

## Family Reading.

### THE OLD SONG.

There is a garden sweet with rose and pink  
Where honeysuckle grows and virgin's  
bower,  
Soft turfed, and shelving to the river's  
brink,  
And in that garden grows my heart's  
white flower.

She moves about it like a living rose,  
And from my boat as I come up the  
stream  
I see, 'mid all the flowers her garden grows,  
The living lily of her garments gleam.

At night I walk beside the darkling tide,  
Where the drowned stars among the lilies  
stir,  
See her bright window on the farther side,  
And bless the happy roof that shelters  
her.

And when I touch that fair enchanted land,  
Among the roses in the sunlit noon,  
She comes to me and takes me by the hand,  
And Life's a song, and Love, true Love,  
the tune! —Pall Mall Gazette.

Happy is he who wisely knows  
To use the gifts that heaven bestows;  
Or if it please the powers divine  
Can suffer want and not repine.  
—Dean Swift.

### The Persian Jewels.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels; their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked and I was taken into the peacock throne room, says a writer in the Illustrated Magazine, I found myself surrounded by massive wealth unequalled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures. But nowhere, also, is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish, and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed, I shuddered to note, with the commonest of cheap black-headed tacks!

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world—the Peacock Throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the Great Mogul, and was brought from Delhi I don't know. But it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camped structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrustated from end to end, and from top to bottom, with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliants that makes you blink. The rug on which the Shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings. But I never could get beyond declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at £5,000,000. Its real value is between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

But though the Peacock Throne is the magnum opus of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of the jeweled arms, the royal crowns, the flashing aigrettes, the trays piled up with cut and uncut stones, and the bowls filled with pearls that you can run through your fingers like a handful of rice? Every one has heard of the Daria-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to the Kuh-i-Nur or Mountain of Light. Every one has also heard of the Globe of the World, made by the late Shah of seventy-five pounds of pure gold and 51,335 gems—the sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds, and valued at £947,000.

### Bridging the Atlantic.

A sea tamed, harnessed, robbed of its terrors, no longer the "trackless" sea, but marked by shining steel from Sandy Hook to Fastnet Light—lighted, policed, patrolled, ambulated until it is as safe as Broadway, with men watching by day and night to guide vessels, to shelter disabled crafts, and telegraph for help when needed—a 3,000 mile street of the sea, with all modern safeguards. This is, in brief, what a great syndicate of French capitalists proposes. And high engineering talent has pronounced the proposition feasible.

To make the Broadway of the sea is the joint plan of an Italian named Carvello and a Frenchman named Lemieux. Public experiments have been made by them at the mouth of the river Seine, near the ocean, which seem to demonstrate that success is possible. Sig. Carvello has invented a ship which, in this instance, will serve a novel purpose. Its framework consists entirely of steel tubes covered with steel netting, with quarter-inch meshes, which are filled in with concrete, rubbed smooth to diminish liquid friction.

As the bird flies the distance between

Havre, France, and New York City is 3,000 miles. A sailor in the mast can see at a distance of fifty miles the masts of any vessel which may happen to be at that distance. Bearing in mind these facts, this enterprising syndicate proposes to construct from sixty to seventy-five ships built on the plan of Carvello, and fitted with great searchlights, and station them fifty miles apart in an almost direct line across the Atlantic. But instead of moving about from place to place each is to be supplied with eight immense cables of woven steel wire, similar to those upon which hangs Brooklyn bridge, but smaller. Three of these cables will hang from each side of the vessel and the other two from front and rear, all at angles of forty-five degrees with the ship's sides, and each will be fastened by immense anchors to the nearest ocean bottom that can be discovered by sounding. There will thus be established a straight line of stationary ships directly across the ocean and at regular intervals of probably fifty miles.—Chicago Tribune.

### Live Thoughts.

A man philosophises better than a woman on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.—Rousseau.

Care is to be taken that our hearts may be always the working pace and our members the instruments of God, in which and through which he can perform everything himself.—Golden Treasury.

When God thought of Mother, he must have laughed with satisfaction and framed it quickly—so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty was the conception.—Henry Ward Beecher.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said an old skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that has his earthly influence which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end!—Carlyle.

Creation is the organ, and a gracious man finds out its keys, lays his hands thereon, and wakes the whole system of the universe to the harmony of praise. Mountains and hills, and other great objects are as it were the base of the chorus; while the trees of the wood, and all things that have life, take up the air of the melodious song.—Spurgeon.

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would no more trust to his inferiors than he would leave the education of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought and money come upon him suddenly, and often may find him ill-prepared; but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, State and nation any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty, sooner or later upon those whom he loves.—John Habberton.

### Caring for the Teeth.

Do not eat, or do not feed your children on, white bread, which is deficient in phosphates, and causes the teeth to crumble, a little hard food requiring thorough mastication should be taken at every meal. The teeth should be brushed both night and morning. Avoid sweets. Drink at least two quarts of water a day—a glass the first thing in the morning, another the last thing before going to bed, the remaining quantity between meals. Consult a good dentist every six months.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### The Daisy in the South.

A Southern man was very much interested in the editorial published in the Post Tuesday morning about the daisy. He said that the daisy was never known in the South until after the war. Now every part of the South visited by the Union army is covered with daisies. "Sherman brought them to us," he said, "and the march to the sea can be followed in the summer time by keeping where the daisy grows. The seed seems to have been imported in the hay that was brought along to feed the horses. That is the only explanation that has ever been made of it.—Washington Post.

While bathing at Long Branch a youth dived in shallow water and buried his

## Thanksgiving Day.

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.  
Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves.  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.  
O favors old, yet ever new!  
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fullness shames our discontent.  
We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

—J. G. Whittier.

head in the soft sand, his legs sticking up in the air. Had it not been for his father, who was standing close by, the youth would have been drowned. As it was the sand crept into his ears and burst the drums, making him stone deaf.

### Effects of Strong Tea and Coffee.

Dr. Bock writes as follows respecting the influence of these drugs: The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of tea and coffee drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. The snappish, petulant temper of the Chinese can be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea.—Science News.

## The Young People.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

By the stream of Life stands a fair young child,  
And she looks to the distant sea;  
No thought of sorrow, no weight of care,  
For her heart is light and free.  
She watches the stream as it glides along,  
And on her lip is a careless song;  
For her heart is bright as the day is long,  
And the stream flows on to the sea.

A maiden stands by the stream of Life,  
Her heart still light and free;  
How fair and bright gleams the silver tide,  
How far it looks to the sea;  
The days are long, there is naught to do,  
The burdens of life are very few,  
The world is fair and the sky is blue,  
And the stream flows on to the sea.

A woman stands by the stream of Life,  
And wearily looks at the sea;  
The days are short—upon her lips  
There is no song of glee.  
Her eyes are filled with bitter tears,  
Her back is bent by the toll of years,  
Her heart is filled with many fears,  
While the stream flows on to the sea.

By the water's edge stands a woman old,  
At last she has found the sea;  
Where the stream of Life meets the stream  
Of Death, that flows to Eternity.  
She looks and longs for the snowy sail,  
She watches and waits for the boatman  
pale;  
The storm of life has passed with the gale,  
And the stream has found the sea.  
—David R. Summers, in Kansas City Star.

### Biggest Beehive in the World.

Did you ever see a bee tree with a swarm of bees around it? Well, magnify that about 10,000 times and you will have a slight idea of a natural beehive in Mendocino county, not far from Ukiah. But this one is not in a tree. It is in a rift in the face of a cliff, and tradition has it that there is a large cave on the inside where the myriads of busy insects make their homes.

This great natural curiosity is known to residents of the adjacent country as "Bee Rock," and they have grown to look upon it as commonplace, when in reality it is the only beehive of the kind in existence; at least, the probabilities are that it is, for no reference to such a freak can be found in any scientific or popular work on entomology. In fact, the bees live there contrary to all accepted theories in regard to their habits. Natural beehives in hollow trees are all right, but why this particular colony should have selected a hole in a rock is past understanding.

There is no danger of a person get-

ting very near this natural beehive without knowing it, for at all hours of the day a swarm of insects hover about several hundred feet in all directions. An incessant, maddening buzz fills the air that can be heard an eighth of a mile and serves as a warning not to venture too near. But men do venture near after first having put on a suit of leather clothing, fastened a mask of wire screen around their hat brim and lighted a good big torch. These precautions are absolutely necessary.

It takes nerve to approach close to the opening in the rock, and the experience is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Bees to the number of millions of millions will light on the intruder, humming fendishly, and endeavoring to sting him to death. They form a perfect cloud, and the air is filled with a fetid smell and a fine dust that gets through the screen and causes an irritation of the eyes. The tiny insects really show signs of viciousness, and fly into the flame of the torch in countless numbers as though they intended to extinguish it. Round and round they fly with a deafening buzz, and strong indeed is the man who can stand the onslaught of the tiny foes for more than a few minutes.

It is almost impossible to make out just where the entrance to this natural beehive is. There is a sort of a cavern in the cliff that seems to have a crack through the inner wall from top to bottom, but most of the bees hover around a hole about 18 inches wide and appear to make that the point of ingress and egress. Many days it is impossible to even see the cliff, so thickly covered is it with insects, and they roll in and out of the opening like a stream of molasses, fighting, stinging, buzzing with madness.

During the summer dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of the hive. They have been stung to death while attempting to fly through the swarm of insects. Four-footed creatures never venture within half a mile of the hive, seeming to know that death lurks there.

In front of the mouth of the hive there is a pile of dried honey that has flowed from the interior. It looks like a heap of molten lava that has been hardened after being discharged from a volcano.

A party of men living in the vicinity claim to have entered the natural beehive several years ago. They selected a cold day in winter, when the bees were half dormant, and poured coal oil and benzine around and into the opening. Then they made a big fire of wood so that the whole cavern was filled with flames. Then they poked the red-hot embers down into the opening and so killed every bee in it.

But there was not much to see after the men got inside. Only a large cave with the walls covered with gum and dried honey and enough of the sweetness in pools in the bottom to last a big city for several years. Of course, the honey was unfit for use on account of being full of dead bees and ashes from the fire. The men, however, did not linger in the cave any great length of time, as it was foul-smelling and stifling.

Although countless millions of bees must have been destroyed on this occasion, the next summer they were as numerous as ever and just as vicious.

Indians of the neighborhood say that in "the good old days" the bad men of their tribe were bound hand and foot and carried to within a short distance of the beehive by men wrapped in blankets,