wonderful than before. A Dakota editor and his wife while out snaking recently discovered several new species of snakes, the most interesting of which was the "fish snake." Two years ago the pop-weed first made its appearance along the borders of civilization from the interior of the Sioux Reservation; and cattlemen along the Missouri bottoms have had interesting times ever since. It is quite late in the fall when the pop-weed ball begins to roll like tumble-weeds over the prairies. The pop-weed is a rank growing weed known only to this section; it has a stalk like the cabbage plant, with a large round top the size of a Hubbard squash and about the same color. There are thousands of acres of the pop-weed in the reservation, and they are very numerous and grow to a prodigious size in the vicinity of "alkali beds." When the "terrific northwest winds" blow late in the fall the pop-balls become detached from the stalks and roll for miles over the prairies; until they reach uneven country or other obstructions, where they accumulate and pile up like high banks of snow. Behind these banks of weeds the wild buffalo found shelter in mid-winter from the fierce blizzards. If the pop-weed ball comes forcibly in contact with any hard object while rolling it explodes with a tremendous report, a cloud of fine powder passes off through the air, and thousands of sharp, fine needles are thrown out in every direction. These needles are the seeds of the pop-weed, and are what produce the mischief with stock, for they are very penetrating. A "critter" will run from a rolling pop-weed like a jack-rabbit from a coyote. The Indians now located at Brule Agency tell strange and interesting stories about the weed. It is said that the young braves of the tribe, for discipline and to prepare themselves to endure great torture, would select chiefs and array themselves in battle line, and fight with these pop-balls like schoolboys in a snowball contest. "The battle of the pop-weed" was held once a year, and was witnessed by the whole tribe with great pomp and parade. This day was to the young braves what the Fourth of July is to the American youth. There were the smoke and noise of battle to perfection, and the fine, sharp needles caused intense pain. The greatest exhibitions of bravery were rewarded by promotion in the tribe, and presentations of handsome bead-work were made by the young braves' best girls. But this famous weed, that once sheltered the wild buffalo of the plains from the winter storms and was used in the sham battles of the young Sioux braves, has since become very obnoxious to the Missouri river cattlemen, and they are agitating the question of the best method of obtaining protection from it. In the "Village of Pop-Weed" (so-called by the Indians, because the weeds cover the ground for miles at this point and grow very large) are the arrow-grounds. Just before starting on the annual hunt they went in large numbers to the pop-weed village for arrows. The needles from the largest pop-weeds are very long, and when baked in hot ashes become very hard and strong and make good arrows. When they found a large pop-ball they would shoot into it with arrows and cause it to explode and throw out its needles, which they gathered and prepared for use. The Indians went arrowing late in the fall, and before the pop-weed ball commenced to roll over the prairies all the Indian villages were deserted. This was the order of the tribe every fall to get their horses and other stock out of the way of the dangerous pop-weed to prevent them from running away. The pop-weed is as yet unknown to botanists.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A gentleman who has taken a house at the seaside for the summer advertised for a housekeeper, and entertaining enough were some of the answers he received. In one case a woman wrote that she must have two rooms, artistically furnished, and a comfortable stall in the stable for her saddlehorse. The gentleman says he is much impressed by her forbearance in not insisting that he should also provide her with a groom in livery.

A writer upon racial characteristics says the Irish type is distinguished by light eyes, combined with dark hair, a long, low and narrow skull, prominent cheek bones and the flat, level eyebrow. The average stature of Irishmen is about five feet seven inches.

A KAFFIR HEROINE.

Adventures of a South African Girl Who Sought Her Lover.

The following is in outline the story of a real Kaffir heroine: A father who had been unfortunate and had lost all his wealth was importuned to give up his two daughters for wives to the master who had befriended him in his necessities. He had no power, even if he had the will, to resist the demand; so in due time the daughters were sent to their intended lord's kraal. They would not go into the hut, until at last they were forcibly carried in. It was night, and one of the girls, worn out with fatigue and weeping, had fallen asleep. But if she slept her sister was awake, and determined to be free. Her eyes turned toward the distant land of Natal, for among those of her tribe who had taken refuge there was a certain young man with whom she had been acquainted from childhood, and who had obtained possession of her heart before that evil day which compelled him to run for his life. When she thought the fit moment had come Uzinto released herself from her bonds, and taking up her mat crept out of the hut.

She determined to avoid the kraals and travel as much as possible in the bush. A terrible fight caused by a leopard was the only incident she met with, and at the end of the fourth day she forded the river Tugela, very tired and very hungry. Uzinto now went to a kraal to obtain food, and to discover where her people lived: The owner saw that she was a fugitive, and thought it a fine opportunity to gain a wife without expense. She declined to become an inmate of his house, and abode with one of his wives for the night. The jealous wife communicated to her the information she wanted, and told her that the man wished to deceive her. When Uzinto departed in the morning the master of the kraal met her and again endeavored to persuade her to return. He was rich; she should have plenty of milk and plenty of beef; she had only to become his wife to be happy and honored. She listened in silence and went on her way to her own people, where she was received by the chief as one of his wards. Then began her search for her lover. His brother's kraal adjoined her new home, and one morning, meeting her lover's favorite nephew, affecting not to know him, she said that his face was not altogether strange to her, and wondered where she had seen him. The boy did not think she had seen him anywhere, and when she suggested the Folsot river he told her he had never seen there. The truth was the shrewd urchin knew her and wanted to make her more explicit and say whose nephew he was. She found that her lover was many miles away. The boy took a message from her, and her lover's reply was favorable, though no present accompanied it; and when Uzinto thought thereon her heart was sad. Meantime two suitors paid her unremitting attention, but she turned a deaf ear to their prayers. After awhile her lover came back; but the offended maiden would not deign to speak to him; and when he became sick she attended to him, but in silence. After his recovery she took a little girl and set off for his kraal under cover of the night, that she might have an interview without creating suspicion. The entrance was closed, but she threw a stone upon the hut. Then, after a scene with her lover she fixed her value at ten cows, told him when he had worked long enough to obtain that number she would come to his kraal and be betrothed. Some time afterward she appeared unexpectedly at her lover's kraal and demanded to be betrothed. But the people were afraid to kill the goat without the chief's sanction, and a messenger being sent to their chief and she was obliged to go back. Again, however, she appeared at her lover's hut, and this time, in spite of the chief's rights, the goat was killed and she became the wife of her old lover.—Antiquary.

Torn to Pieces by a Dog.

Two burglars less cautious than the fraternity generally is, attempted to enter a wine merchant's store in Paris. Having broken off the shutters, they broke a pane of glass and one of them attempted to creep in through the window. When half in his arm was suddenly seized by a large dog, which pulled the man into the store and began tearing him up. The terrible cries of the victim brought an employe and the proprietor of the store to the scene, who, after some trouble, succeeded in getting the thief free from the dog's jaws. He was in a pitiable condition, the flesh being torn from the body so as to lay bare the bones everywhere, and there is but little hope of saving his life. His accomplice ran away as soon as he saw his companion at the mercy of the dog.—London Echo.

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."—Chicago Sunday National.