I saw another Ruler rise, His words were noble, good, and wise; With the calm sceptre of his pen He ruled the minds and thoughts of men. Some scoffed, some praised; while many heard, Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw, Love and sweet Pity were his law; The greatest and the least had part (Yet most the unhappy) in his heart. The People, in a mighty band, Rose up, and drove him from the land.

-Adelaide Proctor

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"A cow-boy, Mr. Dean!"

"A genuine cow-boy, Miss Allen."
The teacher frowned, and the superintendent smiled; then she broke into a suppressed laugh, and he looked per-

"Why did you bring him to me? What in the world shall I do with him?" tall gentleman, helplessly. "He is within the school age-nineteen, he says."

"He looks older." "Yes; you must allow for sun and wind year in this town, and he wants to go to natural to you. school. I must put him somewhere. I 'Specimen from the Wild West.'"

"I should almost think you might. What is the native locality of the 'speci-"He says," replied Mr. Dean, deliber-

ately, "that his last range was between the Government land."
Crazy-Woman Creek and Bad-Water "What!" cried his Slough. "Oh dear! But how and why and

when did he get into civilization?' "I have no idea."

"He is so large and so old for a primary school?" "He is very ignorant. He cannot pos-

very good teacher. Miss Allen was really troubled. The Superintendent's little compliment failed to clear away the clouds. They had been talking in low tones, as they paced the hall, and now they paused at the open school-room door.

It was a very pretty school-room. There windows, vases and an embroidered tablespread on the teacher's desk. The children were neat and clean. There was an atmosphere of order and of dainty tidiness about the place, and the place suited

well with the young and pretty teacher. But this morning, looming up behind the rows of little girls in trim black stockings and short frocks; behind the little boys in scarlet hose and knicker. bocker-hopelessly big, untrained and out of place, sat the new scholar.

In his way, he was neither ugly nor awkward. He wore a flannel shirt with a red silk neck handkerchief, and he held in his hand his huge light sombrero, ornamented with a wide band of red leather, and with a gilt cord; but the est of his dress was subdued to the and keen blue eyes, broad shoulders, and lean, muscular frame, would have made him an exceedingly picturesque "subject" for an artist; but-in a primary school!

into his head to scalp us all!"

the tomahawk," said Mr. Dean, with a

they say. the line of plain duty to do it well. This | flashed into his eyes as he spoke. young man may be here to make trouble. study and because he would like to make | country, I think." something of himself. If he wants a chance, it is our business, as public Jim. school teachers, to see that he has it." "He shall have his chance, if I can

help him," said the teacher, earnestly.

the truth. Jim, who had a tolerably keen sense of presenting himself with spurs, "cuirt and

But every cow-boy feels himself in with the noises of the streets. duty bound to make an impression on a "tenderfoot" whenever the "tenderfoot"

felt in his pockets.
"Thunder!" said he. "Taint here. I must have been rattled this mornin'. I

be back before general round up." "No ! no !" cried the good gentleman, well before, that the pistol must not and could not come back to school. He felt that he had in some way blundered with

the boy, but he did not know how. "What do you think of the school?" he asked, kindly laying one hand on the

boy's shoulders. "Pretty slick little outfit !" replied

Jim. "Hem! Well, James, I hope you will do well. I shall advance you as soon as you can do the work of a higher grade." As Mr. Dean and Jim stood together, it was evident that the cow-boy was not very tall. But there was a breeziness, an out-of-door roominess, that would have made him too large for any space rather uneasy. In fact, the young lady

insids of four walls.

It was not long before Miss Allen knew from Jim himself why he was there. She was told how Jim's father had left the couldn't seem to gather on to anything. And first, Jim's mother had died, and then his father, and left him to rustle for himself. And he had done it, too, until now. But an uncle down East had just looked him up, and had offered to do "I don't like the river something for him. This uncle had I'm afraid of the water." promised Jim a good team and a little bunch of cattle if he would come here

and go to school a whole year. I'm of age I mean to get a claim, and put my stock on it. Then I'll be apt to quit cow-punching, and turn sod-pelter." his teacher. It was plain that Jim intended to stay the whole long year, and it was only too plain that he did not eare for an education, and thought of the asked.

schooling only as a disagreeable steppingstone to the team and bunch of cattle.

On the other hand, I am afraid that Miss Allen knew and cared as little about stock-raising in the West as Jim did about spelling and grammar. Beside, she had no idea that a "sod-pelter" meant | a farmer, and she had a shadowy notion that Jim meant to devote the remainder of his existence to throwing clods of grass, like the old man in the spelling-

The days of that week passed rather slowly for Miss Allen. She tried hard to accept Jim's presence in a missionary spirit, but, in truth, he was a perpetual trial to her order-loving, sympathetic He was not bad, but he was so soul. He seemed to try to do right, but he was so utterly untrained in the ways of the school room that every motion was

a blunder. And yet, in his own sphere, Jim had a skill they never dreamed of. His grace and accuracy with horse and gun and lariat would have been a marvel to any man in that city. Perhaps he felt his present inferiority even more than his Perhaps the days were teacher did. wearily long to him, and the year seemed

endless in prospect. Miss Allen had planted a school picnic for Saturday, and on Friday the children were full of excitement about it. One of them told her that Jim wasn't going. "What shall I do with him?" asked the At first she was rather relieved to hear it, but when she entered the school-room she was touched by the homesick look on the

and rough living. He intends to live a afraid our life here does not seem quite

"I'm afraid not," answered James, can't buy a cage for him, and label him dryly; and then added, with a burst of confidence: "Why, Miss Allen, in all this week I haint seen nor heard but just one thing that seemed natural to me, and about that old ranchman that pastured on

> "What!" cried his teacher, in blank astonishment. "That had such a big bunch of sons,

you know; and they was his cowboys." "But I haven't read any such story," said Miss Allen.

"Why, yes, don't you remember?" said Jim. "And one day, when they was off sibly do the work of a higher grade. I on the range, the old man sent the little care sped on to death! Her senses brought him to you because he needs a kid out from the home ranch to look 'em swam. up, and find out how they was." "No," said the young lady; "I never

read you a story like that." "Perhaps you don't remember," said Jim, "but I do, because it seemed natural. And the kid went on, and got where he thought they was; and he found they had moved the whole bunch on to anothwere pictures on the walls, flowers in the er range. And when he did find them, they chucked the little kid into a big wash-out, and then pulled him out and sold him to the Indians."

"James!" "That's what you said," continued Jim, respectful but positive, "I don't remember what the book called 'em, but you said they was the same as the Araps in the geography. That's what we call the Arapahoes.

"The Arabs!" exclaimed Miss Allen. "It is possible that you mean the story of Joseph and his brethren?" "That's it!" answered Jim. "I couldn't

think of the name. Poor little kid! We wouldn't treat no little kid that way. That part wasn't natural.'

the present life on the great plains is repstandard of Eastern eivilization. His resented by some passages of the Old complexion showed that clear, bright red Testament. She concluded to postpone which marks the pure sunshine of the the matter of Biblical exegesis, and said, great plains. This, and his light hair cheerfully: "You will get used to us in time, I'hope, James." "I don't know," said Jim, rather dolc-

fully. "When a fellow's been a maverick long as I have, it comes rather rough to "I am positively afraid of him!" said be rounded-up and roped and branded, Miss Allen. "What if he should take it even if they do put him into a nice little corral like this. And then, an old ranger boat, managing the rope so that it shall "Send for me at the first flourish of like me hates to trot along with the not tighten to soon. Above the medley

"But, honestly, I have no doubt that speech very well, but she felt that her he carries pistols. Cowboys always do, new pupil was homesick and lonely, and, like the good little woman that she was, "I believe so. I will look into that she spoke so kindly that her simple matter. Now, seriously," and his face words went straight to the boy's heart, became grave, "I know what a hard He replied only "thank you," but she but she thing I have given you to do, but it is in was astonished to see that the tears

With a new interest in him, she said. In that case we shall very soon know it, sincerely and cordially: "I hope you and I promise you that his career shall be will go to the picnic to-morow, James. short. But it is possible that he comes to You will like to see something of the

"I'll come if you want me," said

Gray's Park could hardly be called "the country." To be sure, it was a wild and picturesque little spot, but ufter I am sure of that. And now for the all there were only a few acres of land, pistol. James! James Ferguson! Come set off by the city for public recreation. here, please. Have you firearms about The river runs by Gray's Park, playing he asked, abruptly, thinking to with pebbles and trailing take the boy by surprise, and so get at branches like a peaceful country river; but a little farther down the stream it plunges with a mighty bustle and roar of the fitness of things, had no more idea of business down a great dam. Here are taking his pistol to school than he had of clustered the city mills, and in the quietest part of Gray's Park you can hear the whir-r-r of machinery mingled

The picnic was like other school-pic-The children ran and shouted, nics. shows himself ready to be impressed. brought Miss Allen a wonderful collec-Jim's blue eyes twinkled, but he gravely tion of flowers and leaves and pebbles, ate too much dinner, got their feet wet, and found a mud-turtle.

Miss It was almost time to go home. can rustle around and got it fer you, and Allen had repacked the lunch baskets, and Jim had taken down the swing, though he climbed rather awkwardly, and explained what Jim knew perfectly and declared that he "felt like a tender-

foot in a tree." He lay by the water's edge, coiling the rope upon his left arm, and handling it rather wistfully. Jim could do wonderful things with a rope. If he had been alone he would have tried a few of his old throws, although he might have found it rather tame practice, on foot, instead of on horsback, and with an old stump for a target, instead of a gallop-

ing steer.
Miss Allen sat near him, on a rustic seat made of a twisted hemlock tree. Jim had come to like his teacher, and to want to please her, and he knew that his cowboy accomplishments made her thought of the plainsman's life as an acted sensation novel.

"This is a pretty place, isn't it?" she said. State when Jim was only a yearling, and "Yes," answered Jim, rather doubt-how he was a white kind of a man, but fully: "but it seems shut in, sort of There ain't no stirring in these parts, and the trees is in the way a good deal. You

can't see much." "But the rocks and the river, you like them, do you not?"

"I don't like the river much, either: "But I thought you were afraid of nothing!" "I don't like the water, though," said Jim. "I never could see "The very day school is out," Jim went the use of as much as you Eastern folks "I shall start for the West. When have lyin' about. You could't hire me

to get into a boat." "I should not try, just here," replied to lady, smiling. "It looks quiet, but the lady, smiling. All this was not very encouraging to the current is very dangerous. Just a is teacher. It was plain that Jim in-little further down, they say that no man

could manage a boat." "Would he go over the dam?" he

"Yes, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. This is not a good boating river. There is a stretch of a mile or so, above this, where small craft can go, and a few of the gentlemen who own these houses keep little pleasure-boats. But above that the channel is too

shallow, and below it is dangerous." "It don't seem a very good place for the kids," mused Jim. "For the children, James." "For the children. If you had 'em

out on the prairie, they'd be safer."
"Why," exclaimed Miss Allen. exclaimed Miss Allen, "I wouldn't trust myself on the prairie, to say nothing of the children! They say there are rattlesnakes there." "Yes," admitted Jim, "there is some rattlesmakes. But it's safer than this, I

think." While these two had been working and talking, something had happened that, beyond all question, never should have happened at all. The children knew better than to get into any boat without permission, and in this case they knew, too, that they were meddling with

private property.

Nevertheless, when a party of little boys and girls, wandering up the bank, came upon a beautiful green-and-white boat snugly hidden in a tiny cove where no boat had ever been before, then all the

trouble began. First they stopped to examine and admire; and then two little boys jumped in, and began to rock from side to side, and to tell how they dared ride boy's face.
"James," said she, kindly, "I am next two little girls thought they would next in too if the boys wouldn't rock; away down to the mill-dam in her; and get in, too, if the boys wouldn't rock; and the boys promised, with a sarcastic side-speech about girls and 'fraid-cats; and soon all four were scated on the pretty green-and-white benches.

Then, in some way, the boat got adrift. Perhaps the boat was only drawn upon that was the story you was a-readin' us the sand, and the rocking pushed it off. Perhaps some mischievous boy untied the rope. At all events, it was caught by the current, and began to glide down the treacherous stream.

When Miss Allen heard the screams, and looked from the frantic group on the shore to the tiny boat out on the river, her very heart seemed to stand still. To stay so near, and safe and well, yet utterly powerless, while those children in her

The sunny sparkles on the river shone in her eyes like electric flashes. She seemed to see, already, the little faces, cold and dead, and the limbs all crushed and mangled, and she heard the reproachful cries of their parents.

And Jim-who might, at least, have run swiftly and given the alarm--what was Jim doing?

Nothing. Or next to nothing; so it seemed. He did not even rise at first. glance up the river with his keen blue eyes, and he went on working at his rope. He was making a loop of on end. He did not seem to hurry, but he wasted no motion.

Holding the loop in his right hand, while the coils still hung upon his left arm, he waded through the shallow shore water to the edge of the deeper channel. His quick glance scemed to take in everything, the current, the river-bottom, and the banks. Even the light wind from the west was tested an instant with his upheld hand. There was no hurry, no Miss Atlen did not know how exactly flutter, but every nerve was awake, and every muscle true to call.

The boat was moving faster now. She quivered and thrilled with the strong and dangerous current. She has floated

No! Look! With one supple motion, Jim has thrown his loop. It speeds through the air like a live thing, and true to aim, just where the falls, frightened children can grasp it best. Quick as thought, Jim moves with the of sounds rises his clear, ringing Miss Allen did not understand this and they hear and obey his rapid direc-

tions. "Pass the rope the long way of the boat! Every one take hold! Now-

hold fast.' They do hold fast. Eight little hands, with the strength of desperation, clutch the rope. With a long, steady, even pull, Jim heads the boat for the shore, and grounds it on the shallows.

Here my story might end, if Jim had known how to wade in a pebbly-bottom river. But as he laid hold of the prow, and pulled with all his strength to draw it further up, his foot slipped among the smooth, water-worn stones, and he fell heavily, and struck his head upon a sharp rock. And when, at last, some men came running to help, they found the children safe on shore, but Jim lay senseless in the shallow, while Miss Allen, with her pretty dress all soaked and clinging, held his head out of the

water. Of course, Jim was the hero of the day. He professed great chagrin because he was "fool enough to hurt himself," but he was no less a hero because he spent a

few days in a sick-room. Then the fathers of the rescued children met in solemn conclave to decide what they should do for Jim. There was talk of a subscription and a presentation. but good sense and good taste prevailed, and they decided to offer him nothing except their heartfelt thanks; but to keep the boy in sight, and when the time came,

to do him substantial service. I think that when Jim gets ready to settle on his claim, he will have as liberal a personal outfit as any young "sod-

pelter" need desire, But the mothers could not wait so long before they testified their gratitude, and Jim declares that before he left his room he had dressing-gowns and slippers enough to fit out all the Boston dudes cast of the Mississippi. Long before the doctor had thought it possible, Jim was back in the school-room, very pale and thin, though, and with a long red scar

down one cheek. "I guess I got branded for keeps, that time," says Jim .- Youth's Companion.

Human Ashes.

"Did you ever see any human ashes?" was the rather startling question put to a reporter of the New York Mail and Express by President Cobb, of the United States Cremation Society. Producing a square glass eight-ounce bottle, threeourths full of almost white ashes, he

said: "These are the ashes of a child about six or seven years old. They were left in charge of the society by the parents, who were going out of the city, and had no safe place to bestow them. Here |showing a round tin box about eight inches high and six in diameter, half full of ashes of the same color] are the remains of a man, coffin and all. They are deliv ered to the relatives in this form.'

Man Wants but Little Here Below

Some men content from birth, Their modest life-course run And only want the earth And a mortgage on the sun. They'd live in quiet bliss And free from all that mars Tem and the other stars.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The velocity of dynamic electricity on the best possible conductor, suspended in air so as to avoid all dielectric action, is said to be 228,000 miles per second.

An English company has perfected its arrangements for providing sick chambers with telephones. The objects is to give persons suffering from contagious diseases a chances to talk with their friends. Speaking tubes are inadmissible on account of the infectious nature of the breath.

It is stated that the specimens of clay from the Royal Society's borings in the Nile delta have not at present yielded any but "derived" fossils; but beds of gravel found at a depth of 120 feet show that the whole surface was formerly 120 feet higher, and was that of an ordinary river valley.

Some observations made in France by M. Cosson may throw light upon many mysterious fires. In one instance spontaneous firing arose from an air current heated to seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit only. The wood slowly carbonized at that temperature, and, being thus rendered extremely porous, a rapid absorption of oxygen resulted, and sufficient heat can then be produced to inflame dry material. In another case, the warmth from the air hole of a stove was sufficient to set fire to wood work.

Edison has notified his friends that his experiments with his sea telephone in Florida were quite successful. Already he can transmit sound between two vessels from three to four miles distant from each other, and is confident that he will be able to increase the distance between his stations as the apparatus becomes more perfect. Up to the present time Mr. Edison has not succeeded in transmitting articulate speech through his sea tele phone, nor is this essential to the success of the system. By means of submarine explosions he is enabled to form a series of short and long sounds in sequence, and by these, as in the Morse system of telegraphy, words and sentences can readily be transmitted.

Recent weather charts of the British Meteorological Council show that during the entire autumn a permanent area of high barometer is situated in the mid-Atlantic south of the parallel of forty degrees. North of this, low-pressure tracks are very frequent. Many of the storms originate over the United States, and they often gather force after starting on their eastward course over the Atlantic, sometimes even entirely crossing the ocean. The vicinity of Newfoundland, where hot and cold water meet, and there are great differences in air-temperature in a very small area, has a great influence upon the weather of the Atlantic and of the British Islands. Here are formed many storms, while some are here stopped

and suddenly broken up. Volapuk, the new universal language which is meeting with such favor in Europe, is the result of twenty years of laborious research on the part of its in-ventor, M. Schleyer, of Constance. Its great merit lies in its simplicity, which causes it to be very quickly learned, and to be especially adapted to the needs of trade between nations. It has no artificial genders, a single conjunction, and no irregular verbs. The roots of its words have been borrowed from all the languages of Europe. The adjective, verb and adverb are regularly formed from the substantive, and have invariably the same termination. Volapuk grammars have now been prepared in English, as well as in most other important languages of the

globe. Some years ago Professor Munk de scribed the condition of dogs from whose brains a certain cortical area had been removed, and gave it the name of "psychic blindness." A dog in this condition can see, for he avoids all obstacles as well as ever, but what he sees has lost all meaning for him. If, for example, the do was accustomed to jump over a rod when it was held before him, he no longer recognizes this signal; his whole psychic life is duller, and, in particular, the world of sight has lost all significance. This is now only one of a large series of phenomena which show that there is one center in which an object is seen, and another center in which it is perceived, or, better apperceived. Disease may in-

Money in Butterflies and Moths. "Have butterflies or moths any commercial value?" asked a New York Herald

jure one and leave the other intact.

reporter of a distinguished entomologist. "Indeed, they have. A man the other day offered \$50 for a rare butterfly. I know some men in New York and Brooklyn who make a regular business of selling and exchanging butterflies. A man wrote to me from Switzerland yesterday asking if I would exchange some American moths for some European butterflies. It is by such exchanges that collectors manage to get such a variety of specimens."

"When does the season begin?" "As soon as winter goes, and it lasts until winter begins. I have cocoons at home now which will be out soon. When go after moths, I smear some smoothed and take them home, and afterward throw away those which I do not want. There are very many varieties, and, more curious still, there are moths in New York and New Jersey which you cannot find at all in Massachusetts. Aye, and some variety of moths are found in one section of a state that do not appear at all in another. This is probably the main reason why it is almost impossible to classify moths properly?"

"Does this hobby of yours cost you much?" "Oh, no. The cabinets and boxes are not expensive, and all I have to buy now are pins. They certainly cost more than they ought. I get 500 at a time and have to pay 65 cents for them. They are imported from Germany and are made in five different sizes. That they are not made here has long surprised me. Another item of expense is books. There are a few good ones, but they cost a good deal of money. I fancy it is on account

of the engravings."
"Who has the largest collection of butterflies in America? "I am not certain. A gentleman in Reading, Pa., I am told, has over 80,000 specimens. I have collected several thousand at various times, and hope to collect several thousand more before I die. I have a good many cocoons in the house now-and that reminds me I must hurry off and have a look at them."

A Vacuum Car.

A New York genius has invented a 'vacuum car," with which he asserts his ability to navigate the air at a high rate of speed and drop explosives with precision upon the decks of war vessels or in fortified places. Details of the invention are lacking in the letter the inventor has sent to the Navy department, but the matter is deemed of sufficient importance to warrant inquiry, and an ordnance officer has been instructed to communicate in person with the inventor.

COUNT LADINSKI

REMARKABLE CAREER OF A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

His Adventures in South America in the Siberian Mines, and in the United States-A Stirring Life.

an acquaintance to a reporter yesterday afternoon. The man referred to was sitting in a hall with several companions around a table, on which stood mugs, a plate of caviare sandwishes, a pot of mustard,

"I know him well; I will introduce you," and the reporter was presented to Mr. Ladinski, a Pole, and to his companions, three Russians. Ladinski and his companions seemed to be on the best of terms. They were speaking French when the reporter joined them, but immediately changed to English, which all spoke fluently, Ladinski not having the slightest foreign accent. In the course the conversation that ensued Mr. Ladinski good humoredly answered interrogations, and in a modest way recountered some of his adventures, which in a narrative form are about as follows: John, Count Ladinski, was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1830. When six years old he saw his mother knouted for refusing to tell of her husband's whereabouts. Six months after that his father was captured and shot by order of the Czar. Shortly after that his mother disappeared, and to this day he does not know what became of her. When about seven years of age he found himself homeless and penniless. He was picked up half starved on the street by a kindhearted Jew merchant, who adopted and on each one striving to help the other took him to St. Petersburg. He re-mained with his adopted father for seven years, and was given a good education, the merchant employing a tutor for him and his two sons.

Ladinski was walking along a quiet street one night in St. Petersburg, when about fifteen years old, and came suddenly on two Russian soldiers who were beating a Polish Jew peddler because he had refused to give them money. He became enraged at the sight, and demanded that they should quit. The soldiers let the peddler alone, but seized the boy and were hustling him off to prison when he drew a knife, killed one of them, and dangerously wounded the other.

Realizing what he had done, young Ladinski stowed away on an English vessel, and was fortunate enough to escape the country. The Captain of the vessel took a liking to the boy and landed him in London with a £5 note and a new suit of clothes. He managed to open communications with his foster father, who sent a sum of money to a friend of his to be used for Ladinski, who remained in London for about a year. Being discovered, however, by one of the secret service agents of Russia, he was obliged to flee England, and went to Rio Janeiro, South America. He secured a position as tutor in the family of a rich Brazilian, and remained there for three years. His benefactor took a strong liking to the young man and him a commission in the secured Brazilian navy.

The man-of-war on which he was went on a cruise to Europe. Ladinski and several of his brother officers went ashore one night at Naples to attend a masked He became separated from his companions and started alone for the boat, and while on his way was knocked down, bound and gagged, and hurried aboard a Russian vessel which was in the bay. He was placed in irons and kept in prison until St. Petersburg was reached. There he was turned over to the authori-

After having spent six months in a dungeon without hearing anything from the outside world, Mr. Ladinski was taken before a tribunal, tried for the murder of the soldier, and sentenced to Siberia for bureau are of two kinds: 1. Those prelife. He made the journey to the mines monishing dangerous winds to blow on foot, with a number of political pris- from any direction, and (2.) Those preoners, and remained in the mines for five | monishing off-shore winds likely to drive

Mr. Ladinski seemed adverse to speak- and used on the shore of seas and lakes, ing about the hardships he underwent for the guidance of mariners. These while there, but said that at the end of signals are only used when a wind storm five years he was the only one left out of of at least thirty-five miles an hour is aptwenty-three men who went in with him. | proaching. The first, known distinctive As he had behaved himself so as to win the respect of the guards and officers, he flag with a black square in the center in was removed from the mine and given a the day time and a red light by night. clerkship in a Government warehouse. The second, or cautionary off-shore sig-While there he conceived the idea of nal, is a flag with two stripes of black forging himself a pardon from the Czar, and white, indicating direction of the and after a year's hard work, being wind by its position with reference to the assisted by a daughter of the post com- cautionary signal always displayed with mander, Col. Tourtcloff, he succeeded in it, and also by position of the stripes. That having a free and unconditionable par- is, the black stripe is above the white don handed to him, and at once made

foster father. He made his way back to St. Petersourg, and was preparing to leave the These are all day time signals; there are country, when he was pounc ed upon by no night signals for wind direction, Russian spies, thrown into jail to remain until an investigation could be had, by night indicates that while the storm which, of course, resulted in the daring has not yet passed the station, and danevening I find lots of moths sticking to them. I pin them all carefully in a box mor, had the daring young Pole brought before him and questioned him about which is hoisted only on the lakes when himself. The result of the interview was a wind on the water of twenty to thirtythat his royal highness pardoned Ladin- five miles an hour may be expected to ski for the murder, but allowed the law to take its course in regard to the forgery, small vessels, barges, and tows. the result being that he was again sen- a flag of four alternate squares tenced for life in the mines, and started and white. In the night time this back to the hell he had schemed so long is represented by a white light.-Interto escape from.

When about one month on the road Ladinski and a young Russian officer, a political prisoner, managed to free themselves of their shackles and escaped. Mr. Ladinski thinks that he and his companion, a Captain Komiskoff, must have walked 1,000 miles before they felt themof Austria, and managed to make They remained their way to England. in London for a year, when Komiskoff took a notion to come to the United giving music and painting lessons, and brought him quite a dot. They had two children born to them, and while the youngest was a babe the mother died. When the civil war broke out in the United States Mr. Ladinski placed his children in an asylum and came to America and enlisted as a private in the Fortyninth New York. His valor soon won him promotion, and when the war closed he was a Major, was covered with honorable scars, and had spent four months in Andersonville. Mr. Ladinski related a life, and when asked why it was that he, a Pole, chose for his companions, Russians, he replied:

"This is my friend, Captain Komiskoff. I found him in America. I had research. not seen him for ever so many years. These gentlemen are his friends and mine. They are educated gentlemen, and have no love for the Czar. We belong to the same brotherhood.

"Well, yes, we were Nihilists, but are per cent.

now American citizens. America is a good enough country for us. We intend Colorado. We have some money, and will buy ranches. We are not bloodthirsty villains."-Denver (Col.) News.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Moral courage is the rarest of qualities, and often maligned.

Life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business. "There is a man with a history," said

The seeds of our puishment are sown at the time we commit the sin.

Faith steps in to our aid when our boasted reason and knowledge fail. The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character. Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men who disgrace

Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earth worms, and earthly dark-

There cannot be a more worthy improvement of friendship than in the fervent opposition to the sins of those who we profess to love.

All mankind are happier for having been happy, so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

The living get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are. Posterity judges a man by the best rather than the average of his attain-

ment. Home is given for the sake of its inmates. They have the ability to render it a benediction. Its character depends

and be developed. Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death.

The Staked Plains of Texas.

J. C. Rathbun writes to the Inter-Ocean about the Staked Plains of Texas in this strain: The generally accepted theory of the origin of the name is that, in the long ago, as a company of Catholic missionaries was crossing this plain going to Santa Fe, the men stuck stakes at long intervals by which they might trace their way back. The Staked Plain is a gently undulating prairie, covered about twenty-five varieties of rich, nutritious grasses. The grass has the quality of ripening in fall and preserving its nutriment, like hay, so that stock fatten on it during winter. In fact, stockmen do not ship their beeves till after the cattle have fed for a few weeks on the cured grass. The soil is a chocolate colored sandy loam, and very productive. The prairie is covered with a scraggy bush called mesquite, whose only utility is the beans it produces, which make excellent winter feed for stock. As in Western Nebraska, Kansas, and Eastern Colorado, the rains on the Staked Plain and in the Panhandle of Texas are irregular, too much so to make it an exclu sively agricultural section. But stock farming can be and is carried on success-An inexaustible supply of water fully. is found at a depth of from fifteen to seventy-five feet. At Midland it is at about forty feet. The Texas and Pacific Railway crossed the plains in 1881, and there are now three growing towns on the Staked Plain-Marienfeld, started in 1882, Midland in 1884, and Odessa in 1886-situated twenty miles apart. Of these Midland is the largest, and has a population of about 800, and is the shipping point for the beef and wool interests of this extensive grazing area.

Weather Bureau Signals.

The cautionary signals of the weather vessels out to sea. Both kinds are needed ly as the "cautionary signal," is a red when northerly winds are expected, and preparations to leave. By some means below for southerly winds, and the di-he was well supplied with funds by his rection signal is shown above the cautionary signal when easterly winds are impending and below for westerly winds. though a white light above a red light There is also an on shore wind signal blow on shore, a wind dangerous to a flag of four alternate squares of black

Botanic Gardens of the World. According to a report of the Montreal Horticultural Society, there are 197 botanical gardens in the entire world, and they are thus distributed: France and her colonies, 25; England and Ireselves safe. They went across the border land, 12; the English colonies, 27; Germany, 34; Italy, 23; Russia and Siberia, 17; Austria and Hungary, 13; Scan-dinavia, 7; Belgium and Holland and colonies, Spain and colonies, and the States. Ladinski supported himself by United States, 5 each; Portugal and Switzerland, 3 each: Denmark and while there married an English lady who Roumania, 2 each; Brazil, Chili, Ecuador, Egypt, Greece, Guatemala, Japan, Peru and Servia, I each. The list may be completed by mentioning the gardens of Geneva and Louvain, and a few that have recently been organized in English India. At least half of the gardens mentioned above are kept by the Government, eighteen per cent, by universities, some-times in conjunction with the general or card in the white house one day when city government, eleven per cent. by cities alone, and five per cent by private donations. Out of the same number number of other incidents in his eventful ninety-four per cent. are always open to the public, seventy per cent. are open to visitors on Sunday only, and seventythree per cent. publish reports, or contribute in some such way to scientific

In Russia, on the northern railways. the locomotives, hitherto burning wood or coal, are being adapted for peat burning, the saving being estimated at fifty

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Doing Up Lace. Laces rubbed, starched and ironed are rarely fit to wear again; but good lace may be done up so as to be kept looking fresh long after it is really old and worn.

Laces that require doing up should be basted carefully between folds of thin muslin and put into cold, soft water, to every pint of which must be previously administered a terspoonful of aqua ammonta and sufficient white soap to make good suds. Let the water boil a few minutes, and, if the laces are not then clean, pour off the liquid and put in cold water as before; continue to do so until the articles and thoroughly cleansed.

Never wring out lace—always squeeze it between folds of muslin. If clear lace is required, put a little bluing in the rinse water; if the old-time yellowish tinge is wished, a few teaspoonfuls of strong coffee in the rinse water will give the requisite hue. Lace must never be stiff, but a little of the limpness may be taken off, if desirable, by putting a little dissolved gum arabic in the rinse water. Now press the clean, rinsed laces be-tween folds of white muslin, till they are as dry as they can be made in this way; then pin each article out smoothly and in its shape on a pillow, and with a fine needle pick out and raise up every stem and leaf and thread to its proper place.

Ventilating Kitchens.

Some writer says: "Our grandmothers got their bowed shoulders by cooking at the hearth before stoves were known." The women of this age will not be better off unless stoves are raised, so that a woman can work at them without curving her spine. There is too little attention given to making kitchen work easy, even in these days of improved methods. Stoves, tables and sinks should all be made high enough for one to stand at and work comfortably without stooping. Another thing that needs looking after is the imperfect ventilation of kitchens. Physicians say that more cases of neuralgia come from overheated air than from being exposed to draughts. The foul air of the sink and the odors of cooking bring on many cases of blood poison-

ing. The girls who live constantly in kitchens do not notice the bad air, but housekeepers should see that there is a way to insure ventilation. Not long ago a servant was taken ill, and the ladies of the house who took up her work were unable to stand even for a day the im-pure drainage, but the "girl" could work, week in and week out, without any care given to the sanitary condition of the kitchen. Our grandmothers had a simple method of disinfecting which has gone out of fashion, and which was to sprinkle brimstone on a shovel of hot coals and carry the burning result through the house .- Detroit Tribune.

Recipes.

GRAVY FOR BOILED MEATS .- Take . half-pint of the water in which the meat has been boiled, thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding for a flavoring a tablespoonful of pickled cucumbers and a sprig or two of parsley, both finely minced. A little mustard and vinegar may be added if liked. Serve in a tureen.

MILE Sour .- Four potatoes, two onions, two ounces of butter, quarter of an ounce of salt, pepper to taste, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls tapioca. Boil slowly all the vegetables with two quarts of water. Strain through the colander. Add milk and tapioca. Boil slowly and stir constantly for twenty minutes.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS. - One pint of sugar dissolved in a wineglass of vinegar. half a cup of butter, one cupful of grated chocolate, boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares when partly cooled. Instead of vinegar you an use water flavored with essence of vanilla, and they will be finer, but a

little vinegar keeps them from sugaring. COFFEE CAKE. - Pour one cup of boiling hot strong coffee on one cup of lard or pork fat, add one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, three well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves. cinnamon, allspice, one-half of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in sheet-iron pan

one hour and a half in a slow oven. SCOLLOPED CABBAGE. -- Boil a firm cabbage in two waters. Drain and press. and let it get perfectly cold. Then mince fine, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, pepper and salt to your fancy. Put into a buttered cake dish, sift fine crumbs on top, and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown

delicately. Egg SALAD .- Boil eight eggs for twenty minutes, then plunge them into cold water for a minute or two; take them out, remove their shells and mince the yolks and the whites separately. Spread the bottom of a dish with a layer of crisp lettuce, over this a layer of watercress, then a layer of the minced whites of the egg, topping it with the minced yolks. Make a hole in the middle of all and pour in a good Mayonnaise dressing.

RAGOUT OF LIVER. - Heat three or four spoonfuls of nice dripping in a fryingpan, add an onion, sliced, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and thrice as much minced breakfast bacon; when all are hissing hot lay in the liver cut in pieces as long and wide as your middle finger, and fry brown, turning often; take out the liver and keep warm in a covered hot-water dish; strain the gravy, rinse out the frying-pan, and return to the fire with the gravy and an even tablespoonful of butter worked up well in two of browned flour. Stir until you have a smooth, browned roux, thin gradually with half a cupful of boiling water and the juice of half a lemon, add a teaspoonful of minced pickle and a scant half teaspoonful of curry powder wet with cold water. Boil sharply, pour over the liver, put fresh boiling water in the pan under the dish, and let all stand closely covered for ten minutes before serving.

An Album of United States Consuls. Dr. St. Clair, the chief of the Consular Bureau in the State Department, is mak-

ing a collection of photographs of the Consuls of the United States. One of the most conspicuous of the many cards is that of Mr. Ben Folsom, Mrs. Cleveland's cousin, who was recently appointed Consul at Sheffield, England. Mr. Folthe President, seeing what he was doing, asked him what he intended to do with it, and was informed that it was going to take its place in an album of United

States Consuls. The President pronounced the album a capital idea, and expressed a desire to see it as soon as completed. Since then the President has inquired several times how the album is progressing. He is anxious to see the sort of men representing this country abroad. Dr. St. Clair's collection is pretty nearly complete now, and the order for an album will be given

shortly. - Cincinnati Commercial.