

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Between the lines the smoke hung low
And shells flew screaming to and fro,
White blue or gray in sharp distress
Bode fast, their shattered lines to press
Again upon the lingering foe.

'Tis past—and now the roses blow
Where war was raging years ago,
And naught exists save friendliness
Between the lines.

To you who made the traveler know
In southern homes how warm hearts glow,
Let even this halting verse express
Some measure of true thankfulness,
And grateful, loving memory show
Between the lines.

—Walter Learned in The Century.

MOUNT MYSTERY.

We were lost in the heart of Costa Rica. There were six of us in the party, all young fellows with little or no experience, and when we realized our situation we were in despair.

When we started out from the coast it seemed to us that it would be a regular frolic to spend a couple of weeks among the mountains in the interior. At the end of that time the brig Pacific would be ready to depart, and we could then resume our journey to San Francisco.

The captain of the vessel endeavored to dissuade us.

"The natives are not likely to bother you," he said, "but very little is known of the country beyond the mountains. Strange tales have reached my ears, and although I am as fond of adventure as anybody, the trip would not suit me."

We laughed at the old sailor. We were well armed and afraid of nothing.

"It is all right," I told the captain, "with proper caution there will be no danger. We may make valuable discoveries and become famous explorers. It is time to unveil the secrets of this wonderful land, and it is nonsense to be frightened off by a few sailors' yarns."

The captain shook his head and said no more. We completed our preparations for the trip, and early one morning started off in the highest spirits.

When the discovery was made, after we had been camping out for about a week, that we had lost our way it appeared to muddle our heads.

Various attempts were made to head towards the coast, but in every instance we were compelled to return disheartened and uncertain as to our course.

The few natives encountered in our wanderings were unlike those along the seaboard. They were light colored, handsome and active, and fled at our approach, refusing to hold any communication with us.

One evening we camped on the borders of a lovely lake under the shadow of a frowning mountain.

"There is something queer about that mountain," remarked Walpole, the only sailor in our party.

"Queer!" I replied cautiously. "Every thing is queer in this peculiar land. What is it about the mountain that strikes you?"

"While I have been resting here," said Walpole, who was lazily reclining on the grass, "I have been using my eyes. The mountain is as steep on this side as the face of a stone wall. If it is that way all around the top must be inaccessible."

"Well," I answered, "who wants to climb to the top?"

"I do, for one," responded Walpole. "The luminous cloud or vapor around the summit and reaching down the sides is a strange thing. Just watch it for a moment."

I looked upward at the precipitous mass of rock. The cloud was stationary, and looked more like steam than anything else.

"Occasionally," said my companion, "I see birds fly out of the cloud, and after circling about for awhile they always return. Then, if my ears do not deceive me, and they are keen ones, I can distinguish various voices all coming from the direction of the cloud."

"Why, man, you are losing your senses," I interrupted. "If the summit is inaccessible what can there be up there to make a noise?"

"Birds at least," said the sailor, with a smile. "I can swear to seeing the birds. I don't know what else may be up there, but several times in the last half hour I have heard the clang of metal and the sound of human voices."

"He is right," said Hinton, another member of our party. "I have heard the same sounds, but I didn't like to mention it."

"Why not explore a little?" I suggested, indifferently.

To my surprise everybody agreed. The men were tired roaming about aimlessly with disappointment at every turn. They were ready for anything for a change.

In the morning two men started in one direction around the base of the mountain, while two went in the other. Their plan was to proceed until they met, and then return together.

I remained with one man at the camp. Others might investigate Mount Mystery, as we called it, but I felt too fatigued for such an effort.

During the day we lounged about and watched the cloud wrapped phenomenon before us. More than once I heard a clatter apparently in the upper air, and once or twice I was sure that I heard voices. Evidently Mount Mystery was a good name for this freak of nature.

Late in the afternoon our comrades returned. They had walked all day, covering many miles, and they had learned nothing except that the mountain presented the same perpendicular wall-like appearance all the way around.

"At one place," said Hinton, "we saw a tolerably large stream of water trickling down the sides of the rock. So there is water up there, and it may be that the whole surface is productive and inhabited."

"You forget," I objected, "that it is impossible for any living thing except a bird to get up there."

"Of course I don't attempt to explain it," said Walpole, "but it is possible that ages ago the mountain sloped down, at least on one side. An earthquake or landslide may have left it in its present condition, with a whole tribe of people stranded there among the clouds. I don't say it is so, but that may be the way of it."

Night came upon us again, and we were glad to rest.

"What is that?"

Hinton was standing over me pointing to the mountain. I was wide awake in a moment and listened intently.

High above the earth I heard voices singing what seemed to be a barbaric chant. Mingled with the voices I could hear the clash and sonorous peal of musical instruments.

"What do you say now?" asked Walpole, coming up.

Every man in the camp was awakened, and we spent the greater part of the night listening to the marvelous concert in the clouds.

The dawn of day found us looking at each other with pale faces and anxious eyes.

"Shall we break camp and move?" I asked.

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Walpole. "Give me one more day. I have found out something this morning that may lead to a great discovery. Down there by the lake there is what appears to be a streak of moss running in a zig zag fashion up the mountain. Well, that moss fringes and partially conceals something like a rough hewn or perhaps a natural flight of narrow steps winding around up the mountain. I am confident that a sailor like myself could manage to ascend a considerable distance, and I am going to try it."

We raised a unanimous protest, but Walpole was obstinate.

"I will take off my shoes," he said, "and by crawling on my hands and knees and by hugging the face of the rock it will be safe."

There was no way of talking him out of the notion, and as he could climb like a cat we finally agreed to let him try it.

It was slow work after the brave fellow had got fairly started and we watched him in breathless suspense. He crawled at a snail like pace, never looking down, but keeping his eyes fixed on some point above.

Two or three of the men made a terrible effort to follow him, but soon had to retrace their steps. The pathway was so narrow that only the most expert and surefooted climber could make his way.

It was midday before Walpole reached the edge of the white cloud or mist. After that we lost sight of him.

How far was he from the summit after he entered the cloud? Would he be able to proceed? Would he return alive?

We asked each other these questions as we waited for the result.

It was perhaps an hour after we had lost sight of Walpole that we heard a cracking, grinding noise.

We looked at the mountain, and to our unutterable horror saw great fragments of granite falling over the mountain side, carrying with them the last vestige of the steps by which our poor friend had ascended!

The debris rattled down into the lake, leaving the wall perfectly upright and even, without the slightest projection to which any one could cling.

As the sound of the falling rocks died away we shouted the name of Walpole. If he heard us in the luminous mist above he made no reply.

We spent one more night of anxiety and suspense at the foot of Mount Mystery.

There was absolutely no hope of ever seeing our lost companion again, but we could not tear ourselves from the place.

For the last time that night we heard the ringing songs and the triumphant music in the cloud. It seemed wilder, louder, more exultant than before.

"They are rejoicing," said Hinton, "over the capture or death of Walpole."

I did not doubt it. It was not likely that these strange dwellers in the air would spare one from the earth below who found his way into their midst.

The tumult on the mountain lasted until daybreak. There was nothing to be gained by delaying our departure, and it was with a sense of relief that we marched off, hoping this time to reach the coast.

It would be tiresome to relate the story of our trials. We made our way to the little port where the brig awaited us, and told the captain all about the tragic adventure of Mount Mystery.

"I dreaded something of the kind," said the old man. "Do you know that the mountain has figured in our sea stories for more than a century? I do not believe in anything supernatural, but I believe that if any explorers ever reach the top of Mount Mystery they will find a tribe of people who, with their ancestors, have been cut off from the rest of the world for hundreds of years. As for poor Walpole, it does not matter whether he is living or dead. He is dead to the world. He will never get out of that big white cloud and find his way to the plains below."

So we sailed away in the Pacific, and from that day to this I have never heard anything further from the mysterious land in the luminous cloud.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

The Sepulchral "Whistling Buoy."

Perhaps other people are familiar with "whistling buoys," but the one anchored off Monhegan was a novel sight to me. It lies about two miles away to the north-west, and is made apparently of sheet iron, in shape like a large old fashioned locomotive smoke stack, inverted. We sailed out to examine it one day, and with much interest watched this great black mass bobbing up and down with each wave, and uttering a grim "moo" (the sounding is by no means unlike the lowing of a mournful cow) as the waves dashed up inside the drum. It was an eerie sight, and I soon had enough of it. Perhaps the fact that the waves were high and the breeze nearly gone, may have contributed to my sensations of queerness. At any rate, we did not get away as soon as I wished. I have since learned that the buoy has broken loose and drifted away. What consternation must it cause the unwary fisherman who shall be out alone at dusk in a small boat and shall see this large black body approach and groan in its sepulchral way. Let us hope that it has ere this been captured and again put in bondage.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

A singular effect of a recent blasting by the railroad men at Ortega hill, near Santa Barbara, Cal., was the stopping of clocks and watches in the city for several hours.

CARE OF AGED PERSONS.

HOW TO LIFT THEM OVER LIFE'S ROUGH PLACES.

The First Physical Changes Noticeable as the Years Glide Swiftly by—A Physician's Ideas Concerning Diet and Medicine—Sleep—Temperature.

There appears good reason for considering old age "second childhood." The development seen in childhood during the first five years is reversed, though more gradually in those who live to be over 80 years old. Among the most noticeable changes is wasting, first, of the least essential part of the body—fat. As that disappears a shriveled appearance of the aged subject is the result; the face becomes deeply wrinkled, the hands bony and the limbs shrunken. Then the muscular tissue is slowly absorbed, and the process is accompanied by loss of strength, which, however, is less noticeable by reason of the previous reduction in weight. Occasionally we note in very aged people that the powers of the mental faculties are retained in a wonderful degree, but in the majority of cases they are more or less impaired, and the subjects become capricious, exacting, and, in fact, childish. The feebleness of mental power is due to wasting of the brain. As has been said, the memory goes first, especially the recollection of recent events. Far off remembrances of early days, and those of middle life, come up almost as freshly as ever; but what happened yesterday, or even to-day, is easily forgotten. The power to reason closely, or to give attention very long to one subject, next gives way. We need not dwell on the dimness of sight and dullness of hearing which are among the usual, but not universal, infirmities of age. In all these particulars there is a very great variety in individuals. Some of those who live the longest retain till the last more of their original mental capacity, with good sight, hearing and muscular strength, than those whose life energy is exhausted not much after the end of four score years.

POWERS OF DIGESTION.

The care of the aged is a subject which must concern all, although to some of us the time when we shall need the application of correct management may seem far off. It is easy to reason out the most imperative needs. We know that the powers of digestion must necessarily be weaker at 70 than in early life; hence the importance of a correct dietetic regimen. Food must be taken oftener and less in amount at each feeding. After a person has reached the age just stated, he should take food four times a day until he is 80 years old; then, for the next ten years that he lives, five meals each day are more than many, and his food should be simple and easily digested. There are very few people near the age of 90 who have many sound teeth; therefore, during the years which follow their loss, unless false can be worn, their diet should be liquid, and made up largely of milk. Beef tea, and fluid extracts of beef, properly prepared, are of great assistance in feeding the aged.

After three score years and ten have been reached, earlier if it appears necessary, it will be well to commence the use of stimulants. It cannot be denied that by the judicious administration of alcohol to the aged better health and longer life are promoted. Of course, it must be wisely given, or instead of a benefit, it will prove an injury. The question naturally arises, what quantity may be safely allowed and only good follow its use? No rule applicable alike in all cases can be given; each case must be studied, and the estimate made on individual needs. In a general way, it may be said that when decline in the vital powers, in consequence of old age, is reached, be it at the age of 65, 70, or later, use of stimulants may properly commence. If the subject has been habituated to the use of alcoholic drinks, then the quantity allowed him may be greater. But if he has lived a temperate life, a teaspoonful of whisky or brandy, or a dessertspoonful of the stronger wines, sherry, etc., may be properly given before his meals. Alcohol will improve his appetite, stimulate digestion and quicken circulation. As he declines in life, and his strength fails, the quantity will need to be increased somewhat. The conservative reader will kindly understand, that we advise alcohol in old age as an accessory food. Not only would we discourage its use for any other purpose, unless it be medicinal, but we most emphatically condemn it. Give the old man or woman regular doses of a teaspoonful or more if needed, of whisky, or some stimulant equally as strong, or the equivalent in wines, and he or she will be better for it, and, we doubt not, will live to a greater age.

MORE HOURS OF SLEEP.

The younger a child the more hours of sleep it needs. In declining life the number of hours in bed must be progressively increased. Old people, as a rule, are more or less wakeful; few among them sleep so many hours continuously as those who are younger. At least eight hours of the twenty-four should be passed in bed by every one who has reached his 60th year. After 70, nine hours should be passed in the same way; after 80, ten; and as 90 approaches at least half of the time should be spent in bed or reclining on a couch.

The next measure of treatment which we shall recommend for the aged will doubtless be as strongly antagonized as the stimulant treatment already advocated. Here we will say it is by no means original with us, but has long been recognized and advised by able physicians. It is that of giving opium during declining life. This agent may be used to promote sleep, and under certain conditions it can very properly be administered occasionally during the daytime. If the aged subject is wakeful and sufficient sleep is denied him, then ten or fifteen drops of laudanum on retiring will be found of benefit in nearly all cases, and if its action is good, there can be no excuse for withholding it. Restlessness and mental irritability, which tell sorely on the aged, may demand, as stated, its use at other times. It should be remembered that opium is not simply a quieting, or what some call a "benumbing agent," it is a stimulant, and with nearly all very old people it acts well, and seems to help "lift them over the rough places" encountered in the way down the decline of life.

The natural temperature of the body is lowest in the aged. They cannot bear the cold well, and are easily made ill by it. Therefore, their clothing should be the warmest, and, if very old, they should not sleep in

a room where the temperature is below 50 degs. In warm, pleasant weather they can be in the open air if it pleases them; in fact, the more they are out of doors, if the conditions are favorable, the better. But in very cold weather, those who are far advanced in life should be comfortably housed. As has been said, a very old person "riks death from cold stroke by even walking out of doors when the temperature approaches zero."—Boston Herald.

Industrial Training in Germany.

An interesting letter giving an account of the industrial training system in the schools of Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, was recently published in Science. It seems that in the girls' schools some kind of needlework has always been taught. "From the very earliest times of school history girls have been known to take their knitting and sewing to school, and in the early part of this century, not only the girls, but the boys also, used to knit their own stockings at school." This work, however, was performed simply for the sake of the stockings which it produced. At the present time the practical end has not been lost sight of, but the educational end has become the more important. The parent furnishes the child with the needed material; which, of course, its work may render worthless; yet, for all this, no one complains that the training does not pay. The first lessons in sewing are the use of the thimble and scissors, threading the needle and the ways of holding the cloth while sewing and cutting. "The stitch lesson is first performed on paper; after a while a cheap kind of muslin is substituted." Patching and mending are thoroughly taught. In the high schools the garments made by the girls often evince a great deal of taste and a good knowledge of dressmaking.

In the boys' schools of Germany industrial training is not usually a required branch. At Darmstadt it was begun a few years ago by private citizens, who gave such instruction outside of school hours. The results of the experiment were so satisfactory that the institution established was made part of the public school system. The other schools close the daily session about 2:30. The manual training is therefore given during the latter part of the afternoon. In the summer time the boys are put to work in the different gardens belonging to the institution. At other seasons of the year they are engaged in the light and plain carpentry, and in the making of such articles as baskets, brushes, brooms, etc. Typesetting and bookbinding are taught to the advanced classes. Each boy receives a small remuneration for his work when it is well done. The money is not paid directly to him, but is put into a savings bank, and from time to time he receives his certificates of deposit, which he carries home to his parents for safe keeping.—Frank Leslie's.

Etiquette of the Cigarette.

There is a fashion even in so small a thing as the lighting of a cigarette. In Cuba it is customary among gentlemen for one to place the cigarette between his lips, light it, take a few puffs and then hand it to his friend. In Spain the same fashion prevails. An Austrian is very punctilious about the etiquette of cigar lighting. He lights his cigarette first and then hands the lighted match to his companion. The idea is that it is more courteous to allow a comrade the greater length of time. If he is handed the match first he naturally hurries in order to hand it back again. A Frenchman always hands his companion the match first. An Englishman proffers the cigarette to his friend, lights a match, hands it to him and then helps himself to another cigarette and match. An American usually hands his friend a lighted match and takes a light from his cigarette afterward.

The small boy gets a light wherever he can, generally from some passer by on the street. The habit of stopping men in the street to ask for a light is looked upon as ill bred in all countries. In no country is it tolerated to such an extent as in the United States.—New York Mail and Express.

A Berlin Weather Prophet.

The astronomer Falb, who last year attained some celebrity by his more or less accurate predictions of earthquake shocks, has this year come to grief by his weather predictions for the months of June and July. In commenting on his failure, a German paper recalls the fate which once overtook another scientific weather prophet, Professor Dietmar of Berlin, who had predicted that the winter of 1828-29 would be so mild that butchers, confectioners, etc., would be unable to procure a sufficient supply of ice. It so happened that after New Year of that winter unusually cold weather set in, and, as if by common agreement, so many boxes filled with ice were sent by post to Professor Dietmar, the freight charges being unpaid, that the Postmaster General von Nagler advised all postoffices by circular to refuse the acceptance of boxes with ice for Professor Dietmar of Berlin.—New York Post.

A Considerate Mental.

San Walkup, although in affluent circumstances, is one of the most shabbily dressed men in Austin. His colored body servant, Tom, on the other hand, dresses like a duke. One day Mr. Walkup said to Tom:

"It must cost you a great deal for clothes. You are always dressed in the height of fashion."

"Yes, sah, it does cost me right smart, but I does it, sah, entirely on my account."

"On my account?"

"Yes, sah; if I was to dress as you do, nobody would hab the slightest respect for you, sah."—Texas Sitings.

TO CONTINUE the practice of dripping the umbrella by the ferule. Turn it the other way, that is, handle down, when you come in out of the rain. The general way is bad for the umbrella, for it rots the material at the covering point of the frame wires. Any umbrella man will say that the proper way is to let the water run from the frame tips. A good many will object to this good advice because they don't want the pret' handle moistened. But the handle will dry, or if not quick enough it would be better to wipe it. Umbrellas should not be permitted to dry folded. Open them to dry them.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

THE GLASS INDUSTRY.

THE FINEST WARE STILL MADE IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

High Development of Art in the Auction of Cameo Glass—Ancient and Modern Making—Crystal, Lead and Lamp Glass—Cut and Pressed Glass.

Glassware can be regarded both as a utility and a luxury, the latter from the fact of the material composing the articles being artistic work bestowed upon it. The art of glassmaking is a considerable extension of the art of glassmaking, like expensive pottery will not break so readily as the more common grades, but this is a delusion. There is no motive for the purchase of the expensive article except the gratification of a taste for art. The United States possesses no natural advantages that are possessed by European countries for the manufacture of glass, and in the use of natural gas as an important factor not possessed abroad, cleanliness of glass and the cheapness of the case with which it is managed certainly to the glass manufacturers of Pittsburgh that vicinity an advantage not possessed in Europe. On the other hand Europe has exceedingly cheap labor, it has the families devoted to the artistic production of glass for generations, and it has its greater in number and superior in quality than those of the United States.

For these reasons Europe is a long ahead of the United States in ingenious signs, shapes, patterns and decorations, from the earliest historic ages has been a favorite medium for the expression of art. The fluid character of the original material permits it to be molded to an infinite variety of forms, and the most delicate shades of coloring may be infused through its crystalline mass so as to adapt it to the luxuriant and the table. The highest development of art in the production of cameo glass.

AN ANCIENT ART.

Evidence of this art in its perfection is very ancient, and even in the beginning of the Christian era very beautiful and expensive articles of glass were in use. At the time of its common forms was a chalice, at 50 B. C. a cup and saucer of glass were bought at Rome for money equivalent to our cent. Illustrating the other extreme is historically narrated that at the Empire of the East a sum equivalent to \$250,000 in cups of moderate dimensions. Window glass did not appear until about the third century of the Christian era, and it did not come into general use until the fifteenth century. In 1661 only the principal chambers of the palace in England had window glass.

Egypt offers the earliest positive evidence of glassmaking. Glass bottles containing wines are said to be represented on the monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 3000 years ago, and in the tombs of a very early period the process of glassblowing is represented in an unmistakable manner. In the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, among the chief industrial occupations of the island of Alexandria is mentioned glassmaking; and during the reign of Aurelian, in the third century, glass formed a part of the Egyptian tribute, showing it was then an article of manufacture in Egypt. The late coloring of glass, that adds so much to its beauty, was known in ancient times. The colors are produced by a mixture with metallic oxides. For instance, blue is produced by cobalt, green by copper, and rose or ruby by gold. The great site of the manufacture of glass in the middle ages was Venice, and its articles of manufacture were exported all over the world. The glass trade of Venice has been superseded by that of England and Germany.

THE PRINCIPAL INGREDIENTS.

Silicon of which there is 90 per cent in good glass sand, is the principal ingredient in glass. Lead enters into the superior grades of glass, giving it clearness and brilliancy, and the musical ring of a glass article only comes from bad glass. Crystal glass is a lead glass, which is also termed flint glass. Only lead glass can be cut. Lime is now generally used in the manufacture of glass, pressed glass articles bring made of lime glass. In the manufacture the United States has an advantage over other countries, on account of its talents for the use of machinery. While the eastern part of this country was formerly the seat of the principal glass industry, it has moved west of late years, owing largely to the backwardness of the eastern manufacturers to take up the making of lime glass. St. Louis is now an important glass manufacturing centre, but the greatest amount of business is done in the Ohio valley, of which Pittsburg and Wheeling are the chief glass towns. The natural gas of this section has given the glass industry a great impetus. Heavy plate window glass is manufactured largely in the west, but the glass used in the east is mostly imported from France.

The cut glass industry of this country has grown greatly of recent years, but the article is not yet exported to the extent that pressed glass is. The chief exportations of glass from this country are to the South American states, and considerable goes to the British possessions in Australia. This country is undoubtedly able to compete with any of the countries of Europe in stamped and glass. Most of the glass in domestic use is of this kind.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Uses for Thieves' Slang.

The human emotions which, being struck, rebound in slang are of many kinds. There is fear and desire of secrecy that may produce an esoteric language, a kind of verbal cipher, intelligible only to the initiated. This kind of speech is very useful to thieves as long as the police are not adepts. Thieves' slang is probably much composed of Romany, "Yiddish" (that very curious pigeon Hebrew, French, Italian mispronounced, and word merely hit out in a kind of unconscious poetry, figurative and sensual. Nobody knows what Leland lately wrote about some gypsies who had a kind of Celtic or pre-Celtic dialect, and very probably there is a good deal of Arcadian or Proto-Media in Yiddish. By reason, however, of the never ceasing need of new names for all things, the thief's slang is a very fugitive and evanescent speech. Travelers talk of families of savages which get separated in the bush, and, when a generation has passed, the descendants of each set speak a different tongue. In the same way grows the talk of thieves.—London Daily News.