

#### A JINGLE OF JOY.

Ain't this life we're livin' blest?  
Honey in your mouth!  
Green corn in the winsome west,  
Melons in the south!  
Oh, believers,  
Hear the bugle's call,  
Green corn in the summer time,  
Punkins in the fall!  
Ain't this life we're livin' jest  
Brimmin' full o' joys?  
Fiddles goin' south an' west,  
Swing your sweethearts, boys!  
Oh, believers,  
Hear the bugle's call,  
Melons in the summertime,  
Punkins in the fall.  
—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times Herald

#### THE GHOST'S EYES.

Mrs. Robert Livingstone was a woman of superb dignity. Yet any one of her city friends would scarcely have recognized her in the rather clumsy figure running and stumbling up the rough canon road that led from the lower bear field to the ranch house. Her black skirts were not held up, but allowed to trail a little and catch the fine dust and tar weed stain as she hurried on. Nothing of trifling importance could have forced Mary Livingstone thus far to forget her elegant self, even alone in a canon.

The fog was closing up from the sea and slowly closing in and deepening the shadows of the gorge. It was already late twilight, and the loneliness and gloom of the place tortured her over tense nerves. A little owl flew with a shrill scream over her head, and she screamed with it. A belated ground squirrel rustled in the underbrush up the bank, and she felt that all the terrors of the jungle were upon her.

A sharp turn in the trail brought her at last in view of the house and the welcome glimmer of a light gave her a little courage. She quickened her steps still more in her eagerness, forgetting that the canon stream crossed the road at the bend, and, missing the board, she stepped in ankle deep. Even this she scarcely noticed, but splashed on over the slippery stones. It was only when she reached the gate, breathless and disheveled, that she seemed to be able to think.

"I can't let Allen see me in this plight," she said to herself. "He would ask all manner of questions and not be put off, and I could not tell him that 'Oh, no, no!' But just then a slight, youthful figure appeared at the veranda steps, standing on crutches.

"What makes you so awfully late, mother?" he called out to her. "I thought you never would get here," and the thin, complaining voice was even a little more impatient than usual. "Sing is on one of his worst rambages and is mad as hops because dinner is late. I was even afraid to ask him to light the lamp and we've been sitting out here in the dark for ages. If there's a dish left out there it won't be his fault. Listen to that!" and just then a tin pan seemed to go spinning across the kitchen.

"I am very sorry, my dear," said Mrs. Livingstone, quietly; "but I was detained by the engineer. He says the thresher engine is broken, and he must go to Seco Grande to-morrow for repairs. Some of the men were to be paid off, and I had their accounts to look over. I will be glad when your father gets home. Harvesting is too important a time for me to be left alone. Poor Allie. What a forlorn time you've had! Come in and we'll make up for it," and she preceded him into the dark little parlor.

Quickly lighting the lamp, she said: "Turn it up more, dear, after it has burned a little, and tell Sing to have dinner in five minutes. I'll be right out" and she hurried to her room, leaving her son wondering vaguely that his mother's hand should tremble as she held the match, and secretly wishing she had not left him to face the irate Sing alone.

Allen Livingstone was 17, but long accustomed to having every wind tempered for him, he was naturally timid and not a little spoiled. Mrs. Livingstone lavished upon him that yearning and tenderness that a hopelessly crippled child calls forth from a mother's pity. He was at once her idol and her sorrow and his secret wish was law.

Dinner at the ranch house was even more quiet than usual that evening. Mrs. Livingstone appeared tired and preoccupied, while Allen fretted childishly over the rather warmed up flavor of things on the table.

The offending Chinese came and went in sulken routine. After the coffee, Mrs. Livingstone put her arm lovingly over her son's shoulders and they went out to the parlor thus.

"I have a lovely scheme, dearest," she said. "While father is away I think it would be nice for you to come over and sleep in your old room adjoining mine. It will be more sociable and we can play we are both young again. What do you think?"

"I don't mind it," said Allen, indifferently, lighting a delicate cigarette.

The house was one of those primitive Spanish structures, built of adobe, one story and three sides, facing an open square—very pleasant and artistic with the deep verandas, vine-covered and cool, and the little court always full of flowers and sunshine, but not so convenient and practical for everyday comforts as some more modern plans for homes. The main part of the house is taken up by the living rooms, leaving the sleeping rooms in the wings and far separated.

It had been a trying time for Mrs. Livingstone, when her husband had insisted that Allen should give up his little bedroom next to theirs, which he had always occupied, and go across the court. The boy was no longer a baby, he said, and he had always needed that room for his own private use. He wanted a place for his desk and books and the big safe which held the family valuables and often considerable sums of gold and silver, as he preferred to pay his men in coin rather than by check in the usual way.

But his wife had never been reconciled to having her delicate child out of the sound of her voice at night, and many a time had she stolen out in the darkness to listen at his window to see that her darling was sleeping well, and to indulge in a long moment of adoring worship, as she strained her eyes to see the pale face on the pillow. "I will go around the veranda now, dear," she said, as Allen smoked, "and bring your things for the night. The couch is very comfortable, and it will be lovely to have you back."

The chink air struck her unpleasantly as she opened the door. She shuddered a little and drew her shawl closer.

"What a fog!" she exclaimed. "The beans will be again delayed. It's worse than the conflict of hay-making and showers in New England."

Coming out of her son's room a few moments later, with her arms full of his clothing she was startled by a slight noise across the court. It seemed like some heavy thing dropping with less sound than its weight would suggest. In the misty darkness she could see nothing.

Mary Livingstone was known far and near as a woman of unbounded courage and self reliance. During her husband's frequent business trips to San Francisco she stayed and ruled the little kingdom like a queen. Not a man on the ranch was as glad when Mrs. Livingstone was boss. The house in the canon was her castle, where she and Allen, with the faithful Sing, abode in security which none dared to molest. If anyone had told her a week ago that this night she would be a haunted creature, trembling and unstrung, tormented by an evil presentiment and dreading she knew not what, she would have laughed the prophet to scorn.

The parlor door had been left a little ajar, and she pushed through it and on to her own apartment.

"Please shut the door, Allie. My hands are full. I'll be ready for you soon."

Drawing the shades, she set resolutely to work about making her son's room comfortable for the night. She dared not think, or she felt that she would scream from sheer nervousness.

The dainty silver toilet articles, which were his pride, she arranged on the broad desk, and soon had the low lounging couch transformed into an inviting bed, with even a hotwater bag tucked in at the foot. She took from her closet shelf his little toy like night lamp, which had been one of his childhood idols, and lighted it, and, after one or two little final touches here and there, she called him.

"It's time small boys were asleep. Lock the front door, dear, and come. I have such a funny story to read to you."

Allen hobbled in, a slight frown on his delicate face at being babyed, and surveyed the little room.

"It's as cold as a barn here," he said. "What makes it so cold? I don't want to go to bed yet."

"Oh, yes, you do. It's getting late. You'll soon be nice and comfortable in your old nest. You will find it warmed."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's nothing else to do," he complained. "Where's the story?"

"I'll begin it right now, while you're getting ready," and Mrs. Livingstone settled herself by her lamp to read to her two fierce, hard eyes, which would not turn till she was nearly beside herself with horror.

His mother spelled out to him: "G-e-t t-h-e a-x q-u-i-c-k." then added: "Go to bed, child."

The boy had presence of mind to go around, as there were many locked doors in the way through the house.

The Chinese, afraid of some outside assistance, began to beg.

"Me catchee money—me no kill. You gib key—me no kill. You no gib me allee same killee you, killee Allie, too. You gib key."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing, and in an incredibly short time for him, Allen came in panting and dragging the gleaming ax.

The fiend saw it and became like a madman. He shrieked and bit at the strong white wrists that held him like a vice. He foamed at the mouth in his fit of rage and fear.

"Allen," she said, "get the trunk in the closet—be quick."

After an almost hopeless struggle and a little weak help from her son, she managed to tie one hand, then both together, and had Allen make the other end fast to the bedstead.

The rope was old, and it gave way they were lost, for it was the only thing of the kind available. Her knees were still on his chest.

"Allen," she commanded, "go from this room and shut your door tight after you."

He was almost stupefied, but obeyed blindly. In another instant he heard an awful blow and a short shuffling round, then a long moment of silence, but he dared not go in again.

Presently his mother appeared holding her wounded hand. She looked to him in the dim light like an old woman. Her face was ashen and drawn, and her dark hair had turned almost snow white. He looked at her mutely.

"My dear," she said, slowly. "God knows it was the only way. He gave me the power to save us, or you and I, Allen, would this moment have been in the traitor's place."

She gave an involuntary shudder, but turned and locked the door on the ghastly scene.

Taking some antiseptic solution she bathed her hand thoroughly and bound it with some of Allen's handkerchiefs. She then sipped a small glass of whisky and water and lay down beside her son. So the long night wore away.

There have been few changes in Seco Valley. The lima beans grow on the broad, sunny lowlands, are harvested and grow again. The canoons still sing their love song to the blossoming hillsides. The owl and mocking birds, the squirrels and the lizards, live as before, and the vines run rampant over the broad plazas of the ranch house in Seco Canon. Only a few complaining doves have their home in the low garret.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingstone returned to live in New York their friends welcomed them with open arms. It was hinted that, not being to the manor born, Mr. Livingstone had not covered himself with glory or lined his purse with gold in his ranching scheme; but it was the change in Mrs. Livingstone that excited the most comment. The snowy hair, the restless, hunted expression and absent manner spoke of some stupendous change from her old self.

To only one trusted friend did she confide the mystery of her life. Every night at 12 o'clock there appeared to her two fierce, hard eyes, which would not turn till she was nearly beside herself with horror.

In less than half an hour she quietly peeped in to find her boy fast asleep. She wanted to stoop and kiss the white forehead, but she desisted herself lest she waken him.

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She took her account book out of the draggled dress she had worn down the canon and looked it over a little, soon putting it aside. She tried to read, but the words followed each other under her eyes in an unknown tongue. She took up her Bible, and even that seemed to hold no word of peace.

Something at people in great peril go over their past life, she fell to thinking of hers, but she was soon brought back face to face with the present. The thought that she was struggling so to keep in abeyance at last seemed to break its bonds and fill her soul with an irresistible fascination; she dwelt upon it and did not try to put it aside.

Three nights ago, at midnight, she had awakened suddenly, being conscious of a noxious presence near, and slowly there had grown from it two dark, glittering eyes close to her own, which held her gaze with terrible intentness. The evening in the canon they had been there before her all the way, and she had almost succumbed to their terror. For the first time she had noticed that the brows and corners of the eyes had been slightly upturned, like the Mongolian. What did it all mean? The end was not yet. What would it be? These thoughts seemed to enthrall her.

It was nearly 11 o'clock. Would it come to-night? Outside, the night was so deathly still, and so lonely. Why didn't the wind blow? Anything that would break the spell upon her.

She turned the light down, and threw herself wearily on the bed as she was.

With the first stroke of the clock at midnight she woke from a troubled sleep. In the night she became distinctly conscious of a smoky odor, the unmistakable scent of a Chinese's clothing. A slight noise on the floor caused her to sit up quickly. A man's head and shoulders were slowly emerging from under the bed. One sickening moment she wavered, then sprang out upon him, holding him down for an instant; but he turned, and there glared up at her those same eyes—the fiend like eyes of her vision, and the man was Sing.

She grappled with him in superhuman strength, how many, she never knew. It seemed an eternity. Not a word was uttered. She saw that his superior strength must gain in the end. He constantly tried to reach for a knife, which evidently had been caught in some way, for he failed to get it in his hand.

At last, Allen heard the noise and appeared at the door, almost fainting with fright.

Vinegar is mentioned in the Egyptian records as a medicine in the tenth century, B.C.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS

JAPANESE statistics show that "the whole number of men lost in battle in the war with China is 628." It was a lucky thing for the Japanese army it did not run up against a football team, a Fourth of July or a Brooklyn trolley car.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has just declared unconstitutional the law requiring railway engineers to whistle at every highway, and imposing a fine of \$50 for every failure to do so, half of which went to the informer. For years the farmers along the railways have made considerable money by bringing suits under this law. The Union Pacific Railroad recently had to pay \$8,500 to one man alone.

PREPARATIONS are making to include an exhibition of aeronautical apparatus in the Paris Exposition in 1900. The exhibit promises to be of unusual interest. It will include samples of balloons of various designs and all kinds of flying machines and soaring apparatus. A number of prizes and medals will be awarded or the most successful designs, and all foreigners will be able to compete upon equal terms with French inventors.

THE trained dogs of the German Army seem to be a valuable acquisition. At a recent exhibition in Dresden the animals carried dispatches from one part of the field to another a mile distant in one or two minutes; transported cartridges in pack-saddles to points of need, and assisted men who feigned being wounded, some dogs signaling the spots of the fallen by loud barks, and others dragging the bodies to the rear.

APPROPS of the agitation for good roads, the Detroit Journal says: "The thing to do is to encourage the spirit of road reform, and cause it to spread into all the States." Certainly that is a good thing to strive for, but it is not enough, comments the New York Tribune. Something more than the spirit of road reform is needed. There must be a practical demonstration of the advantages of first-class highways to encourage any community to undertake this work. A few miles of good road are worth more than theories on the subject covering reams of paper.

THERE has been a notable revival in the mining industries of the Pacific coast States and Territories of late, according to reports recently gathered by the San Francisco Chronicle. Many old gold and silver workings are being reopened and new discoveries developed, and there is also a greatly increased activity in the working of the many other valuable mineral deposits of the region in addition to the precious metals. The utilizing of water to generate electric power for running mining machinery is a new factor that gives promise of greatly extending mining operations all over the Pacific coast and the Northwest.

THE desert of Sahara is not all a desert. In 1892 more than nine millions of sheep wintered in the Algerian Sahara, paying a duty of 1,763,000 francs (\$852,000). These sheep were worth twenty francs (\$4) apiece, or in all 175,000,000 francs. The Sahara nourishes also 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels, paying a duty of 1,000,000 francs. In the oases palms, citrons and apricots abound; there are cultivated also onions, pimientos and various leguminous vegetables. The oases contain 1,500,000 date palms, on which the duty is 560,000 francs. The product of each date varies from 8 to 10 francs; these of the desert give about 15,000,000 a year.

NEW YORK CITY is in the midst of a building boom that recalls the flush times of 1889. In fact, there is more money being put into large commercial structures and office buildings on Broadway alone from the Battery to Fourteenth street than at any time previously. The march of improvement, which for so many years was steadily northward, has turned back on its tracks, and twenty-four extensive improvements are in process on that portion of the great thoroughfare indicated. Old and cheap buildings that have for many years been eyesores are being replaced by towering palaces of steel, marble and granite. Eight million dollars is a conservative estimate of the value of the Broadway buildings now going up. On the upper west side, in the territory north of Fifty-ninth street and taking in the Morningside Park district, no less than one hundred high-class apartment houses are building.

A CHURCH has been organized in Bolling County, Mo., with Ida Deckard as chief divinity. She is young, fair-haired and given to seeing visions. Her neighbors, rude, unlettered, superstitiously devout, believe her to be an angel in human form. They worship her as such, and the "church" is based upon their faith in her. The girl is apparently single-minded and sincere.

From her trances she awakens with messages for the faithful, messages claiming sometimes to be from the Deity himself, guiding them as He guided the patriarchs of old. Also, she brings words from the blessed dead.

One effect of the use of mineral or earthy substances in food or drink is to break down the kidneys. The habitual use of bicarbonate of soda in bread, pastries, etc., is no doubt injurious. But how many are willing to give up their hot biscuits at breakfast or their batter cakes, though very palatable bread can be made, and also light, with nothing in it but air and water? Very excellent pastry, and as "light as a puff" can be made with white flour or from flour of the whole wheat.

It requires little management in the baking, but this can be learned; and, if health is any object, it might be worth while to take lessons.

#### Eggs Shipped Without Shells.

A consular report tells of large quantities of shelled eggs being sent from England from Russia and Italy for the use of pastry cooks, bakers, hotels and restaurants. The eggs are emptied from their shells into cans holding 1,000 or more, and after being hermetically sealed are packed with straw into wooden cases, the tape through which the contents are drawn being added by those using them. Great care is necessary in selecting the eggs, as a single bad one would spoil the whole lot. Lower price and saving of time and greater ease and less expense and loss in handling are named as the advantages of this system. Thus far the Russian product has been uniformly good, whereas the Italian shipments have so frequently been spoiled that analysis of the Russian supply has been ordered to determine if preservatives are used.

THE flocking of the rural population to the cities, its results and how to counteract them are problems that yearly become more serious. In the United States there has been a steady growth in the urban population during the last hundred years. In 1790 the percentage of the total population which lived in cities was 8.85. In 1890 it had increased to 29.12. It has grown more than 7 per cent. in the last decade. England's percentage of urban population is the highest in Europe—48 per cent. Thrity Holland is next in the list,

for 38 out of every hundred of her inhabitants live in towns. Belgium's percentage is 34.5 and France's but 24. It is in Sweden and Russia that the rural population is the largest in proportion. In each of these countries 91 persons out of every hundred live outside of the towns. Norway, Greece, Switzerland and Germany, in the order named, have the next largest percentages of urban dwellers.

Every schoolboy knows that one of the signs which foretold the crumbling and downfall of the Roman Empire was the gathering of the country people in the towns. At Rome there were 100,000 poor who lived on alms. The fields were deserted, and agriculture fell into such a deplorable state that in 198 A.D. the exemption from taxes for ten years was decreased for every person who should till the uncultivated fields of the empire.

COMMANDER McGIFFEN, of the late lamented Chinese war fleet, gives in the Century the best account yet published of the battle of the Yalu. From the account and from the comment on the reasons for the Japanese victory are the apparent. The two fleets were of about the same tonnage, rather over 35,000 in each case, but the Chinese had two big armored warships, while the Japs had none at all. The Chinese had also many more heavy guns. On the other hand, the Japanese excelled in rapid fire guns, and with them made it so hot for the Chinese gunners that they couldn't do as much damage with their big guns as in theory they ought against unarmored or light armored vessels. The Japanese fleet had also the advantage in speed, which was a great benefit. After all is said, one comes back to the personality of the fighters. Two of the Chinese ships ran away, and, although the others fought bravely, their strategy was inferior to the Japanese, and their formation was broken up. The supplies and ammunition furnished to the Chinese fleet were inferior, owing to the knavery of thievish contractors. Nor was the defeat, at the worst, conclusive. From all these circumstances the New York Recorder is tempted to wonder what would have been the result of the battle if the opposing