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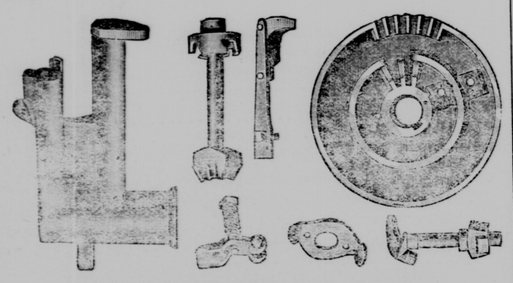

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The Best Life & Fire Insurance,
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A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

I know a little garden close,
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the close two fair streams are
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea:
Dark hills whose heath bloom feeds no bee,
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,
Tormented by the billows green
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face,
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

—William Morris.

RANGE INSPECTORS.

Detectives of the Plains Whose Work Old Sleuth Himself Might Envy.

Column after column has been written about the daring deeds, miraculous escapes and cunning capture of criminals by the detectives of Europe and America. In thousands of cases the praise accorded these officers for their ingenuity and daring has been deserved; but there is a class of detectives in this country who risk their lives oftener, and who must know not only the ways of the highwayman when he is in the city, but also his haunts and his hiding places and his go-between in the thinly settled country as well. These men are on the go almost all the time—today down in New Mexico looking for a horse thief, who is a murderer as well; next week far across the Canadian line on the trail of a gang of cattle thieves who have been despoiling the Montana or Wyoming ranges. It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that their worth has been appreciated or their services valued as they should be.

In the early days of cattle raising in Wyoming and Colorado, whenever the range thieves became too bold, the ranchmen for miles around would organize, get on the track of the thieves, run them to their holes and then shoot or hang them. After a visitation of this kind herds would be comparatively safe for a time. Nevertheless thousands of head of cattle and horses were stolen each year and shipped to Chicago, for which the rightful owners received not a cent. The stockmen of Wyoming organized a stock growers' association and appointed for each county in the state a stock inspector. Colorado followed suit in a few years, to be followed later by Montana. The duties of these inspectors were not to look out for diseased cattle, but to inspect every carload of cattle shipped out of the state, get a list of the brands, who the consignee was and report the facts to the secretary of the association.

There were of course mistakes made at first, but of late years so perfect has the system become that it is almost an impossibility for a thief to ship a head of beef by rail out of Montana without detection. Gradually the duties of the inspectors were added to, and in addition to watching the shipping points they have become thief chasers. The inspectors are selected from the bravest class of western men, thoroughly conversant with the country, and men of intelligence. Their powers in Montana are equal to those of a deputy sheriff, and their authority is recognized all over the state.

Among the Montana inspectors are men who could tell some thrilling stories of their adventures, not only with horse and cattle thieves, but with Indians as well. In point of continuous service Inspector W. D. Smith, now the representative of the Montana association at Chicago, and whose headquarters were formerly at Miles City, outranks his associates. He has been in the service of the association some eight or ten years, previous to that time being an inspector in Wyoming. He is a typical westerner, close mouthed and without a particle of fear. He walks with a slight limp, and one unacquainted with his history, meeting him on the streets of Chicago, would almost immediately conclude he was a cattle grower of moderate means, who was satisfied with life, attended strictly to his own business and would be the last person one would pick out of a crowd as the most noted trailer of cattle and horse thieves in Montana.—Helena Independent.

The Wise Lady of Kalamazoo.

She had come down from Kalamazoo and was seeking quarters in a Detroit hotel. She was about fifty and the years had taught her great conservatism and caution.

"Is this a safe tavern to stop in?" she inquired of the chivalrous clerk, who was at that moment wearing his diamond pin on his back, or rather the coat for whose value the pin was collateral.

"In what respect, madam?" he asked.

"Fire, of course," she said suspiciously. "Ain't anything else to be afeard of, is there?"

"Oh, certainly not, madam; certainly not," he hastened to assure her. "And as to fire, our house is absolutely fireproof, and even if it was not, we have fire escapes everywhere."

"Fire escapes!" she exclaimed, with a gasp, reaching for her bundles. "Well, if your dratted house is fireproof what have you got escapes for the fire for? I s'pose you've got burglar escapes too. I guess I don't want to sleep in no taverns like this. Good evenin," and away she went, leaving the clerk in a perfect halo of despair and disappointment.—Detroit Free Press.

Exercise and Pure Air.

Exercise, as well as pure air, helps us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves. It does this by driving the blood charged with oxygen, by means of the pressure of the muscles called into play, more thoroughly through the tissue, and thus it would quicken the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products (water, carbonic acid and urea), and shorten the period during which the dead tissue was passing through various dangerous forms which it temporarily assumes. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life above all others requires pure air.—Popular Science

A CLUB FOR MOTHERS

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' ORGANIZATION OF COCOANUT GROVE.

Florida Women Who Have an Interesting Way of Securing Relaxation from Their Home Duties—Some Rules and Objects of the Society.

Away down on the east coast of Florida, 200 miles south of St. Augustine, is the pretty little settlement of Cocoanut Grove. It is situated on the banks of Biscayne bay, one of the loveliest sheets of water for winter cruising and fishing that it is possible to conceive of for those who are not afraid to go beyond the daily mails and telegraph wires, for at present there are no railroads or steamboats, not even a wagon road, connecting us with the outside world—sailboats only, but plenty of those, and good ones, too, which is very necessary, as the nearest market or source of supply is Key West, 150 miles to the south.

Of course there is a hotel, postoffice, store and Sunday school building, which, with the Biscayne Bay Yacht club house, the various winter residences of the northern yachtsmen and the pretty little houses of the pineapple growers and cocoanut planters of the keys, each built according to its owner's fancy or means, and set in the midst of cocoanut, lime, orange, banana and guava trees, form a most attractive picture, to which may be added the ever changing life of the bay, the coming and going of the yachts, the arrival and departure of the mailboats and freight schooners. But if the place is attractive, very much more are the people who have helped make it, and this is especially so of the women, whose husbands and sons are the spongers, wreckers, carpenters and boatmen of the reef, when not engaged in truck farming or pineapple raising.

It is to these women and their club—a housekeeper's club—that I wish to introduce my readers. A woman's working club in every sense of the word, with an attending membership of twenty and a correspondence membership of ten, the latter residents of New York, Boston, San Francisco, Brooklyn, Staten Island and Key West.

To most of the women born and brought up on the keys of the reef or in Key West, and of English parentage—for the majority of the settlers came originally from the Bahamas—the experience of belonging to a society, however simple, for women only, was a novelty. Although "our club" is now a frequent and proud expression among them, and member, in talking it over with her husband, assured him that the bylaws of her club were as well made and just as binding as those concocted in the capitol at Tallahassee."

And so they are to the faithful band of women who gather every Thursday afternoon in the little Sunday school building, and join heart and hand in helping each other to enjoy and improve the two hours a week rescued from their household cares. For nearly every member is a mother, not of one, but in several cases of eight and ten children, with no one to assist in the daily and hourly work attending such a household, so that the first rule made and rigidly enforced, "No babies allowed at the meetings," is a genuine relief, and gives time and freedom for much that would be otherwise impossible.

Sometimes the children are taken to a neighboring house, ten or twelve little tots from one to three years old, and a husband or eldest son volunteers to oversee those that are able to walk, in which case, as it draws near closing time, one little head after another will be seen coming, Indian file, along the narrow path, all of them bareheaded or nearly so, in search of mamma and generally in great glee at having escaped. Of course there follows a grand baby show.

The originator of the club is its president, Miss Flora McFarlane, of New Jersey, a woman who has proved herself in every way capable for the life she intends leading, having homesteaded a hundred and fifty acres of government lands, which she has gone bravely to work to clear and improve.

The officers of the club are the president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer and caretaker, who has entire charge of the club's workbasket, giving out the work and collecting materials, such as scissors, thimbles, needle books, patterns and button box, after each meeting. These meetings occur every Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5.

At the organizing of the club it was voted that the time be spent in making useful articles of clothing from material either given to the club (thereupon the president presented a dozen kitchen aprons) or bought with the club's funds, the funds being derived from membership dues (which were promptly paid, so that the treasurer found herself busy at once) or gifts. That such articles should be sold at each meeting, and to members, at cost price.

That the money received for the first year be spent in the purchase of materials and also in suitable and useful articles for a bazaar, to be held at the annual meeting for the benefit of the church building. That resident members be elected by means of a vote cast with black and white beans; distant or correspondence members on the good faith of the housekeeper proposing them.

Bright, newsy letters are received from the nonresident members, and all sorts of gifts in the way of household articles, from half a dozen cup towels to a bedspread.—Harper's Bazar.

Taking Photographs by Balloon.

It is proposed that balloon photography should be used in sieges by the besiegers. One plan is to start a small balloon, loaded with a camera, to windward of the fortress, the plates being exposed by means of clockwork arrangement or slow match. These, of course, are adjusted to the time which would elapse before the balloon will reach the point or points where the exposures are to be made. The gas escapes, and the balloon descends on the farther side of the fortress, within the besiegers' lines.—New York Telegram.

A Club of Story Tellers.

The Liars' club still exists in London and flourishes in an inn situated in one of the dingy courts of Fleet street. The initiation fee is five shillings, half of which is remitted should the new member be able to outlie any member present. The tallest stories are told in this tavern at every weekly meeting, and the best exaggerator carries off the honors of the evening. But if a man is known to lie outside the precincts of the clubrooms he is liable to expulsion.—Boston Home Journal.

PHOTOGRAPHING ASTEROIDS.

How Photography Has Come to the Aid of the Enthusiastic Astronomer.

The Boston Scientific society has held a meeting of unusual interest, at which S. C. Chandler, the eminent astronomer, gave the first public presentation of the remarkable work now being done by Max Wolf at Heidelberg.

He said: "The position of asteroids in astronomical science is a peculiar, and I might say practically a useless one, so far as tangible results from their discovery are concerned. The discovery of a new comet is a matter of great importance, and the increase in their number contributes much to the knowledge of the science, but with asteroids, they must be found in large numbers before they become of especial significance, and in that event it has always been a debated question whether the immense amount of labor required in keeping track of them and performing the necessary computation is really worth the while when the actual results obtained are so small.

"There are known to exist by the thousands and tens of thousands down to the size of an ordinary rock, and to collate and preserve the knowledge obtained of them as fast as discovered has been a difficulty well nigh insurmountable.

"But the development of photography in connection with telescopy has seemed to open up an opportunity for accomplishing something in this line. If certain whole strips of the heavens could be tracked and a record kept of the observations, a long step would be taken in solving this problem. Apropos of this matter, young Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, has been making some very unique discoveries.

"He uses a small telescope of 6-inch aperture, and has devised a piece of mechanism by which he can not only follow the heavens for a number of hours together, but can put away the plate, take it the next night and continue the record consecutively from the point where he left off. This continual exposure of the same glass night after night has hitherto been regarded as impossible, and Wolf was scoffed at when he attempted it, but he has succeeded nevertheless. By this process he has been enabled to discover asteroids by observing their motions.

"Moreover, he does not use clockwork. His plates are exposed, and he keeps his instrument fixed for hours together on a given point by means of a subsidiary telescope. In this way he has discovered seven new asteroids and found between thirty and forty old ones, and thinks also that he has discovered a new comet, though that has not been fully demonstrated as yet.

"He has also discovered the tracks of meteors and has found a succession of variations of their light by means of duplicate impressions with different telescopes, recording five or six distinct oscillations in brightness. His duplicate impressions agree perfectly. Wolf is now trying to find the companion of Algol."—Boston Advertiser.

Mourning Colors.

Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors and black and white, which are used at various church offices. The cardinals of the Roman church have adopted scarlet as their color, which was originally red. In ancient Rome the occupation and rank of many people were made known by the colors of the garments which they wore. Black is in common use among us for mourning, but the Chinese wear white, the Turks wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the proper hue.

White was originally the mourning color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for instance the "red, white and blue" of the United States.—Harper's Young People.

A Bear Climbing a Tree.

Even professional taxidermists sometimes make blunders in their work. A funny instance of lack of thought by an animal stuffer is to be seen in a show window of a Broadway cloakmaker, where there is a dead polar bear in the act of climbing a tree.

Thousands of persons pass that bear every day, and it is safe to say that not one in a million ever sees how untrue to nature it is for a polar bear to climb a tree.

There aren't any trees in the polar regions where the white bear comes from. Perhaps the bears would learn to climb them if there were.—New York Herald.

Schools and the French Army.

The total expenditure for normal schools in France was, in 1872, near $11,000,000; at present it is upward of $25,000,000, or an increase of 127 per cent. The French republic has spent and is still spending untold millions upon the army and navy. But on account of that it does not forget the school. And without a doubt the republican school will outlive the republican army and be a blessing to all generations to come, for knowledge makes us free.—Chicago Herald.

Bombay's Water Works.

The Tansa water works for the supply of Bombay were only completed after very great physical difficulties had been overcome. The work involved the construction of a masonry dam two miles long to form a lake of nearly six square miles in area. There are fifty-two miles of ducts, twenty-seven miles of iron mains, four miles of tunnel and nearly a mile of iron girder bridges.—New York Times.

Bows and Arrows in a Modern Battle.

Many readers will be as much surprised as I was in learning that at the battle of Leipsic the Russians brought into the field numbers of Baskir Tartars who were armed only with bows and arrows. So we read in General Marbot's "Memoirs," written by himself. The general was himself wounded by an arrow in the battle.—Notes and Queries.

It is asserted that when the present comprehensive plan of connecting all England's West India possessions by submarine cable is completed fully one-third of her defensive fleet for the protection of these colonies can be done away with.

A hot bath is valuable in the first stages of congestion of the lungs, as it is also in infantile convulsions and in sudden brain trouble. In the last named attack ice should be applied to the head and a hot water bag to the feet.

A HINDOO TEMPLE.

RITES AND CEREMONIES BY WHICH THE IDOL IS HONORED.

A Complex Institution Over Which the High Caste Brahmans Exercise Supreme Authority as Receivers, Trustees and Ministrants—Their Methods.

The Hindoo temple of any size or pretentions is a complex institution. It is a group of buildings inclosed within one or more walls. It possesses certain privileges, granted by native rulers in days gone by and still respected by the present government. It enjoys what may almost be termed a royal revenue from houses, lands and offerings, and it possesses hoards of treasure in jewels, gold and silver vessels and coins. The property is in the hands of trustees, who are elected or who claim an hereditary right to the office.

These have power over an enormous wealth. Under unscrupulous trustees valuable jewels have disappeared or been replaced with glass. Pots of silver and gold coin have been refilled with copper. Rich lands have been let at a nominal rent to their relatives, and offerings intended for the temple have been appropriated personally. Occasionally a trustee is prosecuted for his dishonest practices, but it is not often that he is punished.

The erection of the Hindoo temple is the work of a slow system of evolution. Some holy man perhaps dies on the spot, or he has an ecstatic vision of the god in one of the incarnations. The space is invested with sanctity and an image set up to the deity. The landowner straightway builds a small shelter over it to propitiate the god in his favor. The ground around the edifice is next inclosed with a fence.

By and by the shed is removed and something more pretentious and lasting erected. The dewan, or prime minister of the province, makes a pilgrimage to the shrine and leaves a rich offering in the hands of the Brahmans, who have instituted themselves as receivers, trustees and ministrants. More pilgrims come; offerings in kind as well as in jewels and money pour in, and new buildings are erected. Courts, halls, galleries, a tank, pillared platforms, walls, gateways and towers slowly grow around the shrine—the center point of the edifice. Other shrines of affiliated deities may group themselves near the original, but the mulasthanum is always the same.

It holds the image of the deity to whom the temple is dedicated, and it is the scene of daily ceremonies. At all risks it must be jealously guarded against the intrusion of any but the twice born. When Clive took the temple of Srieungham—the largest in southern India, and a powerful stronghold in those days—2,000 fierce Rajputs stood before the door of the Mulasthanum, declaring that the Europeans should only pass in over their dead bodies. Their superstitions were respected, and Clive left the fanatics in possession.

In preserving the integrity of the sacred shrine the Hindoo has something more to consider than his religious scruples. The restitution of the divine or mantric essence is a very expensive and intricate process, requiring large sums of money for its different rites. At Vellore there is a handsome temple which was desecrated years ago by the Mohammedans. They killed a cow in the Mulasthanum. The building now stands empty and unoccupied and the European may go into outer and inner court as he pleases. The Mulasthanum is a small hall, richly decorated with carvings. It contains nothing but a stone dais, on the face of which is a tortoise in outline.

The image rested formerly on the tortoise. There is a small gutter around the platform, which conducted the sacred water—used for the ablutions of the idol—into a reservoir outside. Pilgrims drank of this water eagerly in belief of its miraculous powers of healing and purification. The temple would probably be used again by Hindoo worshipers if money were forthcoming sufficient to restore the divine essence.

The idol is not usually made of wood or stone. It is molded in an amalgam of five metals—gold, silver, brass, copper and lead. In size it is smaller than the human figure. It is not called a "Swami" until the mantric essence has been infused into it by the proper ceremonies. These are performed by the Brahmans, who claim the power of placing the essence in any object, animate or inanimate that they choose. Sometimes the object is a man, the chief trustee or "Moktesoor." He is then said to be divine, and is called "Swami," and moreover, is worshiped as a god. The daily ritual which concerns only the idol, takes place inside the shrine at intervals during the day.

No worshipers are present except those who are taking part in the function. The image is tended in every minute particular as though it were a living human being. Nothing is omitted. It is washed with water from the sacred tank. It is dressed and fed. It is supposed to take pleasure in the company of the dancing girls; it sleeps and wakes, and finally is put to bed. During its toilet hymns of praise are sung, lamps are lighted, camphor and incense burned, and the tomtom is frequently introduced. Part of the revenue of the temple pays for all of this, and a great many Brahmins find their occupation and their living in it.

The ritual of the festival is much more imposing. The image is covered with plates of gold and loaded with jewels. It is carried in procession upon a huge car, surmounted with a throne of silver. It may now appear before the eyes of all, and it makes a slow and magnificent journey around the outer courts of the temple—which are open to all casts—and through the town. Offerings in kind and in money and jewels are received. The dancing girls are to be seen, their charms enhanced by rich silk and gold; they are the daughters and wives of the god, and the children of the devil. The value of their charms goes to swell the offertory considerably.—Chambers' Journal.

Several attempts have been made from time to time to develop balloon photography, and special cameras have been devised for the purpose.

A favorite dish of the East Indians is an ant mash. The insects are caught in pits and mashed by handfuls like raisins.

In size the sun equals 1,300,000 earths, but owing to its smaller density its weight equals only 300,000 earths.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

Give Yourself Without Reserve to Your Work for God.

The late Charles Dickens said of the principle upon which the work of his life had been conducted: "Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules." In this purpose and in his rigid adherence to it, Mr. Dickens pursued the wise and prudent course. It led him to success. It was success in a worldly point of view, but it secured the object for which he labored. The wisdom of his choice of the supreme end of life is not now under consideration. That involves a very different question. But in the purpose and method with which he pursued the end which he had chosen he manifested the highest wisdom.

In this regard the men of this world are an example to the church, and especially to the young. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." They are not wiser in the choice of the great end of life, but they are wiser and more consistent in the manner in which they pursue it. They seek some form of temporal good with earnestness and singleness of purpose, while the follower of Christ in his pursuit of the pearl of great price is often irresolute and half hearted.

The words of the great novelist contain a lesson of great importance to all classes, but especially to the young. They point out the road to success. It is true that there are other conditions of success in any pursuit. There is no success that is to be desired that is independent of the divine favor. Real success, in a large measure, comes only of the favoring providence of God. But where this is enjoyed it comes only of earnest and single hearted application to labor. The men who succeed either in business or in the professions are able to say, with Mr. Dickens, "What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely." Their interest has not been divided. With earnestness and singleness of purpose they have given themselves to the object of their pursuit.

The lesson of this subject, then, is too plain to need explanation. If you would succeed, give yourself without reserve to the object which you have made the supreme end of life. If you would be a happy and useful disciple of Christ, be in earnest in your religious life and work. Let your separation from the world be without reserve, and in your work for Christ leave no one in doubt of your earnestness or sincerity. Act upon this principle, and whatever you may secure of the good things of this world your life will be, in the best possible sense, a success.—National Presbyterian.

Morals.

Not upon mind, but upon morals, is human welfare founded. The true subjective history of man is the history, not of his thought, but of his conscience; the true objective history of man is not that of inventions, but of his vices and virtues. So far from morals depending upon thought, thought, I believe, depends upon morals. In proportion as a nation is righteous, in proportion as common justice is done between man and man, will thought grow rapidly, securely, triumphantly; will its discoveries be cheerfully accepted and faithfully obeyed to the welfare of the whole common weal. But where a nation is corrupt—that is, where the majority of individuals in it are bad, and justice is not done between man and man, their thoughts wither and science will be either crushed by frivolity and sensuality, or abused to the ends of tyrannny, ambition, profligacy, till she herself perishes amid the general ruin of all good things, as she has done in Greece, in Rome, in Spain, in China and many other lands.—C. W. Kingsley.

The Force of Kindness.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian graces. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law, unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel.—Dr. Talmage in Christian Herald.

Honor.

Men are constantly seeking honor from their fellows. Yet how much more to be prized is that which God can bestow. "Them that honor me," saith the Lord, "I will honor." The man who seeks to do that which is acceptable to God can alone have peace in his soul, and he has a freedom of action never known by those whose chief concern is to obtain the praise of men.—Christian Inquirer.

He Died for Me.

When time seems short and death is near
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be—
I know my Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet since I know his grace is free
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy word and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep and wide;
This is my best theology—
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say: "Thy bonds of death are riven.
Thy sins by me are all forgiven.
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

—Dr. George W. Bethune.

Ecce Homo.

Mysterious figure in the world's mad crowd;
Its personage peculiar and unique,
Sublime and splendid, yet abased meek.
Man's servant son, yet more than human proud
Endowed as other man was ne'er endowed,
Yet weak as men are weak, and still not weak,
Thy mystery to solve in vain we seek
Until before the in our hearts we've bowed:
Not moved by weirdlike miracle of might,
But by the furrowed pain upon thy face,
Thy brother-father love for all the race:
'Tis then, and only then, we see the light
Of awful Godhead shining blinding bright
Around thee, God in flesh, in time, in space.