

Our Choir.

Who soars so high on Music's wing
When wide she opens her mouth to sing,
And giggles at the slightest thing?
Our Soprano!

Who finds the places in the books,
Conveys us with funny looks,
And never once gets "off the hooks?"
Our Alto!

Who stands in danger day by day
Of being carried clean away
By pretty girls? Well, I've heard say
Our Tenor!

Who gives forth a ponderous tone—
One which can all but stand alone
On firm foundation of its own?
Our Bass!

Who touches lovingly the keys
And draws forth sounds which charm and please—
Born in a castle o'er the seas?
Our 'Comp'nist!

It is a quiet to admire,
Untouched by jealousy's fierce fire—
To be engaged! Who wants to hire
Our Choir?

—[Boston Times.]

IN A HOLE.

BY H. C. DODGE.

I had been away from the ranch since daybreak on a solitary hunting expedition for small game, and now, with night coming on, I was endeavoring to find my way back.

Where and how far I was from camp I knew not, but with a general idea of its direction, I plodded over the wild plain, expecting every moment to strike the trail and get home without either trouble or danger.

The thoughts of the good supper and glad greeting I would have from my jolly "cowboy" companions spurred me on while the setting sun warned me that I had no time to lose.

In spite of my woodcraft and scouting skill and fearlessness in travelling the wilderness alone I began to feel apprehensive that I was lost. At first I only laughed at myself for thinking so, but when mile after mile in the deepening dusk brought no sign of the anxiously looked for trail I began to realize that the smartest ranchman sometimes can blunder in his reckonings.

Still I wouldn't admit yet I was wrong and, fighting back the dismal feeling of loneliness and peril that oppressed me, I continued to push on as fast as my tired legs would let me. On I went through the prairie grass, straining my eyes in the dusky gloom striving to find the trail—suddenly down, down I tumbled straight to the bottom of what seemed to be a deep well.

Stunned by my fall, luckily broken by the heap of soft rubbish I landed on, I must have lain for a while unconscious.

When I recovered my senses all was pitch blackness about me and looking upwards I could see a few stars faintly glimmering from the sky.

After pinching and examining my body and thankfully finding that all my bones were intact, I struggled to my feet and groped around to discover if possible what sort of a place I had gotten into.

The hole seemed circular and apparently five or six feet in diameter. The sides felt like hard clay, and the bottom was dry and thickly covered with a long accumulation of leaves and grasses.

How deep I was down in the earth I could not tell, but I rightly guessed the distance was some twenty feet.

How the hole ever got there I couldn't imagine. Maybe years ago it was dug in the hope of striking water for the cattle which belonged to the discarded ranch.

At any rate the hole was there and I was in it. The thing that puzzled me the most was how to get out.

As nothing could be done in that line till daylight, and perhaps not then, I laid me down and went to sleep.

When I awoke after a refreshing slumber the round spot of bright, blue sky above me seemed higher than I ever knew it before.

As a needful preparation to escape from my more than likely grave, made a little fire with some of the dry stuff and managed to cook one of the three birds I had shot the day before. On that with a few drops from my water flask I breakfasted.

Then I started my wits to work out a plan of deliverance.

I had with me my gun and plenty of cartridges, pipe and tobacco, a small hatchet, matches, hunting knife, revolver, two birds and a pint of water; also a few yards of rope.

In the almost vain hope of being heard I determined to frequently fire my gun and shout, though I knew the sounds would be drowned.

After shooting and hallooing several times with no answer of course, I ex-

amined the texture of the sides of my tomb. It was a red clay and firm enough to cut without crumbling. If I had some strong sticks—which I hadn't, though I searched through the heap of rubbish for them—I might drive pegs in the side of my prison and maybe climb up on them. Perhaps I could chop spacers there to answer the same purpose.

Taking the hatchet I commenced to do it, and for a while it appeared I might succeed, but after rising a few feet in that way I gave it up.

Had the well been narrow so I could brace myself by using my gun against the opposite side I think I should have accomplished the feat.

Then I attempted shooting with a light charge of powder a bullet from my pistol to which I attached my watch chain fastened to an end of the rope, thinking it might somehow catch on a bush outside and bear my weight while I climbed on stepping places I should dig.

But that plan proved a failure, too. By this time it was high noon, and the hot sun was shining for a few moments straight to the bottom of my awful tomb.

Like a caged beast I was becoming furious in my vain efforts to gain liberty and the harder I tried the more difficult grew my task.

I kept firing my gun and calling for help, for now it seemed that that was my only chance for life.

The afternoon passed slowly away and night appeared again, and despairing, but not giving up hope, I ate my last bird, drank nearly my last drop of water, and managed to fall asleep.

It came morning at last. I had my gun raised fire to a signal when I detected a something alive peering from the ground above me into the hole.

Could it be a human being? Even an Indian in his war paint and certain to scalp me I should have hailed with joy.

The object showed itself again plainly. It was the head of a wolf.

Taking a quick aim I fired and hit it squarely. With a howl of pain the wounded brute plunged forward and into the hole, landing on my shoulders.

In a moment it recovered from its surprise and before I could draw my pistol it was crouched to leap upon me. Hatchet in hand I met its onslaught. As it jumped with bleeding, open mouth I ducked my head and before it could turn a lucky blow buried the blade in its skull and finished it.

Now with its flesh to eat and its blood to drink I could exist for a week, at least, and if help came in the meantime I wouldn't perish.

For three long, weary days and nights I lived on my providential supply of wolf meat, firing my gun hourly and yelling till my voice gave out, but all for naught.

On the fourth day I completely despaired of assistance from outside and resolved to make a last struggle to get out of my horrible living tomb. While I frantically chopped with my hatchet at the sides of the hole trying to heap up dirt enough to rise on, even though I undermined and brought the earth to bury me, I remembered a picture of the tower of Babel that I had seen in the big family Bible at home.

It had a spiral road running around its outside on which the workers ascended as the tower was growing.

Why couldn't I cut out a similar path on the inside of my underground, turned-over tower?

With a glad shout of joy and wondering why the idea hadn't come before, I commenced at once the cork-screw road. Starting as high as I could conveniently work I cut into the hard, clay wall of the well until I had dug out a space big enough to hold me. By shelving the roof of the excavation and curving it to the back part of its eighteen inch wide floor I prevented the earth from caving.

I laid out this open, half tunnel to ascend on a rather steep grade so its winding road-bed would be sufficiently supported, and after some hours' hard and careful work, I finished the first circle and found that my engineering calculations promised to be successful—providing the earth as it neared the surface would keep from crumbling.

Not daring to continue digging as evening and darkness came, I lightly crawled back to the bottom of my prison, ate some more wolf meat and went to sleep with hope renewed and comparatively happy.

Bright and early in the welcomed morning I began my toil for deliverance. The higher I dug my way the more hazardous it became. I almost feared to go ahead for I knew that a break now would be fatal to my only chance of escape from a horrible death. When night once more caused

me to stop, I was within about six feet of the end of my agony or—alas!—might be only at its beginning.

The awful uncertainty of being so near and yet so far from life and the glorious, beautiful world kept me wakeful. By the following noon I should know my fate.

At daylight I tremblingly crawled up my circular stairway and recommenced operations. The earth that had been removed lay in a big pile on the bottom, but of course not high enough to help me in case a cave-in occurred.

Carefully I started on the last circuit, and, as I expected, found that the dry earth there was much less firm than below.

Still I could make headway, although once or twice I thought I was doomed to failure when the ground broke over and under me.

Now I reached the place to dig straight up, and, holding my breath, I attempted it. Slowly I scraped my shaft's ceiling, little by little, then as the sods above me loosened I tore them away and—after a week of living death—once more stood on the earth's solid surface.

I soon found the camp, and my friends, who, after searching in vain, were mourning my supposed death.—[Chicago Sun.]

Trees.

What a strange underground life is that which is led by the organisms we call trees! These great fluttering masses of leaves, stems, boughs, trunks, are not the real trees. They live underground, and what we see are nothing more nor less than their tails. Yes; a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. All the senses it has are in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink. Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor passive things, with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them, as they talk with each other, and that they seem to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it well into your heads, and you will find that it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his "Forest Scenery," but don't forget that they are only the appendage of the underground vegetable polypus, the true organism to which they belong.—[Dr. O. W. Holmes.]

A Queer Old Texan.

An eccentric character named Brit Bailey came from Tennessee to Texas in 1830. While en route in company with several others he requested each man to tell what he was coming to Texas for. When all were through it came to his turn, and he said: "I am going to Texas to establish a character. I have not got any at home, and I am going to try and establish one in Texas."

He settled at Bailey's Prairie, and soon after trouble commenced with the Mexicans, and participated in the battle of Velasco. He carried home with him a cannon ball as a relic of this fight. When he came to die he requested to be buried standing up six feet under the earth, which would require a grave of more than 12 feet in depth, as he was 6 feet 2 inches in height.

He also requested that there should be buried with him his rifle, 100 rounds of ammunition, his butcher knife, two plugs of tobacco, one bottle of whisky, his dog, and the cannon ball from Velasco. All this was done with the exception of the dog. He died at home in 1838 on Bailey's Prairie, Brazoria County, and was buried on Oyster Creek. He was liked and respected by all who knew him.—[Dallas (Texas) News.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

SOFA PILLOW.

Cut out a triangle of chamolis skin and button hole in the corner a Roman-key pattern or any pretty design with blue embroidery silk. Catch the points together and between the embroidery corners insert puffings of blue silk, graduated somewhat narrower toward the centre of the cushion, where a large bow of satin-edged blue gros-grain ribbon is placed to conceal all the joinings. Hair, sweet grass, or balsam of fir may be used to fill the cushion.—[American Farmer.]

DISPELLING TOBACCO SMOKE.

To remedy the stale smell of tobacco in rooms an authority recommends a basin of permanganate of potash placed in the room during the evening. This may be left during the night in the room, and with the top of the window left open the room will be found quite sweet during the daytime. Another smoker writes: "Put a few grains of iodine on a plate on the floor in the centre of the room, or a little triodi in water in a soup plate, and leave the window open a little all night, and you will probably find, as I have done for a long time, that all trace of tobacco has disappeared by breakfast time next morning."—[New York Sun.]

A RULE FOR MINT SAUCE.

The rules for mint sauce vary. Some cooks use a certain percentage of stock, but this seems to us to be a mistake. The time-honored English rule is the best. This calls for vinegar, sugar and mint alone. Select only fresh and tender mint for this sauce. Strip the leaves from the stems, wash them and drain them in a sieve, and mince them fine with a sharp cooking-knife. Gather the leaves together in a little pile on an ordinary board, and strike them rapidly with this knife, which is shaped like an ordinary carving-knife. As the pile separates with the force of the chopping, heap it together again and continue the chopping till the leaves are a fine mince. French cooks always chop up their herbs in this way and even their meats, the chopping knives of our American kitchens being a rarity with them. There should be four heaping tablespoonfuls of mint chopped. Pour over the mint a half cupful of good vinegar boiling hot. Add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and set the sauce away where it will become ice-cold. When mint disagrees with individuals this sauce may be strained after it has stood four hours; but it is ordinarily served with the mint in it.—[New York Tribune.]

RECIPES.

Spiced Cookies—One cupful of sugar; two cupfuls of molasses; two-thirds of a cupful of butter; one cupful of milk; one teaspoonful of soda; one small teaspoonful of cloves, and one of cinnamon; two eggs; one-half of a nutmeg; and five cupfuls of flour. Roll and cut out.

Cheese and Egg Toast—Break into a bowl as many eggs as you require, one for every two slices of toast; beat thoroughly, with salt and pepper. Add a generous quantity of grated cheese. Put into a pan containing a tiny piece of butter. Place in the oven for seven minutes. Remove and spread quickly on toast.

Peach Pie—Line a deep pie plate with a rich crust. Lay in the peaches in a double row, packed closely together. Sweeten with white sugar and cover with crust and bake. Eat warm, with cream, or cold with grated cheese and iced milk. This is very nice if the top is spread with a meringue made by whipping the white of an egg and one tablespoonful of rich cream with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Cover the top crust with this, and set in the oven a few minutes.

Pressed Veal—Cook a piece of veal until very tender, remove the bones and gristle; before it gets very cold put into a chopping-bowl and chop very fine; season with salt, strain the liquor and pour over the meat so as to make it quite moist. Then press firmly into coffee cups and set away until entirely cold. When ready to serve run a knife around the edge and turn out on a board, slice thin with a sharp knife and arrange on a platter, which should be garnished with parsley or other green leaves. Slices of lemon laid on the platter of veal improve it.

Pliny, that rare old gossip, tells of a cave somewhere in Dalmatia where a stone thrown in raised a regular din of noises. Fingal's cave, on the Isle of Staffa, has an abnormally developed echo.

LATE TELEGRAPHIC TICKS

FROM MANY POINTS.

Important News Items Received as We Go to Press.

Crime and Penalties.

While trying to arrest two unknown thieves some miles north of Greensburg, Iowa county, Kas., A. W. Balfour, a constable of that town, was shot to death. The officers are on the trail of the murderers.

A man named Thompson killed his wife and an old woman with a butcher knife at Arlington, S. D. He expects to be lynched.

George Benzer accidentally shot William Cohn at Louisville, Ky., and then killed himself in remorse.

Capital, Labor and Industrial.

The wages of miners at Pine Forest colliery, Schuykill county, Pa., have been reduced 10 cents a wagon.

The Amalgamated association has declared off the strike at the Pottsville, Pa., iron and steel company's rolling mills, which was inaugurated on July 1, 1890, the workmen refusing to sign the scale. It is thought that most of the strikers will be taken back.

The rolling-mill of the Crum Creek Steel and Iron Co., of Chester, Pa., is shut down owing to a misunderstanding between the firm and the puddlers, and the refusal of the former to sign the scale of prices.

The trouble at Homestead, Pa., has thrown 200 men out of employment at the North Chicago rolling-mills, Chicago. The men are heaters, rollers and helpers. Their contract or scale expired July 1, and the Illinois Steel Company who owns the mills decided to make no arrangements for a future scale until the result of the eastern strike became known.

Nailmakers to the number of 1,000 in Montreal are on strike for an increase of wages.

The Amalgamated Association at Pittsburg, Pa., received advices that the following firms had signed the scale: Wetherill Rolling Mill Company, Findlay, O.; Carnegie, Phillips & Co., Beaver Falls; New Albany (Ind.) rail mill; Nixdorf-Krein Manufacturing Company, St. Louis.

The Moorehead-McCleane Company signed the Amalgamated scale Saturday. About 800 men returned to work. The following additional firms signed the scale: Ohio Falls Iron Works New Albany, Ind.; the Columbus Iron Works; which also includes the P. Hayden Saddlery Hardware Company and the Oliver & Roberts Wire Company.

Two railroad strikers named Rodgers and Benson were shot down by a man at Sumner, Cal., for calling him a "scab." Rodgers was killed and Benson seriously injured.

Fires.

At Duluth the Catholic pro-cathedral and Bishop McElrich's residence were burned. Loss on both buildings, \$10,000.

At Providence, R. I., the storehouse of B. B. & K. R. Knight, together with 6,700 bales of cotton and 1,000 pieces of cloth. Loss about \$500,000.

At Montgomery, Ala., the wholesale dry goods department of George Eter, Weil & Co. Loss about \$300,000.

At Baltimore the large furniture manufacturing establishment of the P. Hanson Hiss Manufacturing Company. Loss on the stock, \$150,000; insurance about \$100,000. Loss on building, \$45,000; fully insured.

The rolling mill of the tin department of the Niedringhaus Mills, at St. Louis, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss will be about \$75,000.

At Rockland, Mich., 30 buildings, including stores, dwellings and the Masonic hall, were burned. The loss will be up in the thousands.

At Greenville, Tex., the Greenville furniture factory was burned. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$8,000.

At Pocomoke, Md., thirty-eight business places and one residence were destroyed by fire and the loss will not be less than \$20,000.

The greater part of Arcola, Miss., burned Wednesday. Loss, \$30,000, insurance, \$20,000.

A large part of Shoshone, Ida., was burned.

The new mining town of Biwabik, about 80 miles from Duluth, was burned, causing loss of \$20,000.

Disasters, Accidents and Fatalities.

Herbert Slater and Mrs. Kellert were drowned at Kingston, N. Y., by the capsizing of a pleasure skiff.

Two men and eight horses were burned in a fire, which destroyed a New York stable.

Joseph, Zacharia and Henry Martin, three brothers, aged 23, 21 and 15, were drowned in Kings River, Cal., while bathing.

At Spring Park Lake, Minnetonka, a row boat occupied by Oscar Sandell, Rufus Johnson, Laura Lewis and Ida Swanson, all of St. Paul, Minn., was upset and all but Sandell drowned.

Four people were killed at Kansas City on the Fourth; Henry Hoover, Ettie Leslie, Axel Patterson and Clara Westerman.

A hand car on the Central railroad, of New Jersey, jumped the track when on an embankment below Seawarden, and three of the men on it were instantly killed.

By a fall of coal in the South Wilkesbarre shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company at Wilkesbarre, Pa., two civil engineers and a timber man were instantly killed. The dead are: John Williams, aged 25, civil engineer; John McCaffery, aged 21, of Philadelphia, civil engineer; William Evans, aged 15, a timber man.

A wild steer broke loose in St. Louis. The aim of the police was poor, and their bullets killed Albert Folsch, aged 15, and badly wounded several others.

Two explosions in the furnace room of the Illinois Steel Works at South Chicago, resulted in the death of one man, Peter Lindstrom, and the injury of three others.

A wall 300 feet long and 30 feet high,

running along the south side of the Newport News railroad yard, at Memphis, fell from pressure of earth against it. The Pullman car Savannah, in which conductors Hunter and Hogan and a porter named Bell were asleep, was crushed and the three men were killed.

Washington News.

The Senate committee on appropriations finished the consideration of the sundry civil bill, and reported it to the Senate. The amount of the appropriation made by the bill is \$37,707,708, being an increase over the bill as it passed the House of \$11,674,816. There is an appropriation of \$5,100,000 in aid of the World's Fair and a requirement that the Fair shall not be kept open on Sunday.

Speaker Crisp has received a telegram from Cordele, Ga., announcing his renomination for Congress by acclamation.

The July returns to the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture make the average condition of cotton 83.9. The June report was 83.9. For the purpose of comparison the returns of July, 1891, are given: General average, 88.6.

Political.

The New York Democratic Anti-Snap Convention State Committee has decided to continue itself as a permanent organization.

Personal.

Cyrus W. Field, upon whose head misfortunes have fallen so fast in the last nine months, is lying unconscious in his home, Ardsley Tower, N. Y., and his death is expected any moment.

Miscellaneous.

The Confederate Veterans of the State of Missouri have formally adopted and officially announced that this year and hereafter the first Wednesday in June will be observed as Confederate Memorial Day.

BEYOND OUR BORDERS.

The Stars and Stripes hoisted over the residence of the Rev. G. A. Yeomans, a Presbyterian minister at Wharton, Ont. were torn down by an angry mob of citizens, because the flag was larger and floated higher than any English flag in town.

At Madrid, in the riots against the new tax three policemen were killed and 30 to 40 injured. The civil governor received some severe bruises. About a dozen of the rioters were hurt. The Madrid newspapers take the ground that the riot was successful, and that the taxes will probably be abolished.

Herr Geyer, an Austrian landed proprietor, attempted to make the ascent of the Grimling mountain, near Aussee, in Moravia. He missed his footing, fell into a chasm and was instantly killed.

The miners in Prague who caused the explosion in the Brahenberg silver mine, by which 300 lives were lost, have been sentenced to prison for three and two years.

An unknown sloop supposed to be a Chinese smuggler, capsized near Victoria, B. C. All on board were lost.

Near Quebec prayers are being offered for the cessation of rain, while in Rimouski the supplication is for rain.

The steamship City of Chicago, which went on the rocks near Kinsale Head, Queenstown, is now a total wreck. The coast is strewn with boxes.

In a battle between a troop of Chilian cavalry and brigands, 31 of the latter were killed.

The recent flood in Fukushima submerged 1,000 houses, swept 600 bridges away, drowned 35 persons and inundated 4,000 acres of rice.

FIVE MEN KILLED.

Serious Damage Done by an Explosion at a California Powder Mill.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—An explosion at the works of the Giant Powder Company, this morning caused a loss of five lives and the injury of many men. The company loses \$200,000 and the San Francisco Chemical Works were destroyed at a loss of \$150,000. The cause of the explosion is said to have been the upsetting of a bottle of acid in the office, which set fire to the building. Three white men who were working in the nitro-glycerine house were killed. They were John Bowe, Wallace Dickerson and Charles Guberlige. The others killed were Chinamen. Windows were broken all over San Francisco and surrounding towns.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

YELLOW FEVER prevails in Honduras. THE iron ore trade still remains stagnant. THERE are fears of a cholera epidemic in Europe.

THE oil wells in this country supply 130,000 barrels a day.

HEREAFTER all telegraphing in Spain will be done by military operators.

THERE were no less than five stage robberies in Montana during June.

THE next President of the United States will receive about 7,000,000 votes.

THE pack of canned lobsters is expected to fall off fifty per cent. compared with last season.

A TUNNEL to cost \$1,000,000 has been started at Leadville, Col., to drain the mining camps.

JAMES MULLEN, of Louisville, Ky., died to death from a hole in his tongue about the size of a pin.

THE chiefs of the Arapahos and Cheyenne Indians refuse to accept the beef issue from the Government.

THE embankments of the first six months of the present year amounted to the large sum of \$3,938,814.

RELIEF boats provided and provisioned by the State, have left New Orleans for the flooded district of the State.

DROUGHT famine in Northern Mexico and Southwest Texas looms up as one of the great calamities of this year.

ADVICES from nearly all business centres show a gradual growth in confidence, though not in the volume of business done.

THE Governments of Germany and Austria are acting in concert in the adoption of measures to prevent cholera from entering their countries.

UNITED STATES cavalry to the number of four hundred are encamped near Douglas, Wyoming, presumably to take a hand in the rutler troubles.

H. L. LINCKS, of Huron, South Dakota, Vice-President of the National Alliance, succeeds L. E. Folk, deceased, as President of the organization.

THE estate of the late Father Mulligan of Pittsburg, worth \$300,000, and it is supposed to have been given to the church, is claimed by a poor cousin living in New York.

TRINOS are going to be lively in the Breng San this season. The migrating birds are now near the passes in the closed sea and the cruisers are following them.