## THE LAMENT OF DAPHNIS.

O nymph, whose faith I have so weakly kept,
O love, whose smile I never more may see,
Pity the tears these sightless eyes have wept,
And let me plead once more, once more, with thee!

I did not dream in love's first golden hour
That from mine eyes thine image e'er could pass,
I saw thy pictured face in every flower,
And heard thy footsteps in the whispering grass.

The birds and waters echoed thy dear voice;
Thine eyes smiled at me from the stars above;
In sleep of thee I dreamed—woke to rejoice
And tell again the story of our love.

The tale is done! My punishment is just.
I lifted up mine eyes, I turned away,
And lo! the flower within my hand was dust,
And darkened was the light of love's sweet day.

Yet think not that my heart strayed with mine eyes;
Nay, love, for it was shrined within thine own.
Can'st thou its pleadings evermore despise?
Is thy warm beauty hardened into stone?

His work but half complete, Death stands afar,
And will not end the misery begun.
Night, railing, tells my tale to every star,
And the day mocks me with the heartless sun.

But hope still lingers while my lips can pray,
And through the endless dark I grope for thee,
Thinking, perchance, upon some happy day
Thou wilt relent and turn again to me—

Will turn again to be my guide, my light,
And pleading, hoping, in the dark I wait
For thee or Death to end the weary night:
O love, dear love, I pray, come not too late!
—Annie Louise Brakenridge in Kate Field's Washington.

# A BOOK OF PICTURES.

### REMARKABLE CHANGES SEEN IN SOME ILLUSTRATIONS.

**Points That Puzzled an Inquisitive Boy and Convulsed His Humorous Father. Characters That Appear to Have an Extensive Wardrobe.**

"Papa," asked the boy, looking up from his book, "can a man grow a real beard in one day?"

"I should say not," answered the father cautiously, being mindful of the fact that within a week the boy had put to him this question—"Why does a woman walk on her heels in crossing a muddy street," and when he answered that he did not know, the boy had said. "To get across." But there was no sell about the question the boy asked, nor about the next one, which was this:

"Can a man get bald in one night?"

"He might in an Indian country," answered the father, whereupon there was silence for a little time. Then the boy impatiently said:

"I don't understand these pictures at all. Everybody in them keeps changing around, and I don't know who is who, and I don't see how they know each other half a day running."

The book was "The Swiss Family Robinson," and the title page declared that there were "100 illustrations." It was worth while to follow the "family" through the pictures.

Putting aside a colored frontispiece which depicted a lusty barelegged boy on a rock, with a polo cap crowning a shock of yellow hair parted in the back, a bow in his hand and his eyes fixed on a spouting whale that looked like a sardine sneezing violently, the panorama opened with the "family" kneeling in grateful prayer for its escape. The father, with head bald on top, smooth shaven face and long locks of white hair falling on his shoulders was the central figure, and made an ideal vicar of Wakefield. Fritz, the eldest son, wore a long coat and long trousers, and Franz, the youngest, was distinguished by a large button on his coat in the small of the back. This was in the forenoon.

LIGHTNING CHANGES.

A few hours later, in the afternoon, behold the change! The father had grown fine, closely trimmed side whiskers, and he and his sons had changed their straight locks for crisply curling hair. From a gentle faced Madonna the mother had been changed into a vivacious looking Jewess, and, strangest of all, two St. Bernards in the first picture had become trim bulldogs, with every appearance of being able to make a good fight.

Then there came a lightning change. In five minutes their father's whiskers had grown an inch or two, Fritz and he had gotten into knickerbockers, terminating in the father's case in blue stockings and buckled shoes, both of them had lost the curl out of their hair, and one of the bulldogs had been metamorphosed into a setter standing over a reddish brown rabbit that was declared in the text to be an agouti.

Noon, the next day, and the father and Fritz were again presented, seated this time by a brook, but conveniently near a stone jug that might have held molasses and might not. The father looked like a Highlander in a farmer's clothes, and Fritz, who had grown three or four years older, was dressed like Danton when that gentleman was of some consequence in Paris and looked like him. One of the dogs had become a King Charles spaniel. The other did not appear, but was probably in seclusion, settling on the breed in which he would next appear.

The pair were on a hunting excursion on their deserted island. A few hours later Fritz had gotten his shock of yellow hair back, and traded his Danton costume for knickerbockers, blue stockings and a sack coat, while his father had somewhere picked up a Russian peasant's dress, and grown a full brown beard, and the King Charles had become a setter. The jug had disappeared.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

That night the father shaved himself down to the side whiskers, dyed his own and Fritz's hair black, put a sailor shirt on himself and a pair of striped lawn tennis trousers on Fritz, and the next morning went out sailing. While they were absent the Jewish faced mother changed her countenance for a subdued Irish, arrayed herself in a dark blue gown that disclosed a red petticoat, and put a yellow handkerchief on her head. Taking Jack, one of her other sons, and putting a trim polo cap on his yellow locks, the two, accompanied by one of the St. Bernards, went out for a walk.

A day or two later the father had gotten back his full, yellow beard, which he seemed to wear with his peasant costume, and one of the dogs had changed into a hound. But if you hoped the father would stay that way long enough for you to get acquainted with him, divest your mind of that thought. Before night he had returned to his trim side whiskers and curly hair, while Fritz had shrunk in length, broadened in girth, and put on long trousers that were too short for him and heavy shoes.

And so the pictures run. The father changes his clothes, his beard and his hair at least once, and often two or three times a day, Fritz is a good second in this kaleidoscopic performance, the mother facially runs through all the races and exhibits a bewildering number of different costumes, the little boys must have been branded or their parents would never have been able to keep track of them, so extraordinary were the changes they underwent, and the dogs offered enough varieties to have given a capital bench show. The "one hundred illustrations" were altogether the most entertaining things about the copy of "The Swiss Family Robinson" over which the boy puzzled and the boy's father laughed.—New York Times.

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A veteran Provincetown (Mass.) fisherman, who claims to know, says that when mackerel are on the move the advanced body is entirely composed of female fish, while the rear column is formed of the male.

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**A Tremendous Eater.**

Johnson City, Tenn., has the champion eater of the country. This is one Clay Morris, a whilom blacksmith, who is said by competent witnesses to have recently eaten at a sitting four loaves of bread, three chickens, three pounds of ham, five good sized yam potatoes and five cucumbers, with a quart of gravy with the bread and a pint and a half of beer with which to wash the whole down. The occasion of this meal was a wager between himself and his brother. Job Morris, who himself ate two and a half loaves, two chickens, three pounds of ham and four potatoes, but retired from the contest in seeing his relative's appetite apparently undiminished.

The winner declared the meal nothing unusual with him, and indeed seemed to suffer no inconvenience from his gormandizing, but enjoyed unbroken slumber for nearly fifteen hours after. He says his enormous appetite has been of gradual growth and is rather proud of it, though he is wholly unfitted for any work by it and spends the greater part of his time lying down or sleeping.

At one time, however, Morris was considered a good workman and the strongest man in the county. Strange to say he is not fat in proportion to his height, which is something over six feet, and weighs only 160 pounds, but he claims not to have known a spell of indigestion for over ten years, and though he is stupid in the extreme, is very vain.—Exchange.

**Reading Character from a Scarecrow.**

Now, look over there in yonder meadow! The man who made that scarecrow sweeps his barn floor every morning, oils and wraps his farm machinery when storing it, is careful to keep accounts and whitewashes the cellar walls. If you don't believe it just look at his scarecrow. There are neatly made posts planted at regular intervals throughout the lot. From pole to pole is stretched twine, forming monotonously regular squares and rectangles. Why the very regularity of the thing strikes a chill to the heart of the crow and effectually prevents him disarranging the plans of so painstaking a man!—Lewiston Journal.

**How to Raise a Church Debt.**

A novel plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon in Melbourne, Australia. The church committee—or vestry, as the case may be—divide the total debt among themselves and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church and the annual payments on them are made out of the collections. Then, of course, as the members of the committee "drop off," the sums insured on their lives drop in, and later, when the only survivor dies, the last installment of the church debt is paid.—Pall Mall Gazette

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## STAYING THE HAND OF DEATH.

**There Is Said to Be a Certain and Rapid Means of Resuscitation.**

Colonel Henry Elsdale, of the Royal engineers, claims to have discovered a certain and rapid means of resuscitating persons from the effects of suffocation. A sapper among the men under his command at Chatham was one day found enveloped in the folds of a half empty war balloon. The coal gas with which it had been inflated had suffocated him, and to all appearances he was a dead man. But efforts were made to restore him, though the pulseless heart and cadaverous face of the man gave no encouragement to persevere. In a moment of something like inspiration it occurred to Colonel Elsdale to send for some tubes of compressed oxygen, which had been prepared for the oxyhydrogen light.

This pure oxygen, at a very high pressure, was hurriedly conveyed into the mouth of the prostrate sapper by means of inserting the nozzle of the valve between his teeth, and the supply was "gently turned on" to the smallest extent. The effect was absolutely instantaneous. In an instant he opened his eyes and seized the nozzle between his teeth. In short, the sapper was not only thoroughly revived within a few minutes, but in half an hour walked away, quite well, to the barracks, and refused to go to the military hospital, as was suggested by his commanding officer.

Of course the objection will be raised that everybody has not tubes of pure oxygen at high pressure in readiness to apply to such cases. Happily oxygen in quantities as large as those administered is not needed, and it can be stored "in small, strong bottles made of the finest steel, with a valve giving an absolute hermetic seal."

These vessels may be as small as a soda water bottle, and may be made part of the medical stock of every doctor. Oxygen at any degree of compression required can, in fact, now be obtained, and the whole apparatus for restoring vitality can be packed in a small box quite portable.

What possibilities may not such a discovery as that to which we have drawn attention involve! It is equally available, we are assured, for those persons who have been asphyxiated by choke damp in coal mines, or by ordinary coal gas. People apparently drowned, and those insensible from long exposure in the rigging of a ship, might also be saved from an untimely end by what Colonel Elsdale calls "a dose of oxygen."

It would probably be invaluable, too, in cases of suffocation from the fumes of charcoal, or in cases where chloroform had operated injuriously on a weak heart. Such a discovery should at once occupy the attention of the Royal College of Physicians, with a view of ascertaining whether Colonel Elsdale has overrated the beneficient effects to be anticipated from the administration of pure oxygen.—London Chronicle.



**How It Feels to Have a Bug in One's Ear.**

"A bug in his ear," is a figure very extensively used in common conversation. But, reader, did you ever have a bug in your ear in fact? If not, you have no idea how it feels. B. F. Tomlinson, who experienced the sensation, says he never suffered such torture in his life. The bug crawled into his ear while he was lying in bed asleep, between 11 and 12 o'clock one night. It was only a common candlebug or fly, but the degree of torture one of them can inflict while in the ear is beyond the scope of the imagination. Mr. Tomlinson said that when he awoke he dreamed that a railway train had jumped the track, struck him in the ear and was plowing its way through his head. The train kept going, but it seemed that it would never get through.

Occasionally it would stop and then start again with renewed force. Then again the train seemed to be at a standstill, but the wheels would be turning with lightning rapidity. The train would move off gradually with a grating noise, and would not stop till the whistle blew for the next station or it ran off the track or collided with another train, which frequently occurred. Mr. Tomlinson stood the torture till daylight, when he sent for a doctor, who succeeded in fishing out the bug, which in the meantime had died. Mr. Tomlinson said that if the bug had remained in his ear an hour longer he would have been a raving maniac.—Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer.



**The Fashionable Dinner Table.**

The fashionable dinner table is square. It should be large enough to accommodate comfortably the number of people to be seated. No more guests should be invited than will serve to make twelve people in all, on account of the number of pieces of china in each course of dinner service. Heavy white damask is used for the tablecloth, and this should be hemstitched all around. The fashionable patterns in damask are small figures, and these mostly in the form of fine ferns, fine flowers, single rosebuds, pinks, chrysanthemums, carnations and long grasses. In the center of the table is placed the piece of dainty linen beautifully embroidered in colored silks, representing national flowers in all their brilliancy.

Upon this centerpiece is placed the bouquet or flowers, or the large candelabra. The smaller embroidered pieces, which are used under separate dishes and condiment jars, should be exact imitations of the centerpiece, and if that is square, all the small pieces should be square; if round, the same rule holds, and if the edges are serrated the edges of all must be cut in the same shape.—Fashion Journal.

**Submarine Telephones.**

The difficulty of submarine telephony over great distances is the fact of considerable electrostatic capacity in the cable, the result of this being retardation and deformation of the electrical impulses transmitted. If a line could be made of very, very low resistance, so that the electric current would have the freest possible discharge, the evil effect of this capacity would be in part done away with. The relation between these two things has been determined in a somewhat empirical way. Calling the total resistance of a telephone wire R and its total capacity in microferads K, successful speaking, with our present instrument, is really an impossibility when the product KR of the resistance of the line in ohms by its capacity in microferads is greater than about 10,000.

In the very best Atlantic cable KR equals somewhere near 3,000,000, so that unless there should be some totally new developments in telephony we can see at once that successful telephoning across the Atlantic is very improbable on account of the enormous cost of a conductor of low resistance and capacity, if for no other reason.—Electrical Engineer.

**A New Use for the Ring.**

Whatever the measures adopted, the principle of isolation is the essence of all genuine disinfection. Its efficiency for this purpose was well shown at Epsom common. One of the children in a gypsy encampment having been taken ill with scarlet fever, was, along with its mother, very successfully separated from the rest of the community by the simple expedient of a ring fence made of rope drawn around the infected tent and regularly watched.

The result was that the slow progress of convalescence was passed through and disinfection completed without further extension of the disease. The surveyor, Mr. Harding, is to be congratulated on the success of his novel and effectual maneuver. The satisfactory result thus easily attained is of obvious importance, and the simple method employed deserves to be remembered in case of emergencies of a similar kind.—London Lancet.



**Strengthening Cast Iron.**

Some of the most prominent iron founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

This result has led to the process being now applied to the casting of large iron pipes, a core of sheet iron imparting additional strength and lessening the liability to any fracture. As an evidence of the additional strength capable of being imparted by this means, it is stated that a plate of iron one-fourth of an inch thick, cast with a perforated sheet of 27-wire gauge wrought iron in the center, possessed six times the strength of a similar cast plate with no core. The quarter inch plate had the strength of a plate one inch thick.—New York Sun.

**A Door in an Old Church.**

Now and then a small door may be seen high up in the piers that divide the nave from the chancel. This is the door that once gave access from the winding stair within the pier to the footway on the top of the screen with which most churches were once provided. When screens were found inconvenient and were removed, these doors were left. Ross church, Herefordshire, has a noticeable example; Hinckley church, Leicestershire, has another.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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**When to See an Oculist.**

Should any of the following symptoms be experienced, an oculist of repute should be consulted: Spots or sparks of light floating before the eyes; quivering of the lids or sensation of sand in the eye; perceptible fatigue or the requirement of strong light in reading; the holding of objects at arm's length or close to the eye; squinting one eye or seeing objects double; dizziness or darting pains in the eyeballs or over the temple; perceiving a colored circle around the lamp; sensitiveness of the eyeballs or contraction of the visual field; blurring of the vision or being unable to see objects distinctly at a distance; watering or redness of the eyes or lids; running together of the letters when reading, or seeing the vertical better than the horizontal lines.—Exchange.

**The First Born.**

Young Father—I am amazed, shocked, my dear, to hear you say you intend to give the baby some paregoric. Don't you know paregoric is opium, and opium stunts the growth, enfeebles the constitution, weakens the brain, destroys the nerves, and produces rickets, marasmus, consumption, insanity and death?"

Young Mother — Horrors! I never heard a word about that. I won't give the little ducky darling a drop, no, indeedy. But something must be done to stop his yelling. You can carry him awhile.

Father (after an hour's steady stamping with the squalling infant)—Where in thunder is that paregoric?—New York Weekly.

**The Duty of Every Teacher.**

A teacher of science ought also to be an investigator, were it only for the inspiration that his example might give to the pupils in his charge. To impart knowledge is a good thing, but to reveal the sources of knowledge is better; and in that revelation is found the educational value of research regarded as a part of the teacher's essential duty.—F. W. Clarke in Popular Science Monthly.

**Paint Instead of Clothing.**

The arnotta plant has seeds coated with a red, waxy pulp, which is dried and made into cakes. It is much employed by the South American Caribs for painting their bodies, paint being almost their only article of clothing. As a commercial article it is mainly utilized as a coloring for cheese, butter and inferior chocolates.—Washington Star.

**Way Off.**

Dullpate (who prides himself on his abstracted air)—Did you ever notice what a faraway look I have sometimes?

Miss Spiritellie—Yes. Is that because you are a little off?—Good News.



**People Who Live Over 2,000 Feet High.**

The population between 2,000 and 5,000 feet is found mainly on the slope of the great western plains. In this region the belt between 2,000 and 3,000 feet is almost everywhere the debatable ground between the arid region of the Cordilleran plateau and the humid region of the Mississippi valley. Above 3,000 feet irrigation is almost universally necessary for success in agricultural operations.—Washington Star.

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The most unhappy period of marriage, according to French divorce statistics, is for the period extending from the fifth to the tenth year. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only 28 per cent. of the couples seek divorce between their tenth and twentieth years of union. Only one pair in 100 seeks to cut the knot after the period over thirty and under forty years.

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The Forth bridge was begun in 1881. There were then only two cantalever bridges in existence, one of them carrying the Cincinnati Southern railroad across the Kentucky river, and the other spanning the river Warthe at Posen, in Germany. Both of these were built in 1876.

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Among the articles made of asbestos are mittens to guard the hands of firemen, assayers, refiners and others who are exposed to burning. As the material is not affected by heat, the workman thus protected can grasp hot irons, crucibles and the like without discomfort.

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Experiments show that an electric current will travel over a good conductor at the rate of 500,000 miles a minute, or around the earth in three seconds. Light travels at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a minute.