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FORTUNE'S FLOWER.

Ah, Norah, yet the grass is wet—'tis early times you're out!
And, sure, the sun and you, my pet, should light us turn about.
The buds uncurl, the swallows whirl, you lead the year astray;
And what's the happy news, my pearl, that warms your heart to-day?

Ah, can't I trace the darling face I've loved for twenty years?
And don't I know the April grace where smiles just touch the tears?
There's store galore your basket fills of blossoms golden gay,
But more, ashore, than daffodils you're bringing home to-day!

A four leaved shamrock! happy hour! that promise must come true;
And lucky flower that owns the power to bring good luck to you!
At other's tread it hides its head, and crouched away in fear,
And pushed its four leaves forth instead the moment you drew near.

And what's the boon the omen brings? for wealth you'd never seek;
And health and bloom were mocking things to such a Mayday cheek;
A secret's cheap those eyes would keep!—I know the happy lad—
But, Oh! one lover's rapture deep will leave a county sad.

—Cassell's Magazine.

MIND IN CHILDHOOD.

A MYSTERY WHICH IS BEYOND ORDINARY PHILOSOPHY.

Leading Childish Characteristics—Sensitiveness to Impressions—A Period of Great Mental Activity—Father and Mother—Astonishing Questions.

The late Bronson Alcott had many unwholesome ideas that made him offensively eccentric, but his reverence for children did a great deal to redeem his character in shaping the character of his daughter, to whom he imparted it. Her best work—and her best is probably the best of its kind—is the result of reverent study of child character. The subject demands reverence, for it is a true saying of the Romans that the greatest reverence is the due of children. The mind in childhood is a riddle—a mystery beyond all our philosophy. We can no more tell when or where it begins than when or where it will end. The new born, sentient being stares with wide open eyes on an unknown world. It is an utter stranger, in a strange country, among a multitude of strange things and strange people. It is scarcely doubtful that it begins to learn; that its education begins; that the mind in it begins to develop when the first ray of light strikes its newly opened eyes. The development then is rapid. Every object around it; every word spoken; every gesture becomes a part of its education. The very tones of the voice, high or low, gentle or harsh, make impressions on the childish mind that are never to be effaced.

Of all the childish characteristics the most impressive is wonder—wonder at everthing; at the trees and flowers, at the clouds, the sun, the moon and the stars; and at the living creatures under them. Children, supposed to be too young to reason, will spend hours in wondering at the enigmas of nature; in forming theories and attempting to account for things. They ask innumerable questions, or rather they will, if they are encouraged by right answers. A light answer will not satisfy a child, but it may and it nearly always does discourage further questions. Young children cannot understand flippancy; they have no idea of humor or of double meaning. Everything is truth for them until they have learned that lies exist, and even then they are very slow in learning that what seems to be untrue may be all the truth we have on any subject. If any question they may ask on a subject which is of the deepest significance to them is treated as a commonplace and answered lightly or flippantly, they drew back as from a blow.

The mind in childhood is sensitive to all impressions—peculiarly sensitive to lack of application or to ridicule. It demands sympathy as well as knowledge. There is no commonplace for it. Its world is new, strange and awe inspiring, full of wonders. Everything is sublime to it. The religious sense of awe and wonder is keen and active. A child will wonder why the sun rises, why the trees put on their leaves in spring, why the birds build nests, why night comes after day. It does not discriminate between subjects where all seem of equal importance. Its mind is growing as the mind of the race grew. Its mental infancy has many points of resemblance to the mental infancy of the race. It is deeply religious, full of the faith that is the complement of wonder. This faith, this awe, are a part of its reason, and during its waking hours its reason is incessantly active. It is constantly called into play by the new impressions it constantly receives, and so it nearly always happens that a child is given its final direction in life during its period of greatest mental activity before it is 8 years old.

Fathers generally know almost nothing of their children because of lack of sympathy with them. The masculine mind in the full grown man is nearly always commonplace. It cannot reach the level of the mind of childhood, to which there are no commonplaces. The mother's mind is nearest to that of the child, and on the mother its education most depends. She succeeds in the measure of her sympathy with it. If she shares its wondering awe of the many mysteries of the world, and feels the sublime as inherently and unconsciously as the child does; if the world and life have not ceased to be awful to her, she succeeds in the largest measure. If she has reduced everything to commonplace she will drive the reason of childhood into commonplaceness, from which there will be no after escape for it. The astonishing questions which children ask—questions which not infrequently go right to the bottom of the whole mystery of things—are not mere accidents. They are the result of the keen insight of the reason of childhood that goes straight for the truth. They may have cost hours, days, weeks of pondering and thought. It is a mistake to answer them lightly; it is a crime to answer them flippantly; for the keenness of the childish reason is easily blunted, its capacity for truth easily lost.

To retain the mind of childhood through life is a happiness that falls to few—the few great geniuses. In one way or another the childish reason is lost; the childish faculty of faith, of awe, of appreciation of truth, is blunted in most who live beyond 12 years. We even lose the memory of what we were and so despise the reason of childhood. Women retain it most frequently, and they can, therefore, better understand and sympathize with their children.—St. Louis Republican.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Listener, years ago, knew a sea captain, one of that fine type of knights of the sea that has become extinct along with the American carrying trade, who had seen Napoleon at St. Helena. The old captain—he was then a young captain—had made ineffectual attempts during a prolonged stay at the island to see the captive, but in vain. The English authorities, who with very good reason suspected Americans of being and willing, if not prepared, to spirit Napoleon away, resolutely denied the captain any opportunity to visit Longwood.

But Yankee preseverance is not easily baffled. The captain in his rambles had discovered a point of view commanding Napoleon's favorite promenade. There, securely ensconced with his trusty and powerful ship's glass, he marked down Napoleon. The glass was so powerful that Napoleon's every motion as he talked with an attendant was clearly to be discerned. Once Napoleon turned his face full toward the captain, and the face of the great man was for an instant set in the telescope as a miniature, and the wonderful eyes looked full into those of the Yankee captain. The latter described them as beautiful hazel eyes, deep and pathetic, rather than penetrating. They were the eyes of the world conqueror conquered.—Boston Transcript "Listener."

Mexican Railroad History.

The Mexican exhibits at the Paris exposition will be a work of several volumes in English, French, Spanish and German, giving the railroad history of Mexico. It will contain an account of each road, number of miles, cost, principal stations, character of country opened up, etc.—Chicago Herald.

Forests and Rainfall.

It seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall.—Henry Gannett in Science.

It is a false notion that is responsible for grievous evil, that a cheap teacher is good enough for the summer term, because all the pupils are small.

"WORKING ON SPACE."

Results of Paying for Newspaper Work "by the Yard"—The Bohemian's Hope.

One of the most demoralizing features of newspaper work is the space system as it is practiced in many newspaper offices. It may be the cheapest for the paper, but it is neither fair to the writer nor the public. Under the space system the man who knows enough to stop when he gets through has no show. The successful writer is the man who can reel his story off through a wearying eternity of verbiage, and who has the skill to write so that it is difficult to cut his matter down. Thus the public, which pays for the papers, frequently gets a minutely circumstantial and heavily padded account of some matter which might well be condensed into a few lines. Quality does not seem to enter into the question, and brains are sold, like calico, by the yard, and they do not bring much better prices in some markets, either. The supply of wordy writers has become so much in excess of the demand that space rates have steadily gone lower and lower.

It is the conscientious men, too, who suffer most. The writer, honest to his paper and himself, who writes his story for all it is worth—and no more—is handicapped by the facile "fakir," who has the knack of writing columns and saying nothing. Again, the unfairness of the space rule is seen in the fact that in most offices the writer has no guarantee as to the size of type his matter may be set in. It may begin leaded and run down to solid, or a story may be finished in a smaller face of type if the exigencies of make up demand it. The Harper's system of $10 a thousand words is fairer, and, in a weekly publication, is the only method of fair compensation which can be made.

But the great objection is the element of chance in the space system, which tends to demoralize the working newspaper man and keep him poor. His "string" may only measure up $20 this week, but there is always the glowing hope of a "big sensation" next week, which will run it up into the eighties or hundreds. As a matter of fact, the working journalist makes as much money as the average young professional man. But his business makes him a gambler in spite of himself. He is always looking for a change in his luck. He may stumble on to a "big story" tomorrow, which will pay all his debts and enable him to take a vacation besides. It is not from choice that there are so many Bohemians in journalism. They are forced to Bohemia by the men who buy their work. The ambition to make large papers has been one cause of the space system. The value of a newspaper has come to be judged, not by the amount of news it contains, but by the number of pages its news items are stretched out to cover. When news is beaten out to cover so much space, like gold leaf, it becomes very thin.—The Journalist.

Making an Artificial Silk.

Chardonner recently announced to the French Academy of Sciences the results of his experiments in making an artificial silk, which are certainly of a remarkably ingenious nature. To a solution of nitro cellulose (gun cotton) in alcohol and ether is added a solution of ferrnose chloride in alcohol and also some alcoholic solution of tannin. The liquid thus obtained is ejected from fine ducts, like the apparatus in a silk worm. As the thread comes from the duct it is received in water acidulated with nitric acid, from which it is drawn out, dried rapidly and reeled up. It can be obtained of any color by coloring the mixture from which the thread is made. This new thread is transparent, pliable, cylindrical or flat, and in appearance and feel like silk. It is very strong. It burns, but the fire does not go beyond the place heated. In every way it is a remarkable invention, and no one can tell to what it may lead.—New York Mail and Express.

Catching Runaway Slaves.

I learned yesterday a historical canine fact, which will, I fancy, be as new to some of my readers as it was to me. A negro stevedore, as strapping and powerful a fellow as I have seen for a good while, fell into conversation in my presence with a bulldog, remarking that he had a great fondness for dumb animals. He seemed to greet the dog as an old friend, and he displayed considerable familiarity with that kind of beast. Naturally I joined in the talk, and the man told me that down in North Car'lina, where he was a slave in slave days, bulldogs, sometimes white and sometimes brindle, were trained to catch runaway or refractory "niggers" by the neck. And they did it so nicely, he said, as not to break the skin or soil the captive's shirt collar; they would hang on until told by their masters to let go, but without doing any injury.—Boston Post.

Earthquakes Versus Nerves.

Many persons who experienced the earthquake in the Riviera have since suffered seriously from nervous shock, although they did not at the time appear to be greatly disturbed. This indicates that more injury may be done to the nerves by an undue excitement than is perceived at the time. The nerve centers may, as an English medical journal suggests, be likened to batteries, and regarded as apt to be discharged suddenly and sometimes unconsciously; and when once their residual stock of energy is consumed it can be restored only after a long time and by the exercise of extreme care.—Public Opinion.

Japan's Foreign Improvements.

The regeneration which Japan has in recent years experienced, through the introduction of foreign improvements, is credited to the United States. While eminent Frenchmen have been called in to organize the army, Germans the schools and English the navy, to Americans have been given the supervision of the departments of finance, postoffice, telegraphs, railroads, telephones and lighting by electricity, embracing the newer and more progressive arts. American institutions are in high favor in Japan, with the possible exception of modern politics and baseball.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Phase of the "Faith Cure."

The blood of dying gladiators in the ancient amphitheatres was popularly believed to be a remedy for the "falling sickness," or epilepsy. It was eagerly drunk while still warm by the sufferers from the malady. The practice denounced by Celsus as a "miserum auxilium," has not died out even in the Nineteenth century. Des Etanges, in his edition of the Roman Hippocrates (Paris, 1846), mentions the then recent case of an old epileptic woman in Sweden who, on the occasion of a criminal being guillotined, was seen at the foot of the scaffold ready, when the head was severed from the body, to plunge into the blood yet reeking from the victim, a piece of bread she had destined for her cure.—Chicago News.

The Barber's Taper.

The queer word "singeing" is now posted up in at least one big barber shop down town. It illustrates how eager we are to copy everything that is English. For singeing the ends of the hair after it has been cut is a new wrinkle in London, adopted there on the probably silly theory that after the hair has been burned, following the operation with the scissors, it will not only grow more strongly, but will cease to fall out. The new fad is performed with an æsthetic little wax taper held against the end of the hairs as the barber combs them up a row at a time.—New York Sun.

Enjoying Their Riches.

The Rothschilds believe in enjoying their wealth. One of the Frankfort barons not long ago paid $160,000 for a silver cup which he wished to use as a center piece of a table service which he was making up, and one of the Vienna barons has a stable which cost $80,000. This stable has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, and its walls are frescoed with scenes done by well known painters. The rings, chains and fittings of the stable are silver, and one box stall for a favorite horse cost, it is said, $12,000.—Home Journal.

Russian Rich Men.

Russian millionaires spend their money lavishly on whims. One at Moscow built a private theatre for the production alternately of Italian and Russian operas. Another, who spends most of his time at Nice, keeps his own orchestra, which compares with the best. A merchant of Odessa maintains a magnificent theatre at enormous expense. This is a much better way of spending money than that followed by many wealthy and titled Englishmen, inasmuch as it does not expose the spenders to the scorn of the world.—Boston Budget.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME OF THE STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN IN ITS STREETS.

The Turk's Fez and Funny Trousers. Crooked Streets and the Dogs Thereof. Shops and Peddlers of All Sorts—Driving a Bargain.

One of the first things you will notice is the fez, worn by all the Turks. It is a red felt cap with no visor, with a flat top and black silk tassel. Turkish law requires every male subject of the sultan to wear this kind of a cap. The men wear very funny trousers. There are no close fitting pantaloons, such as men wear in America; but loose, baggy contrivances, which look like two large bags fastened together at the top. These are gathered around the waist with a colored girdle, which is sometimes very handsome.

The streets are not much better than our narrowest alleys, and so crooked and dirty! We such not enjoy living in such streets, and business would be quite impossible. You never met so many dogs before. They are big, yellow animals, and live in the streets. They have no owners, but shift for themselves as well as they can. You will stumble over them if you are not careful, for they seem to think that the street belongs to themselves. They lie down anywhere, before a shop or in the middle of the street, and evidently expect us to turn out for them. These dogs organize themselves into bands, and each company has its own district. It is dangerous for a dog to leave his proper territory, and he is likely to pay dearly for trespassing within his neighbors' limits.

CANINE GENEROSITY.

The dogs are generous to each other. At the soldiers' barracks the dogs receive the fragments after every meal. One day when the food was brought out only two dogs were in sight. These might have had a grand feast by themselves. They did not take a mouthful, but started off at full speed in opposite directions. Soon their barking summoned the whole pack, and they ate their dinner together.

I know you will laugh at the shops in Constantinople. They are not like the beautiful stores you have seen in our cities, with large plate glass show windows and long rows of elegant counters. In Constantinople the principal stores are in bazaars. These bazaars are large one story buildings, with streets running through them in every direction. On each side of these streets are the little shops. The floor is about two feet above the street, and the owner usually sits on the floor with his legs crossed under him. The room is small, so that he can reach many of his goods without rising. As we pass along we can look in at the various shops and examine their goods.

Let us stop at this dry goods store. As soon as the man sees us looking at his goods, he takes his pipe from his mouth and begins to chatter away in a very lively fashion, showing us some piece of goods. If you show any desire to make a purchase, he will name a high price, and pretend he is giving you the article. If you offer a much smaller sum he will fold up the cloth and put it away with a gesture of horror. When you turn away, however, he will call you back and take your own price or else make a new offer much below the first.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

One of the strangest places is the carpenter shop. Here you will see a man seated on the floor behind a turning lathe. Instead of using a treadle as our workmen do, he has a bow and string which he draws back and forth with his right hand, and so makes the wheel revolve. He holds the chisel in his left hand and presses it against the wood with his bare toes. Is that not a strange way to use a turning lathe?

You might think, where the stores are so close together and the streets so narrow, that peddlers would have a poor chance. Still there are a great many of them who sell fruit. These men carry trays of fruit on their heads. When they find a good place to stop, they set down the tray upon a high stool, take their scales from their shoulders and are ready for business. They sell almost everything by weight and are usually careful, though the scales may be very rude. I have seen them made simply of two wooden saucers, suspended by strings from a straight stick. The bar was held by another string fastened in the middle, and the eye must judge when the two scales balanced. The weights may be bits of iron or even broken pieces of stone or brick. On the tray these peddlars have large, luscious grapes, and will give you all you can eat for a cent or two. There are fresh green figs which do not look much like the dried ones that come to us in boxes. The quinces are large and the people cook them with meat. The chestnuts are larger than ours, though not quite so sweet. They are roasted, taken from the shell and cooked with meat and potatoes in a very nice stew.

Other men carry tanks of water or lemonade on their backs, and jingle cups in their hands to attract attention. The funniest way to carry water and wine is in the skins of hogs or buffaloes. When full these look almost like the animal from which the skin has been taken. Thus you may often meet a man with what looks like one or two hogs on his back. The men who carry these wine skins, as well as other burdens, have queer saddles fastened to their backs, and put the load on these.

In the eating rooms you may see little stoves with soup cooking on them, or bits of meat roasting on a spit over the coals. The odors are inviting; but you may go hungry, unless you can talk their strange language. In Constantinople almost every language of the world is used.—Detroit Free Press.

Said Ever So Many Things.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No?" said George, "what is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk. He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be!"

George says it is, and tries to think it is, too.

"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, bee, boo."

"Did you ever!" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now you precious, little, honey, bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does! He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear, little, darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."—Woman.

Two Men in Gray.

A New York letter carrier in his regulation gray suit with brass buttons was sitting by the side of an elderly gentleman who wore a slouch hat.

"Your suit has a familiar look to me," remarked the latter.

"Where were you a letter carrier?" asked the distributer of mail matter.

"I never was a letter carrier, but I was in the Confederate army, and occasionally I got over more ground in a day than you ever do."—Texas Siftings.

Not a Pleasant Revelation.

(Time, 8:30 p. m. Present, Mr. Jones, Miss Belle and little Effie.)

Miss Belle—Is it not about time that you go to bed, darling? Or are you going to stay and retire with me to-night?

Little Effie—No, me hain't going to stay wif oo no more.

"Not? And why, dear?"

Little Effie—Tause oo snore.

Mr. Jones looks uncomfortable.—Binghamton Republican.

The Fatal Camera.

It is said that the body of a man with his head twisted off was found in an alleyway back of a Chicago photograph gallery. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "found dead," but they censured the photographer for not being more careful when posing his customers.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Another Victim.

"Who is that ugly looking woman over yonder?"

"That is my wife, sir."

"Indeed! Here is my card, sir, I'm the most successful divorce lawyer in the city."—Town Topics.

Adam was not as good as he might have been, but he never reeled off lies by the yard about the pranks of his schooldays.—Philadelphia Call.

WEARY THE WAITING.

There's an end to all toiling someday,
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)
There's a harbor somewhere, in a peaceful bay,
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere in the far away—
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)
There's an end to the troubles of souls oppressed,
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)

Sometime, in the future, when God thinks best,
He'll lay us down tenderly to rest
And roses 'll grow from the thorns in the breast,
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)
There's a light somewhere that no dark can down,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown—thank God—for each cross—a crown!
(But it's weary the waiting—weary!)

Painter and Pupil.

An interesting anecdote of Gerome is told in the studios to point a moral that can hardly be enforced to often, viz.: the importance of preserving in the finished work the impression that fascinates the artist himself at the high tide of his inspiration. A pupil had begun a landscape in which Gerome's eye saw promise of a delightful piece of work. Some weeks later the master asked to see the picture, and when his wish was granted expressed his disappointment with its completed state by saying: "You should have had somebody behind you to fire a pistol close to your ear every five minutes. Then," added he, waving his hand toward the picture, "you would have not gone to sleep."—New York Press.

The Live Novel.

Through the entire gamut of human experience, whether attuned to the thunder of cannon or to the laughter of children, it is the actual, the real, which lays the strongest and most lasting hold on the attention. I do not mean the hard, superficial realism of the photograph, but that which presents the complete man, woman or child, soul as well as body, motives as well as manner, the pulsations of the heart rather than the conventionalities impressed by the time and environment. The live novel can be written as long as there are live people to read and feel.—E. P. Roe in The Forum.

DESERTS OF AMERICA.

The Mud Plains of the West in Midsummer—Uncomfortable Dust Columns.

A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand; probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt. The American deserts, however, are flat mud plains, the beds of ancient lakes, and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks. At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night—and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with only the boundless plain about him—the hoof beats of a galloping horse ring out as on the pavements of a city. As the summer's sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This illusion is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts without a cloud, the strange delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow fringed banks, allure the unwary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastic shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which sometimes reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow, whirling colums of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain, and call to mind the genii of Arabian tales.

Such in brief are the deserts of the far west during the arid season. In winter they change and become impassable mud plains.—Israel C. Russell in Overland Monthly.

Emma Abbot on "Artistic Sense."

"Can you define the artistic sense to which you referred?"

"Ah, there is the thing. That is what no opera singer can get on without. To define it would be to define art itself. It includes taste and a thousand other things which are indefinable. You know the best of everything is indefinable. But what is the use of defining it? The person who has the artistic sense knows what it is without a definition and the person who has it not can not understand any definition of it. The person who has it in the greatest degree becomes the greatest artist, the roundest and most symmetrical. Michael Angelo had it, and therefore he was a great painter, a great poet, a great sculptor and a great architect. If he had a voice he would have been a great singer. Adelaide Neilson had it, and therefore was a great actress. Nature gave her about the ugliest pair of hands I ever saw on a woman, but it gave to her also the artistic sense to learn so to use those hands as to make them seem to look perfectly beautiful. If I were to attempt a brief definition of this sense I should say it is that in us which prompts us to make beautiful everything with which we have to do. The opera singer must have a beautiful voice, beautiful manners, beautiful costumes, beautiful stage settings, and she must have the artistic sense to know what constitutes these."—Chicago Times Interview.

The Cemeteries of Turkey.

Turkish tombstones are narrowest at the base, and soon lean and topple. Many lie prostrate, making seats for the living, who are free and fearless neighbors of the dead. Some of the cemeteries are used as pleasure grounds for the soldiery; the crumbling stones mend highways, repair walls, and repeatedly I have seen a handsome slab stop a hole to keep the wind away or serve as a doorstep to a tumble down hut. Children play in the somber alleys, washwomen hang clothes and stretch lines on the headstones, and ladies with veils of snow drifts and mist, drawn close by henna stained fingers, picnic and sprinkle sweet basil, for remembrance, above the beloved who have passed from sight. There is a soft air of resignation in their manner—the virtue which Mohammed taught is the key to all happiness—and they wear no mourning. Sinful it is to show sorrow for the loss of friends. It is believed that children of over mourning parents are driven out of Paradise and doomed to wander through space in darkness and misery, weeping as their relatives do on earth.—Susan E. Wallace in New York World.

Nevada's Floating Islands.

Henry's lake, amid the Rockies in Nevada, has two floating islands. One of them is about 300 feet in diameter. A willow thicket thrives in the center, interspersed with small aspens and dwarfed pines. These little trees catch the wind and it is wafted about the lake, which has an area of about forty square miles.—Boston Budget.

AN INDEPENDENT CAREER.

One Secret of Power—Webster on "Inspiration"—Law of Success.

Every one, in beginning his independent career, has to consult two things: (1) his natural ambition; (2) his ability. Now, he may have considerable taste in some direction, but be unable to get the drill and practice necessary to eminence in that line. "I should like myself to write for the press," wrote a gentleman to me. "I inclose a sample." I said to him to succeed in becoming a versatile writer, able to tell tersely what you have to say, and then to have enough to say that people care to read, requires daily practice in composition from the time one is 12 years old, and it needs at least twenty years of keen, careful study in the way of mind furnishing.

It is often said that Roscoe Conkling's power over a crowd of listeners is incomprehensible. I know that he was incomprehensible to me until I watched and found the secret of his power. He is naturally gifted to sway the multitude; but this is not all. He has, through all his career, sedulously practiced self restraint. Nothing will induce him to waste his power on the scuffle of debate. He never speaks until he is prepared, and then he swings the hammer of Thor.

Webster followed the same course, and was never a debater unprepared. Some one said that his great speech against Hayne was an instance of unstudied power. "It is not so," said Webster. "I prepared that speech in the main years before for another occasion. It so happened that debate never took place. I had my notes in a pigeon hole, and when Hayne made his attack upon me and upon New England I was already posted, and only had to take down my notes and refresh my memory. If he had tried to make a speech to fit my notes he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired—I never was."

Probably men of the Webster type never are inspired in a better way than to make good preparation. To make a good editor one must begin at the bottom and climb. Dickens said of novel writing: "I do not believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard working qualities. I never put one hand only to my work, but my whole self, and I never depreciate the work." I have an acquaintance of some genius who considers it essential to assert that he throws off his work spontaneously, without severe labor. His boasting is silly; but, fortunately for him, he does work assiduously, and his work is to the point.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

Old Persian Wine Jars.

I arrived in Persia in the middle of the grape season, and shortly after reaching Teheran became an interested spectator of the process of making wine there. The house in which I spent the winter belonged to Mr. N——, a member of the Persian telegraph department. It was a native built house, with a square court yard in the center. One of the first things that awakened my curiosity was three huge earthenware jars standing in a row on one side of the compound. They were jars that stood as high as a man's shoulder, and bellied out much in the shape of slender barrels. Each vessel held about thirty-five gallons.

"What are they for—to hold rain water?" was the natural query that suggested itself to me.

"No," said N——, "they are wine jars, regular old Persian wine jars, that were in use 2,000 years ago."

"But not these same jars—2,000 years?"

"No, not exactly; but those three jars have probably had wine fermented in them every season for the last 100 years." He then went on to explain further about the jars.

The Persians believe that these wine jars improve with age, just as the wine itself does, and that better wine can be made in old jars than in new ones. A wine jar 100 years old is worth several times more than a new one, not because of any value attached to its antiquity in the abstract, but because it is a thoroughly seasoned vessel. Good wine, they say, cannot be made in new jars; the older the jars the better the wine.

The Mohammedan injunction against the making and drinking of intoxicants has had the effect of making sad hypocrites of three-fourths of the upper class of Persians. Even the mollahs and seyuds get drunk in secret, but openly they not only do not indulge, but they profess to regard those who do so with abhorrence. When the wine making season arrives there is as much wire pulling and diplomacy employed among the Persians to make wine on the quiet, without incurring a scandal, as there is here in a political campaign.—Thomas Stevens in New York Sun.

Flour Dust Dangerous.

The Milling World reminds millers of the oft proved fact that flour dust is a dangerously explosive material. Beware, says the editor, of lights thrust or carried into bins or rooms filled with dust laden air. A week ago, he adds, I was startled as well as amused on entering a friend's mill to see the latest "cub" going around with an uncovered light, doing some investigation on "his own hook." As he thrust the light into a very dusty place, which his boyish curiosity suggested to him to explore, he was whistling in that peculiar foghorn tone peculiar to and possible to nobody but a half grown boy the popular old tune, "I want to be an angel." As his whistle rose keen and triumphant above the whirr and rattle of the mill machines I almost expected to witness the answering of his whistled prayer by an explosion of dust that would at once convert him into the angel he professed to wish to be. Having put the foreman on his track, I felt safer to stay inside that building until my business was transacted. In how many cases is the wild, fresh, careless, untutored "cub" the real cause of "mysterious" fires and explosions? He is often as dangerous as a dynamite bomb or a fire brand.—Scientific American.

Superstition of Sporting Men.

A superstition among sporting men—there are still a few of that ilk in Chicago, though the ranks have been greatly decimated under the vigorous anti-gambling crusade of the authorities—is that it brings bad luck to ride in a street car alone. A conductor tells a story that a gambler took passage on his car and happened to be the sole passenger. He was in a great hurry to get down town, but hesitated as he looked at the vacant interior of the car. Finally a happy idea seemed to strike him and his face brightened. Fishing a dime from his pocket, he handed it to the conductor. "Here," he said, "take two out of that." The conductor looked at him wonderingly. "That's all right," he said; "it's you who are riding with me. I can't play a lone hand, for I wouldn't have any luck for a week." Then he explained his superstition, and was happy when the conductor rang up for two fares.—Chicago Tribune.

A Formidable Fish.

There is found in the streams of California what is called the dog or bull salmon. These fish possess formidable weapons in their teeth, which on the lower jaw have a strong and backward curve, capable of inflicting severe wounds by tearing the flesh of an antagonist. It is said they do not hesitate to attack horses fording a stream, and often succeed in cutting ugly wounds on their legs.—Boston Budget.

Popularity of Sensationalism.

Sensational fiction writers of the better class are having their day, and a pretty big day, too, it seems. Not only are the daily papers encouraging them, but also the literary weeklies, and even the monthly magazines which assume high dignity. The fact is recognized that sensationalism—that is to say, stirring incident, adventure and excitement—is popular, and that it is popularity which pays. The bear story and Indian tale have invaded the columns of periodicals of the high class devoted to young people, and it is found that while these may not teach as much morality as tame fictions about good and bad little boys and girls, they meet a much greater public demand, and that is what the publisher's eye is riveted upon.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Last Half Century.

Men of science who live today have almost created a new world. To go back fifty years is to go back to the slow processes of thought and labor, that in this rushing time seem incomparably tedious and slow. The last half century has witnessed the greatest of American inventions—the mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, the sewing machine, the India rubber industry, the horse shoe machine, the sand blast for carving, the grain elevator, the gauge lathe, the telephone, the electric magnet. Strip the world of these today and how greatly progress would be retarded!—Albany Journal.

Not That Kind of a Flower.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors. The other day she came home covered with mud.

"Oh, oh!" said her mother, severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the Alley now."—Detroit Free Press.

BANDITS OF BURMAH.

ROGUES WHO ANOINT THEMSELVES WITH COCOANUT OIL.

Some Exciting Adventures with the "Dacoits"—How the Bands Operate—Slippery and Dangerous Customers—Incidents of a Night—Religious Traits.

Burmah resembles Italy and Greece in one respect. It is a land of brigands. These robbers are called "Dacoits," and, like their European brethren, work in bands or companies having a chief with absolute authority, lieutenants and other subordinate officers. They are daring, rapacious and cruel, setting no value on human life and exposing their own fearlessly. They resemble the European banditti in their wise policy of keeping good friends with the peasantry and toiling people. They thus insure supplies, for which they pay liberally, and gain the earliest intelligence of any pursuit by the government troops. The Dacoits do not take any prisoners to their fastnesses to be ransomed; they simply lay their hands upon all the valuables they can carry away with them, and move off with great rapidity. One band operating in the country near Toungboo numbered about 500 men, under the leadership of Mingloung, a cool, cunning and brave chief. He had some royal blood in his veins, being related to the king reigning at the time at Mandalay.

They go upon these expeditions in a perfectly nude state, having previously rubbed themselves well over with cocoanut or sesame oil. They proceed with their wholesale robbery in perfect silence, the only light they carry being the inevitable cigar or large cigarette, which each one smokes. As they enter a house they puff away, and hold the lighted end to ascertain the exact whereabouts of any article they desire to carry off. Should any one awaken and attempt to resist or raise an alarm, he or she is speedily dispatched with the keen dha, or knife, they all carry; but should any general alarm be raised and decided resistance made, then a retreat is ordered, and the party clear off in as quick order as possible. There being few roads, properly so called in Burmah, retreat is in consequence easy for the thieves, who know every intricate footpath in the jungle.

A numerous band of Dacoits once, under the leadership of Mingloung, had the audacity to make a raid upon the European cantonment in Pegu. The night of the raid was dark and stormy, it being the commencement of the rainy moonsoon, or season. Everything was thus favorable to their design; absence of proper guards, and a pitchy dark atmosphere, faintly and fitfully illuminated here and there by the few oil lanterns suspended occasionally at the entrances of the bungalows. Every one had retired to rest and all was quiet by midnight. At about 1 a. m. the stillness was broken by the discharge of firearms. Several pistol shots rang out through the silence of the night, and in a short time shouts, execrations, etc., were heard, putting the whole cantonment in a state of uproar. Some of the young fellows started for the barracks and brought down a detachment of troops, furnished with lanterns, to make a thorough investigation of the cause of the disturbance. Nothing, however, was discovered, nor any persons found to be near the cantonment, although several asserted that Dacoits had paid them a visit and that one or more of them was shot. After posting a proper guard, nothing further was done until daylight came.

In the morning, by the side of the road, a couple of hundred yards from the cantonment, were found the nude, tattooed bodies of two Burmans, headless, however, for, according to the invariable habit of the Dacoits, they behead any of the band who may be killed during a foray, or so seriously wounded as to be incapable of escaping. By their method of mutilation the individuality of the robbers was lost. As the Dacoits have agents in the various cities for the disposal of their stolen goods, who are sworn members of the band, and who ostensibly pursue honest vocations in life, such as shroffs (bankers), goldsmiths, merchants, etc., it would inevitably tend to betray them and injure their "business" were any of their killed and wounded left behind them to be recognized by their captors. When an extensive raid is contemplated every member of the band is liable to be called upon to serve at the summons of the chief. These cadavers therefore gave no clue to the identity of the perpetrators of the outrage, it merely let us know that a party of Dacoits had been let loose among us, and not any ordinary Indian housebreakers.

The incidents of the night were as follows: A young merchant and a physician shared a bungalow between them. The former was awakened by the doctor, who was shouting: "Wake up! Thieves!" and who at the same time made a tremendous cut with a saber at two dusky forms dimly seen escaping by the window. The doctor, who was an athletic Scot of some six feet four inches in height, declared that he split one fellow's skull clean open. On striking a light they discovered that their shotguns, rifles and ammunition were gone; their Colt's army revolvers were even taken from under their pillows. It was the maladroitness of one of the robbers which caused their detection. He let a bit of hot cigar ash fall upon the doctor's face as he was tickling that gentleman with a feather to make him shift his position in the bed, so as to allow the rascal to take the revolver from under the pillow. The doctor arose at once, but was too late to save his Colt, for, before he could extricate himself from the musquito bars, the thief was off with it.

The young merchant had not been awakened until roused by the doctor. The thief who had him in hand had performed the tickling with too much adroitness and judgment. Several other bungalows had been entered and completely sacked of every valuable. Arms of all descriptions, ammunition, uniforms, money, silver drinking cups, rings, breastpins and other trinkets—all were carried off. One of the sufferers said he had dreamed he had seen persons smoking in his bedroom, but did not awaken to realize that it was no dream, but an actual occurrence, until too late. The houses are easy of entrance, as the walls prove no obstacle to the Dacoits, armed with their keen, heavy bladed dhas, sharpened to a razorlike edge. They simply cut a hole in the wooden or wattled bamboo walls, near the floor, and creep in. Once inside they always open a window in case they are compelled to make a hasty exit. The whole cantonment would doubtless have been plundered but for the catastrophe which put them all to flight.

With all their ferocity and penchant for appropriating other people's goods, Dacoits are extremely religious, a trait not uncommon with some civilized thieves. They often build pagodas to propitiate their deity, and so obtain a short cut to Neibhan, fully believing that they can by such acts of piety gain a speedier entrance into Gaudama's bosom than their questionable acts upon earch would entitle them to.—Charles Aubrey in San Francisco Chronicle.

At the Theatre.

Miss Barlowe, who is somewhat short sighted—Oh, mamma, look at that beautiful white bonnet on the front row, center aisle!

Mamma—S-h-h, child! That is old Mr. Watson's bald head.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Lake's Bottom.

Bright green moss has been discovered growing at the bottom of Lake Leman, in Switzerland, attached to the calcareous rocks 200 feet below the surface. Moss has never been found at so great a depth below the surface of the water, and it is considered remarkable that chlorophyl, the green coloring matter of plants, could have been so richly developed at so great a distance from the light.—Globe-Democrat.

Largest Known Flower.

The largest known flower is the rafflesia, an extraordinary parasite of the forest trees of Sumatra, which measures three feet in diameter, weighs fifteen pounds and has a calyx holding six quarts. The odor is that of tainted meat. The plant consists only of the flower, growing directly on the stem of its host.—Arkansaw Traveler.

An English Invention.

An Englishman has invented a brake by which any person in a compartment car can turn a lever and stop the train. At the same time a white disk will appear outside of the compartment to notify the conductor in which carriage the brake has been used.—Boston Budget.

A Novel Costume.

A New York society woman had a ball dress made of white satin which had before making been run through the press of one of the great dailies, so that her costume was the news of the day. She won the prize for the most novel costume.—Chicago Herald.

A Peculiar Medicinal Plant.

The Jambue seed, or "Eugenia Jambolana," is now recognized to have the property of arresting the transformation of starch into sugar, and hence its great value as a medicine. Specimens of this medicinal plant are now being cultivated in England.—Chicago Herald.

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"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and bilousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

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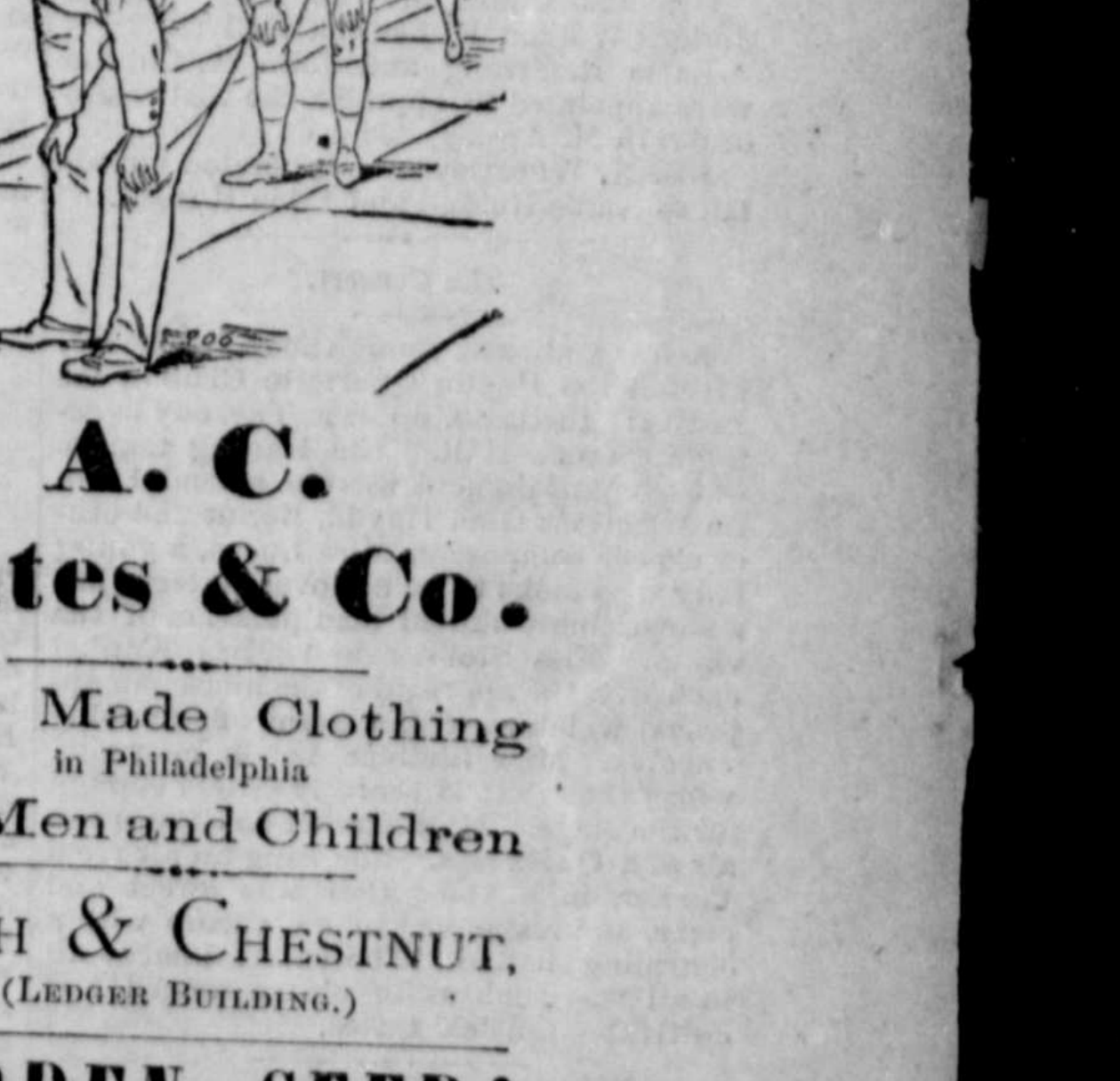

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