# WAIFS FROM A CLOUD.

## The Cries For Help Which Farmer Keegan Heard.

### Children Picked Up by an Iowa Tornado and Landed in a Meadow.

A Greene, Iowa, letter says: When Farmer James Keegan, of Cerro Gordo county, stood at the rattling south window of his sitting room on Saturday evening, ten days ago, watching the tornado as best he could through the gathering gloom, he had many reasons to rejoice. He knew that the storm would be apt to damage his crops to some extent, but it had come at about as good a time for him as it could. Everything was shipshape about the farm, and his house and barns had been built on purpose to resist the tempests of summer as well as the blizzards of winter. When the tornado was at its worst the farmer thought, as he was turning away, that he heard a human cry, and, stepping again to the window, he listened intently to the whistling, screeching, roaring wind without. His wife coming in at that moment, he told her what he thought he had heard, and a faint, incredulous smile lit her pale face as she said:

"You always hear voices in the storm. Put down the curtain; the lightning is frightful."

Mr. Keegan drew the curtain, and, taking a seat near the window, read from a newspaper for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, the storm having passed, he raised the curtain and, holding both hands to his eyes, looked out. His wife looked up in a startled way as he turned around, and when he asked "Did you hear that?" she made no answer. The noise of the wind had subsided, and above the rapid patter of the rain drops could be distinctly heard a voice as of some one in distress. The farmer put on his big coat and boots, lighted his lantern and started out. The door had hardly closed behind him when he returned with something white in his arms, and laid it in the hands of his wife. It was the dead body of a fair-haired child of two or three years. The little one's scanty clothing and its long yellow hair were dripping wet, but there were no bruises or cuts anywhere to indicate the cause of death. Mrs. Keegan was busy in a minute applying restorative She had the delicate body stripped almost before the farmer could explain where he found it, and what she could think of in the way of treatment was resorted to, but without avail. The baby was dead. While they were bending over its little form they heard once more the cry that had startled them earlier in the evening, and once again the farmer started out in the pelting rain. He was gone half an hour this time, and his wife, growing uneasy, went to the little porch repeatedly with a lantern in her hands and tried to pierce the blackness with her vision. When Keegan left the house he walked straight to the meadow whence the cries seemed to come, but once there he could hear and see nothing. After making a complete tour of the lot through the tall wet grass, stopping frequently to listen, he heard the cry again, this time seemingly from the direction of the house. Several times the roar of some tall poplars in the distance or the screech of a passing bird startled him so that his teeth chattered, and then the rain would come down with such force that he could scarcely keep his eyes open. Following the cry last heard, he retraced his steps, and, standing near the entrance to his garden, he resolved to remain there and listen. In a few minutes he heard the wail again, and feeling that he had made no mistake this time, he again entered the meadow, and going through the centre of the field came upon two children, both nearly nude, the eldest a boy of not more than 6 years. The other, a little girl, lay with her head in a small pool of water, evidently dead; but the boy, though helpless, was crying lustily. Keegan gathered the children into his strong arms and started for the house, where his wife greeted him at the door, lantern in hand. An hour later both of these children were restored to consciousness and health, and before the warm fire which Mrs. Keegan had made were eagerly devouring the light repast which she had provided them. When it was found that they were comparatively uninjured the farmer put out his lantern and made the house fast for the night, though he said that he felt as though he ought to make a tour of the entire township and see if there were not some more little ones that had rained down. After the boy had had his meal he was asked if the girl was his sister, and replied in the negative. Then both of them were taken to the place where the baby lay dead, and as the sheet was drawn from its face they were asked if they ever saw the child before. Both said they had not. The boy then told where he lived, gave his name and some other particulars, but could not tell how he came to be in the meadows. All that he remembered was a big storm and finding himself in the grass wet and cold. The little girl could say nothing, and appeared to be very well satisfied with her situation. Never doubting but that they would be able to find the homes of the children the next day, and congratulating themselves on their success in saving two of them, the farmer and his wife and their strange little guests went to rest.

Early the next morning Keegan, the boy and girl started off to the southwest in the direction of the place where the former said he live. His parents were found well-nigh distracted over his loss, the injuries which they themselves had sustained having prevented their going in search of him. Their place was two miles from Keegan's, and there appeared to be not the slightest doubt that the lad had been carried that entire distance by the tempest in the twinkling of an eye. The boy's parents knew nothing of the girl or of the dead baby, and, though Keegan rode all that day and made inquiries in every direction, he found no trace of the parents of either. Finally, at the end of the third day the baby was buried, and as the facts of the case had become known for miles around, scores of people attended the services and followed the nameless and homeless little one to the grave. On their way home, the little girl, whom no one had yet claimed, sitting on his lap, Farmer Keegan told the minister a story about himself.

"It is strange, isn't it, that these things should have happened just as they have? Twenty-five years ago this summer, when this country was a good deal more of a wilderness than it is now, a man named John Keegan owned the farm where I now live. During just such a storm as this one he was running from his barn to his house when he heard cries from the prairie, and, going in the direction whence they came he found a little boy about 3 years old, almost speechless with fright, numb with cold, and wet to the skin. He picked him up and carried him to the house, and, after nursing him for several days through a severe sickness, tried to find his home, but he never did. No one knew him, and the boy, though able to talk and pretty certain that he knew where he lived, was never permitted to go there. The funny thing about that case was that the boy, who accompanied Keegan in his trips, always insisted that he lived at a house about three miles away, but the people there asserted that they didn't know him and had never seen him before. I don't know how that was. The boy may have been mistaken, of course, but it has always seemed to me that the lad must have known where he came from, though perhaps not. Well, the little fellow felt bad at first, but Keegan was a pleasant old man, and as he had no children, except a son, who afterwards went off to the war and was killed, he didn't mind taking the boy. The foundling did well by the old man, and the old man did well by him. When the old man died he gave the boy all his property, and that boy is the man who is now talking to you. I've always kept the lot where the old man found me in meadow. I've never had the heart to plough it up, somehow, and now I presume I shall want to do so less than ever. It would be mighty queer, now, wouldn't it, if this Keegan property should after me go to another child that rained down on it?"

It is now ten days since the little girl came to Keegan's, and although diligent inquiry has been made in all directions no one appears to know anything about her, and the farmer and his wife have settled down to the conviction that she is theirs to keep.

### Ague or Intermittent Fever.

Whoever has read "Robinson Crusoe"—and who has not revelled in its pages?—must have formed some idea as to the nature of ague. The fits are so graphically described, and the description is so true to nature that we feel assured that even if Defoe did not himself suffer from the malady, he must have had opportunities of carefully watching its progress. Ague resembles many other diseases in coming on in paroxysms or fits. The patient suffers from a certain series of symptoms, and then reverts to his ordinary condition of health. This alternation may occur several or many times, according to the duration of the attack. Ague is caused by the entrance into the system of a poison called, "malaria." What malaria is it is not very easy to say. We must pause, however, for a moment, and consider what we know about it. It is nothing we can see or feel, or that the chemist can detect, even by his most subtle tests, and we know of its existence only by the marked effects which it produces on those who are exposed to its influence. It is not simply "bad air;" at all events, in the sense we usually use that term. The impure air of London and other large cities is injurious enough to the health, but it never gives rise to ague. Malaria is something quite distinct. It is commonly met with in the neighborhood of marshes in hot climates, and is often spoken of as "marsh miasm." It is believed to arise from the decomposition of vegetable matters in moist places and under high temperatures. It is sometimes met with in sandy soils, but a careful examination will nearly always disclose the fact that there is water and vegetable matter not far from the surface, the moisture being in all probability retained by a bed of clay or some similar cause. It is curious to observe what a small quantity of decomposing vegetable matter is, under favorable circumstances, sufficient to excite ague. A few years ago, at a hospital in Germany, a large day-ward was used for convalescents. As soon as a patient had been in this ward for two or three days he invariably had a bad attack of tertian ague. In no other ward did this occur, and the matter remained a mystery until, on close inspection, a large rum-cask full of rotten leaves and brushwood was found. This had overflowed and formed a stagnant marsh four or five feet square, close to the doors and windows of the room, which on account of the heat had been left open at night. On its removal the occurrence of ague at once ceased.—*Book of Health.*

### The Baboon and the Kitten.

I took one of these baboons—it was a female—along to my home in Germany, because she had always proved to be of extraordinary sagacity, and actually exhibited a far greater intelligence than the average of the countrywomen of Thuringia, where I was living. Apes in general like other creatures, provided they submit to their caressing and fondling. My baboon at first concentrated her tenderness upon the children of the village, but, to her great sorrow, found no reciprocity. Then she turned to cats and dogs, and teased and tormented them in every way. A bright pussy, which the most of the time she carried in her arms, was tired one day of her company and attempted to escape. The ape strongly objected, and the kitten in its struggle scratched her in the shoulder. Gravely the baboon seized one of the paws of her pet, examined it carefully, and finding probably the sharp claws a dangerous superfluity in so small a being, bit them all off, one by one.—*Dr. Alfred Brehm in Popular Science Monthly.*

### Canned Smoke.

There are many novel ways of making a dime, but the last just inaugurated by the Mexican boys of Yuma caps the climax. It is the selling of smoke in old tin cans from the burning of a weed called "hedion-dia." They go from house to house and offer to furnish enough smoke to drive the mosquitoes away for the small sum of 10 cents.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A fire originating curiously occurred the other night in Crawfordsville, Ga. A clock cord broke, letting the weight fall upon and ignite a box of matches lying on the bottom of the clock case. The family were all asleep at the time, and the house was nearly burned.

## RUMOR ON THE RAILWAYS.

### Choice Sayings Regarding People We Meet and Their Eccentricities.

"There is only one thing," said the sad passenger, "more depressive and irksome to a man than having to wait for a train; and that is, when the train hasn't waited for him."

"Through to Washington without change," said the printed placard on the car. "That's the train for me," remarked the tramp; and he climbed right on and took a seat on the shady side near the centre. But, before he got to the second siding he changed his mind, changed his seat, changed his story twice and finally changed his train, and took a tie-ticket. He said a train so full of change ought to be called "the till."

"S-s-say," said the passenger with an impediment, making a frantic clutch at the evasive elbow of the brakeman, and then rising and pursuing him down the aisle—"s-s-say, I w-wa-wa-want to get off at Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup"—"Pepperell!" shouted the brakeman, opening the door, "Pepperel!" "N-no, not Pup pup-pup-Pep-pup-pup-pup-perell, but Pup-pup-pup-pup Point of Pup-pup-pup-pup-Pines!" "Then," said the brakeman, "you'll have to take all them pups into the baggage car, and get off at Hollis. You're on wrong train." But the pup-pup-pup passenger was so mad he went on to Gnashaway, six miles farther.

That is right, dear. That is the proper thing to do. The day is hot and sultry; the air is full of flying cinders and clouds of choking dust. Open your window as high as it will go and sit off at the farther end of your seat. Now you are comfortable. The nice, fresh, hot air is delightful. The avalanche of dust and cinders that comes in with the sirocco and goes sweeping into the eyes and face of the passenger sitting behind you, is delightful to him also, no doubt. He does not say so. As a rule he does not say anything. He only sits still and thinks. If you turn around and ask him if the open window is disagreeable, he will probably lie and say, "Oh, no!" because he is more of a gentleman than he is a Christian. But, if you only knew what the passenger in the next seat thinks when you open a window on him you would never do it again. He thinks you are selfish; that you are a fool; that you are too mean to be allowed to travel with other people; that he would like to see a red-hot cinder, as big as a pea, fly in your eye, and stay there; that he would like to wring your neck; that he will if he ever gets the chance; that he will take that seat in front of you as soon as it is vacant, and open the window on you; that you do not travel enough to know how to travel; that you were brought up in a shanty where the only window was a hole and an old hat; that he would like the train to jump off the next bridge, so that, in the confusion, he could break your neck with a coupling pin. And he'd do it too. Brethren and sojourners, all my sympathies are with the passenger in the rear seat.

### Love in the Wire Grass.

There is any amount of fun in courting a young girl who has not been used to it. She swallows all the *soft things a fellow* says, but when it comes to popping the question, or something of that kind, she gets frightened more or less, and wants time to consider, until there are enough loopholes for her lover to slip out through without the least bit of trouble, if he happens to see some one he thinks he could love a shade or two better. Young girls are timid and shy in earnest, and if a fellow is not pretty certain he has found precisely the angel he is looking for, he can manage so as to have the refusal of her, for a year or more, and at the same time manage to keep his neck out of the reach of a breach of promise suit when he happens to meet some other sweet-faced angel that seems to him to be better suited to his taste. It is different with a widow. She gets rid of all her shyness at the earliest convenient opportunity, and finds out the principal things she desires to know of him before she allows him to get acquainted. The school-girl of 16 trusts herself to any young fellow on sixty or ninety days' sight without security, but the widow, like a thrifty wholesale house, goes out and examines the mercantile reports concerning him, and then sells to him on her own terms for cash. She has him sized up before he comes to market, and when she looks as if she were a very artless creature, and fights shy of him whenever he happens to sit a little close to her on the sofa, there are ten chances to one he will not look any further, but will buckle right up to her and put the question fairly and squarely, and when he has done she is not going to tremble and blush and ask for a week or a month in which to make up her mind. She will just wind her arms around his neck and look up into his face with one of Ella Wheeler's fiery yearns, and before he has had time to catch his breath he will find himself nailed to the cross with a "yes" that pierces him to his very soul.—*Hawkinsville (Ga.) News.*

### Like a Needle in a Haystack.

It is rather a hopeless quest that of old Mrs. Mary Healy, of county Sligo, Ireland. She arrived at Castle Garden a few days ago and has been waiting there ever since in the hope of being called for. She is 70 years old, and she wants to find her son Thomas, her daughter Mary or her sister Mrs. Hunt. She has lost their addresses, and all she knows is that they live in "Ameriky," whose geographical immensity the old lady has so little conception of that it is a matter of perpetual surprise to her to find that the Castle Garden clerks cannot direct her to the houses of her relatives at once, and Mrs. Healy evidently has a suspicion that she is being trifled with. She has £12 with her, and will be allowed to stay in the Rotunda and "board it out." But if no one calls for and claims the old lady in a few days the authorities will be obliged to ship her back to the verdant vales of the county Sligo under the Pauper Immigration Act.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Charles Godfrey Leland says that there is "a principle which is gaining ground rapidly in England in all kinds of culture. It progresses with great rapidity in novel-writing, in painting and in conversation. However able or amiable people may be they are regarded as almost intolerable in the most cultured circles if they are really original."

## SAM JONESISMS.

### Thoughts from Recent Pulpit Discourses by the Georgia Snakewaker.

God won't keep a young lady pious who has her waist encircled seven times a week by the arms of a spider-legged dude.

Some of you little sinners are sitting around here waiting for salvation to strike you as it did St. Paul. Snowbird waiting to be hit with a cannon ball. God adjusts His ammunition to the size of the man He is after. Mustard seed shot will do for you.

Sow billiards, reap fools. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Sow germans, reap spider legs.

The dude looks as if he was melted and poured into his pants.

There's many a fellow with a whitewash brush trying to clean up a little before he goes to God.

Many men think the people don't know that they are gamblers, but they do. You wear fine clothes and look like a gentleman and think people don't know what you are. But you don't find the town full of greenies, you big old fool you.

Some men are feeling all right, because all their boys are girls; but the first thing that you know, the devil will pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. He couldn't do anything worse than that if he had a thousand years to work up a bad thing.

There is not a man in Chattanooga who doesn't have family prayers that has got as much religion as a goat.

### The Queer Things Buckland Ate.

One of the most curious traits about him was his complete indifference to the disgusting side of his experiments in the uses of animal life. Thus, when the panther in the Surrey zoological gardens died, he insisted on having it disinterred, that he might cook a panther chop and taste it, which he did, with the dry remark that "it was not very good." And he seldom lost an opportunity of trying a new food, however disgusting some might have thought it. A friend who found him eating a piece of dead kelt (salmon at the time of year when salmon are unfit to be eaten) asked him how he could taste anything so abominably nasty; to which he replied: "It is nasty enough, but how can I say so unless I have tried it?"

Again and again he records how much the worse he felt for some of these experiments; how the lump-fish soup, which was "something like turtle," made him "rather seedy" the next day; how the horse-flesh banquet resulted in a fit of bad indigestion; how he boiled elephant trunk for many days without producing any particular result on the hardness of the texture, and so forth. With one exception—that of an oyster the size of a cheese-plate—he was no more discouraged from making experiments on his own stomach by any sense of disgust than he was discouraged by his dislike of cold and physical illness from venturing into freezing water in search of salmon eggs—a pursuit which seems to have cost him his life.—*London Spectator.*

### Children's Distaste for Meat.

Few children like that part of the meal which consists of meat, but prefer the pudding, the fruit, the vegetables, if well dressed, which unhappily is not often the case. Many children manifest great repugnance to meat at first, and are coaxed and even scolded by anxious mothers until the habit of eating it is acquired. Adopting the insular creed, which regards beef and mutton as necessary to health and strength, the mother often suffers from groundless forebodings about the future of a child who rejects flesh and manifests what is regarded as an unfortunate partiality for bread and butter and pudding. Nevertheless, I am satisfied if the children follow their own instinct in that matter the result would be a gain in more ways than one. Certainly, if meat did not appear in the nursery until the children sent for it, it would rarely be seen there, and the young ones would as a rule thrive on milk and eggs, with the varied produce of the vegetable kingdom.—*Nineteenth Century.*

### Destitution at Batoche.

Miss Levecque, who was one of Riel's prisoners at Batoche, has arrived in St. Boniface, Man., from the west. She was a teacher in that settlement and was well acquainted with its people. She left Batoche on June 27th, and reports that some of the people there are almost on the verge of starvation. They are simply destitute and in order to scratch up some kind of a living women and boys are hunting and killing squirrels with a bow and arrow, as they have nothing else to shoot with. She says that unless the Dominion Government comes to the rescue immediately and sends provisions to the unfortunate people at Batoche that a great number will die for want of food. The inhabitants of Lorette have signified their willingness to assist these people financially, and subscriptions are now being taken up with this end in view. Miss Levecque gives a thrilling and harrowing account of the sufferings of the people up there.

### An Eccentric Theologian

The celebrated Prof. Neander was spending an evening out when rain began to fall, and the host begged his guest to put up with him for the night. The renowned theologist shook his head and said he would willingly remain, but at present it was out of the question, as he had not his night-clothes with him. Suddenly it was discovered that the professor had disappeared, but a half hour later he rushed in as suddenly as he had left. He was wet through to the skin, but he pointed with satisfaction to a small packet in his hand. "My night-clothes," he said naively. "Now, my dear friend, I can stay with you!" The professor had walked home in a tremendous rain storm for the purpose of—fetching his night-clothes.—*Liverpool Theologian.*

### Gilding Refined Gold.

At a dance given last week in the Cromwell Road the hostess' daughter wore a pink rose in a spray lighted by a small lamp inside, the current being supplied by a Woodhouse and Rawson small portable accumulator carried in the dress. The effect was very charming.

A wedding at Elmira was postponed because the expectant bridegroom became interested in a game of baseball and arrived at the church too late. He has now gone off on a bat.

## Gossip of To-day.

First-class railway carriages are not in favor in Germany. One of the best lines reports a yearly average of only three first-class tickets sold for every thousand passengers.

A Chicago hotel-keeper had a man recently arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded, in extenuation of his offence, that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel.

Lord Randolph Churchill used the most strenuous efforts to obtain the Irish Chancellorship for Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, a very brilliant and hospitable luminary of the Irish bench, at whose house, since his stay in Dublin, while his father was Lord Lieutenant, he has been a yearly guest.

Impermeable floors are now regarded as indispensable features in houses constructed on hygienic principles. They must be so treated that the wood cannot absorb moisture; rough places must be made smooth, and such cracks or depressions as give rise to the smallest accumulations of dust are not permissible.

Sir Peter Lumsden, who is receiving high honors from the Queen and the new Ministry, when ordered home from Afghanistan had to ride all the way from Herat to Astrabad on the "vilest horses," along tracts almost impassable, and without change of clothing for days. In one day the General, who is over 58, rode over eighty-eight miles.

### The Princess Beatrice's Wedding.

Several months ago I announced that the wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg would take place at Whippingham Church during the week before Goodwood. The question for decision has been whether the ceremony should be on Wednesday, July 22nd, or Thursday, July 23rd, and the latter day has now been decided on by the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor and Canon Prothero will officiate and the service will be fully choral. The ceremony will begin at 1 o'clock. The bridegroom will be attended at the altar by his unmarried brothers, Prince Alexandria of Bulgaria and Prince Francis of Battenberg. The Princess will be "supported" by the Queen and by the Prince of Wales, and she will be given away by Her Majesty. There are to be ten bridesmaids, all nieces of the bride—the daughters of the Prince of Wales (three), of the Duke of Edinburgh (three), of Prince Christian (two) and of the Grand Duke of Hesse (two). I understand that the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany will not come to England for the wedding, and that they have refused to allow their younger daughters to act as bridesmaids. The fact is that at Berlin the match is looked upon as a flagrant *mesalliance*, and this view is taken by most of the Princess' relatives. The Empress Eugenie has been specially invited by the Queen to attend the wedding, but it is doubtful whether she will be present.—*London Truth.*

### Darwin's Statue.

I have been to see the statue of Darwin in the Natural History Museum. It is a grand piece of sculpture, the marble spotlessly white, the pose easy, the resemblance striking. The great theorist is depicted in heroic size seated in a large arm-chair, his legs crossed and a light overcoat thrown carelessly across his knees. The massive brow, the pensive eyes, the thoughtful lines about the lips, all betray the mask of boundless knowledge. The statue was subscribed for in sums varying from £5 to 2d, by readers of Darwin and believers in his wonderful discoveries all over the world. In a glass case, near by, the Darwinian theory is shown at a single glance. The skeleton of a man and that of a monkey are suspended side by side. How fatally alike are bust, head, arms, thighs! while as for the spine, there is nothing to be said, except that the caudal appendage is shorter in man than it is in monkey—*Olive Logan in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### Stimulants in Arctic Regions.

Lieut. Greely recently remarked that breathing air of such intense coldness had something of the effect produced by breathing pure oxygen. As for pulmonary troubles, he heard no complaint of them while the party was at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin bay, at a latitude of 82 degrees 8 minutes, where the first two years were spent. Even simple catarrhs were unknown, the only thing from which the men suffered being occasional rheumatism and stiffness of muscles and joints. The party had ferocious appetites during all the long sojourn in the north, each man eating with relish three meals of animal food and two lunches every day, and craving fat, though not to the extent some Arctic travellers report. As a means to fortify the system against cold or brace it up for forced marches, whiskey, rum and other alcoholic stimulants were regarded as of little benefit.

### A Land Without a Sunday.

There is no Sunday in Peru. The shops are open on that day as usual, and in the afternoon bull-fights, cock-fights and similar public entertainments are always held. The women always go to mass in the morning, and do up the religion for the entire family, as very few men are ever seen in the churches. Under President Prado, from 1869 to 1876, the Catholic Church was subjected to the same sort of treatment it has received in the other republics, but his successors were more hospitable toward the priests, and the church is regaining much of its ancient influence. Some of the confiscated monasteries have been restored, and a bishop presides over the lower branch of the national legislature, having been elected by a popular vote in one of the interior cities. He is a jolly-looking old padre, rosy and rotund, and does not have the appearance of suffering much mortification of the flesh.

A kiss is said to be sweet not because it contains saccharine matter, but because a man doesn't know what else to call it when he feels the effect travelling through his system on a lightning express with no stopover check. It is safe to assume that a man who attempts to describe a kiss never had one; men who have had kisses (not smacks) don't want to talk; they just want to think, and dream, and die with their boots on. So we have been told, says a Texas editor.