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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH.

Digging in a Glacier.

A well at Yakutsk, to Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the depth of some 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of 612 feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.—*Science.*

—A cable dispatch from France says, "The left will decide upon the future policy of the Government." When a row's left over here he very rarely attempts to decide any thing.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Clerk (taking account of stock)—"Six bantaloons on dat top shelluf, Mr. Isaacstein, have been folded so long dat de crease vos almost vorn through. Vat shall I do—mark dose goots down?" Isaacstein—"No; mark 'em oop sixty per cend. Dot crease vas dat vot Fifth avenue vagony shtyle."—*N. Y.*

RESIGNATION.

I do not care
If I may never climb the heights of fame,
If I may never win a glorious name
Nor hear, with well pleased ears, the world's acclaim,
I do not care.

I should not care
Though all obscure and lowly be my lot,
Though men pass idly by and know me not,
Though I should die and straightway be forgot,
I should not care.

I would not care
Though all the world should shun the path I tread,
Though words of shame and scorn of me were said—
Why, when the grasses waved above my head,
I would not care.

I would not care a cent
Were I a pious hermit, most austere,
Living, in lowly hermitage severe,
On thirty thousand dollars, say, a year.
I would not care.

—Burdette.

A SERVANT LASSIE.

Only a simple servant lassie? Yes, but for 'a that there will be servant lassies in heaven just as well as braw folk. The poor were never despised by Him when He was on earth.

Heigho! I havena written half a dozen lines o' my story yet, and I'm sadly conscious that I've made blunders already. I mean to write it a' in English, and if a bit Scotch wordie does tumble in noo and again I'm sure you'll forgie me. When I warm to my work I'll get better on. This is the way wi' a' Scotch folk; when no excited it's their own broad Doric they speak, but my conscience, if you once put up their birse it's as fine sounding English they'll speak as any southener that ever stepped in shoe leather.

My name is Jeannie, Jeannie McLean, that's it a' thegither, or complete as I ought to say. From far, far north the Tweed I come, ay, and north the Dee as well. As far west as the train can penetrate among the Donside hills, on a bonnie braehead, among bonnie green knolls, among woods o' dark waving fir and spruce, lighted up here and there wi' the tender green of the feathery larch, and begirt wi' bands o' yellow broom and gowden furze, there stood my father's humble cot. And every night of my happy young life I used to be lulled to sleep by a sound like waves breaking on a shingly beach; for, if it wasn't the wind whispering and moaning through the trees, it was the incessant hurtle o' the Don rushing on over the pebbles and bowlders. So near were we to the river that dear Johnnie could throw a stone right over it. A strong, strong arm had Johnnie. Johnnie was my only brother, and I never had a sister.

My mother died when Johnnie and I were so young that neither of us could remember her, and Grannie kept my father's house. Dear auld Grannie, with her clear caller, canty face, and her busy, happy ways, it is years ago since she has gone to her long hame in the auld kirkyard. She aye had a pleasant smile for Johnnie and me, and used to tell us old world stories in the long forenights 'o winter.

Imagine us, if you can, gathered round that Scottish country fireside, a great fire of peats and wood is blazing and crackling on the hearth—there is no other light. At one corner sits my father in an easy chair, his day's toil is past and his pipe is alight; at the other is auld Grannie, and click, click, click, click, go her knitting wires as she tells her tale, Johnnie and I complete the circle; our eyes are riveted on Grannie's face. The smoke goes curling up the wide chimney, the blaze sometimes following yards high, the wind without is roaring and whistling round the house, shaking doors and dindling windows; but it makes us feel all the snugger within. I just creep closer to Johnnie, lean my head on his shoulder, and listen.

By and by Grannie stops speaking, and for a while the wind has it all its own way; then my father rises solemnly and puts his pipe away in the wa'-hole.

"Bairns, let us worship God," he says.

Grannie lights the black oil lamp, with its dried rush wicks, and father takes the Book. He reads a chapter, then, to the half mournful notes of some such tune as Martyrdom, we sing, perhaps, "The Lord's My Shepherd."

There was always plenty to do, and Johnnie and I were never sorry when Sabbath came. Sabbath and a long walk to the wee bit kirk on the hill head, where in earnest and impressive voice our good minister would point the way to happier spheres; he never failed to breathe words of comfort for the weary, consolation for the bereaved, and hopes of future joy for all.

Never a Sunday passed that Johnnie and I did not linger behind, till all the other kirk folk had passed away out and homewards, then we would go quietly round and visit mother's grave. This was not all sentiment, both of us loved mother, though we hardly remembered seeing her. But her mortal remains were there in that auld kirkyard, and they would rise again, such was our simple faith; and we never looked upon mother as dead, but as a saint in heaven. She could see us, we thought, nay, might even be permitted to watch over us, and lovingly guard and befriend us in trial and in danger. She saw us each Sabbath, then, as we bent low and touched the grassy knoll and laid thereon our offerings of flowers. Humble enough these might be, but in spring there were the sweet scented yellow primrose and sprigs o' crimson may, in summer there were always rich buttercups and rich oxeyed daisies, and a hundred wild flowers from hedgerow and copse; even winter brought its garlands of red rowans and its evergreens, so all the year round mother's grave never wanted beauty.

That old churchyard and the wee bit kirk. I have but to shut my eyes and they rise up before me. What though the kirk itself was steepleless, the bell devoid of music, the grass long and green on the graves, and after rain looking as though it had been combed down; what though the tombstones were gray and lichen clad, and leant in everydirection except the right one—mother's grave was there!

You English maids may laugh at me, but ah! you little ken how dearly we Scotch mountaineers love our wild homes; besides, you know—I'm only a simple servant lassie.

Our Johnnie could play the fiddle so sweetly. It was the merry airs auld Grannie liked the best, but there was one thing that Johnnie used to play and sing that never failed to bring the tears to my eyes at least; though somehow it was a sweet kind of melancholy it inspired, and neither grief nor melancholy ever injures the heart if tears can flow.

Had I any other companions except Johnnie? Yes, a neighbor lassie would sometimes drop in, and—well, why should I deny it, sometimes a neighbor laddie—why shouldn't a simple Scotch lassie like me have a bit sweetheart? What for no?

But it was only on Sunday evenings in the sweet summer time that Jamie and I used to take a lonely walk. And where did we walk, think you? Why, down the line. You see in the far north of dear auld Scotland trains don't run on the Sabbath day, and the line is the favorite promenade. Green, feathery larch trees bounded the banks all along, and the banks themselves were painted with wild flowers in the sweetest colors you could imagine—patches of crimson clover, patches of white clover, beds of orange trnfoils, beds of bluest speedwell, and tall red ragged robins everywhere. Then there was the hum of the bees, as they bummed from flower to flower, the sweet perfume of the clover and the wild, glad notes of the chaffie near his nest in the larc tree. And—yes, and Jamie's voice, sweeter to me than all. Did I love Jamie? I dinna ken. Jamie never what you might call made love to me, but I dare say I did like him a wee bit. Bonnie black hair had Jamie, blue, blue een, rosy dimpled cheeks, a cockit bonnet wi' long strings that fluttered o'er his back and shoulders, and such a winsome smile! No, he never made love like, but he would talk for an hour at a time about his horses and kye, and I used just to look and laugh and listen.

You may be think I'm dwelling too long on my younger days and our happy life at the little farm on the braehead—but the rest of my story is all so sad.

I'm sure enough that neither Johnnie nor I ever gave a thought for to-morrow. In this respect we fulfilled the Scriptures right enough. It never struck us that our present life would not last till we closed our eyes for aye and went to sleep in the mools.

But one wet, rough winter's evening, with the wind moaning in the chimney and the cold snow and sleet tearing over the hills and through the woods, father came home looking wan and queer. No, no, I cannot dwell on this. That night he took to his bed, and in spite of the doctor's attention, in spite of the kindness of an English lady who was dwelling at the big house, he slipt quietly away one night and joined our mothe in heaven.

What a change! The funeral past and a broken up home. Everything except the old eight-day clock, which Grannie wouldn't part with, sold by roup, Grannie herself dwelling in a little hut by the hillside, and Johnnie a soldier in the gallant Forty-twa. And right handsome did he look in his Highland dress, with his brawny legs and his bonnet and plumes.

And I—a simple servant lassie. For the kind English lady had taken quite a fancy to me and I was bound for the south as her maid. As the train rolled away from the station, as I lost sight of the woods, and hills and bonnie braes, what could I do but lean back in a corner of the carriage and cry—lassie like. Poor Jamie, too!

Grief does not break young hearts, and in my new home at Southsea, everything was very new indeed, and my heart leapt up one day with a nameless joy when I heard that the Forty-second was coming to Portsmouth.

My mistress was kindness itself, and consideration, too. She was a lady, though not rich, and I'm sure would have bitten her tongue at any time rather than say a single word to wound the feelings or hurt the heart of a simple servant lassie. Ah! would that all mistresses were the same! She never hindered me from going out, and, indeed, often suggested it. And so, many were the walks Johnnie and I had on the ramparts, and many a talk of the dear old times that even now seemed so far away.

And my mistress had always a kind word and a smile for me, and talked so naturally and so encouragingly that at any time I believe I would have laid down my life to save hers. After a few months of Portsmouth life my mistress and I started to spend a few weeks in France. Johnnie saw us off, and I think I see the handsome, manly boy yet, with the sunny smile on his sunburnt face, in the dark tartan kilt and white spats, standing there on the station waving us good by with his bonnet and plumes.

We were two months away, but returned at last, and the very next morning I went to see for Johnnie.

I was rounding the corner of a street, when the slow, half muffled sound of drums fell on my ear, and presently I could hear the music itself. It was a dirge, a coronach, played by the pipers. It was no ordinary dead march. It was the grand old hymn, Johnnie's song and mine:

"O! come—come—with—me
To—the—auld—Kirk yard.

To every word there was a stroke of the drum and a step of the men. And yonder is the coffin and the bonnet and feathers.

"Who is—d—d—dead?" I cried, clutching the arm of a soldier who stood near me.

He must have seen I was choking.

He put one arm round my waist kindly as he replied:

"Poor Jack McLean, my lass. Are you his sweetheart?"

I remember nothing more for weeks, for all this time I lay raving with brain fever.

* * * * * *

A year had passed away and a change had come over my situation in life. For my dear, kind mistress was obliged to give up house and go abroad, and I was engaged as general servant to a lady in Portsmouth.

Now I was to know what indeed it meant to be a simple servant lassie under a thoughtless and unkind mistress. Perhaps she did not really mean to be unkind, perhaps she could not help it. I believe that, hard though her heart undoubtedly was, she would often have felt for me could she but have known how her words used to burn into my feelings.

I'm sure I tried to please her. I'm sure I did what I could and as well as I could, but my whole life soon became a burden to me. I used to go to my room and, don't laugh, cry and pray. That helped me some—don't forget I'm but a simple Scottish lassie.

Did my mistress scold? No, not downright. She nagged. Oh! that worrying, nerve breaking nagging, how much more mean it is than any scolding!

When mistress first asked my name and I told her "Je'nnie," "I shall call you Ann," she replied. "I call all my servants Ann."

I'm sure master felt sorry for me, but he dared say nothing. I believe he was as much afraid of her as I was, though a kindly hearted gentleman he was. He would come in to dinner happy looking and singing, and at table begin to talk and laugh with his pretty pets of children. Then mistress would begin to nag at me as I laid the dinner. And poor master's face would fall at once. There would be no more talking or laughing with the children after that. He would hurriedly and silently swallow a few mouthfuls, then, making some excuse about work to finish, disappear.

But the room never was dusted enough to please mistress, the fire never burned brightly enough, the things were never properly put on the table.

I used to dread so lying too late of a morning that my night's rest was all one painful, confused dream. I would start may be at 3 and look at the watch again and again at 4, and if I did this I dreaded to fall asleep again. I would lie and read for an hour or two, then go down to the cold kitchen among the beetles and struggle for another hour with wet sticks and damp coals before I got the fire to light.

Was it any wonder I got thin and worn and so nervous that my mistress' voice suddenly calling "Ann" felt like a red hot knife jerked into my heart?

I now come to the turning point of my somewhat sad history, which would never have been written had I not thought this simple narrative might move some mistresses to be a little more considerate of the feelings of their servants.

What was my fate to be. I often asked that question of myself, lassie like. Would Jamie be my fate? Though I know he liked me, in his letters he never breathed a word of love, but always told me about auld Grannie and the eight day clock and about his horses and kye.

I had only one friend now in the world. And he—I feel sure you will laugh—was the brewer's drayman. When he called for an empty cask or to deposit a full one in the cellar, he always had a gentle word and a smile for me. He was a jolly looking young man with a handsome face, a burly form, and an apron big enough for a bathing tent. And if you'd only seen him pitch the great casks about—why John was strong enough to lift a cow.

One day mistress had been more tankersome than ever, and my eyes were red with weeping. John noticed it, and talked ever so kindly, and I told him all, and from that day for months I took to telling John all, and he always had a word of comfort for me. Is it any wonder that my heart warmed to him?

I used to light him down to the dark cellar, and it was down there we used to hold our little confabs.

But I'll never forget the morning John asked me to become his wife.

The tallow candle barely dispelled the gloom of that damp, dark cellar, and the daylight streaming in above us from a grating, fought with the gloom and was swallowed up.

"Which I've loved you for a long time," said John, "though I dursn't summon up courage to speak my mind. But I have the prettiest little cottage and garden in the houtskirts as ever ye seed. And it only wants a mistress, Jeannie, Which it'll be your sweet self and nobbut else."

I was glad the cellar was so dark, so he couldn't see my face; but next moment I was pressed close to John's big apron, and it did smell of malt and hops so.

Yes, it is a sweet, wee cottage, and bonnie do the roses look twining round the porch in summer, and John is the dearest and best of husbands. Yes, I'm happy, and I've almost forgotten that ever I was a simple servant lassie.

Good by—there is John coming.—Gordon Stables in Home Chimes.

—What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.—

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A Flatboat Load of Contrabands Waiting to Towed to Freedom.

As we returned down the Yazoo, at every possible point where he river could be reached there were throngs of negro families waiting to be taken away. Many of them had flat boats in which they were already embarked, ready to fasten a line to the returning Federal boats and be towed down the river and to freedom.

I remember one instance connected with this hegira that was somewhat out of the usual course of events. At one point where the Silver Wave halted there was an immense encampment of negroes with their scanty furniture waiting for removal. Attached to the shore was a large flatboat, which lay just at the stern of the steamer. I happened to be lounging in that portion of the boat, and was attracted by the character of the contents of the flatboat. There were at least twenty colored people in it, of all ages and both sexes. In the stern sat a venerable African, who at once attracted my attention. He had a heavy beard and very thick hair, which, with his dense eyebrows, were as white as wool. There was something noble and impressive in his face and position, and interest in him was increased as I saw that he was sightless. He was grand as he sat there; grand in his years, which must have been close to a century; grand in the immobility of his countenance, the repose of his position, in his helpless blindness, and in a perceptible expression of patience and hope that characterized his features.

The other people in the boat were probably his descendants. There was a white headed woman who was his daughter, then a stalwart man and a woman who must have been his grandchildren, and then a host of children of all ages from 20 down to a little pickaninny lying on its back that sucked its thumb, kicked up its heels and gazed with its black, beadlike eyes into vacancy. They were all chattering, laughing, screaming in the exuberance of their delight. Freedom was before them and the world was ablaze with the glory of anticipation. Only the patriarch was silent; to him there perhaps mingled with the hope of the future a recollection of the old home and the old life. The deep grown roots of his existence could not be easily extracted from the soil of the south, and yet there was a glow on his face such as must have come over the faces of the wandering tribes as they stood on Nebo and their weary eyes took in the spreading fields and the fertile plains of the promised land.

A line was dropped from the deck of the steamer to the flatboat and made fast. The next moment the wheel began to revolve. It threw back waves which enveloped the flatboat, and then, as the speed increased, the flat bow of the latter was drawn under, and the entire boat with all its human freight, its infancy, its years, its hopes, disappeared under the greenish waters of the Yazoo. As far as I could see the locality I watched for some sign of the engulfed unfortunates, but not even a rag, a fragment of any kind, came to the surface. The cruel waters held them fast, and not even a ripple disturbed the placid surface above their place of disappearance.

Nothing that I saw during the war shocked me as did this occurrence. Rescue was impossible; the boat did not even stop. It steamed swiftly away, and I felt in my heart that another and humbler Moses had died at the moment of anticipated deliverance.—"Poliuto" in Chicago Times.

English Professional Entertainers.

It is stated on what seems good authority that the festivities of the present season will be fostered by a new kind of entertainer. From certain firms from whom parlor wizards, drawing room Punch and Judys, etc., can be hired, it would seem that professional funny men, warranted to keep any moderately festive table in a roar, can be secured for so much a night. These "funny men" will mix with guests, and are guaranteed not only to be primed with all the newest funny stories and topical jokes, but also to be well up in impromptu efforts of an amusing kind. For instance there are no less than seventeen assorted tricks which can be performed by them while actually sitting at a table without any apparatus, and with the simple aid of an orange, a wine glass, a serviette, and a walnut shell. For a "funny man," with ventriloqual ability the price per evening is five shillings more than for one who does not go beyond "imitations of contemporary actors," in a mimetic direction. In cases where it may be desired that this hired entertainer should pass as a facetious relative of the host and hostess it is suggested that a "preliminary interview should be arranged between him and the heads of the family whose relative he is supposed to be," with a view, doubtless, to the maintenance of his part later on.—London Figaro.

Frying as It Is Abused.

Frying, as the operation is usually done in this country, constitutes the basis of American simplicity in the culinary art, and all physicians are agreed that probably no other single factor is so prominent in the production of our national disease, dyspepsia, as this. I do not desire to be understood as condemning frying or any of the modifications of this process of cooking, when properly done. On the contrary, I think it is an excellent method of preparing meats, fish and many vegetables for the table. But how rarely is the American frying pan anything else than a utensil for slowly stewing an article in grease. Saturated and permeated with fat, the fried article of food becomes an indigestible mass, incapable of acting as an aliment.—George H. Robe, M. D.

THE HOARDED WEALTH OF INDIA.

How the East Indian Turns Everything He Possesses into Jewelry.

Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life.

The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of this country. It is indulged in by all classes of natives. Jewelry is regarded as the most staple kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed.

The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture, but nearly always a stock of jewelry.

The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jewelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than government paper. "If it never increases it never diminishes," is a national saying, common among men and women alike.

No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry. So great in value is the new jewelry that is introduced into new families by marriage, that we dare not estimate it, the amount would be so fabulous. Truly the investment of wealth in jewelry in India is the greatest and most remarkable institution in the country. Every other investment sinks into insignificance beside it.

Under no native prince or rajah of former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has been greatly restrained, and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated.

One-half of the people of India are jewelry owners. It is only when the day of taking stock of the family jewelry comes round, such as the occasion of a wedding or a great gala day, that a stranger can form the slightest conception of the amount of wealth in the family in the form of jewelry. Amazement at once strikes him as he for the first time is permitted to see the amount of accumulated wealth.

The inventory day is, par excellence, the women's day. Gathered round the iron safes, the cash boxes, the metallic boxes, the neatly carved wooden boxes, the delight of the women is observed in their eyes as each pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls; each pair of diamond, or emerald, or sapphire earrings, each nose ring with large pearls, massive gold chains and a large number of rings; expansively and even extravagantly gemmed, are handed round the family circle for admiration. And great is the family delight.—Advocate of India.

To Prevent Bedsores.

When a person is obliged to lie constantly in one position, as is the case with a broken leg, the pressure coming constantly on the same place, bedsores must be guarded against. The lower part of the back is most frequently attacked. The nurse should pass her hand under it at least twice a day to see that the draw sheet is free from wrinkles and creases. Morning and night she must bathe it with a small sponge dipped in alcohol, or a solution of tannic acid, and when it is dry rub it with corn starch or buckwheat flour. It may seem impossible to her to get her hand underneath, but most beds will yield a little to pressure and by working in a roll of old linen under the back above the place to be bathed, she will obtain a little space to work in. If in spite of precautions the back becomes sore an air cushion with a hole in the middle must be used to prevent the sore from coming in contact with any surface, or it cannot heal.—Good Housekeeping.

Chinese Indifference.

Chinese indifference is still worse than Chinese superstition. "The Chinese is born a man, lives a dog, and dies an ass." No assistance can be found in that country, where one has to rely on himself and believe no man. The want of a sense of the common good, and of all self sacrifice, is so great that all the celebrated fall into decay, such as the temples and royal tombs, many of which are beautiful.—London News.

Oswaldus Nothingerus is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper corn of the common size. They were so small as to be almost invisible to the eye. They were presented to Pope Paul V.—Boston Budget.

Whales Not Fishes.

Whales are not fishes. They have no scales; they have warm blood; they give milk to their young, and finally, they would be drowned if they were to remain longer than half an hour under water.