THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door,
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust;
Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, oh, friend, are the Fortunate Isles.
—*Joaquin Miller, in Chicago Current.*

"SOL."---A PROBLEM.

CHAPTER I.—ELIMINATION.

It seems to be an essentially masculine notion, the world over, that the female intellect is incapable of solving a problem, save of the simplest order. The question in Mr. Haines Leavenworth's mind, on a certain lovely summer afternoon, was as to the possibility of Miss Ida Northrup's solving the problem of existence without himself as a chief factor.

It was very evident that the young lady had made up her mind on that point. With a partly sympathetic, partly inexorable, facial expression, she industriously drew the threads of an open-work linen "tidy," as she rocked lightly back and forth, on the porch of an old-fashioned farmhouse whose owners did not object to city boarders as a source of revenue.

Mr. Haines Leavenworth stood by a wooden pillar, in the act of taking leave (a very long, drawn-out process, in this instance), and pulled nervously at the clusters of honeysuckle, while his eyes rested with a bewildered, reproachful expression on the smoothly-braided brown hair, dark gray eyes, and symmetrical features of the lady before him.

"I—I trust you will never have occasion to regret your decision," he stammered, growing red and pale by turns, and suddenly becoming conscious that he had said a hopelessly idiotic thing.

Miss Northrup's handsome eyebrows showed an infinitesimal degree of elevation as she dextrously tied some knots in the fringe of her tidy. Haines Leavenworth was rich. His father was a judge, his mother's grandmother had been a Knickerbocker; what more could any sensible girl require?

If Miss Northrup chose to put that interpretation on his confused words, it was useless to explain. He pressed his hat down over his crimsoned forehead, put out his cold, trembling hand, and with the faint touch of the lady's rosy fingertips to bear him impalpable companionship on "the arid pathway of his future," as he insisted on calling it, he passed out of Eden.

Miss Northrup watched his retreating figure with curious emotions. She felt sorry for "the arid pathway of his future," as far as it went, feeling morally sure that some new divinity would in time cause it to rejoice and blossom. For a possible judicial father-in-law, and a Knickerbocker mamma, she suffered no fleeting pangs of regret. As to money, she had enough for her own moderate desires.

Still, he had been an agreeable, flavoring element in her summer; he had relieved loneliness, and brought the latest magazines to the intellectually barren farmhouse, had given her pleasant moonlight rides on the lovely river; in short, he had behaved like a perfect gentleman.

But he had touched no deep chord, aroused no passion. Was she to blame that he had misconstrued her gratitude, her natural pleasure in his refined, courteous ways.

Oh, dear! It was all a vexing, perplexing muddle! Miss Ida breathed a little half-guilty sigh, folded her work, and went into the house, leaving the light rocking-chair to sway back and forth of its own sweet will, until the natural forces (gravitation, retarded velocity, and whatever others were involved) should bring it to a state of rest.

CHAPTER II.—SUBSTITUTION.

Miss Northrup tied on her wide shade-hat, and sauntered along the country road, sketch-book in hand, in the direction opposite to that which her rejected suitor had taken. She was not entirely satisfied with herself, and wanted to do a little "sincere" work as an off-set. An artist-friend had once told her good-naturedly that her sketches showed "power." He did not tell her that the "power" was too thick in some places and too thin in others. She seated herself on the mossy roots of an old tree (artists usually do seat themselves on the roots of old trees when they do sketch in the country), and cast about her for a subject worthy of her pencil. A ruinous old cabin, not fit for a human dwelling, caught her fancy, and she had succeeded in tracing its outlines with a fair degree of accuracy, when a childish scream startled her, and a beautiful little child, about four years old, ran out of the doorway, and almost into Miss Northrup's arms. Her pretty blue eyes were red with weeping, her silken, corn-colored curls tangled, and her face stained with dirt and tears. A ragged gingham apron covered a still more ragged gown, and her little feet were shoeless and stockingless.

"Daddy 'ip me! daddy 'ip me!" sobbed the poor little waif, as she clung trembling to Ida's skirts.

A red-faced, blowsy man staggered from the hut, brandishing a billet of wood in his unsteady grasp, and, after looking vainly for the child, his ears too dull with drink to hear her suppressed sobs, he uttered an oath, and staggered back into the cabin.

"Be quiet, my poor baby! No one shall hurt you again," said Miss Northrup, soothingly; and, putting up her sketch-book (for the ruined dwelling had lost its picturesqueness, and become hateful in her sight), she took the little creature's hand and hastened back to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Morgan, her landlady, was voluble in explanation.

"Land's sake! It's Lol Reese, old Sol Reese's youngster! He's the shif'lessest, drunkenest old scamp out of State's prison. The poor little creetur's mother died of a broken heart nigh on to two year ago, and old Sol's that tormented ugly he won't let none o' the neighbors do for the child, though, goodness knows, we do all we can, on the sly! She's as pretty a little youngster, when she's clean, as there is anywhere around—if she could only be kep' nice."

"Is there no law to protect her from his drunken fury?" questioned Ida, indignantly. "Why don't the selectmen of the next town do something?"

She had begun to wash the tear-stained face, and to smooth the tangled curls; and Mrs. Morgan paused in her task of slicing cold potatoes for frying, as she answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"The s'lectmen are all afraid to meddle with old Sol for fear he'll set their fine houses afire!"

"And meanwhile this poor baby must run the risk of being beaten to death," said Miss Northrup, with flashing eyes. "With a little assistance from you, Mrs. Morgan, I shall take the law into my own hands, selectmen or no selectmen."

After a plentiful supper of bread and milk, Miss Northrup's little charge was robed in an improvised nightgown, made of a dressing-sack with the sleeves turned back, and laid to rest in such a bed as her baby fancy had never been bold enough to picture: while her new-found benefactor started across the fields in company with Mr. Morgan, to interview old Sol.

A few resolute threats on Miss Northrup's part, reinforced by Mr. Morgan with an occasional drawling, "That's so, Sol! You'll get yourself into trouble if the lady takes them bruises into court"—a string of oaths from old Sol, who was almost too drunk to understand what was being done, and the guardianship of Laura Henriette Reese was informally made over to Miss Ida Northrup, who omitted her contemplated temperance lecture, from sheer disgust, and returned to her sleeping charge, thankful that the affair had been so easily managed.

The laws of hereditry troubled her not. She knew, also, that there were laws of eradication and pruning; and as she gazed into those innocent blue eyes that opened at her approach, and stroked the silken curls, the coming days seemed to be full of promise—full of work and worthiness. She had "eliminated" Haines Leavinworth. She had "substituted" Sol.

CHAPTER III.—SOLUTION.

It was a fatal winter in the great city where Ida Northrup lived. The pestilence which broods in filthy courts, and dens of moral and physical uncleanliness, had struck at the strongholds of aristocracy as well; and mourning and desolation were in wealthy homes, where drainage-pipes were defective, and skill, money and devoted love powerless to save.

A young physician with few patients was sitting in his uptown office talking with a college friend, when he received a hasty summons to the house of Miss Ida Northrup, a block or two distant. "Child very ill with the pestilence," the message ran.

His friend started at the name.

"Do you know Miss Northrup, Charley?" he inquired, nervously.

"I have met her at old Dr Willard's," was the young physician's reply. She is intimate with her daughter Mary. I believe she has lately adopted a child—some poor little waif whom she picked up last summer in a farming village.

He went on hurriedly collecting phials and powders, and was donning his street coat, when his friend exclaimed:

"Charley, for old friendship's sake, listen to me a minute, and don't thwart me, I beg of you. It is a matter of life and death with me!"

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When Dr. Bruce entered the room where Ida Northrup's little charge lay stricken with the fever, he was followed by a grave, professional man, wearing green glasses, and a grizzled beard, whom he introduced as a "nurse," Robert Safford. He had providentially met him and brought him along, as it was almost impossible to procure a lady nurse at present, so great was the demand. Miss Northrup was so absorbed in her adopted child, so anxious for the doctor's verdict, that she scarcely noticed the nurse. Ah, could she have known how hungrily the eyes behind the green glasses were regarding her, it would have made her heart beat a trifle more quickly in spite of her pre-occupation!

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The new nurse was a perfect treasure. Such devotion, such swift silent, constant helpfulness, and such iron endurance were seldom witnessed, even among the many brave, self denying workers in that city of the doomed. His unflagging faithfulness had its reward. There came a day when Dr. Bruce pronounced Sol out of danger—and when Ida Northrup bowed her beautiful head, with tears of thankfulness, and held out her hand first to the physician, and then to his noble co-worker, the eyes behind the green glasses blazed with glad triumph, and the grave and quiet nurse sang inwardly the song that Miriam sung.

When the physician had taken his leave, and Miss Northrup had retired to her room for a refreshing sleep after her long anxiety, the nurse watched her from the door of the sick-room, as her slender figure glided along the corridor, and when she was no longer in sight, he picked up a tiny knot of ribbon that had fallen from her dress, and pressed it to his lips again and again. A coming footstep startled him, and he thrust it into his bosom, but the ecstatic smile on his face lingered there until his wearied body sought repose.

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The nurse's duties were over. Sol was convalescent: and her adopted mother had come to settle her account with Mr. Robert Safford. He had been so gentlemanly, so refined, so unselfish that she fairly shrank from offering him money. With stammering, faint words, she finally opened the subject, and, to her great relief, found that Mr. Safford took it as a matter of course, thanked her for the money, and wrote a receipt in a thoroughly business-like manner.

"Then there is nothing more to be attended to," remarked Miss Northrup, graciously.

His eyes dwelt upon her face abstractedly. "No—nothing more—to be attended to!" he enswered, dreamily, and bent over his little charge to receive her good-by caress.

When he turned to Miss Northrup for a grave, respectful leave-taking, her hand rested in his for a moment, and he detained it in his clasp. He was trembling with his long-suppressed emotion. A strange thrill passed over his companion, and she gazed at him piercingly. Memories of a happy summer floated through her brain—a manly form was at her side, a pleasant voice was still beguiling the vacation days on mountain, road and river. Could it be that the unforgotten presence was beside her now? Ah, "elimination" was not yet complete!

His hand closed more firmly over hers—he drew nearer—raised his other hand, and removed the green glasses and the grizzled beard.

"Ida! Can you forgive me? Have I gained a title to your esteem at last, or forfeited it for ever? Have I given you any reason for taking back the words you spoke the day we parted, 'That you could never love a man who had not at some time performed a noble deed, or fulfilled some high duty?'"

Nearer—nearer came the slender figure—crimson grew the cheeks pale with vigil, pleading grew the lovely eyes filled with remorseful tears.

"It is I alone who need forgiveness. Truly—truly you have shown your allegiance—and the guerdon of knighthood is already yours!"

How the False Prophet Works Miracles.

The "Mahdi," is a very able, cunning man in all he does. He has had a building erected into which he retires to pray, and where he sometimes receives and speaks to his followers. Here he tells his devotees he converses with the "El Hadra," or "Holy Presence," from whom he receives instruction, direction, and advice on all matters. The credulous Arabs squat around outside this building in hundreds all day long, and when the Mahdi appears beg to be shown the "Presence," that they may die happy. "Oh, Prophet," they cry, "show us the El Madra." With grave face Mahommed Achmed turns to some one and answers, "Wallah! that is a very serious and difficult task you seek to impose on me." He is invariably polite, and always calls every one "Ya! Sidi" (sir). If in a complaisant mood the Mahdi pretends to yield to their requests; he invites them into his sanctuary, which is bare of furniture save a few carpets, skins and mats, a brass bowl and brass tray. He then bids them search the apartment to see if there is any one or anything beyond what meets their eyes concealed therein. Their answer usually is, "What need to search, oh, Prophet? There is nothing here" "Then leave me a little, whilst I pray," replies the Mahdi, "and perhaps the Spirit may grant your request." Meligy said, when the "Prophet" was left alone, he (the Mahdi) waited a little, then, lifting the brass tray, which had coffee-cups standing on it, he poured a vessel of water into the bowl, replacing the tray on the top, but not so as to be resting on the bowl, for the tray was held an inch or two above the bowl either by big pieces of loaf sugar or calcined lime.

The water at once began to act upon whichever of these substances he employed, but before it had time to disintegrate them the people were readmitted into the apartment, where all appeared as they had seen it a minute before. They were soon alarmed and terrified by seeing the tray move, and hearing the cups and dishes rattle. Sometimes a little smoke or steam accompanied these demonstrations but on every occasion on which the ignorant Arabs and negroes witnessed them they shouted "It is the Presence," and, falling down with their foreheads pressed to the ground, remained in pious prayer until the Mahdi bade them leave him. Another plan he has for enlisting adherents is to covertly prepare a pit or hole in the ground, in which he sets matches and gunpowder. Haranguing the wholly savage tribes who flock to hear and see him, he tells them they have nothing to fear from Turk or infidel. If necessary, fire even could be sent to consume all their enemies, so that they would not not need to lift their hands against them. Then, to show his power, the Mahdi drives his spear into the ground, selecting the spot prepared, and fire and smoke follow the blow. He tells them the fire will be confined, so as not to then and there burn them. Afterward his confederates come to his aid and remove the traces of the prepared stage effect.—*London Telegraph.*

In 1883 there were over fifty-one million tons of coal mined in Pennsylvania, which was worth $100,107,245, which was an excess in value of the gold and silver product of the whole country of $27,807,245.

SOME QUEER WILL CASES.

HOW RELATIVES QUARREL AND FIGHT OVER ESTATES.

A Widow's Love—A Will for a Million Dollars Written on a Scrap of Paper—Bogus Widows.

Contested will cases are increasing in this city and the custom of making wills is more common to-day than it was a dozen years ago. It is not an unusual occurrence now for a will involving only $300 to be contested by some relative who has been left out in the cold, and only the other day Register of Wills Rex examined scores of witnesses in a case where the estate bequeathed was valued at less than $400.

Undue influence or insanity are the general reasons assigned for trying to break a will. Old people who have lived apart from their relatives just prior to their death generally leave money to those they have lived with and who have been kind to them in their last days. The relative who has been ignored in the will invariably introduces this fact at the examination before the register and argues that it is a species of undue influence.

There are many instances on record where relatives who have been cut off with a penny declare that the testator was insane because he was in the habit of talking to himself on the street in his old age. Another commonly alleged evidence of insanity is that the deceased would sit for hours without speaking while in the company of his family.

Within half a dozen years several odd will contests have found their way into the courts. Some cases are still pending after years of litigation and a number took months to dispose of, involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars for court costs and counsel fees. One of the most famous cases ever tried in the common pleas court in this city was the Whittaker will contest, where two wills were produced, and which resulted in two men, named Dickerson and Vanarsdalen, being sent to the Eastern penitentiary each for ten years for conspiracy to commit a forgery. Vanarsdalen died in prison three or four weeks ago, and Dickerson still wears convict,s clothes. The case occupied Judge Allison's court for nearly four months, and cost more than $25,000 to try.

The contest over the will of William Drinkhouse, which has recently been carried to the supreme court, occupied the common pleas court a long time. The contest was brought by his son, Samuel R. Drinkhouse, on the ground that his father was laboring under a delusion when he made his will, bequeathing to all his children an equal life interest in his estate, which at their death is to revert to their children. The children of the son Samuel were excepted, his father declaring that he did not believe the children were his son's. This gave the son only a life interest, which when he dies, according to the provisions of the will, is to be equally divided among William Drinkhouse's other grandchildren.

Dr. William King, a son of the late Judge William King, of the Common Pleas court, was a surgeon in the United States navy and while stationed at Norfolk met a handsome widow, who fell desperately in love with him. Some time later Dr. King shot and killed a man who insulted him in Charleston. He was arrested and indicted for murder. The widow with her two little children followed him to Charleston. He had no means to speak of at the time, and with her money she obtained for him the best legal talent in the city. During his trial she was always at his side and comforted him while he was in prison. He was acquitted of the charge of murder on the ground of self-defense. Then out of gratitude he married her. When the late Judge King died he left his son some eighty-odd thousand dollars. The late Judge Parsons, of the Common Pleas court, held the money in trust for the naval surgeon, who lived snugly on the interest. At his death he left his entire estate to his widow, who fought for him when he was on trial in Charleston. His two sisters contested the will in Court 1. He made two wills; the first left a part of the property to his sisters, the last will bequeathed everything to the widow. The sisters claimed that the last will was a forgery. The counsel on both sides agreed that the jury should render a verdict in favor of the widow, and a quiet arrangement was afterward made by which the sisters were given a fair slice of the dead surgeon's fortune.

"I have a great many contests before me," said Register Rex, "where there are two women who both insist that they are the widow of the testator. I have three such cases before me now. Not long ago I had a case where there were two widows, one of whom was an adventuress. She even went so far as to produce a marriage certificate. She bought it on Arch street and filled it out herself, as was afterward shown by the counsel for the legitimate widow. The certificate was dated in 1869. He proved that the style of certificate was not gotten up until five years later.

"Relatives who try to break wills always speak very affectionately of the dead who have slighted them. This is done with the design of impressing me that they always had a deep love for the deceased person. I have decided over one hundred cases. The Mary Ann Marshall contest, begun in 1880, is still pending. In the George Lewis contest I have been taking testimony every week since June, 1883. Men often put odd reasons in their wills for cutting relatives off, and some wills are only a few lines long. James L. Claghorn's will only covered a sheet of foolscap. William L. Schaeffer, the late cashier of the Girard bank, left a million of dollars on a little ragged scrap of paper only four or five inches long. A will contest affords an excellent opportunity for hearing family spleen. I have a case now pending where a son and daughter sit on one side of me and two daughters sit on the opposite side, and they glare at each other like wild beasts. Several times I have seen mothers and sons meet here as contestants, and they would not even look at each other."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Spearing Sword-Fish.

The fish are always harpooned from the end of the bowsprit of a sailing-vessel. All vessels regularly engaged in this fishery are supplied with an apparatus for the support of the harpooner, which consists of a wooden platform about two feet square, upon which the harpooner stands, and an upright bar of iron three feet high, rising from the tip of the bowsprit just in front of this platform. At the top of this bar is a bow of iron in a nearly circular form, to surround the waist of the harpooner. This structure is called the "rest" or the "pulpit." A man is always stationed at the mast-head, whence, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can easily descry the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles. When a fish has been sighted, the watch "sings out," and the vessel is steered directly toward it. The skipper takes his place in the pulpit, holding the harpoon with both hands by the upper end, and directing the man at the wheel by voice and gesture how to steer. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel, it struck. The harpoon is not thrown; the strong arm of the harpooner punches the dart into the back of the fish beside the dorsal fin, and the pole is withdrawn. The line is from fifty to one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and the end is either made fast on board the smack, or attached to a keg or some other form of buoy and thrown overboard. After the fish has exhausted himself by dragging the buoy through the water, it is picked up, the fish is hauled alongside, and killed with a lance. In the meantime, several other fish may have been struck and left to tire themselves out in the same way.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Yarn of Five Little Sharks.

Captain Beckett, of the British ship Amana, tells a shark story which merits a place in nautical literature, because it is said to bear the imprint of reality and can be proved by the affidavits of Captain Becket and of every member of his crew.

When his ship was off Montevideo she was becalmed for several hours. A shark with five little young ones hung around the vessel all day. So soon as there was commotion on the water the mother would open her mouth and the little ones would dart inside for protection. For amusement the sailors threw bits of refuse overboard among the family, disturbing the water, each time with the same result. The young quintette immediately disappeared down the capacious countenance of their protector.

On the following morning a shark hook and line, bated with pork, was thrown overboard, and in a short time a shark was hauled on deck. Upon being opened it was discovered to be the very same fish which had amused the boys the day before, because five young sharks were safely stored away under her tongue.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Beads around the throat is very fashionable.

White crape is somewhat worn mixed with other materials.

Wraps trimmed with chenille have beaded balls placed at intervals around the throat.

It is said there are fully 800 females in the United States who are masquerading in masculine garments.

The Wesleyan Female college of Georgia, created in 1838, was the first college for women in this country.

Modeling in clay or wax is the fashionable pastime among ladies with an abundance of elegant leisure.

Choice sprays of shaded velvet flowers appear upon some of the most elegant little opera bonnets from Paris.

The vote of Washington Territory was about 42,000, of which number the women contributed perhaps one-third.

A white cloth capote, with plaited crown, bound with brown velvet woven with tiny gold loops, has large pompons of zephyr wool.

A terra-cotta poke bonnet is lined with old gold satin. Waves of creamy lace and birds of iridescent plumage form the trimming.

A pretty ball dress is of lemon-colored tulle over satin, with a few poppies placed at intervals on it, their stalks being tied with a large satin bow.

Bands of embroidery in silk and chenille are used with rich silks or velvets, either across the lower edge of the skirt or to outline the panels at the sides.

The heavy fancy cloth used for wraps and for dresses has the same metallic effects reproduced in the patterns that are seen in the richest evening brocades.

Gray or brown cloth suits, with short wraps to match, trimmed with fur, and a turban of the same material edged with the fur, are both sensible and stylish.

Fancy aprons are now fashionable for home wear. Many are made of sheer white swiss, with the single pocket placed on one side, trimmed with a large satin bow.

Since the beginning of the organized female suffrage agitation in England, in 1870, the official records show that 16,354 petitions, bearing 2,542,162 signatures have been presented to parliament.

A most charming toilet, recently imported, is made of moonlight tulle, studded all over with tiny silver loops woven into the tissue, and through each of which is passed the stem of a wood violet in velvet.

"How do you braid your hair so nicely?" queried a gentleman who was visiting a lady friend. "Oh," broke in her enfant terrible sister, "she takes it off and ties the knot to the gas chandelier and fusses over two hours every morning."

An evening dress is of silver blue brocaded in forget-me-nots. The train is full and round, the neck is cut low to the shoulders, and the sleeves short. Over this is a drapery of silver gauze caught high on the left side by a cluster of forget-me-nots.

A pretty evening dress for a young lady is of pear white satin, over which falls a drapery of tulle caught high on one side by a cluster of Marguerites. The jardiniere of the same dainty flowers, which passes about the skirt, is an odd but becoming bit of garniture.

Among the handsomest of the satin robes are those which are embroidered on one edge of the material with graduated patterns about half a yard in depth and the edge prepared for being cut in squares, points or scallops in the manner now in vogue for dress skirts as well as for the skirt and waist draperies.

"Drifting into a jewelry palace with holiday shoppers," writes a newspaper gossip, "I observed a lady pricing a pair of fine garters with a gem fastening. They looked so pretty that when she had passed on to another showcase I modestly asked the price. It was only $1,300." He was also shown a Russian sable cloak valued at $7,000.

The Turkish woman is superstitious in the extreme. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill-luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, or even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

In Northern Siberia, if a young native desires to marry, he goes to the father of the girl of his choice, and a price is agreed upon, one-half of which is then paid down. The prospective son-in-law at once takes up his residence with the family of his lady love, and resides with them a year. If at the end of a year he still desires to marry the girl he can pay the other half, and they are married on the next visit of the priest. If he does not want to marry he need not, and simply loses the half he paid at the start.

Lesbia's Poem.

In *Puck's* "Answers for the Anxious,' a correspondent—"Lesbia"—who sends a poem is disposed of as follows: Yes, dear, it is a very pretty poem; but, bless your young heart, we have the receipt for making that kind of thing by the gross. It is much more easy than the well-known acrobatic feat of rolling off a log. It is frequently very difficult to roll off a log—to roll it off another man's wood-pile without attracting the attention of the dog, for instance. But anybody can write that kind of poem. All you have to do is to give an accurate machine-made description of nature—say like this:

Now the snow is softly falling
On the meadows bleak and bare,
And the snowbirds sad are calling
To each other through the air—

You can go on with that kind of thing and chase the fleeting Muse as long as the soles of your balmoral hold out—thus, as it were:

Now the tumtum tumpty tiddies
And the tiddy tumtum tees—
While the itty um that iddies
Tums with tumtum all the trees.

So the
Like a
And I hear the
Gently dropping through the air.

Then, when you think you have done about enough for your country in this line, you can finish up with the ease and grace of a trapeze-performer, after this fashion:

Silent are the frozen sparrows,
Round the house the storm-wind hums;
Now the Frost-King shoots his arrows—
Choose pneumonia or gums.

Lesbia, we and a club can transform our office-boy into a poet on that principle. You will find that you have got to galvanize the market with something fresher than that, if you want to step into the great, busy, jostling horde of poets and not get trodden into the slabby mud of oblivion.

Buchanan's Hopeless Love.

Reminiscences of Democratic administrations of years gone by are constantly coming to light, says a Washington letter to the Baltimore *American.* "Right over there," said an old society beau recently, pointing to a brown-stone front near the executive mansion, "lives a woman who might have been mistress of the White House under Democratic rule if she had seen fit to accept the hand of James Buchanan. She comes from a very wealthy Pennsylvania family, and was courted by Mr. Buchanan. Her people wanted her to marry him, but she didn't want to. She loved a poor clergyman, rector of a church in her town; but the family didn't want her to marry him, and so they arranged that he should be quietly transferred to another post, some hundreds or thousands of miles away. This broke up the match and the maiden too, for she went into retirement at once and has married nobody. Neither the banishment of her clergyman nor the elevation of Mr. Buchanan to the presidency could make her change her mind, and she remained and remains single. She is an old, withered and sad woman, living there alone with her widowed sister in that great mansion, with actually more money than they know how to use. They are the richest people in Washington, possibly excepting Mr. Corcoran, and they do nothing with their wealth except to keep up their magnificent establishment and pet a lot of cats and dogs." The lady referred to is the one of whom the story is told that Mr. Corcoran one day sent her a polite note somewhat as follows: "MY DEAR MADAM: I have been for some time thinking of enlarging the Arlington Hotel. If you will state the value of your brown-stone mansion adjoining, I will send the check for the amount." To which she replied: "MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN: I have for some time been thinking of enlarging my flower garden. If you will state the value of the Arlington hotel adjoining, I will send you my check for the amount.'

A SHORT TALK ABOUT TIN.

A USEFUL METAL ACCURATELY DESCRIBED.

Where it Comes From, and How it is Worked into Pans, Kettles, Etc. --Visit to a Tin Factory.

M. Quad, in one of his Short Talks with "The Boys," says about tin: Save iron there is no other one metal brought into such general use, and yet you may ask a hundred men hand-running what tin is, without receiving a correct answer. What is it? The tin of every day use, my boy, is mostly what you may call sheet-iron polished up. These metal sheets which shine like polished silver are black enough under that surface. Every sheet of tin coming into this country, and most of the tin used in the world, is shipped from Wales. Cornwall is the great center, and right there Providence placed all the material necessary for making the tin of commerce—iron, coal and tin ore.

The iron, after being duly prepared, is rolled into sheets just the thickness of the tin you see at the tinsmith's, and is cut in regular sizes. The tin ore is melted the same as iron, and while it is in a liquid state the plates of sheet iron are dipped into it and then run between iron rollers, which smooth them off. The plates, ore and rollers must all be kept hot, and you may believe that this part of the work is terribly trying on the men. After the plates pass the rollers they are polished by being fed through another machine, and are then assorted and made ready for packing.

As to how tin is worked up you probably know all about, having watched a tinsmith at work. But let me tell you that the days of the tinsmith, so far as working the tin into household utensils, oyster cans, tobacco boxes, etc., are numbered. Within the past few years machinery has started to compete with the soldering iron, and the journeyman tinker realizes that his days are swiftly passing. We now have seamless articles in almost everything, and all of them of better shape and appearance than can be made by hand.

Let's take a little trip through the Detroit Stamping company's factory and post ourselves a bit. Here is a great room full of men and women and curious machinery, but before we go in let us look into the system of management a little. An enormous quantity of tin must be used here each week, and without some careful system to govern all there would also be an enormous waste. The work, then, to a great extent, is given out by the piece. A workman is instructed to make, say, 200 wash boilers. It is known in the office exactly what materials he will need, and he is given an order on the keeper of the stock room for so many sheets of tin, so many of stamped copper bottoms, so much wire, so many handles, so much solder. When his lot of boilers is finished his stock is accounted for to a penny's worth and there has been no waste.

You may have picked up a seamless pie-tin and wondered how it could be made in that manner. Here is the machine which does it. It is solid and compact, and meant to exert great pressure. On what may be called the lower jaw of the machine is a flat iron bed; in the center of this is a steel mold, or, as you may call it, a steel pie-tin. The sheet of tin to be used is cut to a certain size, being an inch larger on all sides than the pie-pin. It is laid on this steel mold, and, as the machine works, a steel head is pressed down into the mold and turns the tin up on every side. It is taken out an almost perfect pie-tin, only needing to have the edges pressed down by another machine to be ready for market. While I have been telling you how the one tin was made the machine has turned out a hundred.

All the salves which you buy of the druggist are put up in tin boxes. Here is one of the very few machines in the United States which make them. The principle is the same as the other, and as you realize the economy practised you can't help but feel astonished. Ask a tinsmith to make you a box to hold two ounces of salve and he must take his compass and mark out the top and bottom and cut them with his shears. He must then cut his side pieces, bend them in a machine and use his soldering iron. It will take a smart workman from twenty minutes to half an hour to finish your box, and no matter how handy he is there will be a certain roughness in his work.

Now watch this machine. A workman takes a strip of tin cut to a certain width and feeds it in on the mold, the steel head comes down with a click, and one-half your box drops to the floor. The next blow drops the other half, and the box is made, except that the lower half is taken in hand by another machine which mills the edges and prevents the cover from slipping down too far. This machine turns out 6,500 boxes per day, with the least possible waste of material. Fifty tinsmiths could not do its work.

You may have discovered that a wire is run around the edges of the larger articles of tinware, such as pails, dish-pans and boilers. Where these articles are made of sheet-metal there is no need of it, but when stamped from tin the wire is put in to render them stiffer and stronger. The tinsmith measures a piece from his coil of wires, files it off, and then bends it in a circle as well as he can by his imperfect machinery. The only way he can straighten a piece of wire is by hammering, and using his eye as a guide.

Here is the machine which works faster than a hundred tinkers. The wire is taken off a reel, straightened, cut in any length, and bent to any shape desired faster than you can count, and no mistakes are made.

In the making of cups, kerosene cans, tea and coffee-pots, dippers and a few other articles with handles, the soldering-iron must come into play, but basins, pans, cups, wash-dishes and pie-tins can be stamped and made ready for market with a rapidity to astonish you. All the ware in which seams have had to be closed with solder are sent to the basement when finished. Down there is a tank of hot water, and every article is forced down into this and held for a few seconds to detect any leak which the soldering-iron may have left behind it.

The Coca Leaf.

The *Youth's Companion* says: Some time ago we gave our readers a brief sketch of the wonderful power of coca leaves, when chewed like tobacco, to arrest the waste of the system and to keep up its nervous tone and vigor. Dr. Smith, in his "Peru as it is," says: "When used in moderate quantities it increases nervous energy, enlivens the spirits and enables the Indians to bear cold, wet, great bodily exertion and want of food to a surprising degree with apparent ease and impunity."

In 1850 two men buried in a mine eleven days were kept alive by the small amount of coca they had with them. The natives of Peru make a three days' journey over the mountains with no other support, and reach their destination without exhaustion.

The recent discovery that the most difficult surgical operations can be performed on the eye without causing pain, by simply dropping in it a little solution of the active principle of the coca, has given it new interest, and we add the following, gathered from the New York *Medical Record:*

"The leaves resemble those of the tea-plant, and in fact, the active principles—the alkaloids, as they are termed—are essentially the same. The trees grows wild in the mountains of Peru and Bolivia, and is also cultivated in high latitudes. In 1864 the annual product was valued at two and one-half millions of dollars. The leaves are worth in Peru seventy-five cents a pound. They have been used by natives from a remote antiquity. The high esteem in which they were held is seen from the fact that they were among the offerings to their gods, and it was believed that the latter would not be propitious unless the priests chewed the leaves during the ceremonies. It is estimated that thirty million pounds are now annually consumed by eight millions of people, each using two or three ounces a day. It is about twenty-five years since the discovery of active principle (the alkaloid) and of the properties of the latter. Its present name, cocaine (pronounced cocoaine), was then given it. It crystalizes in four to six-sided prisms. It unites with acids to form various salts. The salt now used to deaden sensibility is the muriate of cocaine. Like all the alkaloids, it is a poison in large doses, the symptoms being cerebral excitement, complete paralysis of sensibility, tetanic (fixed) spasm, and death. It is thought that theine (the alkaloid of tea) may have the same anæsthetic properties, and be substituted for it. Caffeine—the alkaloid of coffee—is also radically the same."

Alcohol can be produced from the natural gas of Western Pennsylvania. Alcohol, when misapplied, is productive of natural, oratorical gas.—*Hartford Post.*

IN TIME TO COME.

The flowers are dead that made a summer splendor
By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill,
And with regret these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour,
Make the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
About love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of the happiness to come,
Then sudden frost—the garden yields its treasure,
And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die,
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by and bye.

In heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish—
The flowers of human lives we count as lost,
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish;
And heaven has no frost.
—*Eben E. Rexford.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY,

Woman's sphere—An apple dumpling.

A floury composition—A bread pudding.

Little Bedouin boys are allowed al the dessert they want.

A near-sighted man can be in the best of health and yet look badly.

Its rather a singular thing that if you expect to find coal you must look for it in vein.

Fashionable walking sticks are very heavy this winter. It will now be simply impossible to tell the dude from the cane.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Victor Hugo, at the age of eighty-three, is building a house and overseeing the work himself, so as to be certain it will stand a lifetime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Don't fret if you cannot get into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—*Boston Courier.*

Kate Field says: "Mormon wives are horrible cooks." This is not strange. It is a maxim old as the hills: "Too many cooks spoil the broth."—*Inter-Ocean.*

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A lady in Connecticut has a harp three hundred years old, and Johnson says he wants her to come to his boarding house and match it against a piano he hears there every day.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Florence Marryat asks, in a lecture an hour and a half long; "What shall we Women do with our Men?" If Florence would apply to a widow she would get a correct answer inside of five minutes.

"Don't talk to me about Wagner. I was an intimate friend of Rossini, and I admire his music above all other operas." "I think 'William Tell' his best work." "Do you know his 'Barber?'" "No, I always shave myself."

A chicken was killed in Wilkes county, Pa., recently, and three brass buttons and the shell of a pistol cartridge were found in its gizzard. Now we know what has become of the United States army.—*Boston Transcript.*

NAKED TRUTH.

Little drops of printers' ink,
And little type "displayed,"
Make our merchants princes,
With all their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printers' ink—
"Busts" the man of business,
And sees his credit sink.
—*Bloomington Eye.*

"I'd have you know, sir," said the irate citizen to a man on the street, "that my wife is a high-toned woman, and I won't allow you to say a word against her." "High-toned," replied the other, "I should say she is high-toned; you can hear her a mile when she is quarreling with the neighbors."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I love you." "I am not young, John. There is a little gray in my hair, and some younger woman may—" "Never. Ah, my own darling, you remember what the poet says, 'The old is always the best.'" The engagement was suddenly broken off.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, with true pathos, "if my father and my mother stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar, I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves.—*Argonaut.*

BICYCLE BLISS.

A pleasant ride,
A gutter wide,
A bruised and battered form.
A laughing girl,
With flying curl,
Helps the 'cycler so forlorn.

A month of calm,
To mend an arm,
His nurse that charming dame.
Gay Cupid's dart,
Pierced 'cycler's heart,
And kindled love's bright flame.
—*New York Journal*

A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD German of Warsaw, Ill., has been engaged eleven years constructing a model of the city of Jerusalem.

A VOLUME has lately been published on "What to Wear." Now for the sequel, entitled "How to Procure It."

A CONNECTICUT man comes to the front with a walking machine with legs seven feet long.

IN Paris there are 150 tradesmen, who deal in nothing but old postage stamps.

PHILADELPHIA has 719 pending divorce cases. Chicago has 674.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The New York *Observer* says that the colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which will be reared within a few months upon Bedloe's Island in the bay of New York, is sure to be compared with the Colossus of Rhodes oftener than any other work of the kind, ancient or modern. The most authentic accounts make the Colossus of Rhodes to have been seventy cubits or above 105 feet in height, while the figure of M. Bartholdi's Liberty will be 105 feet high, without reckoning the coronet, or 137 feet nine inches from the sole of the foot to the tip of the torch in the outstretched hand, the grand total height of pedestal and statue being about 220 feet. Thus the Colossus of New York will be considerably larger than was the Colossus of Rhodes.

This Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was the work of Chares the Lindian, a pupil of the famous Lysippus. There is still extant, however, a Greek epigram of two lines, which attributes the work to Laches, also an inhabitant of Lindus.

The best authorities agree nevertheless that Chares was the architect of the Colossus, and that it was erected in the third century B. C.

A mechanician of the following century, Philo Byzantius, wrote a treatise on the seven wonders of the world, one chapter of which was devoted to the Colossus. He says that the figure was joined together inside by irons and squared stones, the connecting bolts showing Cyclopean blows of the hammer; that after the base of white marble had been laid down the great statue was cast and built up in successive sections until it became "a second son before the world." It took all of twelve years (B. C. 292—280) to complete this great work, and the amount of money expended upon it was three hundred talents, or over three hundred thousand dollars.

About fifty-six years after its erection the Colossus was shaken down by an earthquake, and it was at the same time broken off at the knees.

The Rhodian taste in sculpture inclined to the colossal, for Pliny relates further that Rhodes had more than a hundred other colossal statues, and though they were smaller than the great one, any one of them would have ennobled the place. A few modern authorities suppose the Colossus to have been really restored for a time, but they can show no good foundation for such a belief. It is more probable that the great Colossus lay in ruins for nearly nine hundred years. Then the Saracens obtained possession of Rhodes, and their general, Moawiyah, sold in A. D. 672 the bronze fragments of the prostrate statue to a Jewish merchant, who packed them upon nine hundred camels and carried them away. From the number of camels necessary to remove the bronze, Scaliger calculated its weight at 700,000 pounds.

The popular idea of the Colossus of Rhodes has long been that it stood with legs astride across the entrance of the harbor, holding a light aloft as a pharos, and that ships could pass at full sail between its legs. This idea has been proved false. The main harbor of Rhodes has too wide an entrance to admit of such a posture, but a narrow passage leading into the inner harbor has been suggested by several travelers as the site of the striding statue. The Colossus doubtless stood near the harbor, but not over it in the remarkable position so generally accepted, for no ancient author mentions this position.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

M. Combe d'Alma, member of the agricultural society of La Gironde, has succeeded in producing illuminating gas by the distillation of the sea pine.

Crocodiles are the only reptiles whose nostrils point in the throat behind the palate, instead of directly into the mouth cavity. This enables the crocodile to drown its victim without drowning itself. for by keeping its snout above the water it can breathe while its mouth is wide open.

Paper from the yucca, a hairy plant found in Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California, is becoming popular in Great Britain. It is readily bleached, and has a fibre almost as strong as hemp. It can be manufactured at about the same cost as paper made from mixed cotton and linen rags.

M. Charcot describes a hysterical patient who slept uninterrupted for fifty-four days. The noise of a gong beating violently at her bedside was unperceived, yet she was able to eat and drink, and all the functions connected with nutrition were performed without difficulty. The awakening was spontaneous, and found the patient in good health. She did not know that she had been unconscious for nearly eight weeks.

Experiments indicate that the effect of light upon plant tissues without chlorophyll, such as roots, rhizome, blanched plants, and some parasitic plants, is to decrease the intensity of the respiration, more carbonic acid being given off and oxygen absorbed in darkness than in light. The amount of oxygen absorbed is, however, in the same proportion to the carbonic acid given off in light as in darkness.

It is now believed, says the *Current,* that the denudations of the land do not cover the sea floor further than 300 miles seaward. These deposits are four miles deep in places. Far at sea its surface is covered with very small "shell animals." There is a patch of them in the North Atlantic 1,300 miles long and several hundred miles wide. Their shells finally sink to the bottom and form chalk. In the great abysses of the ocean, however, these shells dissolve before they reach the bottom. Here the only addition to the sea floor is made of wrecks, iceburg washings, dust carried by the wind, pumice from volcanoes, and meteoric stones. The pumice has floated till it became waterlogged. The color of the deep sea floor is red. The accretion is infinitely slow.