

GOLD IN THE STARS.

A meteorite recently found contained gold in its composition. Several months of careful study...

A DOUBLE DELUGE.

An American's Experience with a Holland Storm.

Mr. Biddle, of St. Louis, Assists in Stopping the "Hole" in a Dike—The Magnificence of the Dutch Country.

So few members of the army of Americans which yearly pour to Europe go to Holland, unless it be simply to fly through it, giving perhaps a day to Amsterdam, that to those who know the fair "Low Countries," it has become a matter of great surprise.

It would seem natural that the soldier should wish to see the fields where were fought the most heroic battles of modern times, when the citizen soldiers of a small and unarmy country stood their ground against the mighty legions of Alva, and did not talk of dying in the last ditch, but died there.

It would seem as if the sailor would like to visit the dock yards where Van Tromp, with his boom nailed to his masthead, went out to meet the sea, and at least to look upon the cabin where the great Peter of Russia lived while very practically studying naval architecture.

But above all Holland is the paradise for the mere seeker after novelty. In fact, the novelty is, at first, almost too marked; it is bewildering. The rivers pour along for your feet. Instead of "going down to sea in ships," you climb up long flights to get at them.

It seems a mad land. The streets of the cities are water; the whole landscape is dotted with windmills grinding, not grain, but water; you may walk along the seashore for days and be no more able to find a pebble than to find a crown diamond, go a little to the north where what by courtesy may be called the land is four inches above high tide and there for miles and miles you will find the sea sand neatly covered with matting to prevent it blowing away! A still more astonishing thing is that the men and women do not seem (at first sight always understood) to belong to the same race. The men, most polite and courteous in all classes, and hospitable to a marked degree, are stark, formal and as solemn as the fourteenth of the sermon of a Puritan divine. The women, remarkably pretty, especially in Friesland, which has more pretty girls in it than any place on earth of the same population (our own town, of course, excepted) are gay, decidedly, although demurely, coquettish, and not at all averse to innocent fun. If, however, the stranger be so fortunate as to gain admittance as an intimate to the family circle of some Dutchman, he gets to know that the men are really very formal fellows, and that their grave formality is only a national custom instilled in them from babyhood. But there is no country in Europe where it is so difficult for a stranger to gain admittance, for the Dutch do not love men of other races.

But the more one knows of this people the more the curiosity grows as to who were their ancestors, and what in the name of all that is wonderful ever led them to settle in such a country; a country that had not a tree upon it, and has necessitated the gain of millions of acres of land from the sea.

How they placed driven into its unstable soil to hold its houses. But, in the early days, how built houses at all? There was not a stone in the country; there was no wood and no coal, so how make bricks? As there was no wood, absolutely none, how make boats to bring necessities from other lands, or to hunt aquatic animals? What did that strange people live upon? The soil was then certainly unfit for agriculture, barren sand and water soaked mud. There was no game except water fowl, certainly no land animals fit for food or useful for their skins.

How catch fish in any such numbers as to be a mainstay of life without boats, the fishing during at least three months of the year being necessarily on the sea? Why they were there and how they survived are mysteries; we only know that the tireless industry and indomitable pluck of the race has made the land to blossom as the rose, and dotted it with fair cities.

The language of the Dutch seems a cross between German and English, but the people are entirely unlike either Germans or Englishmen, quite as unlike the other neighbors, the Flemish and the French. They do not like their neighbors, and in return these neighbors, jealous of the Hollanders' hard-earned success, are always throwing hard words at them. This is a long introduction to my

REAL KINDNESS.

An Incident Showing That Sympathy Extends Among the Lowly.

A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few pennies on a wheezy hand-organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The gold wind blew through his rags, and he was indeed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers-by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with his cane, but he could not find it, and finally began playing again, bareheaded, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind.

People came and went, happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and gowns, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By and by a woman came out of an alley, an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her, and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder. She saw his cap lying beside the pavement, she saw him sitting there, bareheaded. She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her back, and she finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little tin cup, and she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it up with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, ain't it?" she said. He nodded. "Ain't gittin' much to-day?" He shook his head again. She fumbled for her ragged skirts for a moment, and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little tin cup, and she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it up with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

SAND-STORMS.

The Fierce Winds of the Great Arabian Desert.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian sirocco is not less terrible than the sand-storms of the Colorado desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains can not make head against it—often, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales lift up by carloads, from the plain and fly on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow-drifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in a coat, or blanket and stifle until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet can not bear it to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance.—C. F. Lummis, in St. Nicholas.

SENSELESS SLURS.

Uncalled For Attacks on the "Pretty Typewriter Girl."

"Typewriter" writes as follows: I have noticed during the last few years the numerous slurs cast on the "pretty typewriter girls" by the many so-called funny papers, and I don't think any other profession has suffered so much. There is no reason why a young lady operating her instrument should be regarded as less than a modest and noble-minded being; her sister who keeps books or who is engaged in other work where she is thrown into the association of men.

I can say this, that one of the most sensible women I have ever met contributes to the support of her home by her ability to operate a typewriting machine. She is an excellent conversationalist and is informed on the current topics of the day; can speak intelligently on religion, politics, literature and music. She always reads the new productions of our recognized authors, and seems to delight in anything that will be of intellectual benefit.

These women are the ones who make happy homes for our young men after marriage. They can economize, because they have earned money and know the value of it. They make better wives and are of more benefit to the world than the funny man who earns his living by giving to her a reputation she does not deserve. The jokes are old. Let her alone.—Drake's Magazine.

George catches on. "Katie," he said, timidly, "I-I have allowed myself to hope that you regard me as something more than a friend."

"George," she answered, softly, with half-averted face, "you—you are away off."

And George understood. He came nearer.—Chicago Tribune.

Everybody knows a woman is hard to please. She likes the matrimonial harness, but doesn't like to be hitched up with a man who is strapped.—Binghamton Republican.

Teacher—"Name some of the most important things existing to-day that were unknown one hundred years ago." Tommy—"You and me."

ONE FRENCH REGIMENT.

It Was Organized by Henry IV. and Distinguished Itself at Yorktown.

The history of the Eighteenth regiment of French infantry has lately been written by Lieut. Labouché and is interesting to us for two reasons, one being that it is one of the oldest of military organizations—founded by Henry IV. in the year 1600, and originally named the regiment of Auvergne. This famous corps was afterward divided, and the part which afterward became the Eighteenth of the line was first called Le Gâtinais, which was later exchanged for Royal Auvergne.

Under this name it took a glorious part in every war of the French monarchy, from the thirty years' war to that of the American revolution, distinguishing itself in the latter under Rochambeau and Lafayette, especially at Yorktown. The historian relates that it was after "some night at tactics which decided the surrender of Yorktown" that Count Rochambeau, who had been colonel of the Auvergne regiment, gave the Gâtinais the name of Royal Auvergne. Before the attack in question the men of the Gâtinais had promised their old colonel that, if he would give them back their original name, they would conquer or die to the last man.

They kept their word and Rochambeau kept his. The reviewer of the Cercle Militaire says that many little known details and anecdotes of military life in the last century are contained in this regimental history. Among other things we learn that the epaulettes—the ensign we have all dreamed about at the beginning of our career—was very much disliked at first by the officers, who gave it the disrespectful name of "choiseul's rags," from the name of the minister of war, who made them a part of the uniform toward the close of the reign of Louis XV.

We learn that bands were first organized for the French infantry regiments in consequence of the infatuation in regard to the Prussian army. In addition to the drums they used handbells, small flutes, fifes, bassoons, clarionets, French horns and serpents in these military bands.

Of course, a distinguished regiment which has had a continued existence for near three hundred years must have passed through many striking scenes. During and after the French revolution its history became more and more interesting, as it fought every where, from Berne to Rivoli, from Egypt to Russia. During the retreat from the latter country the Eighteenth, which formed the rear guard under Ney, held at Krasnoe, to sustain the attack of the whole Russian force.

At the end of the Eighteenth century had ceased to exist, or, at least, a handful of the survivors, consisting of Col. Belleport, five officers and twenty-five or thirty men represented the regiment. It was only because it seemed as if death would not have them that these survivors. The Eighteenth lost its eagle in this fight, as well as six hundred men, or nineteen-twentieths of its force.—Chicago Herald.

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

London Contains a Telegraph Office Employing Three Thousand Operators.

The biggest telegraph office in the world is that of London. It is located in the general post office building, and it is not accessible to the general public. It contains more than three thousand operators, and its batteries are supplied by a plant of thirty thousand cells, or enough to make three solid glass rows of cells from the capitol to the White House. This office does more business than any office in the United States. It dispatches its business much quicker, and runs much more smoothly than any office do, and its main operating-room is not half so noisy as the main office of the Western Union company in New York. Of these three thousand operators about one thousand are women. They have a room to themselves and they do their work with registers and paper reeds. In the other parts of the office all sorts of instruments are used, and the Hughes printing instrument is the most popular. I visited, also, the big telegraph operating room of Paris, and here one thousand operators are at work. Nearly one half of these are women, and they have day and night operators. The day operators work only seven hours, while the night operators work ten hours, but they get bigger pay than those who work during the day. I found the Morse instruments used somewhat in Paris, but the French Baudet instruments are the favorites. These have keys like a piano for the transmitting, and the receiving is done on an automatic paper strip three-quarters of an inch wide upon which the message is printed.—Indianapolis News.

Simply Ignorance.

"That fellow, Hall, ought to be banished from polite society. He's a perfect booby."

"How so, Mr. Tutcher?"

"You remember that bon mot I made at dinner?"

"Well, he was ill-mannered enough to ask if it was original with me. That shows how unsophisticated he is."

"Yes, nobody but an ignoramus could have thought you were Sidney Smith."

—Life.

She Was Sorry.

He (at 11 p. m.)—"There's one thing I'd do, Miss Smithington, if I were rich."

She (wearily)—"What is that, Ma. Smith?"

"I'd travel."

She (sympathetically)—"I'm so sorry, Mr. Lingery, that you are not rich."—Detroit Free Press.

In selecting strong timber weight has very little consideration. Only a man with experience can call the good from the bad timber with almost an infallible judgment, and probably without the ability to tell why he makes his selection. Color has little to do with it, weight something. Umber sense more.

PITH AND POINT.

—The uglier a show manager is the more he insists upon having his picture printed on all the bills.—Athenian Globe.

—If men knew as much at 40 years of age as they knew at 20, the world would be more statesman in the country.—Texas Siftings.

—We never realize the value of a jewel until we try to pawn it. Come to think of it, we don't then.—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Keene has come into a fine thing by the death of old Bilyuns." "Indeed! Is he one of the heirs?" "No, he is the executor."—N. Y. Press.

—Mrs. Grayneck—"Now you must listen, Mr. Salpinx; my daughter's going to sing her last new song." Salpinx—"Thank Heaven!"—Boston Courier.

—Judge—"If I let you off this time will you promise not to come back here again?" Prisoner—"Yes sir. The fact is I didn't come voluntarily this time."—Boston Post.

—A Defense—"What's the charge against this man, officer?" "No visible means of support," returned No. 5070. "I can't afford to take me wife wid me everywhere," growled the prisoner.—Epoch.

Nature's Methods.

Nature's scientific methods err: For when we pay our debts to her, She makes us up our goals.

—N. Y. Herald.

—A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.—Texas Siftings.

—If there was some way of wrapping up a baby so that it would look like a game bag or a gun, the women would have no further trouble in getting their husbands to carry babies on the streets.—Athenian Globe.

—A Fair Proposition.—"Say, mister, that dog bit me." "Oh, that's nothing." "But what if I should die of hydrophobia?" "Well, in that case I am willing to do the fair thing—I'll have the dog killed when you die."

—Jessie—"Harry, do you regard marriage as a failure?" Harry—"No; I'm told it is more like a mutual benefit association." Jessie—"That must be nice." Harry—"Yes, it is; you put in every dollar you earn, and never get back a cent."—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

—Mr. Robinson, who has tarried too long at a wine supper, finds his wife in a high state of nervousness awaiting his return. Mrs. R.—"Here I've been waiting and rocking in this chair until my head swims round like a top!" Mr. R.—"Just so where I've been—'it's in the atmosphere.'"—Fun.

—Dr. Smythe (at the literary reception)—"Who is that tall, spectacled, bald-headed gentleman yonder? I have been discussing mining affairs with him, and he agreed with me that Blowitt's work on the subject was a very stupid affair." Thompson—"I'm sure he ought to know. He's Blowitt!"—The Tit.

—A young man who had been seeking employment from an editor, finally obtained leave to write an article on a subject assigned by the editor, and to bring it in person in a week. The article was brought at the appointed time. The editor read it, and knit his brows. "You have some good thoughts here," he said, "but you write very badly." "Well, you see, sir," faltered the applicant, "I was kind of scared. I never wrote in public before!"

THE OFFICIOUS CLERK.

He Receives a Salary and Much-Needed Lesson.

The clerk with the waxed mustache and bangs listened rather impatiently while the little woman explained what she wanted.

"Yes, yes," he said at last, "I understand." He took down a roll of cloth and added: "Here is just the thing."

"But I know," she began.

"I know," he interrupted. "You want the cloth for a wrapper, and this is something extra fine."

"O, it is?" said the little woman.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A WOMAN'S TEMPLE.

Unconscious a woman builds Of little things that come and go. So it does slowly rise above The tide of years, until his dome Has reached the glory clouds of Heaven.

A world within itself, a home— She wisely builds upon the rock, For more eternal than the years, The pavement is of solid truth, Untouched, unweary by falling tears.

The walls are innocuous and grace, Fair virtue makes them high and strong Within they shine with purity, Resound with music and sacred song: The gates are pearls of truth and love, Whence issue forth bright gloms of light, Each stone a little sacrifice, And kept in place by truth and right.

The pillars are of gentle acts, The floor the weight of golden beams Of life, and bound by chords of love, And braced by death's undying streams.

Each nail a heart-beat set in place, Each blow her very center shook! The steps are trials, very stepping-stones: Here patience climbs with upward look: The throne, her grand eternal seat, Her king, the one she loves best, Her altar, where sweet incense rises, Does hold her greatest and her best. So day by day a stone is laid, Until the white-capped dome Has risen from the clouds.

And she has reached her Heavenly home. —N. B. Fowler, in later Epoch.

WORK OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

What Many of Them Are Doing in This Busy World of Ours.

A new departure of college women is in the raising of fruits, large and small, and in flower culture. One of New York's successful teachers has invested the capital accumulated by teaching in a flower firm in the south of France. A professional woman writes from southern California: "I have a small tract of six acres of orchard and garden, where I have filled in all my spare time for the past sixteen years most agreeably and profitably. I am satisfied that women can earn a comfortable living with a few acres of land, and the cultivation of the mind and development of the body which an intelligent person can derive from such vocation will be a double compensation."

Another New York teacher has invested her savings in real estate, and at its sale is to put the money in a violet farm near the city.

An owner of a twenty-acre orange farm in the south claims for her occupation that it is not only remunerative, but in all its tendencies highly refining and preferable to any indoor employment.

Lucy P. Salmon, of Vassar college, is collecting statistics on the great problem of domestic service, in the hope that some way out of the difficulty may be found. She urges that domestic labor, while having features peculiar to itself, is amenable to the laws which control other forms of industry, and that in the laws which underlie it a trained mind is essential. And she argues wisely that the main question for women to study is how homes may be retained without the friction and waste of material and nerve force that attends housekeeping at the present time.

Emma P. Ewing, professor of domestic economy in the Iowa agricultural college, has established a school of domestic economy, similar in scope and character to the other schools composing the college. Mrs. Ewing is the dean of this school, where the course of study is based upon the assumption that a pleasant home is an essential element of broad culture and one of the surest safeguards of morality and virtue.

In Chicago a college woman and a wife has devoted her time to the study of sanitary science and has built for her family a model home, perfect in every sanitary detail.

Among unusual professions taken up by college women is that of civil engineering, adopted by Grace Hubbard, a graduate of Iowa college, employed by the United States government survey in Montana in the making of maps.

A woman graduate of the University of Pennsylvania has lucrative employment as the assayer of metals in a large watch factory.

Several of the graduates of the University of California are engaged in fruit raising, and Kansas includes ranch owners among her alumni.

One of Vassar's graduates is a printer, one a graduate in mercantile business, and one conducts a chemical laboratory in the institution, of which she is the only woman instructor. A dentist, a sanitary expert and several librarians are also included among the professionals outside of teaching, which is, as it ever has been, a favorite occupation for women and one which meets with least resistance. Besides this, many graduates are pursuing scientific or professional studies with their husbands, or assisting the husbands in their work, as only zealous and capable helpmeets may assist. One college woman in New York, wife of a busy physician, does all of her husband's reading for him, both of current literature and medical publications. With the trained intelligence peculiar to the thoroughly educated woman, she grasps the salient points of the articles, and in few words gives them to him at dinner or in the afternoon drive. Many college women enter into most intelligent partnership with their husbands. One of the post-graduate students at Barnard has, with her husband, opened a school where she teaches during the morning hours, devoting the afternoons to the Barnard lectures. A university woman on one of the Brooklyn papers has entered into a unique co-partnership with her husband. He is a salaried man, and at her request the entire amount of his salary into the bank in her name, while she supports the family, consisting of two small children, a maid, her husband and herself, with her pen, besides attending their household and doing much of her sewing.

Of special value is the college training to mothers of children in the city schools, for unless she is capable of helping the children with their work, a tutor is an essential and expensive luxury.

Prejudice against the college training of women is breaking down, and though fathers are still more inclined to educate their sons than their daughters, a man of broad culture said recently: "If I haven't enough money to educate both my sons and daughters, I shall send the girls to college, because they need it more than the boys. Not that they are less bright than their brothers, for I think intellectually they are more clever, but because the world demands greater skill and better preparation in a girl than in a boy. The girl is more sharply criticised, meets with greater obstacles, and is treated with less confidence in her ability than a boy. Besides, physically, she is at a disadvantage and needs the discipline of the college training to enable her to work with less expenditure of nervous force than the untrained woman knows how to work."—Inter Ocean.

MRS. BRUNOT'S GREAT WORK.

What a Charitable Woman Has Accomplished in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Brunot, of Pittsburgh, is a lady whose name is closely associated with the Women's Christian association of that city, a brief history of which also embodies the story of her early labors. Its real inception was in the Temporary Home for Destitute Women, which was opened at 45 Chatham street in April, 1860. Its officers, all of whom were distinctly charitable women, were: Mrs. Brunot, president; Mrs. W. A. Herron, vice-president; Miss Mattie J. Fowler, secretary; Miss Anna Thaw, treasurer; Mrs. Lizzie Wade, librarian; Mrs. R. Robinson, Mrs. Wm. Vankirk, Mrs. W. P. Logan, Mrs. F. Woods, Mrs. Caroline Nelson, Mrs. J. Lewis, Mrs. R. W. Poindexter, Mrs. S. McKee, Mrs. Eliza Loomis, Mrs. Clapp and Miss Jane Holmes, managers. Receiving committees—For Pittsburgh, Mrs. Herron and Miss Holmes; for Allegheny, Mrs. Poindexter. This home was subsequently moved to 929 Penn avenue, where it remained till recently it was sold. It was by no means a success across the street from its late location. At the first annual board meeting reports showed the good the home had done, and the ladies got to discussing its future possibilities with Evangelist Moody, who was present. The result of that chat was the organization of the Women's Christian association, with the same officers as the home board.

The quarters appear traveling marshes at Wilkensburg, when Mr. Kelly—who, it was said, never could deny a charitable woman, and actually impoverished himself by his generosity—had given Mrs. Brunot five acres of land for the purpose. Here they built a reformatory for girls and called it the Sheltering Arms. It proved inconvenient for managerial visits and, after a vacation law suit, they sold it to the new board of the Home for Aged Men and bought a comfortable old house on Locust street, named it the Christian Home for Women, and within a month found the work prospering, until now it is really their most successful enterprise. They subsequently attached a hospital to it. Of the thirty members of the original board there are but five members left—Mrs. Brunot, Mrs. Thomas Mellon, Mrs. Samuel McKee, Miss Kate Holmes, Mrs. Thurston and Miss Tillie Smith—Chicago Post.

Women to the Front.

Lassa, the principal city of Thibet, is a remarkable place for one thing; government recognizes the ability of women to manage and control a large proportion of the retail trade. In certain seasons of the year demands unusual attention. From December to March a brisk business is carried on with "neighbors from abroad." Here, the distinguished explorer, relates that chinaware, rich carpets, attractive silk stuffs, and other commodities in great variety and large quantities are brought from western China, and from other quarters appear traveling marshes, with well-laden camels and horses, revealing a tempting display of Russian goods, among which may be found gold lace, silken textures, and peculiar styles of jewelry, much in request in cities and villages of Thibet; also many kinds of furniture are included in the list, and eastern Thibet fails not in ample supply of much-prized metals.

The owners of these valuable "backs of richness and elegance" throw themselves heart and soul into the work of disposing of their various properties, for in three months, "the season of absence from home with them is past, and early in March they must again take up the claim of farm and store and shop in their own land."—Harper's Bazar.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

MISS GERTRUDE BUCK and Miss Lucia Keene have been placed on the editorial staff of the University of Michigan daily paper.

NELLIE CASHEMAN is one of the best mining experts in Arizona, and is well known all over that country as a competent and reliable miner.

SEVERAL TOWNS in Russia have elected women for mayors on the ground that they were best fitted to be entrusted with the interests of the community.

MILE SARMA BLESSED, the first woman admitted to the bar in France, is said to have taken the highest rank in a class of 500 men at the Ecole du Droit, Paris, where she studied after receiving the degree of bachelor of letters and science in Bucharest. She has begun to practice law in the latter city, where her father is a banker.

Who ever thinks of Mrs. Christopher Columbus? Yet to her the great discoverer was indebted for encouragement. She was a Miss Palestrolo, of Lisbon, the well educated, brilliant daughter of a navigator with whom she made hazardous voyages, and who gave her as a dowry a valuable collection of charts, maps and important memoranda made during his voyages.

MRS. SARAH B. COOPER, whose benevolent work in the establishment of free kindergartens on the Pacific coast has given her an enviable reputation, was a governess in a Georgia family many years ago, and had a Bible class of 500 slaves. After her marriage she lived in Memphis, and during the war taught a Bible class of over two hundred soldiers. Her name has always been associated with good works and kindly deeds.