

## CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,  
And you will be sure to find  
That Fate will square the account she owes.  
Whoever comes out behind;  
And all things bad that a man has done,  
By whatsoever induced,  
Return at last to him, one by one,  
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save,  
While your hoarded wealth expands,  
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave is nearing your life's last sands;

You will have your balance struck some night,  
And you'll find your hoard reduced;  
You'll view your life in another light  
When the chickens come home to roost.

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Now as you will, there's a time to reap,  
For the good and bad as well;  
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,  
Is either a heaven or hell.

And every wrong will find its place,  
And every passion loosed  
Drifts back and meets you face to face—  
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,  
The result will be the same;  
You cannot escape the hand of God,  
You must bear your sin and shame.

No matter what's carved on a marble slab,  
When the items are all produced,  
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab,"

And that chickens come home to roost.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

## THE ADJUTANT'S GRAVE.

It was at the taking of Rangoon. From the Irrawaddi the crashing batteries of a dozen steam frigates had leveled the stockades on the river side. Black masses of naked, smoke-stained Burmese, exposed at their guns, or in shallow trenches, when the teak walls fell or were burned down, were mowed down like grass by a hailstorm of grape. Our artillery was landing. The 13th Royal Irish were already in the breaches and at the water gate. The Burmese dropped their cumbersome shields and lances and dhars and fled, yelling, back toward the great pagoda. Those wild Irish, possessed of the same devil that dashed and slashed and stabbed and hacked and hurried at the Enniskilleners at Waterloo, went off in hot chase. Only one regiment left—for they would not wait for the slow boats that were bringing the guns, and the 80th and the Sepoy Rifles, but broke away in pursuit, in spite of the almost frantic officers, who, weak and hoarse with ineffectual efforts to check their mad command, were forced to follow at last, all chasing the bubble reputation together—one regiment at the heels of 10,000 panic stricken savages!

One of the glorious fellows of the crack 18th in this tempestuous hurly-burly was Fallon, the adjutant. He was the equipped model of a gentleman and a soldier, according to the standard of his proud regiment; a jovial boon companion, generous comrade, fast friend, frank and fearless enemy; in sport a child, in taste a scholar, impetuous in fight, pitiful in victory.

As his disordered party charged, shouting, up the broad Dagon road, between the long lines of the inner blockade, over bamboo bridges thrown across trenches, and past grim gigantic idols and ponghee houses fantastically carved, the adjutant, who had lingered behind the rest, striving to the last, in his habitual devotion to discipline, to restrain the men, happened to be in the rear of all.

"How now?" jestingly cried Clark, an English ensign of the adjutant's mess, who was running just before him, "our plucky Fallon at the back of us all! This is bad enough for me, old fellow, who have my medal to win; but it will never do for you, with those red ribbons to answer for."

"I am doing my best, Clark, my boy," Fallon replied, "and shall be up with that crazy sergeant presently. You know I am good for a short brush of foot race; fast running is one of my accomplishments—thanks to my big trotting education and the practice Lord Gough gave us."

Hardly were the words done ringing in his comrade's ears when the gallant Fallon, the pride of his corps, received in his generous breast a dozen musket balls as he sprang up the broad staircase of the Golden Dagon Pagoda—first of them all, and quite alone. He fell on his face, stone dead, on the stairs, sword in hand, and smiling.

When all was over, and his regiment held the post of honor on the very throne of the Bodhi, they gave him a soldier's most distinguished obsequies, burying him in a grove of talipot trees, behind a ponghee house of the most grotesque architecture, and just outside of what were afterward the Sepoy lines of the Eighteenth. His faithful orderly planted a rude cross at his grave's head and set an English white rose there. An American missionary gave it to him.

In Calcutta, Norah Fallon—beautiful, accomplished, witty, altogether radiant with rare charms of mind and person—waited with her young child for news from her soldier husband, who had her heart in his keeping within the stockades of Rangoon. When they told her he was dead, she fell, uttering only a sharp cry, and lay as one dead for many days. But when she awoke to the consciousness of her profound bereavement, and her eternal widowhood, she shed not a tear nor spoke a word, but took her boy and went aboard a troop ship that sailed on the morrow for Rangoon.

On the voyage still she spoke not, nor ever wept; the silence of her sorrow had something sacred, almost awful about it, that commanded a delicacy of consideration, which was a sort of worship, from the rudest about her.

Arrived at Rangoon, no sooner had the ship dropped anchor off the King's wharf than Norah sent her chaperone, her Hindoo errand-woman, with a note to General Godwin, commanding the company's forces in Burmah. "The wife of Maurice

Fallon, adjutant in the Eighteenth of her Majesty's Royal Irish, would be permitted to see her husband's grave; she awaits the expression of the General's wishes on board the Mahanuddy.

She waited long. At last the answer came: "It was with unfeigned sorrow that Lieut.-Gen. Godwin found himself constrained, by the exigencies of his position, to refuse the widow of one of his best officers, whose loss was felt by the whole Anglo-Indian army, the sad privilege of visiting the spot where his comrades consigned him to a brave soldier's grave. But the General's footing in Rangoon was precarious, hourly apprehensions of attack by a strong body of the enemy were entertained.

It was known that a Burmese chief was approaching with a numerous and well armed force, and had already arrived in the neighborhood of Kemmendine. Therefore, for the present, the Lieutenant-General must forbid the landing of his countrywoman from the shipping on any pretext. He hoped to be forgiven by the dear lady, whose grief he humbly asked to be permitted to share; but in this case he was not left in the exercise of the least discretion. Such were the regulations."

When Norah Fallon had read these lines she retired to her cabin in silence, and was not seen again that day. On the next she was observed in frequent and eager conference, in whispered Hindostanee, with an old and faithful bearer, gray bearded, and of grave and dignified demeanor, who had long been in the confidence of her husband—indeed, a sort of humble, but fatherly guardian to the young, inexperienced, and perhaps imprudent pair, who with their darling between them were all in all to each other, and heedless of all but their regulations."

The old Hindoo had formerly lived several years at Prome, whither he had gone in the capacity of bearer to an English commissioner; he therefore knew the Burmese character well, and could speak the language with tolerable fluency.

There were many "friendly" Burmese at Rangoon at this time, deserters from Dallah, shrewd fellows who had foreseen safety in British ascendancy, and, being mostly fishermen, had offered themselves for "Inglee" muskets for the nonce, with a sharp eye to profitable nets thereafter. Indeed, not a few of these calculating traitors had taken to their old trade already, and were busily plying the moles and hooks from crazy canoes at the mouth of Kemmendine Creek. It was not long before some of them, haled by old Buxsao, the bearer, came alongside with, as he said, fish for the Mem Sahib, his mistress. On these occasions he conversed with them in Burmese, and whoever watched narrowly the astonished and anxious faces of the fishermen must have observed that neither the freshness nor the price of their finny prizes formed any part of the discussion.

It was a dark night, no moon and a cloudy sky; all hands had gone below and "turned in" some hours since. The officer of the deck, night glass in hand, paced the "bridge," or leaned over the rail and watched the lights ashore, while the quartermaster patrolled the gangways. But these were not alone on deck; on the bulwark of the after gun the pale and tearless widow sat, still as a shadow, and peered through the darkness shoredow to where the Eighteenth's lights gleamed from the Golden Dragon. Such was her nighty wont, and officers and men had become so accustomed to it that she sometimes sat there till after midnight, unheeded and forgotten.

The young officer still chased with his eyes the restless lights, and dreamed dreams the while of home and of a sweetheart; the gruff old quartermaster paced up and down, and thought of prize money and the "old woman." Neither had eye nor thought for the poor lady, they were so used to her lonesome ways, else they might have found something unusual in the anxiety with which she watched a singular object in the water astern—only an empty canoe drifting toward the frog. They are fastened to the hoof with unsightly looking nails, and altogether are cumbersome affairs, yet they serve the purpose of protection to the hoof.

thrown into disorder by a false alarm, caused by the mysterious discharge of a pistol in the talipot grove, which inclosed the grave of the late Adjutant Fallon, who fell gloriously in the attack on the Dagon Pagoda; the spot is close to the seaport lines of H. M. Eightieth. My men maintained good order, answering the assembly call with remarkableeler and in complete equipment. At daybreak a sepoys of Major Ainslie's picket found a dead boar of great size, and evidently just killed, lying across young Fallon's grave; also, suspended to the cross by a ribbon, a gold locket containing two locks of hair—a lady's and a child's; and fastened to the cross by a short Burmese poniard through the paper in the inclosure, marked "X."

Inclosure X contained the following: "There are no 'Regulations' for the heart of an Irish soldier's wife."

### Origin of Street Lighting.

The custom of lighting the streets date back to remote antiquity. In the cities of Greece the streets were lighted after a fashion by means of very old fashioned lamps suspended or set in sockets in prominent positions. Similar plans were followed in Rome and in the Egyptian cities, and relics of these have been found which date back to the fourth century before Christ. The lamps used were for the most part primitive in form. Many of them were made of skulls of animals or of sea shells of a convenient size and shape.

The general principal of these lamps was copied in the stone cups and boxes used in later years. The lights at best were very inadequate, and it was customary for those who ventured on the streets at night to carry blazing torches. Crime of all sorts flourished under such a system.

It was not uncommon in ancient Rome to find a number of dead and mangled bodies lying about the streets every morning.

The lamps used in this period were exquisitely decorated, but for several centuries not a single improvement was made to increase the light. The lamps were made usually of bronze and covered with figures in bas relief taken from mythology or from subjects of daily life.

### Corns on Horses' Feet.

A common cause for lameness among horses is corns, and they may be growing for several months before they give evidences of their existence. Horseshoers closely watch the feet of the horses they shoe for evidences of these disturbers, and are often able to get rid of them before they have done much injury.

Corns on a horse's hoof usually form just above the heel and where the hair joins the hoof. They then grow down into the hoof as the hoof grows, and about the first knowledge the horseshoer has of their existence is when he pares the hoof and uncovers the corn.

It is often the case that they have festered while in the hoof, and when an incision is made a large sized hole is found. In some establishments ointment is used for the cure of corns, but in others it is considered best to protect them from gravel and stones, and permit them to grow out with the hoof and be cut off with it. The shoes on Arabian horses, which are required to go long distances in the hot sand, are solid pieces of iron, an opening being left only for the frog. They are fastened to the hoof with unsightly looking nails, and altogether are cumbersome affairs, yet they serve the purpose of protection to the hoof.

### Bicycles Hurting the Railroads.

The passenger earnings of many roads are not only being cut into locally by the trolley lines, but by the bicycles. Since the warmer weather set in people living out a few miles from their places of business who have been patronizing the suburban trains, now ride the bicycle. Where there are cities but a few miles apart the passenger men say that between the electric roads and the cycle competition their local earnings are showing marked decrease.

A passenger official who has just returned from Boston states that within a radius of eight to ten miles hundreds now come on bicycles on pleasant mornings and return in the evening in the same manner, and the love-lorn youngster, or the gruff old quartermaster on prize money intent, did look toward the bulwark a little later, and saw nothing; the lady was gone. Whether? To her cabin? No; she could not have passed them unobserved. But that was easy to decide; her light still burned; her state room was open and unoccupied. Where, then, was she? Good heavens! It could not be; and yet it must—poor lady! Poor baby! They gave the alarm; they roused the ship; a gun was fired; a search was made, in vain. Alas! it must be so. "She has gone to join her husband."

True! but not that way, gruff old quartermaster's mate. Stop thinking about her; have ears and brains for your duty. What was that shot on shore? And, hark now! another, and another, and another! The alarm is given in the British lines; the sentries have discharged their pieces and run in! See! the place is all ablaze with lights; every ponghee house is illuminated; you can discern the great porch of the Golden Dagon, with its griffin warders, from here. They are beating to arms; the trumpet sounds the "assembly." What could that first and solitary shot have been?

Ah! my nautical friends, while your sapient pates were busy guessing, that pair of barbaric black heads have drifted under the stern again, and the same canoe has drifted with them—not empty this time; for, look again, and you will see that her light is no longer burning, and her state-room door is closed, though the window is open; and—yes, you do hear her breathing. Wait a span of years; the heads the guessing; it will all be cleared up one day. Wait till you dare to ask Norah Fallon why she dares to make so much of that withered white rose.

General Godwin's next dispatch to the Governor General contained a curious passage: "On the night of the 15th the cantonments were

## "JACKIES" IN DEMAND.

### LARGE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF SAILORS.

New Warships to be Manned—Life of a Sailor on an American Man-of-War and His Pay.

American men-of-war's men have no distinctive title. They are variously termed "blue jackets," "Jackies," and "jackies." The last is by far the most common name given the men who "plough the raging main" on ships of war. It is a contraction of the other two, and it applies alike to the sailors of all navies.

Special attention is directed to the American naval sailor just at this time, because of the preparations of the Navy Department to enlist 1,000 men for that branch of the service.

The recent rapid increase in the number of vessels of the navy, as a

half pay if physically incapacitated for re-enlistment.

There is a popular impression that the rank and file of the navy is composed of aliens, who have no patriotic affiliation with this country or its institutions. That this is erroneous is demonstrated by the last census of the navy, which shows that nearly 70 per cent of the entire enlisted force is composed of citizens of the United States, either by birth or naturalization. The other 30 per cent is made up of aliens, the majority of whom are Scandinavians, Englishmen and Irishmen. There are many Chinese and Japanese in the navy, but they are employed almost exclusively in the mess rooms. Colored men are numerous, but they too, are mostly mess attendants.

### EGGS WITHOUT SHELLS.

Thousands Exported from Italy for Confectioners' Use.

The Consular report on the trade of Genoa in 1894 contains the following:

A commercial paper of Sept. 5 stated that the exportation of Italian eggs to England had attained considerable proportions, the principal importers being Italians, and the eggs being used by the large biscuit manufacturers and the principal pastry cooks, the latter including three Italian firms supplying pastry to hotels, cafes and restaurants.

One of these firms was said to consume 5,000 eggs weekly, purchased till recently from the Italian importers, but now from an English firm which supplies eggs from Russia, shelled and preserved in hermetically-sealed tins, provided with a tap by which any required quantity may be drawn off at a time. Lower price and saving of time are mentioned as the advantages of this system, also freedom from damage in transport, and long keeping, so that Italian exporters of eggs were recommended to adopt it.

According to information received by the Chamber of Commerce at Cuneo from the Italian Consulate in London, the tin or drum, packed with straw in a wooden case, held the contents of 1,000 to 1,500 eggs, the white not separated from the yolk, but the hole getting mixed up in the drum, which was protected by three iron hoops. The circular aperture through which the eggs were poured in was closed by a hinged and sealed, and the tap was supplied by the London pastry cooks.

The first-class battle ships Indians and Massachusetts, the finest ships in the navy, will probably be completed this winter.

Officials of the Navy Department say there will be no difficulty in getting the additional men, and that it will not even be necessary to advertise for them. The classes of men wanted are seamen, landsmen, firemen and coal passers, and it is expected that most of these will be recruited at New York. Enlistments will also be made at Philadelphia and Boston, if necessary. The men are needed mostly for manning the batteries and for looking after the fires and machinery. New York city is the only place where recruiting goes on in all ratings.

A later report in the same paper showed that the Italian adoption of this Russian system had not been so far successful, the eggs having been found spoilt on reaching their destination.

### War Dogs.

The war dogs belonging to the German army, which were shown at the Sporting Exhibition at Dresden, acquitted themselves remarkably well. The trials were not by any means easy ones, and the fact that the dogs satisfactorily passed them speaks highly for the system of training the animals. On a very complicated road, with many cross-roads, and quite strange to them, the dogs, although maneuvering with troops who were quite unknown to them, and in spite of the heat being most intense, did some excellent dispatch duty. "Tell," a dog belonging to the Jager Guard Battalion, brought dispatches from a soldier to a headquarters, a distance of nearly a mile, in less than two minutes, while the dogs belonging to the Dresden Rifle Corps accomplished the journey in about two minutes. Tests were next made with the dogs as ammunition carriers, each animal carrying on its back a weight equal to 250 ball cartridges, arranged in a kind of saddle, and they showed that in this direction they might be thoroughly relied upon, for they supplied the line of firing troops, who were also strangers to them, with fresh ammunition. The trials were won by testing the power of the dogs in seeking the wounded on the field of battle, and the intelligent creatures were equally as successful in Red Cross duties as they were in conveying ammunition.

### A Curious Plant.

There is what is called a musical plant found in the West Indies, Nubia and the Soudan. It is of the acacia tribe and has a peculiar shaped leaf and pods with split or open edge. As the wind blows through them it gives out a sound similar to "fa," "me," or other half tones, which in the still hours of the night have a weird, mournful effect. The sound given by those of Nubia and the Soudan are caused by the ravages of insects, whose larvae insert themselves into the trunks, causing them to swell and become distorted. After these have been hatched and leave their nests, the wind plays upon the open spaces, producing sweet sounding tones similar to those of a flute. Many strange and often pleasing sounds are heard in the dense tropical forests of the East which are produced in the same manner.

### Found a Boulder of Silver.

One of the largest silver nuggets on record was found about four miles from Peach Springs, Arizona, recently. Two prospectors, William Tucker and John Doyle, on their way from Death Valley to the Colorado River, discovered a boulder weighing several hundred pounds and composed of nearly pure silver. The value of the find is placed at about \$10,000.

A watchmaker of Chicago is the owner of a clock the works of which are in the inside of an ordinary wine bottle, and the dial is set obliquely on the top of the bottle. There is quite a mystery attached to this curiosities. Several years ago it floated to the shore from Lake Michigan.

## A DESIGN IN SWISS STYLE.

Adapted Only to Rural Surroundings and Best Suited to a Mountainous Landscape.

[Copyright, 1895.]

It is the intention of this series of articles to treat of the various styles of architecture in a perfectly honest manner.

"Indeed! What particular customs do you refer to?"

"Well, for one thing, I had not been ashore more than an hour when a spruce, official-looking man came up to me. He showed a silver badge of some sort and said he was a collector of the internal revenue. He asked me if I had paid my side, whisker license yet. I told him that I didn't know that side whiskers were taxed in America. He saw they were, and that the tax was \$4 per year. He added that I might consider myself lucky that he didn't add 25 per cent. for costs of collection, because it was my duty to report at City Hall and pay tax, without putting the nation to the expense of sending a collector after the money."

"You paid him, did you?"

"Oh, yes, and I was quite glad that I did not wear a full beard. He said that the assessment on full beards was \$10 per chin. Why do you have such odd taxes in America? Is it so very expensive to run a republican government?"

"It costs quite a good deal. But was that your only experience?"

"No, it wasn't. About two hours later another man approached me, asked me if I had yet procured the Government permit entitling me to wear trousers of such a wide stripe as those I had on. It was the same pair I'm wearing now. I asked what the blamed Government would do if I refused to pay for such a permit.