Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

DAY DREAMS.

'Tis said that Raphael, whom men call "sublime,"
In dreams, full oft, beheld his mother's face;
That face, which he had looked upon and loved
In sweet Urbino—famed as his place of birth:
And that those features, since made glorious—
Glowing with heavenly light, which altered not
But only brightened what scarce needed change—
Were ever with him, filling his mind and soul
With noble themes and images sublime:
Hovered about him as he plied his brush,
And weaved herself into those mighty works
That make his name immortal.
So that his angels and madonnas fair,
That from his canvases benignly smile,
Are but the semblance of that saintly soul
Which gave him birth and everlasting fame.
To all men, these sweet visitants of night
Come not so often as the heart could wish;
For strange though it may seem, the forms we love
And prize so well, who, with their far-off echoes
Pervade us oft by day, are crowded out
By multifarious nothings.
But there are day dreams, which by far eclipse
The rapid phantasies of slumbering night;
And sometimes when a sad and quiet mood
Succeeds the fretful din of daily toil,
The mind goes wandering back to childhood's days,
And we are kneeling at the mother's knee:
Most sacred altar under God's high Heaven—
Where first we learned to lisp His holy name,
And ask His blessing on the ones we loved;
Or as the youth, we feel the mother's hand,
Without upbraiding, smooth the unfurrowed brow;
And say a little word, too full of love
And tenderness to make it seem reproach;
To point us to a higher, nobler life
From which the feet are all too prone to stray.
There, too, are angel visits—rifts of light,
That glisten for a moment in the tears
Which dim and blur our vision day by day,
And though the pictures which we hereby paint,
And which the world dispraises all too oft,
Are void of merit, and scarce worth the pains
Its tedious details cost; at times an outline,
Which before had looked severe, is toned
And softened by some gentle word or act;
Irradiating all with glowing life:
It is the mother, smiling in the man.

—W. Olin, in Jury.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A Young Pioneer's Escape from the Ferocious Beasts.

It was in the early part of 1870 that my father settled among the cottonwood trees of Major creek, one of the many streams watering the fertile San Luis valley of Colorado. The country was wild enough in those days. Deer and antelope in abundance ranged the foot-hills of the Sangre de Christo mountains, whose snow-capped peaks threw a shadow over our sod-roofed cabin until far into the morning.

Skulking coyotes, and yet more cowardly Indians, traveled up and down the broad valley that opened out grandly to the south and west of us, extending in a sunny sweep of twenty miles to the swiftly-rising heights of the Saguache and Chochetope ranges, while other neighbors, such as mountain lions, cinnamon and silver-tip bears, made a stockman's life a burden to him. Last and most dangerous were a band of the huge gray timber wolves.

There are no wild animals more to be dreaded than these same timber wolves, especially when pressed by hunger. Then they become veritable demons, and woe upon the living thing whose trail they happen to cross.

They at once begin a merciless chase and continue it untiringly, rivaling in speed and endurance the most sinewy horse. Nothing daunts them. Shoot one down and he is instantly devoured by the rest of the pack, who thereupon rush forward with unchecked courage and appetites but whetted by their unnatural feast. Fire alone can hold them at bay.

With these ugly brutes it was my luck to have an adventure the second spring after we settled on Major creek. I was then a lad of fifteen, small of my age, but wiry, and as capable of enduring fatigue as any man, while no one in the valley could excel me in riding after cattle, throwing a lasso or sticking to a bucking broncho.

In early days in Colorado it was the custom to let stock, both horses and cattle, "rustle for themselves"—i. e., run at large on the dry grass of the range during the cold season; but the first winter we were in the valley the wild animals were so mischievous that we were compelled to herd every beast we had from fall to spring. The grass was unusually late in starting up that year, hence all of our stock, even our riding animals, grew very thin.

And "thereby hangs my tale," for one evening, in the latter part of March, a particularly cranky old cow broke away from the herd as we were rounding the cattle up, preparatory to driving them to the corral for the night, and, our horses being so weak and poor, neither my brother nor myself could overtake the runaway.

But when we reported the loss at the supper-table that night, mother was much vexed, as the missing cow was her pet milker.

"You must hunt her up to-morrow, boys," she said, earnestly.

"No use, mother," my brother Horace replied. "Something has eaten her up before now."

"I am not so sure of that," father remarked. "Don't you remember how last spring we found her standing off a mountain lion from her calf? You had better look for her a little to-morrow."

That settled the matter, of course, so in the morning I herded the stock, while Horace rode among the foot-hills to the south of us, and, as he was unsuccessful in his search, that afternoon I left the cattle with him and started off to the northward, hoping to find some trace of our stray by the time I reached Steel Canyon, if not before.

My pony seemed to be too nearly worn out by his morning's work for so long a ride that day; so I first went home and exchanged my broncho for father's yellow cayeuse, which happened to be standing in the stable.

Right here let me explain that "broncho" is Colorado vernacular for a native pony, while "cayeuse" is the Montana term for the same animal. Father's pet riding horse, Selim, had been brought from the latter State, hence we usually called him by the local name.

As I was changing my saddle from one pony to the other, mother came out to the corral with a steaming cup of strong coffee for my refreshment, and, when I rode away, repeated her injunction to "look well for Tangletop, for she was the best cow on the ranch."

With a cherry "All right, mother!" I galloped off light-heartedly toward Steel Canyon, keeping a sharp eye on the intervening country.

A hour's brisk riding brought me to the mouth of the gulch; two hours' search proved that Tangletop was not hidden within its depths, and I turned the cayeuse homeward, first pausing and looking out over the valley. Not an animal was in sight.

"Last summer the cattle used to run in Hayden Pass a good deal," I reflected, "and that must be where the stray cow is. It's a little late to go up there to-night, but mother thinks so much of Tangletop, guess we'll have to go, Selim: so step out lively."

And I rode on still to the north.

Now Hayden Pass was the name given to a narrow, gloomy canyon that cut deep into the Sangre de Christo mountains, almost meeting a gulch on the opposite side of the range, there being but a low ridge between the respective heads of the two ravines. Hence the name of the "Pass." But though the canyon itself was cheerless enough, its upper slopes were sunny and always clothed with an abundance of grass, green and succulent in summer, dry but nutritious in winter. Sure enough, hither had strayed poor Tangletop, for I found her horns (I knew them by the peculiar crook in the left one) and her cleanly-picked bones lying amid the juniper bushes far up the mountain-side. I had ridden up there, for a cowboy never walks where he can by any possibility ride, no matter how steep the ascent, and as I drew rein to let the cayeuse regain his breath, I noted with a start of surprise that it had grown very late. Indeed, from between the peaks of the Saguache hills the level rays of the setting sun shone full in my face and brightened the dry grass around the pony's hoofs, but beneath them lay long shadows, and in the gathering twilight Hayden Pass yawned dark and gloomy at my feet.

"Come, Selim, we must get out of this," I said to the cayeuse, with a shake of the rein; but before he could take a step forward, from a pinon-shrouded gulch to my left arose a deep, long-drawn howl. The moment after another rang out clear and ominous from the opposite side of Hayden Pass.

Then a third and a fourth sounded from a cottonwood thicket that nestled in a gulch at my rear.

"It's the wolves, and they have us almost surrounded. Go it, Selim!" I cried, as I gave him rein.

Half wild with fear, he rushed off down the mountain-side.

That was a mad ride for life. Now we dashed under the low-hanging bourhs of a stunted cedar, next we leaped a fallen tree-top, scattering dry branches right and left, and then we jumped a deep gully or went headlong off a ledge of rocks not seen in the dim light until too late to avoid them.

Somehow we reached the bottom of the pass in safety, and flew down the narrow trail to the mouth of the canyon. As we emerged into the open valley I saw the glow of lights at Gottlieb's cabin—another pioneer settler—only three miles away. If only the cayeuse could distance our terrible pursuers that far we were safe.

"Down grade and a clear trail. Go it, Selim! We'll beat them yet!" I cried.

And the little horse lay low upon the ground, while the echo of his hoof-beats rang a rhythmical march of triumph upon the hard-packed soil.

But glancing over my shoulder through the twilight I saw a pack of flying shadows horribly close at our heels. The howling had ceased long since, as the wolves were now saving their breath to chase their prey.

"Faster—faster, Selim!" I shouted.

And the pony sprang forward with increased speed, only to stumble and fall, sending me head over heels into a clump of oak brush.

Luckily I was not much hurt, but scrambled to my feet just in time to see the poor cayeuse hobble past on three legs, with the band of wolves right upon him.

"Put his foot in a dog-hole and broke his leg," I reflected. "That ends his chances, poor fellow."

The next moment I heard that pitiful sound, the scream of a horse in mortal terror, and knew that the savage brutes had overtaken him at last.

"No use to wait here for them to come back after me," I pondered. "Lucky thing I fell in this brush where they could not see me, or some of them would have finished me before now. I'd better climb a tree while I have a chance."

But that was easier said than done, for on the sloping foot-hill where I stood grew nothing save straggling oak brush, too low to furnish a safe refuge.

However, about three hundred yards up toward the mountains stood a clump of scraggy pinons and cedars, from whose midst towered a great yellow pine, and thither I hastened.

Out of breath and still trembling from the effects of my fall, I sat down at the foot of the tree to rest; but now the howls of the wolves again rang in my ears. Having finished my faithful cayeuse they were coming back for me!

Rising, I attempted to climb the pine tree, but it was fully three feet through at the base, while the nearest branches were quite twenty feet from the ground hence my frantic efforts were fruitless.

Completely exhausted, I was forced to desist, but the rapidly-nearing howls of the wolves quickly aroused me.

"If only I had a gun, I'd sell my life as dearly as might be," I groaned.

And then I bethought me that I at least had a few matches in my pocket.

Drawing them forth, I struck one, and with trembling fingers held it to a tuft of dry grass.

Instantly a tiny flame shot up; this I fed with pine-needles, dry cones and little twigs, until I had a bright blaze burning; and none too soon, for now the baffled wolves were circling around and around the space illumined by the fire-light, while some of the bolder ones even entered for a moment its outer boundary.

At first I fed the fire freely, but as the night wore on and the savage brutes showed no signs of leaving, I began to economize on fuel. The ground beneath the pine tree was littered with the fallen needles, cones and dry branches of years, but they burned very fast and already I had made great inroads upon them.

It must have been about nine o'clock when a second pack of wolves joined those already guarding me. The newcomers were evidently regarded as intruders, for they were greeted with angry snarls, and finally both packs indulged in a rough-and-tumble fight.

As they struggled together, now and then a group were forced within the circle of fire-light, and I shuddered as I saw their pitiless white fangs and glaring eyes.

But the savage animals soon tired of rending each other and returned to their old occupation of ceaselessly tramping around my fire-lit space.

Thus the hours dragged wearily past, until from the position of the stars I knew that it lacked but two hours of daybreak, and now the fire began to burn low. Every cone and twig from beneath the tree had been heaped on the coals.

"If one of those pinons were just a little higher I'd make a dash for it," I thought, over and over again, as I watched the flames sink lower and lower, while the circling wolves came closer and closer.

And now there was but a bed of glowing embers left. The gaunt leader of the band had crept up nearer and still nearer, and as the filmy ash began to form upon the ruddy coals, he crouched to leap upon his prey.

My head sank upon my breast as I waited that fatal spring, when lo! a column of sparks and flame shot twenty feet up into the air and scattered the frightened wolves, who fled howling in dismay. I was saved!

A pitch-soaked root had blazed up in the nick of time and now burned merrily. Presently the whole resin-covered trunk of the tree caught fire and became a veritable pillar of flame, and then I knew that my hour of peril was indeed past.

The wolves hung around until morning, but the first beams of the rising sun scattered them to their lair among the mountains. You can imagine how my heart beat with joy as I watched the last one slink away.

As soon as it was broad daylight I started on foot for Gottlieb's cabin, where I found my father and brother making eager inquiries concerning me. My absence over night had made them so uneasy about me that they had started out bright and early to look me up.

We were a joyful party as we rode homeward, where the story of my adventure brought tears to mother's eyes; and even yet I never think of that night without a shudder.—Golden Days

TYING THE KNOT.

How the Marriage Ceremony Is Performed Among the Buddhists.

A missionary describes a marriage ceremony which he witnessed in the palace of the Governor of Cambodia as follows: "I was ushered, amid a tremendous din of gongs, into a large room beyond the reception hall, where were seated the Governor and about one hundred noblemen and invited guests. The bridegroom, a young man about twenty years of age, elegantly attired in silk garments, was also there. By the time we foreigners were seated a procession—headed by the bride, supported on either side by demure-looking matrons, composed principally of aged or married women, all elegantly attired—entered and slowly marched toward the Governor.

"The bride was not particularly interesting as regards personal charms. She was young, however, and dressed richly and in good taste. Besides her silk dress she wore a gold embroidered scarf upon her shoulders; also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets upon her wrists and armlets above the elbows. The bride took up her position near the bridegroom, both sitting upon the floor but not looking toward each other; in fact, throughout the entire ceremony they both were perfectly impassive and nonchalant.

"The marriage ceremony proper now began. A number of wax candles were brought in a salver and then lighted by one of the nobles. The silver waiter was then passed around before the company eight times, each one in turn saluting the couple and wishing them good fortune by waving or blowing the smoke toward them, thus expressing something like the old English custom of throwing the slipper after the newly wedded couple, the band of string instruments playing the meanwhile. Two large velvet cushions had been previously placed before the bride and bridegroom, and upon them a large sword. The leader of the theatricals now came forward and went through, for a few moments, a most fantastical sword exercise.

"Dishes had been placed before the couple upon the floor, with covers upon them. Nothing, however, was eaten. Next, the hands of the expectant couple were bound together, and to each other, with silken threads by the woman's attendants, probably some near relative. Thus were they truly joined in Buddhist wedlock. And this completed the simple, yet effective ceremony."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

Rev. Dr. Parker's Ideas of Humor and Its Effect on Humanity.

Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London, in a recent lecture said he deplored the fact that some men had no sense of humor whatever. Such men were arithmetical, prosaic and too serious to be really enthusiastic about any thing. Theirs was a seriousness that was mere woodenness. The man who never laughed never really cried. Nearly all great preachers have been humorists. Luther had his broad jokes. Whitfield laughed with a will. Some of the wittiest things ever uttered were spoken by John Wesley. Even Mr. Spurgeon's grim Calvinism could not stifle his merriest jokes. Henry Ward Beecher's grandson said: "I like to go to meeting, because I like to hear grandpa's little jokes."

With regard to pulpit humor, Dr. Parker pointed out that there was a buffoonery which all wise men would frown upon—the rude, clumsy, clownish joking worthy only of contempt, not on the high ground of its irreverence, but on the low ground of simple imbecility and indecency. On the other hand, there was a refined humor, which no more burdened the discourse than the dew burdened the rosebud on which it glistened. As to laughter, the whole universe was full of it. When the universe was sympathetically interpreted what was laughter, rational and timely, but a species of music? Was not laughter another name for gladness? Was there no gladness in the sunny universe? It was not mere joking that elicited laughter. There was a laughter born of reason, inspired by thankfulness, chastened by the ever-present melancholy in whose gray climate all human life had lived. Commerce would do its shopkeeping better if it had laughed heartily now and then. The house would be more of a home if its inmates were more cheerful.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

The Worst Variety.

Cumso—What an offensively vain man Brown is!

Banks—Dear me, I never thought him vain.

Cumso—But he is, though. Just notice how excessively and persistently modest he is.—Munsey's Weekly.

—The main reason why the gifted are so apt to fall is that the devil seems to give their cases special attention.—Ram's Horn.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Paper plates are being used in some of the London restaurants.

—A law recently passed in Denmark provides that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages at the expense of the landlord who sold him the last glass.

—A Pasteur institute for the cure of hydrophobia is to be established in Tiflis, and the Russian Government has made an appropriation for its annual maintenance.

—Telugu, formerly known as Gentoo, is the language of Telingana, and it is spoken by over seventeen millions of people, subject partly to Great Britain and partly to Hyderabad.

—The hands of the wealthy classes in Annam, China, are almost useless, because for "adornment" they permit their finger-nails to grow as long as possible. There are many ladies who have finger-nails from four to six inches long.

—The once renowned English racing yacht Cambria has left the Mersey for the west coast of Africa, where she is to become a "palm oil trader." Her race across the Atlantic with the American schooner Dauntless was one of world-wide interest, and when the Cambria put in her appearance the first at New York great was the jubilation in England.

—In round figures, 25,000 square meals have been served in the House of Commons this session, namely, 15,000 dinners and 10,000 luncheons. Members have had 12,000 dinners and 8,000 luncheons. In the strangers' dining-room 1,125 dinners and 1,142 luncheons have been served, and there have been 1,614 dinners and 325 luncheons in the terrace dining-rooms.

—Years ago in Japan there was a coin called the monseng, which was worth only about one-two hundred and twenty-fourths of a penny. It was an iron piece. In England we have had a piece worth no more than a quarter of a farthing, and a very pretty piece it is. A piece of one-third of a farthing was also minted in the reign of George IV. and William IV. If in good condition, it is now worth a shilling as a curiosity.

—The North China News relates a case in which a Chinese girl, recently deceased, was married to a dead boy in another village. "It not infrequently happens," the writer explains, "that the son in the family dies before he is married, and that it is desirable to adopt a grandson. The family cast about for some young girl who has also died recently, and a proposition is made for the union of the two corpses in the bonds of matrimony. If it is accepted there is a combination of a wedding and a funeral, in the process of which the deceased bride is taken by a large number of bearers to the cemetery of the other family and laid beside her husband." In this case the real motive for the ceremony was the desire to have a showy funeral at the expense of another family

—The Chinamen who keep laundries in this city are very careful business managers. They do not like to give trust to any customer, and prefer to do the washing on a cash basis. When required to do a job in a hurry they are apt to make their charges high, and when haste is imperative they are likely to run up the price still higher. When a customer lately sent a shirt to one of them in the forenoon with the order that it must be delivered in time for dinner at six, he was told that the bill for it would be fifty cents, and he had to pay it in spot cash. Many of these laundrymen, after spending a few years at the tubs and enjoying a rice diet all the time, get so wealthy as to be worth a thousand dollars, and then they are anxious to return to China, where they are regarded as "rich beyond the dreams of avarice."—N. Y. Sun.

TYPICAL WESTERN LIFE.

The Lights and the Shadows of a Sunday Scene in Dakota.

Great is the land of the Dakotas, lying between sundown and the laughing waters of Minnesota, but greater are its wondersome ways. Five or six years ago, while wandering through that prairie realm, a Washington Star man passed a quiet Sunday at an inland town. The day was one of those on which all nature seems to say this is the Sabbath. The sun shone with a sacred light, the dewy landscape sparkled with a Divine radiance, the birds joined in the chorus of the spheres, while the lowing of the herds and the bleating of the flocks seemed mellowed, as if even the brutes were touched by the hallowed influence of the day. It was a time peculiarly fitted for the spirits of the dead to be borne buoyantly away to the land of the redeemed; and accordingly the spirit of a young man had taken its flight, but the body was left for human disposal. The morning was yet fresh when the country procession was seen, like a caravan of the desert, moving slowly along the prairie road, ignorant of metes and bounds, toward the drowsy village. The friends of the deceased, eager to pay him a parting courtesy, had drafted into service such vehicles as they possessed, and the gathering was none the less earnest and sincere if carts instead of cushioned carriages bore them to the village church and again took up the journey to the new-made grave.

Some of the mourners—and none but mourners gathered there—were drawn by horned and cloven-footed steeds, and one conveyance was a wagon mounted with a hay-rick, on which a score of serious people sat cushioned by a few forkfuls of sun-cured prairie grass. But the most noticeable and painful feature of the procession was the lumber wagon hearse containing the plain pine coffin, astride of which the driver sat, unmoved and immovable, as if determined that whatever became of the departed spirit its deserted abode should be held in the rural church yard for rent to lesser worms than man. He clung eagerly to the earthly spoils, unmindful of the fact that he was out of keeping with his surroundings, and at last stolidly beheld the tenantless handiwork of God consigned to the dust from which it came. There was no professional weeping and no set programme for the mourners. They sobbed in solos or broke forth in a symphony of emotion as, under changing feeling, the heart leaped forth and recoiled.

The deceased had come from his paternal roof near the Baltic Sea only a few years before, but so quick is the transformation here that he seemed altogether an American, I was told. He had taken a homestead under the Stars and Stripes, and his sister, a pretty Danish girl, had recently joined him. Her loneliness and subdued sorrow made her more than usually interesting and attractive. As the only relative of her brother, she succeeded to his estate and kept open the little prairie home. In six months she knew enough English to conjugate the verb "to love," and within a year she was married to a young school-teacher, who, becoming enamored of her beauty, succeeded in winning her affections. Sorrow for the dead was transformed into love for the living—crape gave way to flowers and clouds to sunshine. The young husband was the next year elected to the Legislature, in which he has since taken an active and prominent part, and stands now in the line of political promotion. It is more than likely that ere many years pass by he will come to Congress as the representative of his people, and the pretty Danish girl who wept her lonely weep at her brother's grave in a foreign land, and would not be comforted, will become a bright particular star in the social firmament of that nation's capital. Yes, great are the Dakotas, but greater still the inspiration and possibilities of our country.

THE TOPICAL SONG.

How Music Hall Melodies Are Generally Gotten Up.

The basis of a music hall song, as I take it, some familiar tripping expression, to which is fitted a situation, as it were, on which, by way of surprise, is hung the sentiment. It might be that the line has suggested itself,

I always come home to ten!

where there is certainly little pregnancy of wit, familiar and ordinary, too, and still less inspiration. But, mark, would I have the rollicking life of a true man of pleasure—after the music hall ideal, that is—I mean devote my days and nights to enjoyment, and, though a married man, take a young lady to Barnum's show, not returning till the very small hours. Then, of course, I am very abruptly confronted with my wife! And it may again be said that these little outings are understood to be comparatively harmless, not involving culpability, and compatible with compensality; to be "caught" seems the offense. "Oh, you!" (this is spoken). "Where have you been?" "My dear," I say, "you know that——"

This is the cue for the orchestra, which lifts us all off into the burden, very sly and soft at first, with an air of innocence. "For you know that

I always come home to tea
Whenever I'm out on a spree,
And if I'm into I catch it from Kate,
So—I always come home to ten.

It is de rigeur to repeat this to the full chorus, or noise, of the whole house, while I walk backward and forward as if on parade. Then we come to the last verse, when I am taken by "the bobby," and next morning brought before the beak. "Take him away," says His Worship (this spoken). "Give him twenty-four hours off his head, or a month 'hard,' without option or a fine." "And so, you see,

I didn't come home to tea,
Though my wife was waiting for me;
And if ever again I go out on the spree,
P'raps 't wou'd be better to come home to tea.

Chorus as before, often three times over. And here a striking piece of pantomime. The singer suspends his own music, and affects to be listening roguishly to the audience, now beating time, now moving his lips comically, as if uttering the words, now joining in for a bar or so, and expressing real enthusiasm at the exertions of his friends.—National Review.

ROUTED BY PORCUPINES.

A Farmer and His Dog Put to Flight by the Pugnacious Animals.

Although it is a fact that there are porcupines in this part of the State, one is so rarely seen that few people are aware of it. John Weeks, of Friendship, has lived on a farm there for forty years, and it was not until a few days ago that he had any idea that they were neighbors to such a thing as a porcupine. He was digging potatoes in one of his fields, when a dog that was with him suddenly bristled up and made a dash for a row of bushes along one edge of the field a couple of rods away. The dog came out of the bushes as suddenly as he had dashed in, and with him a little animal which Farmer Weeks had no difficulty in recognizing as a porcupine. The dog was yelping at the top of his lungs, and lost no time in getting away from the animal which he had attacked. His nose and head were filled with quills the porcupine had shed.

Farmer Weeks, provoked at the plight his dog was in, rushed upon the porcupine, which remained at the edge of the bushes, every quill erect, and attacked it with his hoe. The animal squealed and shook itself until its quills rattled. Instantly two other porcupines came rushing to its aid, and they looked so fierce and belligerent that Farmer Weeks beat a retreat, and followed his dog, who had gone yelping home. After the farmer and his family had pulled the porcupine's weapons out of the dog's face and head Weeks took his gun and went out to shoot the porcupines. He succeeded in killing one of them, but the other two got away.—Hornellsville N. Y.) Letter.

Great Athletes Die Young.

A surgeon states that of 5,000 decrepit or aged soldiers that have been brought under his notice fully 80 per cent. were suffering from heart disease in one form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of the campaigns, and he predicts that as large a percentage of the athletes of to-day will be found twenty-five years from now to be the victims of heart disease, engendered by the muscular strains that they force themselves to undergo. With regard to the effect of exercise on the prolongation of life, it may be said that there are more people living in France to-day who have passed the age of sixty than there are in England, the home of athletic sports; and there is probably no nation in Europe more averse to muscular cultivation for its own sake than the French. Great athletes die young, and a mortality list of Oxford men who had rowed in the 'varsity' races, published a few years ago, showed that a comparatively small percentage of them lived out the allotted time. A physician has compiled some very elaborate statistics to demonstrate that men of thought live, on an average, three years and a half longer than men in the ordinary vocations of life.—Chicago News.

—There are 250 members of the Hair Dressers' Academy in London, all men, females not being admitted, as being inferior artists. The academy meets once a week for lessons upon living models, though new members practice upon a block head. A few women with fine heads of hair serve as models, but a better field for practice is provided by scanty-haired women, upon whose heads the true ingenuity and resources of the hair-dresser can find the fullest opportunity for producing a grand effect with little material.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

The Helper of Morality, Science, Education and All Good Work.

No publisher or editor pretends that he risks his capital, gives time, labor, thought and care to the making of a newspaper, for charty's sake. He publishes his journal as the book publisher publishes his book—for profit as a means of living or making a fortune. Publishing a newspaper is strictly business, though there is no other business on the face of the earth of which philanthropy and patriotism are so large a part.

The newspaper is the helper of the church and the school, of religion, science, literature, art, industry, agriculture—of every thing which concerns the good of society and the State. It is the very prop and stay of charity and public spirit; the most potent enemy of public wrong or injustice; and it must be so necessarily, as it is but public sentiment reflected in type. The newspaper depends for its success upon popular favor, and the aim of every one connected with it is that of winning popular favor by running upon parallel lines with public morality. To say that the newspaper is published for money is to say no harm of it. It has passed into a universal maxim that "the church lives by the altar"—by the contributions which the faithful lay upon the altar. And it is true, and it is not discreditable. The newspaper press is generally as high in morals and intelligence as the public conscience and mind; higher than that it can never be permanently, as it must be what society demands it shall be. As a matter of fact, it frequently runs ahead, temporarily, of public morality; it often creates the public sentiment that destroys public wrongs; it often secures justice by proclaiming the injustice.

The press is not without its faults, but venality or untruth for money's sake is not one of them. Its worst fault is its partisan prejudice, its inability to perceive that the newspaper that serves its country best serves its party best. It does not lie for pelf, but it does, for political expediency's sake, too often fail to recognize the truth. It is not unclean for money's sake, nor sensational for profit's sake, though it may too often blunder into the mire or into sensationalism through want of good judgment. The press of the United States—and we speak, of course, of that great body of reputable newspapers which really constitute the press—is just what readers of high or average intelligence and morals make it, and it rises day by day to higher planes of intelligence and morality.

To make the best, the truthfullest, the cleanest newspaper, all other things being equal, is to make the most profitable one. That is the experience of every publisher and responsible editor of a great and pecuniarly successful public journal. The press will always have its adverse critics, who if run to earth will be found to be some unworthy discarded members of it, or those with whom the press has had to deal more in justice than in mercy. As to its defense against mendacious criticism, it is making it daily; for it is compelling the testimony of scores of millions of readers to its usefulness, its public spirit, its intelligence and its morality.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE WHISTLING MARMOT.

Strange Animals That Infest the Flowery Olympic Mountains.

After lunch we passed through a beautiful piece of bottom land, teeming with flowers, red and yellow monthly musk, fringing the banks of the stream where it spread out over the meadow in a dozen different channels. Charlie wanted to stop and take up 160 acres, but Campbell told him "Too much plenty snow in winter," and after vainly trying to drink the creek dry we passed on. Another turn brought us to the base of a steep, stony mountain. Skirting this and climbing over some big rocks, we suddenly came into a lovely grass country. Like the prairie in summer, every conceivable flower seemed to bloom and blossom in the grass; the place was ablaze with red, blue, yellow and white. We must have passed through 500 or 600 acres of it, and every here and there a rippling stream ran widely through it. The place was a real paradise, and thank goodness we had got out of the dark valley, and stood in the bright, warm sunshine. We were now close to the head of the Quilcene, and we eagerly pressed on. Presently we met a dog, and close after him his master, who turned out to be Mr. Ransom, going from the head of the Dungeness to Port Townsend. He gave us cheerful accounts of the elk, and also kindly took a letter into town for us. At 5:30 we camped under Sentinel rock, about a mile from the divide. This rock stands boldly out alone, like a massive fortress guarding the entrance to the valley of the Dungeness.

Suddenly the mountains sides seemed to be alive with men whistling to one another, when—and one would turn sharp round only to hear another and a shriller whew—on the other side; and soon we saw lots of animals about the size of a fox, with long bushy tails, running about from rock to rock, sometimes lying down, but more often sitting bolt up, erect, like a ferret does. We shot a couple of small ones that night and afterward shot several more, larger ones. Campbell called them whistling dogs, and declared they were good to eat; but the smell was enough for us. Their odor is peculiar, but not fragrant. They have two long teeth in front like a beaver, and feet almost shaped like squirrel's feet. I believe their right name is mountain beaver. Wherever we went afterward in the mountains, as long as there was grass, we saw these whistling dogs, as we got to call them. I liked to see them; they seemed to make the place cheerful and lively, and were very amusing to watch. In winter they have long burrows under the snow, and their coats get a dark gray; in summer they are yellow. Their skins should make good fur, and I think would pay for being trapped in the winter months. Our altitude this night was 5,450 feet, and we christened the place "Stony Camp," from the terribly stony ground we had to sleep on. The night was warm until about 4 a. m., when it got fearfully cold, and we were almost frozen.—Whatcom Reveille.

The Definition Is What the Quality Isn't.

Teacher (in Chinese Mission)—I wonder how many of you know the meaning of "mercy." (All hands up.) Very good. Now you, Chang, may give us an illustration of its meaning.

Chang—Melican lady give Chinee boy glishes to wash. One plate fall on floor, him blake in thlousand fifteen pieces. Melican lady cly loud: "Oh, mercy!"—Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

—A Kentucky man recently found a snake in his bed-tick. He must have gone to bed with his boots on.—Ram's Horn.

—"That's my Cholly at the door. I know his ring," said Ethel. "So do I," returned Mattie. "I wore the ring six weeks before you got it."—Harper's Bazar.

—Tommy Judkins—"Papa, what do they mean by a selling race? Is any thing actually sold?" Judkins, Sr.—"Yes, my son, and it is usually the public."—Sport.

—Ages may come, and ages may go, but the man who talks altogether too much about himself will be likely to linger among us for some time yet.—Ram's Horn.

—The New Policeman.—The Judge—"Officer Grady, please arrest Lawyer Case's attention." Grady—"Yes, sor, av ye'll please mek out th' warrant."—Yankee Blade.

—Husband (gloomily)—"I lost fifty dollars last night playing poker." Wife—"And yet you can't afford to buy me a bonnet?" Husband—"Well, I should say not."—Racket.

—If time is money, it would seem at first sight that the loafer ought to be the richest of men; but, after all, he hasn't any more than any body else.—Somerville Journal.

—Bank President—"Every thing indicates that he has gone to Canada. Lock the bank doors and hang out a card, 'No cashier.'" Book-keeper—"Shall I write it, 'No cash here?'"—N. Y. Ledger.

—"Who is that talking so loudly?" "Why, that's Bobbett, the celebrated pugilist." "I never heard of his fighting any one." "Oh, he doesn't fight; but he has issued more newspaper challenges than any man in the world."—West Shore.

—The Politician.—Tom—"You don't know that man who just spoke to you, do you, Jack?" Jack—"I only know that he is a politician. He speaks to every body." Tom—"He doesn't speak to me." Jack—"No; you are not a voter yet."—Yankee Blade.

—"I see," said a man, entering a caterer's establishment, "that you advertise weddings furnished?" "Yes sir," replied the caterer, briskly. "I wish you'd send a couple to my house right away. I've two daughters I'd like to get off my hands."—Harper's Bazar.

—Miss Summit—"What a frightful dent there was in Mr. Dashaway's hat after my progressive euchre party last evening." Miss Palisade—"Yes. I heard him tell some one in the hall that it was to remind him to say to you what a pleasant evening he had passed."—N. Y. Sun.

—An Object Lesson.—

As we strolled along the beach,
When the lisping tide was low,
Thus my lady's silvery speech—
"Mr. Freshly, do you know
You're an oasis to me?
(Here I blushed behind my hand)
You're the green spot," murmured she,
"In this arid waste of sand."

—Brooklyn Illustrated Monthly.

BOILING WATER.

A Simple and Effective Method of Killing Disease Germs.

All water for drinking and other household purposes should be first thoroughly boiled if the source from which it is derived is at all doubtful as to purity. Some germs are killed at a temperature as low as 120°; others require 180° to 212°; still others require as high a degree of heat as 240°. For this last of course the water would have to be confined. Nevertheless, the germs which are not killed at a temperature of the boiling point are not dangerous to human life, which may be considered a fortunate fact.

Undoubtedly more disease is propagated through water contamination than in any other manner, and the only way to make sure that water is harmless is to boil it. It can afterward be cooled, if preferred, for drinking. Even savages in some regions have been found whose ordinary custom it is to cook all the water they use. Stanley notes several large tribes living in the heart of Africa who cook their water just as much as they cook their yams. They live in most unsanitary surroundings, congregated in large villages, throwing their filth into the same river from which they take their water supply, and yet through this precaution they never have fevers. Similarly there are multitudes of Chinese who live huddled together in little boats upon canals, barely room to move about, and yet they live with comparative immunity from disease because they boil all the water they use.—From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Improved Water-Proof Garment.

An improved water-proof garment has been patented in England which it is claimed possesses thorough ventilation. The top portion of the back of the garment below the collar or neck-band is formed by letting in a piece of fabric which is not treated with India rubber, but is simply acidized or otherwise treated for the purpose of rendering the same shower-proof, when not intended to be covered by a collar or cape; or it may be, in some cases, such as when it is intended to be covered by a collar or cape, a simple woven or open-work fabric not treated with acid. The form of the inserted piece may be somewhat triangular, crescent-shaped or otherwise, as found most convenient, the object being to dovetail into the garment between the shoulders a fabric which will permit of the egress of perspiration from the wearer's body without the necessity of an ugly or awkward appearance. Another portion of the improvement is to line the back of the garment with a piece of lace or fabric of an open-work nature having woven or manufactured thereon the name of the manufacturer of the garment, or other name.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Autocrat Humbled.

A story that Oliver Wendell Holmes tells of himself was revived in connection with his recent birthday celebration. "I was invited fifty years ago or so," said the doctor, "to read a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University. I prepared it with great care. When the day came I read it in the First Baptist meeting house at Providence. I was going along famously, and thought I was making an excelent impression, when right in the midst of a fine passage, to my mind, a drum and fife struck up in the street. To a man the audience turned their heads and looked out of the open doors and windows. It lowered my self-esteem in a moment. 'I can't be much of a fellow, anyway,' thought I, 'if these people care more about a drum and fife in the street than they do about my poem,' and I finished," said Dr. Holmes "in a more humble frame of mind."—Boston Courier.