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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 25. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

"FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE."

E. MATHESON, IN CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

Because you have no golden hoard,
Or broad and fertile lands to show,
Or wealth in glittering caskets stored,
You fear to whisper—what I know;
You think 'twould be a grevious wrong
Me from my smoother paths to take,
Nor understand how brave and strong,
My heart could be for Love's sweet Sake.

Because you are a man, you seek
To hide the tender pain you feel;
And I, a woman, should not speak
One word your secret wound to heal;
Yet, knowing well that, each for each
Life's fullest harmonies could wake,
I fain would place within your reach
That gift of Love for Love's sweet sake.

Because the ways you tread are rough
Shall we two always stand apart?
Nay, let me own 'twould be enough
To share your weal and woe, dear heart!
If you must bear a daily cross,
Why, I will half the burden take;
And what you choose to call my loss
Count truest gain for Love's sweet sake.

Select Story.

LOWRY'S WIDOW.

AY FRED L. FOSTER.

From San Francisco Examiner.

It was certainly very unfortunate for Lowry that he should have died at that particular time. Had the unwelcome event occurred a month before it would not have mattered so much; but now, just as he had written East for his wife to come on and share his good fortune, it was, to say the least, very exasperating. But he was dead, beyond a doubt, and likewise variously scattered, the result of too close intimacy with a premature blast.

The miners gathered up his visible remains and buried them with due solemnity; then they waited for the advent of the widow.

But not without much misgiving. How would they meet her? And who of their number would assume the delicate and embarrassing task of informing her that she was a widow?

They talked it all over that night in front of Pete Simpson's bar.

"Fac' is, fellers," said One Eyed Jerry, the autocrat of the camp, as he turned his solitary optic on the crowd, "Fac' is, it's tough job, but it's got to be done, an' I'll do it, if it takes a leg. Leave it to me, fellers, and I'll let 'er down as soothin' as possible." And with a deep feeling of relief, that found expression in another round of red liquor, the miners left it to Jerry.

In due course of time a letter addressed to James Lowry in a shaky, feminine hand, and postmarked Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, arrived in camp and was opened by Lowry's self-appointed executors. It was from Mrs. Lowry, and from it they learned that she would not arrive for several weeks.

One day, about six weeks after the reception of this letter, as the stage rattled up to the single so-called hotel of the little Tuolumne mining camp, the loungers on the porch caught the glimpse of a dress inside. At once all was excitement.

"She's come!" they exclaimed. "Where's Jerry?"

Jerry, who was seated at a table in the barroom, reluctantly laid down a "pat hand" and reached the outside in time to assist the lady from the stage, awkwardly lifting his hat as he did so.

"Mrs. Lowry, I reckon," said Jerry, as she alighted.

The lady threw back the veil from her face, smiled and answered:

"Yes. Where's my husband?"

The crowd that had gathered inquisitively, but respectfully, about the stage fell back astounded; not at the question, but at the woman who asked it. Lowry was fifty years old, if a day, at the time he was so unceremoniously fired out of existence. He had never spoken much about his wife, whom he had left in the East fully ten years before, yet from familiarity with Jim's age, his homely face, and still more homely ways, the miners had formed the impression that his wife must be a woman of forty or forty-five and equally angular and unimpressive in appearance. But here she was before them, a woman of possibly thirty, plump and shapely, with a face that was simply bewitching. She was absolutely handsome and there was an expression in her eye and mouth that seemed to indicate that she knew it.

The smile disappeared and she looked at Jerry somewhat anxiously. "Why isn't Mr. Lowry here to meet me?" she asked.

There was a painful pause. The miners looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at his boots.

"Fac' is ma'am," he finally said, as he slowly twirled his greasy hat with one hand. "Fac' is, Jim's—a ailin'. Bin workin' you know, gettin' ready fer you, an'—an'—sorter down with a fever or somethin'. Fac' is, he's—but say! You must be tired an' hungry; ther's a room fer you in this here hotel an' I'll take you over to see Jim later."

With apparent reluctance Mrs. Lowry followed the hotel proprietor to the room that had been fitted up for her weeks before and sacredly kept unoccupied ever since, while the crowd, with exclamations of astonishment and delight, pressed forward to the bar.

"Fellers," said Jerry, with the air of one who had just discovered a rich "pocket" of the yellow metal; "fellers, here's to the widder!"

An hour later Mrs. Lowry accompanied Jerry to Jim's cabin, and on the way up the trail he broke to her the sad news of her husband's death. But in what way he imparted the melancholy information his companions never could learn.

"Fac' is, fellers," he had said in reply to their questions, "it makes me creepy to think about it, she took on that terrible; but I let 'er down easy as posserble. Thought she'd faint sure, 'special' when I showed her where Jim was chucked. Her carryin' on was mighty depressin', I'm tellin' you."

The next morning the widow, who had sat down at the supper-table the evening of her arrival in a gown of soft-toned gray that at once took all the boarders captive, surprised every one by appearing arrayed in a somber robe of mourning. Her face was pale and sorrowful, and there was a sadness in her voice that excited the deep sympathy of all who saw her.

All but one. Bradford, the "gentleman gambler," whose dark eyes and long black mustache had dawned upon the camp a few months before, wore a scowl as he got up from the late breakfast table. He had eaten slowly, if indeed he had eaten anything at all. The miners had breakfasted long before, only a few business men, gamblers and idlers were at the table, and one by one they finished their meal and departed, until only he and the widow remained. As he passed her chair on his way out he stopped and hurriedly whispered "Fool! what are you doing with that dress on? Were you supposed to know that you were a widow when you started? And if not, how do you expect to account for the dress between last night and this morning!" Then, with a suppressed oath, he strode angrily out from the room.

The widow looked frightened. She hastily arose and went to her room.

The landlord, out on the porch, was talking to Jerry, and dubiously shaking his head. "Now, where did she git them duds?" he said in a manner that impressed Jerry most painfully.

The latter slowly worked his jaws, expectorating in gloomy silence. At last, "Fac' is," he replied; "these here women is 'stonishin'; me an' you don't know no more 'bout 'em than they do of tun'ls, drif's and winzes. I reckon that big trunk of hern was full of clo'es an' she come pervided for ever' contingency. Of course, she couldn't a knowed as how Lowry had flunked till I told 'er; an' she did carry on amazin', I tell you."

The mourning costume was the seed from which sprang curiosity, doubt and finally suspicion. Mrs. Lowry took possession of the little cabin in which her husband had lived, and there she slept and did her own cooking. She seldom showed herself except to attend to business in connection with the sale of the mine, a transaction that she showed a feverish anxiety to close. But she was at all times gracious and pleasant to the men, and half the camp were madly in love with her. Independently of the mine, which was worth a cool hundred thousand, if a cent, and which Lowry had fortunately located in her name, she could have married any one of the magnates of the camp off-hand within two days after her arrival, if she had been so disposed.

Jerry, whom she had selected as her right-hand man, was alternate exultant and depressed. He became her slave, and would have jumped down the deepest shaft on the mountain side if she had asked him to; and yet he was much of the time troubled and perplexed. Gradually he became imbued with the idea that he had seen Mrs. Lowry before; but where or when, he vainly cudgeled his brain to remember. And so he went about, doing her bidding, feeling amply rewarded by the smiles she showered upon him, her light, jesting talk, of which he only was the recipient, and her friendly, familiar ways, that were kept for him alone. But with his companions he had become moody, taciturn, even irritable. He neglected his claim, and spent half his time knocking around Jim's cabin, choring for the widow, running errands and negotiating with Tom Carroll, the wealthiest mine owner in all that region, for Mrs. Lowry's mine.

From an offer of $50,000 Carroll finally rose to $70,000, and there he stuck.

"It's like stealin' it, an' you know it," exclaimed Jerry, wrathfully.

"It's all I can stand," was the bland reply. "If the widow can get more, all right; I shan't begrudge her the money." And Carroll turned away.

The widow was eager to accept the amount ogered.

"An' throw away $30,000!" growled Jerry. "It's a fortun' in itself. You can get what the mine's worth if you don't rush so blame fas'. You got all summer before you. Ketch me lettin' that swindlin' Carroll get away with the mine like that; it's wors'n stage robbin'!"

But the widow was obdurate. She must return east; she needed money at once; she had left a dear sister almost on her death bed; she couldn't manage the mine if she kept it; and if Carroll should change his mind she would not probably be able to sell it at all—a dozen other reasons that came promptly and plausibly from her persuasive lips.

And so, exactly one week from the day of her arrival, the bargain was concluded. The next day the papers were to be prepared and the transfer duly made, and the following day Mrs. Lowry was to start on her return trip East.

Jerry was in an ugly mood that evening, and even his most intimate companions let him severely alone. For three hours he sat at a poker game, and during all that time he did not utter a word, except to sullenly name his bets, call for his cards and demand his drinks. He drank heavily, and lost heavily as he drank. In the subsequent expressive language of the barkeeper "Jerry played the rottenes' game that ever disgraced the house. He's worse than down on his luck; since the widow came he's got to be a blinkin' ijet. He ought to swaller a few ounces of nitro-glycerine an' then set down hard on a rock; it might knock some sense into him."

When Jerry, his last dollar gone, arose from the gaming table he stalked straight out into the night. The stars were shining large and luninous in that clear mountain atmosphere; the air was cool and sweet, and high up on the mountain side the tall pines were peacefully dreaming in the shadows. But the glories of the night had no attractions for Jerry. His mind dwelt solely upon the widow, and irresistibly his feet turned up the narrow trail that led to her cabin.

The fascination that Mrs. Lowry had exercised upon Jerry, and all in the short space of one week, was a thing that he could not comprehend. Her beauty, her magnetism, the scent of her clothing, the familiar and confidential tone of voice with which she invariably addressed him, all had conspired to infatuate him completely. For the last three days he had gone about under a spell; had he been hypnotized he could not have been more completely subject to her influence. The thought of her going away was to him something worse than death. The camp, the mine, the blue sky above him, all his surroundings, had merged themselves into that one woman, and with her exit they would melt away and leave him the centre of a black and dismal void. Such was his feeling; and, being by nature unintelligent and coarse, it served only to madden and brutalize him. It was a short time in which to be metamorphosed from a freeman into a slave, from a thoughtless, contented, hardworking miner into a worrying, surly, miserable do-nothing, who could see nothing in the world but one woman, and in whose mind was room for but a single thought—that he was about to lose her. But men of intelligence, refinement and wide experience with women and the world have had their heads turned in even a shorter time and have done even crazier things than he. He no longer puzzled himself over the question of her identity. Was she in truth Lowry's widow? He did not know, but neither did he now care. Had he seen that face before? Possibly, but if he had it was now a matter of indifference to him when or where or under what circumstances. He could not let her go away, or if she went he was determined to go with her. And so he stumbled on up the trail, aflame with love and liquor.

It was hours past bedtime and there was no light in the window as Jerry made the turn in the trail that brought him almost to the cabin door. Suddenly he collided with an object; he started back with an oath, and at the same time he heard an exclamation of surprise.

A man stood before him and in the bright starlight Jerry could see that it was Bradford, the gambler. Jerry's hand went to his pistol. "What you doin' here, an' at this time o' night?" yelled Jerry, in a voice like the explosion of a blast.

"You sneaking spy, take that!" cried Bradford, suddenly springing forward and striking him a blow in the face that sent him sprawling. But even as the blow was struck Jerry thrust his right hand upward and forward, there was a blaze of fire and the still night became alive with the reverberating echoes of a pistol shot.

Headlong down the steep trail, over Jerry's body fell Bradford, uttering a single cry—"O, God!" And there he lay speechless, motionless, his face prone in the dust.

The shock of the blow and of his fall and the report of the pistol instantly cleared away the fumes from Jerry's brain; but before he could arise he heard a shriek, the cabin door flew open and a figure clothed in white came running down the trail, calling out in tones of terror: "John, John! Oh, what is it! John what has happened?" And thus calling and running in a few seconds Mrs. Lowry was down the trail stooping over the two prostrate forms sobbing, moaning ond crying for help.

Jerry, ashamed, half-frightened, closed his eyes and lay quiet. The widow, shuddering, gave him a glance and then flung herself upon Bradford's body. And there she lay fondling his bloody face, mingling her frantic kisses with curses upon the man who shot him, until at last she fainted.

Jerry was no coward; but the unexpected meeting, with its tragical result, had unnerved him; he got up and stealthily hurried away. Besides, her words had cut him to the heart. Her curses, her scorn, her vindictive raging—these he could not stay to face.

Suddenly he stopped and abruptly flung his hand to his head. Like a flash that face and form were again before him, but in other surroundings than these.

"Great flumes!" he exclaimed, as he gazed blankly up at the stars; "it's Mandie Le Brunt, the sharpest female in all Sacramento!"

The papers were not made out the next day. That morning a woman, closely veiled, climbed into the outgoing stage at a point below the camp; and that very afternoon another woman plainly dressed, with streaks of gray in her hair and a face that indicated years of patient toil and sadness and trouble, was gently assisted from the stage at the hotel door. And it was Jerry who helped her to alight.

"Fellers," he said, as in a few moments a dozen or more miners crowded up to the bar. "Fellers, fac' is, women is uncertain, but they can't fool us allers. Here's to *the* widder!"

A Patent Postage Stamp.

Almost everything new that we see nowadays is patented, but whoever thought of a patent postage stamp? Such is the case, however, and it remained for a Virginian to work out the bright idea, says the Richmond *Times*. It is simple enough, in fact, so simple that it is a wonder you had not thought of such a thing long ago, but you didn't, and its very simplicity is its beauty. The idea is merely this. Discontinue the manufacture of stamps of an odd denomination and let the even denominations—two-cent stamps for instance—be composed of two small one-cent stamps, perforated down the middle, with the figure 2 over the perforated line. Then you buy only two-cent stamps, and when you want a one-cent stamp separate a two. The two stamps as a unit are not as large as one of the Columbian stamps now in use. With these stamps it is an easy matter to make the proper change. It will also prove much more economical to the government, for it will reduce the contracts one-half. There are many other advantages which will readily present themselves to the public. The patent stamp is the work of Mr. George M. Bright, of Abingdon.

There is no labor so productive as that which we give to an object for its own sake. The more we forget ourselves in our doings the greater the returns they will yield. The more we are willing to lose our life in our pursuit the more surely we shall find in it the fruit of our work.

Every boy would rather run the lawn mower next door than the one at home.

A World's Wonder.

From Philadelphia Telegram.

The great Russian engineer, Melnikoff, writes from Odessa to the Smithsonian Institution describing the ruins of an ancient canal discovered in the Crimea, which he regards as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly twenty-seven centuries old, and among similar ancient objects of historic interest is second only in age to the great pyramids. The hanging gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes are shrouded with no deeper mysteries than the existence of this great ditch, whose ruins can be traced for a long distance through the Crimean plain. Whether it was a waterway in the olden times and the pathway of ancient commerce between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, or a means of defence for the people living in its vicinity, is a question which wise men, supposed to know all about antiquities, cannot explain.

Xenophon, the distinguished Athenian, who conducted the retreat of 10,000 Greeks from the up-country march, so-called, writes of ditches which were dug by inhabitants of hostile territory through which they passed as an impediment to their march. Water was often turned into these, so that crossing was rendered more difficult. Perhaps the ancient and wonderful canal served the same purpose on a very large scale. While it was of grand proportions, which at that early day surpassed the engineering feats of the Suez canal, the fortifications for its protection are no less interesting. At each end of the western side there was a lofty castle, the ruins of which remain to this day the cubical contents exceeding 75,000 meters. A part of these stones as well as those with which the bed of the bed of the canal was paved its entire length, were removed some time ago to build a town which adjoins.

During the Crimean war some of the stones remaining were utilized in the construction of hospitals for the wounded soldiers, which structures are still standing. Along the banks of the canal there were once at least six towers, but what purpose they served, unless for defence, is uncertain. There was also a high wall which extended its entire length. At an equal distance from each end there was a gigantic fortress, built in the form of a square and covering a space of 32,400 square meters. The canal is as straight as an arrow its entire length except at this point, where it forms three sides of a square about the fortress. Here there was a smaller canal on the outer side, which may have provided greater security.

One of the gateways of the fortress is still partially preserved, and through it passes a dilapidated road. The canal was built by Assande I., of Bosporus, in the seventh century B. C., and is nine kilometers long. Mention is made of this in the writings of Pliny and Strabo, but nothing is said about the great amount of time and money expended in its construction or for what purpose it was done. It passes by the modern town of Perekop, and is not far from the Greek city of Neapolis, whose name was changed by Assande after the building of the canal to Tapharas, which is the Greek word for ditch. Its width on the bottom was about five meters and its depth ten meters. Whether it served formerly as a great and towering fortification or not, it certainly contained water enough to sail ships of considerable burden.

Undoubtedly before the time of Christ many ships used it as a short cut across the peninsula between the two seas. The bed is now dry, except for a few standing pools, but it is said that the oldest inhabitants can remember when, for several miles in the central part, there was sufficient water to form a roadway for the lighter craft of the semi-barbarous people. This is accounted for by the that fact some time in the fifteenth century the canal was repaired.

The Russian government has a project under consideration of opening up a great waterway across the peninsula between the two seas, and connection with this scheme is what led the engineer, Melnikoff, to inquire into the history of the canal and attempt to explore its wonders. Melnikoff writes in French, and conveys a vivid description of the ancient ruins. He has just written a pamphlet, which is fresh from the press, and this contains in Russian a full account of all that has been said about the canal in the centuries since its construction. It also contains diagrams and illustrations of the canal as it now appears.

Every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those therefore that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

On The Way.

Although the rapid transportation of passengers safely and comfortably for long distances is very expensive and on many roads does not prove profitable, yet the work must be done and the people must be accommodated. To do this certain facilities are required and constant attention has to be given to construction, repair and maintenance of way and rolling stock. To accommodate the immense throngs of intending World's Fair visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad has had four tracks constructed between New York and Philadelphia and soon there will be four tracks from New York to Pittsburg and double tracks west of the "Iron City." The officials of the company have spent millions in the work of laying a second track on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago during the past two years, and the double track will be in operation between Pittsburg and Crestline, 189 miles, by September 1, and from Winslow to Chicago, 48 miles, of the same track will be in operation from Pittsburg to Massillon Junction, 110 miles. From Massillon Junction to Orrville, 14 miles, the work is in progress and from Orrville to Millbrook, 16 miles, the double-tracking is completed; from Millbrook to Loudonville, 16 miles, work is in progress. From Loudonville to Bucyrus, 46 miles, it is completed; also from Lafayette to Elida, 15 miles, and from Adams to Arcola through the city of Fort Wayne, 16 miles. On the 15th of June the double track was completed for operation from Chicago to Wheeler, a distance of 37 miles. On that date, therefore, at least 208 miles, out of the total of 468 between Pittsburg and Chicago, will be double-tracked, and by September 1 the double track will cover about 270 miles. On the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis the double track extends from Pittsburg to Fernwood, 56 miles, and it is expected that by June 1 the double track will be opened from Millers to Port Washington, a distance of 39 miles. This leaves a gap between Fernwood and Millers of nine miles; from Port Washington to Black Run there is another gap of 42 miles of single track, and from this point to Columbus, 42 miles, double track will be in use by the middle of July. From Newark to Columbus, 36 miles, the double track has been in use for some years. Second track has been completed and is in use from Columbus to Mounds, seven miles, and there is a six-mile section of double track between Peoria Junction and Anoka Junction, on the Chicago division, and 20 miles from Riverdale to Chicago.

Exterminating Our Birds.

Mr. John Worth, in *The Nineteenth Century*, gives some striking facts about the rapid extermination of the birds of North America. The advent of the plough and the frame hut of the settler is gradully driving the feathered tribe from its old haunts, and what nests are spared by the plough are too often destroyed by prairie fires. The heath hen used to be seen in autumn in packs of from 100 to 200 birds in each; now the number in a covey rarely exceeds six or eight. The sharp-tailed grouse and the wild turkey will soon follow the bison and the moose into the animalia of the past. Professer Roney asserts in the Chicago *Field* that in one of the vast breeding colonies alone some 1,000,000,000 pigeons were "sacrificed to Mammon" during one nesting season, and even allowing for exaggeration the extent of the slaughter is beyond question. The remedy is not easy to see. Mr. Worth suggests an act of Congress to prevent bird destruction throughout the United States.

There is perhaps no single virtue that if taken by its counterpart, may not sink into a foible, if not a vice. Thus, in any path, however good in itself, we must be on the watch as to how far to follow it, or rather where to begin to tread another road which has hitherto been neglected. Yet in this self-culture there are no sudden turns or sharp angles. As the beautiful colors of the rainbow melt and merge into one another while each retains its own individuality, so the rich qualities of a noble character blend harmoniously together while each one stands out in its own special radiance.

Good nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion.

Animal Paradoxes.

From Sports Afield.

Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being also among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost the power of flight. It differs from the rest of its family only in this particular, and in being almost voiceless.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.

"As thick as the hair on a dog's back" expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on his back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous, Mother Nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long.

"As cunning as a fox" would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamschatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for fish.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is only found in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea Islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

Ignoramuses.

From Harper's Young People.

Sensible people sometimes make very odd mistakes, which a little reflection would have enabled them to avoid, while people who are not sensible take very startling views of things generally. At the Centennial Exhibition two country girls stood before a copy of the Flemish artist Paul Potter's great masterpiece, and one of them read from her catalogue, "The Young Bull, after Potter."

"Yes," said the other, "there's the bull, but where's Potter?"

"Don't you see him," asked her companion, pointing to the figure of the herdsman, "behind the tree?"

Two others were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labelled, "Executed in terra-cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego.

"I'm sure I do not know," was the reply, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it is."

A man, after gazing at a photograph of the Three Graces, exclaimed: "What fools women are! Those girls have not got money enough to buy themselves clothes, yet they spend the little they have in having their photograph taken."

Two boatmen on the Ohio River were talking about cold weather, and of a certain severe winter. "It was just awful," said one of them. "At Cincinnati the river was froze tight, and the thermometer went down to twenty degrees below Cairo."

"Below which?" asked his puzzled companion.

"Below Cairo, you blubber-head! You see, when it freezes at Cairo it must be pretty cold—so they say so many degrees below Cairo."

But light was bursting in upon the other. "No, they do not," he exclaimed, eagerly. "You've got it all wrong—it's so many degrees below *Nero*. I do not know what it means, but that's what they say when it's dreadful cold."

"Wilkins always looks as if some secret sorrow were consuming him. Do you know if there is any shadow over his early life?" "Well, he used to live in Boston."

Curiosities of the Forest.

It sounds like a fable, but *Harper's Young People* says that the Mexican maguey tree furnishes not only a needle and thread all ready for use, but many other conveniences. Just outside the door of a Mexican home the beautiful tree stands, loaded with "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves," and at the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be drawn carefully from its sheath, at the same time slowly unwinding the thread, a strong smooth fiber attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length. Among its other uses, "the roots of this tree, well prepared, are a most savory dish, while with its leaves may be made a thatching fit for a queen; and no prettier sight can be met than the cottages of Mexican peasants so exquisitely crowned. The rich leaves also afford a material for paper, and from the juices is distilled a favorite beverage. From the heavier fibers the natives manufacture strong cords and coarse string cloth."

The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is equally curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in if not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.

The human trees of India, although not really trees at all, are at least interesting as a very clever maneuver. The Bheel robbers lurk in lonely places near the mountains and jungles, and are very swift and cunning in eluding capture. They are perfect pests in India, and a band of them will often be pursued by mounted Englishmen. Their first attempt is to reach the jungle, the beginning of which has perhaps been cleared by fire, but there is no time to seek its sheltering depths, for their pursuers are close at hand. Fortunately for the robbers some wrecks of small burned treas are also at hand, and taking off what little clothing they wear, they scatter it around with their stolen goods over the open space, and cover the low piles with their round shields so that they look like low mounds of earth. Then they pick up some blackened tree branches, and get into very uncomfortable attitudes to resemble twisted trunks, keeping perfectly quiet, and greatly enjoying the surprise of their pursuers at their mysterious disappearance. When the coast is clear again they untwist themselves, gather up their possessions and make off as fast as possible.

It is said that once before the English had become used to these maneuvers an officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock, or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees, and the day being very hot he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became transformed into men, and the whole party dispersed in differentdirections before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy.

It may be said that the power of extracting happiness from life is at best a self-regarding characteristic, and cannot take its place among the ennobling virtues. But this is not so. It has no selfish motive at the back of it; it is never gained at another's expense. On the contrary, it enables its owner to diffuse happiness around him in a plentiful degree. Every one who comes within his sphere is cheered, refreshed, gladdened. Unlike the pleasures of luxury or excitement, which perish in the using and never extend beyond the user, this happiness is ever multiplying itself and spreading its benign influence over the whole community. The more of it we have the more we give, and the more we give the more will return again to bless us.

Cuba has been well named "the garden of the West Indies." Its soil and climate are capable of yielding an almost unlimited range of agricultural products. Not only does it grow the best tobacco in the world, but a yet more valuable product is the Cuban sugar. Coffee, corn, rice, and cotton can also be profitably raised. The forests of Cuba are rich in mahogany, rosewood, ebony, and cedar. It has now fifteen hundred sugar plantations, but is capable of providing ten times that number, and the same may be said of the possible increase of tobacco, coffee, and cotton plantations.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants.

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