

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY PERTINAX.

'Twas night in Babylon, and the full moon,
Like silver, glistened in the eastern sky;
The season of the year was balmy June,
And perfumed zephyrs were gently floating;
The night was glorious, and overhead
The stars, like gems, seemed strung on silver
thread.

Within the palace walls was revelry,
And beauty and brave men were gathered
there."

The proud scions of Syria's chivalry,
Decked in their garments rich beyond compare;

And every soul seemed brilliant and bright,
In tone, in keeping with the perfumed night.

Belshazzar sat upon a throne of gold,
Men bowed to him as if he was a "god."
Brave warriors, who in the field were bold,
Shook like a girl at the King's angry nod;
Belshazzar was a tyrant, and his breath
Blew at will the greatest subject's death.

Belshazzar feasted with his concubines—
The richest wines of Syria freely flowing;
Gay forms were decked with rubies from the
mines.

That Nature had on Syria bestowed;
So lavish had the hand of Nature been,
No feast like this on the whole earth was seen.

The feast was leaving, when Belshazzar cried:
"Bring forth the sacred vessels, fill them high
With the best wines within my vaults sealed."
To-night we drink, to-morrow we may die.
I mean the vessels sacred to the Lord—
The prizes taken by my father's sword.

"When my great father to Judea went,
And killed the Israelites with spear and sword,
He brought the people captive to his tent
And spoiled the temple built unto the Lord;
My gracious father did what'er he pleased—
He all the golden holy vessels seized.

"Our 'god,' great Baal, hath never been de-
spoiled;
His votaries flourish like the Syrian date;
His temple's altars never were defiled—
He was, he is, the arbiter of fate.
Fill you the sacred goblets to the brim,
We bow to Baal, honor and health to him!"

The blessed vessels Solomon had made
Were brought in filled with the rich Syrian
wine,
And all their storied beauty was displayed
Unto the gaze of each foul concubine,
Who tempted Heaven by actions so unwise,
Nothing should shock—nothing should cause
surprise.

The King had seized the cup, and his full lips
Had almost tasted the red wine within it;
He sees a sight his senses doth eclipse—
He reels, staggers, and falls down that minute.
What was it made him lose his brain's com-
mand?

He saw writing an unattended hand.

He gazed, with palsy shook, the courtiers' eyes
Followed the line of vision to the wall;
The King, though still writing, and surprise
And fear their braven souls did appal.
"What is the meaning of this dread thing?"

Does it mean death to us, or to the King?"

"Bring in the magi. Let them the writing see,
Let them decipher what the writings mean."
Then from the banquet hall the guests did flee,
O'ercome with terror at the unusual scene.
The magi came and looked, but could not tell
Whence came the words, from Heaven or from

Hell.

One came unto the King and thus he spoke:

"There is in Babylon a foreign youth;
He is a Jew; his vows he never broke;

"He worships 'God,' and always speaks the
truth.

I think, oh King, that he could tell to thee
What means the writing on the wall we see."

Daniel was brought within the banquet hall;
He saw the writing, and was sore amazed;
He read the words translated upon the wall.

Then on the King he, sorrowing, mournful,
gazed,
And said: "Oh, King, this fatal message reads,
'Thou and thy house are given unto the
Medes.'"

Belshazzar's days were numbered at that time;

"God's" vengeance was decreed against his
head;

He had been tried and found guilty of crime;

Whom "God" condemns may be accounted
dead.

The next day's sun saw Babylon city ta'en;

The King and all his family were slain.

DARK AND FAIR BY TURNS.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

 T was truly a startling experience, this that I am about to relate, and I try to forget it. But Dr. Kane has requested me to write a detailed account, so I shall let the world share it with him.

My name in those days was Esther Dane, my home in Charleston, and I worked in a printing office.

My father was well off, but I had a passionate love for my work, typesetting, and worked in the office of a popular daily, much against his will.

The summer I was eighteen I became afflicted with a singular disease. I was very fair, with gray eyes and golden-brown hair. Those who cared for me were kind enough to call me fair to look upon, and I loved my own face because it gained love from others.

One day I discovered a small black spot upon my right ear. I wondered over it very much, and when I saw it grow from day to day, spreading over my entire ear in a few weeks, it made me feel terribly.

I arranged my hair in a way to hide it, but when it spread upon the side of my face I gave up my place and went home.

Father was frightened nearly to death over my strange appearance, and could scarcely believe it afforded me no pain or inconvenience.

He would have me see a physician, so at my entreaty he took me to a great doctor in New York. We carefully concealed our identity, for I was very sensitive over the matter then.

The case puzzled the learned man, and in fact we journeyed from city to city, puzzling every one we visited in turn.

Some talked learnedly, using a string of unintelligible medical phrases. But none prescribed a remedy. All the time it grew and spread, until half my face was covered.

Our constant travel, and seeing so many strange doctors, and hearing the matter so fully discussed, had cured me of my foolish sensitiveness.

Of course I would not go out without a veil, but I ceased to worry and cry over it, and could even make merry about it. I remember telling a Chicago doctor, when my face was about equally divided into two colors, that I was a big dose of "arf and 'arf."

My chin became wholly black, and

over half of my forehead, but my nose and the rest remained white. There it stopped, and began spreading downward over my body.

Then we noticed a difference in it. From being natural the black skin became velvety to the touch, like it sometimes is on a large mole or birth mark.

Oh, but I was a queer-looking body then, but I became so accustomed to it that I became careless about a veil, and would stupidly wonder what the matter was when people would cry out at sight of my hideousness.

Then father took me to Paris. It was on the steamer that we made Dr. Kane's acquaintance. He was a young man, but already had gained some reputation.

He had become convinced that he had much yet to learn, so had thrown up a lucrative practice, to walk the Paris hospitals a year, or perhaps two.

My strange case at once interested him. He asked questions until he knew as much about the matter as I did.

He examined the black growth closely,



"Esther! O, my God! Dead! Dead!"

and eventually owned himself puzzled, as had many famous men before him.

I liked him immensely, and, in my merry unconcern, turned much of his questioning into ridicule.

Soon after our arrival in Paris a great medical convention took place, and one day Dr. Kane came for me.

Only a few of the celebrities had ever heard of anything similar, and were unanimous in the opinion that there was no cure. I must go piebald all my life.

We returned home, and father sold his possessions in Charleston. We hid ourselves in a pretty New York suburb.

Dr. Kane returned a year later, and our curious friendship was renewed.

He was very kind to me, was often at our house, rode, drove, and walked with me, spending as much time as he could spare from professional and other duties.

He was always studying over my case, and tried many experiments, all to no purpose.

I took a good deal of quiet comfort that summer. I was not happy.

God help me, I never could be happy again, for I loved Harry Kane.

Sometimes I thought he cared for me, but that was when we were riding or driving, and I was closely veiled—when he could not see my very hideous face.

Along in the fall he was called away, and would be absent some months. Soon after his departure I first became conscious, by physical sensations, that the blackness was a disease.

A stinging, burning sensation began wherever there was a spot of color. I suffered tortures.

Every cooling, soothing lotion imaginable was resorted to, advice was procured, but naught availed to allay my suffering.

It lasted months. For many nights I never slept, and at length brain and nerve gave way, and I died.

Strange assertion to make, you say. Yes, I died, or the people thought I did. But every sense remained acutely alert—sorely feeling and breathing.

I knew my body grew rigid, and cold as ice. I knew when I was arrayed for the grave and placed in my casket. I knew the peril I was in; that of being buried alive; but the rest from that agonized suffering was so exquisite that all else seemed of little moment.

I heard, as one hears from afar, the voice of a man of God speaking words of comfort to my sorrowing friends. I heard the solemn "dust to dust" rattle upon my coffin, then sank to a total unconsciousness, as one sinks to a sweet sleep.

My next sensation was cold, awful, deathly cold, and a feeling of numbness. I could not stir, or open my eyes, but feeling had returned to my whole body.

Every part of it tingled and ached, and my hands and feet felt like blocks of ice.

Presently I felt hands grasp me and extend me on what seemed a board. Loud exclamations in different voices reached my dulled ears; then a dead silence followed.

It was broken by a voice that—ah, God!—had power to call me from the dead.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" it asked, and footsteps approached me and paused beside me.

"Good God! Esther!"

Oh, how I struggled to break the invisible bonds that held me.

"Esther, Esther! Oh, my God! Dead, dead!" the dear voice moaned, and he passed a caressing hand over my poor mottled face.

As it lingered against my lips I kissed it lightly, involuntarily.

A great cry escaped him, and he

bent closely over me. I felt his breath upon my face. His lips touched mine. Then I lived.

Had it been really death, instead of trance, I must have come to life then. He loved me!

I opened my eyes, gave one quick glance about, then cried out in terror.

Around stood many strange men, all watching and listening intently. The room seemed large and long, and was lit by many lamps. Grizzly skeletons hung here and there, and seemed to grin in ghastly mockery at me.

"Dr. Kane!" I cried, finding my voice, "I am afraid! Take me away!" He was white as death, and trembled so he could scarcely speak.

"Gentlemen, this is a strange way to find a dear friend, and a queer ending to our lecture, but I thank God for it."

I was shaking like a leaf, my teeth chattering. I seemed dying of cold, and no wonder. I lay upon the dissecting-table, with no covering but my gown, and had lain for hours in a fireless room.

Taking me in his arms he carried me to an adjoining room. Two elderly physicians aided him in restoring warmth to my almost frozen body.

Then the burning, itching sensation began again, and putting up my hands, I rubbed my face vigorously.

Imagine the amazement of us all when the black skin peeled off like a mask.

Dr. Kane's eyes gleamed like stars. Well, to make a long story short, in a few days all the diseased skin was gone, and I was as fair to look upon as ever, and oh, how proud and happy!

My body had been stolen from the grave and shipped to Chicago. Dr. Kane was to have lectured to the students that night. You know the rest.

Father and mother were like crazed people over my recovery, and could scarcely believe the fair-skinned girl Harry Kane so proudly introduced was the mottled-faced one they had so sorrowfully buried a short time before.

It was not long before I became Dr. Kane's happy wife, so there is nothing more to tell, only that years have passed and no signs of my strange disease have ever returned.

Don't Hear Everything.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money are expended.

There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to his pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears, and hear no more. If, in our quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

If, as has been remarked, all the pretty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

If we would be happy, when among good men, we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.

The art of not hearing, though untaught in our schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears a vulgar or impudent remark.

A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonorable conversation.—Treasure Trove.

THE steam-gauge should be so placed that the pressure can be read from any part of the engine-room, and it should be known to be correct at all times.

Governors should always receive very careful attention to insure their proper action. If they are allowed to run dry or become gummed by accumulations of dirt and grease they will lose all sensitiveness of action and not properly control the speed of the engine. The foundation of a chimney is no place in which to get rid of the bats and other refuse brick that may have accumulated.

It is safe to watch the builders very closely, and see that they do not put that kind of material in the chimneys they are building for you. Boilers do not improve by standing idle. They will rust very rapidly. An idle boiler, like an idle man, soon wears out.

Sharp chisels should not be used to cut the scale off from a boiler sheet. You will cut the plate and do more harm than good. Use a light hammer. A belt that is slipping and refusing to do the work that is put upon it can be made to act all right if the pulleys over which it runs are made larger.

Check valves that get stuck open can be closed by a slight tap of the hammer. But when they stick at all they should be opened as soon as the pressure can be shut off and thoroughly cleansed.—Power-Steam.

To GET the oil out of a grindstone, make the stone as hot as safety will permit, and then cover it with a paste of whiting and water. The mixture will soon become filled with oil, when it may be scraped off and the process repeated until all the oil is extracted.

VICTIMS OF GRIM JUSTICE.

The Wives and Little Ones of the Condemned Chicago Anarchists.

Women and Children Who Will Be Widowed and Orphaned by the Hangman.

[CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.]

It is a trait of human nature, as universal as it is admirable, to extend sympathy to the families of men who meet with misfortune or are led into crime, and up to the prison door or gallows' steps.

"Can't you tell us something about the families of the condemned anarchists?" repeated inquiry these days. One of the prisoners has already gone to the penitentiary, and the other seven are slowly approaching the gallows.

These circumstances seem for the moment to divert public attention from the men themselves and from the crime for which they have been condemned, to suffer death to those who are becoming notorious and orphans.

So much has been written of the denunciatory of the prisoners and of their doctrine, that the reader is not very well prepared for good words on behalf of the wives and mothers who have these many months ministered, so far as lay in their power, to the comfort of the condemned.

The conduct of Mrs. Lucy Parsons in preaching anarchy from one end of the country to the other