

## LOVE'S LINK.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day,  
A weeping girl along the winding summer way  
Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.  
Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band,  
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart, and grand  
With all the solemn joy of Love's still wonderland.  
White-garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!  
Dark-robed, like night o'ercast that sees no stars arise!  
They met, they paused, they look into each other's eyes.  
And then, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,  
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside  
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.  
—Agnes Lee, in Donahoe's Magazine

## AS A CONSEQUENCE.

MARY A. SAWYER.

Deacon Albany sat at the tea-table. It was a warm night, the east wind that had tempered the day's heat having died away, and his coat, worn because of the presence of a guest, made him uncomfortable. His eye was stern, and his voice almost irritable, as he addressed his niece who sat at the head of the table.  
"Then you and Sarah won't neither of you go," he asked.  
"No, uncle we are going to a party. I told you this morning."  
"We positively cannot go to prayer meeting with you to-night, Deacon Albany," said Sarah Cooke. "I might be spared, but who could or would have a party without Meg?"  
The deacon groaned aloud. He pushed aside his cup of tea, and leaning an elbow on the table, looked with a hard, strong glance at his niece, who, young, pretty, and becomingly attired in a freshly-ironed pink calico, sat quietly pouring the tea.  
"You young things will be sorry some day," he said. "Wait till the alarming hand of death gets its clutch on you, an' you'll repent an' cry out an' smite yourselves in fear an' trembling, but it'll be too late then to get in. You'll find the door shut, an' shut tight. It ain't held open forever an' forever, whilst folks is dancin', an' an' dispin' the way o' salvation. It'll be shut you'll find."

He waxed warm, as he spoke, and his voice had a high, shrill note in it, which brought additional color into his niece's cheeks. She wished he would not go on like that, she said to herself, impatiently. Why couldn't he let them alone? What harm was there in a little party, a little gathering of friends, that he should go on so?  
Sarah Cooke stirred her tea and looked at him calmly. "Is there much difference in death-beds, Deacon Albany?" she asked presently.  
Meg stared at her, and the deacon glared at her. "Do I hear ye aright?" he said sharply. "Do you, the daughter of professin' Christians, sit there and ask me if there is any difference 'twixt the death-bed of a Christian an' the death-bed of an unconverted sinner?"

"I don't believe there is much difference," said Sarah. "People who are sick enough to die are too sick to have any fear of anything."  
"You don't know what you are talkin' about," replied the deacon. "You haven't never seen folks die, an' you don't know. But I have seen folks die, a plenty of 'em, an' I tell you there ain't no more heart-rendin' sight than to see an unconverted sinner writin' an' tossin' about, all in an agony of fear, groanin' an' cryin' aloud, an' knowin' in his heart that he has put it off too long, that a life-time of remorse is his sure portion in the next world. Oh, it is terrible, terrible! And here you be, you two young things, puttin' it off, an' dancin' and feastin', 'stead o' goin' to prayer-meetin' an' findin' out the way o' salvation."

Sarah listened quietly. She had often attended the weekly prayer-meeting, where she had heard words of similar import fall from the deacon's lips. Meg, also, was familiar with them. Ordinarily they seemed to her simply a part of the table-conversation, to which she need make no reply. To-night, they roused in her a spirit of defiance.  
"I don't believe there's much difference," she said.  
"What's that, hey?"

Meg's voice faltered little but she went on boldly. "I'd guess if it was you and me, Uncle Simon, I'd die just as quiet as you would. I ain't a mite afraid of making a great fuss when I die."

Deacon Albany rose and pushed his chair against the wall. The flush of anger faded from his face, his voice was less hard. "I have been a righteous man," he said, "and I expect to die the death of the righteous. Death has no terror for the righteous man. It is but the last sleep, there is no fear, no clinging to life, no remorse. Such will be my death-bed, but for you, my child, I am sore afraid."

He went away out of the room. His boots creaked, and he walked on tip-toe, as if the grim, shadowing presence were waiting upon the threshold. The two young women were silent for a few moments after his departure. There had been a quiver in his voice which touched them. Meg was the first to speak. "I suppose I ought to go to prayer-meeting now," she said. "I suppose I ought to go to-night."

Sarah made no reply. She crumbled a bit of bread into fine fragments, whilst Meg, in whose ears still lingered the words "my child," watched her absently.  
Suddenly Sarah spoke. "Don't you want me to make you a few days' visit?" she asked.

Meg's eyes shone, as she answered eagerly. "Don't I? Will you really? Will you?"  
Sarah mimicked her earnest voice. "Will I? Well, with a laugh, 'after invitin' myself, I think I will."

A week later, the deacon, Sarah and Meg were again seated at the table. Meg had removed the first

course, and had brought on a steamed blueberry pudding with a sauce. The sight of it moved the deacon to an almost jocose recital of a blueberrying adventure of his boyhood. He kept a sharp eye upon his niece's movements, however. "Don't be scared of gittin' on too much sauce," he admonished. "Pudding without sauce is like life without religion. Put it on plentiful, put it on plentiful, niece Margaret. You can't have too much of either in this life," falling, almost unconsciously, into his wonted serious phraseology, "pudding sauce nor religion neither."

His manner was grave, his voice so earnest that Sarah stifled the laugh which rose to her lips. Here was a good man, she said to herself, a really good man; what mattered it if he made a strange mixture of pudding and religion?

It was the deacon's favorite pudding. He had partaken very freely of roast lamb and green peas and mealy new potatoes. So freely, indeed, that Sarah, watching him, felt a sudden fear lest the pudding would go to his head. But the deacon's capacity proved equal to his desire. A second and a third helping were given him, and he ate with increasing satisfaction.

An amiable and benevolent smile spread itself over his face, and he pushed back his chair and rested his head against the wall. He was a fast eater, and Meg and Sarah had not yet finished their dessert. He looked affectionately and with an air of pride at his niece.

"That is as good a pudding as I ever tasted, Margaret," he said, presently, "I'll eat a bit for my supper."

"I am glad you like it, uncle," said Sarah. "It is so good," said Sarah, "that I could eat another helping, if I had not this dreadful, lurking fear of all canned fruit."

"Canned fruit," said the deacon, "you won't get much canned fruit on my table, Miss Sarah. We string our own apples and raise our own fruit for preservin' and there's always green things a plenty in the garden. I don't think to buyin' things you can raise on your own soil."

"But when blueberries will not be ripe for a month, and lamb isn't good without green peas, and your garden peas are too old to cook why, then, Deacon Albany, canned goods must be used."

"Well, yes, I suppose they must, but I didn't know those were canned peas."

"Canned peas and canned blueberries," said Sarah, "are both so convenient that it is a pity people are always getting poisoned by eating them."

The deacon shifted his position, with an uneasy motion of the head. He remembered how freely he had eaten. He began to question the wisdom of yielding to the natural appetite. He foresaw a wretched afternoon.

"Now, I don't mind, you know," continued Sarah, placidly toying with a spoon. "I shall never eat very freely of canned fruits, since there is always the risk, but I am not nervous about them, as mamma and papa are. Papa won't touch them, you know."

The deacon rose up hastily and left the room. A vision of a long illness rose sharply before him. He groaned aloud when he reached the wood yard. "She said her father—and he a doctor—wouldn't touch them. And I—like a starving beggar."

He came in from the fields an hour earlier than usual that afternoon. He said the sun was very hot and the men could finish without him, yet he drew his large cane-seated rocking-chair beside the stove, and sat down in it.

"Are you cold, uncle?" asked Meg. "I guess I ain't feeling just right in my stomach, Marg'ret."

Meg was all attention instantly. "Shall I make you a bowl of ginger tea? The water is boiling."

The deacon assented eagerly. He watched her preparation and drank it with avidity, though it was so hot it brought tears to his eyes.

"You have taken a chill," said Meg. "You must go to bed as soon as supper is over."

To this the deacon submitted without a murmur. Perhaps he had taken cold, there had been a stiff breeze, he remembered. He drew the blankets more closely about him, and felt a certain consolation in a distinct shiver: there he had worked without his vest, despite the east wind, he acknowledged gratefully. It was a chill, he would be well to-morrow.

About seven o'clock his niece came to his bedside. "I don't believe you'll need anything more, before eleven o'clock," she said, "we'll be back by that time. I'll tell James to sit on the back porch. You can call him if you need anything."

The deacon felt himself dismissed to solitude and slumber. He pulled himself together with an effort. "Where are you two girls gadding to, to-night?" he asked.

"It is the night of the Fisher's little party," gently. "You will go to sleep directly and we'll be at home by eleven, at the latest." She bent over him and kissed him. "Why, you are quite feverish," she said. "I must make you some lemonade before I go. What a chill you must have taken."

Again the deacon felt a convincing shiver. He lifted his head and looked at his niece. "If you bought that new dress," he said, his thrifty soul asserting itself, "you can go; but you mustn't go dancin' after it's over. An' you sary'd better go to prayer meetin' next time an' learn how to die."

His head fell back instantly. He groaned more loudly than before. His last word had sent a sudden, gruesome apprehension to his heart.

"Why, what is it, Uncle? A pain?" The deacon waved his hand impatiently. "Go away," he said, in a husky voice. "Go away, you dancin' an' your singin', an' your mirth-making. Go, Margaret, an' leave a helpless old man alone to die."

"I will not go if you are sick, of course, uncle; but I think it is only—"

"I am a very sick man," he interrupted, in a hollow whisper, "an' I'm growin' sicker every minute."

"I'll send James for the doctor, uncle, shall I?"

The deacon moved restlessly. He put his hand to his forehead and took

it away again, hastily. It was hot and dry. It startled him. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"I'm a dreadful sick man," he moaned; "I'm on my dying bed, Marg'ret."

Margaret smoothed back his tumbling hair. "Oh, no," she said, "the doctor'll cure you. I'll go out and send for him now."

"Tell James to hurry; tell him I'm—"

His lips refused to utter the dreadful word. He gasped and looked with mute entreaty at his niece.

Meg's calmness reassured him somewhat, but her parting word again set his heart fluttering.

"Oh, the doctor won't let you die," she said, leaving the room.

She returned presently, bearing a bowl of thoroughwort tea. Sarah followed, a spoon and napkin in her hand. She came up and looked at the deacon with a close attention which greatly enhanced his alarm.

She placed her fingers on his pulse and counted the hurried throbs. "I'm studying with father," she explained. "I mean to be a doctor, you know, Deacon Albany."

The deacon made a feeble motion with his lips. Sarah stooped to listen. "Save me, Sairy," he whispered, "don't let me die."

"I will do what I can, Deacon Albany, but life and death are in the Lord's hands."

The deacon groaned aloud. Her gravity confirmed his fears, her words sent an icy chill to his heart. How often he had used them, when, standing by a sick-bed, he had striven with the impatient sinner. "Life and death," he had said, "and you poor sinful creature, you've got death to face now. The Lord has summoned ye in the midst of your sins, and ye can't get away from death."

His eyes filled with sudden smarting tears. He felt a sudden, fierce pity for the dying sinner. He wished he had been more gentle with them.

He turned upon his pillow and lay with his face to the wall. He could not bear the sight of the fresh young faces.

Meg stole quietly from the room. Sarah heard her putting more wood in the stove. But the deacon heard nothing. From his troubled heart rose the troubled cry: "I ain't ready yet, Lord. Oh, Lord, let me live! let me live!"

In a short time Meg returned. "I thought I'd have some hot water ready," she said. "The doctor may want it. He seems feverish, don't you think?"

"They always do in such cases," returned Sarah, oracularly. "It is inevitable."

Low as was her voice the deacon caught the words. Again he uttered a deep groan. Both Sarah and Meg stooped over him. "What is it?" they asked. "Where is the pain?"

Meg, still the deacon groaned. He could not speak. His mind was occupied with those fatal words—"In such cases." She knew it then! She, the daughter of a doctor, almost a doctor herself, she knew the symptoms of poisoning.

Groan after groan escaped from between his set lips; he extended his limbs and lay in an almost rigid position. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily in the intervals between the groans.

Meg stood beside him and smoothed his hair, passing her cool hand over his damp forehead from time to time. Her nearness, the sense of sympathy it imparted, gave him comfort, but it did not ease the load upon his heart.

He moved his head restlessly, fixing his heavy eyes upon Sarah, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"Father, I'll be here directly," she said, reassuringly.

He can't help me, no one can help me! he cried out, suddenly. "I'm dying—dying—dying!"

"Oh, no, Deacon Albany," replied Sarah, "you will not face death this time. It is merely—"

The deacon stretched out his hand protestingly. "You mean well, Sairey," he said, in a voice that was high and shrill with excitement, "but you don't know. You're young, an' you don't know."

"I know you are not sick enough to die."

"Don't tempt me, Sairey," he moaned, "it is death that has come for me. I can feel it. I can feel his clasp tight. Oh Lord, oh Lord!"

Meg stooped and kissed his forehead. "I hear wheels," she said. "The doctor will cure you, dear uncle."

She went out of the room, returning in a moment or two. Her face was grave, and the deacon, tossing restlessly, noticed it immediately.

"Where is he? Why don't he come in? Tell him to hurry. Tell him—"

His voice failed suddenly, and he fell back upon the pillow. Meg hastened to soothe him. "He was away," she said, "but James left word. He'll be here soon."

The deacon opened his eyes and fixed them upon his niece. With an effort he spoke, trying vainly to steady his quivering voice. "He'll be too late," he said. "He can't help me now. I'm going, Marg'ret, I'm going fast. Death—"

He broke off abruptly. He shut his eyes and turned his head to the wall. Meg, leaning over him, heard him murmur, "Oh, Lord, I never thought I'd go like this. Oh, Lord, let me live!"

Meg stole away from the bed, making an imperative motion to Sarah. Both left the room, and after a hurried conference in the kitchen, Meg returned to her uncle's bedside.

He was still groaning and tossing restlessly from side to side. Meg bent over him. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Do you feel much pain, dear uncle?" she asked.

"Oh yes, yes! Oh yes, yes! Oh, I'm going fast, Marg'ret, I'm a—"

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AFTER all, some of us are only a little ahead of the time. A French scientist says that in the near future whiskers will be universally worn.

FARMERS of Lincoln County, Neb., do not belong to the great army of the unemployed. They are kept busy fighting chicken thieves, and the Russian thistle simultaneously. They have their hands full.

AUSTRALIA has given up altogether the maintenance of foundling hospitals and orphan asylums and has substituted for this the system of placing children in private homes until such time as they are able to care for themselves.

NOWHERE else has economic forestry advanced so far as in Germany or France. Students of forestry in England finish their course of study by a visit of three months to the most suitable forests of Germany. These annual visits have developed into a system of apprenticeship, extending over five months, from the middle of April to the middle of September.

BRITISH sea captains are trying to stir the sluggish British Government to take action with the United States Government in destroying the derelicts that threaten life and property in the North Atlantic. A petition urging such cooperation, signed by 880 captains, representing crews aggregating 80,000 men, and property worth £30,000,000, has just been presented to the First Lord of the Treasury.

LAST year no less than 909 bodies were laid on the marble slabs of the Paris Deadhouse, and of this great number more than 200 were unknown men and women claimed and recognized by none. The greater number of the corpses were those of men, and the statistics go to prove what has been already amply demonstrated by scientific investigation—that those who commit suicide, often choose the summer than the winter for seeking the end.

EIGHT years ago, says the New York Press, Cleveland's wealth amounted perhaps to \$50,000—no more. Now he is a rich man—very rich—taking into account the short time which has elapsed, and to-day his property, as estimated by the assessors' books of New York, will amount to over a quarter of a million.

Up to within a couple of years he has lived in no luxurious way, but about two years ago he began an entirely new course of existence.

A THEORY has been put forth by M. Ratau in the French Academy of Sciences that the crust of the earth beneath the continents does not touch the fluid globe, but is separated from it by a space filled with gaseous matter under pressure. The continents would, therefore, constitute a sort of blister, much flattened, inflated and sustained by gases, while the bottom of the oceans is supposed to rest directly on the fiery mass.

By this hypothesis the author believes that many phenomena of the terrestrial crust may be explained, which are not clearly accounted for under the present theory.

AUSTRALIA is greatly perturbed over the emigration movement in Paraguay. The government of Paraguay has given nearly 500,000 acres of good land for settlement to Australian colonists, or others of suitable standing in means and character who join them, and there is an expectation that 10,000 persons may settle on the lands. All who go from old to new Australia are teetotallers and have a considerable amount saved, and the loss of a few thousand men of that stamp is a serious matter.

South Australia has, therefore, passed a village settlement act, under which those who want to cultivate land are favorably dealt with. Then comes the question whether the Australian land is as good as that in Paraguay, and it is not. But there are disadvantages there as well.

The rules of all railway companies recognize to some extent the fact that alcohol unfits their employees for their responsible duties. It is reported that on fifty-four North American lines total abstinence while on duty is insisted upon by the railway companies; on fifteen abstinence without restriction to time of duty; on thirteen the companies insist on abstinence as essential to promotion, and on one the employee's signature of the abstinence pledge is required before engagement. The Rock Island Railway Company has been enforcing its anti-drink rules lately with great vigor. General Prince Kurapatkin recently issued an order to the official staff of the Trans-Caspian Railway, requiring all officials and employees guilty of indulging in intoxicating drinks to be reported to him.

The profit-sharing system, says the Baltimore Herald, appears to have its advantages, not only as a means of inspiring greater industry, care and closer application on the part of employees, but also as a preventive of labor disputes in New England during late years, but in all this time the Bourne mill at Fall River has been running uninterrupted, because the operatives had an interest in keeping at work beyond the mere question of salary. Their prosperity increased proportionately with that of the owners. Recently the ninth-annual dividend was paid. One family received \$70 as its share of profits for six months over and above the wages drawn, and others from \$30 to \$50. So satisfactory have been the results that the experiment is to be continued.

THE newspaper business in and from the capital of the German Empire is something stupendous, as appears from the following figures, which are furnished by the newspaper department of the Berlin post office. Last month there were published nearly forty political journals, and the total daily issues of these passing through the post office amounted in round numbers to 500,000 copies. There are 720 non-political papers published in the city, and their total post office circulation amounted to more than 100,000 a day. Upward of 1,000 mail bags and 180 clerks are employed in the newspaper traffic alone. The number of news-

papers and other periodicals that were published in the German Empire at the beginning of the present year was 10,546. Of these 7,680 were printed in the German language and the other 2,916 in some thirty different languages.

THE whale industry was at one time an enormous industry in the United States. It reached its height in 1854, when 602 ships and barks, twenty-eight brigs and thirty-eight schooners, with a total tonnage of 208,899, were engaged in it. By 1876 the fleet had dwindled down to 169 vessels, and it is doubtful if fifty are now at sea. The introduction of kerosene and the increasing scarcity of whales seem to be the cause of this decline. Some remarkable voyages were made in the old days. The Pioneer, of New London, sailed in June, 1864, for Davis Strait and Hudson's Bay, returning in September, 1865, with 1,391 barrels of oil and 22,650 pounds of bone, valued at \$150,000. In 1847 the Envoy, of New Bedford, was sold to be broken up, but her purchaser refitted her and she made a voyage worth \$132,450.

On the other hand a vessel made a five years' voyage and on her return the captain's lay was only \$85. But, as the Nantucket captain, whose vessel returned from a three years' voyage as clean as she went out, remarked: "She ain't got a bar'l o' oil, but she had a mighty fine sail."

## A CLOWN FOR FIVE MINUTES.

He Made a Tremendous "Hit" and It Cost Him \$800.

There sat in a fashionable restaurant the other evening a man of iron-gray hair and dignified bearing, who, if appearances could be relied upon, had never in his life done anything ridiculous. He was so dignified that he was almost stately. Portly, pink of complexion and erect, he was a picture of the gentleman of ease. And yet this man at one period in his life was a circus clown. Twenty-five years ago he lived in Norfolk, Va. His father, a wealthy Virginian, owned a steamboat and steamship line. To Norfolk one day came a circus. When it had closed its business there it engaged a steamboat to take it further South. The boat stopped at several places, but everywhere, as they would say now, the show was a "frost." When the end of the water route was reached the circus owed the boat \$800, and had not a dollar to pay. On the boat, to look after the interests of the steamship company, was the son of the owner of the line. He telegraphed to his father explaining the situation.

"Let the circus go on," was the answer, "but go with it. Collect on account whenever you can."

## HOOSIER EAGLES.

Tales of Aquiline Struggles and Discomfitures in Indiana.

"The Indiana eagles are on the rampage again," said George Bloshfield of Wayne County, "and they seem to have taken a particular fancy this time to small boys. It isn't as long ago since the Sun printed this story about the big Vermilion County eagle that swooped down on a flock of geese in a farmer's door-yard confidently expecting that it would be no job at all to soar back with a fat goose for dinner, and was almost knocked silly with surprise when the whole flock pitched into him with vim that compelled him to do some of the liveliest fighting he had ever run up against; and even then, after licking every one of the geese, the eagle failed to get one of them for his dinner because the farmer's daughter came out and went at him with a fence rail and a dog and laid him so low that he never got any higher than the farmer's mantelpiece, and then only as a stuffed eagle."

"That story was all right, but indirectly it gave out the idea, somehow, that all the eagles in Indiana were in Vermilion County. Not by a long shot! Old Scott's all right when it comes to eagles! Vermilion County may have a few more eagles than Scott County, but it takes two or three Vermilion County eagles to size up with one of Scott's. Mrs. Farmer Rickards can tell you that. She lived in Vermilion County when she was a girl, and once killed an eagle there that came down and tackled a turkey gobbler in her father's barnyard. She killed it with a flail with which she was threshing out oats in the barn. That eagle measured six feet and a little over from tip to tip. It was considered a fair average Vermilion County eagle. Mrs. Farmer Rickards now lives in Scott County. Some time ago, when the weather was warm, Mrs. Rickards was out in the yard boiling soap. Her 8-year-old boy was playing about the yard. Suddenly a shadow like that of a passing cloud came over the yard, and Mrs. Rickards heard a scream. She looked up and saw a heap of feathers as big as if one of her biggest feather beds had been dumped down there, but from the top of it rose the head, and from the bottom of it were thrust the feet of an eagle. The feet were clutched in the clothes of Mrs. Rickards's 8-year-old boy, who was kicking and squirming and yelling to beat the band. Mrs. Rickards had a large ladle in her hand. She dipped it in the kettle of soap, filled it with the boiling stuff, and spritzed across the yard only too quick. The eagle had got his hooks in on the boy all right by this time, and was rising easily with the youngster. But he had tarried too long. Mrs. Rickards dumped the ladle of boiling soap on the top of his head, and the hot stuff ran down and filled his eyes and nostrils and ears full. The eagle dropped that boy as if he had been hotter than the soap, and began doing some of the liveliest ground and lofty tumbling around that yard that was ever seen. The soap hadn't only blinded him; it was getting in its little alkali work on those sensitive organs in a way that simply crazed."

"Mrs. Rickards grabbed her boy and ran with him into the house. Then she got her husband's old army musket and ran back to use it on the eagle, which was still prouetting around the yard like a rooster with its head off. The gun wouldn't go off, so Mrs. Rickards clubbed it and pounded that blinded and crazed eagle over the head until he was glad to die. He was undoubtedly a patriarch of the sky, for every feather on him was as gray as the lichen on glacial rocks, and he measured seven feet from tip to tip!"

"These are all the returns that were in when I left home, but I expect later news of Indiana eagles when I get back; for they are on one of their periodical rampages."—[New York Sun.]

## Adulteration of Coffee.

"Coffee," says Dr. Winslow Anderson, of San Francisco, "now one of the most universally used of all beverages, excepting, perhaps, tea and beer, is usually abominably adulterated. It would seem difficult to imitate coffee, but it is not. A very fair cup of coffee is made from black walnut dust, caramel, and roasted and browned horse liver. This mixture has been ascertained by chemical analysis to be in extensive use. Ground coffee and hotel decoctions often contain roasted and ground peas, beans, potatoes, carrots, corn, rye, and oak bark, while chicory is seldom absent. This chicory, by the way, is itself adulterated with roasted wheat, rye, beans, acorns, barleys, parsnips, beet root, baked livers, venetian red, colored earths, oak bark, tan and sawdust. Coffee grounds from large hotels have been known to be gathered up, carefully dried and remixed with adulterates and chicory, and sold again as pure coffee. So much for ground coffee."

"Yeast powder is a substance that requires universal scrutiny. Many brands that I have examined contain ammonia, alum, plaster of paris and cream of tartar (which is of itself adulterated with alum, chalk and terra alba). Is it any wonder that people suffer with indigestion and dyspepsia, when their stomachs become coated with plaster of paris?"

## A River at the Bottom of His Well.

While digging a well on the farm of John Walters, near Hartline, Douglas county, Wash., the workmen at a depth of seventy-six feet detected a hollow, answering sound to the blows of the pick. Tapping the side of the wall, they broke into a cavern, with a good-sized stream of water flowing along its bed. They entered the space for ten or twelve feet, but declined to explore the subterranean hall any further. The stream was easily diverted into the well, and Mr. Walters will have an inexhaustible supply of pure running water. The course of the stream was not parallel with the ravine in which the well was being sunk, but crossed it at almost right angles.

## Morning Oregonian.

The golden-crested wren is the smallest English bird.

Divers Don't Fear Sharks.

We anchored a little sloop about fifty feet off from the wreck, and when all was ready I went down. When I got below into the boiler room I saw looking out at me, from one of the furnaces, two eyes as big as saucers. I stepped to one side and out shot a huge shark. As he darted past me he gave me a flip with his tail that knocked me fifteen feet. That knock was not, however, as bad as it may seem; for it is easier to move objects under water than above. I myself could easily shove a man ten feet under water.

Divers often encounter sharks, and huge fellows they seem too. But we don't take much stock in them. The diver is usually moving about, the escape valve gives a shrill whistling sound, and my experience is that sharks, like other large fish, are scared half out of their wits when we divers appear upon the scene.

[Seribner.]

San Francisco police carry lariats to stop runaway horses.