

IN THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM.

"Give me thy dreams," she said, and I
With empty hands, she said, and I
Watched my fair flowerly vision die
Upon the temple's marble floor.

"Give joy," she cried, "I let joy go,
I saw with cold, unclouded eyes
The crimson of the sunset glow
Across the disenchanted skies.

"Give me thy youth," she said, I gave,
And, sudden clouded, died the sun,
And on the green mound of a grave
Fell the slow raindrops, one by one.

"Give love," she cried, "I gave that, too,
"Give beauty," Beauty sighed and died,
For what on earth should beauty do
When love, who was her life, was dead?

She took the balm of innocent tears
To hie upon her altar coal,
She took the hopes of all my years,
And at the last she took my soul.

With heart made empty of delight
And hands that held no more fair things,
I questioned her, "What shall requite
The savor of my offerings?"

"The gods," she said, "with generous
Give guerdon for thy gifts of cost;
Wisdom is thine to understand
The worth of all that thou hast lost."
—London Athenaeum.

The Western Express.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and usefulness is ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking of diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother?"

Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort!"

"If you wish it, mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop-girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale-blue moire gown, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hot-house roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the seventeenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressive blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy curls over her forehead, and an unchanging society-smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

If only she could convert Guion to the same opinion.

Guion Esterhall was exceedingly courteous to Miss Chippendale that evening, but not a whit more so than he was to his own mother. The old lady was somewhat disappointed.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "one must have patience."

She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some lace flounces and to decide on new portieres for her drawing-room at Esterhall Manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a ladylike sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Marietta's," she thought.

Marietta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken-salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drape, as a party settled themselves at a reserved table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

"Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please—a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter—but all the same, I nearly died of ennui. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular prig. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course; but one doesn't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor Freddie hasn't a cent to bless himself with when he calls. But once I'm married, it—"

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken-salad and the tea, he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected

her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had altered her plans, she took the late Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall Station. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and follow her the next day.

There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around her.

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before nine!"

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the Western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"Am I wiser to keep up on waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing, sir—unless the Western Express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, flicked only by the driving snow, and then got in again, with the customary complimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and unaccustomed to travel alone. She began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads."

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale-faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other a brilliant young brunette with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks and wavy dark-brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?"

"No—no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home long before this hour, and I took almost nothing to eat—before I started."

"I have some nice, home made chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home, and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a cup of good, strong tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you—"

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine teamaniac. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion.

"You are very kind," said she. "But you will want it yourself?"

"No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

In five minutes, Mrs. Esterhall had eaten and drunk, and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened, she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow improvised out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl; and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came the soft, low murmurs of the sweet-faced brunette, who had changed her seat and that of her companion to the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not going back; and I do not intend to communicate my address to any one."

"Not even to him?"

"No, not even to him."

"But he loves you, dear."

"Yes; and that is the very reason I am determined to create no dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me."

"He will never do that."

"But at least I shall feel that I have done my duty," said the hazel-eyed girl, firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his days, but I shall not have ruined his future."

"And all this," cried the companion, "out of deference to the whims of an old woman whom you have never seen!"

"Out of deference to his mother, Alice," gently corrected the first speaker.

"What a quixotic notion!" dreamily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, this dark-eyed little girl!"

"That is you, all over, Effie!" said the friend. "You are always effacing yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your tea and sandwiches to a person you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby, because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and, to cap everything, giving up the man you love and who loves you, because—"

"Because it is my duty," said Effie. "Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake."

"Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up. "But, of course, there are other guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them.

"The Western Express at last!" shouted the choleric old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an india-rubber ball.

"All a-b-o-o-o!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, crackling and growling like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall

leaned over the back of the seat, to read the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes? I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall Station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soap-stone foot warmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effie Dalis stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special Providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the Western Express to pass."

As if there is not a "special Providence" in everything that happens in this world of ours!—[The Ledger.

STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

Was This a Coincidence, or was it Something Still Stranger.

What is the explanation of it? The facts are attested by several reliable persons.

One of the most prominent railroad men in the State and receiver for a great corporation was a guest at the Grand Pacific Hotel. This was but a day or two ago. While he was at the hotel his son and daughter came to take dinner with him. That evening he went to Mr. Paul Gores, the clerk, and said, "Charge me with two extra dinners."

Mr. Gores knew the daughter was at the hotel, but he had not seen the son, and for some reason supposed that a girl friend of the daughter had been the third person who took dinner at the hotel. There is a rule of the house that the name of every guest must be entered on the register. So Mr. Gores opened the book to put down two names. He just wrote the name of Miss Warburton, the daughter. Then he thought for a moment and wrote below it "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." Of course Warburton was not the name he wrote, and Cleveland was not the town, but they will do just as well, and in every other particular the story as told will be exactly true to the facts. He didn't know why he wrote "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." He simply "thought up" a fictitious name and put it on the register, as he had often done before.

Next day when the guest came to pay his bill the cashier looked up the account and said: "You have been here three days and there are two extra dinners charged—one for your daughter and one for Miss Warburton."

"Miss Warburton?"

"Yes, Miss Warburton of Cleveland. Is there something wrong?"

"Two extra dinners is all right, but there's something wrong. How did that name get on the register?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I have a certain reason for asking, and I wish you would look it up."

So the clerks were questioned, and Mr. Gores said he wrote down the name.

"But how did you happen to get that name and that address?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I wrote the first thing that came into my head."

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in all my life."

They did not venture to ask questions, but he told them any way.

"Miss Warburton of Cleveland was a dear friend of my daughter. She died about three years ago under very sad circumstances. When my son and daughter were with me at dinner the other evening we were talking of her, and I dare say my son and daughter, whom I left up in the parlor, were talking of her at the very moment that name was written. I'm sure I didn't mention her name in the hearing of any clerk."

"No," said Mr. Gores. "It just came to me."

Then they fell to wondering whether it was simply an unexplainable coincidence or a beautiful case of thought transference.—[Chicago Record.

The Tidal Disaster of 1868.

The biggest solitary wave ever known was that caused by the Peruvian earthquake of August 13, 1868. In no other instance, we are assured, has it been known that a well-marked wave of enormous proportions has been propagated over the largest ocean tract of the globe by an earthquake whose action has been limited to a relatively small region not situated in the center, but on one side of the wide area traversed by the wave. At Arica it was 50 feet high, and enveloped the town, carrying two warships nearly a mile beyond the railway to the north of the town. The single sea traveled northward and westward. Its height at San Pedro, California, was 60 feet. It inundated the smaller members of the Sandwich group, 6,800 miles away, and reached Yokohama, in Japan, in the early hours of the morning, after taking in New Zealand on the way. It spent itself finally in the South Atlantic, having traversed nearly the whole globe.—[Ashton Reporter.

Prizes for Hideous Men.

Beauty competitions no longer possessing the charm of novelty, some one in Belgium has hit upon the idea of getting up an ugly man's exhibition. A grand prize for ugliness will be given to the competitor who vanquishes all comers, by the hideousness of his countenance. The men are to be on view at a place of amusement at Brussels, known by the title of the North Pole. It is said in the Daily News that an English amateur of the ugly in nature has promised to add a gift of £3 10s. to the first prize. The wags, of course, are saying that he is doing all he can to secure the discovery of some one uglier than himself.—[Westminster Gazette.

MANY NEW BODICES.

GREAT VARIETY OF STYLES ARE PRESENTED.

Spring and Summer Designs Display Various Modes of Shoulder Ornamentation—Bows of Lace Alternate with Rows of Ribbon—Exquisite Effects Obtained.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York correspondence.

GREAT variety is found in bodices nowadays because the spring and summer styles display as many sorts of ornamentation as did those of the past winter, and the summer fabrics are more numerous and varied than the heavier ones. Now and then a new costume is seen like that in the small picture at the head of the column, wherein the current craze for shoulder elaboration is only faintly echoed by the simplest of epaulettes of the dress goods, edged by a narrow strip of velvet. But in general, it seems as if the more fancy bodices a woman has the more she wants. Silk waists that originally came in as a welcome economy, making any skirt available, have developed into an insidious extravagance. They are all called silk waists, but they are made of all sorts of silk weaves, and now and again of delicate cashmeres. A description of some of the novelties offered in this alluring fad for the destruction of the seriously minded, is enough to corrupt the most severe and unworshipful.

Many silk bodices which fit with tailor-like precision are covered with accordion-pleated chiffon of a contrasting color, and arranged loosely with serpentine effect in front and back. The sleeves both of the silk and the chiffon are very full. There is a fancy for covering one shade of silk with black chiffon, and for use in this way a chiffon comes so cunningly striped with a heavy thread that it seems to be pleated. This sort of thing lasts better than the pleating, but it lacks the possibilities the pleating gives in light and shade. How much prettier is the morning blouse in the first large picture. Here the material is red China



A BLOUSE OF HORIZONTAL SECTIONS.

silk, trimmed with black lace insertion laid over straw-colored satin ribbon. The garment is not fitted, and the back is gathered several times at the waist and once at the neck. The front is also loose, and is trimmed with three horizontal bands of ribbon and lace, and is then arranged in narrow pleats. The neck is finished by a plain band covered with a triple, ruffled ruche, made of straw-colored crepe. The sleeves have full puffs, an accordion-pleated epaulette garnished with two bands of insertion, and a tight cuff also trimmed with lace. The bottom of the garment is very wide, and is simply finished by a narrow hem, while a straw-colored ribbon belt comes around the waist and ties at the left side.

Dainty waists are all insertion, bows of lace alternating with rows of ribbon. Exquisite cashmere effects are obtained by having the bodice and the collar and the ribbon being shade after shade. The whole is worn over a lining waist of delicate ombre silk. The rows of ribbon and insertion go about the figure in hoop fashion. A belt, apparently of a number of the shades of the ribbon all caught loosely in the hand and not sewed together, is tied about the waist, the loose ends escaping in a fluttering rainbow knot. The fastenings of these waists is especially pretty and is made either in the front or at the back. Each row of ribbon is left with ends long enough to tie, and the lace insertion finishes off short, their edges being hidden in the fullness of the bows. A ruffle of lace covers the neck, and is made either in the front or at the back. The silk lining is made to fit with much precision and



IN UP AND DOWN STRIPES.

fastens in front if the outer bodice fastens in the back, and vice versa. The outer bodice is made to fit by careful varying of the lengths of the insertion hoops. The little bodice can be managed at home with some care, and it is quite the newest and prettiest thing, having an added advantage that as cashmere combination of colors make it go with everything. It can be further harmonized with the rest of the costume by a change of the silk lining bodice, by this rainbow toilet is especially lovely worn over an ombre chiffon skirt.

Plain silk bodices are less popular than a little while ago, because plain is not becoming to all figures. When seen now the plaids are most carefully arranged, so that the lines may adjust

themselves becomingly to the form. The only new thing in plaids for waists is a material that rivals upholstery for heaviness, and that is brightened by an outlining of gold threads. This is combined with lace. Plaids are still seen in trimmings, and the third illustration depicts a pretty use of it. Green and old rose striped changeable silk is the fabric, and light-green velvet and ochre lace are the trimming. The gored skirt is finished simply with a velvet puff around the bottom. The bodice books in front and has a slight décolleté. The fichu is made of a folded plaid silk in the shades of the dress stuff, and fastens in the center with a soft knot. On either side are long velvet revers ending in a point at the waist, and bordered with fancy gold plaids in addition to the graduated frill of lace that forms the epaulettes over the shoulders. The velvet revers form a round collar in the back. The sleeves have two puffs, and the bottom of the bodice is finished with a narrow strip of plaid.

The prettiest invention yet offered in the way of a silk waist is one fitting in pleats that run into a cord just below the bust line, front and back. To this cord is attached the edge of a sash wide enough to fall well below the waist line. The sash is arranged with the middle of its length in the center



AN ELABORATE DESIGN.

of the back. The ends are long enough to cross in front, pass to the back, covering the hanging width of the sash, cross again to the front, and tie just a little to one side. The sash is made of lined silk, the silk and the lining carrying out the shades of the colors in the tiny figure in the bodice material. An advance of this bodice is that it is one of the few that can be successfully made at home, because there is practically no fitting required. A lovely one is made of an India silk having a primrose ground sprayed with pink roses, the branches having delicate green leaves. The sash is a dainty pink, lined with a green just a little more delicate than the green of the leaves on the rose sprays. The sash in passing about the figure turns so that the lining shows and the effect is charming.

Equally as much thought and skill is put into spring bodices made of cloth, and by the use of silks and velvets in trimming they are made in some instances quite as showy as the silken one. What could be more dressy and tasteful than the model of the fourth picture? It is in thin beige-colored woolen suiting trimmed with the same shade of watered silk. The basque is joined to the bodice at the waist and is laid in box-pleats behind and bordered with silk. In front there is a gathered plastron of silk which hooks over and the sides turn back in large revers. The draped epaulettes are also made of silk, and there is a belt of the same with a large bow at the left side.

The Etons will not down, and why should they? although they were so generally worn last summer as to become a uniform. They are going to be as plentiful the coming season, and vary them as best you can, they remain Etons after all. Two views of a bodice are shown in the last picture, which



A SIMPLER ETON SHAPE.

recall the Eton styles. It is of light gray check cheviot and is worn with a plain, untrimmed gored skirt. The jacket bodice is fitted front and back and is finished with a serpentine basque that stops at the side seams. Around the neck come wide revers and a collar of the same stuff, while the vest, which buttons in front, is made of fancy duck suiting and is quite high at the neck. The opening may be fitted in with lace draped with stick pins, or with a gentlemanly shirt front and four-in-hand tie.

The lapels at the throat of all jacket effects to which we have become accustomed, and of which we have, perhaps, become a little tired, are now caught into furling folds and drawn together under a cross piece at the throat, making a modification of the popular bow effect and a variation on their own monotony. Women are discovering that men's suitings come in handsome fabric and design, that they are twice as wide as women's goods, don't cost a bit more and wear twice as long. As a result, madam goes out arrayed in a gown to match her husband's trousers, or Little Demurety gives young Chappy unintended encouragement by appearing in public with him in a gown of the same place with his rig.

Selling Liquor from a Prison Cell.
During the progress of a religious revival at Norton, Kan., lately, John Stone was arrested and sent to jail for selling liquor illegally. Stone's cell was in the rear of the building, and the window was screened from public view by a grain crib. He had no other resource but to sell his liquor to a thirsty and impatient crowd. When Stone was asked how he got hold of his supply of liquors he stated that his good wife had an eye to business, and each visit from her brought to him, for retail purposes, from one to three bottles, which she secreted in her pocket or under her skirts. Stone was reluctant about giving up the trade, for, he said, he was doing fairly well; was paying no rent and receiving his board free from the town.

ALMA-TADEMA is said to ask more commissions and to tell more funny stories than any other diner-out in London.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In all Africa there are 727 white missionaries, 1,096 native preachers, 778,860 adult native Christians and 225,000 school children, a grand total of 1,047,738 Christians.

An Ohio judge has just refused a divorce to a woman whose complaint against her husband was that he "objected to building the morning fire, and did refuse, without love or just cause, to take her to the World's Fair."

WISCONSIN ought to be in a happy frame of mind. Her debt is wholly owed to trust funds for the benefit of various institutions, her property of various kinds amounts to more than \$15,000,000, the assessed value of taxable property is \$654,000,000, and she had in the treasury in the last week of February nearly \$2,000,000.

FOURTEEN women known as the Grey Ladies of London have dedicated their lives to working among the poor of Blackheath. The population of this district amounts to over 70,000, and the Grey Ladies, so called from the habit they wear, visit the sick and try to educate the well. They have one day a week for rest, but with that exception devote themselves entirely to the people around them.

ACCORDING to a recent issue of The London and China Telegraph, the cotton interest in Japan is going ahead in a most remarkable way. In 1888 the production of cotton yarns in Japan was less than 1,000,000 pounds weight. In 1892 it had risen to more than 64,000,000 pounds. This result is due, of course, to the cheapness of labor in Japan, which renders the cost of production even less than in India.

At a recent conference in Edinburgh, Miss Morley, of London, touched on the life and work of a barmaid. The number of women in licensed houses in London was estimated at 120,000, the hours being 16½, 16½, and 18½ per day, 7 to 8 on Sunday, and only one Sunday off per month. The women suffered much from varicose veins, resulting from the constant standing, and were also largely subject to alcoholic poisoning.

AMONG the numerous talismans which the Shah of Persia carries with him on his travels is a circle of amber which fell from heaven in the amber's time and renders the wearer invulnerable, a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes. But that talisman of good health and morals, the bath-tub, the Shah does not carry about. In place thereof he has vials of Araby odors with which he perfumes his royal carcass.

CHARLES W. SCUFFINS, of Breathedville, in western Maryland, was induced by a recruiting officer at Booneville to enlist in the United States army. The new soldier appeared two weeks later at Breathedville, and a despatch from Washington, whither he had gone after enlistment, asked for his arrest as a deserter. Three citizens arrested him and held him prisoner overnight, when there came a second despatch from Washington to say that he was not a deserter. Scuffins then brought suit for damages against the chief of his captors, and the court has just awarded him \$850.

A GOVERNMENT publication pictures two Alaskan families of Eskimos, one civilized, the other uncivilized. The latter are clad in skins and have sullen, incurious faces, while the former appear in rather ill-fitting civilized garments and were evidently alive to the presence of the photographer. Perhaps the most striking contrast, however, lies in the eyes. Those of the civilized Eskimos are well opened, while those of the others are mere slits. Doubtless this difference tells the story of differing household conditions. The uncivilized Eskimo dwells in a dim, smoky hut; his civilized fellow has learned to live in the light.

THE Atlantic coast below the mouth of Delaware Bay, and at least as far south as the Sea Islands that fringe the shore line of South Carolina and Georgia, has many shooting lodges and club houses belonging to wealthy Northerners. The land in its usually wild state, save where it is suitable for cotton growing, fetches very low prices, and a great domain may be had at trifling outlay. The chief expense is for building and maintenance. It is said that Northern sportsmen have invested \$1,000,000 in Currituck county, North Carolina, alone, and there are many thousands of dollars in such investments from that point northward to Cape Henlopen.

A LARGE pasture will be fenced in on the reservation north of the Cheyenne River this summer by Fred Dupree, an old Frenchman, who is known as the "Cattle King," for his herd of buffalo. He secured permission from the Government to fence in all the Government land that he required and it has also offered him any other assistance he may need in preserving the herd. This is the largest herd of buffalo in the world at present, and the preservation and increasing of it are very essential to prevent the breed from becoming extinct in a few years. He now puts the buffalo in a corral each night, and is getting them tame, so they are now much like domestic stock.

ONE of the peculiarities of railroad construction is found in San Pete County, Utah. It is that of the San Pete Valley, a little narrow-gauge line extending from Nephi, where it connects with the Union Pacific to Manti, the county seat of San Pete County. The little road is forty-four miles in length, and parallels the Rio Grande Western for almost half the distance. This narrow gauge is owned and operated by an English syndicate, independent of the Union Pacific system. It cost something near \$1,000,000, with one engine, a combination coach and a few freight cars in operation. The road has been sold or bargained twice to the Union Pacific and once to the Rio Grande Western for prices ranging from \$100,000 to \$250,000. A sixteen-mile extension has just been completed at a cost of \$250,000. Since the line was completed to its present terminus all passenger and

freight traffic has been absolutely free over the entire line. This is done for the purpose of freezing out the Rio Grande Western or probably to force that company to purchase the little road.

WOES OF CATTLEMEN.
In Old Days the Buffalo Stamped was One of the Chief Dangers. It was not always human agencies that made life on the prairie a burden to the cattlemen, says the Globe-Democrat. Roaming over the prairies were great herds of buffalo, and the driver with his cattle stretched out in a line a mile or more in length might consider himself fortunate if none of the shaggy-coated beasts came ramping on the way from ranch to shipping station. The coming of a herd of buffalo was usually foretold by the sound of thousands of hoofs, like the sound of rattling thunder. At the alarm every effort was made to consolidate the herd into the closest possible compass. The herders then waited on the edge of the herd and endeavored to keep the animals quiet. It was useless to attempt to move out of the way of the buffalo, for if the wild creatures were on a stampede nothing could stop and nothing evade them. The course was likely to zig-zag, and only good fortune could prevent a collision. First would appear above some knoll a long black line of shaggy heads, then behind these would come black mass that made the whole prairie seem alive with the tremendous beasts. The plains trembled with their tread and the howling of the bulls made a noise that was particularly exciting to the cattle. Good luck if the wild procession went by without touching the stock. But many a poor fellow's all was swept out of existence by such a charge. No force could withstand it and all that remained of the cattle representing so much hard work and so many months of waiting were trampled carcasses and perhaps an animal here and there lingering in misery.

There were other dangers. Spanish fever might be contracted from a herd that had preceded the one on route on the trail. Swollen rivers poured their muddy flood so swiftly that sometimes a crossing was a fearful sight as the crossing of a river in its normal condition was the fruitless battling with a tempestuous stream when it was on a rampage was correspondingly fearful. To see the line of horns and frightened faces (about all that remained above water) bending farther and farther down stream until perhaps it broke and one after another of the usually self-reliant creatures, seeing that further struggle was useless, gave up the fight and floated away down the turbid current drowned, was pitiful.

With the opening of the trail from the Red river to Kansas things grew better. The well beaten path was in such constant use that raids were practically impossible, and during the height of the drive there could be heard at evening the howling of the herds along the track for a dozen miles, each within hearing of the one preceding and the one following. Fords were improved also, and there was less danger from stampedes. Nowadays the ranchman knows nothing of such dangers. His thousands of acres are surrounded by barbed wire fences. Great corrals receive the herds at branding time, and he is indeed poorly located if a railroad is not within a mile or two of the ranch somewhere, if indeed it does not run through it. The cattle are not the deer-like creatures of earlier days. Then the fleetest horse was necessary in herding, and only the combination of horse and rider was safe in the vicinity of the steers. For that century-long union they had great respect, but man or horse alone would be hooked to death. The modern cattle ranch is conducted on as regular business principles and almost as safely as a dry goods store. Its managers would not know how to cope with the troubles of their predecessors and may congratulate themselves upon living in a milder age.

Uses of Aluminum.
Aluminum or aluminium is a metallic element never found free in nature. It exists in combination in nearly 200 different minerals, among which are included most of the precious stones. Its value as a metal has long been known, and is due to its beautiful bluish white lustre, its lightness, its resistance to oxidation, and, in the manufacture of bells, its fine sonorous quality. The suit of complete armor in which Jean de Reszke appears as Lohegrin, has all the appearance of being made entirely of silver, but, being really made of aluminum, it is heavier than an ordinary suit of winter clothing, including underwear, besides being more durable than if it were of silver. While aluminum will take a polish equal to that of silver, it neither rusts nor blackens, nor is it easily affected by sulphuric acid, and its weight is only about one-fourth that of an equal volume of silver. The difficulties in obtaining it are chemical ones, and have for years stood in the way of its general employment in manufacture. Within the past few years there have from time to time been promises of various methods by which the metal might be produced from common clay at a cost sufficiently low to warrant its manufacture on a large scale. The commercial result, however, appears to be somewhat inconsiderable. Little aluminum, being found in manufactured articles other than jewelry.—[Courier Journal.

The Obelisk of Orsotasen.
The Obelisk of Orsotasen, one of the earliest and finest of the Egyptian obelisks, is still standing at Heliopolis. It is inscribed with the name of Orsotasen, one of the greatest rulers of the twelfth dynasty. It is sixty-seven feet four inches in height, without the pyramidion which crowns it, and is a splendid block of granite, weighing 217 tons. It must have required immense skill to quarry it, to transport it from Syene, and finally, after finishing it, to erect it where it now stands and has stood for 4500 years.—[Boston Cultivator.