# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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## Select Poetry.

### ONLY A WHILE.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Only a little while to work,
And a long, long time to rest;
Then drive the cloud from the aching brow,
The sigh from the troubled breast.

Only a while to watch and pray,
And a long, long time to praise;
Our God, the Father, knoweth best—
Then question not His ways.

Only a very little while,
As short as the going down
Of the setting sun, to meekly bear
The cross and the thorny crown.

Only a little while to lose,
And a long, long time to find;
The jewels death has robbed us of—
The friends we will leave behind!

Only a while to trim our lamps,
Ere the bridegroom passeth by;
Then fill them well with the oil of life,
Let the flame rise pure and high.

Only a little while—what matters it
If our life be short or long?
If we only sing a few faint notes
Or the whole of the changing song?

Only a while our barks must drift
To'ard the misty Isle of Tears,
Where the pirate, Time, has buried deep
Lost hopes of the bygone years.

Only a while these barks are borne
On the swell of sorrow's waves,
By the stranded joys of other days,
By a shore of grassy graves.

Only a while they'll struggle on,
'Mid the darkness and the strife,
Then God will drop their anchor deep
In the quiet sea of—Life.

## Select Story.

### AUNT JANE'S HERO.

**A Tale With a Bad Beginning But a Good Ending.**

From N. Y. LEDGER.

"Very well, Clare, if you wish me to leave all my money to some asylum, you are going just the right way to bring it about. When I first saw Frank's noble face, I made up my mind that he was the husband I should choose for you."

As Aunt Jane said these words she laid down her knitting and looked over to her niece.

Clare was curled up in an arm-chair, with only the back of her sunny head visible, and a soft sound of sobs told what she was doing. Suddenly they ceased, as she sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Jane, I don't want your fortune, if Frank Aimes is to go with it! I hate him! the great, awkward——"

"No, no, Clare, don't call him names. He's one of the noblest men God ever made, and if some day you do not discover it for yourself, you are not what I think you. Never mind saying any more on the subject now; but bear in mind that I shall never give my consent for you to become that snipper-snipper Clarence Holland's wife."

Then she got up and going to Clare, put her arms around her and drew her close to her kindly heart, in a manner quite at variance with her harsh words. Clare was only a little woman, but nature had made up in quality what she had withheld in quantity, for a prettier, daintier, sweeter little thing, with her sea-blue eyes and rings of yellow hair, it would have been hard to find. She had only been with her aunt Jane a year, and it was while at boarding-school she had met the man to whom she had given her girlish heart.

Clarence Holland was a ladies' man in the fullest sense of the word.

[redacted]

By and by they strolled out into the moonlit garden, and walked three abreast down the broad paths, with their sweet scented borders of old-fashioned flowers on either side, until Aunt Jane suddenly remembered something to be done, and went in, and there were only two sauntering in the moonlight.

Then Clare began to tremble, for she instinctively knew what was coming, as she saw the absent, dreamy look in her companion's eyes quickly change to a bright gleam. He turned and looked down upon her.

"Clare," he said, speaking very softly, "don't you know what I am going to say to you?"

Clare did not answer. Then impetuously sweeping her little figure right off her feet, he clasped her close to his heart as he exclaimed:

"I know you must have seen that I love you, my darling."

With a crimson flush on her fair face Clare forced herself from him.

"Frank Aimes! you are making a mistake, I do not love you!"

The young man's cheek blanched as he heard.

"Not love me! O! Clare, can it be that I have been deceived all this time?—that what I saw in your eyes was only friendship? O! my darling, is there no hope for me!"

Clare's head drooped as she heard the ring of sharp pain in his earnest tones. Then she looked up, and taking his great hand in both of her own soft ones, she said:

"I am very sorry for this, Frank; but indeed there is no hope, for—I—love another."

There was a deep silence for a while, as Frank Aimes' hopes of happiness ebbed away. He seemed to have taken leave of youth, and all its sweet illusions, before he spoke again.

"I never suspected this," he faltered. "I wouldn't have spoken so if I had, though I couldn't have helped loving you."

The honest grief in his face brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said; and then they walked quietly into the house together.

Clare went up to her room and sat down by the open window. The shadows grew darker and darker, and still she was motionless. Strange thoughts were surging through the girl's mind. She wondered at herself that Frank's unexpected embrace had not made her more angry, and again she felt the clasp of his manly arms, and saw the tender look in his eyes, and involuntarily the question arose in her mind: "Am I making the mistake, instead of Frank?" She had not seen Clarence for a long while, and unconsciously her ideas of life were beginning to change, and her growing womanliness to recognize the worth of such a character as Frank Aimes.

But she had given Clarence her promise, and, yes, she loved him as much as ever—so she thought.

Frank had gone, and the weeks went by. Every now and then came letters from Clarence to Clare.

Aunt Jane looked on. Frank had told her of his rejection; but not a word on the subject did she say to her niece. One day, some months after, as they were both sewing in the sitting-room, Aunt Jane said:

"Clare, I've been thinking that this old house must be very stupid for a young thing like you. While Frank was here, of course it was different; but now, how would you like to fill the house with company for a few weeks, and have a gay time?"

"O, auntie, that would be fun; but whom would you ask?"

"Well, I've been thinking that I shouldn't let an old prejudice stand in the way of my dear niece's happiness. Suppose we say first, Mr. Holland."

"You dear, good old aunty!" exclaimed Clare, springing to her aunt's side and almost smothering her with kisses.

Aunt Jane smiled a rather peculiar smile, as she disengaged herself and straightened her rumpled cap. Then she went on:

"There are your school friends, Tiny Pateman and Lulu Grant, and we'll send for Frank. Of course, by this time, he's gotten over his sore feelings."

She said this looking keenly into Clare's face, which had fallen somewhat at the mention of Frank's name.

"Run off now, and write the notes. Ask three more young ladies and gentlemen, whoever you choose, and I'll try and make them enjoy themselves."

After Clare had gone, the old lady's face still kept its peculiar smile, as she thought:

"It may be foolish of me, putting her right in his way. But no. I know his stock, and I guess I run no risk."

The gay company came.

Such lively times as they all had! Such glorious moonlight sails on the lake! Such picnics in the woods! Such magnificent tableaux! for which Aunt Jane brought out all her treasures of velvets and satins from their great cedar chests.

Frank had come, and Clara confessed to herself that Aunt Jane was right. No one would have picked him out for a victim of unrequited love as he laughed and jested with piquant Tiny, who evidently looked with favor upon her tall cavalier. Clara knew she ought to be pleased that it was so; but all unconsciously she missed the kindly glances that had once been all for her, and felt something which if it wasn't jealousy, was akin to it, as she would see his tall form disappearing under the trees with the brilliant Tiny leaning confidingly on his arm.

All this time Aunt Jane was not idle, and as she talked with Clarence Holland, and drew him out, she saw that her former judgment of him had been correct. The time was approaching when the pleasant party were to separate, and one morning, Aunt Jane and Lulu Grant and Mr. Holland, were in the breakfast room waiting for the rest to make their appearance, when the conversation turned upon wills, led that way no one knew exactly how, except perhaps Aunt Jane.

"Well," said Lulu Grant, "I for one sha'n't care if I never am rich, for then no one will quarrel about my money after I am gone."

"I shall guard against that," said Aunt Jane, "for in my will, I shall endow a worthy charity, which Dr. Morse has often spoken to me about."

Lulu looked up into the old lady's face, as she spoke, and her quick woman's wit understood the quizzical expression she saw there. Not so, however, Clarence Holland. He was very absent all through the meal, and after breakfast went up to his room, complaining that the heat had given him a headache. The next day he was gone, and a short note on Clare's bureau told the reason. He had been called away on business, he said, and, besides, he felt that it was so palpable that her love for him had gone, that it was better he should go and leave her free. It was an incoherent note; but when Clare showed it to Aunt Jane, she understood it.

"The mercenary wretch! I read him right. It was what I said about my will that has caused this. Thank your Heavenly Father, my child, that your eyes have been opened at last."

A bright color bathed Clare's face as she exclaimed:

"Aunty, my eyes have been opened for some time. I knew I did not love him, but I had given him my promise."

The house seemed very lonely when they had all gone; but the loneliness was good for Clare. She grew to miss the familiar form and voice she had been used to notice so little; and to wish that Frank would come soon again.

Then came a letter to Aunt Jane from the far West:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: You will be surprised when you receive this to know that I am out on the plains, fighting the Indians—that is, expecting to; we have had no encounter as yet. I wanted to come and bid you and Miss Clare good-bye, but it was all so sudden. My friend, Major Hugh Fielding, commands the party, and when volunteers were called for, I was the first he asked and I was not sorry to go. You have known my dear friend, of my love for your niece. Of course, all that is past; but, all the same, I feel as if I am just as well here as anywhere else. Nevertheless, wherever I may be, I shall always remember you with the same affectionate respect.

"Please give my regards to your niece.

"Yours sincerely, FRANK AIMES."

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"O! Clare; see what you have done!"

Clare read the letter in silence, and a pallor crept over her face as she awoke to know what she had suspected for a long time was true, and that the love she had once refused was the one thing in the word that she now longed for.

"If he dies, I shall never forgive myself, aunty," she said, at last, in a choked voice, and they mingled their tears together.

Then how eagerly the papers were scanned. The Indians were causing a great deal of trouble, and news came from time to time of skirmishes, and of officers killed or wounded. And one day, with the letters dancing in fantastic shapes before her eyes, Clare read that a final engagement had taken place, resulting in the victory of our troops; and a little further down, in the list of the killed, the name of Frank Aimes.

For two months Aunt Jane smothered her own sorrow, as she leaned over the bed where her niece lay, and heard the anguished cry:

"Frank! Frank! it is I who have killed you!"

Then the crisis came, and the doctors said their patient would live.

Time passed, till one day Aunt Jane came into the room where, bolstered up in an arm-chair, was Clare, a mere shadow of her former self. All her wealth of sunny hair was gone, and the wan, child-like face seemed almost too spiritual for this earth. She went, and, leaning over, kissed her niece's forehead.

"What are you thinking about, little one?"

A rush of tears burst from the girl's eyes, as she exclaimed:

"Aunty! Aunty! Why did I get better? What use is there of my living, when I—wretched I—sent him I loved to his death? O, Aunty? It is more than I can bear?"

The tears forced themselves through the thin fingers as she covered her face with her hands. Aunt Jane did not speak. There was a slight movement in the room and Clare raised her head. Then a piercing cry of unutterable gladness rang out:

"Frank!"

A manly figure knelt by her side; his arms were around her; and Frank (for it was he) spoke:

"Darling, I have heard it from your own lips. You do love me?"

But Clare had fainted; the joy was too much for her feeble frame. When she came back to consciousness, and saw Frank bending over her, regardless of Aunt Jane—who, indeed, was too much overcome to notice—she wound her soft arms round his neck, and as he felt the tremulous kiss upon his lips he knew that at last the love he had coveted so long was his.

It did not take long to tell of his capture by the savage foe, and of his escape; and joyful greeting from his comrades, who had mourned him as dead.

To say that Aunt Jane was pleased, would not be enough; and when her lawyer drew up her will, I do not think that that charity asylum got all of her fortune, although, of course, no one knows yet, for she is still alive and watches with happy eyes the wedded love of her niece Clare, and the husband she chose for her.

### A FISH RINGS A BELL.

Jack was the bravest fish I ever saw and I have no doubt that he thought in his small fishy mind that some day he could pull me bodily into the tank and bully me at his leisure, says C. F. Holder, in the Philadelphia Times, referring to his pet sun-fish. To test the bravery and pugnacity of the fish I frequently put in others of much larger size, but he immediately charged up the line and routed them, from a big-mouthed and ferociously whiskered cat-fish to a lumbering carp four times his size.

The history of Jack, though not exactly with limitations, would make a fair-sized volume, if elaborated, and he was ever the center of some startling incident. The climax came one day and almost resulted in a tragedy. The aquarium which constituted his home and prison was moved at the approach of winter to a front window with a sunny exposure, and here, basking in the warm rays or lying beneath the green weed, he was indeed monarch of all he surveyed.

It so happened that the window had been a favorite basking place for the cat, and one day finding her seat usurped, and cool, refreshing drinking water available, she leaped upon the edge of the glass and iron tank, balanced herself, and with a reflective glance at her picture on the clear surface began to lap up the water.

Just how many times the red tongue touched it never will be known and it is safe to say not many. A flash, a yell of terror, a splashing, scrambling sound, and puss, every hair on end but those plastered upon her back by the water scrambled from the aquarium into which she had partly fallen and made for the door, through which she flew, never to return to the window. The cause of the uproar was the sun-fish. Enraged at the approach of the cat, he held himself in readiness and the moment the red tongue touched the water he seized it, and for a second clung tenaciously, being nearly jerked from the water by the terrified cat.

The fish was taught to ring a bell and to accomplish a number of simple feats. Finally it lost its life in what seemed to be a determination to change its element, as one night it leaped out of the tank and was found the next day upon the carpet, its diminutive mouth filled with lint as if the peculiar disposition had been conspicuous to the last.

### THE HIDEOUS DEVIL FISH.

The devil fish of tropical seas is one of the most hideous of sea monsters. One caught by a party of New York gentlemen in Florida within the last four weeks weighed 1000 pounds. He was nine feet long, his body being five feet wide, and fifteen feet when the fins were outspread. The eyes of this monster are in the shoulders, and his head and mouth sloped inward with a curve. Otherwise he was like an enormous bat, having, however, a tail like a whip lash. Drawn up on the bench, and his mouth fastened open, a fine view was had of his internal digestive arrangements. His stomach was a hollow, like that of many a more deserving creature, and there were two or three rows of what looked like teeth, jagged like saws, and through which the food probably passed, being ground on its way.

A minister's little daughter, who had been to church for the first time, and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked his sermon. There was an embarrassed silence. Then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of "being good," and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer with a longdrawn breath of patient resignation: "You preached awful long, papa; but I beared it.

### FLOWING WATERS.

**Artesian Wells of the James River Valley, Dakota.**

The James river valley, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, is one of the remarkable agricultural valleys of the country. The valley proper extends from Yankton on the south to Jamestown on the north, a distance of three hundred miles. Most of this vast area is level. Entire townships can be plowed without a single obstruction to the plow.

This ideal agricultural valley was strangely passed by until about 1880. At this date the buffalo had gone farther west; but when the writer visited this valley early in the eighties the prairie was dotted white with the bones of this noble animal.

The early pioneer found the most of Dakota inclined to drought, caused largely by extensive fires which left the surface bare. This caused drought, but since the protection of the grasses by settlement, moisture has so increased that this valley is now teeming with productive farms. This valley greatly resembles the valley of the Nile, but unlike that historic region has its surplus of water beneath instead of at the surface.

It is the greatest artesian well district known. A comparison with other districts will show that for pressure and area over which they are found this valley far surpasses them all. There are some fine wells in France, but they are found only in favored localities. Some of the wells of France are of large bore, but in none does the pressure equal any one of fifty wells in the James valley. Western California, from San Diego to near the northern boundary of the State, is proving itself to be a fine artesian district, but strong pressure is found only in limited areas. Nearly every city and many of the small villages from Yankton to Jamestown have wells, and the majority of these have a very heavy pressure.

The pioneer well was put down at Aberdeen, March, 1882, by the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co. It is 961 feet deep, with a tube 5¼ inches, made of $\frac{3}{16}$-inch wrought iron. Water was found in sand rock. The water is soft, but can not be used in boilers, as it foams. This well choked up with sand for a time, but afterward opened with its original force.

In 1884 the city put down a well 908 feet deep, $5\frac{3}{16}$-inch tube. A system of water-works was put in. The city, with 5,000 inhabitants, has the best of fire protection. Four streams at one time can be thrown over the highest of buildings. Aberdeen and surrounding country are very level, so to get drainage a pumping system, such as Pullman, Ill., has, became necessary. Last year the city put down a well for power alone. The system is now completed and the result is perfect. The pumps have a capacity of 50,000 gallons per hour. A float makes the pumps automatic, so that they work only when there is sewage to be raised. For a cost of only a few thousand dollars the city has water works and a pumping sewage system without cost of fuel, engineers or even oil. The pressure of these wells is about 200 pounds per square inch. A two-foot vein of coal was struck in the first two wells.

Ellendale, north of Aberbeen thirty-seven miles, has a well 1,087 feet deep. Water was found in sand rock beneath an impervious stratum of shale. The water is clear and soft, with temperature of 67 degrees and pressure of 160 pounds per square inch. The city has a system of water-works costing less than $7,000.

The Redfield well is 960 feet deep. The tube in this well is of three sizes. The first 400 feet is 6 inches, the next 300 is 5¾ inches, and the last 260 feet 4¼ inches. Water was found in sand rock. Coal was found at different depths and smelled of oil. The water is clear and soft, has temperature of 68 degrees and pressure of 200 pounds per square inch. The city has a complete system of water-works for fire, lawn and house use. It takes four strong men to hold the hose.

The Huron well is 863 feet deep, having a 6-inch tube from top to bottom. Water was found in sand rock. The pressure is upward of 200 pounds per square inch. Water is a little hard and most of the time clear. Temperature is 60 degrees. Huron has two miles of water mains and two miles of side piping. Besides furnishing water for fire use it runs motors for two laundries and four printing offices, using about 20 horse power. The Huron and Redfield wells are perhaps the best in the valley.

Yankton has two 6-inch wells, one 610 feet deep and one 600 feet deep. These wells furnish fire protection through 19,400 feet of pipes, and run the electric light, two printing presses, a tow mill, feed mill and furniture factory. The water in these wells has a pressure of 56 pounds per square inch, and, unlike most of the other wells, is hard. It is, perhaps the best drinking water of any of the wells in the valley. The second well did not diminish the flow of the first. Water was found in sand rock, temperature 62 degrees.

The Jamestown well is 1,576 feet deep, and has a pressure of 100 pounds. Water is clear and soft, with temperature of 75 degrees. At 300 feet quite a flow of gas was met. The city has a system of water-works with the well.

The above wells are mentioned out of quite a number of equal value over a distance of 300 miles. These lie in about the center of the valley. A well at Andover, at the extreme east side of the valley, has a pressure of 100 pounds, while one at Ipswich, at the west side of the valley, has a pressure of 90 pounds. At Miller, 40 miles west of Huron, the pressure is 125 pounds. The greatest average pressure is in the center of the valley. The above figures will be at variance with the gauges as they are now found on the wells. The gauges are placed above the valve, where the pressure is greatly relieved by the overflow. The above figures, in most cases, give full pressure.

Noted wells in other parts of the world fall far below these. The well at Belle Plaine, Ia., which got beyond control and created such a scare, had only a fraction of the power of these wells. The Belle Plaine well had a pressure of only about 25 pounds per square inch, and this lessened in a few days. Water was struck at only 86 feet, and the soil above it disintegrated so easily that a hole as large as a wagon wheel was made, out of which a large quantity of water flowed, and threatened for a time disaster to the city.

The great well in the Place Hebert, Paris, France, is 2,359 feet deep and has a diameter of 3½ feet, yet it does not throw much over 1,000 gallons per minute, while many wells in the James valley throw 3,000 gallons per minute.

The possibilities of the wells in this valley are beyond estimation. With millions of gallons flowing daily, there has been no diminution of the supply. Nature stores the supply, and it only awaits tapping and application. If one of the wells at Yankton, with a pressure of only 56 pounds, has taken the place of a 30-horse power engine, what can be done with a well with 200 pounds pressure? Then if larger bores were made, any amount of pressure desired could be obtained. Large bores should be made, because to get a certain amount of flow the valves have to be opened so wide that the water rushes out with such speed as to cause pieces of sand rock to fly out of the well. This difficulty was met with to such an extent at Aberdeen that they were compelled to place a stone-arresting drum at the well.

That such an ideal power has not been utilized to a greater extent can only be accounted for by the fact that the country is so new. Gas was found in many of the wells. At Ashton, the cooking in a hotel is done by natural gas. If the proper system were employed, a good supply of gas might be had.

The query arises, Whence the source of all this water? Some believe it comes from the Missouri river. This can not be true, because at Highmore, forty miles west of Huron, there is a well with twenty-five pounds pressure, and the elevation is several hundred feet above the river. At Gettysburg, only sixteen miles east of the river, they have drilled 1,300 feet without getting a flow. Drillings east of the valley (in Dakota) have been unsuccessful, striking almost invariably at a few hundred feet, without getting water, the Archean rock, which is usually the bed of artesian water. The large lakes north have a less elevation. The theory is advanced that the flow is caused by the pressure of the earth or gas upon a subterranean basin. This theory is decidedly gaseous. This would imply a hermetically inclosed space, which would soon exhaust. No such basin has been found in any of the borings. Water is found in soft sand rock, being confined above by impervious shale. Small channels, sometimes, however, connecting with open water, may exist, as is indicated by numbers of small fish with eyes that have come out of two of the Aberdeen wells. Accepting, as we must, that water finds its level, and that it rises no higher unless acted upon by some external force, we must look to some place where the elevation and quantity are sufficient to supply these wells. These wells are undoubtedly fed from the Rocky Mountains.

It will be noticed that in some of the above tubings the iron is only 3-16 of an inch in thickness. This is too little to resist the enormous pressure at the bottom of a well of 1,000 feet depth, having a pressure of 200 pounds per square inch at the surface. Water exerts a pressure of about 43 pounds per square inch for each hundred feet in height. This would give such a well at the bottom a pressure, when the valve is closed at the top, of 630 pounds per square inch—a pressure nearly four times greater than a locomotive carries with a boiler twice as thick. A whisp of straw accidentally carried down 2,000 feet in the Place Hebert well was returned so compressed that it dropped in water like lead. Ordinarily the walls of the earth resist the pressure upon the pipes, but should a piece chip off, the pipe might burst at this point. Then if there were no impervious stratum above the break, the result might be like the two above mentioned wells.

### SMOKER'S HEART.

From CINCINNATI INQUIRER.

Within the past twenty years the medical faculty has come to clearly comprehend and accurately diagnose a disease which they now denominate as "smoker's heart." Excessive smoking, whether by pipe, cigar or cigarette, affects the action of the heart and dirturbs the circulation. The pulse will intermit —not with any regularity—sometimes one beat in four, sometimes one in ten, sometimes two or three at a time, and then comes trouble. The brain missing its regular pulsations of blood, wavers, the heart flutters, and then follows a temporary collapse.

Strong cordials are "indicated." Strong coffee is good; strong spirits better. But the remedy, too often relied upon, is as bad as the disease, and the subject grows slowly worse. Angina pectoris is said to sometimes result.

One of the leading physicians of this city relates a case in point. A patient suffering from "smoker's heart" believed that he had a chronic heart disease, and came for a careful examination early in the day—before he had eaten any breakfast. The stethoscope showed the heart to be sound as a dot—he had not smoked for twelve hours. Greatly relieved at the verdict, he lighted a big black cigar and sat smoking, upon an empty stomach, while he talked. In a few minutes, as he rose to go, his feet failed him and he fell into a momentary faint. The heart was fluttering wildly, but yielded at once and resumed its normal action after a strong stimulant.

The moral of the story is that, if you smoke at all, you should smoke in moderation and on a well filled stomach. It is recklessness that hurts.

### EXPENSIVE LEATHER.

From N. Y. SUN.

"The most costly leather in the world, so far as I know," said a dealer in fine skins and leathers, "is known to the trade as piano leather." American tanners years ago discovered the secret of making Russian leather, with its peculiarly pungent and lasting odor; but the secret of tanning piano leather is known only to a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use, the covering of piano keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are procured alone in America. It is a particular kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather, a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great Northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in Detroit which collects the skins of this deer from the Indian and half breed hunters, who supply the market. The hunters are paid an average price of about 20 cents a pound for the green skins. When the skins are returned to this country as piano leather they cost the piano manufacturer from $15 to $18 a pound. The world's supply of this invaluable and necessary material is supplied by the Kretzchmar family of tanners, who have six establishments in Germany, the largest and best at Gera in Thuringia.

### PINE NEEDLES.

A California paper says new uses have been discovered for pine needles. One product from them is a remarkably strong oil that possesses many medicinal virtues. Another is a pine wool, which is bleached, dyed and woven, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when used as a carpet lining. A strong, cheap matting is made from the wool, useful for halls, stairways and offices.

A small city girl, visiting with her mother at a friend's house in the country, and seeing some guinea hens, exclaimed: "Mamma, look at those chickens with calico dresses on."

### HIS WILD EXPLOIT.

While the United States ship Nipsic and several men-of-war of different nations were anchored near each other in the harbor of Montevideo last April the crew of a Dutch man-of-war which was moored a short distance from Uncle Sam's ship entered into liveliest competitive drill and did their utmost to beat the time made by the American boys in shinning masts up and down and crossing yards. After some very determined racing, in which the Americans had slightly laid over their persistent competitors, one of the Dutchmen, who had succeeded in crossing the main-royal yard a few seconds astern of the time made by the Nipsic, gave a loud shout, which drew the attention of every ship in the harbor, and shinning up the pole to the truck, which is a circular piece of wood about the size of a dinner plate fixed at the very top of the mast and used for the purpose of hoisting the flags, he drew himself up and stood on his head on the truck and twirled his legs around as if to challenge and deride the possibility of any seaman daring to rival him in that line of business, and after maintaining his position for almost a minute he repeated his yell of defiance and slid down the royal backstay to the deck, where he was received by a cheer that could be heard all over the city of Montevideo. The rousing cheer had an instantaneous effect upon the temper of Jack Peterson, the curly-headed captain of the Nipsic's foretop, who, after declaring that no square-headed Dutchman under the sun could get ahead of him, rushed up to the main truck, and in attempting to stand on his head, which he had never before attempted to do, he instantly overbalanced and fell a distance of 180 feet into the water, accidentally going in feet first, after the manner of a most expert diver. The sommersault and fall were entirely accidental, but looked from a distance like a feat of great skill. Jack was at once pulled aboard the ship, and before he had fully recovered his breath he jumped on the rail, and shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the Hollander, he shouted at the top of his voice: "There, you Dutch pea-soup guzzling son-of-a-sea-cook, let's see you beat that."

### SHOT THE WRONG MAN.

From WASHINGTON POST.

Brander Matthews tells a good story of the ethical influence of the East on the wild and woolly West. A young Bostonian, reared beneath the brow of Beacon Hill and educated at Harvard, went to Texas and turned cowboy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shook off the outward semblance of tenderfoot Eastern habits. Rough-bearded, leather-clad, sombrero as wide as the widest, 42-caliber Colts on his hips, he was wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement.

One day he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he was slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious motion toward his hip pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dropped like a log. The cowboy dismounted and looked at the body of his victim.

"I wonder if he was really going to shoot me?" he soliloquized. "I'll see."

Turning the body, over he discovered a flask of whisky protruding from the pocket.

"Poor fellow!" said he, in a tone of regret. "I've made a mistake. I've killed an innocent man, and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well" he sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."

One little creature can do a great deal of mischief. The Calusa (Cal.) *Sun* says there is no doubt but that a squirrel was responsible for a recent break in the Hamilton levee and a consequent loss of 50,000 acres of wheat which became submerged.

An Iowa editor writes: We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.

Magistrate to plaintiff with lump on his head: "If your wife threw a sad-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff: "I did, your honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

Student (not clear as to his lesson): "That's what the author says, anyway." Professor: "I don't want the author; I want you." Student (despairingly): "Well, you've got me."

### NATURE'S SUBSTITUTES.

From HARPER'S BAZAR.

Nature seems to have provided many ways to enable us to dispense with the slaughter of animals if we will. For an instance of this in domestic use, beside the soap-tree bark, which is perfectly cleansing in property, we have the tallow-tree, a tree reaching a height of forty feet, the seeds of whose flowers are covered with something resembling tallow, which rises to the top when the seeds are thrown into boiling water, and being skimmed off and pressed, makes a hard cake of tallow, from which excellent candles are manufactured, and which can be used in various salves and ointments. The tree producing this really valuable substance is a native of China, but now is to be found all along our southeast sea-coast. Another tallow-producing growth, although not known generally as such, is the fragrant bayberry, the sheath of whose berries yields a hard and spicy waxen product of a gray-green color, which, although not so much used, is of nearly equal worth with that of the tallow-tree, and which is in some respects superior to the tallow of any animal, except possibly those oxen that are fed for two thirds of the year upon hay and what is called dry fodder. It may be a fanciful notion, but there is something to our way of thinking much pleasanter in the light and heat furnished by a vegetable substance than in that resulting from burning animal fat, however thorough the process.

### BREAKFAST ON TIME.

From CHICAGO HERALD.

One of those mysterious amateur swells, who might properly be called a "pecuniary dude," has been boarding the past few months at a fashionable south side boarding house. One day last week he received a shock, which literally knocked him silly. He labors daily for a large wholesale house here, and receives a weekly stipend of $10, but as he dresses according to a $10,000 per annum income it is but natural that he is many weeks behind in his board bill. This young Napoleon of some one else's finance is supposed to be at his desk every morning at 8 o'clock sharp, but he had been tardy every day for a week or more, owing to a late breakfast. One morning he breakfasted at 7 o'clock, and this gave him ample opportunity to reach his office on time. "Ah," he said to the landlady, glancing at the clock, "I see I get my breakfast on time this morning." She regarded him with a fixed "give-me-that-$12" look, and replied: "You have been getting it 'on time,' sir, during the past two weeks." It is hardly necessary to state that the young man saw the force of her remark and produced at this earliest opportunity.

### FRUIT GARDEN.

Have an acre, the best on the farm, fence it from the old "yaller" hen and chickens; a lath fence will only cost 33 cents per rod and last 8 years. Plow deep and work in all the best rotted manure you can on the surface. Plant a row of grapes on the north and west sides, 8 feet from the fence. Have the garden 20 rods long, so that you can cultivate everything with the horse. Set the grapes 8 feet apart. You can get Concord grapes for $5.00 per 100, bearing size. In the 2nd row, 8 feet from the grapes, plant currants, goose berries, and pie-plant; in the third row, 8 feet from the last, blackberries and dewberries; in the 4th row, raspberries, Turner, Cuthbert and Shaffer; in the 5th row, black raspberries, Tyler and Gregg. Next plant a row of Pistillate strawberries, 2 feet apart, and 4 feet from this a row of Perfect-flowering strawberries, 2 feet apart. The balance of the garden should be devoted to vegetables and corn. This acre will pay you $50 per year, if properly planted and cultivated with a horse. It will pay to keep out every weed.

### CABBAGE WORM CONQUERED.

*Vick's Magazine* says: "In the vegetable garden great labor and loss has been incurred for many years by the ravages of the cabbage worm, the larva of the cabbage butterfly, Pieris brassicæ. For a long time past numerous experiments have been made with a great variety of substances to destroy it or successfully keep it in check, but all have failed as reliable and economically practical, except that of dusting the plants with Pyrethrum powder, simple or combined with other efficient substances. By applying the powder with a bellows the work is quickly done, and the cabbage grower has no longer any fear of this troublesome and destructive enemy.

### ORIGIN OF THE MILITARY SALUTE.

The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows, is thus accounted for: It is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

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