

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

A SONG.

In any sail in the world, I wonder?
Does any one weep on a day like this?
With the sun above, and the green earth under,
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—
With the winds to follow and say they love me—
Who could be lonely? O ho, not I!

Somebody said in the street this morning,
As I opened my window to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning;
But I looked, and the East was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the Earth is a vale of sin;
But I, and the best, and the birds—we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle,
That love is sorrow, that life is care,
And the spider Death with his shining sickle
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush, and we laughed together,
Laughed till the woods were all a-tingle,
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,
"Well, people must croak, if they cannot sing."

Up he flew, but his song remaining,
Rings like a bell in my heart all day,
And silenced the voices of weak complaining
That pipe like insects along the way!

O world of light, and O world of beauty!
Where are the pleasures so sweet as mine?
Yes, life is love, and love is duty;
And with heart's sorrow, O ho, not mine!
—Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.

THOSE DUNNING BOYS.

"O, yes! it's a good soil for melons; first-rate along this slope. Sandy, so there's never standing water; and we could have 'em easy enough, but, you see, those Dunning boys—"

"I should certainly think those boys had as many legs as a centipede," said Ruth.

"I hear of them in every garden in town, yet nobody ever catches them. They seem to have more force of character than all the village put together, for when I ask why there isn't more fruit, or why somebody doesn't have a strawberry-bed or some raspberries, there is always the same answer, 'O, you can't on account of the Dunning boys.' They look harmless, too, and seem good-natured; but it's an absolute despotism, and, as good Americans, I should say the time had come for revolt. You are an old soldier, Hiram. Tell me the way."

Hiram chuckled as Ruth looked at him. The two had become great friends, and he often came down from his old shop where he now and then tried his former trade of cobbling, and leaning over the garden gate, watched her among her flower-beds, which bloomed as no other beds in Lowgate had ever done. Hiram had for many years driven the stage between Lowgate and the Springs, till rheumatism disabled him, and now lived with his wife in the little house back of the shoemaker's shop his son had used till sent to the West by the hopelessness of making a living from it. Hiram himself was too old for change, and indeed the neighborhood could ill spare him. Grave-digger, bell-ringer, genealogical register for every family in the township, and, above all, story-teller at large, remembering everything that had ever happened to anybody, and with a dry humor which played in every wrinkle and lighted up his rather melancholy brown eyes. A little dismayed at first by his free-dom, Ruth had come to find him an un-failing source of amusement, and often of something deeper, and to talk over many things which puzzled or troubled her in this new life, in which unexpected difficulties were always cropping up.

"You can't expect the boys to be any other way," said Hiram, after a pause.

"You see it was in their father before them and it will out. Didn't I ever tell you about old Dunning?"

"Never," Ruth said.

"Wal, there's one story I think of just this minute that's good any way to show the way he came up an' the way they come up. I'll just sit down on the steps here while you're pullin' off them dead leaves. It's cur'us I hain't said anything about him before. Old Dunning stood for more tom-foolery, I do suppose, than any other ten men in the township. You see he was lake-mad, like a good many about here, and bound from the time he was ten years old to get his livin' out of the lake. Now Champlain looks plain sailin' enough, but you that just come down in a pleasure-boat from Whitehall, you don't know much about it. Up there in them Narrows I've seen the boat draw so much water the fish'd just be floppin' up an' down along the banks, an' a pint for 'em to swim in. An' there's rocks an' shoals, an' a man has to keep his eyes open or he'll be aground, sure as fate."

"Wal, old Dunning began just after the war of '12, when a good many sloops was runnin', an' he was cabin-boy, an' he went on, first one thing an' then another, an' there wasn't no captain on the lake that didn't make up his mind he'd as soon try a saw-horse for cabin-boy. Somehow or nuther old Dunning didn't ever get the hang of anything but stowing away his victuals and stealin' whatever come handy. He couldn't see a tenpenny nail lyin' round loose but what he wanted it, an' he'd it too, and all sort of easy and nat'ral that somehow he never got took up for it the way other folks do. His mother had a farm just over the Canada line, an' when he couldn't sail the lake he smuggled, an' I could tell you some of the ways if you cared to know any time."

"He got married finally to a French gal, an' took her home, an' they scratched along somehow, but it wasn't till his boys was fifteen or so that he managed somehow or other to get a sloop of his own. That set him up, I can tell ye! An' he might have made a good livin' if he hadn't spent so much time gettin' aground, or lettin' his sails blow off, or some such nonsense. They'd see signals flyin' an' they'd all say: 'Old Dunning's in another muss,' and sometimes they'd hurry and sometimes they wouldn't."

"These two boys took to stealin' just as easy as their father. I don't know why they shouldn't. It was in the blood on both sides. These boys couldn't read, an' there wasn't a man nor woman neither that seemed to think it was any

o' their business. I don't know. I can see through a knot-hole, as easy as anybody, but I hain't seen yet what the right o' this thing is."

"Wal, the long an' short of it is, Old Dunning an' them boys got to be kind o' pirates in a small way, an' wherever that sloop come folks was on the watch for their gardens an' hen-roosts. Most everybody along the shore has ducks an' geese, an' it was mighty handy to get one or two o' these. An' the queer thing was, everybody know, an' nobody ever caught 'em. Old Dunning had a wheedly kind o' way, an' he'd go up into the village, an' an' tell stories an' like as not his boys were robbin' the gardens of the very men that listened to him. Then they'd set sail and make for the middle o' the lake, an' next day try the other side, unless they got a load from somewhere. I will say for him he always carried his freight fair an' square, an', as I say, might a made an honest livin' if he'd liked."

"This time I'm tellin' about was sweet-corn time and plenty of nice roasting ears, an' Old Dunning kalkilated to live pretty easy. He was half way up the lake, nigh a first-rate garden patch he hadn't never been to, because the man was pretty stuffy an' had said he'd floor 'em all, and give 'em a ducking too, if they meddled with him. It was a dark night and a pretty stiff breeze, an' the sloop came along after nightfall an' cast anchor. The boys went ashore an' filled a sack with sweet corn an' going back they just wrung the necks o' two geese an' took them along. They see the wind was goin' down some, but they concluded it would be all right, so they just hoisted anchor an' went below. First, though, they shucked the corn and picked the geese an' threw the shucks and the feathers overboard, an' then they lit a fire an' had a royal supper; eat just like them Frenchers, an' then got ready to turn in. Went on deck an' cast anchor. "I guess we're far enough out now to keep 'em from lookin' us up," says old Dunning, and they went to bed.

"They slept pretty heavy, and it wasn't till late the next morning that they roused up. Old Dunning woke first, an' started up on deck with a goose's drumstick in his hand. He rubbed his eyes when he got there and wasn't sure but what he was dreaming. The sloop hadn't stirred one inch. It was a dead calm, and there they were not thirty rods from shore, an' them shucks and feathers jest lyin' on the water tellin' their own story. An' before he could make up his mind what he'd better do he see the man pullin' off from shore and the Sheriff along with him.

"They say the devil helps his own, an' it does look that way sometimes. What do you think? Old Dunning went forward an' helped them aboard, an' he points to them shucks an' feathers, an' he says:

"Ye see, I've jest lain in right here. I told them boys when they come aboard with that corn an' them geese, I said to them, 'Boys, sez I, you was hungry, an' we hadn't lain in enough to last, an' there's some excuse for you, boys, but I tell you this, cock what you've got, but here I stay, in the mornin' I'm going ashore to pay for every mite you've taken. Robinson's a fair man, when he sees I'm fair he won't want to prosecute; but, by the Lord Harry! I'll give you to the Sheriff myself if I ever catch you at such doings again.' That's what I said to the boys."

"For a moment Robinson looked at the Sheriff, an' the Sheriff looked at him. They was master hands for a joke, an' they see through this one well enough. They burst out laughing, an' Robinson says, "Well, Dunning, we'll let it go that way this time. Hand out your money."

"Old Dunning kind of winced, but he took out his wallet and paid two dollars and fifty cents."

"Call again, Dunning," the Sheriff says, as they pulled off. "I've got some pretty good geese myself, and I'll trade all you like on the same terms."

"Dunning grinned, but he looked pretty black; an' them boys of his'n was black and blue too, when he got through with 'em. First thing they knew he had 'em out on the cabin floor an' was given 'em to 'em with a rope's end. Still, they was used to that, an' it soon passed over when they found out what he was at them for. They was ready to be knockin' 'em down, but he was the only thing to ease his mind. Anyhow, that's the way I account for their always stickin' together. The house burned down one night in one o' their frolics, or after it, when they was both drunk, an' one o' 'em was burned pretty bad, an' died. Then the rest come down here—Pete Dunning an' what children there was. That's their place half way up the east bank as you go down towards the island."

"Then these boys are not old Dunning's boys at all?"

"No, not his'n, but Pete's. There ain't but two boys; but there's four or five gals all livin' in them two rooms, an' how, the Lord only knows. They don't beg, that's one good thing about them; but they're wider than hawks, an' they ain't as civilized as heathen. I don't suppose one o' 'em can read; an' them two boys, Antoine and Pete, they ravage round in all the gardens, an' they've got all the cuteness of their father an' their grandfather, too, and you can't catch 'em. I've knowed folks with grapes sit up three nights running with shot-guns, an' no sign of 'em; an' the fourth night there wouldn't be a bunch left. Now what I say is: What you goin' to do with 'em? If they'd been this side the line, they'd had to learn to read, anyhow; but even when they were burned out they hung on, for them French are clamish, and tain't long that they've been here. Somethin's got to be done soon."

Old Hiram hobbled away as the twelve o'clock horn sounded from the farm-house just across the river and Ruth walked out to the gate and stood looking down the village street toward the "Fork" and the little library building. That at least was an accomplished fact, but how many could it influence? What power could touch this strange hybrid population over on Johnnyeake Hill, or down in the valley beyond East Lowgate?

She walked slowly up and down the long piazza as she thought. These boys had been on her mind a long time, and she knew them far better than Hiram supposed. From the beginning, in spite of their reputation,

there had seemed more in them than the majority, even of those better born. She had met them often, sometimes coming with a string of fish from the river, sometimes with berries from the pastures, and felt certain that, bad as they might be, they were the scapegoats for many not yet suspected. The boys eyed her suspiciously in their first talks, their brilliant, dark eyes answering hers with less of real human feeling than came from Phil the pointer's. But Ruth had been content to go slowly, and welcome the smallest change as evidence there was something to work upon. She felt an envious drawing toward both, as if, in spite of every thing against them, something might still be done to make men of them. At thirteen and fourteen they could not be hopeless cases, yet who was there to hope them a chance?

Captain Rushmore, passing by the garden, stopped and leaned over the fence—with him the usual fashion of calling. To have asked him in would have sent him away at once, and Ruth, having learned this, sat down on the steps and waited for what she saw was coming. As she stood the Dunning boys passed, but without looking up, and Ruth's eyes followed them wearily.

"Captain Rushmore," she said, "are those boys past helping?"

The Captain looked up uneasily.

"Helping?" he said. "Why should they be helped?"

"Only on the same ground we all have to be—because we and they need it."

"I was goin' to tell you," the Captain said, after a moment's silence. "The fact is, they've just been to my house, an' I was more beat than I've been in a long spell. What do I should s'pose they wanted? Wanted I should take 'em on my boat! I sez to 'em, 'You must think I'm crazy, knowin' the name you've got. Don't you know you ain't to be trusted further?' One kin see you? What you thinkin' about to suppose anybody'd have you where you could pick up as fast as they laid down?"

Antoine spoke up. He's got the quick tongue. "I'm worse'n Pierre," he says, "but if I got a chance to go on your boat, or anybody's, I'd promise there'd be no trouble with us, an' we'd keep it too." "What put it into your heads?" sez I. "We've been watchin' for a chance," says Antoine, "an' soon as I heard 'em say in the store Johnny Hanson was dead, an' you were goin' to have two instead o' one, Pierre said now was the time. I could take Johnny's place in the cabin, for we was just size, and Pierre said you wanted good-lookin' boys for match your boat, an' we could ask anyhow." "Well, you've asked," sez I, "an' now you can go. I don't take boys for their faces, for I ain't a fool. Boys that want to go into the company's service can't be thieves—that's known all over the township for thieves, them and their father before 'em. The place ain't for such, an' never will be."

"I will say I felt bad. That Antoine, straight as a dart, and a kind of look about him that you feel just as if you'd got to look out for him, but, mussy sakes! I can't take no such boys. There's half a dozen after the place now. It ain't a bad berth for a boy with any go in him. I've said 'No' to plenty, and there ain't any call for feelin' bad that I've said 'No' now, an' yet I seem to. Somebody has to go boys for their good behavior anyhow; and even if I was fool enough to take 'em, there ain't anybody fool enough to trust 'em. The folks know 'em too well. There's plenty here I might refuse, an' never think of it again. But Antoine looked at me with them big eyes till I was skeered for fear he'd draw a 'Yes, out o' me in spite o' myself. They ain't as bad as they're made out, for there's boys right here that'd never think o' doin' what they did last winter, an' I found it out yesterday. You know old Randy Ripley out on the Swanton road, that won't go to the poor farm because she's got a trifle of her own? Well, them boys—for all they're lazier'n a toad in the sun—they kept her in wood last winter, an' they helped her fix her garden this spring. An' she coaxed 'em to learn to read. They wouldn't go to school, but she learned 'em somehow, an' when I said to-day: 'You can't read, an' you ain't fit for no place,' Pierre says: 'Yes we can, for we learned last winter.' Well, there ain't no use in sayin' more about it. I must be goin' on."

"Do you mean, Captain, if anybody were willing to sign for these boys you'd take 'em?" Ruth said.

"It's ten to one but that I might, just as an experiment," the Captain answered. "The signin's a form, anyhow, just to show they're not somebody to back 'em. If I don't they'll most likely take to the bad altogether, and I'll be taxed along with the rest of the town to keep 'em in jail. I've as good a mind as ever was, but you see, tain't rational."

"Then we will be irrational together," Ruth said, smiling. "I wanted a chance for them, and here it is. I'll sign, and we will give them a fair trial. I'm a property-holder and a taxpayer; won't it do?"

"You don't mean it," said the Captain. "Folks'll say we're crazy. I reckon we are. It's bad blood."

"It will be worse if we let it run in the same old channels," Ruth said. "Try them awhile, and if it fails, we will let it go as something beyond."

"I can't say I will, all in a minute this way," said the Captain. "I've got to think it over more. Tain't prudent. What'll your aunt say?"

"She will say she's glad. She has always declared those boys could be made something of if there was anyone to do just the right thing. Come in and talk it over with her."

The Captain followed, shaking his head. Such speed was not at all in his usual course of action, but an hour later he came out, looking as if his mind were made up, and went down the hill and toward the river. The boys were on the river fishing, their mother said, a tall woman, with the brilliant dark eyes they had inherited, and whose house looked more comfortable than he had expected. They rowed hastily and wonderingly to shore as they heard his call.

"I'm goin' to give you a try," he said. "Be at the bay Monday morning."

The boys turned pale, then red, and

looked at him in speechless surprise as he had left without the change.

"Miss Dysart's the one you've to thank for it," the Captain went on. "She signs for you. But, mind you, if I see head or tail of your tricks, overboard you go, and no quarter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Antoine answered with a sort of gasp, and looking after the Captain who hurried away. Much gratitude would have embarrassed him, and indeed this was most thoroughly a case where action would speak louder than words.

And, in spite of town wonderment and the general declaration that the Captain must have lost his senses, actions were too positively what Ruth had hoped, to give any ground for doubt that a chance had been what they needed. In spite of grandfather and father, there was something in the two not entirely killed by a lawless life. The rigid discipline of the boat seemed rather to please than disgust them. The bright buttons of the regulation dress were an approach to the uniform every boy loves, and the French mother had given them a certain ease and adaptability that made them favorites with crew and officers alike. Where they will end is no longer an open question, and Captain Rushmore has ceased to shake his head as he thinks over the chance he gave "those Dunning boys."—Helen C. Campbell.

The Legal Status of Cats.

The result of the case against Mr. W. J. Morrison, of Brooklyn, who the other day fired his pistol at a black cat in his backyard and missed the cat but wounded a young lady neighbor, revives our hope that justice will yet be done in the courts, though the heavens crack and tumble like the roof of the Madison Square Garden. In imposing a fine of five dollars on Mr. Morrison, Justice Semler administered the following stern and deserved rebuke: "Morrison, you are a bad shot, and I hope that this experience may convince you of the necessity of visiting Creedmore at least once a week for practice. I shall fine you five dollars, not for shooting Miss Palmer, but for missing a cat which was clearly within range." Public opinion will endorse His Honor's judgment and advice. The out-door season for cats is upon us. Black cats and white cats, and cats of all intermediate colors, are tuning up their pipes and limbering their legs for the summer campaign. The warm weather will soon bring the cats out of the parlors, dining-rooms, kitchens, garrets and cellars, where they have spent the winter. Their evening conventions and concerts will presently be in full blast. The affinity between cats and backyard is well understood. Like all gifted creatures, they love their favorite pursuits but shun publicity. The character of their music is a matter of tastes—or rather of hearing. Most persons to whom Providence allots the rear bedrooms dislike it. People living in flats object to it as being set too much in sharps. Others are down on it for the reason that it brings too many Theodore Thomases—or backdoor Thomases—into the field. The citizen wrights goose sleep in vain. He might as well sing under a solo, but the full chorus under a solo. With many a familiar oath he leaps from his couch and rushes to the open window! There in the yard he espies his tormentors. They form a semicircle, with the leader, an experienced old yowler, in the center, with as many scars of brickbats, bootjacks and hot water on his person as a veteran of Waterloo. More, in fact, for they didn't use bootjacks in Waterloo. Sleep for the citizen is impossible. The Felina Sangerbund must dissolve or die. For such emergencies revolvers were made. The citizen's joints crack as he kneels on his bare knees on the window sill, draws a bead on Tom and fires. Bang! bang! bang! until his barrels are empty. There is a momentary hush, as when a seaside brass band is courteously offered a decrease of pay. Then a whistle! an immediate adoption of the previous question, twenty tails horizontal under the starlight and silence, like a huge bread-and-milk poultice, descends upon the jangled nerves of dignity dressed in innocence and unbleached muslin. That is, the dignity, not the poultice.

The citizen, nevertheless, cannot be justified in firing unless he hits one or more of the cats that were within range. His Honor held in the Morrison case, and his decision must stand as the law and common sense of all pistol practice. No man who misses a cat at fifty feet is fit to own a six-shooter. Even if he doesn't hit a young lady opposite—which, if he be under twenty-one, is a minor accident—he disgraces his age and gives the cats a chance to crow over him. We trust that Justice Semler's recommendation to Morrison will be heeded by the back-bedroom public. The cats must die, but it won't do to risk wounding a girl at every shot. As Cicero said when discussing a similar case in the Roman Court of Short Sessions, "Ambiguous in vulgum spargere voces"; that is, "It is dangerous to spread doubtful reports among people." And if the crack of a pistol in awkward hands isn't a doubtful report, what is it?—New York Graphic.

A Paper House With Paper Furnishings.

In the Sydney (Australia) Exhibition there is a house built and furnished throughout from paper. The structure is one story high, and its skeleton is made of wood. The exterior is molded in carton-piers, whilst the interior is covered with the same material, being plain on the walls, and molded in imitation of plaster on the ceilings. The doors, cupboards and shelves are of the same material, whilst the entire furniture, including chandeliers and a stove, in which a fire can be lighted, is made of papier-mache. The carpets and curtains are of paper, and there is a bedroom in which there is not only a large bed made of papier-mache; but there are also blankets, sheets, quilts and female underclothing, dresses and bonnets in the latest styles, composed solely of carton pate. It is proposed to give a series of banquets in this building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks and glasses will all be of paper.—Paper-maker's Journal.

—Unmuzzled dogs on the streets for Memphis are shot down without mercy.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In the territory of Arizona, with a population of sixty thousand, and there are only five Protestant ministers and four Protestant churches.

—Mr. E. H. Long, Assistant Superintendent of the St. Louis (Mo.) schools, has been elected to succeed Mr. Harris, Superintendent, resigned.

—The translation of European works into Chinese is now being systematically undertaken by the professors and pupils in the College for the Study of Foreign Languages, at Peking.

—The new Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Royal College at Bangkok, Siam, is John Eakin, a recent graduate of Washington College, Washington, Pa. He goes for four years at an annual salary of \$1,800.

—The next Protestant Episcopal General Convention will be asked to establish a new missionary diocese on the Pacific coast, to be called the Diocese of Boise of Walla Walla, and to include parts of Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories.

—Among the statistics of work accomplished by foreign missions during the past year are these: converts from heathenism, 1,500,000; languages into which the Bible has been translated, 226; copies of the Bible circulated, 148,000,000; barbarous languages endowed with a grammar and literature, 70.

—The Pickett Memorial Congregational Church was organized at Leadville, March 31, with fifteen members. Four new churches have been recently organized in the Northwest, two of them in the Black Hills. The corner-stone of a new stone church at Manitou, Col., was laid April 3d. There will be at least eight new churches built in Colorado this summer.

—The Methodist Church in this country has a membership of 1,700,000. The number of its ministers is 11,500, and of its lay preachers 12,400. Of Bishops it has nine, and of Presiding Elders, or Diocesan Bishops, which virtually they are, it has 450. The number of delegates at the Conference now in session in Cincinnati is 398, of whom 248 are clerical and 150 lay.

—There is a colony of Christian Kafirs at Middleburg, in the Transvaal, the result of twenty years' labor by a Lutheran missionary. A handsome brick church, built by Kafir hands, affords accommodation for 1,500 worshippers, and rows of brick-built work-shops surround it devoted to various industrial pursuits. Wagons, furniture and wood and iron work are turned out in abundance. School have been provided for the children, and the mission owns 30,000 acres of good land, once prairie wilderness, but now divided into small farms and worked under supervision of the missionaries.

A Mexican Diligence.

Leaving Mexico City at the early hour of five in the morning, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, my *compagnon de voyage* and I found ourselves at about seven o'clock at the railway station of Cuantitlan, from which the other line of diligencias runs to Eschaca. We spent the quarter of an hour that elapsed before the starting of our conveyance in drinking an excellent cup of coffee, which an old hand breed lady with a formidable gray beard and mustache was kind enough to make for us with her own fair hands. Assure means of gaining the good will of an Indian or *Mestizo* lady of undecided age is by addressing her as *senorita* or "miss," as the Mexicans among themselves always use these diminutives. You are not asked to wait a *momento*, but a *momentito*, and I heard on one occasion a muleteer, who had lassoed a most obstreperous mule that was one of the line of diligencias, to get the mule together as they can be. Such will be the case next October, and the giant of the system will soon give evidence of the fact in his increasing size and brilliancy, being brighter than he has been for nearly twelve years. The difference will not be so marked as in the case of Mars under the same conditions, for nearly 400,000,000 miles of space intervene between the earth and the huge planet even when nearest. Jupiter, therefore, will be a source of intense interest during the coming months as he approaches and recedes from his perihelion and opposition. The great problem of the effect of his approach upon the mysterious spot period of the sun will be first in importance. Many astronomers scout the idea of such an influence. Many more find nothing improbable in the theory that the approach of a huge mass to the sun should produce disturbance in his blazing elements, evidently in commotion from some cause, while the near correspondence in time between the maximum of the spot period and the revolution of Jupiter favors the argument. No one doubts that the disturbed condition of the sun will be reflected on the earth in waves of intense heat, severe storms and auroral displays, or that the same influence will be felt in the same way on the system's remotest bounds. Gigantic Jupiter, as his mighty mass plunges toward the sun, gives evidences of mighty forces at work among the chaotic elements of his cloud-surface. A spot has been seen on his disk for nearly a year, elliptical in form, red in color, and with a diameter of 20,000 miles. No observer understands the cause of this huge rift. It may be an opening in the cloud atmosphere disclosing the more solid matter beneath and it may be something beyond human ken. About the 22d it is hoped that the planet will be again in favorable position for the observation of the red spot, and patient investigators will not be wanting to make the best of the opportunity. This beautiful planet may now be seen in the eastern sky, serenely unconscious of the excitement induced by his movements, rising at 3:45; at the end of a month he rises at two o'clock, nearly two hours and a half before the sun.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

—Two hundred years ago the shaft of the turquoise mine in Chaltuit mountain, New Mexico, caved in, and one hundred Indians below at work were killed. The Spaniards tried to force the Indians to work the mine and the result was a rebellion and the expulsion of the Spaniards. Now some capitalists are about to reopen the mine, which is said to be the only one of its kind on the continent.

como's Dam Bridge, to utilize the swells who are so fond of sharing the box seats by having them initiated into the mysteries of stone throwing.

On the top of the coach behind the driver there are three seats on what is called the *peccante*. These seats are the cheapest, but for foreigners they are infinitely preferable to the inside, with its atmosphere reeking of the mingled fumes of garlic, chillis and pulque. At a word from the driver a man who has been holding the nine mules with ropes, something like greyhound's leashes, lets go, and every mule tries to go a different way. A shower of stones from the driver's assistant, and a vigorous application of the whips, remind them, however, that they must pull together, and the sufferer by humanity contained in and clinging on the coach clutch every available rail and strap lest they should be hurled into a race. We rattle through the ill-paved streets of the little village, ducking our heads to avoid the wreckage of trees and the kerosene-lamp glasses which hang over the middle of the street on ropes fastened to the houses on either side, and find ourselves in the open country. The road leads through fields of fine wheat and corn and every now and then a tract of *maguery* where the natives are plowing with the most primitive plows and a team of very lazy oxen that are stirred up with an enormous goad. On every side a vast plain extends, bordered with mountains in the blue distance, looking much nearer than they really are in the thin, rarefied air. The dust on the road is some two feet thick and rises in clouds as we pass, and the ruts into which the coach pitches every minute are often three or four feet in depth. Every half hour or so we pass through some Indian village with its two or three fine churches and miserable huts, the latter built of adobe, or unbaked bricks, with flat roofs, on which rows of *calabass* or pumpkins are drying in the sun. Around each house there is a hedge of cactus, usually of the kind called the *nopai*, so well known as the plant upon which the eagle perches in the Mexican coat-of-arms. A few plants of *maguery* and a rick of hay or straw in the branches of the nearest tree comprise all the other property of the owner of the hut, with the exception of a few horribly bristly and attenuated porkers that are rooting in the warm dust of the road. These pigs are joined by a numerous herd of dogs, who accompany the owners of the village, where they fall off by degrees, panting with their exertions or choked with dust.

Lively Times Ahead in the Planetary System.

Jupiter is a morning star, and by far the most important object for observation among the planets during the month. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of students of the stars that the four great planets are all approaching their perihelia, and bringing about a condition of planetary affairs that has not occurred for 2,000 years. Jupiter reaches the goal first, arriving at perihelion on the 25th of September. Such is the eccentricity of this orbit that he will then be 46,000,000 miles, or about half of the whole distance of the earth from the sun, nearer to the great central fire than when farthest away. He is also at that time almost at his nearest point to the earth, coming into opposition with the sun eleven days after perihelion. The earth is then directly between him and the sun; but the earth is farthest from the sun in July, and will be at considerably more than her mean distance in September, when Jupiter is 46,000,000 miles nearer. It may easily be seen that when at opposition the earth is at or near her greatest distance, and Jupiter at his least distance from the sun, the two planets will be almost as near together as they can be. Such will be the case next October, and the giant of the system will soon give evidence of the fact in his increasing size and brilliancy, being brighter than he has been for nearly twelve years. The difference will not be so marked as in the case of Mars under the same conditions, for nearly 400,000,000 miles of space intervene between the earth and the huge planet even when nearest. Jupiter, therefore, will be a source of intense interest during the coming months as he approaches and recedes from his perihelion and opposition. The great problem of the effect of his approach upon the mysterious spot period of the sun will be first in importance. Many astronomers scout the idea of such an influence. Many more find nothing improbable in the theory that the approach of a huge mass to the sun should produce disturbance in his blazing elements, evidently in commotion from some cause, while the near correspondence in time between the maximum of the spot period and the revolution of Jupiter favors the argument. No one doubts that the disturbed condition of the sun will be reflected on the earth in waves of intense heat, severe storms and auroral displays, or that the same influence will be felt in the same way on the system's remotest bounds. Gigantic Jupiter, as his mighty mass plunges toward the sun, gives evidences of mighty forces at work among the chaotic elements of his cloud-surface. A spot has been seen on his disk for nearly a year, elliptical in form, red in color, and with a diameter of 20,000 miles. No observer understands the cause of this huge rift. It may be an opening in the cloud atmosphere disclosing the more solid matter beneath and it may be something beyond human ken. About the 22d it is hoped that the planet will be again in favorable position for the observation of the red spot, and patient investigators will not be wanting to make the best of the opportunity. This beautiful planet may now be seen in the eastern sky, serenely unconscious of the excitement induced by his movements, rising at 3:45; at the end of a month he rises at two o'clock, nearly two hours and a half before the sun.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

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