

## MY ROSE.

A wave that rolled up on the wind-swept beach  
Left a pure white rose on the shining sand;  
I stooped for the flower that had found my path  
And sheltered its leaves in my trembling hand.  
Though it long had tossed on the ocean wide,  
Mid the storm and roar of the angry sea;  
The wind and the waves and the ebbing tide  
Had borne it at last to its peace with me.  
The waves and the rocks and the winds that passed  
Had torn at its heart ere they set it free,  
But a tender hand found the flower at last,  
And no storm shall live in its life with me.  
The wind and the waves were the storm of life,  
The past that is dead is the angry sea,  
And my pure white rose is my precious wife,  
And her joy and peace is her love for me.  
—San Francisco Town Talk.

## An Unconscious Hero.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"No," Eleanor Landsberg said as she crushed the cluster of fresh American beauty roses she held in her clasped hands with painful intensity, as if they were somehow to blame, "I cannot marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."  
"Heroes do not exist out of novels," answered Morris Holmes, with that perfect infection that good breeding gives to its possessor: "I cannot fight for my lady love as the medieval knights did, nor fly to the wars, in these degenerate days."  
"Then be a soldier of peace, then again be a daily warrior to be waged that need disciplined soldiers. Be anything but a dawdler on the skirts of society. You believe that because you have inherited a fortune that other men earned for you by the sweat of their brows, that you are to be idle in the lap of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes! When I marry I will choose my husband from among the ranks of the people; my hero must do great deeds, not dream them, all day long."

"My dear Socialist," said Morris, with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "if you will listen to reason a moment you will see that with money you can remedy a great many evils; without it you are practically helpless."  
"How many evils have you remedied, Morris? Answer me that, what I just said. Probably every man and woman in that car read the story aright, but Morris asked a shaggy old man, who sat back of him wrapped in a time-worn plaid, what it meant."

"Well, mon. I misdoubt it were some body slipped aw, and they needed the board to streetch it," said the old Scotchman.  
It was gruesome when Morris understood, and he wondered if Eleanor would have known. You see she was in all his thoughts.

A more desolate place than that in which the "Little Summit" mine was located would be hard to describe. The mine that poured wealth into the coffers of its owners was conducted by ill-paid, sordid men, scruffy boys and half-blind mules. The foreman was brutalized by his un-expected state of things, for he felt himself passively to blame. He could not lay the odium on the shoulders of his agent, for he had never asked a single question concerning the mine, or the moral or physical welfare of the men. He had taken the revenue from it as part of his patrimony, indifferent as to methods. He had been helping to grin women and children into the dust, that he might lol in luxury. His conscience stung him with reproaches which were inadequate to make him suffer as he deserved.

"Your hand, friend," he said to the foreman, and noted the ugly scowl, and determined air of refusal with which the man drew back.  
"Taint as white as yours; and how do I know that you are my friend?" was the surly reply.  
"I am here to see what you need, and will help you if you will let me," answered Morris gently.  
"A spy of an overseer, like enough. The sooner you get out of these quarters, the better for your health. If one of the bloomin' mine owners sent you here, go back an' tell him 'taint safe to come spyin' round.' Tell him, too, that we'll give him a warmer welcome—bonds that they all are!"

The miners, dirty, black and complaining, had gathered around the foreman, and although they hated him, they were bound to him by a common grudge.  
"Tell them to come and get filled with warm lead—we'd heat it fur the 'casion," said a burly miner known as "Old George."

"They doesn't come nigh their own property," said another, "they're white-livered cowards, and not worth the powder to blow 'em to thunder!"  
"Go back to your master and tell him what his lovin' workmen says," said the foreman contemptuously, "an' get a photograph of some of the hungry children and dyin' mothers, for the family album. My misers will give you 'ers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbuckling his heavy ulster, and throwing it open, "have you ever heard of Morris Holmes?"  
A groan and a series of yells saluted him.  
"Aye, an' of his father afore him. It's that he might lie soft and eat fine food, that we get lost in the choke an' damp. If he sent you, go back an' tell him to come out here himself. We've a long account to settle, an' the fingers is waitin'." It was "Old George" who spoke.

"I am Morris Holmes!"  
Now if there is any quality that the rough and lawless of creation recognize, and admire, it is courage, and after the first start of surprise, which in that sudden crowd was genuine and dramatic, the men felt an instant respect for this weakling of wealth, who was not afraid of them, and something like a cheer broke from their hoarse throats.

"I am here to right the wrongs," continued Morris in a voice that sounded like a commander on a battlefield, "but I demand protection at your hands. I demand your confidence, and that of your wives and children. I have the right to ask this. For the present that is all I have to say."

But Morris Holmes had donned the plain dress of the ordinary business man and wore a hideous gray ulster that concealed his elegant personality, and was on his way to the mining district where a mine was located of which he was part owner; not a gold mine, but one that brought in gold—a bituminous coal mine known as the "Little Summit."

Morris had taken little or no notice of this branch of his wealth, the management and details being left to his agent, but when he left Eleanor Landsberg on the occasion of her second and final refusal of his offer of marriage, he suddenly determined to take a trip to the mining coun-

try and try his hand at heroism, in the way of improving the condition of the men who worked in underground chambers, a work to him the embodiment of hardship and privation. He was going incognito, with the feeling of one who is about to perform a long-neglected duty.

The beginning was not auspicious. Morris hated contact with the unwashed stranger, and the day car turned into a rendezvous for the night seemed full of him.  
"I would not make a good soldier, and I certainly am not a good hero," he said to himself, and then he thought of Eleanor, and fancied her soothing the troublesome, crying child in the further end of the car, and gaining the confidence of the mean-looking parents, who were poor and tired.

At the next stopping place he went out to catch a breath of fresh air, and bought a bag of cakes for the baby, an act of generosity that the tired mother appreciated with a smile.

He talked with the father and learned their story. Two children left behind with relatives because they were too poor to take them along, but they had the promise of work where they were going, and then they would send for them. If Morris helped them he did not let his left hand know what his right was doing, but I do know that the children followed their parents a few weeks later.

Morris prepared for a night of vigils, then fell into a sound sleep curled up in a corner of the car seat, and when he awakened it was early morning.

It is an awesome thing to awaken in a car at a night of that sort. The first feeling is one of thankfulness that one is alive; the next an overpowering sense of dirt and discomfort. Morris thought at first that his limbs were paralyzed, but after a vigorous stretch he felt better, and looked out with some interest on a world that was new to him, fresh from the luxuries of the metropolis. He saw the "good-morning" of nature, with man a chimerical speck in his plan. More cabins were perched in commanding positions on hillsides, and sleepy-looking children, bareheaded and barefooted, were saluting the flying train from the open door. He could not understand how anyone could live in such a place. He felt no thrill of fellowship with these grovelers in the by-ways of nature, but he wondered how Eleanor would handle such a problem. He felt a sense of loneliness without her as if she had once belonged to him but had gone.

A longer stop was made at a rude station, and Morris came near to the great tragedy that is enacted in the lowest as well as in the grandest home. But how different the methods! It was not yet sunrise, but the door of a cabin had been flung open, and a woman with an apron thrown over her head rushed out into the morning, followed by two weeping children. Then a man ran out hastily, and going to a building close by, tore a board from its rough roof, and hurried back into the house, followed by the women and children. The train moved on, and Morris saw a woman who had just seen him. Probably every man and woman in that car read the story aright, but Morris asked a shaggy old man, who sat back of him wrapped in a time-worn plaid, what it meant.

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A few cheered him, other remained sullen and discontented, good news being received with caution and suspicion.

Eleanor Landsberg had no word from Morris for six months. Then she received a paper marked in red ink, which had a paragraph that interested her. It gave a plain statement of the great improvement that had taken place in the "Little Summit" mine, and went on to describe the comfortable homes of the miners, the new machinery which had been put into the mines to take the place of child labor, the comfortable stables above ground that had been built for the mules, the improved social conditions of the men's families, and ended with a glowing tribute to the "noble energy of the young and athletic mine owner, Morris Holmes."

Athletic? Eleanor repeated the word with much satisfaction. It was of moral athletes she was thinking, and it pleased her mightily that this word could be thus applied to Morris.

In a few months she received a second newspaper, published like the first, in a town adjoining the mines, and giving the news of that section of country. It also contained a marked paragraph, but the marking was irregular black lines, of jagged pencil, and on the border was drawn a rude hand, pointing to the notice, and the badly written but legible name "Old George."

Eleanor read in a few intense words the news that had been sent to her. There had been an accident in the mine. The roof of an entire chamber had fallen and buried twenty miners beneath it. The men were rescued with great difficulty, and some of them were badly injured.

When all were supposed to have been saved, there was a warning cry, and the wife of "Old George" struggled from the hands of friends and tried to throw herself into the mine. Morris Holmes, pale and out of breath, called for [men to go down with him to rescue George. No one responded. The men owed their lives to their families, and they knew the danger of a falling rock. So Morris, with one look at the blue sky above him, swung into the cage and was lowered alone amid an awe-stricken silence, into the bosom of death. There was not much more to tell. When the signal was given there was willing hands to help deliver the two men from the wreckage, but only one came up alive. The other had succumbed to the fatal damp. A long panegyric followed, but it meant little to Eleanor. Her eyes rested on four old, hackneyed lines, but closed the story; they would never see her.

"For whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the vale low,  
The fittest place for man to die,  
Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again to lose him. He had returned on his shield.

## A DANGEROUS TIP.

It Nearly Cost a Limb, and Perhaps a Life.

There is a hospital superintendent in New York to-day who, when he was a hospital clerk, advised an applicant to lie about the history of his case, and so got him admitted. When he thinks of his kindness and what followed it he shudders at the recollection.

The would-be patient was suffering from a tubercular knee. He had been disabled for three years. The clerk knew that a case of three years' standing would be denied admission. He pitied the sufferer.

"They won't examine you at first," he said. "Tell them your knee was all right until a few days ago. Then they'll accept you. Once in you'll be all right."

The patient followed this advice and was admitted. But he didn't stop at that. When the surgeons examined his knee he astonished them by saying it had been well until a few days before. They thought it strange and cross-examined him. He was firm.

That made all the difference in the world. Had he told them that the limb had been affected for three years, they would have treated it in the ordinary way.

But heroic measures were necessary if what he told them was true, for then it seemed that the case was one of cancerous growth and that amputation at the hip joint was necessary. The operation is often fatal.

The patient heard with firmness their decision to amputate. The date for the amputation was set. On the day before it was to be performed the kind-hearted clerk went into the ward to ask how the patient was getting along.

"My operation is set down for tomorrow," the man said.  
"Operation!" said the clerk in surprise, "what kind of an operation?"  
"Amputation at the hip. I may live through it. It's better to have it over anyway."

"Goodness, man!" exclaimed the clerk, "you don't mean to tell me you stuck to that story about your leg only having been affected for a few days? You told them the truth after you found you had been admitted?"

"No, I didn't," he of the bad limb responded. "They've questioned me several times, but I've stuck to my first story like a brick."

The clerk ran to the house surgeon in mad haste and confessed that he had "inspired" the false history of the case. There was a consultation of surgeons. The operation has not taken place yet.

Better still, the patient walks on two good legs to-day. The clerk is superintendent. But when he thinks of what would have happened if he had postponed for a day his friendly call upon the man with the bad leg, he shudders.

## The Hay Biollus.

One of the latest discoveries in the bacilli kingdom is the "hay bacillus," found guilty of what hitherto been called the "spontaneous combustion" of improperly cured hay. A scientist—who knows all about it, of course—says that the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick-like" being, always and everywhere found on grass and hay. When hay is not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue to live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these mischievous atoms generate heat, and as there are billions of billions of them the heat rises until it reaches 100 degrees C. and more. Then the poor things die. But the mischief goes on. The blades of grass are turned into threads of coal; the coal, condensing the gases developed, increases the heat. Finally, when this transformation has progressed to the surface, a slight draught fans the smouldering mass into flame. In like manner, bacilli of the same genus cause the ignition of manure heaps.

## A BUFFALO FARM.

RAISING THE NEARLY EXTINCT ANIMAL FOR PROFIT.

Montana Contains the Only Domesticated Herd in the Country—Cross-Bred Buffaloes.

Montana is the home of many strange geological and agricultural wonders, but none more so than that of the only herd of domesticated buffaloes in this country. Ravalli is located upon the edge of the old Flathead Indian Reservation, and can be reached by the Northern Pacific, from Helena, in half a day's ride. It is a thriving and enterprising place in a most picturesque part of the country, and in the summer time many tourists get off there to inspect the herd of buffaloes owned by Mr. Chas. Allard and Marchiel Pablo. Scientists and representatives of museums frequently drop off here and try to buy buffaloes to ship east, and one day the leader of a traveling circus tried to bargain for the whole herd. As there are nearly 200 in the herd, and the price for buffaloes is advancing rapidly every year, this enterprising showman did not realize the sum of money he would have required for the purchase. A good buffalo hide is worth \$100 to-day, and a mounted head all the way from \$200 to \$500; but what a whole buffalo would cost it is difficult to say. The owners of the herd are not selling to-day; they are breeding for the future. Letters pour in upon them from all parts of the country asking them their price for from one to a dozen buffaloes.

"But we are not selling any buffalo," says Charles Allard, "for the reason that we need them all at present. They will not be put upon the market for several years yet. Museums, parks and shows are constantly making efforts to get them in quantities, and though we might dispose of one or two singly we have no patience to sell. We will have altogether about 200 by this fall."

Two years ago this herd consisted of 32 animals, and was then located at Omaha, and was known as the Jones herd. Allard paid \$18,000 for them, and removed them to Montana, where they are kept on a large range. Later Marchiel Pablo, a well known cattle merchant, went into partnership with Allard, and the two have conducted the buffalo farm between them ever since. During the present summer a party of scientists and travelers visited the herd, and they enjoyed something rarely tasted in these days, a steak of buffalo. An accident had made it possible for them to try this tempting morsel, and the party pronounced it more delicious than any steak ever put upon the market, and buffalo meat in time may become a rare product of our markets. When the animals are bred in sufficient numbers they will be killed gradually for their hides and heads, and the meat alone will bring a good sum to the owners.

Buffaloes crossed with domestic cattle make fine meat for table use also; some fine specimens here crossed with polled Angus stock are wonders to the strangers. They are all large and magnificent animals, and the fur is finer and closer than that of the pure buffalo. The cross breeds yield very valuable robes and in many ways retain the looks and characteristics of their wild progenitors. Cross-bred buffaloes may yet roam over the country in herds and infuse new blood into our domesticated stock giving them the strength and vitality so much needed in the West to withstand the storms and blizzards. The domesticated buffaloes and the cross-breeds defy the severest storms and they face them every time. While horses and cows will be driven before the storms for many miles the buffaloes simply stand still with their breast toward the wind and wait until it has abated. Then they will hunt around where the snow is thinnest and search for food. Their thick, shaggy coats appear to be water-proof and cold-proof. As soon as a storm approaches the herd bunches together and form a wedge, with the well protected head of the oldest bull at the apex. In this way the weakest cows and calves are sheltered by the more hardy animals.

The domesticated herd has lost much of the natural wildness of the untamed buffaloes, and they feed quietly within the range not far from human spectators; but their instincts are the same, and it is an interesting study to watch them as they graze on the rich grass. The report of a rifle by invariably startles them and they rush across the field in true buffalo style, giving you an idea of what kind of death awaited one who happened to be in their way. The animals are trusty to a certain extent, but it needs an experienced cowboy to handle them when the bulls are around. These animals, though not so fierce as the Spanish bull reared for the arena, are more savage and determined when drawn into battle. If placed in the arena with a Spanish bull, a wild buffalo would come out victor every time, if one can judge of his fighting qualities out here in the native wilds. His head is as hard as a rock, and nothing short of a cannon ball could make an impression upon it. The shaggy hair acts as a thick pad to most of the head and protects the eyes and brain so that a rifle ball could not penetrate through hair and hide unless it happened to strike at a peculiar angle.

"This herd is the only one in this country of any size," explained the head of the valuable herd stock, "although there is a small one in the Texas Panhandle. There are quite a number of wild ones in the Yellowstone Park, too, and there may be a few scattered around in the West. These, however, are scattered over immense ranges, and hidden in almost inaccessible places. In 1838 the northern herd of wild buffaloes contained about 10,000 head, and were located between the Black Hills and Bismarck. But during that summer so many hunters, Indians and white men, surrounded the herd that by October the number was reduced to 1,200. Then Sitting Bull's band arrived at Standing Rock Agency, and in a few days there wasn't a hoof to be found in the whole region. Occasionally one is stumbled upon, but it is a very rare thing. They are literally exterminated. Long before

this southern herd had been killed off by the Indians and white hunters, and the destruction of the northern herd completed the whole business. This is why the American buffalo is becoming an animal of great curiosity to most people."

## Hunting Wolves in Russia.

In Russia there is a method employed for capturing wolves which sometimes proves very efficacious, and which in its carrying out exemplifies the singular combination of ferocity, daring and cowardice which distinguishes these animals. Partly surrounding a house in the forest, an inclosure or yard is formed of high and strong timber, to which admission from the outside can be obtained through one gate only. This is so arranged and weighted as to close automatically, and on the opposite side of the enclosure a very strong, constructed gate leads to the farm premises. When wolves are known to be in the neighborhood a man mounted upon a good horse, and carrying the ever attractive pig, scours the surrounding country until the cries of the latter have brought together a hungry train. Keeping a little way ahead of his pursuers, the horseman then makes for the artificial enclosure, into which he dashes by the outer gate, and out again through the one opposite. The latter is immediately banged to and securely barred by the peasants in charge, while the former closes of its own accord upon the closely following wolves, who are thus fairly trapped. No sooner do the creatures become aware of this than the most abject fear takes the place of ferocity, and their captors dispose of them with axes and cudgels at their leisure.

## A Dog's Passion For Dolls.

The latest sensation in Birmingham is the doll-snatching dog. The animal is the property of a lady who resides at Small Heath, and some time ago one of her little girls was very fond of inducing the dog to carry her doll, and the animal acquired quite a passion for relieving the child of her precious charge. The dog would carry it out for hours, and oftentimes take it to his kennel and lie down beside it for the greater part of the day. He never harmed the doll, always gripping its clothes, and not defacing it in the slightest. Up to a certain point its tendencies were productive of unadulterated fun, and so popular did the dog become that the children of the neighborhood frequently came to its owner's house with the query, "Please, Mrs. —, can your dog come and take my doll a walk?"

But by degrees the animal's healthy affection for dolls developed into an absolute passion, and now a more unpopular quadruped does not exist in the whole suburb. Not content with carrying a doll when requested to do so, the animal commenced to prowl about the neighborhood and forcibly deprive stray children of their treasured pets. Whenever and wherever he saw a doll in a child's arms he would stealthily walk up to her, seize the prize and run off with it to his kennel. In a single day he has been known to bring four captives home, and the maternal indignation of the neighborhood is something terrible to contemplate. If that dog does not mend his ways shortly, his career will be prematurely closed. The animal should be engaged at Christmas time in the interest of the Children's Hospital; he would soon provide dolls for all the inmates.

## Discovered the First Diamond.

The Cape of Good Hope government is contemplating the bestowal of a pension upon Leonard Jacobs, who found the first diamond in the colony. Jacobs, a Korannah, settled in Peniel, now known as Barkly, in 1890. A German missionary, Kalbenberg, told him to look sharp for diamonds, explaining to the ignorant Korannah the value and appearance of the stones. Jacobs' children soon after found several glittering stones. One proved to be a real diamond; the others were crystals. Jacobs' wife, not knowing that any particular value attached to the jewel, exchanged it for calico.

Jacobs set out on the trail of the lucky trader, and finding him, forced him to return the jewel. The Korannah's stone was forwarded to Port Elizabeth, where Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor, purchased it for \$2,500. He named it the "Star of South Africa," and it still remains in his family.

Jacobs, after a lapse of two years, received a horse, wagon and some sheep as payment. The man is now an octogenarian and in hearty health.

## A Model Ship's Captain.

Captain Vaughan, of the British bark Sokoto, has a way of dealing with his men which is a revelation to the old-time "bucko mates," but the reports are that it works like a charm. When in port he feeds them on watermelon, peaches and other fruit when in season, and it is safe to say that provender of that sort was never seen going into a forecastle before. At sea he has no such thing as an allowance, every sailor on the bark being privileged to eat all he wants to and can hold. The men have fresh bread every day, all the "hard tack" they want, canned meats, potatoes, vegetables and fruit. Strange as it may seem, the cost is less than that on any other vessel of the same line. Besides this, the men work more cheerfully, keep the bark looking like a parlor, and never want to leave the employ. Captain Vaughan is breaking down the established custom, but his owners are satisfied, as he is saving money for the firm.—New York Tribune.

## A Millionaire's Confession.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who so narrowly escaped being the victim of the late anarchist outrage in Paris, was once asked by a journalist whether he thought that riches led to happiness. "Ah, no!" answered the millionaire, sadly, "that would be too glorious. Happiness is something totally different. Believe me, the truest source of happiness is—work!"

## A Missionaries' Museum.

One of the most interesting museums in Boston has been removed to Hartford—the museum of curiosities collected during 75 years by the missionaries of the American board, and for many years displayed in cabinets in a little dark room in the Congressional House. The collection is to be deposited in the library of the Hartford Theological Seminary, and Boston will know it no more.

Many of the objects were worthless—unless from a sentimental point of view—pebbles from Palestine, bits of wood or stone broken from temples and the like—but others were of the greatest rarity, interest and scientific value, and some were unique. There were little idols from India, models illustrating life and manufacture in China or Japan, and savage arms and implements from the South Seas. Unlike many similar objects seen nowadays, they were genuine "documents" of savage or barbarous life before it had been touched and influenced by Western civilization. To the ethnographer they were invaluable.

Particularly interesting were the idols and curiosities from the Sandwich Islands, all of them obtained by the earlier missionaries. They included the great idol of the Hawaiian war god, one of the most interesting things in its way ever brought to America. The Hawaiian portion of the collection was not sent to Hartford, but, through the influence of Mr. Gorham D. Gilman, the Hawaiian consul in Boston, it has gone to enrich the Bishop Museum of Hawaiian antiquities in Honolulu.

## Schools in Alaska.

There are nearly two thousand children enrolled in Alaska schools, though there is a school population of from eight to ten thousand. The government contributes about one-third to the support of the schools, and the other two-thirds is provided by the missionary societies. One of the obstacles to the progress of teaching in Alaska is the idea of the northern Eskimo that "to-morrow will be another day," and they make no effort to memorize anything for future use. However, the children seem to have a great desire to know the English language, and study faithfully in the school room, though they often fail to use what they learn outside; and they are uniformly well behaved in the school room.

## Germany's War Dogs.

The Gardejäger Pachmann and Herch, who took two German war dogs to Constantinople the Saturday before Whit Sunday, have returned to Potsdam. The two dogs, when they arrived at Constantinople, had several days' rest before they were shown to the Sultan. His majesty and his officers were so much surprised at the clever and useful performances of the dogs that the German jager were begged to give some Turkish soldiers instruction in the training of such dogs. This was done for several days, after which the Sultan gave the German soldiers each a decoration and \$200, and caused them to be shown the city and its surroundings. The two war dogs were a present to the Sultan from the German Emperor.

## Bluefish Towed a Boat to Sea.

A remarkable catch of bluefish was made in the ocean off Blue Hill life-saving station, Long Island, by Robert and Charles Smith, of this place. A school of bluefish was sighted about a mile off shore, and working to the eastward, the fishermen set a gill net. The rush of the fish was so great that the boat was carried two miles, to Water Island, before the fishermen could get control of the fish. At least half of the fish escaped, yet over two tons were caught in the net.

## Oatmeal for the Teeth.

It has been remarked that in countries where oatmeal, and not fine flour, is in general use the people will be found with the best and whitest teeth. So well recognized is this fact that many doctors order its use as an article of daily diet for children in cases where dentition is likely to be retarded or imperfect.

## An Appropriate Text.

A worthy clergyman of my acquaintance, having been presented to an important living, preached his first sermon from the words, "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers." He was surprised and distressed when the church warden afterward hinted to him that his choice of a text had been hard upon his predecessors.

## Intensifying Color in Wood.

A process has been discovered for intensifying the coloring matter in wood, making wood lustrous and attractive to the eye, as if newly varnished with various colored varnishes. The mixture used acts chemically. It will greatly increase the use of wood instead of wall paper and paint.

## European Families.

The average size of families in Europe is as follows: France, 3.03 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.34; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; Ireland 5.20.

## Found a Beautiful Opal Stone.

Seward Day, of Wilbur, Wash., was carefully hammering an ordinary looking piece of basalt rock a few days since when it suddenly parted into several pieces, exposing a beautiful opal stone over a quarter of an inch in diameter.

## One of Nature's Safeguards.

The eyelids close involuntarily when the eye is threatened in order that this organ may be protected. If a man had to think to shut his eyes when something was thrown at them he would be too slow to save the eye from injury.

## England's Largest Jail.

Portland Prison is England's largest jail. Nearly 2,000 convicts are lodged there, being employed chiefly in the "Crown quarries," from which something like 50,000 to 60,000 tons of Portland stone are annually exported.

## The Man at the Lever.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with habits of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on