SWIMMING TO HER HUSBAND.

Sad Scenes of Separation Among Sandwich Island Lepers.

When a leper is reported to the police of any district, says a Sandwich Island letter to the Philadelphia *Times*, an officer is sent to fetch him or her to Honolulu, where there is a detention hospital put on the outskirts of the city and on the back of the beautiful bay. Then they are examined by the doctor, who decides whether it is a case of leprosy or not. Once declared a leper the person is civilly dead, and is incapable of suing in the courts or being sued. At the hospital there are accommodations for about 120. It is filled every two months. In this place the leper must give up all hope. Before his admission here he had at least the expectation of dying among friends—friends so loyal that they hide their afflicted relatives in the mountains and bring them poi and water in calabashes. But now comes the harsh discipline of a government institution. No wandering in the cool Algaroba forest or bathing in the loved surf, but simply a period of suffering and waiting for death by a necessary, if cruel, law, and from whose horrible provisions there is no escape.

The hospital full, a steamer comes to take to the Island of Molokai those whose condition is most advanced, there to remain until death. It was with such a party that I traveled finally to Molokai. It has been my lot to witness many sad scenes, but none of them approached in any way those which attended the separation of families as these handful of lepers sailed away to their exile. Daughters reached out their arms to mothers, whom they might not embrace; wives held up their mouths for kisses which their husbands could not give; babes, held in arms of strangers, laughed and cooed to their mothers, to whose breaking hearts they might not be held in one last, loving clasp. And sobs—such sobs, alas! that came from the depths of hearts wrung with the misery of a hopeless condition." Presently the lines were cast off, the little steamer turned her head away and steamed slowly toward the bay. I went into the little cabin set apart for the captain and closed the door, determined to hear no more and see no more of such grief. The little port was open, when suddenly it was darkened and looking up, I saw the dark but beautiful face of a woman whose young husband was on his way to Molokai. She had swam out to intercept the steamer and being—as, indeed, are all her race—as much at home in water as on land, she had no difficulty in accomplishing her purpose. "Ah," she said, "you are not a doctor nor a constable. Tell my husband to look over the side to me and God will bless you."

I went on deck. We were steaming slowly, waiting for the government inspector to complete his task before taking his own boat for the shore. The lepers had become quiet or comparatively so, except for pain. A few women were rocking and moaning, a young, half-white girl had flung herself on the deck in a wild abandonment of grief, and behind the smoke-stack I found the husband kneeling in prayer. His face, scarred by the leprous sores, was held toward the sun, the tears were streaming down his cheeks and disease-cut features, softening them by their agony of supplication.

"William," I said, "your wife is alongside. Go quickly to the place I shall point out to you and you will see her."

The man sprang up, and for a moment was perfectly beautiful, such a joy as came in his face. Then he turned and ran to the place I indicated. Half an hour afterward I saw him alone. We were then under a full head of steam passing Diamond Head.

"Where is she?" I asked. He pointed astern, and there, not an eighth of a mile away, we saw her, swimming toward some fishing boats, her soft black hair floating out behind her and her arm every now and again waving to us good-bye.

American Restlessness.

From the beginning the Americans have been a migratory people. New Englanders, as we have seen, planted themselves in Westchester and Long Island, came by throngs into New Jersey, and migrated to the more southern colonies. So Virginians helped to people Maryland and North Carolina, migrated north to New York, and even before the Revolution, began to look wistfully over the mountain barrier into the great interior valley. New York Dutch migrated to South Carolina; some of them settled also in Maine, Pennsylvania, and Maryland; while Pennsylvanians, excited by fear of Indian massacre during the French wars, occupied much of the mountains and "Piedmont" regions of the colonies to the southward. It is said that of 3,500 militiamen of Orange County, in North Carolina, during the Revolution, every man was a native of Pennsylvania. There was an incessant movement to and fro of people seeking to better their condition. Once the European had broken away from his moorings of centuries, the vastness of the new continent piqued him, and he became a rover. This instability as to place remains yet in the American character. The mental alertness which comes of changing circumstances, new scenes and unexpected difficulties, was early remarked by travelers as a characteristic of the native of the colonies.—*Edward Eggleston.*

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Although the existence of kerosene oil in several provinces of Japan is said to have been known for 1200 years, the Japanese did not know how to refine it until about ten years ago. At present, however, refining establishments are springing up rapidly, and its manufacture is becoming an important industry.

Work has been begun on the great canal that is to irrigate the San Luis valley, in southern Colorado. The canal is to be seven miles long, and at the bottom sixty feet wide, and there are to be many lateral canals from it—all to irrigate 600,000 acres of land now almost worthless. Several colonies are to be organized to occupy this land.

Few people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. We have 256,666 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,397,768 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 3,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed to preempt more than 160 acres of the public land.

Apiculture is a leading industry in France. There are reported 1,971,865 hives in operation. The product of honey last year was valued at 14,915,856, and that of wax at 8,752,296. Honey, it should be understood, is used for cooking all over France in place of molasses and wax is an important item in every genteel household, owing to the prevailing fashion of polished floors.

Two charitable Boston women tried on a small scale Octavia Hill's London experiment of furnishing healthy tenement houses to the poor. They hired a house four years ago, had the hallways scrubbed twice a week, insisted on their tenants keeping their rooms clean, put their rents low, and yet have been able to keep their building in repair and lay up a little money for emergencies.

A piano passes through about a dozen hands in old fashioned shops, and through thirty or forty in the monster establishments of later date, where fifty or sixty instruments a week are turned out. The wages paid to workmen vary from ten to thirty dollars a week, the highest paid mechanic is the "tone adjuster," who gets from thirty-five to fifty dollars, and whose work is most delicate, difficult and important. A "set" of tools sometimes costs as much as fifty dollars, but only when the owner is proficient in several branches. The majority of those employed are Germans, Danes and Swedes.

Official estimates of the harvest in Russia put the crop of 1883 at 12,[illegible],421 quintals—about 1,500,000 quintals below an average crop, or a little more than 3,000,000 bushels. This would not imply a greatly increased demand for American grain, but the rye crop of Russia is also 3,000,000 quintals below an average, the barley crop 1,500,000, and the crops of oats and beans are also short, though the yield of potatoes is a full average. The New York *Tribune* says that "somewhat more than the average demand from Russia may therefore be expected during the crop year if our speculators do not keep prices so high as to leave the foreign markets to producers of Russia and other countries."

A novel mode of administering justice has been introduced in the City Court of Louisville, Ky., by Judge Thompson. When a parent appears before him with a refractory son and makes charges which cannot be ignored, the Judge, in case he perceives indications of latent goodness in the boy's face, invites the parent to escort the offspring to the yard adjoining the court-room, and there apply the rod, the sparing of which at home has gone far toward spoiling him. In several instances encouraging results have followed this semi-judicial castigation, and it is understood that Judge Thompson is delighted with his invention.

How Shot is Made.

The material is first prepared from the coarse pig-lead by a refining process. This is carried to the top of the tower by means of a steam elevator. It is then thrown into the smelting pot, which has a capacity of six tons. A composition, the chief ingredient of which is arsenic, is mixed with the lead. This is done by a skillful hand, and the greatest care is necessary in the preparation. A certain temperature of heat is also required in the smelting process. The lead being in proper order, it is poured into a pan or sieve about twelve inches in diameter, containing several hundred round holes, from which a stream of shot drops to the bottom of the tower into a tank filled with water. The newly-made shot as it drops from the sieve very much resembles a shower-bath stream. Here the use of arsenic and the necessity of the great drop is seen. The arsenic is used to keep the little ball of lead made by the sieve compact, while the drop is necessary to cool the missile in order that it retain its rotundity before reaching the tank. In this manner four tons of shot per hour are manufactured, different sieves being used for different sizes.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Little Red Hen.

Once a Mouse, a Frog and a Little Red Hen
Together kept a house;
The Frog was the laziest of frogs,
And lazier was the Mouse.

The work all fell on the little Red Hen,
Who had to get the wood,
And build the fires and scrub and cook,
And sometimes hunt the food.

One day, as she was scratching around,
She found a bag of rye;
She said, "Now, who will make some bread?"
Said the lazy Mouse, "Not I!"

"Nor I!" croaks Tiddy Frog, as he dozed in the shade,
Red Hen made no reply,
But flew around with bowl and spoon,
And mixed and stirred the rye.

"Who'll make a fire to bake the bread?"
Said the Mouse again, "Not I!"
And scarcely opening his sleepy eyes,
Frog made the same reply.

The little Red Hen said never a word,
But a roaring fire she made;
And while the bread was baking brown,
"Who'll eat the bread?" she said.

"Not I!" said the sleepy Frog, with a yawn;
"Not I!" said the Mouse again;
So the table she set and the bread put on—
"Who'll eat the bread?" said the Hen.

"I will!" cried the Frog. "And I!" squeaked the Mouse,
As they near the table drew.
"Not much you won't!" cried the little Red Hen,
And away with the loaf she flew.

Counting a Million.

"Johnnie," said a father to his handsome young son one evening as they were sitting together, "can you count a million?"

"Certainly, papa; that's no great feat," was the reply.

"Do you know how many make a million?" the father next queried.

"Not exactly, but I will see what Webster says in his dictionary. Here it is—'A million of millions; as many millions as there are units in a million.'"

"Now, my son, this is a very large number, and do you think you can count it?"

"Certainly I can."

"How long do you think it would take you if you do nothing else but count?"

"Perhaps all day, or easily in two days," replied the son.

"Take your slate and pencil and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count two hundred a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?" asked the father.

"Why, only twelve thousand."

"And how many in twenty-four hours?"

"Only two hundred and eighty thousand," replied the boy.

"This tells you that two days are not enough, even if you count without eating or sleeping, for it would only give you six hundred and seventy-six thousand, which is very far short of a million, you see."

"Give me a whole year and I will count it," said the son.

"If you do," said the good-natured father, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a hundred pounds, and take you to France and Italy next summer. Come, use your pencil again, and see how far a year will carry you towards that million, allowing that you work three hundred and sixty-five days, and twenty-four hours each day. Multiply two hundred and eighty-eight thousand counted in a day, by three hundred and sixty-five, and what result will you have?"

"Why, papa, only one hundred and five million, one hundred and twenty thousand. I give it up, for I believe I could not count it in my whole lifetime."

"This is very probable, my son; but now you are at it keep up the calculation, and find out how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications and additions, for a small mistake where the figures are so many will make a great difference in the result. I will look over you. You have made the calculation, and what result have you?"

"Perfectly amazing! To count a million times a million would most certainly take nine thousand five hundred and twelve years, twenty-four days, five hours and twenty minutes, at the rate of two hundred every minute."—*Baptist Weekly.*

Wanted Him Twice.

A Nebraska sheriff who was on a train coming east to Omaha the other day, fell into conversation with a New Yorker, and finally admitted that he was in pursuit of a broker.

"A broker—for what?"

"Oh, one of our smart towns was getting ahead so fast that it most needs send to Chicago for a broker. It wanted him bad and he came. He opened an office, put in a ticker, displayed quotations, and made about $20,000 in six weeks."

"How?"

"Well, that's what they want him the second time for—they want to ask how."

Buckwheat.

"Jennie," said a man at a Cortland hotel, "what is this?" and he held up an object at the end of his fork.

"That is a buckwheat cake, sir."

"Oh, it is, eh. I didn't know but it was a new kind of postage stamp or an old fashioned letter wafer. Do you use a three cent piece for a griddle and bake a dozen at a time?"

Paris is again giving wood-paving a trial in some of the principal streets.

A Good Husband.

"It's all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said a Baltimore woman, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What's the matter with him?" a sympathetic old lady inquired. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but he will invent. He goes haranguing around from morning till night, and I've no peace or comfort with him. I didn't object when he invented a fire-escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night to see how it would do. Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open [illegible] [illegible] William with the pomposity [illegible] point [illegible] would finally [illegible] William, [illegible] [illegible] Well, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]