ow to hiccough with ease, ow to grown, how to wheel sooth a night-howling rel

# A CONFESSION OF LOV

The angelus-bell was ringing from he picturesque little church of St. enier, a village just below the town

of Avranches, in Normandy.

As it rang, Marie Lesage finished milking the last cow in the farmyard close by the church; she rose at the ound, and put her milking-stool under her arm, while Jee Tissot, who was standing by her side, mechani-cally defed his cap, and there was silence for a minute between them.

The previous conversation had apparently been very animated, for Marie's cheeks were flushed, and her bright eyes sparkled like diamonds der her dark brows, while Jean looked on the verge of despair as he gazed distractedly on Marie's pretty rottle and charming little figure, in its neat gray dress and white apron.

Marie was the farmer's daughter, nd did not wear the ugly, loose, black jackets and unbecoming, round, flat caps, redeemed from ugliness by their streamers of the Avranches

No. Marie was a coquette, and wore hort petticoats because she had small sobbed wildly for some minutes.

"I was right; she does love m charming figure: a red rose in her black hair, because it contrasted well cause it showed to advantage her clear, olive skin. The angelus-bell ceased, and Jean

amed his conversation. "Marie, I meant it. If you won't

marry me, I will go to sea." Jean was very handsome; he had

"Ah! ah! Jean, you all say that. used to that old tale. 'If you do not priest's voice to perfection. marry me, I will go to sea, " mocked Marie.

They said it, and I do it. I say it, d by our Lady I'll go this very night if you don't promise to marry e." said Jean, flercely.

Marie turned a shade paler, but she d as she answered:-

\*Well, Jean, I believe a sailor's life confession. "A happy life! You pretend to be-ve I can be happy without you? to hear you say you love me, and peccadilloes, and then she burst out with a sob:—

Marie colored with delight; this as the strain she loved to hear; this as the sweetest music to those hty little ears.

\*If you didn't know it, there might hope for me. Fool that I to sea, am to tell you," continued Jean.

that grasped the milking-stool me. I love to hear them say they love me, and then I laugh at them.

to love you as I love the very earth ou tread on," and his blue eyes ing heart. hed fire as he spoke.

go to the bottom, all the better." "For me?" interrupted Marie, look- that wicked Jean.

ing archly at him under her long "For you?—yes, for you. For if I vere dead, perhaps you would come

o your senses; perhaps if I were lying in my grave you would know what I know now. In spite of all your scorn of me, Marie, I believe, aay. I am sure you love me," said Marie trembled and turned paler.

but she threw up her head haughtily as she replied: "I like your conceit."

"I wish you liked me," said Jean,

"I dare say you think I shall cry my eves out when you are gone to Well, go on, mon cher, and we solate Jean to his own reflections. in astonishment:

to Marie. He meant to go to sea, ce she refused to marry him. He believed she loved him in spite of that refusal. He felt sure it was her love of coquetry that made her refuse, but he would not be trifled with any

Marie had gone too far; he would still further, even as far as Havre, the winds of heaven to take him; at that night he would shake the st of St. Senier off his feet forever. now. Oh! what will become of me?

dowry; so there was nothing to pre-nt them from marrying at once hing except Marie's perversity. provoking she was; and the pret of it was he loved her so desthe more the scorned him. re he loved her, and the little

He turned on his heel and gave a rewell glance at La Metairie, with "Who

farm and walked through the village; past the cotton-factory and the great water-mill that worked it, and the poplars that surrounded it, towards the pretty little church with its

The church-door was open, Jean turned in; by that time to-morrow he would have only a plank of wood between him and eternity. He would light a candle to our Lady, Star of the Sea, to watch over him, and go to confession before be left his native place forever; he would do the best he could for his soul; earthly happiness was denied him; thank God there remained a Heaven to win.

The confessional stood in a dark reess, at the opposite side of the church to the door by which Jean had entered. There was a bell close deceive me again—I know the truth to it, with which to summon the priest, if he was not in the confess-here till you promise to be my wife,"

ional. The church was empty, and Jean having lighted a candle and said a prayer at the Lady-altar, went into the confessional and knelt there. knowing the priest would come and sit, as he always did, at half-past six. Presently Jean's devotions were

disturbed by a step he would have recognized in Australia or Siberia as Marie's: it advanced up the aisle to the lady-altar, and there it stopped. Jean rose from his knees, and, peeping round the corner of the recess, looked to see if he were right, though he had not a shadow of doubt on the subject. Yes, it was Marie. Her back was towards him, as she

knelt with eyes and hands raised towards the statue of our Lady; she was evidently praying earnestly. Presently a stifled sob reached Jean's ears: then her shoulders began to heave, her head sank on her hands, and she

"I was right; she does love me after all. Shall I go and comfort her? I dare not; she would scorn me as she with her raven plaits; and a white has done so often. Oh, if I were only muslin fichu over her gray dress, be- certain she loves me-if I could be but sure." thought Jean.

Presently the sobs ceased, and as the clock chimed half-past six, Marie rose and came towards the confess ional.

As quick as the thought which occurred to him, Jean seated himself in iden hair and a long, golden must the priest's place in the middle of the che; blue eyes and a complexion confessional, closed the wooden doors bronzed by exposure to sea and sun; and drew the curtains. Marie was he was goodly to look at in his knitted coming to confession; he would hear her, and find out if she loved him. The confessional was so dark Marie Pierre said it, and Jacques and would not be able to see him if she Robert. Tell me some news—I am looked, and he could imitate the would not be able to see him if she

Marie advanced to confessional, saw the curtains were drawn, and concluded the priest was sitting, so she knelt down by the grating. After a moment's pause Jean drew back the sliding shutter over the grating, muttered the usual blessing in Latin, and the unsuspecting Marie began her

Jean could see her profile through the 'grille," her full face was turned from him, but her eyes were cast Why. I would give ten years of my down, and the lashes were wet with fe, if I had only eleven to live, tears. She whispered a few ordinary

> "Mon pere, I am so miserable!" "Why, my child?" said Jean wondering what on earth he should say when she had finished.

"Because I have driven Jean Tissot "I can't contradict you." laughed laughed at him. I cannot help it, she meant it to be, and the fingers nature. I want to make them love "Cruel! Coquette! muttered Jean Ah! but you were right, father. You eath his breath "Well, adieu, told me I should do it once too often; Tarie Lesage. You may search all I have done it now. I shall never trance and you will never find a man laugh again," said Marie with a sob. "Why not? asked Jean with a beat-

"Why not? Because Jean has gone "Au revoir," said Marie, lightly. to sea. Oh! father, when he is out -it is not au revoir. Let us fishing I watch the clouds all the derstand each other for once, if while; if it blows I am miserable till please. If we part to-night, it is he comes back; but when he is at sea, adien forever. I shall go to Havre miles and miles away, oh! what shall nd get a berth on board some ship. I do? what shall I do? He will never oing heaven knows where, and come back here, never, never; he says terer so long as I live, Marie, do I so; oh, it will kill me!" and Marie et foot in St. Senier again. If I rocked herself in an agony of grief. "Do you love him then?" asked

> "Love him? I am dying of love for him. I cannot live without Jean. Oh! father, I never loved any man but Jean; he is my first love and my last. Oh! what shall I do?"

What answer that rascal, Jean, would have made to this question, wrung from Marie's heart in the agony of her remorse, will never be known, for at that instant the sacristy door opened, and simultaneously Jean jumped up, bolted out of the confessional almost into the old priest's arms, as he came towards it, and down the aisle as fast as his legs would carry him.

The priest, amazed at such extraordinary conduct, pulled aside the curtain to see if any one was kneelhall see. Adieu," and Marie made ing at the grating, saw Marie, whom her lover an elaborate courtesy, and he recognized, sobbing her heart out, ran into the house, leaving the dis- and seating himself in his part, asked

They were not happy, those reflecincome. He meant all he had just said mean? Who is that man? "My dear child, what does this "What man, father? I have seen no one but you," sobbed Marie. "But I have only just' come into

church." "Haven't I been confessing to you, father?" said poor Marie, in an agony of terror.

"No, a young man in a blue jers rushed out of the confessional as I and from there wherever it pleased came into church. It looked like Jean Tissot," said the priest. "Oh, father! I shall die of shame

He was a fisherman, he had a boat I have been confessing to you, as I his own and a house: and Marie had thought, that I loved him. Oh! I wish I were dead! I would have died before I would have said what I have just been saying to any one but you." "Poor child; tell me all about ft," said Pere Legrand.

So poor Marie made her confessio a second time, feeling more shame and mortification than despair this

time. "What shall I do, father?" she con-

then, not knowing whether she most hoped or feared to meet Jean, left the church. It was getting dusk now, but it

was light enough for her to distin-guish Jean's handsome face waiting for her in the porch, as she closed the church door. The hot blood rushed into her cheeks, her heart beat violently; the

end of all things seemed at hand; would the ground open and swallow her up?

The ground showed no such inclina-

A man's arms opened and folded her to his heart. "At last, Marie! You can never whispered Jean, kissing her passion-

ately "Let me go, Jean. Some one will see us.'

"I don't care who sees us. Prom-

ise," said Jean. "I promise. Now let me go. you go to Pere Legrand, he is waiting for you. Oh! Jean, how dreadfully wicked you have been. I don't know what the priest won't do to you," said Marie, who thought by making the most of Jean's offense, to cover her own confession.

"Oh, Marie! I am so happy; I can't be sorry 1 did it. Must I go to the

"Yes, unless you would rather go to Havre," said Marie. archly. "Well, come and wait for me," said Jean, who did not relish this visit.

However, he went into the confessional, and Marie waited for him. "I sha'n't play that trick again, Marie, as long as I live," he whispered, when he came out.

"There is no need to do it again," answered Marie. And Jean Tissot never went to sea. And Pierre and Jacques and Robert

wondered what arts he had employed to win his bride; but that secret was one neither they nor any one else in St. Senier ever discovered.

### Needed no Le

A strong instance of inherited taste and aptitude is cited by Mr. Morley Roberts in his "Land-Travel and Sea-Faring." He was in Australia, in "the land of sheep," and had a collie pup, which he named Boson.

He was only two months old when I took him with me to Strathavon. and until then he had never beheld a sheep at close quarters. For three or four days I kept him tied up close to my tent, but on the fourth day he got away, and followed me and my big dog Sancho down to the gate of the paddock, where I had just driven about one hundred and fifty rams.

On reaching them, I found I had left my fence tools behind, and I rode back after them, Sancho following. I did not notice that Boson remained behind. When I came back in a few minutes. I saw, to my surprise, that the rams had not spread out to feed, but were bunched in a close mass, and that the outer ones were following the motions of something which I could not see, but which they evidently feared.

I reined in my horse, waved back Sancho. and watched. Presently I He loves me, and I have saw wooly little Boson, who certainly served him as I served them all. I was no bigger than the head of the least of the rams, paddling round and Marie, but the laugh was not so merry father, I am a coquette. It is my round the circle in a quiet, businesslike manner. I remained motionless and watched to see whether he was doing it by accident: but no, he made his rounds again and again, and as he did so, the huge-horned rams followed him with their eyes.

It was with much difficulty that I enticed him home, and, from his air, I have no doubt he would have zone on circling his self-imposed charge until his legs failed him.

# The Borrowing Habit.

A certain amiable young housewife who presides over a comfortable suite of apartments in Harlem is convinced that there is such a thing as being too neighborly. Her neighbors on the floor above convinced her. When the aforesaid neighbors moved into the building the first of last May, this amiable housewife considerately sent her neatly aproned domestic up-stairs to inquire if there was anything that she could do to add to the comfort of the new-comers. Down came a prompt request for the loan of a hammer and a stewpan. When the stew pan was returned it was cracked, but that fact did not deter "the neighbors" from asking for a bar of soap and a few matches. The latter article they forgot to return, but they kept up the borrowing habit steadily, and did not get a real out-and-out rebuff until last week, when the young aaughter of "the neighbors" family came to the amiable housewife's door, and after stating that her mother had unexpected guests to dinner, begged the loan of a pie for dessert. "You will have to excuse me," said the amiable housewife, with gentle frigidity, "I am out of pies just now, and if I had one I would not care to lend it.

# Origin of Chess Terms.

Few chess players could guess the origin of one of the most important terms in their game. The word "chess" is said to be a corruption of the Arabic word "sheikh," meaning chief or king. The game came westward by way of Persia, where the word sheikh becomes shah. It was the game of the king. The term 'check" is merely to give notice that the king is attacked, and "check-mate" means "the king is dead, the verb 'mata" being from the same root as the Spanish matador, the slayer of the bull. The word check, whether verb or noun, may be traced through several curious ramifications back to the Persian and Arabic. Even the word exchequer is curiously tangled up in this verbal network.

New York Sun.

If a man thinks a great deal of his wife, he gets lots of nice things for her when she is sick, which he eats

force of from three to three and a half tons on the same extent of sur-ace. It is easy to understand, therefore the effects of such terriac shocks repeated incessantly during the win-ter storms, must be disastrous.

A strong, solid mass of hard, rock may, indeed, withstand them for a considerable time, but rocks already cracked and fissured must, inevitably, coner or later, go down before them. This destructive action is not confined to the land level with the surface of the sea, for the waves may leap up a hundred feet or more and strike a tremendous blow on any obect within their reach. Walls have n overthrown at an elevation of 196 feet above the sea by this upward

Mr. Stevenson tells of blocks rocks weighing between nine and ten tons each having been washed together at a height of sixty feet, and of others weighing from six to thirteen tons having been quarried out of their original beds seventy-five feet above the sea. He mentions also that one block, weighing eight tons, was driven by the force of the waves over very rough ground to a distance of about seventy feet, and this at a height of twenty feet. In the build-ing of light-houses the force of the waves is often too apparent, huge stones are flung about like pebbles; iron fastenings are wrenched out and twisted as if they were ropes of straw.

Tremendous as must be the effects of the sledge-hammer blows of the stormy sea, yet these would not break down a rock-bound coast rapidly, because, as already noticed, a solid front of massive rock can sustain for a long time even the most tremendous shocks. There are, however, several circumstances which enable the wave to get, as it were, behind the strong outer ramparts, and to carry on the work of destruction more rapidly.

In the first place, the meteorological agents, such as rain and frost, are continually at work wearing down and breaking up the land. Every joint and fissure is sought out and widened by these untiring workers and masses of rocky debris are broken off and hurled into the seething waters. By the action of the waves these are broken and ground down, and boulders, shingle, sand, etc., are formed from their fragments, and are used as missiles to batter down the remaining portions of the cliffs.

The waves catch them up and hurl them against the land with great force, like the discharge of artillery. The face of the opposing rocks is ground and cracked by the unceas ing shower of stones and sand. Holes and caves are gradually worn out into which the waves penetrate and carry on the work of destruction underground, until at length the mass is undermined and falls with a crash, shivered into fragments, upon which the wild waves continue their destructive work, grinding them down to serve in their turn as instruments of further inroads.

Then, again, the high sea waves rushing upon the land, fill with water all the chinks, gulleys, or other openings that may have formed in the rocks, and the pressure of the water tends to rend these asunder, after quaintness in the very air. All which they are easily broken up and speaks of a time gone by; it is a cast into the sea.

## Mustache Dye Dying Out. "You notice the color of your mus-

reporter with a tomato tinted fringe on his upper lip. "Yes, I do," replied the other, a little savagely, as if he resented the talk as too personal. "What of it?"

The barber became apologetic. was only going to say," he explained mildiv. "what a change has come over the colors of mustaches during the last few years. Half a generation ago it would have been impossible to find a mustache of the color of yours in the whole town. Men with yellow or red—beg pardon, sir—men with blonde mustaches invariably dyed them black. Almost every fellow you met had a dyed mustache. Now one rarely sees one except in the

police department, where certain tra-

ditions are retained as sacred 'But we don't sell a bottle of mustache dye in a week now, or hair die. either. Our customers have got to realize that it doesn't fool even a blind man. You can tell 'em a block away. I'm told that Inspector Byrnes | without feeling a new sensation at has issued an order prohibiting the ward detectives from using mustache dye on account of it being a give away.' When people see a man who has been dyed they feel instinctively that he must be a sleuthhound from the station house.

"The importations of dye from Paris have fallen off to nothing, and apprentices in barbering don't have to learn the business of applying it as they used to. In this snop we had a wooden ball with a nail hammered in it, to which we would attach some ordinary rope tow. Then the apprentice would pitch in and dye it, and when he could apply the food so that it gave an even color and didn't stick the hair together like so much glue we would turn over a customer to him to try his hand on.

'Another thing that isn't used so much these days is grease. This store consumed three pounds of it a day ten years ago, and we don't get away with a solitary pound now. I once calculated that 100,000 New York men carried around 150 pounds of wax in their mustaches. This was at the rate of one ounce of wax to forty mustaches."

Singing Cattle Into Quietude "The signs of an approaching stampede," says a cattle man, "are famil-iar to every man who has been much on the trail. First a few cattle will begin to low, or rather to utter a sort of roar. All through the herd single animals will get up and begin to move around. The others become restless, and if something is not done to check them the whole herd will, within a short time, be rushing headlong over the plain. The most soothing influence that can be exerted is

sung to sleep. A peculiar feature of the singing is that every cowboy. no matter how rough and lawless, knows a variety of hymns, and it is with church music that the stampede is prevented.—New York Tribune.

like sort, which had in it a good deal of bravado, and may or may not have included moral courage, was well exemplified in the French Marshal Ney, the removal of whose statue, in Paris, has lately brought his name into new prominence.

Seventy-seven years ago Ney was shot by a file of soldiers in the garden of the Luxembourg, in Paris, after having been convicted of betraying the king by joining his fortunes to Na-poleon's on his return from Elba Upon this very snot where he was exe. cuted, a statue in his memory was subsequently erected; and this statue has now been removed to another site, the land where it stood having been taken for railway purposes

When the charge under which Marshal Ney was tried, was issued against him, it was left within his power to fly from the country. This he refused to do. The gendarmes came to arrest him. Ney saw them standing in his courtyard, and put up his window.

"What do you want?" he asked "We are looking for Marshal Ney," aid one of the men. Well, come up-stairs and I will

show him to you." The officer's entered the dwelling and ascended to the Marshal's room. "I am Michel Ney," he said, open-

ing the door to them. He was sentenced, by a formal vote of the House of Peers, to be shot. When the announcement of the sentence was brought to him in the Luxembourg prison he was asleen. He was wakened, and the Secretary of the House of Peers began to read the sentence. Very near the beginning of titles, bestowed upon him by the Em streams of red and white lights. peror:

"You, therefore, Duke of Elchin showers—so brilliant, so grand, so gen, Prince of Moskowa, Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, Grand—" "Oh," exclaimed Ney, "please skip all that; just say Michel Ney and a lot of rubbish!"

Ney was the son of a hardworking cooper, and had risen from the ranks of the army. He was a child of the people, and whatever may have been his vanities, he threw them them all aside in his last days.

When he was led out to death, an fficer ordered a bandage tied over his eyes. "Why should you do that?" said Ney. "Haven't I been accustomed

for twenty-five years to look bullets and cannon balls in the face?" He himself ordered the soldiers to fire, standing and facing them. His career summed up in one life the spectacular heroism of the past

### -Youth's Companion. A Happy Country.

Within the walls of a Japanese garden dwells the all-reposing peace of nature. The murmur of the city's life is shut out. Their is a charm of dream of the past, before the Japan of telegraphs and newspapers and steamships ever existed. The influence of a kindly people shows plainly tache?" observed the barber interrog-atively to the New York Herald creature seems to be afraid. The little frogs resting upon the lotus leaves scarcely shrink from my touch; the lizards sun themselvs within easy reach of my hand; the water snakes glide across my shadow without fear and a praying mantis insolently poses on my knee. Swallows and sparrows not only build their nests on my roof, but even enter my rooms without concern—one swallow has actually built its nest in the ceiling of the bath-room—and the weasel purloins fish under my very eyes without any scruples of conscience. A wild uguisu perches on a cedar by the window, and in a burst of savage sweetness challenges my caged pet to a contest in song: and always through the golden air, from the green twilight of the mountain pines, there purls to me the plaintive, caressing, delicious call of the yamabato. No European dove has such a cry. He who can hear, for the first time, the voice of the yamahato his heart little deserves to dwell in this happy world.

# Webster's Opinion.

In the year 1840 the locomotive was a small, weak machine that was employed to drag a few coach-like cars at a speed of about ven miles an hour. Then the directors and stockholders of railroads constituted the meekest class of citizens, very different from the dictatorial, influential class of the present.

Daniel Webster, in describing the American railroad of that time, said, "They are made of two stringers of scantling, notched into ties that often get loose in the ground. Upon the stringers two straps of iron, the width and thickness of wagon-tires, are nailed. "These straps of iron frequently

get detached at the ends, which turn up like snakes' heads, and pierce the floors of the cars." Such an accident actually happened to a car between Elizabeth and New York. "Then," said Webster, "the wheels

slip on the iron straps, in winter especially, so much that no dependence can be placed upon the time of arrival, and many people think it is not certain that railroads will be a suc-

# A Pocket-Picking Goat.

Saturday a young man was frantically pursuing a goat along Madison street. The goat, when caught, was made to disgorge a blue piece of calico, in which was tied up 2c, to be used for the purchase of a stamp for a letter to the young man's best girl. The goat had pulled it out

ne appearing of such phenomena of rancient days," but to notice a few of the meteoric showers of modern

In the year 1799, on the night of November 12-13, there was a myteoric shower that extended north of the equator over North America. Labrador, Greenland, across the Atlantic and into Germany. As there were no railroads or telegraphs the full extent of the shower was not known until the following February. In the north-western portion of the United States the display was delightful.

On the night of November 12-13, 1818, England was visited with a meteoric shower of great brilliancy. Three things were noticeable at the

Three things were noticeable at the time—the rapidity with which the meteors fell, the exceedingly dark blue color of the sky, and the soft, melodious sound that was heard in the firmament, as of the wind blowing softly from the east to the west.

In the year 1831, on the night of
November 12-13 a most beautiful meteoric shower appeared in England. which extended across the Atlantic and over the United States. In Liverpool the display was exceedingly grand. Vessels arriving in New York and Liverpool, the officers re-ported that at sea the display was most beautiful, that generally the passengers were composed, and looked apon it with supreme delight, giving thanks to the God of the heavens for the manifestations of His wonderful works.

But nothing in the history of meteoric showers has ever equaled that of 1883, on the night of November 12-13. It was visible all over the United States, Mexico, and the West India Islands, intermingled with fireballs which darted forth at intervals. leaving behind luminous trains which remained in view from five to thirty minutes. In North Carolina one was seen which appeared as large and of greater brilliancy than the moon.

In Indiana another, not so large the document came the list of Ney's was seen emitting most beautiful Nothing in the history of meteoric sublime—was ever before beheld by

> man. Never shall we forget, as we looked upward and beheld the firmament descending in flery torrents over our beloved land, the home of the brave and the land of the free. It appeared as if the heavens were on fire. The impressions made upon the minds of the people were varied.

The educated and intelligent looked upon it with supreme delight. The uneducated and unintelligent viewed with fear and trembling. The colored people of the South were frightened out of their wits.

They assembled in groups and prayed as colored people only can praythinking that Gabriel was about to blow the trumpet call "Come to judg-

## ment."

California's Mysterious Caver On the north side of Table Mountain and near its top is an opening in the lava that has since its early days been known as "the lion's den." It griefs forget how to weep, and the was so named from the fact that for old as compared to the young are alyears it was the lair of a band of ferocious California lions that, when in the life of humanity, not as tears, the country was largely devoted to but as signs. They show that grief sheep-raising, made mighty depredacenters are being relieved of the sensitions upon the flocks and caused the owners much annoyance and loss. When pursued the animals would seek refuge in this den and no hunter would dare to enter it. The ground about the entrance v s coverea bones and remnants of sheep and other animals. With the increase of the highest mountain peak in the population the lions have gradually world, is now reckoned as being only disappeared, although as late as last 21,424 feet above sea level, which is spring two of the animals were seen certainly enough to give it an air of to enter the cave. The Oroville Mercury says no known man has ever penetrated this cave to its fullest belief-a legend which tells them that depth. The mouth is about four or five feet high and three feet wide and the opening descends with a sharp incline for about 200 feet. Further than this it has never been explored Now, however, a party of young men have made arrangements to explore it, and, if possible, penetrate to its bottom. That it is of great depth is cas, brought down the wrath of the certain, for one can stand at the gods, who rent the giant peak from opening and heave great stones down the declivity and the sound will gradually die away in the distance. The young men have procured several hundred feet of rope, torches and lad-

ders and will thoroughly explore the What adds a peculiar interest to in the heyday of his career as a bandit Joaquin Murietta and his band of faithful followers made the recesse of Table Mountain the base of their operations in this section. From there they would swoop down on the miners, and then, laden with gold dust, retreat to the mountains. Search as they might, the officers could not locate them. It has been supposed by many this same cave was where the famous outlaw secreted himself. It may be, too, that deep down in the bowels of the earth Joaquin hid the greater portion of his ill-gotten, but nevertheless just as

#### potent wealth. Why He Fired in the Air. A report of a French duel has the

following interesting conclusion: "Monsieur Lelache having fired his shot, it was now the turn of Monsieur Boboche to discharge his weapon. He waited calmly for a moment, brought up his pistol, awaited the word-and fired in the air.

to be working solely for others we are often serving ourselves in the highest and noblest way.—Christian Union.

To Doubt of It.

I believe that if we could be freed from the undue attachment to great names and favorite authors, and apply ourselves more differently.

tion of water, and weeping result in a mild degree some excretion is ways in process to bathe the eye a clear it of foreign matters. The controlling center is at a distance that the secretion may be kept up by small trace of saline substance this present in the tears themselv. The lachrymal glands lie between nervous center and the mucous face of the eveball. Tears after good illustration of the way in nervous fibers are capable of co-ing to a secreting organ exciti-pulses from both sides of a gla reflex action cause a flow of tears. In both instances the exciting impulse is a vibration. Niobe, all tears, and the unfortunate pedestrian with a minute particle of steel from the rail of an elevated road in his eye are unwilling exponents of a similar process. They weep the same kind of briny fluid, in exactly the same way, though from widely different causes. Imagination is at times sufficient to excite the nervous system into the excite the nervous system into the production of tears without external aid or reflex. Writers and readers of good fiction weep over it alike, and the actor loses himself so entirely in the exigencies of dramatic art t he sheds real tears and the audience shed tears with him. Of a truth the man who never weeps has a hard heart, and the quality of his intellect may also be questioned. Emotion, then affection, grief, anx-

lety, incite to tears, not pain or dis-comfort. The pangs of maternity are tearless, though the influence of ether or chloroform may cause some emo-tional dream that results in weeping. In the earlier days of surgery patient might scream and utter such pitiful cries as to sicken the bystanderss might even faint with pain, yet there were seldom any tears. These, being pure waves of emotion and a relief to the heart, are almost powerless to mitigate pain. Perhaps one who weeps from pain does so from unconscious though selfish pity-in other

words, from emotion.

For the tearful, change of scene. mental diversion and out door life are the best remedies. The author quoted objects to alcohol as fearfully injurious. It disturbs and unbalances the nervous system, keeps up a maudlin and pitiful sentimentality and sustains the evil. Alcoho: is the mother of sorrow. An opiate, how-ever, prescribed at night soothes and controls and really disciplines rebelious nerve centers. Sleep cures tears. And so does Time, the restorer. Persons subjected to many and repeated most tearless. Tears have their value bility, and that the nervous organization is learning how to bear up against sorrow.-New York Medical Journal.

# A Volcanic Legend.

Andes," at one time thought to be majesty if not of mystery. But the natives of that region have a curious "Chimbo" was once a full mile higher than he is at the present time. When Pizorro invaded the "land of the Incas," Chimborazo reared his majestic head between 25,000 and 30,000 feet into the rarined atmosphere, but that invader's crowning. piece of infamy, the strangling of the last of the Incenter to circumference, throwing down great masses of stone and reducing its height by about one-fith. At the same time the apex of the mountain, the former resting-place of "the Inca's Head," was cursed, and until this day no man has ever reached within 3,000 feet of its sumthe expedition and gives zest to the mit. "The Inca's Head" is a massive explorers is the well-known fact that piece of granite lying on one side of the peak. Tradition says it once formed the apex.—St. Louis Republic.

# No Waste of Steam

British papers state that an en-gineer living in Glasgow has lately completed, after nineteen years' experimenting, a device for steam en-gines by which all steam is returned back to the boilerafter doing its work in the cylinders. In several cases, it is said, he has installed his engine and it is at work with extraordinary results. In one case, in a textile factory, the engine with his device is doing as much work with one ton of coal as it formerly did with ten tons. The problem of how to make use of the vast amount of steam everywhere blown off into the air after doing certain work has long occupied engineers, and its thorough solution would be worth many millions of dollars, in many ways.

# True, if Not Thrilling.

A bear with blood in his eye re wash., until he hit it a rap on its nose with his gum boot. Bruin writhed a moment, seemingly in awful agony from the blow, and then took to his heels, after which the man hurried home to tell the story.

When we seem to be sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some imperishable form. When we seem to be working and the sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some imperishable form. When we seem to be working and the sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some imperishable form. When we seem to be working and the sacrificing things most precious to us we are often receiving them back in some imperishable form.

and noblest way.—Christian Union.

It takes an awfully pretty girl to look pretty with a chicken bone is her mouth.

In takes an awfully pretty girl to form the fountain of Scriptures, our progress in divine knowledge would be more speedy and more certain.—John Newton.