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MA BELLE AT THE BAY.

She stands by the sea in her beauty
At the witching twilight hour,
With her muslin dress about her,
Like the shield of some great white flower.

She's as pure as the light of the star lamps
That sprinkle the path of the moon,
And her blushes are rich as the roses
That are born of regal June.

Her eyes in their dusky splendor,
With their amber and midnight light,
Make her seem a part of the picture,
Some witch-queen fair of the night.

Her form is as lithe as a mermaid's
That has strayed from its pink shell home,
While her voice has a subtle music
As it speeds over the waves of foam.

* * * * * *

Adieu, O my beautiful Creole!
Fair dream of a bright summer's day.
May fifty long years from this writing
Find you stand, looking so, o'er the Bay.
—Robert H. Cashford in New Orleans Picayune.

CRISTOVAL.

Some twenty years ago, one Sunday morning, at Madrid, a young woman enveloped in her long mantilla entered the church of Notre Dame d'Atocha holding by the hand a little child of rare and wondrous beauty. At the sight of this little angel, with his mass of golden, tumbled ringlets, his eyes black as night, his cheeks rosy and dimpled as a cherub's, all the devotees kneeling upon their mats of rushes ceased their prayers to look upon him with a tender smile, the elder ones from memories that crowded upon them at the sight of the child, the young senoritas from presentiment.

The young woman, the good and beautiful Rosario de Solis, had come to thank the Virgin for having saved the life of this, her only child. The face of the mother was pale and thin, her eyes encircled with dark rings; for many long and anxious nights had she passed of late by the bedside of the poor little soul.

Shall I tell you of the noble nature of this Donna Rosario de Solis? No; it is unnecessary, for all the world knows the story of her life and sacrifices, and that to save a dying father from the pursuit of a ferocious creditor she had given herself as a hostage and married the creditor herself, Don Andres de Solis, the fiscal. Rosario was beautiful, but with a beauty that sculptors and painters were powerless to depict; it lay in her eyes, in her smile, in the serenity of her brow, the grace and suppleness of her swan like neck, the purity and loveliness of the soul imprinted upon her perfect features.

In the meantime Rosario, on her knees before the Miraculous Virgin sparkling with precious stones and carrying in her arms an infant Jesus, gave thanks to heaven, while the child regarded wonderingly a sun that made a glittering aureole about the head of the holy mother, the tapers that burned before the altar, the flowers and fountains with their jets of water. All at once his eyes fell upon the steps leading to the chapel grating, and he perceived crouching there in her tatters a horrible old beggar woman holding toward him a black and withered hand, supplicating and repulsive; but behind the woman and gazing at him with appealing eyes the little Cristoval saw the head of another, a little one like himself, brown, pitiful, emaciated, who seemed to beckon him to approach her, and to complain to him that she was hungry.

"A poor little beggar, mamma," laying his hand upon Rosario's sleeve; "she cries with hunger—see her—there!" and he pointed to the wicket, through which still came the wail for bread. Hungry—a babe like that—Rosario shuddered.

"Go at once, my precious one," placing a piastre in Cristoval's fingers; "go at once and carry her this alms from God."

Little by little the soft hymn of the organ rose in the silence of the chapel, rising, falling, filling the nave with a volume of sound more and more powerful; the chant of the priests followed it, and the souls of the devotees in the body of the church rose to heaven upon the wave of sacred harmony. Suddenly, in the midst of the fervor of her prayers, it seemed to Rosario that the Virgin to whom she knelt looked upon her with a frowning eye, as if denying or refusing to listen to her petitions; a strange, inexplicable fright took possession of her, a feeling of dread, of alarm. And where was Cristoval? She looked about her, turning her eyes from corner to corner of the shaded chapel. He was not beside her, nor, in fact, in sight, neither in the church itself nor in the court before the door. Was he lost? Impossible! He was hiding from her, playing upon her maternal terrors, concealed, perhaps, in the loges or in the folds of the curtains. Nevertheless, her voice was hoarse and strident as she demanded of a woman kneeling near her: "Have you seen my child, my little Cristoval?"

"The little one with the silver buttons?" responded the dame. "No, senorita, but doubtless he is yonder by the pulpit of St. Sebastian seeking to startle you."

"Perhaps," said Rosario, darting in the direction of the pulpit, and feeling, peeping beneath it and pushing aside even the altar cloth in the ardor and energy of her search. The child was not there. Could he be at home? Had he tired and wandered through the streets alone in his efforts to return? Shivering, trembling under her mantle, her brain throbbing with agony, the poor mother turned toward her dwelling. Arrived at last, she entered breathlessly. It, too, was empty, silent, mournful. At the top of the staircase she encountered her husband, Don Andres. "Where is Cristoval?" were the questions that crossed each other. Ah, where indeed? She answered nothing; Don Andreas also was dumb with grief. Fiscal though he was, he was still a father, and held to humanity by love for his child.

Rosario sought to retrace her steps, to descend, to run, God knows where, in the fields, in the thoroughfares, in all the alleys and by ways of the city; but her legs bent under her—she was unable to stand.

"Go thou!" she cried, pushing her husband from her; "seek Cristoval, find him, go at once!" and Don Andres obeyed.

Alas, however, the child was seen no more; he had vanished completely, absolutely, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

From that day on Rosario, a heart broken woman, went no more to the chapel of Notre Dame d'Atocha, where it seemed to her she must always see the child so cruelly taken from her, and whom she still hoped would one day be restored to her. And upon the palace itself what somber night had fallen; no noise, no joy, no merriment in the silent household; no childish lips to laugh and prattle behind the thickets of the garden; no flower beds trampled by reckless feet; no tiny hands to join in prayer, and an ever present vision of Cristoval, her baby boy, stumbling in the dust of the highways, under the stick of the mendicant, without bread, without clothes, his cheeks pale and meager, his eyes stained by tears. The heart of the mother was indeed broken!

Weeks, months and years passed away thus. The father was consoled; a true man of justice, hard, pedantic, cruel and gasping, the habitual sight of crime always before him had given him a heart of bronze. For him success justified and sanctified the means, and in his business of fiscal he had an opportunity to put his principles in practice. In short, an avaricious leech, he served himself to the best of his ability with the best of all that came before him.

Some eighteen years after the event narrated to you, one gloomy morning in the early spring, Don Andres de Solis was called to Castile. An avaricious old uncle, whose heir he had become, had succumbed to a mortal malady, and despite the grievous condition of the roads, that ice and snow made nearly impracticable, he had unhesitatingly begun the journey. "Gold" was at the end of it.

As the carriage slowly mounted the defiles that crossed the Sierra de Saint Adrian, the fiscal felt himself invaded by a sentiment of melancholy—a vague presentment. Why? Unless it was the loneliness of the place, the somber grandeur of the pines that crowned it, the steep, precipitous ascent up which the vehicle labored at an almost perpendicular angle, he could not have told you. The sudden stoppage of the carriage some fifty rods or so beyond the chapel of Saint Adrian abruptly roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen, and at the same moment a group of men concealed in the rocks and crevices of the mountain flung themselves upon the bridles of the horses; a voice commanded him to descend.

"I descend!" said De Solis scornfully; "back, ladrones, back at once—thou art talking to the Fiscal Don Andres de Solis!"

"Don Andres the fiscal!" No, Don Andres the miser; Don Andres the usurer!" the brigands answered, advancing wrathfully. Their chief, however, a young man, handsome, well built, and with the eye of an eagle, pushed them aside and placed himself at the opening—to recoil immediately with a cry of astonishment, echoed by the prisoner within—for the features of the one were the features of the other—the likeness between them incredible; only in the case of Don Andres de Solis the face was wrinkled and faded by time; in the case of the young man brown, fresh and ruddy. As for the rest, the heavy eyebrows, the brow, broad and full, the nose, long and aquiline, all were the same—not a line was missing.

"Thy name, boy, thy name?" demanded De Solis in a stifled voice; "give me thy name."

"Cristoval, the trabucaire (brigand)—I have no other!"

"My son, my son Cristoval!" extending his arms with a cry of joy, forgetting everything in the rapture of the moment, and seeing but the face before him, young, proud and haughty. "Thou art my son," he continued; "my son stolen from me in infancy and mourned so long. I know it—I tell thee I know it."

Cristoval smiled contemptuously.

"Think not, Don Andres," signing to his men to withdraw a little, "think not to escape by so infamous a ruse. I am a waif—rescued from the pavement, it is true; I also have the misfortune to resemble you strangely; nevertheless, I believe thou liest, for there is naught else in likeness or kinship between us. It is better so, for thou wouldst be shamed by a son in the ranks of the miserable trabucaires, hunted like ferocious beasts; whilst I, were it true, should scorn and loathe myself. What, I, the free and honorable trabucaire, who fights an enemy openly and bravely, the son of Don Andres the Fiscal, the Judas who sells his friends as the disciple sold his Lord! Never! And if I thought it true I would this moment dash out my brains on the rocks at our feet to atone for my misfortune—to expiate my shame. All the same I shall conduct myself toward thee as if really thy son. Wait a moment—hear me out," calmly repulsing the fiscal, who had thrown himself forward with a movement of joy; "there are times when an honorable and voluntary death is enough to efface a criminal and ugly past. Behold this pistol—take it and kill thyself! If we are of the same blood, thou wilt comprehend that my proposition honors thee and that thou shouldst not hesitate. Accept it and I will acknowledge thee as my father before all my comrades. What say you?"

The face of Don Andreas whitened, his lips trembled. The trabucaire shrugged his shoulders.

"Soul of fiscal—soul of coward! I am not of thy unworthy race. It is well, and thou shalt live—live in the scorn of all, but on condition that thou keepest silence upon all that has passed between us and outrage me no more by the title of 'son.' It is an insult I shall instantly avenge."

"Miserable boy," cried the unhappy father, "were thy mother here thou wouldst not dare deny her. Return with me to thy home; quit forever these despairing fugitives; come to thy mother, Rosario!"

"That they may say, 'Like father, like son?' No, I will not return; nevertheless, I will see the Donna Rosario, and see her soon."

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The summer that followed this scene upon the Sierra de Saint Adrian a course of bull fights had been announced at Valladolid. You know the passion of the Spanish people for this style of diversion and how they run to them for leagues around. All the same I was struck with astonishment when I entered the circus, for the vast and double amphitheatre, the boxes opening upon the place of the taureaux and every inch and corner of the monstrous building seemed to rock and tremble with the thunders of applause. The signal was given by the alcalde, or corregidor (I have forgotten which), the toreros clustered in the space like a flock of brilliant birds. A magnificent bull from Ciudad-Real bounded into the ring, amid the plaudits of the people and the alguazils hurtling about him, the pointed darts of the bull fighters with their wads of burning paper teasing and stinging him ceaselessly. For a moment the animal remained motionless, his head hanging, his tail switching his flanks, his legs trembling convulsively.

"Toro malo!" (bad bull) "Toro malo!" screamed a thousand voices.

The picadores advanced upon him; the bull retreated; he was a coward; indeed, a child could have frightened him.

"The dogs! the dogs!" cried the people loudly, and all heads turned toward the box of the corregidor, for he alone could grant the demand of the exasperated public. I turned with the rest to the box of the magistrate; beside him at the back of the box was the figure of a woman in deepest mourning, pale, emaciated, no longer young, but whose features still preserved the traces of angelic beauty. She seemed to assist at the corrida as a corpse or a statue might have done, and her regard was vague and fixed as if contemplating something invisible to all save her.

"Who is she?" I demanded of an obliging neighbor.

"Donna Rosario de Solis," he answered, "a saint who has made her purgatory upon earth, for God has left her her husband and permitted the theft from her of her son. She sees him always in her thoughts, she waits upon him, but her place is the oratory, not the box of the corregidor. Stay, the struggle begins!"

Even as he spoke a chulo entered the arena holding by the collar two enormous dogs. A handsome fellow, this chulo, well built, with heavy eyebrows and long, aquiline nose. All the same the spectators saw but the dogs—already precipitating themselves upon the bull, his eyes, now red and bloodshot, bent angrily upon his adversaries and upon the man who had entered with them to defy him. The chulo advanced, erect and fearless.

"Viva el chulo!" the women shrieked. "Viva el chulo!" shaking over the arena the perfume of their scarfs and handkerchiefs and showering upon him a rain of roses. With a smile, a bow, a wonderful bound, the youth responded, sprang forward, rose into the air, to seat himself a moment later astride the back of the taureau, his hands locked firmly about the horns of the animal, his cachette, a sort of poniard, ready in his belt. Even the Donna Rosario moved from her stony calm, leaned from the corregidor's loge, her eyes fixed in terror upon that scene of daring.

"And you say," said I to my obliging neighbor, "the wife of the fiscal takes no interest in these courses—see her now!"

"But even as I spoke, at a sign from her husband, mindful of the attention she was attracting, Donna Rosario shrank again into the shelter of her curtains, nevertheless, not before I had seen that the eyes of the chulo, in spite of his dangerous position, had sought and crossed with those of the wife of the corregidor.

The struggle between the taureau and his assailants has become frightful; bellowing, pawing the dust, and covered with foam from his efforts to dislodge his burden, the creature, like a mammoth centaur, plunged about the arena, the dogs, bleeding from a 100 wounds, snapping at his heels, the flame tipped javelins of the waiting toreros menacing and driving him from rail to rail. The brute, however, was stronger than the man, and the strength of the chulo was failing him, but at the instant when, swaying from side to side, it seemed that he must fall from his seat to be gored and ground by the horns of his enemy, he lifted himself like a dancer upon a tight rope, glided to the earth across the open space and turned at bay, his lips compressed, his bearing proud and scornful.

As the brave torero thus boldly faced the onslaught in the arena, I saw and heard a sudden commotion arise at the gates of the barriers among the Royal volunteers who guarded them; also that a group of men hastily entered the box of the corregidor; that a woman's figure leaned from the railing of the box, her eyes like coals of fire in her pallid face, her hands uplifted, and crying imperiously in a voice that had nothing human in it: "Meure, chulo! Meure chulo!" And the young man, lifting his eyes to the face above him, docile and obedient as a son to the commands of a mother, cast his poniard from him, and thus disarmed awaited the end—an end not long coming—a roar from the taureau, a thud, a cry from the Donna Rosario, for it was she who had thrown to the chulo that hurried order, and all was over for Cristoval the trabucaire!

Cristoval the trabucaire? Ay, recognized not only by the fiscal and his wife as Cristoval, their son, but by the authorities as well as the hunted brigand, who would be seized and imprisoned at the moment of his leaving the arena.

It was this the men who had entered the box of the corregidor at the moment of the encounter had come to tell him; this that had induced the heroic mother to command her son to die rather than live to be dishonored. Cristoval, worthy of this great heart, obeyed.

Three months later Rosario, too, was dead—a victim to the scourgings and excessive penalties that she imposed upon herself in order to expiate that which she called "the crime of her pride."

How did all this come about? Bravado! To see his mother, to keep his word to the man whom, nevertheless, he refused to acknowledge as his father, the unfortunate boy, disguised as a chulo, had entered the city and entered it to his death.

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Who told me the beginning and the end of this sorrowful story? Don Andres himself, and the tongue of Valladolid and all Madrid.—Translated from the French of Emanuel Gonzales for The New York Mercury by E. C. Waggoner.

A Horse Car Conductor's Ingenuity.

People who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to use the horse cars in their travels about the city have no doubt often noticed the poor condition and generally dilapidated appearance of the pockets of a conductor's outer garment. Dipping the hands in the pocket every few moments for the purpose of making change for the passengers or depositing therein the fare, and occasionally warming their benumbed fingers in them, does not tend to make the pockets present a wholesome appearance, and the conductor who can show one without being more or less frayed is indeed scarce.

While riding in a Flushing avenue car one day I was struck by the simple but ingenious method to prevent this which the conductor, who was evidently of an inventive turn of mind, had devised. The pockets of his overcoat were lined inside and outside with leather, slightly thicker than that used in making kid gloves. It was nicely stitched and, indeed, hardly noticeable. The conductor informed me that outside of preventing the loss of money through holes in the pockets it made the burden of his wife's life much easier, obviating, as it does, the necessity of sewing the torn and worn out pockets so often. He had bethought himself of preventing it in this manner and had devised the clever arrangement. It seems to be a big success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "Enchanted Rock."

The "enchanted rock," in the San Saba (Texas) valley, rises 200 feet from the plain, and can be seen for a distance of several miles. In the moonlight it presents a striking resemblance to an immense castle with its many windows brilliantly lighted, this effect being caused by the reflection of the moon's rays from numerous polished surfaces of quartz and pyrites of copper. The Commanches believe it to be one of the abodes of the Great Spirit, and regard it with much reverence.—Chicago News.

The Bigness of Hindostan.

The latest survey and census of India shows that the area of the peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,921. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, yet according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation have not yet been plowed.—Boston Budget.

A Few Odd Nick Names.

"Did you ever notice," inquired a lawyer, "that in nearly every occupation the capable worker has a nick name for the botcher who is engaged in the same business? Take my business for an illustration. The first class lawyer is called an attorney or counselor, while the 'ne'r-do-well' is termed a shyster. At sea an incompetent sailor is called a marine; on land the third rate actor is called a hamfatter or barn stormer; the shiftless newspaper reporter or journalist, a blacksmith; the physician who never cures, the quack; the cheap stevedore, a lumper; the looking glass prize fighter, a beefer.

"All the terms are used in reproach to to make a distinction between the good and the bad worker. To call a sailor a marine is worse than calling him a murderer. You might just as well say he was clumsy or ignorant of his duty. At sea when a captain calls one of the occupants of the forecastle a marine, the unfortunate is made to come on deck and shoulder a handspike. This is the worst kind of punishment in the eyes of an able bodied seaman. The term 'sojer' is also used at sea, but not for incompetency, but to a seaman who tries to shirk his duty. These terms are recognized in the courts, too, for I recall an instance when a Capt. Murray, in an angry mood, called a lawyer of San Francisco a shyster. The lawyer began action against the captain. The latter on the stand testified that he did not call the attorney a shyster, but a shy sir. It was a clever move on the part of the captain, but the court refused to believe him, and he had to pay."—New York Mail and Express.

Railway Cars in Russia.

The Russian railway cars are made of iron throughout—the walls, the roof, the floor and the partitions. Even the window sashes are made of metal. There is no wood about them except the finishings, which strikes one as a good idea, particularly since the holocausts that have recently occurred on our railways. The plates are not more than half an inch thick, so that the cars are light as well as substantial, and there is no rattling sound. When the plates get loose I suppose they are taken to the shops and tightened.

The exterior is painted an indigo blue and handsomely varnished, but there is no superfluous decoration. The interiors are luxurious, the walls being covered with white silk brocade, and the long sofas, which extend across the compartments at right angles with the car, being upholstered in the richest Russia leather. The sofas are as comfortable as Turkish easy chairs, and when one sinks down into them he thinks of the hot and hard seats he is accustomed to at home. The second class cars are finished in plush, in a similar way, only the sofas have partitions so that one cannot lie down, and there is ordinary paper on the walls. The third class cars are perfectly plain, with seats running lengthwise and uncushioned, like cars of the elevated railroads in New York.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

Bulwer Lytton as a Dandy.

Until his death in disagreeable old age, Bulwer Lytton (then Lytton Bulwer) posed as a dandy and imagined himself a man of exquisite taste in dress. He was as gorgeous as D'Israeli himself, in gold and jewels and flashy waistcoat, but he didn't carry them well, as Willis testifies: "Toward 12 o'clock, Mr. Lytton Bulwer was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' I had made up my mind how he should look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr. Bulwer in my mind and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. Imprimis, the gentleman who entered was not handsome. I beg pardon of the boarding schools, but he really was not. He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock-kneed, and if my opinion in such matters goes for anything, as ill dressed a man for a gentleman, as you will find in London. His figure is slight and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person, as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon."—The Haberdasher.

Beet Root Sugar in Europe.

A continental authority has calculated that the production of sugar from beet root grown in Europe during the year 1887 will show a very decided reduction on the previous year. From the figures for the past year—which are, of course, more or less approximate—it is calculated that 275,000 tons less of beet root has been grown in the beet root growing countries of Europe during 1887 than in 1886. The decrease is not confined to one country, but is general, the single exception being Belgium, which has, it is estimated, produced 100,000 tons last year, as against 91,000 tons in 1886. In Germany and Austria the decrease amounts in each country to about 100,000 tons. Russia shows a diminished production of 75,000 tons, while France, more fortunate, comes within a few thousand tons of the previous year. The total production of beet root in 1886 was 2,625,000 tons, and last year it is estimated the crop did not exceed 2,350,000 tons.—Chicago Times.

CHAPTER OF EGG LORE.

What the Hen Does for Humanity. "Fresh Eggs" the Year Round.

Very few of those who visit their grocery and purchase their modest fifteen and twenty-five cents' worth have any idea of the vast quantity of eggs supplied to and by the United States of America. The eggs received in New York alone during 1887 amounted to 534,400 barrels of seventy dozens each, and 745,848 cases of thirty dozens each, or a grand total of 717,399,240 eggs in New York last year! How many of these were fresh?

Take a stroll down Washington street and see the merchants opening their barrels and cases. On the sidewalk, and even in the buildings, are women who have come to buy cracked eggs. Very few men engage in this business; the women are much shrewder, and with a covered wooden pail in hand they watch the cracked eggs being taken out. They buy them up and resell them to the bakers. No bad eggs can be palmed off on these women; the cracked egg must be completely broken and emptied before they accept it on their count. Many small stores also buy cracked eggs, and these are purchased in small quantities by boarding house keepers who delight in "home made pastry on the table."

But the rotten eggs? What becomes of them? In former years they were taken to the scows and dumped with the city refuse, but now they are the means of supporting a distinct line of business. They are gathered together by the members of an energetic commonwealth, who take them to New Jersey, put them in barrels and sell them to the manufacturers of Morocco leather. So necessary have they become for the leather process that the demand is frequently greater than the supply.

In the crowded state of this city it is almost a matter of impossibility for boarding house keepers to supply their patrons with "fresh eggs" all the year round. Unless persons can keep their own hens fresh eggs must, with them, be at a discount. The hen is a willful bird, subject to all the caprices of her sex, and so long as her nature prompts her to do most of her laying during the milder portion of the year so long will the necessities of the case require that a portion of her product shall be kept from the period of plenty to relieve the period of scarcity. This question of preserving eggs has excited attention for centuries, and millions of dollars have been lost in trying to attain perfection. The liming process was discovered a little more than 100 years ago, and an excellent method it is, but such eggs are easily detected, and while a prejudice exists against them they can seldom be foisted as fresh.

The later invention of refrigerating consists in holding eggs in proper packages in a cool temperature, so that they will not grow old too fast. The temperature is generally from 38 to 40 degs., in which they are often kept from three to six months. But these ice house eggs are usually found to be "risky." They come into the market early in the fall, just when trade is picking up and prices advancing. They work off rapidly at first, but the regular egg eater soon discovers that there is something wrong, and they are incontinently "dropped." The worst of this kind comes from Canada, where they are packed in oat hulls.—New York World.

A COWARDLY GRIZZLY MOTHER.

She Deserts Her Cubs When Hotly Pursued by Hunters.

After resting my horse a few minutes I went on, and had not gone far when I saw in the distance three black objects, which, upon examination with my field glass, I took to be buffaloes lying quietly in the grass upon the prairie. As the wind was blowing from me directly toward them I was obliged to make a long detour to get upon the opposite side, when I met one of my Mexican hunters, who had discovered and was going for the same animals I was in pursuit of.

We united our forces and advanced within rifle range, when the animals jumped up, and to our astonishment proved to be a large grizzly bear with two well grown cubs. The instant they discovered us they all started off rapidly, and we after them, at a speed which soon brought us near enough to give shots, but owing to the frantic plunging and surging of our frightened horses, to say nothing of our own perturbation, neither of our shots took effect, and I doubt if even Buffalo Bill, with all his masterly equestrian adroitness, and his skill in rifle shooting, could, under the circumstances, have made much better shots than ours.

As we were obliged to stop and recharge our long muzzle loading rifles, this gave the bears time to get considerably the start of us. We, however, soon closed the gap, and gave another shot that inflicted a slight flesh wound upon the dam, at which she set up a vociferous growl and plunged ahead, leaving her cubs behind. Giving a hasty direction for the Mexican to attend to the cubs, I pushed on after the old one, which was at this time a good deal in advance, and going at her best speed, while the panic stricken whelps were giving utterance to the most plaintive cries, which were heard by the mother, but she continued on, and my horse put forth his utmost efforts for at least two miles before we came up with her.

In the meantime the cubs continued their incessant cries, at which the dam would occasionally turn round, sit up and look back, but as soon as she saw me coming she resumed her running, and this was repeated several times, until I came near her, and galloped along for some distance by her side, but even this close proximity did not induce her to turn upon me, or to make the slightest demonstration of hostility.

Her sole purpose was to escape, and to effect this she deserted her offspring in the most cowardly manner. When I had satisfied my curiosity regarding her aggressive proclivities I gave her a shot back of the shoulder, which caused her to turn around and walk slowly back with her head down, severely wounded, but another shot in the head brought her to the ground, and after taking off one of her paws, as a trophy, I returned to camp, where I found the Mexican, who had lassoed the two cubs, and driven them before his horse nearly five miles, while they continued their piercing screams all the way. Indeed, they kept up their cries during the entire night, so that the men got but little sleep and obliged us to have them killed the next morning.—Gen. R. B. Marcy in Outing.

Russian Fondness for Display.

There is no people on earth so fond of display as the Russians. The imperial family sets the example with the money wrung from the poor, the princes and nobles follow, and of course the private citizens must keep up the fashion. Their hospitality is proverbial. It is their greatest pride. Strangers are always entertained in the most lavish manner, and one who carries to Petersburg or Moscow letters of introduction from influential people, is sure to be wined and dined as long as he remains.

But behind all this ostentatious display is practiced an economy which the people try to conceal as if they were ashamed of it. The private portions of the gorgeous homes, the living rooms, are usually plain and comfortless, and the cost of a dinner party is sufficient to keep the family for a month or more. It is so in all the royal residences. The show rooms are gorgeous but the living rooms do not keep up the standard. They are plain and poor enough to make a fair average. The ladies of the ordinary household have their party and dinner dresses from Paris, but the garments in which they appear when not on dress parade are made by their own servants at home—always plain and often shabby.—William Eleroy Curtis.

A Meaningless Phrase.

Says an Englishman: "It strikes an Englishman as odd to hear evening dress referred to in this country as 'full dress.' The phrase is, of course, meaningless, for any style of dress is full dress, unless you leave off some garment that ordinarily goes with it."—New York Tribune.

Australia's Big Caterpillars.

Australia has some giant caterpillars. Mr. A. S. Olliff, of Sydney, mentions one moth larva, abundant during the past season, as being seven inches long, and specimens of larvæ of two other species measure eight inches in length.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Mystery Solved.

The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice cream factories have used up their yelks is explained by a statement that they are used to make albuminized paper for photography.—New York Sun.

SONG IN GERMANY.

Everybody Fond of Vocal Music—Customs of the Fatherland.

There are good reasons for suspecting that the first word a German baby utters is Singverein, and long before the dear little thing can enunciate it cries the word. Some day, no doubt, there will be Singvereine for the cats in Germany; at present the institution is limited to human beings, but what an endless variety of them (Singvereine, not cats) there are, to be sure! Enough, heaven knows, to satisfy the most fastidious taste and to please the most extravagant fancy. There are Singvereine for all classes, and even for such as cannot be classed at all. There are public, private, and privatissime Singvereine, official and informal, good, bad and indifferent. There are Singvereine of the old school, and Singvereine with all modern improvements. There are Singvereine for men and for women, for children and for students, and, I was going to add, for the deaf and dumb. Now and then you may come across a person who has never belonged to a Singverein, but the chances are that he is a wax figure, and even then you may feel quite sure that he sings all the same.

But not only does everybody sing in Germany, singing is indulged in on all occasions. The German sings when he is happy and when he is sad, at home and on the street. Indeed, he will sing upon the slightest provocation. If a band strikes up "Die Wacht am Rhein" or "Was ist des Deutchen Vaterland" he goes off with the certainty of an alarm clock. It is almost as dangerous to pronounce the word "gesang" in Germany as it is to speak of "beer" or "dynamite." A birthday celebration without song is fatally incomplete; a Jubilaum (and who does not have some kind of a jubilee in Germany, down to the saucepan that has done service for twenty-five years) without a Standchen is utterly inconceivable, and as for a wedding, the absence of a song written for the occasion would be as keenly felt as the absence of the minister.

Again, when, from the ship which is to carry you to distant lands, you wave a last farewell to home and friends, there arises from the shore a stirring melody into which your comrades, from whom you are about to part, perhaps forever, pour all their hopes and wishes for you. Long after the last strip of land has receded from view, the sounds are still ringing in your ears. Like a sweet blessing, the song follows you across the deep. And, finally, when the grave is about to close over the form of some loved one who has gone before, it is in a song that grief and sorrow seek to find an utterance among the Germans.—The Pennsylvanian.

Two Kinds of Good Nature.

I draw a wide mark between the contentment of indifference, which is simply hideous, unmanly and brutal, and that good nature which beams through one's personality as the sun shines through the heavens. An indifferent man goes into a room where there are children playing. He doesn't "annoy" the children, because he doesn't care anything about them. He doesn't bother them. They are not worth the trouble of a look even, so it might be said that he is an agreeable man, that he never interferes with the children; but, on the other hand, a good natured man goes into the same room, is surrounded by the same company, and makes himself agreeable. He is good natured, he is pleasant, he is jolly, he takes notice, he speaks and he caresses, he gives pleasure.

Now, don't you believe that of the two the latter has the better time. He doesn't annoy and trouble and interfere with the children any more than the first, but what a different impression he produces. The one cares nothing, the other cares much. The one gives nothing, the other gives much; the one, therefore, receives nothing, while the other, of necessity, receives much.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Sheridan and His Sleeping Bag.

I was reading the other day that Wendell Phillips, the lecturer, when he traveled carried a sleeping bag, into which he crawled at night when at a strange hotel. It reminded me of the sleeping bag that DeB. Randolph Keim tells me Gen. Phil Sheridan carried while on the campaign against the Indians in midwinter. It was made of fur with the fur inside and Sheridan used to strip and crawl into it. The general had two big dogs that followed him about, and in the morning early, when the reveille was sounded, the dogs would go nosing about until they got into Sheridan's tent, when they would rush upon their sleeping master and run their cold noses into the sleeping bag. It had the effect of an electrical bath on Little Phil, and the language he used was exceedingly free. The mercury in his tent would go up about 40 degs. when he cut loose, and the dogs would rush growling down the camp street, while Keim would lie there and laugh.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

What a Doctor Says.

Sometimes as I walk the streets I wonder, as I look at the passing faces, what sort of children the men and women I meet have brought or will bring into the world. And I look at the younger generation and wonder if the young men and young women I see realize the responsibilities that are rest upon them as fathers and mothers. For if there is one gospel saying that is true it is this: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation." The so called "mild dissipations" of society, the irregular hours, the heated rooms, the midnight suppers, the tight lacing, the pneumoniacal dressing, the thousand and one imprudences of the young, are simply so many seeds that will ripen and bear fruit some day, and if the harvest is not gathered by the sowers it will be reaped in full by their descendants.—Physician in Boston Herald.

Crystallized Tin Plate.

Crystallized tin plate has a variegated primrose appearance, produced upon the surface by applying to it in a heated state some dilute nitro-muriatic acid for a few seconds, then washing it with water, drying, and coating it with lacquer. The figures are more or less diversified, according to the degree of heat and relative dilution of the acid.—Scientific American.

Men in Extreme Distress.

Who are these who stand on bleak corners handing circulars, programmes? Who are these who come to the house door when the shades of night have closed comfort and domesticity within, and, ringing, ask enough with which to buy a night's shelter? Who are these that timidly and with faint heart, late at night, sidle up to passers along the streets and ask for help?

Sometimes they are dead beats. Sometimes they are condensed offense, stenchful and infamous, but oftener, and indeed oftener than you think or imagine, they are men driven by extremity of distress, and by a perfect regiment of woe, to that last resort, their wits. They are at their wits' end for a fire, for a bath, for a bit of bread, for an unbroken shoe for a moment's comfort. You turn them from your door. The police move them on, the societies with long names and deep pockets take time "to consider" their cases.

Who wonders that the prisons are full?—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

Artificial Petroleum.

Professor Mendeleef has succeeded in making petroleum from mineral substances, which cannot be distinguished from the natural article. He believes all petroleum is of mineral origin.—Engineering.

It is said that $15,000,000 worth of tile has been laid in Illinois, and that the tile, if placed in a continuous line, would reach around the globe three times.

Over anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

You know that great white lily—
That stately cup of creamy snow—
That rears an alabaster lamp,
With broad green blades below?

Madge has, within her chamber,
This scion of Nilotian race
To typify the purity
That reigns about the place.

One day a bud, fresh opened,
Shone out a flower, full bloom and fair,
And Madge—it was a way of hers—
Bent down and kissed it there.

Her ripe, red lips touched softly
Upon the cup of creamy snow—
Oh! would that I a lily were
That Madge might kiss me so!

—George Arnold.

A Bit of Porcelain.

It is while examining a collection of Japanese, Chinese and Corean porcelain, pottery and faience that one realizes the fact that no hard work illuminated by taste or genius perishes from the world. The original designers of a certain form of porcelain may be forgotten these thousand years, and so may the men who discovered this color and that, and those who found out the secret of under glaze and over; the way to heat just so much at one stage of the painting and just so little at another; the inventor of a harmonious blending of all that his predecessors had discovered. But all their work told, and here is the result—a bit of porcelain that when examined at leisure and in the sympathetic frame of mind is found to rank itself with great poetry, great music, great sculpture.—New York Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

A Lesson to Horsemen.

A Canadian writer draws attention to the fact that many horses are subjected to much pain by the bits being put into their mouths on very cold mornings without precaution being taken to free them from frost. He makes the following remarks on the subject, which are certainly worthy of consideration: "The bits should be carried into the house and thawed out by the kitchen stove, or dipped into a pail of water. If you want a lesson you will not soon forget in regard to this matter, put your tongue against a bit that has been exposed all night to a zero temperature. It will stick fast, and you will not get it free without leaving some of the skin behind." Giving horses ice water is also cruel, and not calculated to conserve the health of the most useful helper man has on the farm.—Chicago Times.

The Deadly Jungle Fever.

Siam's great teak and ebony forests are several hundred miles from the coast. These are so dense that the superintendent of the construction of telegraph, Mr. Fritz—an American—consumed two or three months in cutting a way for a line through a forest of sixty-five miles. There was an advance party of some 500 natives cutting the trail, and a second party of 170 putting up the poles and wire. Elephants were used for all carrying. So terrible was the jungle fever that in that one jungle some 250 natives died within two months. If a dose of twenty grains of quinine failed to break the fever death almost immediately ensued.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

Reporting Bismarck's Speeches.

The task of taking down the prince's speeches is not an easy one. The official stenographers often trip up on his words, as in his recent speech, wherein the correction had to be made about his reference to Russia and Bulgaria. The incorrect version came from the unofficial accounts, and the correction from the prince himself. The stenographers who take his words have afterward to write out their notes in long hand, and these are submitted to the chancellor, who makes corrections before they are published as the official utterances.—John P. Jackson in New York World.

Alcoholic Coma.

In cases of alcoholic poisoning—the comatose condition of intoxication—the promptest recovery of consciousness will follow the subcutaneous injection of a mixture of one part of ammonia with two to six parts of water. Police surgeons who have to deal with cases of unconsciousness will find this a convenient method of determining whether a given case is due to whisky, compression of the brain or nervous disorder.—Chicago News.

Serpents of the East.

A Singapore missionary says that the deadly cobra of the Indian archipelago never exceeds the length of five feet. The hamadryas, a snake often confounded with the cobra, attains the length of fifteen feet and is very fierce. The python sometimes grows to be twenty feet long.—Chicago Herald.

How Paints Are Obtained.

Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for the materials—animal, vegetable and mineral—employed in the manufacture of the colors one finds in a paint box. From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmines, as well as the crimson, scarlet, and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindoostan, is manufactured turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned, it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burned.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burned camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic, the base of the varnish so called, is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bister is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodide of mercury