

### A Land of Gladness.

How softly low, among Sonoma's hills,  
The ice-cold springs, the merry-hearted rills,  
Fragrance of pine, my wanders' fancy thrills,  
Till, even through the city's noise-built walls,  
I hear the chant of sudden waterfalls,  
Once more, through cedar bosoms the black-  
bird calls.

There are wild cliffs, on Mendocino's shore,  
And well I know the seaweed on the floor  
Of hidden caves, and many a marvel more,  
Pacific's heart bath legends wise and old;  
Go thou, and wait in voices manifold  
When storms are loose, to hear the story told.

Again I see gray mountains purely clad  
With gleaming snow, vast peaks forever clad—  
Such heights as these the older singers had.  
Again one hark the sunlight's fingers had,  
On Lassen's peaks, on Shasta's snowy dome,  
Where lilies bloom beneath the glacier's home.

But best the redwood shade, the peace it brings,  
Where fancies rise as crystal mountain  
Beneath tall trees; and dear each bird that sings  
In rain-soaked summits; dear the ferns which grow  
By cool Navarro, where sea-breezes blow  
And white azaleas touch the river's flow.  
—Charles Howard Shinn, in the Century for February.

### A SOLDIER'S TRUST.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

"How we will live Heaven only knows! All is dark now."  
Mrs. Paine sat down suddenly and lifted a hand to her eyes. Her daughter, Caroline, a bright, pretty girl of seventeen, noted among her associates for her energy and resolution, caught her breath suddenly. She was going to cry, but resolved not to yield now when her mother was overcome with dread of the future.

The world had been the average world to Ellen Paine. She did not and robed her of her husband's life. There were some jobs in life's journey when he came home. He was not as strong as when he went away—lost time, and of course he was weaker. Still content with the things the gods provided the Paines through sickness and idleness; the increasing family and growing responsibilities all were accepted cheerfully till one day the sun seemed to drop out of the firmament. Andrew Paine was brought home unconscious, a terrible accident had happened; in twenty-four hours Mrs. Paine was a widow.

Time moved on. Providence raised a friend to her in her brother-in-law, who found work for his nephew, and thus kept the roof over Mrs. Paine's head. But death claimed the son, and then the burden began to fall on Caroline. The mother strove to lighten it—to make the girl's life as joyous as she could. It was a dull life at best; the grind began when she fell ill with rheumatism. The future looked dark, but the uncle still turned the cloud aside until the silver lining shone again.

Suddenly trade stopped. Then it really seemed as if all the world stopped, so far as Mrs. Paine and her daughter were concerned. The establishment where Caroline worked ceased operations unexpectedly. Mrs. Paine was unable to move a hand that month. Could they ever, even if work offered again, be able to catch up to repay what they owed? These were queries mother and daughter asked themselves an hundred times.

Before the question was answered, fate—remorseless fate—swept away their last hope. The uncle, Arthur Paine, was summoned to his final account with more swiftness than his brother. The two women—one suffering in broken health; the other hungering for joy she saw herself forever shut out of—looked at each other fearfully. They did not dare to breathe their fears. The mother's heart ached for her child, the daughter's for her mother.

But the world whirled answers from all. The day came when the mother and daughter had to speak plainly, and when it came, it found the mother as a babe.

"Mother, there may be a way," said Caroline Paine, hopefully. Mrs. Paine shook her head, still keeping her eyes covered.

"I'm sure mother—wait until Mr. Brooks comes home. Then I will tell you what I mean."

Mr. Brooks was well up in years—an old bachelor who roomed on the same floor with the Paines. He was a clerk with varied experience. To Caroline was a walking encyclopedia. An hour later, Mr. Brooks, in response to Caroline's request, stepped noiselessly into the room the Paines occupied.

"Mr. Brooks," said Caroline, briskly, "I want to ask you about soldiers' claims. You know what soldiers are entitled to?"

"I ought to. I was chief clerk for a claim agent eight years, and five years in the Pension Office here." Mr. Brooks wasted no words. He sat down, looking inquiringly at the earnest face before him.

"Then you can help us, Mr. Brooks. I want you to sell the land my father—or my mother is entitled to. Father never sold it, did he, mother?"

Mrs. Paine looked bewildered. "What land?"

"Why, the 160 acres I used to hear father say was lying out West waiting for him."

"O!" said Mr. Brooks—"that's all a—here he checked himself. The girl's face fell. Why not soften the disappointment. "You see—there really never was anything in that. I mean—"

"You don't mean father sold his claim?"

Mr. Brooks couldn't invent a lie, or he would have done it. He blurted out the truth: "I've no doubt your father thought he was entitled to the land—"

"Why, Mr. Brooks, I've heard him say, time and again, the Government owed him the land; that he would sell his claim when the time came if he ever was—as we are now—hard pressed."

"I remember now; so he did," said Mrs. Paine. "Caroline is right." Mrs. Paine spoke cheerfully.

"The truth is the Government never really promised the land."

"Why, Mr. Brooks, I've heard of soldiers selling their land warrants," said Caroline.

"So they did, Miss; that's just where the mistake was made. You see, before the civil war, the Government gave soldiers land warrants; the volunteers were led to believe they'd get the same."

"Yes, and pay in gold," said Mrs. Paine.

### Another \$5; thus the Paines had the benefit of the entire amount the little knot at the cigar store made up for her.

The incident made a deep impression on Brooks. He pondered over it, and pondered until he got to talking about it. From talking to his friends, he got to talking about it in the *Post*. Finally he was inspired—I can think of no other as fitting—to write a lecture, which he has been delivering with much earnestness and unqualified success all over the State. He begins with Paine's voluntary four years' service, exposes the swindle involved in the silence concerning the land warrants when men signed muster-rolls, recites the slow pay-day experiences, calls up months of waiting for wives and children, compares the purchasing power of the soldier's pay with the purchasing power of a silver dollar today, burns *exposes* the bondholders until there is nothing left of them, and winds up with the incident of the burnt note which the Government was honest enough to replace. He makes out very clearly—proves to every man within sound of his voice or logic, that the system—the financial system—the Government has pursued, is "exactly as if every note given in payment to a soldier had been burned at one end—burned a quarter, third, half or five-eighths, as the price of gold went up and down."

What is very curious, although some people say behind his back that Brooks is a blatherskite, nobody has ever had the courage to tackle him face to face.

### An Electrical Engineer.

There are two roads to take if you wish to become an electrical engineer. Although this occupation of electrical engineering is so new, there are three colleges in our country where the theoretical part of the profession is taught, namely: The Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey; the University of Pennsylvania; and the Massachusetts Institute are the best known. If a young man has gone through the theoretical and partially practical training to be had in either of these institutions, he does not require a great deal of actual experience in doing the work itself to fit him for undertaking almost any task pertaining to the calling.

But some boys may not be able to spare the time or pay the money for this collegiate part of the training. In that case, they endeavor to find employment in one of the factories of the great companies I have mentioned. To obtain admission, however, they must be bright, they must have good mechanical tastes, as well as in their mechanical pursuits, they must have the habits that they are suited for the profession they seek to enter. Having obtained an entrance, they begin as ordinary employes, doing the simplest kind of work or even drudgery; then they are transferred from one department to another, learning a little at each step they take; until, finally, they have a good knowledge of the manufacturing branch of the profession.

From there they should go to the laboratory, where they obtain the scientific knowledge of the business. To know how the different parts are put together is not of itself sufficient; they must be able to tell why they are put together in that particular way; it is just that knowledge which makes them electrical engineers.

Then they are sent out as assistants to the various electric-lighting stations or are temporarily placed in charge of plants which have just been established, and which some amateur engineer is learning how to run. Finally they may be put in charge of a lighting station—that is, a building from which the lighting power is furnished for the lamps in the immediate neighborhood; and lastly, they may become members of the engineering corps, and put up the electric lights for some people.

I have described, from "Ready for Business," by George J. Manson, in *St. Nicholas* for February.

### A California Lizard's Queer Trick.

"There are some curious cases among the geckos," said a Los Angeles country naturalist. "Here is one dead that is called the leaf-like gecko. You see the tail bulges out soon after leaving the body and assumes a leaf or arrow shape; hence the name of the animal. Now, when the little creature is chased you will see it dodge around a limb and hold up the curious leaf-like tail. That is all you can see, and so naturally, you would think it a part of the tree itself. But the lizard has a more remarkable method of escape yet. We will imagine that you have tried to pluck the leaf. The animal drops clumsily to the ground and darts away among the rocks, where it attracts the attention of some of the hawks that are forever prowling around. Immediately a chase ensues; the bird gains, and is finally about to pounce upon its prey, when all at once two lizards appear, one making off, while the other dances up and down into the air and along the ground in a mysterious way, so that the astonished bird stops and looks. In the meantime the original lizard escapes; the other, that is really the tail, soon becomes quiescent. You see the gecko has the faculty of throwing off its tail when hard pressed, and while the pursuer's attention is drawn to the squirming member, the animal itself escapes."

"But it loses its tail?" suggested the reporter.

"Only for a time. They can reproduce this organ, and curiously enough, sometimes two tails are produced instead of one."—*San Francisco Call*.

Two colored brothers fell out in the church about a small matter. The offending brother went to the offended one and said: "Brodder, the Lord has forgiven me, and won't you?" The offended brother replied: "You go bring me a health, and I'll forgive you, den I will see about de matter. John de Baptist required de Jews to bring a certificate of repentance 'fore he would baptize 'em."—*Newman (Ga.) Herald*.

T. V. Powderly, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, says: "If every laborer and every manufacturer would read daily a good paper and keep posted on topics of the time I feel certain there would be less trouble."

### HIS HAND WASN'T STEADY.

Nor His Eye Quick, but When His Gun Went Off the Boys Felt Sheepish.

An Equinunk, Pa., correspondent writes: John Finley Teepie, known all over northern Pennsylvania as Uncle Fin, was 79 years old his last birthday. For more than sixty years he hunted and trapped from the Delaware to the Allegheny, and never missed a season until two years ago. Then he made up his mind to take a rest, more because game was getting scarce than because he was tired. His two boys, Lije and Sim, could take care of all that was left, he said. From that time until a few days before the past deer season closed he hadn't touched his gun—a gun that he claims has lain low bear and deer by the thousand. One morning recently he got out of bed and said to his son Lije:

"Lije, I'm goin' down in Pike county an' knock over deer before I hole up fur good."

Lije and the rest of the family tried to change Uncle Fin's mind, for they thought he was too old to go tramping through the woods on a deer hunt. He was determined, however, and so his boys, Lije and Sim, fixed themselves up, and got ready to go with the old hunter. They went down on the Mast Hope ridge, twenty-five miles from home. Sim drove for deer, and Uncle Fin and Lije stood on the runways.

"Father," said Lije, "I guess I'll stay close by you, for your hand isn't as steady as it was fifty years ago, and your eye isn't as quick. So I'll keep close by you, and if Sim sends a deer along and you miss it I'll knock it over."

"Ye will, hey?" exclaimed the old man, indignantly. "My han' hain't ez sidly ez 'twere fifty years ago, hain't it? Nor my eye hain't so quick? Well, now, my fresh young Nimrod, you just plank yourself over on that runaway yender half a mile or so, an' I'll stay right whar I be. If a deer comes pichin' long here 'thin gushoot' o' me I'll show you wuther my han' hain't ez sidly or my eye hain't ez quick ez they usey be. G'long with ye, an' look out fur yer own han' an' eye!"

"All right," said Lije; "but if you lose the deer don't blame me."

Lije went reluctantly to the upper runway. Uncle Fin remained where he was. Sim went on the ridge, and after an half hour or so started a rousing buck. It was a good way off, but within reach, and he blazed away at it. It kept right on. It bounded down the ridge and passed along within good range of Lije. Lije sent a bullet after it, but the buck kept right on.

"Blame the luck!" said he. "Now, just for the old man's contrariness, we're liable to lose that deer. He won't be able to see it unless it runs over him, to say nothing of hitting it."

The buck tore along through the brush, and passed Uncle Fin, a hundred yards away. His eyesight hadn't entirely failed, for he saw the buck. He drew back on it, and let "old Betsy" speak. The buck gave two or three wild bounds, and fell in the brush. Uncle Fin didn't move toward it. When the boys came up Lije asked the old man what he had shot at.

"A buck, I reckon," said he. "What'd you fellows blaze at?"

"A big buck," said Lije, "but I didn't reach him. Which way did he go from here?"

"Which way'd he go?" said Uncle Fin, contemptuously. "Ye heard me shoot, didn't ye? If you smart roosters don't know how to handle a gun yer mebbe ye know how to dress a dead deer. If ye do, jest trot over yender by that big hemlock an' hang up that buck. I'd giddy ez 'twere fifty years ago, ye know, an' my eyesight's failin'."

Lije and Sim could hear the old man laugh all the way over to the hemlock tree, and when they found the buck lying dead as a mackerel, and with one bullet-hole in its side, and that through the kidneys, they felt like butting their heads against a rock. They dressed the deer and brought it in without a word.

"It's a terrible thing when a man gets old an' shaky an' durn nigh blind, hain't it, boys?" said Uncle Fin, seriously, as the boys stumbled the buck on the ground at his feet. "It's the savvy young folks with steady nerves that knock over the venison, hain't it boys?"

Then the old man laughed and made the boys feel more sheepish than ever. They took the big buck to Mast Hope, loaded it on the cars, and got home the same day they went away. But the result of the hunt has satisfied Uncle Fin that he made a mistake in retiring from the chase two years ago.

"I see I've got to go out an' give them boys o' mine a little more trainin'!" he says. "Why, if I were the side of a barn I wouldn't be 'foerd to stan' up an' let them boys peg away at me all day, I'll be on the turf ag'in next season, ez usual, an' take 'em in han' an' I'll arn 'em sumphin'!"

There are many curious facts in American history. Three Vice Presidents, Gerry, Hendricks and Wilson, died in November at dates which might all come in a single week. No President, either in or out of office, has died in November, though six have died in July and four in June. Garfield died in September, Lincoln in April. Two Vice Presidents have been indicted for treason. These were Aaron Burr and John C. Breckenridge. One Vice President, John C. Calhoun, resigned his office, and seven men have held both Presidential and Vice Presidential chairs. John Adams, Washington's Vice President, succeeded him in the White House. Jefferson, Adams' Vice President, did likewise, and Martin Van Buren, one of Jackson's Vice Presidents, was his successor. The other four became President by death. They were Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur.

The following story, without a vouch, is told on Mayor Rice: The day after his election to office he was applied to by a street mendicant for aid. His Honor asked him what caused his poverty. The reply was, "I have fallen among thieves." "Ah," said the Mayor reflectively, "so have I." For sweet charity's sake and the bond that existed between the two men the pauper received a quarter.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

### An Old-Time Negro Dance.

From George W. Cable's illustration in the February *Century*, accompanied by the music of the Creole dances, we quote the following: "It was a weird one. The negro of colonial Louisiana was a most grotesque figure. He was nearly naked. Often his neck and arms, thighs, shanks, and splay feet were shrunken, though, sinewy like a monkey's. Sometimes it was scant diet and cruel labor that had made them so. Even the requirement of law was only that he should have not less than a barrel of corn—nothing else,—a month, nor get more than thirty lashes to the twenty-four hours. The whole world was crueler those times than now; we must not judge them by our own."

"Often the slave's attire was only a cotton shirt, or a pair of pantaloons hanging in indecent tatters to his naked waist. The bond-woman was well clad who had on as much as a coarse chemise and petticoat. To add a *tygon*—a Madras handkerchief twisted into a turban—was high gentility, and the number of kerchiefs beyond that one was the measure of absolute wealth. Some were rich in *tygon*s; especially those who served within the house, and pleased the mistress, or even the master—there were Hagars in those days. However, Congo Plains did not gather the house-servants so much as the 'field-hands.'"

"These came in troops. See them; wilder than gypsies; wilder than the Moors and Arabs whose strong blood and features one sees at a glance in so many of them; gangs—as they are called—gangs and gangs of them, from this and that yonder direction; tall, well-knit Senegalese from Cape Verde, black as ebony, with intelligent, kindly eyes and long, straight, shapely noses; Mandingoes from the Gambia River, lighter of color, of cruder form, and a cunning that shows in the countenance; whose enslavement seems specially a shame, their nation the merchants of Africa, dwelling in towns, industrious, thrifty, skilled in commerce and husbandry, and expert in the working of metals, even to silver and gold; and Foulahs, playfully mis-called *Foulards*,—fat chickens,—of goodly stature, and with a perceptible rose tint in the cheeks; and Sosos, famous warriors, dexterous with the African target; and in contrast to these, with small ears, thick eyebrows, bright eyes, flat, up-turned noses, shining skin, wide mouths and white teeth, the negroes of Guinea, true and unmixed, from the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Cape of Palms—not from the Grain Coast; the English had that trade. See them come! Poppoes, Cotoceles, Fidias, Socoos, Agwas, short, copper-colored Miness—what havoc the slaves did make!—and from interior Africa others equally proud and warlike; fierce Negroes and Foudas; tawny Awassas; Iboes, so light-colored that one could not tell them from mulattoes but for their national tattooing; and the half-civilized and quick-witted but ferocious Aranda, the original Voodoo worshiper. And how many more! For here come, also, men and women from all that great Congo coast,—Angola, Malimbe, Ambrice, etc.,—small, good-natured, sprightly boys, and gay garrulous girls, thick-lipped but not tart; chattering, chaffering, singing, and guffawing as they come; these are they for whom the dance and the place are named, the most numerous sort of negro in the colonies, the Congoes and Franco-Congoes, and the gentlest and kindest natures that came from Africa. Such was the company. Among these *bossals*—that is, native Africans—there was, of course, an evergrowing number of negroes who proudly called themselves Creole negroes, that is, born in America; and at the present time there is only here and there an old native African to be met with, vain of his singularity and trembling on his staff."

### Who are Fit for Marriage?

Show the children, father, that "mother" is the loved queen of your heart and home. Teach the boys, by example, that mother and sister are to be treated with all gentle deference. Offer to the weaker ones the pleasantest seats in the sunny windows, or by the fire, and see how infectious will be the courteous atmosphere about you. No woman, or womanly girl, but will be ground to the core of her gentle heart by this thoughtfulness, and the maiden who steps out of such a home is hardly likely to sharpen her tongue or pen at the expense of mankind, for manhood means to her the strength upon which she may safely lean when she needs to be upheld; the protection that is prompt when she needs defense; the voice that encourages and advises justly and generously. To become such a man's loved wife, is to her to open the door to all the gracious outreach of her mother's life, as she has seen it day by day. To become the husband of such a natural womanly girl, is the wedding of a woman fit for wifehood with one of the men fit for husbands. Show me the man unfit for a husband and I will tell you something of his father and mother. If the home life is ungracious the children who grow up in that home will be ungracious and distorted in their lives as plants deprived of sunshine and oxygen grow stunted and arid. If they grow at all, begin with the babies on your knee, mothers, and there will be no need to complain that: "There is none fit for marriage—no, not one!"—*Trebber Oul, in Good Housekeeping*.

"On one occasion," says Ben Perley Poore, "Daniel Webster, when visiting the old hall of the House of Representatives, had his attention called to the remarkable echo which repeated audibly everything that was said from certain places on the floor. He was told that this had the good effect of preventing certain members, whose seats were in those parts of the House, from speaking, and one was mentioned especially who would otherwise have grumbled over every appropriation. Mr. Webster wrote on an envelope:

"Oul growling folk, from Tennessee, says very little at his meeting. He is shyly benevolent; (twixt you and me) His speeches will not bear repeating."

Mr. Van Zandt, ex-Governor of Rhode Island, is chaffed sometimes because of his Dutch-Yankee ancestry. "I tell them," says he, "we are all mixed in blood in this country like cock-tails."

### Some Peculiar People.

The lugubrious man. He is happy only when he is miserable. But then, he is almost always miserable. Come what may, he can't find something troublesome in it. When the rain falls the annoying dust for other people it makes miserable mud for him, and when the sunshine dries the vexing mud for others it makes tormenting dust for him. In his life every silver lining has its cloud. If by any chance there comes a time when there is nothing to mourn for he sends out his imagination to find something. If the weather is just as he wishes it to be he sets himself to thinking on what it will be next August and works himself into what is vulgarly called a sweat. In one way or another he is in a sweat most of the time. When he has no troubles of his own he shoulders some of those which his neighbors ought to have. He mourns to see Jones cutting hard-boiled eggs year after year in utter unconsciousness that he is ruining his digestion. It grieves him to know that Smith keeps right on riding a bicycle after he has been warned time and again of the dreadful consequences of a "header"; and it tears his very soul to see Robinson persist in wearing a plug hat without an airhole in it, when it has been demonstrated so very clearly that this sort of thing has been known to produce baldness. The lugubrious man is not a pleasing person to have around, but after all he serves a purpose. If he absorbs all the sadness of his neighborhood he leaves the rest of the people comparatively free to enjoy themselves as they go.

The funny man. He isn't funny, but that is not his fault. He tries hard enough. He seems to think the aim of all proper life is to make people laugh at him; and sometimes he accomplishes this. Most of the people, however, laugh at him when he is not around. You will find him wherever there is a crowd. No matter what the object of the assemblage may be, he is there with his joke. He sits at the barber-shop awaiting his turn and tells the barber to be careful not to dull his razor on his neck's cheek. "This being a joke he laughs at it. How would anybody know it was funny if nobody laughed at it? Presently his turn comes and he tells the barber that he will make no charge for letting him hone his razor on his cheek. Nobody laughs, and he ventures the explanatory remark that a razor may be honed on his adamantine cheek. Still nobody laughs—that is, nobody but himself, and that is substantially nobody. If you don't find him in the barber-shop look out for him in the railroad car. When the brakeman announces that "this train will not stop between Riverside and Downer's Grove" the funny man shouts: "Who said it would?" This makes him laugh all over, but the brakeman and the other passengers look tired, and travel-worn, and sorry they didn't get off at the last station. The funny man is also epidemic at social gatherings. He likes social gatherings, because there people have to laugh at his remarks whether they want to or not. It is one of the drawbacks of a social gathering that everybody has to pretend to enjoy everything about it, even to the funny man. If the funny man and the lugubrious man could be tied together by the heels and flung over a clothes-line society would try very hard to accept the situation philosophically and with due resignation.—*Chicago News*.

### People Who Wear Tights.

"One of the principal articles we sell," said a stage costumer to a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express*, "is tights. They are not only used on the stage, but in almost every show in the country. The demand for them now is large."

"Do they wear out easily?"

"That depends entirely on the kind of show the wearer is acting in. Circus riders wear the most. It's the rosin on the horse's back that does that. Then the wearer perspiring makes it necessary to have them washed every time they are used. A bareback circus rider will wear out one or two pair a week. They cost all the way from \$2 a pair up to almost any price. The average pair for circus people costs \$6. They are plain tights, in colors and still more in fits. The cheapest tights are made of cotton. These are made in all colors, flesh, white, black, unbleached, chocolate and brown. Then there are fine cotton tights, Lisle thread tights, French cotton tights and silk tights."

"Do you sell them ready-made or make them to order?"

"The best qualities are all made to measure. We have the make-up or model of a number of actresses, and can make them as often as they are wanted."

"What do you mean by the make-up?"

"You don't suppose these people have the goods made to fit their true forms, do you? Not more than one-fifth of them have their tight-fitting clothes made without padding. How would a premier danseuse look posing before her audience if her costume were not made to give her a soft, rounded appearance? We make padded skirts, padded hips, padded arms, padded insteps, padded thighs, padded legs, and in fact, padded everything. The pads are made of fine lamb's wool. When a large ballet is being organized we have to go into this padding business very extensively. Some of the prettiest girls will be slightly knock-kneed or bow-legged. We have to straighten them out and produce the fine Venus-like looking forms that you see on the stages. We have artists who make a specialty of this, and in some very particular case they make a model of the actress, and then perfect the model and then make the goods up."

A Frenchman has invented a galvano-plastic process which, he thinks, will preserve the human body indefinitely by inclosing it in an air-tight coat of mail. The body is first covered with a conducting substance, such as plumbago, or it is bathed with a solution of silver nitrate, and after a deposition of nitrate of silver, which, after composition under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of sulphate of copper and connected with several wires from a battery. The result is that the body is inclosed in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action.

### MISSING LINKS.

In a Fresno, Cal., barber shop they furnish music for the barbers to shave by. The agent of the Passamaquoddy Indians of Maine reports their number at 531, all farmers.

Ex-Secretary Kirkwood, who has retired from politics, is living at Iowa City, where he owns a bank.

In leveling a hill in East Los Angeles, Cal., lately for the residence of Baron Rogiat, the workmen uncovered a two-foot edge of gold-bearing quartz, assaying \$8 at the surface.

Some Indian arrow-heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their dead power. Small animals scratched with them died in half an hour.

George M. Palmer, a Philadelphia baker, has buried six children and married a third wife within a year. The bridegroom, his son, and a journeyman baker were all sick the day of the wedding; but Mr. Palmer managed to pull himself together sufficiently to go through with the ceremony.

The food of Burmese peasants includes almost all kinds of reptiles, the grub of a ball-rolling beetle, a kind of ant which constructs nests of leaves in treetops (eaten in curries), and hill rats. The last named exist in such hordes that their consumption is almost a necessity to prevent the rats from eating the Burmese.

Charles M. O'Connor, First-Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry, is the Poobah of the United States Army. He is on duty at Fort Brown, Tex., where he serves in the multifarious roles of Post Adjutant, Post Treasurer, Post Range Officer, Acting Signal Officer, Recruiting Officer, and Superintendent of the Post Schools.

Mrs. Lily Macalister Laughton, Regent of the Mount Vernon Association, is asserted to have "the smallest and most perfectly formed foot in America." She once gave one of her slippers to a charitable fair, where it was raffled for. The lucky number was secured by Bishop Potter's son Frank, who used his prize as a watch-case.

A curious old coin was found near the lime kiln on North Main street, Chambersburg, Pa. It has the inscription: "In commemoration of the extinction of Colonial slavery throughout the British dominions in the reign of William IV." The reverse side has the figure of a slave with his shackles broken, and the words: "This is the Lord's day, 1784."

Mr. Blaine, while addressing a reunion of Maine legislators lately, deplored the change from annual to biennial elections and sessions of the legislature, saying: "People must govern themselves, or somebody will soon govern them, and there is no way to keep popular government fresh, strong, and effective like frequent and well-contested elections."

M. de Lesseps, who is about to leave Paris for Panama, said in an interview with the *Cavaliers* concerning the Isthmian Canal: "I do not anticipate any future obstacles. The period of experiment is passed, and only that of execution remains. Every one of the contractors will have his work finished the 31st of December, 1888. I shall sail through the canal that day."

George Tipton was a farmer in Madison county, Kentucky, about twenty years ago. He became financially involved, and went to West Indies. He secured control of a small island of the Bahama group which proved to be rich in phosphates, from which he amassed great wealth. He ruled autocratically, and no woman or intoxicating liquor were permitted upon the island. The ruler of this Evesless and prohibition Eden is now on a visit to his native state, and is expected to take back with him a blue-glass widow and a full supply of Kentucky Bourbon.

The English hangman, Berry by name, is a tall, respectable-looking man, with the appearance of a mechanic. He is a shoemaker by trade, but does not work now, as the executioner is well paid. He gets \$50 a head, or when there are more than one, \$50 for the first, \$25 for the second, and \$25 for the third, with all expenses paid. The first essential is nerve, and Berry has nerve. Binns, who preceded him, was a braggart, and liked publicity. He would smoke his pipe outside half an hour before an execution, and drink, and had an active tongue. Now the executioner is obliged to sleep in jail the night before a hanging. Calcraft, who was famous for so many years, was also a shoemaker, and, like Berry, a quiet, retiring man.

Mlle. de la Ramee, known to novel-readers as "Ouida," is described by one who saw her on a Florence drive for the first time as appearing "very much above the usual stature of women. Her face was marked by a nose decidedly aquiline, and abundant yellow hair. The figure was graceful and lithe. But such eyes! One moment they were a topaz-brown, and in the next second they were a misty-gray. The face would have been a pleasant though very unusual one but for the eerie, uncanny eyes. The lady is of spotless personal character. Her mother is English, her good blood but bad morals. 'Ouida' detests her life, outside her work, to her dogs and her mother, a pleasant-faced, white-haired old lady, who always goes to sleep in the warm, soft sunshine when she drives out with her masterful-looking daughter."

Ex-Queen Isabella knows as little about politics as about the value of money. It is said that when once in the days of her power she ordered one of her ministers to send a poor professor \$4,000 from her nearly exhausted treasury; the minister determined to administer a much-needed lesson, and heaped the money in small silver coins upon a table by which the queen would be sure to pass. She stopped, surprised, and asked what all the money was for. "It is the money for the professor," said the minister. The queen understood the situation and smiled, but sent the money all the same. Once when one of her advisers was trying to impress on her that times were changing and new political ideas gaining ground, she exclaimed impatiently: "Well! Don't I know it? Of course the times change. You never see me driving out now with my white mules."