

## THE POPIES IN THE CORN.

When the mist in pearly columns  
Rises o'er the hills and gray,  
And the dew of early dawning  
In the grasses mellowed away,  
Then the sun in softened splendor  
Sheds his first rays thro' the morn,  
Lo, they kiss the sil'ny faces  
Of the poppies in the corn.

O'er the scene there falls a sil'nce,  
All the twittering song-birds still.  
As the lark, his first flight  
Circles toward the distant hill,  
Up and upward, it so triumphs,  
Earth-tongued warbler, heav'n-born,  
Till a long staccato from cloudland  
O'er the poppies in the corn.

Slowly comes the lush of noontide,  
Not a leaf awakes on the tree,  
Not a dew-drop on the grasses,  
Not the whisper of a breeze,  
Glow the sun in scorching fury,  
One wee butterfly forlorn  
Panting falls in dying struggles  
On the poppies in the corn.

Soft a breeze comes rustling 'v'w,  
Sighing thro' the cedars tall,  
Stirs the grapes in hanging clusters  
On the mould'ring vine-clad wall,  
Sinks the sun in amber glory,  
Dies the day as night is born,  
One wee star peeps through the twilight  
At the poppies in the corn.

—[Maud E. Kendrick, in Boston Globe.]

## JEAN DE THOMMERY.

It was in the country, near the forest  
not far from the Seine, in the modest  
villa where I hoped to spend my old  
age, that I saw Jean de Thommery for  
the first time. He was scarcely twenty-  
two. Some pages signed with my name  
had won his heart, and he pre-  
sented himself with no other recom-  
mendation than his good appearance and  
his desire to know me. The sympathy  
of the young has an irresistible attraction.  
It is very sweet to be able to  
draw them when one is approaching the  
autumn of life. I was the more willing  
to give him a welcome that I could do so  
without any effort, for he was really  
charming. I set him down as he stood at  
my gate, a slender, noble-looking fellow,  
his face shadowed with the down of  
youth; straight nose, blue eyes, fair  
forehead; his hair, fine and of an ashy  
blonde, waved above the temples. His  
ease of manner and language, the ele-  
gant simplicity that shone in his dress,  
everything, reflected credit on the ille-  
side by which he had grown up.

It was a clear April day; we walked  
together in the woods of Meudon.  
Though many years divided us, we  
conversed like two friends. He had gen-  
erous impulses, holy illusions, all the  
happy and ardent feelings of his age. He  
believed in the good, he admired the  
beautiful, he dreamed of love and glory.  
Where did he come from? In what atti-  
tude was he born? What star had shone  
over his cradle? Who and what was this  
Jean de Thommery, who at the end of  
an hour's talk had spoken neither of  
women, nor horses, nor yet of his friends'  
incomes?

Thanks to the confidences he gave me  
without my asking, I soon found out  
all about him. His father, who came of  
a good old Breton family, had studied  
in Paris in the days when patriotism and  
liberty ranked as high as letters, and  
among the young men of modern ideas  
The Breton gentleman felt the influence  
of this awakening in the flood of  
thought, and, without giving up the  
traditions of honor in his family, he set  
sail with the current. He loved, with a  
pure, delicate, romantic love, a poor,  
young girl of good family, of Irish de-  
scent, and married her. When his studies  
ended, he went back to Brittany. There  
hereditary domain that sheltered their  
tenderness was in one of the wild and  
quiet valleys of Old America. It con-  
sisted of a farm and a manor, of a castle,  
which was protected by an old grove  
from the winds that swept across the  
valley from the mountains. Here Mon-  
sieur de Thommery lived, like his fore-  
fathers, the lord of a country gentle-  
man, hunting, riding, and shooting, with  
his neighbors, improving his land; while  
his wife "la belle Irlandaise," as she  
called her, gave herself up to domestic  
affairs and governed her household with  
grace and authority. Though he had  
taken root in this primitive life, he was  
faithful to the tastes and inclinations of  
his youthful days. He never went beyond  
the circle of his amusements, and for  
him nothing beyond them seemed to  
exist. Time, which never stops, seemed  
to have forgotten him on the way. It  
was a happy family—he, his wife, and  
three sons. The elder and the second  
son showed no taste for study or litera-  
ture, but Jean, the little one, more deli-  
cate than his brothers, grew up under  
his mother's gentle wing with a strong  
sense of the beautiful and harmonious  
creation and a love of books. While his  
brothers walked and rode over the farm  
and led a hardy and rustic life, Jean,  
read, dreamed, or composed little Breton  
poems that his mother proudly compared  
to "Moore's Irish Melodies," and that  
excited the admiration of his father. His  
brothers, too, were proud of his gifts and  
his charming way, and even of his weak-  
ness when a little fellow, for that seemed  
to elude their protection. But one morn-  
ing, not long before the time I first met  
him, Jean embraced them all and set out  
for Paris, filled with the same illusions  
that his father had had before him.

Two or three years passed. I did not  
know that had become of Jean. I sup-  
posed that he was in Paris, and that he  
was living peacefully in his father's  
home. He had evidently forgotten me.  
I was not surprised at that. As for me,  
I thought of him from time to time.  
A journey I made into Brittany  
revived in my heart the memory of my  
young friend, when I learned one day  
that I was only a few leagues from the  
Manor of Thommery. I arrived at  
nightfall at the house I loved to think of  
as the asylum of happiness. I found  
the family assembled, and, not seeing  
Jean, naturally I asked for him. M. de  
Thommery answered me briefly. "Mon-  
sieur," he said, "we have only two sons  
now—these whom you see. We never  
saw of the one we have lost."

Was Jean dead? No: the attitude of  
M. de Thommery, his voice, his  
language and his gesture were not those  
of a father who has buried his son. Dur-  
ing my visit his mother found an oppor-  
tunity of speaking to me alone. She told  
of her son and of the sorrow he had  
brought upon them—how he had com-  
promised himself, falling lower and  
lower from day to day, and even of his  
world of Paris, and how his family no  
longer looked upon him as their own.  
She made me promise to go to see him,  
to write to her and to let her know how  
he lived, to hide nothing from her.  
Could this be the same Jean de Thom-  
mery whom I had known? How could  
he have fallen so low from the heights  
where I had left him!

I went back to Paris. I found him  
living in richly furnished apartments,  
and held out his hand to me with an  
easy grace, as if he had not a pang in the  
world—as if the luxury, in the midst of  
which I had surprised him, had been  
brought by the efforts of a glorious and  
honest labor, instead of the fruits of the  
gaming table. He began to excuse  
himself for having so long neglected me.

"All that is excused," I said. "I have  
come from Brittany where I saw your  
parents, and as you have always spoken  
of them with respect, I am only fulfilling  
a duty when I come to tell you of the  
sad state in which I found them."  
"Thanks, Monsieur, you need not go  
on," I interrupted me calmly and with  
a tone of great urbanity. "It is  
nothing new you tell me. My way of  
living is a subject of scandal and trouble  
to my family. My brothers disown me,  
my mother weeps in secret, my father no  
longer knows me. 'Well, sir, be my  
judge. I am not a saint. Not being  
able to reform the age as I once thought  
of doing, you remember, I have ended  
by adopting its ways and wearing its  
livery. It seems to me that, in a society  
where money is a god, not to be rich  
would be an impiety. I have played, I  
do not deny it, and I have always  
won. By my skillful playing I  
kept up the state of the house and be-  
longings I won by my luck. My parents  
lived according to the manners of their  
time. I live according to the ways of  
my own."

It was sad to hear this young man  
exult in his fall and glory in his ruin.  
All about him betrayed the habits of  
the life he now led. His very smile,  
so sweet and clear, had a cold ex-  
pression like the hard lust of steel. He  
told me his story—how he had been  
basely deceived and robbed of his last  
centime by a woman whom he thought  
deserving of his heart's devotion, in spite  
of his mother's penetration, which had  
sounded the depths of unworthiness in  
the character hidden beneath the charms  
of beauty and an artless manner; how  
when he came to his senses, his youth  
was dead, and a new and a worse man  
had come to live within him. He be-  
lieved no more in anything good.  
"There are no longer any women!"  
he said.

"You are mistaken," I replied. "We  
have mothers, sisters, friends, wives,  
who every day and every hour quietly  
accomplish miracles of goodness, devo-  
tion and charity. Society is not as bad  
as you think it, but you, sir, are  
much worse than I feared. Still, you  
do not return to your family, who are  
grieving for you? Your youth is not  
dead, it is waiting for you there."

"It is too late! I must confess to you  
that since my sojourn at Baden the gam-  
bling fever has never left me. Let us  
live and enjoy ourselves—after us  
the deluge! It is now my hour for the  
bourse, and to my regret I am obliged to  
leave you."

"One word more," I said, rising.  
"Until now you have been successful;  
but fortune will not always be on your  
side. What will you do when she be-  
trays you? For that day you surely  
come."

"Let it come. I am ready,"  
he did not answer. "And God—and your  
mother! After a moment's hesitation  
he held out his hand. I took it.

"You have fallen low indeed, my boy.  
This explains the sorrow of your family.  
I understand it, and I share it. But,  
even now, I do not give you up—"  
He smiled sadly and I left him.  
A few days after this I wrote to Ma-  
dame de Thommery and gave an account  
of my interview with Jean. He did not  
reply to me again. Other thoughts  
occupied me. War was declared. The  
enemy was already marching on Paris;  
the world was filled with the noise of  
our disasters.

Whoever did not see Paris during the  
last days of the siege cannot form an  
idea of the physiognomy of the city at  
that time. The confusion and flight  
brought on by the first news of our de-  
feat gave way to a morose and gloomy  
noble resolve. Every one was ready for  
great sacrifices. A current of heroism  
ran through all hearts. Men watched on  
the ramparts; citizens, transformed into  
soldiers, drilled in the squares and gar-  
dens with their muskets and rifles; all  
classes mingled and fused together,  
forming only one soul—the soul of their  
country. I lived in the streets during  
those feverish days, attracted by every  
noise, mingling in the crowd, gathering  
all the news. One morning on the Quai  
Voltaire, between the Pont-Royal and  
the Bridge des Saints-Pères, I met Jean,  
face to face.

"At last!" I said, greeting him. "And  
you have staid here," he replied.  
"Yes, I have staid here," he replied.  
"Now it is obliged to look after my fortune."  
It was all arranged. I have drawn  
out all my money, and I leave this even-  
ing to go and live in a foreign land."

"You are going away!" I exclaimed.  
"When your country is in agony you think  
of leaving her?"  
"My country, Monsieur! The wise  
man loves his country wherever he  
goes. You, yourself, what are you do-  
ing here?"

"I have not returned only to go away  
again. I am not worth much; but here  
I have known good and bad days. Paris  
has given me whatever good I have in  
me. I wish to share her dangers, if  
only by my presence. I will live in her  
misery, and I will help to bear her angu-  
ish, and if I do not see why I should  
have the honor of suffering with her.  
But you, Jean de Thommery! But  
you! I knew you were changed for the  
worse, but I did not think you were  
fallen so low. The land is invaded, and  
you, a young man, instead of seizing a  
musket, catch hold of your pocketbook!  
The fortunes of France are on the verge  
of ruin, and you have no other care than  
to realize your future. To-morrow the  
enemy will be at our gates, and you strap  
up your valise and fly like a coward! It  
was not enough to have plunged your  
family into mourning and despair. You  
must inflame this shame, too, upon them!"

A quick blush rose to his forehead.  
A light shone in his eyes.  
"Pardon, Monsieur, pardon. These  
are very grand words, it seems to me.  
You are too young and I am too old for  
us to understand each other. I am not  
running away. I am going away. There  
is nothing here to keep me. Paris does  
not interest me. It is only just that  
they should be punished. As for my family,  
they are safe enough from the dangers  
of war, and you have no other care than  
to be forbidden to seek for myself, in Brus-  
sels, or in London or Florence, the  
peace and security they enjoy in Brit-  
tany."

My heart was sick and disgusted. I  
turned away, when suddenly Jean  
started with surprise. "Listen," he  
said, "listen, and hear a strange  
music, the tones of which vague at first  
and indistinct, grew louder and seemed  
to be coming toward us. I looked, too,  
as I listened. I saw beyond the bridge  
of Solferino an immense crowd, who  
came on singing. It was a slow, grave  
chant, almost religious, and had nothing  
in common with the bursts of song to  
which we were accustomed. Jean  
leaned against the parapet. I saw that  
he was very pale. In the mean-  
time, the confused mass approached  
nearer and nearer, and became less  
and less confused. Now, I recog-  
nized the *chant de la Bretagne* and then  
sound of the *binio*; the *garde mobiles*  
of Finistère were entering Paris. The  
tut or ermine in their military caps, the  
gray cloth uniforms, the knapsack  
strapped behind, tell all about them as  
they advance with a correct and firm  
step; marching by platoons and filling  
the wide width of the *quai*. At their  
head on horseback rides the chief of the  
battalion; behind him, the chaplain and  
two lieutenants. The head of the col-  
umn is now only a few steps from us. It  
is my turn to be startled. I look at Jean.  
His hand falls upon mine. "My father!  
My two brothers!" he says in a low  
voice. And he sees passing before him,  
under their most striking forms, the eter-  
nal truths that he has so long disowned  
or forgotten—God, country, duty and  
family! The long pageant of his honest  
and noble days defiles before him singing  
the troops go by. I gave him the last  
blow. On one of the balconies of the  
*quai* I have just seen his mother.

"You unfortunate fellow!" I exclaim.  
"You said there were no longer any wo-  
men. Look, there is one; do you recog-  
nize her?"  
Madame de Thommery waves her  
handkerchief, the Breton chant redoubles  
in fervor, and the chief of the battalion,  
with the courtesy of a knightly gentle-  
man, bows in his saddle and salutes her  
with his sword. Mute and motionless,  
with sad eyes and dry eyelids, Jean seems  
turned to stone. I leave him to the  
mercies of God.

The next day, in the courtyard of  
the Louvre, the Commandant de Thom-  
mery called the roll of his battalion.  
The call finished, he passed down the  
ranks, when a soldier stepped out and  
said:  
"Commandant, one of your men was  
forgotten."

"What is your name?"  
"My name is Jean," answered the vol-  
unteer, lowering his eyes.  
"Who are you?"  
"A man who has lived badly."  
"What do you wish?"  
"To die well."

"Are you rich or poor?"  
"Yesterday I possessed an ill-gotten  
fortune. I have resigned it voluntarily.  
I have now only my musket and my  
knapsack."  
"That is well." And with a gesture  
of the hand the young man returned to  
the ranks. There was a long silence. The  
Commandant had again taken his place  
in front of the battalion. "Jean de  
Thommery!" he called out. A manly  
voice answered: "Present!"—[From the  
French of Jules Sandeau.]

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

#### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

JOHN WETHERED, a farmer of Man-  
chester, Ind., soaked some seeds in al-  
cohol and put them on his barn floor.  
Sparrows stole them, and were soon as  
drunk as lords. Cats killed 100 of the  
feathered sots, and ate all they could  
hold, and then the cats were drunk, too.

BUSINESS must be dull on the Santa Fe  
Railroad. The other day the brakeman  
of an accommodating accommodation  
train stopped the train to chase a rac-  
coon into a well. Next day they  
brought along a ladder and one of  
them went into the well and caught Old  
Zip.

TOWNS COUNTY, Ga., boasts of a novel  
specimen of the "white" negro. This  
one has been "turning" for several years,  
until the left side of his face is perfectly  
black, while the right side remains al-  
most jet black. Negroes whose skin  
changes from black to a light brown or  
reddish white are not uncommon in the  
South, but the change mostly shows  
in blotches, giving them a mottled ap-  
pearance.

THAT there is "gold in wool" has been  
found literally as well as figuratively  
true. According to an Australian con-  
temporary, some gold dust was discov-  
ered in a London wool-sorting room,  
and was traced to a parcel of Californian  
fleeces. When the pasture was  
explored, a valuable "placer" was found  
on the estate.

Mrs. JAMES ROSE of Ottumwa, Mo.,  
had a bird in a cage hanging in the yard.  
A blacksnake, according to the local  
color, was unable to thrust his head  
through the bars and swallowed the  
bird as far as the wire would let him.  
There he stuck, and was killed. And the  
bird still sits in the cage.

A QUEER lawsuit was that brought re-  
cently in a London police court by a  
gentleman who had claimed that he had  
been swindled in buying a dog. It was  
a fox terrier warranted to howl whenever  
some over-musical neighbors commenced  
their performances. But the dog wouldn't,  
and the purchaser wanted to recover  
what he cost.

OUT in Wayne County, Kan., is a con-  
siderable grove of pine trees, seven miles  
square, all of whose lower branches have  
been broken off. This puzzles new-  
comers, but old settlers remember that  
a mischievous doe several years ago,  
when on enormous swarm of pigeons  
came and roosted on all the trees and  
broke them down.

UNCLE JOE ARDLE, an old Georgia  
colored man living on the Savannah  
River, thinks it about time to take to the  
woods. After the earthquake of 1886  
he was afraid to go on the ground, so  
he built a hut in the branches of a huge  
oak tree, where he lived contentedly  
until the storm of a few weeks blew him  
and his hut clear out of the tree and al-  
most into the river.

In 1794 a family of Crooks, who had  
come from Bolton, England, to Man-  
sfield, to make a correspondence  
with relatives at home. The correspondence  
has been kept up since without a  
break by some member of the fam-  
ily, but the correspondents had not  
seen each other until this year, when Mr.  
Thomas Crook of Bolton, coming to the  
Fair, found and visited three generations  
of Crooks in Mansfield.

The oldest industry in England,  
which dates back to prehistoric times, is  
still being carried on at Brandon in Suff-  
olk. Many people of that village earn  
their living by making flints with which  
to strike fire and for gunlocks. Tinder-  
boxes with flint and steel are largely used  
in Spain and Italy, and by travelers in  
sparsely settled and uncivilized lands,  
and gun-flints go to Africa, where flint-  
lock muskets are still in use.

A NOVEL way of smuggling has just  
been brought to light by the British  
authorities on the Franco-Swiss frontier.  
It has been discovered that about twenty-  
two thousand watches, valued at two  
millions francs, have entered France in  
the space of six months without having  
paid the duty. A great portion of these  
were discovered packed in tins of a con-  
densed milk company, from which, of  
course, the milk had been taken out and  
then carefully closed up again.

An old farmer named Irwin is buried  
at the top of one of the barren moun-  
tains that tower over the Clarendon and  
Baltimore railroad, between Blooms-  
bury and Bridgeport, Penn. Many years  
ago the old man was working on a hill  
land, and he found a grave in the rock  
which was filled with leaves and other  
stuffs. He made a request that his re-  
mains be buried in that lonely spot in  
the stone grave made by unknown hands.  
It is said that the grave was such a snug  
fit that a shovel could hardly be run  
down between the coffin and stony walls  
of the grave.

A STATUE was in progress the other  
day at Exmouth in England, and the ter-  
rified animal finally became very hard  
pressed. He tore over hill, dale and  
common, and finally, in a very headlong  
fashion, took refuge in the dining room  
of one Dr. Budd. Two young feminine  
Budds were being served with dinner at  
the moment the stag plunged in. Their  
nurses hurriedly rushed up against the  
sideboard and faced the pack of hun-  
dreds, who had promptly followed him  
in. The hunters came in a moment,  
called off their dogs, secured the deer by  
a rope, and dragged him out to receive  
his coup de grace outside. The Misses  
Budd, instead of fainting or having  
hysterics, professed themselves delighted  
with the adventure and insisted on the  
hunters staying to dinner, which they  
did.

ONE of the rarest books extant is the  
first edition of "Don Quixote," pub-  
lished in Madrid in 1605. Recently a  
collector in the city of Mexico while  
examining a pile of books for sale in one  
of the remoter wards of the city came  
across an ancient edition of "Quixote,"  
but mistaking the date concluded it was  
not a first edition. Next day he dis-  
covered by reference to his library that  
the book was a genuine first edition.  
He went back to find the treasure but it  
had been sold for waste paper in the in-  
terim, and although search has been  
made in every small shop in the ward  
the precious volume cannot be found. A  
few years ago a Californian book col-  
lector bought in an old bookstall in the  
Cholera has been a resident of Mex-  
ico since 1848, and has been a collector  
of Mexican capitol a first folio edition  
of Shakespeare, paying \$15 for a book  
worth \$6,000.

A STRANGE story comes from Dough-  
erty county, Georgia. It is that of a  
negro being "treed" by snakes, something  
hitherto unheard of—at least, in Geor-  
gia. It seems that the negro was walk-  
ing in the woods, when he heard a  
hissing sound near him. Thinking that  
he was about to be bitten by a rattles-  
nake, and not knowing which way to  
turn, he climbed an oak tree. When he  
had reached a place of safety on one of  
the highest limbs he looked down and, to  
his horror, he beheld ten or a dozen large  
rattlesnakes at the base of the tree,  
springing their rattles and preparing for  
deadly combat. Horrified, he witnessed  
the battle, which raged long and fur-  
iously, until at length four snakes lay  
dead, while the rest crawled away. The  
negro then slid down from the tree and  
took to his heels, leaving the dead snakes  
where they were.

In Siam, when there is a question at  
law between two parties, and a scarcity  
of witnesses to establish the truth in the  
case, it is customary to resort to the  
water. The parties are required to  
dive simultaneously into deep water, and  
the one that stays the longest under is  
adjudged the truth teller, and gets the  
verdict. It is said that there is a mer-  
chant in Bangkok who is fond of litiga-  
tion, but is rather too old to undergo  
the water test successfully, to say nothing  
of the fact that he can not swim a stroke.  
He was so frequently worried in the  
courts that he had his son-in-law place  
him under the tuition of the most expert  
swimmer and diver in the Kingdom. In  
due course the young man became ex-  
ceedingly adept, and was then made a  
member of the firm. Now whenever there  
is a case to be tried this young fellow is  
the representative of the house. The firm  
often leaves the court dripping with  
water, but always "without a stain on his  
character."

The skill of the Esquimaux dog drivers  
with the whips, by which they control  
their unruly teams, is said to be some-  
thing marvellous. The whip consists of  
a rawhide lash about forty feet long,  
fastened to a handle not over six inches  
in length. A contest was arranged  
among them in the presence of an ex-  
plorer. A nickel was the prize. It was  
buried in the ground with just enough of  
the edge showing to allow it to be seen.  
The contestants stood in a line the  
length of the whip away from it and  
about eight feet apart. The most expert  
whip was a little man not more than four  
feet high, with slanting eyes and a spiky  
little beard that made him look very  
Japanese. Amusement of his wrist sent  
the forty feet of lash curving back in a  
straight line like a long snake. Another  
movement and it came forward, noise-  
less, shooting through the air just  
above the surface of the ground, until,  
with a loud report, the tip end of the  
lash struck the exact spot where the coin  
lay buried, dug it from the ground and  
brought it spinning back to the Esqui-  
maux artist. Such precision and such  
force are certainly unknown to any other  
whips in the world. One of these fel-  
lows could cut a man to pieces with his  
whip, if he had occasion to.

Among the attractions of the little vil-  
lage of Quimabang, in Connecticut, are  
five rocking stones. Quimabang is a part  
of the township of Stonington. Mr.  
David A. Wells has published a paper on  
the "erratic boulders" in that part of  
New London County, and he attributes  
their origin to a great glacier that had  
its terminal moraine first in Long Island  
Sound and later at the mouth of the  
Thames. He thinks that the glacier de-  
posited a great quantity of rocks in the  
Sound and on the Connecticut shore.  
Fishes Island is buttressed with these  
boulders, and they have been found  
submerged in the waters of the Sound  
along the coast. The New London day  
says of the rocking or balancing stones  
in Quimabang: "There is no doubt that  
they are as excellent examples of the  
glacial period as can be found anywhere.  
They vary in size from a stone weighing  
about three tons on the lands of Miss  
Nancy J. Morelock, to one weighing  
forty tons on the farm occupied by  
James Lord. Another stone is found on  
the lands of Elias Davis and two on the  
farm of Ambrose Miner. Perhaps the  
best specimen of the whole lot is the  
rocking stone on the land of Miss More-  
dock. It is about four feet long, two  
feet wide, and three feet high, and it os-  
cillates about five inches, and can be  
rocked by the pressure of two fingers.  
It sits on a sloping ledge, and it looks as  
if it could be easily rolled off and down  
the hill, but the combined strength of  
half-a-dozen men could not move it out  
of its place."

"Lines of No Variation."  
In my recent article on the variations of  
the compass I find that one important  
particular was omitted, viz.: Mention  
of the fact that there are certain places  
on the earth's surface which are situated  
upon what the astronomers call "line of  
no variation." At present this line passes  
near Wilmington, N. C., Charlotte,  
N. C., and El Paso, Pa. On the eastern  
side of this remarkable line the varia-  
tion of the needle is toward the west,  
increasing with the distance the com-  
pass is removed from it. Thus we find  
that at New York City the variation is  
six degrees west, and at Portland, Me., it is 12 degrees in the same direc-  
tion. On the other side of this "line of  
no variation" the declination is, of  
course, toward the east, varying from 1  
to 20 degrees between Pittsburgh and  
San Francisco, depending on the longi-  
tude of the place of observation. This  
variation undergoes what is technically  
said to be a "progressive change," al-  
ways vibrating between certain limits.  
In the Eastern States (States east of the  
"line of no variation") this progressive  
change of the westward is at the rate  
of about one degree in every 12 years.—  
[St. Louis Republic.]

The Lizard's Breakfast.  
A young man in the Gilsey House cafe  
yesterday afternoon looked nervously at  
Professor Herrmann, the diabolical  
"Whizzard." The Professor was in un-  
usually good spirits, but that wasn't the  
reason why the young man was nervous.  
Not at all. The young man was just  
getting over an attack of the night ter-  
ror, and he was in condition to be easily  
startled. When the magician sat  
down he called out:  
"Waiter, a fly."

"All right, sir," said the waiter, as if  
requests for the common house fly were  
the most natural thing in the world.  
Then it was that the young man's eyes  
bulged nervously. After considerable  
exercise of both legs and his agility the  
waiter caught a fly and brought it very  
carefully to Professor Herrmann. The  
optics of the nervous young man literally  
glared with expectation. Placing the fly  
on the table the Professor, in a most ten-  
der manner, lifted a delicate little green  
lizard from the lapel of his coat, corralled  
it in front of the fly with a tiny stake  
of gold, and then you should have seen  
that lizard jump. The fly disappeared as  
quickly as a bit of Herrmann palmis-  
try and the eyes of the lizard blinked.  
The young man's face had in the interim  
assumed an expression almost human,  
and Professor Herrmann ordered his own  
breakfast.—[New York Recorder.]

## NOVEL CLOCK.

### Not Exactly Perpetual Motion, Yet It Requires No Winding.

The little town of Amodee, in Lassen  
county, possesses, what it sometimes  
claims to be, the hottest mineral springs  
in the world.  
The springs, and there are several of  
them, are close together, but are divided  
into groups by the railroad track. In  
grazing the track-bed the workmen  
closed a vent, or opened one, and a  
spring that had theretofore been a well-  
behaved spring suddenly became aggres-  
sive, forming a geyser that rises to the  
height of five or six feet every thirty-  
eight seconds with the regularity of  
clockwork. This is invariable and a  
local inventor proposes that it shall in  
reality become a clock. This novel  
timepiece will be a large one erected on  
the piazza near the depot. Its outward  
appearance will be that of the ordinary  
town clock.

Imbedded in the basin of the geyser  
will be a small lead box, from which will  
project a small steel lever, the outer end  
of which is slightly widened to offer re-  
sistance to the water as it spurts upward.  
This lever is really the terminus of one  
of two wires that communicate with the  
clock. This lever is on a knuckle joint  
hidden in the box, that will allow it to  
play upward but not downward below  
the level.

Behind the face of the clock is merely  
a ratchet wheel connecting with the min-  
ute, hand a brass dog, which is soldered  
to the armature of a coil magnet, iden-  
tical with that of the ordinary telegraph  
instrument, and a jar of gravity battery.  
The lever in the little lead box bears ex-  
actly the same relation to the magnet in  
the clock as the key of the telegraph in-  
strument does to the sender.

When the water bursts from the geyser  
it carries the little lever up far enough  
to come in contact with the other terminus  
and the connection is made. The mag-  
net draws the armature and dog to it,  
which moves the ratchet wheel one  
notch, or, in time, moves the minute  
hand forward thirty-eight seconds.  
When the geyser subsides the current is  
broken and an opposing coil spring pulls  
back the dog in readiness for the next  
move. The hour hand is moved every  
quarter hour only.

The hands are balanced on the inside  
and the work is so well done that less  
than a weight of one ounce is required to  
move the clock.—[San Francisco Exam-  
iner.]

### Marriage in Burmah.

Destitution is almost unknown, and  
the wants of life in the temperate climate  
of Burmah are more easily satisfied than  
in the colder countries of northern Eu-  
rope. A young Burmese couple can  
start life with a dā and a cooking-pot.  
The usual Burmese supplies materials for  
building the house, lighting the fire,  
carrying the water from the well, and  
may even help to compose the dinner it-  
self. The wife is usually prepared to  
take a share in supporting the household,  
and thus she has gradually acquired a  
position of independence not always en-  
joyed by married women elsewhere. It  
has been decided that, under the an-  
cient Buddhist custom prevailing in Bur-  
mah, a husband cannot alienate property,  
jointly acquired after marriage without  
the consent of his wife. Few marriages  
take place where either party is under  
fifteen, and the usual age is between  
fifteen and twenty-five. Polygamy now  
practically no longer exists, although in  
ancient times the Burmese were poly-  
gamists as well as slaveholders. Most  
Burmese have only one wife, and a few  
more than two. The first, or head wife,  
is usually the choice of the husband in  
his youth, and when she ceases to have  
children she often assists in the choice of  
a young wife, who is bound to obey  
her. The ease with which divorce is  
obtained is said to be one of the causes  
why polygamy is so rare. The terms of  
divorce are based on ancient rules, one  
of which is that the party wishing the  
separation can take away her property,  
and no more; the other party takes all  
the rest, including the children. The  
safeguard against caprice in husbands is  
not merely public opinion, which con-  
demns too frequent divorces, but the  
self-respect of women, which prevents  
them from marrying a man who has  
divorced his wives too freely. The privi-  
lege of perfect freedom in this respect is  
said to be rarely abused. Divorce is  
very rare, a fact attributable equally,  
perhaps, to the high position occupied  
by women in Burmese society, the care  
with which marriage contracts are en-  
tered into and the extreme evenness of  
temper which characterizes both sexes.  
—[London Times.]

### RELIABLE RECIPES.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Mix together two  
cupfuls of graham flour, a cupful of  
milk, one cupful of chopped raisins, a cupful  
of molasses and one egg beaten light, a  
teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda,  
dissolved in a little water. Pour into  
the pudding pan, allowing plenty of  
room to rise. Cover tightly and boil  
three hours, adding boiling water as the  
water around the pudding dish wastes.  
Serve with any kind of sweet sauce.

PEACH CAKE.—Mix together one pint  
of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking pow-  
der, half a teaspoonful of salt and one  
egg. Rub together a stick of butter, add  
a gill and a half of milk, one well-  
beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of  
melted butter. Spread this in a well-  
buttered shallow cake pan. Cover the  
top of the dough with peaches, pared  
and cut in halves. Sprinkle three  
tablespoonfuls of sugar over this and  
bake in a moderately hot oven for half  
an hour. Slice the cake upon a warm  
platter and serve hot with sugar and  
cream.