

### The City of the Living.

A long-vanished age, whose varied story  
No record has to-day  
So long ago expired its grief and glory,  
There flourished far away,  
In a broad realm whose beauty passed all measure,  
A city fair and wide,  
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure  
And none any died.  
Disease, and pain, and death, those stern marauders  
That mar our world's fair face,  
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders  
Of this bright dwelling place.  
No fear of parting and no dread of dying  
Could ever enter there;  
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,  
Made any face less fair.  
Without the city's walls Death reigned as ever,  
And graves rose side by side;  
Within the people laughed at his endeavor,  
And never any died.  
O happiest of all Earth's favored places,  
O bliss to dwell therein!  
To live in the sweet light of loving faces  
And fear no grave between!  
To feel no death-damp growing cold and colder,  
Disputing Life's warm truth;  
To live on, never lonelier nor older,  
Radiant in deathless youth.  
And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters  
A tide of pilgrims flowed  
Across broad plains and over mighty waters  
To find that blessed abode.  
And there they lived in happiness and pleasure,  
And grew in power and pride,  
And did great deeds and laid up stores of treasure,  
And never any died.  
And many years rolled on and saw them striving  
With unabated breath;  
And other years still found and left them living,  
And gave no hope of death.  
Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,  
Craving a boon like this;  
Mark how the dwellers of the wondrous city  
Grew weary of their bliss.  
One and another who had been concealing  
The pain of life's long "trial,"  
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing  
Outside the city's wall,  
Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,  
So long had it been crossed,  
The blessed possibility of dying—  
The treasure they had lost!  
Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals  
Swelled to a broader tide,  
Till none were left within the city's portals,  
And graves grew green outside.  
Would it be worth the having or the giving,  
The boon of endless breath?  
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living  
There is no cure but death!  
Ours were, indeed, a fate deserving pity  
Were that sweet rest denied;  
And few, methinks, would care to find the city  
Where never any died!  
—Elizabeth Akers Allen, Boston Transcript.

### CALABASTA'S CREDITOR

The great clock of the court house Ajaccio had struck 5. From the windows of an apartment devoted to the use of the officers of the court, and in which three of them were at the time, lowering clouds could be seen, and the low rumbling of distant thunder was heard.  
"A storm is coming," said one. "We can say good by to our promenade."  
"Let us play whilst to pass the time between this and dinner," suggested another.  
"Will you make one of our party, M. Calabasta?" asked the third of an elderly lawyer who had just entered.  
"No, I never play, never," said the newcomer in a solemn tone.  
"What, have you fore sworn play?"  
"Yes, you have recalled to my mind a gloomy incident in my career. Listen to me, young men. Perhaps you will find a useful lesson in my story."  
Calabasta then began in a melodramatic tone the following narrative:  
"It was in 1860. I had completed my law studies and was about to marry a charming Parisienne, the niece of one of the ministers of the government. I had been left a large fortune by my parents, and had just placed the sum of 10,000 francs with my lawyer who, since the death of my parents, has had charge of my affairs, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of my wedding. Wishing to end my bachelorhood joyously, I had invited a number of my most intimate friends to dine with me. The dinner was very gay and was prolonged to a late hour.  
"At 3 o'clock in the morning, without knowing how I came there, I found myself at a green table in a gambling-house in the Latin quarter, where a number of people were playing baccarat. I was a novice at the game, but, being inflamed with wine, I boldly attacked the bank. In a very short time my pocketbook was sensibly depleted. Four thousand francs had disappeared.  
"Play," said the croupier.  
"As the players put down their money I announced that I would play against all the money in the bank. The banker distributed the cards, but not without casting at me a sharp

glance from under his bushy eyebrows. I lost. After having settled with the other players the banker counted all the money before him, and then, turning to me, said:

"The play is dear—5,400 francs."  
"His count was correct, I took out my pocketbook, which I found, to my dismay, contained only 4,000 francs. I searched my pocket. It was impossible to make up the sum in the bank. The friends who were with me had no money left.

"Seeing my discomfiture, and believing me to be an honest man, the banker ended my embarrassment by saying, in a most courteous manner, that he would credit me with the 1,400 francs.  
"We meet often," he added with a smile.

"I will pay you to-morrow," I replied, as I took my hat and cane.

"I took my loss lightly. It amounted to 10,000 francs, but that was not much of a tax on my patrimony. Besides, I had ready money—the 10,000 francs deposited with my lawyer, and intended for my wedding expenses—with which to discharge my debt of honor. After having refreshed myself with several hours sleep I hastened to my lawyer, who received me with smiles, as he said: 'I know you have come for the money.'

"I obtained the money, and that same evening, true to my word, I returned to the gaming-house. The doors were closed. That morning the police had made a descent on the place, captured the gaming implements, and dispersed the employes of the establishment. There was no one to whom I could pay the amount of my debt, and I had to depart without paying it.  
"The time fixed for my marriage approached, and my future uncle, the minister, increased his niece's dower in the form of a substantial wedding present to make me deputy prosecuting attorney at Versailles."

"Ah, imperial nepotism!" said laughingly one of Calabasta's auditors.  
"Too much nepotism, indeed," added Calabasta, "for I was intrusted with nearly all the celebrated cases. Ten months after entering upon my duties (I was then married) I was assigned to take charge of the prosecution in a case involving a frightful murder, in which an old woman, after having been robbed, had been cut to pieces."  
"The crime of the Rue Mouffetard," exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Precisely. The sentence condemning the accused to death, pronounced by the court at Paris, was reversed, and the case was transferred for a new trial to the Court of Assizes at Versailles. The task was a trying one for a person of my limited experience, and many an anxious night I passed previous to the trial. Often, half asleep, I respectfully doffed my nightcap, saying: 'Judges and gentlemen of the jury; often rising with a start would I raise my voice and beat the coverlet with my clenched hand, and often my poor Adelaide (heaven rest her soul!) asked if I were mad.'

A knowing smile was exchanged by those who heard the recital.

"At length the great day arrived," continued Calabasta, quitting his seat. "All Versailles was in the court-room. After a crushing examination, to which the accused responded only in monosyllables, the presiding judge signified to me that I might begin my address. I rose, and making a tragical gesture with my right hand toward the assassin, exclaimed: 'Jean Bernarp, lift up your head and look me in the face!' At the sound of my voice the accused turned toward me his face, which assumed a strange look. A hoarse cry escaped my lips. It was not the first time those two eyes had been fixed on mine. In a second the memory of that unfortunate night in the gambling-house came back to me, and I fell senseless into the arms of my clerk. The man upon whom I was about to ask the court to pronounce sentence of death, the assassin of the Rue Mouffetard, was no other than the creditor whom I had sought in vain to find. That is why I never play."

Calabasta dropped back into his chair, and with his handkerchief brushed the perspiration from his brow. His young friends no longer laughed at him.

### Garfield's Monument.

By the way, a Cleveland man told me recently that the cause of not putting up Gen. Garfield's monument, is a local hostility to the plan adopted. The plan, it seems, is a light-house with a chamber of sepulture below, and the Cleveland people do not want to start this monument, hoping that other opinions will prevail in the Board of Management. We seem to be unfortunate in proceeding with monuments owing to the inevitable strife between hostile artists and sculptors in art, and the financial talent and public spirit which provide the wherewithal.—Gath.

### Hindoo Jugglers at a Fair.

The juggler is perhaps the most singular man to be met with in all India. His tricks outvie in neatness of execution and in wonder all of the most famous prestidigitateur of Europe or America. Their paraphernalia consist of an old leather bag, and their dress of a rag across the loins. They generally travel in pairs—one being the musician and the other being the performer. The musician's dress is certainly grotesque, and consists of a bright yellow or a faded green cloth wrapped around his body and between his legs in many a fold. Around his waist he slings a drum and to his chest in such a manner that it reaches to his lips a reed instrument, supplied with a variety of different sized pipes, on which he can blow notes in a variety of keys widely separate from the squeak of a pig to the melody of a bag-pipe, and about as musical as either. Shaking out his bag of dead men's bones, leather straps, conches, baskets, garden-pots and rubbish, the juggler proceeds to the execution of his tricks. He turns an innocent strap into the most vicious of hissing serpents, and affrights all those standing by; he runs a sword through an empty basket, and human gore gushes out profusely; fire is emitted from his nose and mouth, and after swallowing a pound of raw cotton, fine thread is drawn from his ears and nose. This is all done by a half-naked man in an open plain. But perhaps among the most interesting and oft-described trick which may with justice in this connection be repeated here is the mango trick.

Taking up a common garden-pot, the juggler hands it round for inspection. He then scrapes up some of the earth and filling the pot places over it a shawl, and blows on the earth, also repeating a prayer. This he continues for a few minutes, and suddenly taking away the shawl shows to the bystanders the sprouting head of a green and tender plant. Again he covers the pot and blows, and again uncovers. There is a tree in miniature with shapely leaf and blossoms—and again the tree has grown to the height of four feet, with full turned fruit and bark—and then he blows on it, and before the eyes of the spectator the tree has vanished and the garden-pot and earth are there alone.—San Francisco Call.

### A Fortunate Blow.

Four miners sat one night in June, 1858, in a tent at an Australian dig-ging discussing their future plans and deploring their ill fortune. For weary months they had worked the mine without getting more than a bare living. At length they decided to leave the spot, though not without regret. Three of them were in the mine taking a last look round, when one said to his mates, "Good-by; I'll give you a farewell blow," and with that his pick sent the splinters of quartz in all quarters. His trained eye spied a glitter on one of the bits that landed at his feet. He picked it up, examined it, and found it to be gold. He at once proceeded to work with a will. His chums saw that something out of the common had happened, and they, too, plied their picks vigorously. With silent resolve they worked on until they unearthed a big nugget. Then a fierce, glad yell of joy reached the ears of the fourth man at the windlass at the mine top. "What's amiss?" he shouted down. "Wind up," was the reply, and when he did so the lump of pure gold met his gaze. They called it "The Welcome," and obtained \$30,000 for it. The claim where the nugget was got is now covered with the fine streets of the thriving town of Ballarat.

### Optional Civilities.

Optional civilities, such as saying to one's inferior, "Do not stand without your hat," to one's equal, "Do not rise, I beg of you," "Do not come out in the rain to put me in my carriage," naturally occur to the kind-hearted, but they may be cultivated. It used to be enumerated amongst the uses of foreign travel that a man went away a bear and came home a gentleman. It is not natural to the Anglo-Saxon race to be overpolite. They have no petit soins. A husband in France moves out of an easy-chair for his wife, and sets a foot-stool for every lady. He hands her the morning paper, he brings a shawl if there is danger of a draught, kisses her hand when he comes in, and tries to make himself agreeable to her in the matter of these little optional civilities. It has the most charming effect upon all domestic life, and we find a curious allusion to the politeness observed by French sons toward their mothers and fathers in one Moliere's comedies where a prodigal son observes to his father, who had come to denounce him, "Pray, sir, take a chair," says Prodigal, "you could scold me so much more at your ease if you were seated."—Harper's Bazar.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Less than four out of each hundred Americans lived in cities in 1790. The city population had increased in 1840 to eight per cent, and is now twenty-two. There are only seventeen States with more people than New York city.

The growth of American public libraries since the revolution has been something phenomenal. There were in the country in 1776 but twenty of these institutions, with an aggregate of 45,623 volumes. At the present time there are nearly 4200, containing more than 13,000,000 volumes.

Paper is made in France from hop vines, and it is claimed that the fibre secured is the best substitute for rags yet obtained, as it possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy. Papermakers near hop-growing districts should investigate this matter, for the vines are now a waste product.

The boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire has been in dispute 160 years. No strictly legal line exists. In 1741 the King of England directed representatives of both provinces to jointly make a map, in accord with some general directions, but Massachusetts did not obey, and New Hampshire did the work alone. A strip of Merrimac valley is the doubtful ground.

The center of population is moving rapidly westward. It is now a little to the south of Cincinnati, having long since crossed the Alleghenies. The movement has been about 44.5 miles west for every mile south. In 1890 the movement westward will probably be even greater, and so rapid has been the settlement of the Northwest, the center of population will be farther north than at present.

One of the most interesting features of the big cranberry marshes of Wisconsin are the pumps used to flood the ground. The Sacket marsh near Berlin has two that draw their supply from the Fox river and throw 80,000 gallons a minute. The stream is 20 feet wide, 4 deep and moves at the rate of 160 feet a minute, flooding the 1000-acre marsh to a depth of 12 to 15 inches in 10 hours. The water is depended on as a protection against frost, also to drown the insects which infest the cranberry blossoms in May.

The British colonies include the richest and largest forests in the world, extending over millions of square acres. In India alone about 60,000 square miles are afforested, and the forests of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony are second to none in size and the variety and value of their productions. But there is no knowledge of forestry and no school of the art in France and Germany. Consequently the acreage under timber there and in Great Britain itself is small and constantly decreasing. Of the 20,000,000 square acres of Scotland, only about 700,000 to 800,000 acres are woodland.

M. Delaunay of Paris predicts that earthquakes on a grand scale will occur next year either when the earth is under the influence of a planet of the first rank, like Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when the sun and moon are nearest to our planet simultaneously. This specialist in earthquakes foretold the frightful catastrophes which occurred in South America in 1877. He announced a vast seismic disturbance in 1883, and the appalling disasters in the Indian Archipelago followed. He raised his voice of warning also before the late extensive shaking of the earth in Spain. It is no wonder that his latest utterances have caused considerable attention in various countries.

An Englishwoman just home from America sends to the *Pall Mall Gazette* her opinion that an influx of highly cultured Englishwomen into Canada and the United States would be as great a boon to those countries as it would be a relief to Great Britain. "Although the ladies in the older cities of the North American continent are," she says, "with scarcely any exceptions, superior to English gentlemen in brain power, in clearness of mental vision, in common sense, in practical, sound judgment, and in general intelligence, yet we miss in them that indefinable charm which always clings to a cultivated European." She has been assured by the government officials in Canada that if superior women, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, would come there from England, and submit to the position of domestic service, they would almost be sure to

marry well within a short time of their arrival, especially if they go far West. She gravely advises her educated countrywomen to do this.

**How Liquor-Drinking Colors the Nose.**  
It is well understood, of course, that the color of the nose is the best evidence that the tippler may be reckoned a past graduate in the art of learning how to drink, the redder the beak the higher being the degree of distinction achieved as a drunkard, though it is a singular fact that as the toper improves in capacity for drink he degenerates in quality of manhood. The wonder is, however, that the nasal organ should become the spirituous barometer, and why it is that the magenta tint that settles so plentifully there that it in time deepens to a maroon. It has been suggested that, inasmuch as the nose of the drinker hovers fondly over the glass, or intrudes, the fumes of alcohol tend to paint the organ red as a special token of favor.

Again, it has been intimated that the nose ceases to have an acute sensitiveness for the odors of rum, whiskey, and strongly spiced drinks, and that its ecstatic longing for the fragrant smell causes the color, which is really the sign of desire. But science has come to frown upon these cheerful theories, these consolatory explanations with which the drunkard excuses his blemishes. Nothing so poetic will answer the purpose of science. That stern destroyer of mock sentiment and demolisher of shame throws quite a new light on the dull glare of the liquor-inflamed proboscis. A learned physician has recently avowed that the heart of the devotee of the little brown jug has a greatly accelerated motion in proportion as the habit of drink grows apace, and that the cardia of the accomplished drunkard beats about thirteen times oftener than a heart in a normal state of health. This enables the arteries to carry the blood to the nose much faster than the veins of the peculiarly constructed organ can return it. Accordingly, not only does the nose become enlarged gradually, but the blood in it becomes congested in the overcharged vessels, hence that purpling color known as toper's red. It is disease, then, not jollity, that bedecks the dominant facial feature like the wattles of a turkey-cock, a fact many more have suspected than have been able to define. As the nose gleams red and redder the dram-drinker may be warned of his fate, for it is not alone the nose that is congested when that condition obtains. The liver and other portions of the internal anatomy have the nose for their flag of distress, and in its color paint their own unhealth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### The Caliph and the Weaver.

A caliph who once reigned in Bagdad built a palace renowned for beauty and magnificence. Near its entrance stood an old ruined cottage, the humble dwelling of a poor weaver. There, contented with trifling returns of incessant labor, the worthy old weaver tranquilly passed his days, without debt and without anxiety. As his abode fronted the royal mansion, the vizier wished at once, without ceremony, to have the hovel pulled down, but the caliph commanded that its value should first be offered to the owner. Accordingly, the weaver was visited, and gold was offered him for his cottage. "No, keep your money," the poor man mildly replied. "My loom places me beyond want, and as to my house I cannot part with it. Here I was born, here my father died, and here I hope to die. The caliph, if he pleases, can drive me away and destroy my home; but if he does so, he will behold me every morning seated on its last stone, and weeping at my misery. I know that his generous heart would be touched at my desolation." This language made the vizier angry, and he wanted to punish the rash cottager and instantly level to the ground his humble abode. But the caliph would not sanction this cruelty, and said: "At my cost let this cottage be repaired; my glory will live with its continuance. I trust that posterity, on looking at it, will esteem it one of the most honorable monuments of my reign. Looking at the palace, men will say, 'He was great,' and when they behold the cottage, they will exclaim, 'He was just!'"—Treas Trove.

### A Present for Him.

"I guess you're going to get a present, Mr. Featherly," said Bobby. "Yes?" queried Featherly pleasantly. "From whom?" "From sister." "Do you know what it is?" "I'm not sure, but after you left last night they were talking about you, and sister said something about the difficulty of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so I suppose it's goin' to be a purse."—New York Sun.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**The Way to Succeed.**  
Drive the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
While the iron's red.  
When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.  
Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky,  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try?  
Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try, and try again, boys—  
You'll succeed at last.

### Rivalry Among Bees.

The thought has more than once suggested itself to the writer as he has watched a number of bees at work upon some favorite flowers, whether the little honey-bearers ever strive to gain and keep such treasures to themselves. Anyone may convince himself that a keen competition really prevails among bees of all sorts toward the end of the season, if he will take the trouble to count the number of times in an hour that a particular blossom is visited by a bee, or would be visited, if it contained honey, as it is not necessary for a bee to alight on a flower to know that she must go away empty. Darwin has left it on record, after carefully watching certain flowers, that each one was visited by bees at least thirty times in a day, and it cannot be supposed that the little visitors in such circumstances find much to reward their industry. Sir John Lubbock has also shown that they will often visit from twenty to twenty-five flowers in a minute. It is very interesting to note that on such occasions bees always keep to the same species of flowers during each visit to the fields.

### The Monkey and the Sugar.

I remember once, in India, giving a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust, it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to it. At others, it would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh, and gaze into it. It would tilt it up one way, and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by surprise, it kept rasping its teeth against the glass in futile bites, and warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight, as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar of olives falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkey-ship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his paws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth and munched it with much satisfaction.—Journal of Chemistry.

### The Trading-Rat.

These interesting rodents are dwellers in the Rocky Mountains and adjacent hills, and are known among us by various significant names, as mountain-rat, timber-rat, and trade-rat. The first, of course, refers to their native home; the second to the sound of their gnawing, scarcely to be distinguished from the sawing of timber; and the last to their peculiar system of barter or exchange, so curious a habit that it is doubtful if any other animal has ever been known to practice it while in a wild or untamed state.

These animals are much larger and stronger than the ordinary house-rat—so much so that cats are apparently afraid of them, and can not be induced to attack them. They are pretty, well formed, have very bright black eyes, prominent, beautifully shaped, pointed ears, and soft gray fur. Their tails are not rat-like, but are more like a squirrel's, only less bushy, being covered with fur.

Such keen, intelligent-looking little creatures are they that, but for our instinctive dislike to the name of rat, we should be strongly tempted to tame them as attractive and teachable pets. Until they learn that they have an enemy in man, they are quite unsuspicious, and will allow any one to walk up to them.—Popular Science Monthly.