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### Then and New.

When life was bright, and balmy youth
Was mine with innocence and truth,
And care was never ruling me,
I loved a damsel fair and gay,
Who to my doubting words would say,
In a caressing, smiling way,
Indeed she wasn't fooling me.

She told the truth—we soon were wed;
The honeymoon long since has fled,
And now she'd oft be ruling me.
Besides these matrimonial ills,
She'll dress in naught but silks and frills,
And when I see those awful bills,
I wish she had been fooling me.

### The False Oracle.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow, and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"—oh, magic brief
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For she pulled the latest left
With "not all left," I heard her say,
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

—*Scribner's.*

## "Who Was My Quiet Friend?"

BY BRET HARTE.

"Stranger!"

The voice was not loud, but clear and penetrating. I looked vainly up and down the narrow darkening trail. No one in the fringe of alder ahead; no one on the gullied slope behind.

"Oh! stranger!"

This time a little impatiently. The Californian vocative, "Oh," always meant business.

I looked up, and perceived for the first time, on the ledge, thirty feet above me, another trail parallel with my own, and looking down upon me through the buckeye bushes a small man on a black horse.

Five things to be here noted by the circumspect mountaineer. First, the locality — lonely and inaccessible and away from the regular faring of teamsters and miners. Secondly, the stranger's superior knowledge of the road from the fact that the other trail was unknown to the ordinary traveler. Thirdly, that he was well armed and equipped. Fourthly, that he was better mounted. Fifthly, that any distrust or timidity arising from the contemplation of these facts had better be kept to oneself.

All this passed rapidly through my mind as I returned his salutation.

"Got any tobacco?" he asked.

I had, and signified the fact, holding up the pouch inquiringly.

"All right, I'll come down. Ride on, and I'll jine ye on the slide."

"The slide?" Here was a new geographical discovery as odd as the second trail. I had ridden over the trail a dozen times, and seen no communication between the ledge and trail. Nevertheless I went on a hundred yards or so, when there was a sharp crackling in the underbrush, a shower of stones on the trail, and my friend plunged through the bushes to my side down a grade that I should scarcely have dared to lead my horse. There was no doubt he was an accomplished rider—another fact to be noted.

As he ranged beside me I found I was not mistaken as to his size; he was quite under the medium height, and, but, for a pair of cold gray eyes, was rather commonplace in feature.

"You've got a good horse there," I suggested.

He was filling his pipe from my pouch, but looked up a little surprised, and said: "Of course." He then puffed away with the nervous eagerness of a man long deprived of that sedative. Finally, between the puffs, he asked me whence I came.

I replied from "Lagrange."

He looked at me a few moments curiously, but on my adding that I had only halted there for a few hours, he said: "I thought I knew every man between Lagrange and Indian Spring, but somehow I sorter disremember your face and your name."

Not particulary caring that he should remember either, I replied, half laughingly, that as I lived the other side of Indian Spring, it was quite natural. He took the rebuff—if such it was—so quietly, that as an act of mere perfunctory politeness, I asked him where he came from.

"Lagrange."

"And you are going to"——

"Well! that depends pretty much on how things pan out, and whether I can make the riffle." He let his hand rest quite inconsciously on the leathern holster of his dragoon revolver, yet with a strong suggestion to me of his ability "to make the riffle" if he wanted to, and added: "But just now I was reckin' on taking a little *pasear* with you."

There was nothing offensive in his speech, save its familiarity and the reflection, perhaps, that whether I objected or not, he was quite able to do as he said. I only replied that if our *pasear* was prolonged beyond Heavytree Hill, I should have to borrow his beast. To my surprise, he replied quietly: "That's so," adding that the horse was at my disposal when he wasn't using it, and half of it when he was. "Dick has carried double many a time before this," he continued: "and kin do it again; when your mustang gives out, I'll give you a fl and room to spare."

I could not help smiling at the idea of appearing before the boys at Red Gulch *en croupe* with the stranger; but neither could I help being oddly affected by the suggestion that his horse had done double duty before. "On what occasion, and why?" was a question I kept to myself. We were ascending the long rocky flank of the Divide; the narrowness of the trail obliged us to proceed slowly and in file, so that there was little chance for conversation, had he been disposed to satisfy my curiosity!

We toiled on in silence, the buckeye giving way to *chimisal*, the westering sun, reflected again from the blank walls beside us, blinding our eyes with its glare. The pines in the canyon below were olive gulfs of heat, over which a hawk here and there drifted lazily, or rising to our level, cast a weird and gigantic shadow of slowly moving wings on the mountain side. The superiority of the stranger's horse led him often far in advance, and made me hope that he might forget me entirely, or push on, grown weary of waiting. But regularly he would halt by a boulder, or reappear from some *chimisal*, where he had patiently halted. I was beginning to hate him mildly, when at one of those reappearances he drew up to my side, and asked me how I liked Dickens!

Had he asked my opinion of Huxley or Darwin, I could not have been more astonished. Thinking it were possible that he referred to some local celebrity of Lagrange, I said, hesitatingly:

"You mean —— ?"

"Charles Dickens. Of course you've read him? Which of his books do you like best?"

I replied with considerable embarrassment that I liked them all—as I certainly did.

He grasped my hand for a moment with a fervor quite unlike his usual phlegm, and said. "That's me, old man. Dickens ain't no slouch. You can count on him pretty much all the time."

With this rough preface, he launched into a criticism of the novelist, which for intelligent sympathy and hearty appreciation I had rarely heard equaled. Not only did he dwell upon the exuberance of his humor, but upon the power of his pathos and the all pervading element of his poetry. I looked at the man in astonishment. I had considered myself a rather diligent student of the great master of fiction, but the stranger's felicity of quotation and illustration staggered me. It is true that his thought was not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it never was rustic nor homespun, and sometimes struck me with its precision and fitness. Considerably softened toward him, I tried him with other literature. But vainly. Beyond a few of lyrical and emotional poets, he knew nothing. Under the influence and enthusiasm of his own speech, he himself had softened considerably; offered to change horses with me, readjusted my saddle with professional skill, transferred my pack to his own horse, insisted upon my sharing the contents of his whisky flask, and noticing that I was unarmed, pressed upon me a silver mounted Derringer, which he assured me he could "warrant." These various offices of good will and the diversion of his talk beguiled me from noticing the fact that the trail was beginning to become obscure and unrecognizable. We were evidently pursuing a route unknown before to me. I pointed out the fact to my companion a little impatiently. He instantly resumed his old manner and dialect.

"Well, I reckon one trail's as good as another, and what hev ye got to say about it?"

I pointed out, with some dignity, that I preferred the old trail.

"Mebbee you did. But you're jiss now takin' a *pasear* with me. This yer trail will bring you right into Indian Spring, and onnoticed, and no questions asked. Don't you mind now, I'll see you through."

It was necessary here to make some stand against my strange companion. I said firmly, yet as politely as I could, that I had proposed stopping over night with a friend.

"Whar?"

I hesitated. The friend was an eccentric Eastern man, well known in the locality for his fastidiousness and his habits as a recluse. A misanthrope of ample family and ample means he had chosen a secluded but picturesque valley in the Sierras, where he could rail against the world without opposition. "Lone Valley," or "Boston Ranch," as it was more familiarly called, was the one spot that the average miner both respected and feared. Mr. Sylvester, its proprietor, had never affiliated with "the boys," nor had he ever lost their respect by any active opposition to their ideas. If seclusion had been his object he certainly was gratified. Nevertheless, in the darkening shadows of the night, and on a lonely and unknown trail, I hesitated a little at repeating his name to a stranger of whom I knew so little. But my mysterious companion took the matter out of my hands.

"Look yar," he said, suddenly, "thar ain't but one place twixt yer and Indian Spring whar ye can stop, and that's Sylvester's."

I assented, a little sullenly.

"Well," said the stranger, quietly, and with a slight suggestion of conferring a favor on me, "Ef you're pointed for Sylvester's—why—I don't mind stopping thar with ye. It's a little off the road—I'll lose some time—but taking it by and large I don't much mind."

I stated, as rapidly and as strongly as I could, that my acquaintance with Mr. Sylvester did not justify the introduction of a stranger to his hospitality—that he was unlike most of the people here—in short, that he was a queer man, etc.

To my surprise my companion answered quietly: "Oh, that's all right. I've heerd of him. Ef you don't feel like checking me through, or if you'd rather put 'C. O. D.' on my back, why it's all the same to me. I'll play it alone. Only you just count me in. Say 'Sylvester' all the time. That's me!"

What could I oppose to this man's quiet assurance? I felt myself growing red with anger and nervous with embarrassment. What would the correct Sylvester say to me? What would the girls—I was a young man then, and had won an *entree* to their domestic circle by my reserve—known by a less complimentary adjective among the "boys"—what would they say to my new acquaintance? Yet I certainly could not object to his assuming all risk on his own personal recognizances, nor could I resist a certain feeling of shame at my embarrassment.

We were beginning to descend. In the distance below us already twinkled the lights in the solitary rancho of Lone Valley. I turned to my companion. "But you have forgotten that I don't even know your name. What am I to call you?"

"That's so," he said musingly. "Now, let's see. 'Kearney' would be a good name. It's short and easy like. Thar's a street in 'Frisco the same title. Kearney it is."

"But"—I began, impatiently.

"Now you will leave all that to me," he interrupted, with a superb self-confidence that I could not but admire. "The name ain't no account. It's the man that's responsible. Ef I was to lay for a man that I reckoned was named Jones, and after I fetched him I found out on the inquest that his real name was Smith—that wouldn't make no matter, as long as I got the man."

The illustration, forcible as it was, did not strike me as offering a prepossessing introduction, but we were already at the rancho. The barking of dogs brought Sylvester to the door of the pretty little cottage which his taste had adorned.

I briefly introduced Mr. Kearney. "Kearney will do—Kearney's good enough for me," commented the *soi-disant* Kearney half aloud, to my own horror and Sylvester's evident mystification, and then he blandly excused himself for a moment that he might personally supervise the care of his own beast. When he was out of ear shot, I drew the puzzled Sylvester aside.

"I have picked up—I mean I have been picked up on the road by a gentle maniac, whose name is not Kearney. He is well armed and quotes Dickens. With care, acquiescence in his views on all subjects, and general submission to his commands, he may be placated. Doubtless the spectacle of your helpless family, the contemplation of your daughter's beauty and innocence, may touch his fine sense of humor and pathos. Meanwhile, Heaven help you, and forgive me."

I ran up stairs to the little den that my hospitable host had kept always reserved for me in my wanderings. I lingered some time over my ablutions, hearing the languid, gentlemanly drawl of Sylvester below mingled with the equally cool, easy slang of my mysterious acquaintance. When I came down to the sitting-room I was surprised, however, to find the self-styled Kearney quietly seated on the sofa, the gentle May Sylvester, the "Lily of the Lone Valley," sitting with maidenly awe and unaffected interest on one side of him, while on the other that arrant flirt, her cousin Kate, was practising the pitiless archery of her eyes, with an excitement that seemed almost real.

"Who is your deliciously cool friend?" she managed to whisper to me at supper as I sat utterly dazed and bewildered between the enrapt May Sylvester, who seemed to hang upon his words, and this giddy girl of the period, who was emptying the battery of her charms in active rivalry upon him. "Of course we know his name isn't Kearney. But how romantic! And isn't he perfectly lovely? And who is he?"

I replied with severe irony that I was not aware what foreign potentate was then traveling *incognito* in the Sierras of California, but that when his royal highness was pleased to inform me, I should be glad to introduce him properly. "Until then," I added, "I fear the acquaintance must be Morganatic."

"You're only jealous of him," she said pertly. "Look at May—she is completely fascinated. And her father too." And actually, the languid, world-sick, cynical Sylvester was regarding him with a boyish interest and enthusiasm almost incompatible with his nature. Yet I submit honestly to the clear-headed reason of my own sex, that I could see nothing more in the man than I have already delivered to the reader.

In the middle of an exciting story of adventure, of which he, to the already prejudiced mind of his fair auditors, was evidently the hero, he stopped suddenly.

"It's only some pack-train passing the bridge on the lower track," explained Sylvester, "Go on."

"It may be my horse is a trifle uneasy in the stable," said the alleged Kearney; "he ain't used to boards and covering." Heaven only knows what wild and delicious revalation lay in the statement of the fact, but the girls looked at each other with cheeks pink with excitement as Kearney arose, and with quite absence of ceremony, quitted the table.

"Ain't he just lovely!" said Kate, gasping for breath, "and so witty."

"Witty!" said gentle May, with just the slightest trace of defiance in her voice. "Witty, my dear? why don't you see that his heart is just breaking with pathos? Witty, indeed; why, when he was speaking of that poor Mexican woman that was hung, I saw tears gathering in his eyes. Witty, indeed!"

"Tears," laughed the cynical Sylvester, "tears, idle tears. Why, you silly children, the man is a man of the world—a philosopher, quite, observant, unassuming."

"Unassuming!" Was Sylvester intoxicated, or had the mysterious stranger mixed the "insane verb" with the family pottage? He returned before I could answer this self-asked inquiry, and resumed coolly his broken narrative. Finding myself forgotten in the man I had so long hesitated to introduce to my friends, I retired to rest early, only to hear, through the thin partitions, two hours later, enthusiastic praises of the new guest from the voluble lips of the girls, as they chatted together in the next room before retiring.

At midnight I was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs and the jingling of spurs below. A conversation between my host and some mysterious personage in the darkness was carried on in such a low tone that I could not learn its import. As the cavalcade rode away, I raised the window.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Sylvester, coolly, "only another one of those playful homicidal freaks peculiar to the country. A man was shot by Cherokee Jack over at Lagrange this morning, and that was the sheriff of Calaveras and his posse hunting him. I told him I'd seen nobody but you and your friend. By the way, I hope the cursed noise hasn't disturbed him. The poor fellow looked as though he wanted rest."

I thought so, too. Nevertheless, I went softly to his room. It was empty. My impression was that he had distanced the sheriff of Calaveras about two hours.

### Words of Wisdom.

He that is everywhere is nowhere.

Confidence generally inspires confidence.

Jealousy is no more than awkward homage.

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.

No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly.

To what use serves learning if the understanding be away.

The best government is that which teaches self-government.

If individuals have no virtues their vices may be of use to us.

Age makes us not childish, as men say; it finds us still true children.

Two things the most opposite blind us equally—custom and novelty.

Fishes live in the sea as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

A kiss ought to be a mark of honest affection, not a weapon of hypocrisy.

Prosperity does best discover vice, but adversity does best discover virtue.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonably than to cease reasoning on things above reason.

It is not enough to have great qualities; we should also have the management of them.

Let no man trust the first step of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice, whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.

The misery of the young man who courts a sparkling, fashionable belle and loses her, is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.

We observe with confidence the truly strong mind, view it as intellect or morality, or under any other aspect, is nowise the mind acquainted with its strength; that here the sign of health is unconsciousness.

We adore graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.

The passions are the only orators that never succeed. They are, as it were, nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama it must keep doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes.

### Health and Slow Pulse.

Some interesting statements are reported to have been made at a meeting of the Clinical Society, London, showing that a slow pulse may in no wise interfere with health. The most remarkable case, perhaps, was that of Dr. Hewan, as related by himself. It seems that, twenty-one years ago, after prolonged study and work, his pulse fell from seventy-two to fifty-five, and he felt very cold; from that time its frequency gradually decreased until about eleven years later, when it was but twenty-four beats per minute. Its present rate is about twenty-eight. Notwithstanding this, he has not suffered from fainting, fits or cold, is capable of great physical exertion—of which evidence is to be found in his ascent of a high mountain—and his digestion remains unimpaired. Another speaker said that Napoleon had a slow pulse, being about thirty to forty per minute; and another member stated the rate of a horse's pulse to be only sixteen.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Farm Notes.

Running spring water is far better for cows whose milk is intended for first-class butter or cheese, than pond water or even than well water, since the quality of the water influences the milk as much as the character of the food.

Spruce butter tubs are the best; white hemlock makes a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long and increases the liability to mould; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.

Alonzo Crafts has found a good use for sour cider. He had a sow with a litter of nine pigs which the sow would not own, and towards which she was very violent, and but for their timely removal the little pigs would all have been killed. He gave the sow two quarts of sour cider and in a few minutes she lay down evidently "the worse for liquor." While she was in this condition the pigs were twice put to her to suck, and when she recovered from her "drunk" she owned the pigs all right, and now seems exceedingly fond of her progeny.

Have just examined a piece of evergreen sweet corn which was planted with seed selected by using only the upper ear where two grew on a stalk last year. The result is that nearly every stalk has two ears on; even five stalks in one hill gave ten good ears, and I think that there were as many single stalks with three ears on as there were with only one, but the two ears to the stalk were almost universal. Now, as we are so often reminded that we can improve our corn by selecting seed, let us take the more pains thus to improve this most noble American product.—*Rural Home.*

The farm of John Hawley, Brant N. Y., who has practiced the soiling system of feeding for some time, contains fifty acres, all of which, with the exception of a piece of timber and rough land, is under a very high state of cultivation. Upon the place are about ten head of cattle, two horses and perhaps a few head of loose stock at times. There are about ten acres devoted to small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., leaving but forty acres to furnish feed for the horses and cattle during the year. The cows are many of them grade Ayrshires, and Mr. Hawley is turning his whole herd, to this breed as fast as possible, as he thinks it adapted to this system of feeding better than the majority of breeds. To adopt this system, preparations must be begun in the fall, it appears, as some plant must be ready to cut early in spring. A piece of winter rye, large enough to furnish a month's feed or so, is sown in the fall which is ready to cut the latter part of April or beginning of May: then follows millet (two or three varieties), clover, sowed corn, etc. As fast as a crop is taken off another should be sown, thus keeping the land under crop all the while. Mr. Hawley claims that his soil increases in fertility every year; in fact, it looks reasonable that a lot of weeds will exhaust the soil just as much as some profitable plant. Then the manure pile is being constantly increased, and the more crops raised the more fertilizing material is there returned to it. Great care should be taken to save all the liquids.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

### Household Hints.

TO PREVENT DECAY IN MEATS.—Sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax; rub it well into the meat, and let it remain five or ten minutes on ice, or longer, if desired. Just before cooking wash it well in a strong solution of borax water, and do not rinse again. If it is to be boiled or parboiled, add a little borax to the water in which it is boiled; a quarter of a teaspoonful will answer.

TO KEEP LEMONS FRESH.—Place them in a jar with water enough to cover them. They will keep fresh in this way several days without changing the water.

TO CURE BUNIONS.—Bind a fine linen band tightly around the foot and over the bunion, sew it on if necessary, and wear it day and night; bathe the feet frequently in strong borax water, using a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water.

TO RID A DOG OF FLEAS.—Wash him thoroughly with common soft soap, such as they use on board ships; or place him on a newspaper and rub Persian insect powder well over him, and the fleas will drop out on the paper and die almost immediately. This method is also effective with rats.

TO MAKE CALICO TRANSPARENT AND WATERPROOF.—Take six pints of pale linseed oil, two ounces of sugar of lead, and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of it, and added to the remainder. The resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on calico, or any other such material, by means of a brush.

BREAKING GLASS TO ANY REQUIRED FIGURE.—Make a small notch by means of a file on the edge of a piece of glass, then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron of the same size, red-hot in the fire, apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass in any direction you please; a crack will follow the direction of the iron.

GOOD USE FOR SOAP-SUDS.—Save your washing suds for the garden; if they are poured over the roots of the plum trees, they will kill the curculio; if turned at the roots of the geraniums, roses, etc., they will enchance their beauty tenfold.

TO CLEAN COLORED SILK.—Wash in warm soap-suds, rinse in clear, warm water, dry quickly, and iron on the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

### Exercise and Occupation.

Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—there are the grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a greater preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the wind, the waves, the earth itself are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours of exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent, "Throw but a stone and the giant dies." Low spirits can't exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

### Farming by Wholesale.

The Taopi farm in Mower county, Minn., is on the line of the C., M. and St. P. R. R. It extends three miles one way by two and three-fourths the other. The crops raised this season were: 2,250 acres of wheat, 600 acres of oats, 100 of corn, twenty of potatoes, and 200 of timothy. Thirty pairs of horses and mules an average of twenty-five men are employed throughout the season, and during harvest nearly double the number. The farm is subdivided into tracts of two miles in length by one in width, and at the commencement of the plowing, four furrows around a track, making twenty-four miles, constitutes a day's work.

## WITH THE TURKS.

**What a War Correspondent Saw on a Turkish Train—The Wild Zeibecks Described.**

A war correspondent traveling on a train in Bulgaria describes some of his fellow-passengers in the following vigorous and graphic language:

Arrived at the station, I found the Varna train already in and the platform crowded with the usual picturesque throng of soldiers, Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, which make a Turkish railway station in these warlike times a study for a painter. The train, which was of great length, and drawn by two powerful engines, was crammed from end to end with a regiment of Zeibecks, or Asiatic irregulars, the same gentlemen whose very irregular conduct at Constantinople and then at Varna has resulted in their being shipped off as far away as possible—to the banks of the Danube, at Rutschuk, where they will have ample chance of exercising their peculiar talents in the pillaging of deserted houses or in marauding expeditions into Wallachia.

At Sheitanjik, the next station to Shumla, where a halt of half an hour enabled the passengers to get some breakfast the Zeibecks poured out of the carriages by hundreds, and I was able to study them at my ease. Great, strapping, muscular fellows they were, clothed in all the colors of the rainbow, and with complexions varying from a light brown, not deeper than auburn, to a coal black. It is by his head and legs that the Zeibeck is to be distinguished from his Mussulman kinsmen in Europe. Although since their arrival in the country many of them have adopted the fez alone as headdress, a large proportion still retain the extraordinary coiffure in which they seem to delight. It is a complicated top hamper of turbans and handkerchiefs wound round and twisted in many cunning and rakish folds and piled up in a pyramid, on the apex of which, quite clear of the head, is placed a fez, with a tassel reaching to the shoulder. One huge dandy, a man of herculean proportions, in addition to the flowing tassel of his fez, had suspended from the pyramid a fringe of gay colored stuff, which dangled about his ears and round his neck. It was a headdress worthy of—and indeed very suggestive of—a red Indian chief. As to his legs, the Zeibeck is also remarkable. He wears short, baggy breeches, ending above the knee, which is left bare; from below the knee to the ankle his sturdy limbs are encased in greaves of cloth, embroidered and worked in fanciful colors; his feet, innocent of covering, are protected by stout slippers.

In their broad sashes the Zeibecks carry a whole arsenal of weapons; swords, long and short, straight and curved, with curious guardless hilts, sometimes beautifully inlaid or carved; daggers and knives, with sheaths of embossed silver; quaint flintlock pistols, with handles of ivory and damascened locks and barrels. Add to these a long gun, slung at the back, and you have a Zeibeck in his war paint. He has about him the means of putting to death by distinct and separate methods a dozen men; but as his range of smooth bore flintlock firearms and short swords is not adapted to modern European warfare, he is, so they say, to be armed and drilled at Rustchuk like the rest of the army of the Sultan, and instead of carrying the lives of many "Muscovs" in his sash he is to carry them neatly packed away under the spiral spring of a Winchester rifle. But, whether armed with a blunderbuss or repeater, the Zeibeck is said to be a desperate fighter, absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the word fear.

The words, "Biler pipe bust," shouted from the engine, probably did not convey much idea to our Asiatic friends, but the explanation seems satisfactory, for the heads went in as the train backed rapidly down the incline and again drew up at Sheitanjik, where we had to wait two mortal hours while the damaged pipe was replaced or mended. The train was emptied again and the Zeibecks scattered over the fields around the station, or squatted patiently about the platform. The European passengers by way of beguiling time began another breakfast, much to the astonishment of their Oriental fellow travelers who gazed in wonder through the window. Never touching wine or strong drink, and subsisting for days and weeks together upon bread and water, these abstemious, self-denying people might well marvel at the capacity of the Giaours. Before the damaged engine was ready for work again the sun had set and the hour of prayer had arrived. Along the entire length of the platform, with one accord, the Zeibecks ranged themselves in line. Facing toward the Holy City (Mecca), and devoutly putting off their shoes, they made their evening prayer. It was a most striking sight. A hundred pairs of hands were raised simultaneously in adoration, a hundred foreheads touched the ground together. Bristling with weapons and gay with all the picturesque variety of Eastern costume, the long line of pious warriors stood, knelt and was prostrated. It was the strangest "church parade" I had ever seen. *La Ilah il Allah ve Mohammed reoul Allah*—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the right of God." Once more we were translated into the Middle Ages. Just as a robber baron of old would burn his neighbor's castle, carry off his wife and then found a chantrey, so these Mussulman freebooters of today will pillage a house, "find" a purse, and then put off their shoes and pray.

### The Writer's Cramp.

A paper read by M. Bouilland before a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences gives an account of his further researches relative to lesions of the brain. In his former communications he demonstrated that the loss of speech was due to a malady of the third circumvolution of the left anterior lobe of that organ. He now goes farther, and asserts the three faculties which essentially distinguish man from other animals—speech, reading and writing—are each controlled by separate portions of the brain. In his researches he discovered that the paralysis of one of those functions could exist without the others being effected, and he gives as an example a case in which he was called to a consultation on a young man, whose avocations compelled him to write continually. At first the patient had felt a slight weakness in writing, then a great difficulty, and finally, an absolute loss of the faculty. The result of the closest examination could not detect any defect in the muscles of the arm or hand, the latter retaining all its sensitiveness and power for every other purpose than that of writing, and all his other functions being moral and in good condition. The conclusion arrived at was that the source of the infirmity must not be sought for in the external organs, but in the center itself of nervous action—the brain. The young man was advised to write with his left hand, which he rapidly succeeded in doing. The defect from which he suffered had long been known as writers' cramp, just as the loss of speech was for centuries termed paralysis of the tongue. Both designations were equally erroneous, both being now attributed to maladies of certain portions of the brain.

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

## A LOST LIFE.

**Memoir of a Man Who Died at Seventy-One. Yet Never Lived at All.**

A few weeks ago there was found dead in his house at Dijon, France, Paul Legrand, a man of seventy-one, and a well-known character of the city. Evidences of suicide, in the presence of a half-emptied laudanum bottle, and a tumbler with the dregs of a dose of poison in the bottom, were at hand, and on the table beside them was the following most curious memoir—a memoir which will take its place in the collection of literary curiosities of the century, and by which the author seems to have proved, very conclusively for himself, at least, that, dying at the age of seventy-one, he had not really lived at all:

"All suffering, pain, ennui, despair, sorrow, desire and regret should be taken from our lives," he writes, and then proceeds to deduct those experiences from his own score of years, and to foot up the loss.

The whole memoir may perhaps be explained by one of the opening clauses:

"At the age of three years I was weaned," it says. "At six I spoke, but badly; at seven years I cracked my skull, and at nine was cured. I therefore deduct these nine years from my existence—for it cannot be called life to drink the sour milk of the nurse, to speak incoherently, to crack one's skull.

"At nine years I began my studies; but having a hard head, in consequence of my cracked skull, I was slow of instruction. At the end of two years I knew my alphabet, but at what cost! The letter Z alone cost me 1,400 blows with a ruler, and the twenty-three others martyred me. At twelve years I could read, it was true, but my body was sealed with those alphabetical scars.

"They now endeavored to teach me Latin, and I forgot my French. At fifteen years I knew absolutely nothing at all, and in consequence of a bread-and-water diet was a mere skeleton. I therefore deduct, for my school days, six years more from my miserable life.

"At fifteen my father apprenticed me as clerk to a notary. Now commenced a new species of martyrdom. I rose at six, swept the office, built the fire, and was kicked by the head clerks, while my father, in consequence of the complaints made against me, deprived me of my dinner. The five years I spent this way I deduct off what is left of my life.

"At twenty years my father, disgusted with me, shipped me on a vessel at Cherbourg. I washed the forecastle, coiled the cables, climbed the masts, reefed the sails, and received at least th rty blows on the back with a marlinspike each day. This lasted for four years, and at the end I had no back left at all.

"At twenty-four years my father made me a mercer, and married me to the daughter of a turner. On the night of the wedding I discovered that my wife had a wooden leg, manufactured by her father. The poor woman made me a thousand excuses, and I pardoned her in consideration of her dowry, of 30,000 francs, invested in a mortgage on a Gaudaloupe sugar plantation. But soon the negroes of Guadaloupe revolted and burned my dowry. Nothing was left me but the wooden leg.

"At thirty years I lost my wife of a tumor on her good leg. I had passed the six years of my married life repeating every minute: 'What a fool I was to take that wooden leg!' I therefore deduct these six years from life.

"Having, like all the world, spent a third of my life in sleep, I deduct twenty-four years more, which is less than a just estimate, as I am a great sleeper.

"One year more I lost, minute for minute, in hunting for the key of my secretary, which I always mislaid. Three years vanished by my making such remarks as 'What time is it?' 'It is bad weather to-day,' 'I'm tired,' '*Mon Deau! Mon Dieu!*' etc. Six months spent in blacking my boots, and six in brushing my hat. One year lost in the between acts at the theater. Another in listening to new plays. One year again in complaining of soups with too much salt in them, of overdone cutlets, indigestions, and hard eggs. Total, then, seventy-one years.

"I think, then, that in rendering up my life to God, I am not making Him a present of anything of much account."

### Why They Didn't Appland.

Once upon a time "Comical" Brown—the name will readily recall the image of the substance—determined to give one of his side-splitting entertainments in a small town not many miles from Worcester. There was no theater building in the place, nor was there a public hall; but through the aid of several "prominent citizens" the vestry of a church was secured for the entertainment.

The sexton was a man noted all over the surrounding regions for the rigor of the decorum maintained by him in the church and for his summary manner of dealing with all offenders.

When the show people arrived he assisted them in arranging for the entertainment, displaying more kindness than his severe countenance gave any indication of, and when the curtain went up he stood leaning against one of the window sills at the side of the room.

At the close of the entertainment the sexton again took hold and assisted the show people in removing their properties. He seemed to be good-natured and talkative; while "Comical" Brown was quite the reverse.

"I tell you what," said the sexton with great enthusiasm, "you just want to bring this show here again some time."

"Guess not much," growled "Comical;" "once'll do here."

"Why? Wasn't the vestry full, and wasn't they just tickled to death—tickled all up in kinks, eh?"

"I didn't see anything of it. They just sat there; didn't laugh—didn't applaud"—

"Laugh! appland!" ejaculated the sexton, in amazement. "See here, mister; I've been sexton in this church for nigh a quarter of a century, and if anybody had dared to laugh or applaud inside that door it would have been the first time in upwards of fifteen years."—*Worcester Press.*

### Intelligent Eels.

The oddest pets yet are some eels that a Mr. Hale is keeping in a brook near his house in Rockport, Mass. After he had fed them several times he observed that they seemed to be waiting for his visit, and with a little training they were induced to eat food directly from his hand. Then they learned to play and fondle about his fingers, held in the water, and enjoyed his caresses. More recently, the largest one of the four, a huge old fellow, two feet long and very large around, allows Mr. Hale to take him entirely out of the water, slide him about freely from hand to hand, apparently enjoying the novel gymnastics. When Mr. Hale goes to the brook he calls them with a peculiar whistle, and they soon come rushing briskly from down stream. Not long ago he brought them the usual lunch of fish and mackerel, when only the large one came. The eel waited a few moments, then turned down streem and soon came back bringing his tardy family to supper. This shows there is no touch of the human in them, for any ordinary biped boarder would have pitched in without waiting, and cleared the table.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

## A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.

**A Worm Farm at Nottingham, England—How Worms are Collected and Raised fo the Market.**

When at Nottingham a few days ago, I was much pleased at the discovery of an entirely new industry, namely, the rearing and education of worms for the purposes of anglers. Mr. Wells, fishing-tackle maker, of Sussex street, Nottingham, carries on a business and trade in worms. He has several people in his employ who collect worms every favorable night during the year. He sells the following kinds of worms, namely, the lob or dew worm, the cockspur and the ring-tailed brandling. In dry weather worms are scarce; the men have to water the ground for them. In wet weather the worms are better and heavier. They are caught in the meadows and pasture lands in the neighborhood; the supply is not failing.

The worms are sold by the thousand or the quart. In a warm, moist night from two to six thousand worms are brought in by the collectors. Some people can collect worms much better than others. The worms are very cunning, and are apt to pop back into their holes if the person treads heavily.

When the worms are brought in, Mr. Wells at once begins his training operations by placing them in properly selected moss. Stag's horn moss will not do at all, it is too harsh. Grass is bad. Field moss is the best. The worms are put into the moss to scour. A fresh-caught worm is very delicate and tender, and easily breaks up when put on the hook. When a worm is properly educated he is as tough as a bit of india rubber, and behaves as a worm should when put on a hook. The way to test a worm is to take him up and pass the finger gently down the length of him. If anything comes out of him he is not fit, and is put back for further training. The meaning of this is that the wild worms contain, more or less, food undergoing digestion. When put into the moss this food disappears. The moss in some way facilitates this operation, but I cannot quite see how this is, unless the worms disgorge all their former food, and practically become very little else than skin.

The keeping of worms depends very much upon the weather. They will not keep well above a week. Mr. Wells has a supply of worms ready for his customers all the year round. He goes over his moss very frequently, picking out the mauled and mashed worms, and only sending to market the plump and healthy ones, which are packed up for market in moss; the bags used are of light canvas.

Not only does Mr. Wells collect worms, but he also breeds them in considerable quantities. In his garden is a special heap made of vegetable matter, expressly for the purpose of breeding worms. I shall not, of course, say what substance for worm-breeding is most favorable; this is a professional secret. On turning the heap over where the worms are bred, it was very interesting to see the worms in various stages of growth. Mr. Wells knows from experience pretty well what the age of a worm is. I had the pleasure of pointing out to him the eggs of the worm. These are about three lines long, and somewhat oval. They had a sort of lid at each end, which opens when the young are liberated. I believe that two young are sometimes produced from the same egg.

The business of worm selling has been going on some ten years and is gradually increasing.—*Frank Buckland, in Land and Water.*

### Who "Sitting Bull" Is.

A correspondent of a New York paper at Fort Walsh, in the British Northwest Territories, gives some interesting information concerning Sitting Bull, the Indian leader at the Custer massacre. It will be remembered that after the massacre of Custer's command, Sitting Bull eventually made his way to the British possessions, where he has been living in security. The correspondent says of him:

The mystery that has hitherto shrouded the person of the great Sioux warrior has been removed. In conversation after dinner with one of the police officers, he said that he was a native of Fort Garry, and an Alumnus of St. John's College there—statements which he himself afterward confirmed. Several old traders who have had a look at him declare that they remember him well as Charlie Jacobs, a half-breed who attended the college in its infancy thirty years ago. This young Jacobs was of Objibway birth, and was a remarkably intelligent lad, with ambition to become a "big Injun." He disappeared from Fort Garry about 1853. When asked by the police officer if he recollected anything about Fort Garry, Sitting Bull laughed heartily, and said he knew the principal people there, among others, Donald A. Smith, the Hudson Bay factor; James Sutherland, and Father Vary, now a missionary at the Sault. He was also well acquainted with the late James Coss, Chief Justice of the Riel-Lepine Government in 1869-70. indeed, he says they were boys together. Ross was a half-breed, who, after graduating at St. John's College, went to Toronto University, where he was a gold medalist. Sitting Bull says his father, Henry Jacobs, was at one time employed as interpreter by Father Prouix on Manitoulin Island, but whether the old gentleman is dead or not he does not know. Sitting Bull is thoro