AN IMPRESSION.

A wind swept sky,
The waste of moorland stretching to the west,
The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—
A sea gull's cry.

Washed by the tide,
The rocks lie sullen in the waning light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white,
Dissatisfied.

Above, around,
Thunderous calm of drought that kills and sears;
Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears—
No conscious sound.

Only the stir
Of some small insect life within the land;
The lapping of the waves upon the sand,
A corncrake's whir.

Upon the hill
The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar,
Low poised on the horizon line, one star
Shines, lonely still.
—May Bateman in Temple Bar.

WHAT THEY EAT IN EGYPT.

Kabob and Green Cakes Form an Epicurean Meal For Five Cents.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, a clever writer on the New York Mail and Express, says that every country has its own little delicacies, and the British soldiers who pour into Egypt undoubtedly buy from the street hawkers the green cakes, and possibly the kabobs, for which the land of the Nile is famous.

The kabob is broiled meat, but is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace, something like those in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace is a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it over the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected, and, with a little salt or salt and spice, makes a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done. The cooking is very rapid. What with the heat of the fire and the thinness of the meat, it is thoroughly done in two or three minutes.

The green cakes are nothing more or less than small wheaten cakes mixed with chopped green leaves of various kinds salted and baked in a slow oven. They are pale yellow, yellow gray and brownish gray, with irregular splashes of green on both the upper and lower surfaces. They are said to be very nourishing, and they are certainly very appetizing and palatable when fresh from the oven. Almost any kind of green leaf which is used as human food serves for making a green cake. The humble cabbage and the aristocratic petit pois vert, the watermelon rind and the celery top, the string bean and even the asparagus tip have been used for the purpose. In addition to the nutritious leaf there is nearly always a flavoring leaf. The commonest is parsley, and after this comes fennel, fenugreek, sorrel, bay and laurel.

The green cake of the market varies from 2 to 4 inches in width, but is rarely more than a quarter of an inch thick. About one-half are made by bakers and one-half by the women of the working classes.

Rastus' Birthday.

In the northern part of Georgia I came upon a negro cabin, and, as I approached, it became evident that some extraordinary commotion was going on within. In fact, shouts and yells of terror succeeded one another so rapidly that I hastened to see what could be the trouble.

As I drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cartwheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway, and in answer to my inquiries gave me the following explanation of the mystery:

"Yer see, sah, dis is 'Rastus' birfday," indicating the one whose joyful antics I have just mentioned. "Now, I'ze powerful hard up jes' at presen' an didn't hab no money ter celebrate in de usual way. An it jes' bruk me all up ter see de res' habin jes' as much fun on 'Rastus' birfday as 'Rastus was habin hisself. So, times bein so hard, de only way I could see was ter gib der res' all a lickin, an dat kinder raises 'Rastus up ober de odders."

A quarter flung to 'Rastus proved a charm that raised him still higher and dried the tears of the others in an instant. Happier children than these same pickaninnies as I rode away, a moment later, it would be hard to find.—Youth's Companion.

Aunty Kruger.

Mrs. Kruger, the wife of President Kruger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed, and always takes a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and, donning a white apron, she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of $25,000,000, but it's "Aunty" Kruger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of $2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

His Proper Sphere.

Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?"

Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.—London Answers.

His Little Scheme.

"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin?"

"Yes, mother. Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

CARRY THEIR EGGS.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others Is Where They Sit Down—An Island In the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and, as the boat ran on to a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and oars, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.

The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with boathooks to push the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular stool-like objects about 3 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance the bird when approached shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.

Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, eying them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They watched her for a few moments and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.

One of the party attempted to catch an albatross, and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the running bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do at sea by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this very purpose.

The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in the nest, making no attempt to fly or move unless driven away by blows. This may be due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack, and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it resists.

This sly bird is called the molly mauk. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.

On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with its bill pointing directly upward instead of out, as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.

The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.

The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.

This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the nighthawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and uttering a moaning cry just audible to the listener. Then the mate arrived, and, after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared goatsucker of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a veritable trap when the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.

Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

FACTORY SYSTEMS IN SWITZERLAND.

Skilled Watchmakers Will Not Work by American Methods.

It is most interesting to compare the different methods by means of which the highest grade of mechanical perfection is attained in various countries. Notwithstanding the high character of American watches, for example, the finest Swiss watches will retain their great reputation. The Swiss workman receives the parts from the manufacturer in the rough, takes them to his home, puts his best individual skill into the finishing and assembling and brings the completed watches to his employer. The latter inspects the work, and out of a batch of, say, 50 watches he selects five or six as worthy of his attention and puts the others into the regular trade under some general trade name. The selected watches he readjusts, working over them for days, weeks and months before he considers them worthy to bear his own name, and it is these watches which go to those who not only have the money to buy, but also the patience to wait.

A prominent firm of American jewelers, chafing under the inconveniences of this old world method of doing things, sought to introduce American methods and see if the highest grade of Swiss watches could not be made more methodically. A factory was built, enticing rates of wages were offered to the most skillful workmen, and the experiment was tried. But, alas, the Swiss workman soon found that no regular wages could pay him for his loss of liberty. To be on hand when the whistle blew in the morning, to have his stated hour for dinner and his fixed hour for quitting at night—these restrictions he could not long stand. Formerly he had worked when he felt like it and stopped when it pleased him, and when he was paid for one job he took his own time to begin the next, generally waiting until his funds ran low. The factory plan did not work for long, and the idle building now bears silent testimony to the Swiss love for independence, which is as much a factor in present life as it has been in past history.—Cassier's Magazine.

TWO MEETINGS.

A Very Old Man Tells of Something That Awakened Tender Memories.

"I came across something last Sunday," said an old, very old, man one day in 1966, "something that brought tears to my eyes and started a flood of recollections that I could not control. I had been out with my son-in-law for a little excursion, and feeling thirsty we dropped down in the yard of a neat looking hotel and called for some Rhine wine and selters.

"'You will have to order a meal,' said the waiter, and we said, 'Of course; two meals.' In time the Rhine wine was brought. The glasses were smaller than they were when I was young, but their contents were 'otherwise well.' Then he brought the meals.

"They were the ordinary Sunday drink meals. My son-in-law's was ordinary in every way; but the waiter had dropped mine, and, picking it up in a hurry, had placed it on the plate upside down. Otherwise, of course, I should never have noticed it. On the bottom of the meal, carved deep into the crust, were the initials 'B. G. R.,' and the date '1896, May 17.' Seventy years old and more that Raines Sunday meal was! The initials were my own, and, as I looked at the figures, almost as fresh as when they were first carved, my memory went back to the bright Sunday in May, 1896, when a friend and I had ridden on our bicycles to the self same 'hotel' and ordered the same drinks and meals. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but it was interesting.

"It was just about that time," said the old, very old, man, picking up his cane, "that the custom the boys had of carving their names on turtles' backs was given up; they carved them on Raines Sunday meals, because they lasted longer. And I think that I was one of the pioneers of the new custom." And the old, very old, man went out.—New York Sun.

Julian Scott, Drummer Boy.

The Boston Transcript says that Julian Scott, drummer boy, Company E, Third Vermont volunteers, "received the first congressional medal of honor for bravery at the battle of Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862. His duties did not require him to be present on the field. Learning that four companies of his regiment, including his own, had crossed the creek and were suffering terrible losses, and that many of his comrades were killed and wounded, he started for the scene, forded the creek, and, in the face of a terrible fire and countercharge from the enemy, succeeded unaided in bringing two severely wounded comrades across the creek. A general order was issued by his brigade commander, General 'Baldy' Smith, commending the heroic bravery of this drummer boy. The act of congress granting the medal of honor was passed July 12, 1862, and it is reported that Secretary Stanton was so pleased with the bravery of this boy that as soon as the medals were ready he sent the first one to Julian Scott."

Wonderful Vitality of Seeds.

Professors Webster and Pouchet, who have recently been engaged in experimenting on the vitality of seeds, find that the seed of Medicigo americana (lucern) may be boiled uninterruptedly for four hours without losing their vitality. Seeds so treated sprouted and sprung up in from 12 to 17 days.—St. Louis Republic.

The women of savage nations rarely pay much attention to the dressing of their hair, while savage men, on the contrary, regard their coiffures as of the utmost importance.

A British patent covers England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and the Channel islands, but not one of the British colonies.

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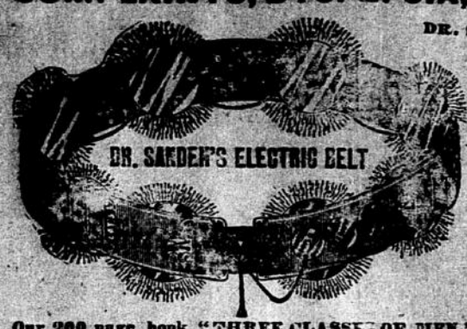

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Our 200 page book "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," should be read by every young, middle-aged and old man, sent sealed, free. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is no experiment as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, after all other treatments failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this and other States, who would gladly testify, and from many of whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our Belt.

WE HAVE CURED THESE—WE CAN CURE YOU!

LAME BACK—KIDNEY DISEASE.

Delano, Minnesota, August 1, '92.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I feel it my duty to write to you and let you know that your wonderful Electric belt has done all you said it would. I feel like another man, and I most earnestly recommend your belt to any one who is suffering from lame back and kidney disease for many years. Yours truly, JACOB DICK.

GENERAL DEBILITY, ETC.

Humboldt, Minnesota, August 1st, '92.
Dr. A. T. Sanden. Dear Sir:—As you remember, you sent me a No. 4 Electric belt last summer, and I wore it then for three or four months, and I am now glad to say that I am cured of my disease. I have not written you before because I wanted to see if the cure was permanent, and I can now gladly recommend it to everyone. Yours very truly, A. G. ANDERSON.

DONE MORE THAN CLAIMED.

Staples, Minn, April 3, 92.
Dr. A. T. Sanden. Dear Sir:—I wish to say that the Electric belt I bought of you some two months ago has done me lots of good, and I am well satisfied with it. In fact the longer I have the belt the better I like it. It has done all you said and more too.
Yours truly, P. B. PERRY.

RHEUMATISM—LUMBAGO.

Norwood, Minnesota, October 14, 92.
Dr. A. T. Sanden. Dear Sir:—Last winter I suffered greatly with rheumatism and lumbago. I tried different doctors and medicines without much success, when I was advised to try one of your belts. I did not believe in them, but thought I would try one anyway. I can honestly say now that nothing has done me as much good as the No. 4 belt I bought of you, and I would not be without one. I am now quite cured and believe it is due to the belt; in fact I am sure of it.
Yours very truly,
ALBERT MEYER, Proprietor Union Hotel.

CRAMPS CURED IN ONE WEEK.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, June 16, '92.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—In answer to your letter of inquiry would say that I have used your belt regularly since getting it. If you remember, I complained of severe cramps in my left side, so much so that I was able to do but little work. I had been so for three months, but after a week's use of your belts I was greatly pleased to have the cramps entirely disappear and they have not returned since, and I consider that I am entirely cured of them. Respectfully,
GEO. HAMMOND, 619 Filmore Street, N. E.

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"NEW GERMAN METHOD" is employed,—a system of treatment which has changed the very history of Chronic Diseases. No expense has been spared to fit out this Institution with every Modern Appliance along Medical and Surgical lines. It makes no promises it cannot fulfill. It employs the very highest Medical and Surgical talent, while the charges are within the reach of all.

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Rheumatism in all its forms, PARALYSIS, EPILEPSY AND NERVOUS DISEASES generally, curing case after case that has resisted every other known method of treatment.

Skin Diseases of years' standing; SCROFULA; slow growth in children, and BLOOD DISEASES generally.

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All Diseases of Women treated with wonderful success and in most cases without recourse to the old and disgusting methods of crude indelicacy. We cure all diseases of either sex involving Loss of Energy. Our method of treating this class of cases is modern and original, and our phenomenal success with these troubles enables us to say we can guarantee a perfect cure in every case undertaken.

Bring in your so-called "incurable" cases—the Doctor charges you nothing for consultation. Everything sacredly CONFIDENTIAL. Remember the day and date. Call early, as his parlors are always crowded. If unable to call on him, write for symptom blank. Address,

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