

### THE COVERED BRIDGE.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form,  
There's a world of the purest bliss,  
That is linked as that soul and form are  
linked.  
By a covered bridge, with this,  
Yet, to reach that realm on the other  
shore,  
We must pass through a transient  
gloom,  
And must walk unseen, unhelped and  
alone,  
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.  
But we all pass over on equal terms,  
For the universal toll  
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God  
Has hung around the soul.  
Though the eye is dim, and the bridge  
is dark,  
And the river it spans is wide,  
Yet faith points through to a shining  
mount  
That looms on the other side.  
To enable our feet in the next day's  
march  
To climb up the golden ridge,  
We must all lie down for one night's  
rest,  
Inside of that covered bridge,  
—Washington Star.

### HIS SACRIFICE.

It was a hot, sultry day towards the  
last of July. In the front room of  
a fashionable boarding-house sat a  
young girl of 18.

A few moments later the door swung  
open and her brother, a young artist,  
entered. He greeted her pleasantly as  
he prepared to refresh himself.

"Well, Trix, how have you been to-  
day?"

"O, as uncomfortable as ever," she  
replied, peevishly.

"Never mind, dear; perhaps we will  
have more money another summer."

"Always patience," she replied cross-  
ly. "It's well enough for people to talk  
when they have money, but then,  
what's the use fussing; I never have  
had anything since we came to New  
York."

"My dear Trix, I think you are a little  
unkind. You know I have tried to give  
you everything I could possibly afford.  
O, Trix, you mustn't talk so."

"Forgive me, Chauncey. I will try to  
do without it."

"That's the girl," and he smoothed  
the pretty hair from the white forehead  
and sighed. He wished to see his sister  
as well dressed as other girls, but  
circumstances forbade; his pictures did  
not sell, and he felt the time was fast  
approaching when they would have to  
leave their pleasant rooms and go to  
some other part of the city.

One evening, about three months  
later, Chauncey Selford came home,  
looking ill.

Trix was there, but she did not notice  
her brother's careworn face, because  
she was engaged in making a dress to  
be worn a week later at the grand ball  
given by Mrs. Charles Carlton, sister of  
Lord Percy Carlton.

As he entered the room Trix looked  
up.

"Here is something Mrs. Bradbury's  
footman gave me. I have not opened  
it yet." He tossed it over to her as he  
spoke.

"O, Chauncey, an invitation to Gus-  
sle Bradbury's reception a week from to-  
day. You will go," she added, looking  
up into his face.

"I cannot," he replied. "But if you  
really wish to go, as her face fell, "I  
can hire a carriage."

"What shall I wear?" she said a mo-  
ment later.

"Why, the dress you are making."  
"I can't wear that; it's for the ball."  
"Then you can stay at home," he re-  
plied, humbly, as he left the room.

"What can be the matter with him,"  
she thought. "Why, he never spoke a  
cross word to me before. O, if I could  
marry some rich old man, then Chaun-  
cey would have time and money to  
study art."

Meanwhile Chauncey had gone to his  
little studio, and after shutting the door  
threw himself into the armchair and  
buried his face in his hands.

That night he had meant to tell  
Beatrix that they would have to leave  
their rooms and go where they could  
live cheaper. Then the invitation to the  
reception. He could not go and  
could not well let her go.

"It is of no use to fight against pov-  
erty," he said, bitterly. "We will al-  
ways be poor, and we might as well  
live as our means will allow, without  
this pretension."

Just then a knock at the door and a  
young lady entered.

"Miss Fairfax," he exclaimed in sur-  
prise.

"Ah! I have taken you quite unaw-  
ares, have I not?" with a sweet smile  
on her face. "But you will certainly  
pardon that when I tell you I bring  
you work. Mrs. Carlton wishes these  
pictures," and she handed him a list.

"That will help you, will it not?"  
"You are my good angel, Edythe. If  
I could only have a chance to study art  
I could make a living."

"It is too bad, Chauncey, but if you  
would let me help."

"No, Edythe, I must fight my own  
battles without help."

"Well," after a few moments' silence,  
"I must go. How is Beatrix?"  
"Pretty well," he said with a sigh.  
And seeing he was in no mood for talk-  
ing she left him.

Chauncey Selford had given up every-  
thing for his sister. She held the first  
place in his heart. His love for Edythe  
Fairfax was great, but he had put all  
thoughts of her he loved away. He  
was poor and likely to remain poor all  
his life.

Beatrix went to the reception. Lord

Percy Carlton she first met there, who,  
being much interested in her history,  
after a few months of marked atten-  
tion, married her.

They went immediately abroad.  
Beatrix said before she went that upon  
their return Chauncey could go abroad  
to study art.

Two years had flown by and not a  
line had she written him. At length,  
poor and careworn, he took a room in  
the slums of the city. What little  
sketches he made for a paper barely  
kept him alive.

Edythe had tried faithfully to find  
him, but had failed.

One day as she was passing through  
the slums on an errand of charity, she  
happened to glance up at a window and  
saw Chauncey Selford.

She started back as if struck by a  
thunderbolt.

"He in this place of all others, the  
proud Chauncey, come to this," she  
said.

She knocked at the door. An old  
woman opened it. Edythe asked to see  
Mr. Selford. After much bantering  
with the woman she gained admittance.

Chauncey still sat at the open win-  
dow. He did not move as she ap-  
proached him. She touched his hand,  
but sprang back, as she felt the cold  
touch of his hand as it came in contact  
with hers.

Beatrix's picture was in the other  
hand. He left this world with the one  
thought that had always been in his  
life, that was his sister, for whom he  
had sacrificed all.—Boston Post.

### COLD AIR HEALTH.

Water About the Best Stimulant People  
Can Have.

Many persons regard the winter season  
as an unfortunate visitation. It is  
considered both uncomfortable to the  
body and harmful to health. This is an  
error. Cold is a most potent agent for  
the restoration and preservation of nor-  
mal activity on the part of the organs  
of the human body. It is a wise plan  
of providence which gives us a change  
of seasons.

The winter cold comes as a tonic to  
repair the injuries done by the enervat-  
ing heat of summer. Summer, it is  
true, has many wise uses in the matter  
of health. It induces outdoor life, rids  
the system of poisons through copious  
perspiration and through the scorching  
rays of sun destroys germ life.

Winter is the great bracer of the sys-  
tem. It stimulates activity in every  
organ. When cold attacks the surface  
of the body the blood is set into more  
free circulation as a means of bodily  
warmth. It is through the circulation  
of the blood that the human anatomy  
is kept in a state of repair.

When the food has been digested and  
converted into liquid form, it is taken  
up by the blood and carried the rounds  
of the waste places. When the cold  
causes increased circulation it also  
brings about more perfect nutrition.

Man's face and hands illustrate how  
weather-proof the body becomes when  
exposed to air. Continued activity in  
circulation on the surface caused by the  
air coming in contact with the skin,  
tends to nourish and thicken the skin.  
Thus man's skin grows thicker in win-  
ter just as animals are supplied with a  
double coat of fur. The savages who  
dwell bareheaded in the open air are  
seldom, if ever, known to be afflicted  
with bald heads, while, with the civil-  
ian who shields his scalp from air, bald-  
ness is prevalent.

The Indians who, if not now, in for-  
mer days roamed our Western borders,  
practically without clothing to shelter  
their bodies, became, through long ex-  
posure, so inured to cold that it gave  
them but little discomfort.—St. Louis  
Globe.

### Hunting Ostrich Nests.

Although the skin of an ostrich is  
worth from forty to one hundred dol-  
lars on the spot, the hunter of the des-  
ert usually prefers to search for the  
eggs when he has discovered an ostrich  
in flight. An English traveler in the  
Sahara, Mr. H. B. Tristram, de-  
scribes this search.

Once, and once only, I had the good  
fortune to take an ostrich's nest, al-  
though fresh eggs were not infrequently  
brought in by the Arabs. We ob-  
served with our telescopes two birds  
standing for some time in the same  
spot, and were induced to ride toward  
them. They rapidly scudded off, but on  
intersecting their track we turned back  
and retraced it instead of continuing a  
vain pursuit.

An ostrich's track is by no means  
easy either to follow or to retrace, for  
his stride measures, when he is at full  
speed, from twenty-two to twenty-  
eight feet; and the oblong impression of  
two toes at so wide intervals affords  
no very evident track to any eyes less  
expert than those of a Bedouin hunt-  
sman.

We retraced the impression to the  
spot where we had seen the birds stand-  
ing together, and where the sand was  
well trodden down. Two Arabs at  
once dismounted and began to dig with  
their hands, and presently they brought  
up four fresh eggs from a depth of  
about a foot under the warm sand.

Ostrich-egg onelet we always found  
a most welcome addition to our desert  
bill of fare, and a convenient and port-  
able provision, for from the thickness  
of the shell the eggs keep perfectly  
sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three  
weeks.

### A Durable Structure.

Over 300 years ago Sir Francis Drake  
built an open aqueduct twenty miles  
long to conduct water from the hills of  
Dartmoor to Plymouth, England. The  
town has just outgrown this supply and  
a large reservoir is to be built.

Everything may come to the man  
who waits—except another man who  
owns him money.

## GALVESTON AS IT WAS

### BEAUTIFUL AND PROGRESSIVE SOUTHERN CITY.

The Greatest Cotton Port and the  
Fifth Commercial City in the United  
States—Has Risen Before from the  
Fury of Storm, Fire and Flood.

Galveston, previous to the devastat-  
ing storm, was one of the most beauti-  
ful and progressive cities of the sunny  
South. Its history indicates that it has  
been one of the most unfortunate. In  
1872 the entire eastern portion of the  
city was swept away by a tidal wave  
which followed a terrific storm that  
raged along the Gulf coast for three



ORPHANS' HOME.

days. When the city had recovered  
from this calamity and was built up  
in more beautiful and substantial style  
than ever, a devastating fire nearly de-  
stroyed it in November, 1885. Its en-  
terprising citizens were not dismayed,  
however, and the city was soon rebuilt.

In August, 1899, it was injured com-  
mercially to a great extent by the Braz-  
os flood in which rich farming lands  
having an area of 1,280,000 acres were  
submerged for eight days to a depth of  
two to twenty feet. The loss as esti-  
mated by the United States Depart-  
ment of Agriculture was \$7,414,000.

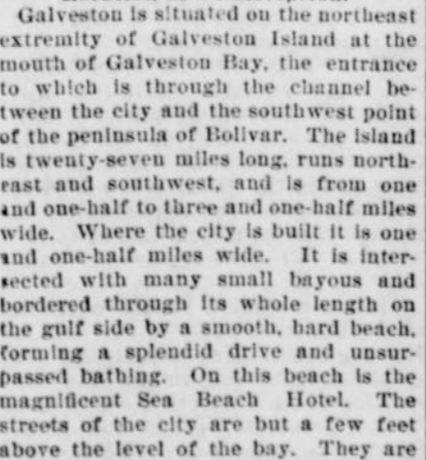
The city has triumphed over all these  
adversities and will doubtless arise  
with increased strength from the present  
appalling disaster, for it is the  
greatest seaport of the South, being  
connected with the entire railway sys-  
tem of the United States and Mexico  
and having direct lines of steamship  
communication with all the great ports  
of the world. It is the largest cotton  
exporting point in the United States  
and among the 127 foreign exporting  
points in the country it holds fifth  
place. During the year 1898 its exports  
increased \$10,500,000 and its export and  
import trade is now fully \$100,000,000  
a year.

### Harbor Improvements.

A leading cause of the city's great  
commercial progress during the past  
few years is the harbor improvements  
made by the national government, in-  
volving an expenditure of over \$8,000,-  
000. In 1895 the depth of the channel  
over the bar was only twenty-one feet.  
By the construction of jetties and other  
improvements which were finished in  
January, 1898, the depth was increased  
to twenty-eight feet and is still increas-  
ing at the rate of six inches each year  
owing to the action of the wind and  
tide. This depth of water permits the  
largest steamers to load and unload at  
the wharves. In addition to being the  
country's greatest cotton port, immense  
quantities of grain, lumber, live stock  
and dairy products are sent through  
Galveston. Much of the grain from  
Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and the Dak-  
otas, which formerly went to Eastern  
ports for shipment now goes to Galves-  
ton because the shippers can save in  
charges by loading at that port. The  
lumber exports in 1898-9 amounted to  
\$1,247,914 and in 1899, the port handled  
\$200,000 worth of eggs. Its trade in  
live stock, dairy products and poultry  
has developed rapidly since the harbor  
improvements.

### Location and Description.

Galveston is situated on the northeast  
extremity of Galveston Island at the  
mouth of Galveston Bay, the entrance  
to which is through the channel be-  
tween the city and the southwest point  
of the peninsula of Bolivar. The island  
is twenty-seven miles long, runs north-  
east and southwest, and is from one  
and one-half to three and one-half miles  
wide. Where the city is built it is one  
and one-half miles wide. It is inter-  
sected with many small bayous and  
bordered through its whole length on  
the gulf side by a smooth, hard beach,  
forming a splendid drive and unsur-  
passed bathing. On this beach is the  
magnificent Sea Beach Hotel. The  
streets of the city are but a few feet  
above the level of the bay. They are



MASONIC TEMPLE.

wide and straight and the residence  
quarters are beautiful, abounding in  
luxuriant gardens shaded with mag-  
nolias and oleanders. During the sum-  
mer months thousands of pleasure  
seekers from all parts of the South go  
to Galveston to enjoy the many attrac-  
tions of the city and its surroundings.  
On the bay, or north side of the city,  
is the commercial section, with wharves  
stretching along for nearly two miles,  
lined with sheds and large storage

houses. In this same portion are three  
grain elevators with an aggregate stor-  
age capacity of 3,250,000 bushels. The  
island from the north side is connected  
with the mainland by railroad bridges  
and the longest wagon bridge in the  
world, nearly two miles in length. On  
the south side of the city, beginning  
within fifty yards of the medium gulf  
tide, the wealthy residential portion of  
the city is located and this was the first  
part to be struck by the full force of  
the recent storm and flood. All of the  
eastern end of the city was washed  
away and some of the handsomest and  
most expensive residences were here  
located. There was one home which  
alone cost the owner over \$1,000,000.

Among the principal buildings of the  
city are, or were, the new custom house  
and postoffice, the cotton exchange, the  
Court House, the Ball free school, the  
free public library, the Roman Catholic  
University of St. Mary, the John Sealey  
Hospital and the School of Medicine  
of the State University. All the build-  
ings of the city were constructed on  
substantial and modern lines. The city  
had gas and electric light plants, a  
water works system valued at \$450,000  
and supplied from artesian wells and  
a number of first-class hotels. In 1893  
the gross city valuations were \$25,000,-  
000. The city debt was \$1,750,000 and  
the officials had authority to issue \$1,-  
500,000 in bonds to raise money for  
permanent improvements, and it owned  
property to the value of \$1,955,500. The  
population, according to the figures given  
by the census bureau for 1900, is 37,-  
789.

### History of the City.

The island of Galveston was occupied  
by the famous pirate Lafitte in 1817  
and continued to be his headquarters  
until his settlement was broken up in  
1821. It is believed by many that  
somewhere on the island are buried  
treasures of the pirate and many sto-  
ries of romance have been woven  
about the daring rover and his island  
home. The city of Galveston was  
founded in 1837. It was the scene of  
stirring events during the Civil War.  
The Federal forces occupied the city  
Oct. 8, 1862, but it was retaken by the  
Confederates on Jan. 1, 1863. During



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, GALVESTON.

the past few years the United States  
has spent \$382,000 in the construction  
and equipment of coast fortifications  
near the city.

### Bay of Galveston.

The bay of Galveston, the mouth of  
which is guarded by the island on  
which the city stands as a sentinel, is  
a body of water with an area of about  
450 square miles. It has an irregular  
coast line and branches out into various  
arms. It receives the San Jacinto and  
Trinity rivers and Buffalo Bayou. Owing  
to the island being but little higher  
than the bay, inundations have often  
been threatened. The bay is quite shal-  
low in most parts. Entrance to it is  
through the recently constructed deep  
water channel and flanking it on either  
side are the stone jetties five miles long.

### A Bad Case of Lockjaw.



### A Whistling People.

The natives of Gomera, one of the  
Canary Isles, converse with one an-  
other by whistling on their fingers. It  
is possible to understand a message a  
mile off. Each syllable of a word has  
its own peculiar sound. Gomera is cut  
up by a number of deep glens, which  
are not bridged over, and as it would  
otherwise be impossible for the inhabi-  
tants on separate sides of a glen to  
talk with one another without going  
a long way round to meet, they have  
hit upon the whistling device as the  
best means of communication.

Thought He Was Saving Money.  
Hiram—Hurry up, Mandy, an' git  
away from this buildin'.

Mandy—What's yer hurry, Hiram?  
Hiram (chuckling)—The feller in the  
elevator forgot ter collect our fares.—  
Truth.

Almost every girl of sixteen has her  
mind made up that some day she will  
have a son named De Montville, or a  
daughter named Geraldine.

About all some men are willing to do  
for a living is to breathe regularly.

### HISTORIC OLD FORT HAYS.

Noted Spot in Kansas Where Thrill-  
ing Incidents Occurred.

One of the noted military posts of the  
country was Fort Hays, Kan. In 1866  
Fort Fletcher was built at the junction  
of the North Fork and Big Creek. In  
1867 a flood destroyed it, drowned sev-  
eral soldiers, and swept away mules,  
wagons, tents and barracks. Then Gen.  
Lull Sheridan chose a higher site, and  
Major Gillis of the Seventh United  
States Cavalry directed the building of  
the new fort, which was begun at once.  
It was named Hays in honor of Gen.  
Alexander Hays, who commanded a di-  
vision under Hancock in the Civil  
War, and was killed in the Wilderness  
campaign.

Many noted officers have been sta-  
tioned at Fort Hays. Gen. Phil Sheri-  
dan was in command in 1868, and pre-  
vious to that date Gen. Hancock direct-  
ed military affairs in that department.  
Gen. Custer made many of his remark-  
able Indian campaigns from there.  
From 1867 to 1871 his command was  
there. Custer succeeded in 1871 by  
Col. Oakes with the Sixth Cavalry.  
The last officer in command at the post  
before its abandonment was Major  
John R. Yard of the Eighteenth Infan-  
try. Many years before he had been  
there with the Tenth (colored) cavalry.  
In connection with Custer, it may be

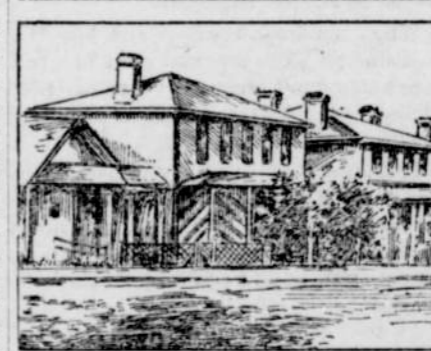


THE AMORY AT FORT HAYS.

noted that the last survivor of the  
memorable massacre on the Little Big  
Horn in 1876 died last April in Chey-  
enne, Wyo., when "Billy," the Gener-  
al's old war horse, died. "Billy" was  
found wandering about on the battle-  
field, passed into the possession of Mr.  
Thomas F. Talbot, of Cheyenne, was  
kindly cared for, and his body lies  
buried in the garden of the Talbot resi-  
dence, the place being marked by a  
stone slab.

After the fort had been built, Hays  
City sprang up around it, and in early  
years it was an open question whether  
Hays City or Dodge City was the  
"tougher" place. In 1870 the little place  
had thirty-seven saloons, every one a  
gambling place, most of them dance  
halls. The cowboy and the bluecoat  
made things lively in these resorts, for  
there was no love lost between them.  
One night the cowboys lynched three  
colored soldiers. They were hung from  
the railroad bridge west of town, and  
their dead bodies were found dangling  
there the next day.

For years the place was the cowboys'  
trading point. The surrounding coun-



OFFICERS' ROW, FORT HAYS.

try was a vast cattle range. On Aug.  
23, 1869, Wild Bill (William Hickock)  
was elected marshal, and while he was  
a command he killed four men. One of  
them was a soldier of Custer's Seventh  
Regiment, and Mr. Hickock deemed it  
judicious to leave town before the ex-  
piration of his term of office, he saying  
that he had no contract to whip the  
whole army.

In August, 1872, Pony Donovan was  
arrested on a charge of horse-stealing,  
and was confined in the jail in the base-  
ment of the court house. One night  
some one shot him dead there, and  
fired the court house. It burned down,  
and all the county records were de-  
stroyed. The new court house likewise  
burned down. Then another was built  
that yet stands.

A "place with a history" is a small  
tract of land northwest of Hays City.  
It contains the graves of forty-five per-  
sons, many of them unknown, who met  
violent deaths in various affairs or by  
assassination. "Boot Hill" is the name  
of this neglected place, chosen because  
most of the corpses were buried with  
their boots on.

In May, 1867, Lookout stage station,  
six miles west of Hays, was raided by  
Indians, and four men were killed and  
scalped. Later the same year six rail-  
road section hands met a like fate near  
Victoria, fifteen miles east of Hays.  
Another railroad laborer was killed by  
Indians, dying with his shovel in his  
hands. A contractor living near town  
was shot dead by an arrow which  
whizzed through a knothole in the side  
of his shanty. His widow became crazy  
in consequence, and rode about the  
country, seeking revenge, a terror to  
the superstitious redskins. She got into  
print as the "Wild Huntress of the  
Plains."

But in 1876 Hays City began to im-  
prove. Indians occasionally came to  
town, got drunk, and engaged in rows  
with citizens or soldiers, but nothing  
serious resulted. In 1880 the old fort  
was abandoned, and Hays City has de-  
veloped into one of the most thriving  
little towns of the West, surrounded  
by vast wheat fields, the tenantless  
buildings of the fort alone reminding  
the visitor of the stormy days of the  
past. And even they will soon be but  
a memory, for an agricultural and nor-

mal college is to be established at the  
old fort, and the reservation lands are  
about to be turned into a public park.

The pictures of the army and offi-  
cers' quarters that accompany this ar-  
ticle are from photographs taken a  
short time ago.

### THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

The Highest Railway Station in Eu-  
rope Cut Out of a Rock.

We have only gone about half a mile  
when the train stops. We are at Roth-  
stock Station, the temporary terminus  
of the line. Gletscher Station was opened  
in the summer of 1898, Rothstock  
only in August, 1899. It is the highest  
railway station in Europe, 7,950 feet  
above the sea, and 1,000 feet higher  
than the mountain station of Pilatus.  
But what a station it is! From the tun-  
nel two cave-like openings are cut out to  
the face of the precipice. One of these  
leads to a rocky platform on the side  
of the bold, tower-like crag of the Elger  
Rothstock, which here juts out from  
the mountain wall. A small box with  
glazed windows is the only building. It  
stands in the archway of rock, and  
serves as the station master's office, for  
there is a station master in blue uni-  
form and bright red cap, with a staff  
of one boy to assist him. When the line  
has progressed further the station will  
be larger and better equipped, with din-  
ing and waiting rooms cut out of the  
rock and a number of bed-rooms for  
travelers who do not care to go in one  
journey up to the rarefied air of the  
higher regions. The tunnel is now being  
driven beyond Rothstock. The work  
of excavation is done by six boring ma-  
chines, driven by electricity. These cut  
out a number of horizontal bore holes,  
and when they have gone deep enough  
cartridges of dynamite are fixed in  
them, the borers and the workmen are  
withdrawn to a safe distance, and the  
fuses are fired by means of an electric  
switchboard. Then the debris is cleared  
away, the sides and roof of the tunnel  
are roughly trimmed to shape with pick  
and chisel, and the borers are brought  
up for another attack. The rock is so  
hard that even with the best work-  
ers and the best appliances the advance is  
slow. There are over six miles of tun-  
nel yet to be made, besides the excava-  
tion work at the stations and the boring  
of the great vertical shaft for the  
elevator at the top, a shaft about 250  
feet deep. Ten years will see it all  
finished, says Herr Gobat, from the  
Rothstock arches one has a glorious  
view down the valley of Grindelwald.  
The permanent station about half  
a mile further on, to be known as "The  
Grindelwald Gallery," will command  
even a better prospect. The line will  
then curve through and round the  
mountain to Elger Station—10,630 feet  
high. This station will look out upon  
the fields of ice and snow between the  
Elger and the Schreckhorn. The rail-  
way will then run under the summit of  
the Monch to the Aletsch Guggl Glacier  
Station, in the rocks above the Jung-

frau Loch. This station will look down  
on the great Aletsch Glacier, the largest  
in Europe; and the giant pyramid of the  
Jungfrau will rise close in front of it.  
Beyond the station the line will pass  
through the sharp, narrow ridge of  
rock that supports the ice of the Jung-  
frau Loch. It will ascend by a steep  
grade in the heart of the great rocky  
rib that juts out eastward from the  
summit; and it will then curve and zig-  
zag around the cone, always deep in the  
live rock, ending at last in a large  
chamber, from which will be  
worked which will cut, and travel  
up the last 250 feet, and from which he  
will step out upon the summit platform.  
—Cassell.

### Precious Stones.

Many of the precious stones now  
owned by Queen Victoria formerly be-  
longed to Indian princes. The famous  
Koh-i-Noor came into her possession on  
the annexation of the Punjab in 1849.

One of the rarest gems in Queen Vic-  
torian's collection is a green diamond of  
marvelous beauty. It has never been  
set. She owns three crowns. The most  
artistic one, which was made over  
forty years ago, is of gold, literally cov-  
ered with diamonds. It is composed of  
2,673 white diamonds and 523 rubies,  
besides many smaller stones. Before  
this crown was made the Queen wore  
a gold band studded with precious  
stones. This band is to be seen in most  
of her earlier portraits. The great  
crown, which rests in the Tower, is  
over 100 years old.

The Queen is sentimentally attached  
to pearls, as is the German Empress,  
who has fine specimens in her jewel  
cases; but as she did not wear them  
enough they lost their color, and had to  
be immersed in sea water for several  
months before they regained their beau-  
ty. This process is not often resorted to,  
but it was entirely successful in this  
case.

### Peculiar Graves in Zululand.

The most curiously decorated graves  
in the world are the natives' graves in  
Zululand. Some of these mounds are  
garnished with the bottles of medicine  
used by the departed in their final ill-  
ness, and the duration of the illness is  
guessed by the number of bottles.