

## A DREAM OF POOR CHILDREN.

I had a dream, so sad, so sad it was  
It hurts my heart to tell that dream again.  
I thought I stood above the life that draws  
The weary breath in crowded street and lane,  
Above the hot, rough pavements, and the glare  
From blinding roof and wall, and sun-scorched air.

I looked, as might a spirit from on high,  
Not strong, but trembling, and I saw—God,  
The children's poor, sweet faces, bold or shy.  
All were pitiable, none seemed bright or glad;  
I heard their songs and cries, their restless feet,  
And their wild, longing hearts, that beat and beat.

Then, as a spirit might, I turned my eyes  
Out to the broad blue waters of the bay,  
To all the widespread loveliness that lies  
Within the reaches of God's glorious day—  
The hills, the fields, the streams that laugh and move,  
And the kind, happy heaven that smiled above.

I saw fresh daisies in the cool deep grass,  
And bending boughs that shook their blossoms down,  
I watched the birds on sun-swept pinions pass,  
And then I saw again the crowded town—  
The pale young children, where they waked and slept,  
Their eager, pleading faces, and I wept.

And some seemed wan and faint, for want of bread,  
And trembling, with fear of curse or blow,  
And some at heavy tasks, bent hand and head,  
Numb with the pain that hopeless toilers know.  
And some were girls, children no more—oh, God,  
I dared not look to see the path they trod.

Near me white seraphs hung, and mutely wept,  
And Christ, methought, wept too, above it all.  
A broken prayer against my sobbing swept,  
And I awoke, I weep when I recall  
That dream, so sad, so strange! It can but seem  
Only a dream! Surely 'twas but a dream!

—[Mary Alice De Vere, in the Ladies' Home Journal.]

## A DRAMATIC STORY.

BY W. J. FLORENCE (THE AUTHOR).

With a heart filled with pleasurable emotions, I took the Rhine steamer at Cologne. My destination was Ober-Lahnstein, where I hoped to spend a few days, making excursions to the Stolzenfels, Ems, Nassau, and the romantic neighborhood of the river Lahn. I had among my letters of introduction one from my bishop, recommending me to the kind attention of Father Rucker, the venerable pastor of Capellen. This I determined to present immediately upon my arrival. My bishop had given me an eloquent description of the old gentleman. They had been playmates at Rome; and after their ordination Father Rucker was sent to his native village as assistant pastor, while Dr. C. returned to America, became pastor at Arlington, where, after twenty-five years of watchful care over a very numerous flock, he was transplanted to the bishopric of Delaware.

On the arrival of the steamer at Capellen, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, and in a few minutes stood at the door of the old priest's house. My knock was answered by an old lady in a white cap, who, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that her brother, Father Rucker, was quite ill, but would of course, see me, and leading me to his room, I stood unannounced at the bedside of the good German priest. He was propped up by pillows in a sitting position, and seeing by my dress that I was a clergyman, he at once made me welcome.

I delivered my letter from Bishop C. On reading it, the tears started to the old priest's eyes, and he asked me a hundred questions regarding the health of my bishop, and about the Church in America and the incidents of my voyage.

Found him a most pleasant and agreeable gentleman, although suffering terribly from rheumatism, an attack of which had brought him to his present condition. He nevertheless was a merry and entertaining host. He ordered his three hours before dinner passed away pleasantly. The cottage stood on the very edge of the river, the steamers and light craft passing up and down, and now and then a great raft with its village of huts in the centre, and peopled by dozens of men, women and children, made the view from the priest's bedroom a gay and animated sight.

"The captivity enforced by this plague, rheumatism, is less irksome from the fact that this window affords an uninterrupted view both up and down the Rhine for many miles, and here I sit and watch the river craft with their bright and fairy-like wings of canvas. As times, said the priest, 'I can count as many as forty and fifty sail. Come, Rika, let us give our guest a regular German dinner.'

When I returned from my room, where I retired to arrange my dress, I found the old gentleman seated in a little room that served as library, study and dining saloon. He had made a desperate effort, and though in much pain, determined to appear at dinner in honor of the 'Amerikaner priest,' as he jocosely called me.

After dinner pipes were in order, and while watching the smoke ascending from our meerschaums, stories and incidents of our priesthood became topics of our conversation.

"It is over twenty years ago," said my host, "when I was awakened one night to go on a sick call.

"A little girl, daughter of Heinrich Fink, the innkeeper, came to our door, saying her father had sent her to beg me to hurry at once to the tavern, that a stranger lay dying, and that the priest's services would be more required than the physician's. Hastily throwing on my 'oberrock,' I followed the child to Heinrich's 'gasthaus.'

"He met me at the door, and in a few brief sentences told me that the sick man only arrived that afternoon, that after partaking of a glass of wine and a pretzel, he deposited a package of letters and a small pocket-wallet filled with money—notes and silver—and bidding the landlord good-night, had gone to bed; that some two hours after groans and cries were heard in the stranger's room.

"On opening the door the poor man was found in great agony. His only answer to the kind inquiries as to what

could be done for him was to send for a priest.

"I never saw such a sad spectacle as the man presented, stretched full length on the bed, a large and powerfully built man, his head buried in a pillow, and his eyes, his massive frame shaking with agony.

"I suspected suicide, and we searched the room for some evidence of the case, but discovered nothing to show an attempt at self-destruction. I ordered Heinrich to bring some brandy and with great difficulty the poor fellow swallowed it. For a moment he ceased to toss in pain—slowly he opened his great black eyes and waving his hand to Heinrich to leave the room, spoke or rather gasped out, as follows:

"Oh, Father, I am glad you are here. I have much to say to you. Are we alone?"

"Yes," I said, assuringly.

"Well," said he, while his eyes gave out a most unearthly glare, 'I am a hunted man, hunted by visions of her who fell by my hand. I am a murderer—a double murderer! Ten years ago I was leading actor at the Royal Theatre at Hanau—the favorite of the grand duke and the star in the Rhine provinces.'

"I tell me your name, my son," said I.

"Not yet, good father—not yet. At Hanau I fell in love with a girl attached to the theatre—she was as pure as an angel—an orphan. Her father having been for years the bandmaster, at his death the company at the theatre adopted her, and she was making rapid strides towards a proud position in the profession when I first met her.

"We played many nights together. She played Juliet to my Romeo, Goethe's heroine Margaret to my Faust. Well, father, this artless, pure child won my heart, and she loved me too—she told me so.

"We had arranged secretly to become man and wife on her reaching twenty. She was not yet nineteen.

"My professional duties took me to Cologne. During my absence her letters were loving and trustful.

"I was happy then.

"The very secret of our love, for no one knew of our attachment, was in itself a charm, and I thought with pride of the hour when I could present the darling girl before the world as my wife.

"One day while at Cologne I received a letter from Lena, for that was her name, in which she spoke of the great success of a play written by a very young officer of Dragoons at Coblenz; that as her acting had contributed so much to the general success, the young lieutenant desired to present her with a bracelet, and she wished to know if I had any objections to her receiving it.

"I consented that she should accept it, though at the time I had some misgivings as to the propriety of the act.

"From that hour it seemed as if she had changed in her feelings towards me. Her letters grew less frequent, and the pure and tender tone formerly so characteristic of her nature seemed wanting.

"Christmas was approaching, and I had promised myself the pleasure of spending that day with Lena. I communicated my intention to her. Her reply to my letter suggested that it was a long journey to make, and that she had a new part to study, and it did not in fact express the least desire to see me.

"The coldness of her letter stung me. I felt that another had taken my place in her affections.

"That night I paced my room almost frantic with jealousy. I threw myself on the bed only to rise again, for sleep had deserted me. That night I made a vow that, should my suspicion prove true, I would kill her; and as day-light appeared through my windows, I repeated to myself that she should die, and by my hand.

"On Christmas eve, under pretence of a desire for study and privacy, I told my landlord that I would keep my room for a day or two, and did not wish to be disturbed. I ordered some biscuits and a few bottles of wine to be sent to my apartment.

"The moment the waiter left my room, I hastily put on my disguise—I shaved off my moustache, put on a brown wig, and as my professional skill came to my aid, I was completely metamorphosed. I then locked the door, and gaining the street, at once made for the railway station.

"I was just in time to take the train for Coblenz.

"My companions in the third-class compartment were farmers and cattle-raisers, who had been at Cologne making purchases for their Christmas holiday, and their simple merriment and happy conversation made my poor heart sink within me.

"The honest people were joyous and happy, while I sat there, a miserable heart-broken man, with premeditated murder on my soul.

"Just as they were lighting the lamps I stepped from the train in the station at Coblenz.

"At the same moment several military officers alighted from the first-class carriages, among them a tall, handsome young cavalry man.

"Instinctively I felt that this man was my rival.

"At once mounting the horses held in wait for them by their orderlies, these officers rode away.

"My curses followed them, and I sauntered towards a 'Bierhalle' and entered it. The waiters, to whom I was well known, never suspected that in the sad-looking, heavy-laden man I then presented, was concealed the favorite actor of the Rhine provinces. Calling for a glass of beer and the Zeitung, my eyes fell on a theatrical announcement for the evening. At the Stadt Theatre Traulsen Lena as the Baronne in Graft von Huber's new play, 'The Venetian Bride.'

"I shall be there to-night, and for the last time will see this base, disloyal Lena," murmured I to myself.

"It waited but an hour before the opening of the theatre, so I wandered towards the Augusta Straus and, placing myself in a dark doorway opposite her lodgings, watched the lights in her windows.

"Coming from the Bierhalle I passed many of my professional friends, but so complete was my disguise that I was not recognized, and now as I was watching at her window, the most sorrowful reflection filled my mind.

"How often had I called there to accompany her to the theatre! And after the play would see her home, and at that very door would she renew her promise of love. While I was thus employed, a couple passed by Lena's door, and, by heavens! the officer I had met at the station alighted, and with a latch-key entered the house.

"My first impulse was to follow him and kill them both. No, she at least must die, nor must I be known as the perpetrator of the deed. The last train left for Cologne at 11.15. If I could manage to catch that train I might be in my own room before daylight, and throwing off my disguise it would ap-

pear as if I had not left my apartments.

"While thus determining my mode of action, Lena and her military escort appeared, and in a moment were driven off in the direction of the theatre.

The bells from the tower of the church were ringing out the holy sounds that seemed to tell of peace on earth and good will to all men.

"The streets were crowded with throngs of women and children, peering into the shop windows, decorated with evergreens and toys, all indicating Christmas time, while I made my way to the theatre, and, purchasing a ticket took a seat in the stalls. The curtain had just risen, and Lena as the Baronne had just entered from the church, followed by a procession of bridesmaids. I watched her glance at one of the private boxes. It fell on the sole occupant, the young officer of dragoons. He threw a kiss from his gloved hand.

"Oh, the agony of that moment! Jealous rage, hate, despair, and murder all seemed to possess me. During the entire performance, which lasted two long hours, she constantly signalled to her admirer from the stage, and after each act he would leave the box and visit her.

"This so increased my rage and mortification that from time to time I was forced to seek the open air of the street. The play ended, I posted myself where I could see Lena as she left the theatre. I looked at my watch. It was exactly eleven. In fifteen minutes the train left for Cologne. I must fulfill my oath within the next quarter of an hour. While I was thus deliberating, Lena and the officer left the stage door, and entered a carriage, the driver of which I recognized to be the Schwaner Adress, a noted restaurant and cafe in the Royal Platz, and but a few squares from the theatre.

"I followed—saw them enter. I entered the drinking hall and presently heard the landlord order one of the waiters to go upstairs to wait on the Graf von Huber. The room became crowded with people from the theatre, and amid the drinkers I soon managed to slip unperceived through the side door leading to the restaurant.

"I met the waiter ascending the stairs to the private room occupied by Lena and her lover. Telling him I wanted to have a glance at the great chandeliers, he gave him a couple of thalers, he exchanged his apron and jacket for my coat and hat, and giving me the bill of fare, told me to take the order for supper, saying he would wait at the foot of the stairs until my return.

"On my tapping at the door the count bade me enter.

"They were seated side by side in loving converse.

"While the officer glanced over the list of wines, I under pretence of arranging the table, unperceived placed a pinch of white powder in their glasses.

"The officer ordered a bottle of Rudesheimer, and with an insolent air commanded me to hasten.

"At the foot of the stairs I found the waiter waiting and returned his apron and jacket for my coat and hat. He let me into the street, and in five minutes I was in the train and on my way to Cologne.

"Next morning the good people of Coblenz were horrified at the news of the double suicide at the Schwartz Alder.

"It was given out that the Graf von Huber and the actress Lena had taken strychnine and died almost instantaneously.

"At this point of the man's story (continued the priest) the sound of horses' feet and the clanging of spurs and sabres were heard in the little street. A moment more, and two soldiers, followed by Heinrich, the landlord, rushed into the room.

"As seeing the military, the man gave a wild yell, while they proceeded to handcuff him.

"So we've found you at last," said the elder of the two.

"Do not be alarmed, father," said the sergeant, addressing me. 'He is perfectly secure now. This spell will soon pass off, and for months he will be rational enough. He escaped from the lunatic asylum at Frankfurt this afternoon; we tracked him to the Rhine packet-steamer, and there lost track of him; but the ferryman at Lahnstein said that a passenger of his description crossed to Capellen to-day, so here we are.'

"What have you done with the money, Gottlieb?" said the sergeant.

"Curse you! Don't speak to me," replied the man, in bitter agony.

"When we came here to-day he gave me a package of papers and a pocket-book filled with notes for safe-keeping," said the landlord.

Stolen from the superintendent's desk, replied the sergeant. 'You see, father, he was given to a dangerous clerk in Coblenz; fell in love with an actress; annoyed the lady with his addresses, and persisted in his rudeness, till at length she appealed to the authorities for his arrest, as he had threatened her violence. This drove him mad. He believes he has killed her, and at times kills the most fearful fits—he has poisoned her and her lover in a restaurant. All a fiction, sir. For the past year he has been quite rational, and they entrusted him with some light duties in the superintendent's office; but to-day he broke into the deputy's desk and stole his pocket-book and papers—but we have our man. Come Gottlieb!'

## Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens.

The 'hanging gardens of Babylon' were built by Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a native of Media, who longed for something in this flat country to remind her of her mountain home. They consisted of an artificial mountain, 400 feet on each side, rising by successive terraces, to a length which overtopped the walls of the city. The terraces themselves were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were spread beds of matting, then a thick layer of bitumen, covered with sheets of lead. Upon this solid pavement earth was heaped, some of the piers being hollow so as to afford depth for the roots of the largest trees. Water was drawn from the river so as to irrigate these gardens which thus presented to the eye the appearance of a mountain clothed in verdure.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

## Found.

After a search of nearly thirty years during which time advertisements were inserted in Southern papers, the remains of the Twenty-second Michigan have been found. They were captured in 1863, on the last day of the fight at Chickamauga, and from that time until a short time ago their whereabouts were unknown. The flags have been discovered at Washington among some Confederate flags.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THERE is a man in Shepherdstown, W. Va., who could be a veritable Bratus, if the occasion ever arose. He is the mayor of the town, and the other day he fined himself for allowing his cow to run at large, in violation of the town's ordinance.

Of every 1,000 clergymen between the ages of 45 and 65 it is found that only 15.93 die annually. But of every 1,000 doctors between the ages of 45 and 65 no fewer than 28.02 die every year. That is to say, the mortality of medical men is almost double that of clergymen, and the rate is increasing.

A BILL before the English Parliament aims, by a somewhat singular method, to prove the children of a nation. According to its provisions, any party convicted of drunkenness twice within a year shall not be allowed on the premises on which liquor is licensed to be sold. A licensed vendor who breaks the restriction imposed in such a case shall be liable to a penalty. The bill in question is not to apply to centers of population with more than 20,000 inhabitants.

HAVENSTEIN, the noted statistician, has just published the result of a series of interesting calculations, which are that the earth cannot nourish more than 6,000,000,000 people. At present the population of the earth is estimated to be 1,467,000,000 souls, and according to Havenstein's ingenious combinations the 6,000,000,000 mark will be reached in 180 years, so that the day is not very far off when the earth can no longer maintain its present population. The time when the earth will be unable to support its present population is estimated to be 180 years, so that the day is not very far off when the earth can no longer maintain its present population. The time when the earth will be unable to support its present population is estimated to be 180 years, so that the day is not very far off when the earth can no longer maintain its present population.

OF cities with more than 100,000 population England has thirty, Germany twenty-four, France and Russia each twelve, Italy ten, Austria-Hungary six, Spain five, Belgium, the Scandinavian States, Roumania and the Balkan Islands each four, the Netherlands three, Portugal two; the total in Europe being 118 great cities. Asia has 103, China having fifty-three and British India thirty. In Africa there are seven, in America forty, of which the United States have twenty-six; South America nine. Australia has only two large cities.

"Few persons," says a railroad man, "have any idea of the enormous cost of rolling stock. The price of a single car ranges from \$15,000 down to \$380. The former is the price of a first-class Pullman car, while the latter is that of a flat-bottomed coal car. Such cars are used to haul gravel and dirt. A common flat-bottomed coal car costs \$500, while a car with a double hopper-bottom is quoted at a hundred more. A refrigerator car costs \$550. A combined baggage and mail car costs \$3,500, and a first-class coach is valued at \$5,500."

PERHAPS the quaintest and quietest little settlements within a hundred miles of New York are those built at the foot of the Palisades. The fishermen who live there appear to be as far from the madding crowd as though they were alone on the prairie. The tall cliffs and jagged rocks about them cut them off from the rest of the world, and they have few visitors. There is not a horse or wagon among them and no road to drive on. Springs of good water are found within a rod of the salt Hudson, and beer and groceries are brought off, unless one takes a boat and crosses the river to the metropolis that swirls and roars on the other bank.

JOHN ROBINSON, who now lives in Cincinnati, is probably the oldest survivor of the oldtime circus. He is over eighty-two years of age, and was actively engaged in the business from his boyhood up to just before the war. He says that in those days the regular charges in the South were twenty-five cents for whites and thirty-seven and one-half cents for slaves. The whites were given a hot meal, and a dollar could be plucked up in nearly any way desired. The slaves were charged the higher price in order to, in a certain measure, restrict their patronage. It was nearly as easy to get thirty-seven and one-half cents as it would have been to get twenty-five cents. The slaves came in droves generally, accompanied by some member of the owner's family in charge of a trusted slave. In the North twenty-five cents was the usual price, but business was not so good as in Dixie.

A QUEER story comes from Ashland, Kan. In common with the rest of the country, the people of this town have been feeling the pinch of hard times. They therefore determined to economize. The town is not very large, but it has seven settled ministers, and it was determined that one would suffice until they could be reduced to one. The question on the question which of the seven should be retained. The poll showed a plurality of votes for the Methodist minister, and therefore the other six were discharged. It is proposed that other towns in Kansas, especially those suffering from drought, shall adopt the same plan, and that the money thus saved shall be given to the needy. This is a practical movement in the direction of Christian unity that will hardly be pleasing to the discharged clergymen, however strong may be their theoretical belief in Christian unity.

In many ways the United States have educated the world in politics, and I, for one, do not hesitate to say that their scheme of government is the best that has ever been established by a nation, says London Truth. But in nothing do we owe more to Americans than in their having afforded us the great object lesson of a State pursuing the even current of its way, without that meddling in the affairs of other States which have been the bane of European powers. Here we have a country, rich, powerful, industrial and commercial, yet never troubling itself with what happens outside its frontiers, or annexing foreign lands on the plea of philanthropy, or on the ground that in some centuries its area will be too small for its population, or in order to create markets for its goods. And what is the result? No one dreams of attacking the United States or of picking a quarrel with them. The lesson to be learnt is that a State should rest its contentment with promoting the welfare of her own citizens and leave it to other States to promote the well-being of theirs. Can anyone conceive the United States annexing jungles in the center of Africa in the wild expectation that the inhabitants of the jungles will be civilized and then cover their nakedness with American cotton goods and cook their food in American pots and pans?

There are, according to the recent official reports, fifty sailing vessels floating in the Atlantic Ocean that are regarded as dangerous to navigation. The large number of these abandoned hulks are in the sailing route of the equator, and the record of their movements shows that they cross and recross the track. Some of them have made long journeys since they were deserted by their crews, who took refuge in some passing vessel when their own craft

threatened to sink or had become hopelessly unmanageable or waterlogged and uninhabitable. Some of these travel so near the regular ocean lanes that an almost unbroken record of their wanderings is reported and sketched on the Atlantic pilot charts. One of the latest of these well-known ocean wanderers heard of the bark Ocean, which originally appeared just north of the southern track of the western bound steamers in September. It has since been reported at periodical intervals and has gradually drifted south, almost to the sailing route from the equator. The last reports previous to its recent hauling was in March, since which time it has taken a northwesterly course toward the Bermudas, and was seen in about longitude 60 and latitude 30 on May 30. Some of the abandoned vessels have valuable cargoes of lumber, and could be towed to port would prove rich booty. One of the most notable of the derelicts, whose journeyings were well recorded, was the Maine schooner W. L. White, which, after being abandoned off Delaware Bay in March, 1888, after ten months and ten days, arrived off the northwest coast of Scotland and went ashore at Stornoway, having traversed 5,000 miles of ocean and been reported forty-five times by passing ships.

## AROUND THE HOUSE.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peels may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip them in common salt and scour with dry brick dust.

Old paint and varnish may be removed by an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up with one part of turpentine. It will soften them so they may easily be scraped off.

To wash windows and make them clear and bright, use ammonia and borax, but no soap. To wash glass tumblers and make them brilliant and clear use a tepid soda water, then rinse in clear cold water and dry with a linen cloth without nap.

Dingy wall paper may be improved, though not restored, by rubbing gently with a soft cloth dipped in oatmeal. The cloth must be changed as often as it becomes covered with the dirt removed from the paper; otherwise it will instead of cleansing.

One of the hardest things to keep neat about the kitchen is the dishcloth. Somehow it will grow to look dingy and black, no matter how thoroughly it is rinsed after each dishwashing. Of course, after rinsing it should always be thoroughly washed with plenty of soap and hot water, and then hung out to dry. Use one cloth for china and glass and another for pots and pans, for the latter blackens the cloth, no matter how well washed they may be. The careful drying of the dishcloth after each using is very necessary, for damp cloths of any kind lying about the kitchen, certainly encourage beetles and other insect abominations. Keep your kitchen sweet and clean and you have the first requisite for a wholesome healthy house.

## Night Growth.

It is a curious fact that night is the time which nature utilizes for growth. Plants grow much more in the night than in the daytime, as can be proved any time by measurement. Measure a vine at night, then measure it again in the morning, and the next night, and it will be found that the night growth is two or three times that accomplished during the day. During the day the plant is very busy gathering nourishment from various sources, and during the night this raw material is assimilated into the plant life.

The same fact is true of the animal creation. Children grow more rapidly during the night. In the daytime, while the child is awake and active, the system is kept busy disposing of the wastes consequent on this activity; but during the night the system is free to extend its operations beyond the necessities of the worn-out particles; hence the rapid growth. This is why so many invalids need so much rest and sleep. With the proper conditions restored and a sense of perfect rest, nature will reassert herself, clearing up the clogged and dirty tissues and restoring the organs to their normal condition.

## Are We to Become Toeless?

That the civilized part of us is changing our physical structure in answer to the conditions under which we live is a fact to which the poor little toes in the corners of our boots testify tearfully every time we would consider them in the light of this member, which our prehistoric lady ancestors doubtless found aesthetically useful, when, while grasping with the foot an article of food, they elegantly elevated the little toe from the others, as the little finger of the dandelion from the teacup of to-day, has now so fallen from its high estate that in 32.25 per cent of cases it is no longer a first joint of the little toe, but has been replaced by a solid, inflexible bone. It is to be supposed that if we continue for a few more years to walk with our junior toe doubled up like a leaf in a book we shall some day look all around our foot and find no toe at all. As the process continues and each rushing cycle knocks off another toe, we shall finally have in place of the present artistically befringed pediments a pair of solid pads, on which will rest five useless commemorative nails, like so many tombstones erected to those departed members which went to join the dodo rather than accept shoes that did not fit.—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

## Is Death Painless?

A Canadian physician has been giving his experience of the pleasures of being frozen to death. His tongue and then his arms became stiff, sharp pains ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body had congealed, causing an almost entire cessation of the heart's action. After this preliminary pain, all the remaining sensations were pleasant, the chills giving place to a genial warmth, and subsequently to an exhilarating warmth, and finally he fell into a delicious slumber, which was that of unconsciousness, and came near being the sleep of death. He was not able to say what the sensations of dying in such a manner may be, but having once been taken from the water apparently drowned, and only restored to vitality after a long time and at much trouble, I know what dying by drowning is. In my case there was a sharp preliminary pang caused by the hopelessness of my position, followed by the whole of my life being instantaneously flashed through the mind; then came a dancing of lights in the eyes and a tingling of bells in the ears, pleasant visions of Elysium, and afterward absolute unconsciousness. Sickness, disease and injuries to the frame, which often precede and lead to death, are unquestionably painful, but the act of dying is unaccompanied by pain.

## A SPIDER FARM.

Several Thousand Living Specimens Tended in One Room.

Many will be inclined to discredit the statement that spider raising is an established industry at Chattanooga, and is being successfully conducted by Ernest Reyber, the proprietor of the Enterprize Bottling Works on Cowart street. Mr. Reyber estimates that between 5,000 and 6,000 of these insects make their homes in his bottling establishment, which occupies a large room probably sixty feet square. The ceiling is fairly covered with thousands upon thousands of little patches of filmy material, within which the insects nest and lay their eggs. At this season they spend little time in their nests, but in daytime hide in dark out-of-the-way cracks and corners, but in easy command of their woven snares.

Spider webs are everywhere, spanning the space between floor and ceiling, and spread about the machinery, in front of the window—wherever, in fact, the busy weavers can find a place from which to hang their network. A big corner of the room is besides given up to the insects, which have apparently divided the space into many four-walled apartments.

Mr. Reyber is a pleasant and intelligent talker and a shrewd observer. His fair complexion betokens his Teutonic descent. Said he: "Those creatures know more than a great many people. I keep them because they wage such constant war on flies, cockroaches and other such vermin which are very troublesome to me, and which are attracted by the stumps, sugar, etc., used in the bottling business. A spider never cares for sweet things nor drops into any vats or bottles.

Flies and cockroaches are nature's scavengers, but these spiders watch every one that approaches like hawks, and soon lure him into their meshes. I never disturb them when I can help it, except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come when called and crawl upon my hand or take a fly from my fingers. They are tame and have never bitten me, though I couldn't promise so much to a stranger. This spider is a hibernating animal, and shuts himself up during most of the winter in those little nests you see stuck like mud daubs on the ceiling. When winter comes I brush away these webs, for the spiders prefer to weave new webs every spring.

As a cow must be milked every day this wary and provident little creature must unravel each spring the silken fabric that is stored in its body. He does not make his appearance till May, when the flies have laid their eggs and hatched their first young, else he would soon give out. Mentime the hundreds of eggs which each female spider laid during the previous summer and fall have been going through a process of incubation, and now turn out with the older ones to seek a living for themselves. Mr. Reyber has encouraged the insects to harbor in his establishment for two years past, and finds the spider of such practical utility as to be almost indispensable.—[Chattanooga Times.]

## RELIABLE RECIPES.

CORN PUDDING.—Cut from the cob three ears of tender green corn, add three fresh eggs, beaten very light, one cupful of sweet cream, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake one hour; serve with or without sauce, as liked.

SANDWICH-MAKING.—For meat and other sandwiches, cut slices of bread about one-eighth of an inch thick, then with a sharp knife, cut off all the crust, leaving trim, straight edges; butter each slice and cut across the centre, or, with two more sharp cuts, shape each piece into the form of a triangle, making the three sides as nearly even as possible, and fold carefully together. Once having learned the right quality of bread to use, how to cut evenly, butter smoothly and fold exactly, the sandwich may be varied indefinitely. Slice ham or tongue almost to paper thinness, and lay between the bread. Roast beef, ham and chicken should be chopped fine and seasoned before spreading, and a delicious variety is made by using thin slices of Hamburg loaf. In making cheese sandwiches or sandwiches of smoked fish or sardines, use if possible bread made from some form of the entire-wheat fine brown flour. This will cut smoothly without crumbs. Spread with sauce Tartare and then with the cheese or fish. To make egg sandwiches, boil fresh eggs five minutes, plunge them in cold water and leave until cold; this will prevent any discoloration of the yolks which sometimes darken if left to cool otherwise. To chop the eggs, use a knife and plate, season with salt, pepper and a little mustard and spread on the buttered bread. For meat and vegetable sandwiches, the flowers or vegetable should be very fresh and crisp. Spread the bread with mayonnaise dressing instead of butter, and add finely torn lettuce leaves or a stem of nasturtium, with leaves and flower just before serving.

## He Wants New Arms.

Theodore Lee, the armless newsdealer, who went East recently with a vague idea that he could get arms grafted on to his stumps has been heard from. He has been inquiring among specialists regarding his case, and finds that he may yet secure arms. First, the arms are to be grafted on to his stumps must be taken from a healthy man or woman, and the hope is held out to Mr. Lee that he may find some person, condemned to be hanged, for instance, who would for \$1,000, say, to be given to relatives or charity, allow an arm to be amputated for grafting purposes. Mr. Lee has, in substance, been informed that the splice would have to made just above the elbow joint.

When Mr. Lee has found a person who will submit to the operation they will have to be brought together in such a position as to permit of the arms of both which are to be operated upon being placed in plaster of paris casts, so that they cannot be moved. There it is proposed to cut the back part of both the arms, also cutting through the bone arm that is to be grafted on to Mr. Lee's stump, or that portion of it that is cut away at the first operation, is to be adjusted and fastened to the stump and allowed to remain until it heals and there is evidence of circulation through the stump and the part that is grafted on. The second operation will be the cutting of the remainder of the inside portion of the arm, together with the artery and the nerve. This operation, it is proposed, however, is not to be undertaken until the surgeons are satisfied that the circulation through the part of the arm already grafted on is sufficient to nourish and support the new forearm.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Very handsome dresses and window curtains as well as new made of glass in Austria.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

PUSSY'S MISHAP.

Pussy wanted his breakfast,  
Meow, meow, meow,  
And determined to get it,  
But how, how, how?  
For the cook had fastened the pantry door,  
And there was not a thing on the kitchen floor.

He looked on the table  
So, so, so,  
And discovered a milk pan,  
Ho, ho, ho!  
But it's setting so very far back 'gainst the wall,  
That in order to reach it he surely must fall.

There's but one way to get it,  
Try, try, try,  
Don't be coward,  
Fie, fie, fie,  
So he climbed with a will from the chair to the table,  
And to reach that nice pan full of milk he was able.

He knew it was wicked,  
T'was steal, steal, steal,  
But so hungry and tired did he  
Feel, feel, feel,  
He fell into the pan with a hiss and a spat,  
And there the cook found him a sad looking cat.

—[Doll's Dressmaker.]

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve or fourteen days without water, going forty miles a day. They are fit to work at five years old, but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five, although they usually live to forty. They are often fattened at thirty for the butcher, the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo or Mehari breed, is remarkable for speed, and used only for couriers, going 800 miles in eight days, with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall. Napoleon conveyed 1,500 infantry on camels across the desert from Cairo to St. Jean d'Arc.—[New York Telegram.]

WHY TEDDY DIDN'T GO.

"I'm going to run away," said Teddy to Dick. "I'm going to run over to my Aunt Nelly's house."

Teddy was a little boy. He wore a killed skirt, and he couldn't speak all his words quite plainly, but he knew better than to run away, because he whispered to Dick so mamma couldn't hear.

Dick was a great black Newfoundland dog. He was a year younger than Teddy, but he was enough bigger to make up for that. He looked up at Teddy as if he understood, and followed around to the back gate.

"Don't go far, dear," called mamma after them.

Surely Dick understood that. He stopped waving his plump tail.

"No-o, marm," said Teddy. But he put his hands on the gate. Do you suppose he meant to go just the same?

"Mamma said not to go far," he whispered to Dick. "It isn't far to Aunt Nelly's. It's further than a mile, Dick; and she'll make us some taffy."

Then Teddy pushed the gate open.

And what do you suppose Dick did? Why, he laid himself down in the gateway, and when Teddy tried to step over him he growled dreadfully and showed all his white teeth.

Teddy tried coaxing, but Dick wouldn't be coaxed. He just kept his maw switch, but Dick wouldn't be driven.

Then Teddy tried to climb over the pickets; but Dick caught hold of his killed skirt with his teeth, and held him back.

So, at last, Teddy made up his mind that he didn't really want to go to Aunt Nelly's house.

But he couldn't help telling mamma all about it. It was so funny.

Mamma smiled, and patted Dick's great, black head.

"Then it was my dog who minded, and not my little boy," she said.

"But I am going to all the rest of the time," said Teddy, earnestly.

A ROYAL DINNER.

It is not served in the grand hall, with troops of wait-fetters, doffing hats and waiting to attend upon the guests. But the names of the dishes are as long, and as difficult to pronounce, as if printed in Russian; and the viands taste as good as if cooked by the most famous chef who ever served a king.

In fact, it is a king's dinner to which we invite you to sit down, though his majesty's royal robes are very scant at both ends, and his crown is a tall silk hat, that has once been worn by a United States Senator from the far West. But such small matters are of no account just now; we are hungry for our dinners!

But first it must be cooked, and the cook is no other than our host, the Tahitian King of power and dignity.

His first move is to dig a shallow hole in the ground. This he fills with hard and very dry wood, cut or broken into small pieces. Over this he places two dozen or so of round stones about the size of tennis balls. Then he lights the wood and makes a bright fire. While it is burning he has taken small pieces of beef, fowl, ripe and unripe bananas and the tops of wild yams, which some-what resemble asparagus, and made them up into many separate little packages wrapped in banana leaves.

In about ten minutes the wood has burned out, the stones are hot, and the little packages are all ready to be laid between two layers of the hot stones, which are then quickly covered with fresh earth so tightly that no steam can escape.

For about fifteen minutes more we sit around the little mound thus made, in silent and attentive gravity. It would not be good manners to pay attention to anything else while the important process of cooking is going on.

Our royal host knows just how long to wait. Then he gravely removes the earth and stones, so carefully that the cooked food is not injured. Each little package is placed upon a fresh banana leaf, and then with knives, fingers and bits of coconut shell, the dainty morsels are divided and eaten with the accompaniments of calabashes full of coconut milk, and cold water from a beautiful running stream. No better dinner was ever set before a king, or given by a king.—[American Agriculturist.]

The fiber of banana stalks is proposed as a substitute for jute in the manufacture of wrapping paper. The commercial possibilities of such an industry are being seriously considered in Nicaragua in view of the partial failure of the East Indian jute crop.