BEYOND.

Around the bend
With idle oar and flapping sheet I float
And, hopeful, o'er the shining vista gloat,
As current-borne creeps slowly on my boat
Around the bend.

The water's surface will be smoother there,
The arching bows will frame wide views more fair.
My white-bleached sail will bathe in purer air,
Around the bend.

No rudder will I need my skiff to guide,
No tempests o'er my sky will wildly ride,
No rival keel will grate my vessel's side,
Around the bend.

Down Time's broad stream I feel my life-bark swing—
The future will but care-free laughter bring,
And all my ways with songs of praise will ring,
Around the bend.

* * * * *

Around the bend
My boat goes on with jarrings much the same,
Here beat the storms that up the river came,
The view is changed in naught except in name,
Around the bend.

My life is still the same unrest for me,
My course is not more bright, nor quick, nor free,
The joy I fondly hoped I cannot see,
Around the bend.

—*Charles Moreau Harger, in the Current.*

FAIR AND FICKLE.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"She is handsome, certainly."

"How oddly you say that, as though you begrudged it to her!"

"So I do."

"Why, what has she done to you?" shrinking with a pretty affectation of terror from her companion, who has suddenly grown much too grave for a ball-room, as he scowls at the graceful back of the lady they are discussing. "Did she break your heart, Captain Lawrence; or has she poisoned your best friend?"

"That is just what she did. I do not mean, of course, that she put poison in meat or drink for him," correcting his vehemence with a rather bitter smile, as the laughter dies out in the pretty eyes uplifted to his. "She did a thing much more safe for herself, and quite as deadly for him; she poisoned his heart and his mind until— But it is a woman's privilege to be fickle—is it not, Miss Smart?—and quite the man's fault if he takes her fickleness too seriously."

"I shall not resent anything you may say of women apropos of Mrs. Hamilton," the girl says, gently. "You have suffered so much for your friend that you have almost a right to be unjust to the rest of us."

"Let me tell you about her, and you will realize that to see her here to-night, with everything that a vain woman can desire, from a rich husband to a dress from Worth, is enough to make me cynical even to you."

"Please tell me."

"We will go into the conservatory, then; it is quiet there, and I should be sorry, if the band were to cease suddenly, to be heard by half this crowd, bawling poor Fairfax's story, as I should be obliged to bawl it here."

"I must go back more years than I shall presently care to remember, for the time when I first knew Fairfax was when we were at West Point together—he and his sworn chum Brooke in the class next to mine. Fairfax was from my State, and our people were old friends. He was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' A better son, a braver soldier, a nobler fellow, than Jack Fairfax never lived. Brooke I only knew slightly, but he was handsome as a young Apollo; all I ever heard of him was to his credit, and Fairfax loved him as—as David loved Jonathan. I always use old comparisons from preference, you understand; they have all the force of long habit as well as of innate appropriateness.

"I left the Point, of course, a year before they did, and was ordered to one of those places of exile to which our government consigns her young officers, apparently to give them the fullest opportunity of rusting out the education she has just given them. The next year, by a rare stroke of luck, Fairfax joined us at Fort ——. I never knew so happy and so hopeful a fellow. No duty was too trivial to interest him, no succession of monotonous days dull to him, for everything, little or great, was a preparation for the life before him—the life that was to be so long, so full of happiness, of work, and of success. Good heavens! when I think what that boy was and hoped to be, and of how wretchedly it all ended, I wonder that civilization is so much stronger than nature within me; that, instead of humiliating that woman before her courtiers with the story of her treachery, I only abuse her to you.

"The world was a very fair place to Jack Fairfax just then, and men and women nobly made in God's image, but far above the ordinary level of humanity he placed Fritz Brooke. He hoped to be a good and successful man himself, but he had not a doubt that Brooke would excel him. 'You may laugh at me, Lawrence,' he used to say, rather hurt at the amusement with which I received some of these eulogies. 'The world will know that fellow some day as I know him, and then even such a doubting Thomas as you are will be convinced.' He used to bore me a little with this perpetual panegyric. Not that I had anything against Brooke, but that, like the Athenians, I was tired of hearing Aristides praised.

"A year passed; Fairfax got his first leave, and went home for two months, leaving such a blank behind him that we rather wondered how we had endured life before he joined. When he returned, the rumor of his engagement to Miss Chester preceded him, and I prepared myself for a new course of raptures, with the variety of having 'her' for a subject instead of 'him.' To my surprise, he talked very little about her. The sweetest and truest of women loved him, and was to be his wife next year, and though absence from her was hard to bear, yet a fellow so unutterably blest as he had no right to complain. That was all he said. But if he had been happy before, he was as radiant as sunshine now. Bad temper, discontent, gossip, could no more exist in his presence than fever or malaria in the sweet sunlight and fresh air of the prairies. The only shadow on his content was some slight anxiety about Brooke, from whom he had only heard indirectly for several months, as that brilliant young officer had been sent on some scientific expedition to China or Japan.

"The following spring was that of the French Exposition, and Miss Chester went to Paris with her parents. It put six months more absence between Fairfax and his 'lady-love'; but he abused his selfishness roundly for his disappointment. The autumn came, they returned, and, better still, Brooke crossed in the same steamer with them, for he also had been in Paris for several weeks on business of the scientific expedition. Fairfax was to see his two idols at once, and if ever I see again a man as madly happy as he the night his leave came, I shall believe him what the Scotch call 'fey,' and expect some calamity to overwhelm him. The next morning he was officer of the day, and I was not surprised at hearing nothing of him but toward evening his orderly brought me a note of two lines:

"'My engagement is at an end. Will you make this known, as I do not wish to talk about it?'

"I did what he asked me, and, to the credit of human nature, in that dull garrison, where every new subject was a boon, not a soul ever asked him a question or uttered a word of sympathy. He did not become cynical or have brain-fever, as heroes do in novels under such circumstances. He looked rather badly, and went about his duties more quietly; that was all, except that Brooke, to my surprise, became as much a tabooed subject as Miss Chester. I was rather curious as to the cause of that silence, but decided that such a death-blow as one believed had received was quite naturally, if unjustly, rather chilling to the other. None of our officers knew Brooke, so I did not discover the real state of affairs for months.

"Fairfax gave up his leave, and the winter crept by, its usual monotony varied toward spring by rumors of Indian outrages, which increased in horror and extent, until in May, to our great pleasure, we received orders for a summer in the field against them. It was the first bit of active service that had come in Fairfax's way, as well as mine, and it roused him out of the quiet, reticent fellow he had become into something like the enthusiast we all regretted. We were to be largely reinforced before leaving Fort —— by some regiments from other departments, and much interest was of course felt as to the strangers, or old acquaintances, who were to be such close comrades through the chances of our first Indian fights.

"'I see we are to have Brooke with us,' I said, congratulatingly, to Fairfax one night.

"'So I hear,' he replied, so briefly and with such a change of color that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and I began to divide my wrath against Miss Chester with Brooke, and to be rather anxious as to what would happen when the two men met. The night the reinforcements arrived the officers dined with all of us at the post commander's, and he, of course, introduced to each other all who were strangers. When, in taking Brooke about the room, he came to where Fairfax and I were standing, my friend said, quietly: 'I beg your pardon, Colonel, but even in your house I cannot speak to Lieutenant Brooke.'

"There was a moment's silence through all the confusion of voices; everybody seemed to have heard those words, and to wait for the reply. Brooke, who had grown very pale, answered, with considerable dignity: 'Lieutenant Fairfax has reasons for his words, which, though they are unjust, I will not dispute at present.'

"The next afternoon we left the fort, and for some days the whole command kept together; but toward the latter part of the week the General decided to send a scouting party across the river along whose course we were marching. Two officers were to go with this detachment, and Fairfax and I esteemed ourselves very lucky to be chosen. We were to march after supper, but the stream being swollen by recent rains, and rising rapidly from hour to hour, as mountain torrents do, the scouts and soldiers, who were not so well mounted as Fairfax and I, swam across at once, while we waited for the arrival of a courier, who was momentarily expected. He arrived while we were at supper, and immediately afterward we shook hands with our comrades, and rode down to the stream alone. On its brink, to my surprise, Brooke was waiting. He rode up to Fairfax and held out his hand.

"'Fairfax,' he said, and his voice shook like a girl's, 'you sent back my letter last year unread, and you refused to hear me last night, but for the sake of old times you must hear me now. You must!'—putting his hand on Fairfax's bridle as he turned the horse's head away. 'You and I have been too much to each other, Jack, to let even the woman we both love stand between us now, when any day may be our last.'

"'It is not she who stands between us,' Fairfax said, bitterly, 'but your own treachery.'

"'I am no traitor!' Brooke cried, passionately. 'Before the God we may either of us have to meet at any moment I never knew your engagement to Rose Chester until after our own engagement.'

"'You lie!' Fairfax replied, with the deadly coldness of one who had worn out all the passion he could feel. 'And you are a coward, sir, to put the blame of your own falsehood on the woman you say you love.'

"'What Miss Chester did was done at first simply from girlish desire for amusement, afterward for love of me,' Brooke answered, haughtily. 'That I endure such words as you have used must prove to you the depth of my regret for the injury I unknowingly did you.'

"He withdrew his hand from Fairfax's bridle, and turned his horse's head toward the camp, while, without a word, we rode into the river. It had risen greatly in the last hour, and, though narrow, the current was so swift and strong that we had some trouble to get our horses across. Just as we reached the shore a noise behind made us look around. Brooke had followed us, after all; his horse had managed somehow to throw him in the water, and now, riderless, was swimming toward us.

"'My God!' I heard Fairfax mutter; and the next instant he had dismounted, and was pulling off his boots and coat.

"'Let him alone!' I cried, eagerly; 'he can take care of himself.'

"'He cannot swim,' he answered, shortly, and sprang into the river.

"Five minutes after, while he was swimming about where Brooke had gone down, he uttered a kind of cry and sank. Of course half a dozen of us were in the water at once, but the current was stronger than we, stout swimmers though we were, and it was not until late that night that the detachment sent back by the General found the bodies, washed ashore almost side by side at a bend in the river's bank. There was a bruise on Brooke's temple, where his horse had kicked him as they struggled in the water. He must have died instantly—before Fairfax was out of his saddle. There was nothing about Fairfax to show what had caused so good a swimmer to sink so suddenly, but I— Are you one of those Christians, Miss Stuart, who think that God forbids the joy of heaven to those for whose patience the misery of earth has been too great?"

"What do you mean?" Belle Stuart asks, rather breathlessly.

"I mean, that though no one else has ever suspected it, I have a conviction that Fairfax could have saved himself if he would, but that when he realized that Brooke was dead, and had died in the effort to win a word of kindness from him, the moment's despair was too strong for his endurance."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,'" murmurs Belle Stuart, presently, with a little sob. "He died with his friend, because he could not die for him—and those are God's words."

A little latter she is waiting alone for Captain Lawrence, who, not a little remorseful for having saddened her, has gone to bring her a glass of water. There are tears in her eyes still, half of pity for the story she has just heard, half of joy for the story which she knows she soon will hear. There is a rustle of soft draperies, and from behind some tall plants comes the beautiful woman who had been Rose Chester. She comes close to Miss Stuart, with a look in her lovely, miserable eyes that the girl will never forget.

"You wept just now for them," she utters, passionately. "It was all my fault, all of it; but, oh, girl! pity me! pity me!"

Then in a moment she is gone, and through the silence throbs and thrills a "Waldteufel" waltz, with all its love and longing and despair.—*Nellie Mackubin, in Harper's Weekly.*

Use of Fruits as Food and Medicine.

Of all the fruits with which we are blessed, says an exchange, the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than good ripe peaches. They should be ripe, and not over ripe and half rotten, and of this kind they may make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals; but it is better to make them part of the regular meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling subacid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior, in many cases, to the abominable doses of salts or oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than most liver pills.

Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantage of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp.

The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates, and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and nauseous drugs in many cases of cough.

Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins.

The small seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying and the seeds are laxative.

We would be much the gainer if we would look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicine and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may, with very few exceptions, be taken in sickness and health in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury but with positive benefit. But in using them the water, or juice, should be taken, excluding the pulp, and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over-ripe and stale.

Torturing the Sick.

A living scorpion is dropped into a wide-necked glass bottle which contains a few drops of olive oil of the finest quality, says the London *Society* in an article on amateur medical treatment in Italy. More oil is poured on instantly until the bottle is filled and the scorpion dead. In its struggles to free itself it ejects all its poison into the oil, and this poisoned oil forms a sovereign remedy for the sting of a scorpion. There is no doubt as to its efficacy, and it is probably a remedy which homœopathists would indorse on very rational grounds. It is doubtful, however, whether they or any other men would approve of the "application of the comb" as practiced in Lombardy and the Venetian provinces. This remedy is highly unique, and reflects honor upon the originality of the brain which first conceived it. It is applied for chronic dyspepsia and acute internal inflammation of all kinds; the reader's imagination may fill the blank and need hesitate at none of the evils common to man or woman. The sufferer is laid upon a bed and firmly held by the assistants—ten of whom have sometimes been required in the case of a strong man—the comb is then prepared and applied. It must be a very old comb and a very dirty one—the dirtier the better—and it is wrapped in tow which has been well soaked in alcohol. So prepared it is placed upon the bare stomach of the victim, is set alight, blazes for a moment, and is then covered by a bowl or soup-plate (slightly raised on one side), under which it is allowed to smolder until the tow is reduced to ashes. Chloroform and ether being either unknown to or mortally dreaded by the Italian peasants, the agony endured by the wretched beings to whom the "comb" is applied may better be imagined than described. It is said that the screams of persons subjected to this torture are audible sometimes at a distance of two miles. But sound travels far on these vast, tranquil plains. The comb is also applied in the Tuscan provinces, but quite differently, and with a different object. Should a nursing mother catch cold she is rubbed with Olive oil, and a new white ivory fine-tooth comb is placed on her bosom. She wears it day and night until relieved, and it is asserted by the peasants that she is always relieved very speedily. It is said that the comb, when so applied, is sometimes wrapped with raw silk, but of this I am not quite sure.

Bricks of Solid Gold.

The Emperor's throne at San-hai is to have its foundation and pedestal made of gold bricks, and consequently the sub-prefect of Sochow has sent to Peking 3,000 pieces of gold bricks for the purpose, under the escort of a wei-yuen. The taotai of Tung-chow is now in charge of them, and the wei-yuen has informed the board of works of their safe arrival. A deputy will soon be appointed by the board to examine. It is said that these bricks are of the ordinary size and that they are of solid gold.—*The Shun Kio China.*

CASTLE GARDEN.

WHERE EMIGRANTS FROM THE OLD WORLD ARRIVE.

Scenes of Humorous and Pathetic Character—How Emigrants are Received—People in Variegated Array.

A New York correspondent of the Albany *Journal* says: The interior of Castle Garden is like a scene from comic opera. Everything is foreign. It is a great semi-circular structure with as little useless ornamentation as a Kansas barn. The floor is divided into compartments by low railings, and in each of these is a lunch counter, a few benches, and a desk that looks like an auctioneer's stand. From one compartment, or pen, to another are passage ways just wide enough to admit one person at a time. When a fresh lot of emigrants arrives the desks are moved up to the railings by these passages and all the people have to pass through and answer the questions of the inspector. The process is rapid, for at this stage all that is learned is the emigrant's name, his occupation or trade, etc. If a man is able to take care of himself he can readily show it, and when there is any doubt about it the inspector does not attempt to settle it but passes the man along into one of the neighboring pens, there to wait a further and closer examination. If in this examination the emigrant cannot show that he is prepared to make his living without becoming a burden to the community, he is taken up to Ward's Island to stay until the vessel on which he came is ready to return. He is then put on board and gets a free pass to his native land.

There are always immigrants in the garden. They are usually waiting for the departure of a train for the West. Some of them are expecting relatives to call for them, and as they wait they wander about in pairs or groups, or loll on the benches just like the choristers in an opera. The difference is that the choristers are usually arrayed in their best gowns and so present an attractive spectacle of gaily trimmed short dresses, bright faces and and a general air of festivity. In the garden the short dresses are to be seen and all the unique styles of apparel known to European peasantry, but the fine colors are in the huge bundles on the floor, if present at all, and the faces bear expressions of fatigue and sadness. Women stalk about in skirts that reach just below the knees, the limbs being protected from view and the weather by heavy leather boots like those worn by Maine lumbermen. Many of the men wear knee breeches and caps with feathers. Varied are the emotions expressed by the people congregated in the garden. Watching them from the window in the secretary's office, which is one story above the floor, I saw a woman suddenly leave the lunch she was preparing for herself and several children; and rush across the steps with arms outstretched and mouth wide open in an exaggerated expression of joy. She ran full tilt into the embrace of a man who had just entered, and they hugged and kissed each other and danced up and down extravagantly for three minutes. The children came flocking about, some a little shyly, as if they were only slightly acquainted with the stranger or were only distant relatives. He gave them all hearty paternal greetings and they returned to the lunch and ate together. It were easy enough to build up a pretty romance about that scene, or about the young couple in another pen who sat with their arms about each other's waists and smiled and smiled. But what of the sounds of moaning and violent weeping from people in a room adjoining the reception hall, if the rough garden can be so dignified? Simply a family of deluded Russians who thought they were coming to a country where bread grew on the trees, and houses were waiting for them. The interpreters have told them their fate, that they must return by the steamer that brought them over, for they have not a dollar among them and know no trade. They have a remote chance left to remain, for if any one appears during their stay at Ward's Island, who will guarantee their support or otherwise assure the commissioners that they will not become beggers, they will be allowed to find a home in America. Immigration societies under the auspices of different nationalities are constantly on the watch to see that no worthy man gets treated unjustly through carelessness of the officials or from the immigrant's inability to explain his condition. The officers of these societies cooperate with and assist the commissioners in the discharge of their duties. It does not seem probable therefore that any cases exist where injustice has been done by returning people to their native countries.

Savages Repulsed With Hot Water.

News was received recently of a terrible fight on board the labor recruiting steamer Dick, between natives of Malayta, one of the Solomon islands in the Western Pacific, and the crew of the steamer. This fight calls to mind the attack made by the same islanders some ten years ago upon a merchant vessel plying between China and Sidney, in which the Captain of the ship, though he had only a rusty revolver and a few cutlasses on board, beat the natives off in a strikingly original manner.

He was becalmed when near Malayta, and, in spite of all he could do, he slowly drifted toward the island. He could see crowds of natives lining the shore, and he knew they would come out to attack him as soon as he had drifted a little nearer. Every cooking utensil he could crowd on to the stoves he filled with water, which was soon boiling hot. Pretty soon the natives came out in their canoes, and tried to board the vessel. He drenched each canoe load as it came up with boiling water. The naked savages shrieked with pain, and were glad to push away. Getting out of boiling-water range, they let fly a shower of arrows, but did little damage. They fully expected that the vessel would be driven on the rocks, and would then be at their mercy, but, fortunately, a breeze sprung up, and the gallant Captain, who had kept his wits about him when he needed them, made his escape.

A Surprising Case.

Dickens has been much criticised for his apparent acceptance of the fact of human spontaneous combustion, but Sir W. Gull lately testified to a surprising case before the Committee of the House of Lords on Intemperance. A large, bloated man, who was suffering from difficulty of breathing and great distension of the venous system, died at Guy's Hospital. At the post mortem on the following day there was no sign of decomposition, and the body was believed to be distended with gas. "When punctures were made into the skin," said Sir William, "and a lighted match applied, the gas which escaped burned with the ordinary flame of carburetted hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these small flames were burning at the same time."

The Execution of Maximilian.

The moment had come; each of the condemned mounted into the carriage which awaited them, and they traversed the streets of Queretaro in the midst of a motley multitude, who, respectful and afflicted, crowded round on their passage; handkerchiefs were waved, and now and again a sound of sobs would reach the prisoners' ears. The condemned men bowed on each side as they recognized in the crowd many a familiar face. Some minutes before 7 o'clock they arrived on the Cerro de las Campanas, a little more than a half mile distant from the town; here they descended from the carriage, walked on foot half way up the hill called the Cerro de las Campanas, and turned their backs against a clump of cactus. The General in command of the troops, S. Gracia de Leon, caused an order of the day to be read, making it a penalty of death for any person who should try to prevent the execution; and the prisoners were then given leave to address the crowd. The sun was now high in the blue sky, glowing over the profound azure of the lofty mountains and bathing the valley with an intense flood of light and heat. The Cerro, like an immense rock thrown in the valley, stood forth bare and yellow-looking, green in places, with patches of cactus and nopals; a square of 4,000 men surrounded the base of the hill, with its regular lines, and its uniforms and bayonets glittering in the sun. Outside the medley of the undulating crowd, toward the west, on the prairie, stretched away the long and powdery ribbon of the Celaya road; toward the east appeared the lines of the white houses of Queretaro, all nearly covered with foliage and surmounted with numerous cupolas and crosses; in the far distance the dim, bluish outline of the Cordilleras. The officer in command of the file of execution approached Maximilian and asked his pardon for having to fulfill his duty. The Emperor distributed several pieces of gold bearing his effigy to the soldiers, recommending them not to aim at his face. He then embraced the Generals Mejia and Miramon, and as the latter had placed himself on his right, he said to him aloud: "Brave men should be respected by their sovereigns to the brink of the grave. General, pass to the place of honor." Miramon stepped to the center. Then, with a firm voice, the Emperor addressed the crowd: "Mexicans! Men of my race and origin are born either to make a people's happiness or to be martyrs. God grant that my blood may be the last shed for the redemption of this unhappy country. Long live Mexico!" Immediately General Miramon, at the top of his voice, as when he commanded his troops on the battle field, cried: "Mexicans! Before the court-martial my defenders only sought to save my life. At the moment I am about to appear before my God I protest against the name of traitor which they have thrown in my face to justify my condemnation. Let this spot of infamy be removed from my children's name, and God grant that my country may be happy. Long live Mexico!" General Mejia raised his eyes toward the heavens: "Very Holy Mother, I beseech thy Son to pardon me, as I pardon those who are about to sacrifice me." A volley rang out from the file of soldiers, and, amidst the cloud of smoke, which slowly drifted away, Maximilian appeared writhing convulsively in a pool of blood, and groaning: "Hay Hombre!" The coup de grace put him out of his agony.—*Paris Figaro.*

Highest Altitudes in the United States.

The New York *Times* publishes the following table showing the height of some of the highest peaks in the United states:

State or Territory.	*Name of place.*	*Height.*
Alabama	Valley Head	1,031
Alaska	St. Elias	19,500
Arizona	Humphrey's Peak	12,562
Arkansas	Bentonville	1,790
California	Mt. Whitney	14,898
Colorado	Blanca Peak	14,464
Connecticut	Norfolk	1,220
Dakota	Harney's Peak	9,700
Delaware	Dupont	282
Dist of Columbia	Soldiers' Home	330
Florida	Highland	210
Georgia	Sitting Bull M'n	5,046
Idaho	Meade Peak	10,541
Illinois	Warren	1,005
Indiana	Bloomingsport	1,225
Indian Ter	Fort Sill	1,110
Iowa	Alta	1,519
Kansas	Carthage	5,009
Kentucky	Pine Knob	1,428
Louisiana	Shreveport	198
Maine	Mt. Katahdin	5,200
Maryland	Altamont	2,620
Massachusetts	Mt. Hoosac	2,510
Michigan	Porcupine M'n	1,032
Minnesota	Woodstock	1,822
Mississippi	Pautotoc Ridge	516
Missouri	Cassville	3,000
Montana	Cabinet	12,187
Nebraska	Fort Gratton	8,325
Nevada	Wheeler's Peak	13,036
New Hampshire	Mt. Washington	6,288
New Jersey	High Knob	1,799
New Mexico	Cerro Blanco	14,269
New York	Mt. Marcy	5,379
North Carolina	Clingman's M'n	6,707
Ohio	Silver Creek	1,392
Oregon	Mt. Pitt	9,818
Pennsylvania	Avondale	2,821
Rhode Island	Pascoag	396
South Carolina	Rich Mountain	3,569
Tennessee	Clingman's Dome	6,660
Texas	North Franklin M'n	7,039
Utah	Mt. Emmons	13,694
Vermont	Mt. Mansfield	4,430
Virginia	White Top	5,530
Washington Ter	Mt. Jefferson	15,500
West Virginia	Bayard	3,150
Wisconsin	Pewaukee Lake	1,891
Wyoming	Fremont's Peak	13,790

There are above 10,000 feet in altitude 6 points in Alaska, 13 in Arizona, 43 in California, 246 in Colorado, 3 in Idaho, 12 in Montana, 27 in Nevada, 33 in New Mexico, 66 in Utah, 4 in Washington Territory, and 46 in Wyoming.

Mexican Vanity.

A Washington letter to the Boston *Traveller* says: The Mexicans are an ignorant, bloodthirsty lot, who are never so happy as when in the midst of pillages, robbery and bloodshed. They are a vain, conceited people, and have the most enlarged ideas of their own prowess and valor. To illustrate this I will tell you of a certain incident which happened only a month or two ago. A young Mexican from the City of Mexico, who is connected with the government, came to Washington, after a tour of nearly all the prominent cities of the country. I asked him what his impressions were of our people. He said he was astonished at the strides which the United States had made in the civilization and the arts. He spoke particularly of music, of which he is very fond, and said that he had the good fortune to be present at the concerts given by the famous Mexican band in New York and Boston. The audiences were evidently cultivated and appreciative, but he was particularly struck with the fact that they applauded in the right places. This he considered to be a most remarkable fact, because, he said, Mexico was two centuries in advance of this country. Now that man was perfectly serious. He meant every word he said. You cannot get a Mexican to believe that his country is not the greatest, the grandest and the most invincible nation upon the face of the globe.

A wart on the nose, which a quack called serious, drove a Shasta (Cal.) man to suicide.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Conversation Overheard—He Mesmerized Her—His Righteous Indignation—Astonishing a Bobby—Etc.

"Hello, Fred, you here?"

"Why, Harry, how are you, old man? Haven't seen you for an age."

"Where you bound? Mt. Desert?"

"No; Campobello, with my wife."

"Oh, yes; you are married now. I forgot."

"Yes; I have deserted the glorious brotherhood."

"So that Emmett girl at Mt. Desert didn't catch you after all. She made a gallant struggle for you, though, old man. Let's see, I heard you married some one else, but 'pon my honor I forget the name."

"Emmett."

"What, er--"

"Yes; the same."

"Oh."—*Life.*

He Mesmerized Her.

"Do you believe in mesmerism?" shyly asked a sweet young maid, who will graduate from the Somerville High School next summer, of a young Harvard Sophomore whom she had met at Mt. Desert.

"Certainly, I do," replied the young man promptly. "I can mesmerize people myself."

"Oh, I don't believe it," said the shy girl, incredulously. "You couldn't mesmerize me, now, could you?"

"Well, I could try," said the young man, confidently, leaning toward her in the moonlight.

And she acknowledged to her dearest friend the next day that she did experience a sort of queer tingling sensation about her lips something like a mesmeric shock.—*Somerville Journal.*

His Righteous Indignation.

A pretty fair story is told at the expense of one of the dealers in ready-made clothing in this city, being an actual occurrence a few days ago. A gentleman, in conversation with the proprietor, was asked if he knew a certain well-known young man of the town. He said he did.

"I tells you vot he deet mit me. He comes here and buys de best suit of clothes in de house and he forgets to pay for him."

The visitor expressed disapproval at such neglect of duty and financial looseness, when a new idea seemed to strike the dealer in hand-me-down clothing.

"I was hear somedings bretty bat of him," he cried. "Vot you dink? He went oop to Schneider's and bought a suit—and p-a-i-d for 'em!"

Here his indignation was so great that he said no more, but shook his head ominously as he inwardly contemplated the wickedness of this world.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Astonishing a Bobby.

I must conclude this account of the people on board the Pennland with an amusing story told me by Dr. Eddy, of Oswego, about Booth, the famous oysterman of Baltimore. Booth was born in England, but came to America when a small boy. He has a great fascination for the life in England which Dickens painted with such skill. He visits country fairs and makes the acquaintance of the showmen, and at times runs their side shows for them. He will go into a London "cook shop" and call for a "weal an' ammer" like one born within the sound of Bow Bells.

Not long since Mr. Booth went to Ascott races and was suddenly attracted by two sights. One was a typical English policeman standing with helmet firm on head erect, chest extended, hands close by side. From this grand spectacle, symbolical of the mighty majesty of British law and order, the oysterman's eye fell upon a sixpenny squirt, which an old woman was selling.

An idea struck him. Perhaps I should say an irresistible desire.

"What would it cost," said he to a friend near by, "to fill that squirt with water and send it in that bobby's eyes?"

"About a ten-pound note," was the laconic repiy.

In a moment the squirt was bought and filled with water, and in less time than it has taken to tell it the policeman had it full in the eye. Had the heavens fallen the policeman could not have been more astounded. He was completely broken up. Mr. Booth expressed his willingness to pay any fine and was taken before a Magistrate and assessed £5, which he paid with great pleasure.

"What possessed you to do such a thing?" said the Magistrate.

"I don't know, sir. I was seized with an irresistible desire to do it," replied Mr. Booth.

"Is there any hereditary insanity in your family?" asked the Magistrate.

"None," said Mr. Booth.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Two Views.

An Estelline man called on another one morning this week and said:

"Good morning, Colonel, fine morning."

"Good morning."

"That's a fine hoss of yourn—that black you got the other day."

"Yes, it is a very fair horse."

"You bet it is—the best hoss in this town. I've heerd a number say he come of very fine stock."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and I understand he trots in considerable less than three minutes."

"Yes, I believe myself it's something of a trotter."

"Oh, yer right there, Colonel, no doubt of it. You're a mighty good judge of a hoss."

"Well, perhaps."

"Say, Colonel, wouldn't mind lending me that horse this forenoon while I drive out to the Lake I s'pose—going to drive slow."

"No, I have decided not to lend it."

"You have? Won't lend him to me for jest a little drive?"

"No, couldn't do it."

"Well, that's a blame' pretty way ter refuse a man! I 'low it's all right though as I was goin' ter take the children 'long and the blasted critter might run away and kill some of 'em. Then if he'd balk like he did with you yeste'day we couldn't get home till morning. I heerd the other day that you was goin' ter lend him to some feller jest 'fore he had one of them sick spells, then if he died on his hands you'd make him pay for him. Don't b'lieve I wan't to take no chances on a hoss that's jest the same as dead. Good morning, Bill."—*Estelline (Dak.) Bell.*

On the Devonshire coast in England a sea grass is boiled, chopped, mixed with a small proportion of oatmeal, and made into bread, which keeps from four to eight days, and is much used by the poor Welsh people, most of it being sent to Swansea.

In a Rattlesnake Country.

We clip the following from a Fort Keogh (Montana) letter to the Salt Lake City *Tribune:* In traversing the distance between the two ledges, accompanied by Mr. Man-Who-Strikes-His-Enemy, etc., a most remarkable adventure befell me. As we were wading through the tall grass of the canon, penetrating deeper and deeper into its rocky recesses, all at once my companion gave me a violent push which sent me spinning some eight or ten yards to one side. I quickly regained my balance and cast an anxious eye at the redskin, at the same time cocking my Winchester. Now my dark-skinned friend meant the gentle push simply as an act of kindness; for almost immediately I heard the ominous rattle, and then learned that I had come pretty near stepping upon an eight-foot rattlesnake buried in the grass. The Indian drew a deer thong riding-whip from his girdle, and with a couple of cuts laid the reptile hors du combat. While we were watching the ugly thing wriggling and squirming about in the grass a second rattle was heard close by, and in a moment the mate of the dying serpent came gliding into view. The Absaraka brave despatched this one also, which measured six feet six inches in the clear.

After this little diversion we proceeded on our journey toward the tepee of Two Bears. When within 100 yards of this great chief's wigwam, or lodge, and in a sort of clearing, where the grass was short and croppy, for the third time we heard the unmistakable sound of a rattlesnake, and looked around just in time to see a monster one disappear in its hole. The Indian made a sign for me to sit on the ground and keep perfectly quiet. He threw himself flat on his face, fitted an arrow to his bow, and waited for the snake to appear. He had not long to wait, for the rattler poked his nose about two inches out of the ground and followed it up the next moment with his whole head. The Indian looked at me and I looked at him. Twang! went the bow, and the arrow pierced the snake through the neck and imbedded itself in a rotton stump just the other side. It was neatly and cleverly done. The rattlesnake was a prisoner, the arrow impaling him just above the ground so that he could move neither way. He finally managed to tear himself loose, upon which he thrashed about and rattled furiously. My original friend killed him also and made me a present of the tail, which consisted of no less than sixteen rattles and a button. We then proceeded to the tepee of Two Bears, which we reached without meeting any more rattlesnakes.

A Detective on "Crooks."

"A big thief is never deserted by his friends. When he is in the hole he can always raise money, and the amount is no object. Thousands of dollars would be forthcoming in half an hour's notice to get Johnny Beaucleigh away from Clayton. A peculiar thing about crooks is that they are most often given away by the women they associate with, the betrayal generally arising from jealousy. Many of them have nice wives and families, and not seldom they live in neighborhoods ultra respectable, and their discovery startles those who associated with them. Within the last ten years there have been only one or two good jobs done in the city. A big sneak was made on the office of the St. Louis Ore and Smelting Company when they were preparing to pay their hands. The men sneaked out a box containing $1,700 in cash and got away. Quite a clever sneak, netting about $6,000, was worked some years ago on the Biddle Market Bank, and the men were not captured. We know pretty well who did the job, but we couldn't make a case. They were the last jobs of importance. Since then the kids have been doing all the crooked work in the town. They are not very fly, but if they were allowed to run they would tear the town wide open in very short order. The only thing that keeps them down is keeping after them constantly. They are being constantly shown up to the police, and their haunts are all reported and watched. They are run in on every possible chance, and they don't have much time between their stays in prison to do much work. They are finally driven out of town or sent to the penitentiary."—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Lord's Prayer.

A correspondent asks the Albany *Sunday Press* if it knows of any paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. The following has been set to music as a duet:

"Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come; on earth Thy will,
E'en as in heaven, let us fulfill;
Give this day's bread, that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Now and forever, unto Thee,
The kingdom, power and glory be, Amen."

The subjoined metrical version of the prayer is at least two and a half centuries old, and was written for adaptation to music in public worship:

"Our Father which in heaven art,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come,
On earth Thy will be done,
Even as the same in heaven is.
Give us, O Lord, our daily bread this day;
As we forgive our debtors,
So forgive our debts, we pray.
Into temptation lead us not,
From evil make us free;
The kingdom, power, and glory Thine,
Both now and ever be."

Pursued by a Mountain a Lion.

The Truckee (Cal.) *Republican* reports an exciting adventure and narrow escape of C. W. Harvey. He was riding horseback from Sardine Valley to Loyalton, and while going through some woods the wild and terrifying screech of a California lion sounded close at hand by the side of the road. The horse gave a bound, nearly unseating the rider; at the same time the lion gave a spring and landed in the road a few feet in the rear. Then commenced a race down the grade. Nearly paralyzed with fear, the rider hung on for dear life, while the lion made desperate leaps in the attempt to overtake the almost flying steed, every little while emitting one of those ear-piercing yells, sufficient to strike terror to the bravest of men. The race continued for nearly a mile before the animal abandoned the idea of overtaking his would-be-victim. The shock to Mr. Harvey's system was so great that he did not recover for several days.

Dragged Into the Air by the Teeth.

At the Parc Leopold, Brussels, recently, Leona Dare actually performed the feat of holding on by her teeth to a sling suspended from the car of a baloon as it rose in the air. The balloon, of 35,316 cubic feet capacity, carrying in its car the impresario, Spelterini, and the French aeronaut, Lachambre, rose at quarter-past six; and it was only when Leona Dare could no longer be distinguished except with the aid of glasses, that she drew herself up to the trapeze and entered the car by a trap-door in the bottom. The balloon descented safely on the estate of the Comte de Beaufort, at Linden.—*London Era.*