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Retrospect. I again the sunken fleck Of sunshine on her dusky hair, The round young cheeks of throat and neck The faded gown she used to wear. I feel her timid hand grow cold Within my own, and hear again The shy, sweet whisper as of old, "No not good-bye! not widdersohent!"

"HIGH JORDAN."

He was six feet two, and as clumsy as he was tall. He would come into recitations and lectures, take his seat without a word or a sign of recognition to any one, fall at work upon his notes in perfect silence, and then shamble out again. At first an amused smile went around the class whenever he entered the room, but the students soon got used to his odd ways, and he came and went without remark. His name was Hiram Jordan. "High" Jordan, big, good-natured Joe Stanley called him one day, with a laugh, and the nickname stuck like a burr, as nicknames will.

class, and the new members elected others of their own class. But a "crewman" was understood to be entitled to membership in the "H. K." almost as a matter of right. To be sure, it required only one blackball to reject a candidate, but no one had ever known a member of the crew to be voted against. Charley Harvey was president of the society, and generally the most genial and open-hearted man among us but of late he had not seemed himself. On the night of the election he was rather pale, and as he took his seat I noticed a peculiar expression of his eyes such as I had never seen before. After the usual preliminaries, the balloting opened, the members of the crew being proposed and elected in the order of their positions in the boat. When number seven was proposed Harvey's face became positively black, and it flashed upon me that that peculiar expression had meant. He did not hesitate as the box was passed to him, but cast his vote with a cool and steady hand, though his countenance betrayed the agitation under which he was laboring. The secretary started upon opening the ballot-box, and then leaned over to Harvey and whispered in his ear. Harvey nodded gloomily, whereupon the secretary arose and said in a voice full of emotion, "I regret to say that Mr. Jordan has not been elected."

he lines broadened out into graceful arrows, and the next instant we could leery thirty-two brawny backs rising and falling with the regularity of clockwork, as they urged the beautiful, tapering shells like knife-blades through the water. We could hear the little coxswains counting the strokes and singing out words of encouragement. The boats would soon be up to and past us. On they came, the first three all in a bunch, with the other close behind. As they shot by, my gaze was fixed upon "High" Jordan. He was pulling with the strength of a giant, the bunches of muscle in his broad chest and powerful arms swelling and contracting in time with the long stroke of the oars, his eyes flashing, his nostrils quivering, his teeth clenched. On they went, we running after them like mad. Still no one of the boats seemed to take a lead. The finish line was almost reached when I heard our coxswain's shrill voice: "Now, boys, one more spurt!" Then I saw "High" Jordan gather himself together, and half rise in his seat. At that moment our boat seemed to shiver, and drop behind, but the next instant, with one tremendous sweep of Jordan's oar, it shot across the finish, a winner by four feet. When the yelling and excitement had died away sufficiently for a single voice to be heard, Charley Harvey proposed nine cheers for "seven."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Preserves. All the summer weather, Saying naught of "nerves," Toils a little housewife Making choice preserves. How she does her cooking Surely no one knows, Tho' they watch her daily While she comes and goes. More than half her goodies Go to pay her rent, Yet in every season She is well content; And from noon till even And from morn till noon Ever at her labor Hums a p'asant tune. Rose and lily syrup, Richest clover jam, Fill her tiny fruit-jars Full as she can cram. Now you've guessed my riddle, And you'll all agree That the name we call her Always ends with Bee. -[Youth's Companion.

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The Mystery Surrounding the Fate of Certain Vessels. Many Dangers to Which Ocean Travelers Are Subjected. On the 26th of last January the good clipper ship Farragut, Captain Hardwicke, sailed from Calcutta homeward bound. From that time nothing has been heard of her, for the report that her wreck had been seen some twelve hundred miles from Calcutta does not appear to have any solid foundation. She passed away into the ocean like so many staunch vessels before her, and the probability is that her fate will never be known. Already she has been struck off the maritime list, which means that she is definitely given up as lost. The records of marine disaster contain many more cases of this kind than landmen would be apt to suppose. A ship leaves port apparently in good condition, her cargo well stowed, her spars sound, and generally well found. After a nothing is ever heard of her, and conjecture is vain. A sudden squall may have taken her aback and sent her to the bottom stern foremost, or she may have foundered in a gale after all her boats had been destroyed, or her boats may have got away and perished one by one on the wide ocean plain. Sometimes, but rarely, there has been a mutiny and massacre, and the survivors may have made their way to some tropical island, there to live as "beach-combers" or turn savage with the savages. When fire occurs at sea on a merchant vessel, unless the weather is very bad at the time, the crew generally succeed in getting away. A mutiny may be followed by the burning of the ship as a means of destroying incriminating evidence. In the China seas there are still some pirates, and a vessel becalmed in the neighborhood of some of the islands scattered in groups there might incur the danger of attack by the wicked-looking junks that are usually concealed in the passages between the islets. In such cases if there were no fire-arms on board it might go hard with the ship's company, but a good supply of shot-guns or rifles in the hands of white men is usually a guarantee against Chinese pirates. Still, many vessels have met their fate in that unlucky region, and nothing has remained to tell the story. Typhoons, too, are doubtless responsible for not a few mysterious disappearances of vessels, and once in a while probably a water-pump bursts over a ship and sinks her suddenly with all hands. Occasion ally the mysterious are presented in the most bewildering way. Such a case was that of a vessel, which, several years ago, was found drifting with all sail set and not a soul on board. All her boats were on the davits, the materials for a meal were in the galley coppers, the chronometers, compasses, charts and instruments were in the cabin but no ship's paper. The name on the stern was printed out; nothing had been left by which to identify her. Yet all these precautions had been taken deliberately, while the final evacuation seemed to have been effected with a suddenness suggesting mortal panic. The men's things were all in the top-gallant forecastle; the captain's and officer's effects were all in their respective cabins under the poop. The whole appearance of the vessel indicated that her people had left her on the spur of the moment, driven by some overmastering impulse or fear. She had encountered no bad weather since the desertion. Her yards were braced up as for a trade wind, and there was no disorder on her decks or down below. No line of writing was found to give a clew to this dark secret of the sea, and to this day it has remained an insoluble puzzle to every seaman acquainted with the facts. Sad and mysterious are the disappearances such as that of the Farragut, it must be admitted that there is something even more perplexing in the discovery of derelicts abandoned or incomprehensibly as the vessel here referred to. It should be added that she was not leaking, nor were her spars sprung or strained, and no reason could be perceived in anything about her for the disappearance of her crew and officers. -[New York Tribune.

At Work Beneath a River.

The pressure of air in caissons at 110 feet below the surface of the water would be 50 pounds to the square inch. Its effect upon the men entering and working in the caisson has been carefully noted in various works, and those effects are sometimes very serious; the frequency of respiration is increased, the action of the heart becomes excited, and many persons become affected by what is known as the "caisson disease," which is accompanied by extreme pain and in many cases results in more or less complete paralysis. The excavation of work within a deep pneumatic caisson is worth a moment's consideration. Just above the surface of the water is a busy force engaged in laying the solid blocks of masonry which are to support the structure. Great derricks lift the stones and lay them in the proper position. Powerful pumps are forcing air, regularly and at uniform pressure, through tubes to the chamber below. Occasionally a stream of sand and water issues with such velocity from the discharge pipe that, in the night, the friction of the particles causes it to look like a stream of living fire. Far below is another busy force. Under the great pressure and abnormal supply of oxygen they work with an energy which makes it impossible to remain there more than a few hours. The water from without is only kept from entering by the steady action of the pumps far above and beyond their control. An irregular settlement might overturn the structure. Should the descent of the caisson be arrested by any solid under its edge, immediate and judicious action must be taken. If the obstruction be a log, it must be cut off outside the edge and pulled into the chamber. Boulders must be undermined, and often must be broken up by blasting. The excavation must be systematic and regular. A constant danger menaces the lives of these workers, and the wonderful success with which they have accomplished what they have undertaken is entitled to notice and admiration. -[Scribner's Magazine.

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HUMOROUS.

A gentleman of color—a printer. Food which tramps don't relish—cold shoulder. The surest way to make an army fly is to break both wings. Many an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece. When Alaska shall be admitted as a state it will have, indeed, a great seal. Why is a doctor like a broken windlass? Because he can draw nothing from the well. "I am performing the last sad rite," murmured the lawyer, as he drew up the sick man's will. You will notice one thing about fly paper. If it gets hold of a subscriber once it holds on to him forever. Magistrate (to prisoner)—I see that you lost several teeth in the fight. Prisoner—No, your honor, I didn't exactly lose 'em, they were knocked down my throat. Lively (calling on a friend in a New York flat)—You are delightfully situated, Mrs. Clark. It is so nice to have plenty of closet room. Mrs. Clark—Er—yes, but those are bedrooms. D. Smith: There is one thing about Miss Angelina Popinjay that I don't like. Travis: What is that? D. Smith: Haven't you noticed that she has to use both hands when she wants to hide a yawn? A young d-m-sel sent twenty-five cents and a postage stamp in reply to an advertisement that appeared in an eastern paper of "How to make an impression," and got for an answer: "Sit down on a pan of dough." How Koumiss is Made in Russia. The Bashkirs are renowned for their skill in making koumiss, or fermented mare's milk, which is now extensively consumed by patients suffering from dyspeptic and wasting diseases, and so easy is it of digestion that invalids drink 10, 15 and occasionally even 20 champagne bottles a day while a Bashkir is able to overcome a couple of gallons at a sitting, and in an hour or two be ready for more. To insure good koumiss it is essential that the mare be of the steppe breed, and fed on steppe pasture. They are milked from four to eight times a day, the foal being kept apart from the mother, and allowed to suck only in the night time. The mare will not give her milk, however, unless at the time of milking her foal is brought to her side, when such is the joy of reunion that after sundry acts of loving and smelling and kissing, the maternal feeling shows itself by her sometimes giving milk from both nipples at once. Milking is done by the Bashkir women, who, taking a position close to the hindlegs of the mare, rest on one knee, and on the other support a pail directly under the udder, pulling at each nipple in turn and receiving from three to four pints each time of milking. To make koumiss the milk is beaten up in a churn (not sufficiently to produce butter), and by fermentation is converted after twenty-four hours into weak koumiss, from which condition after twelve hours more it passes into a medium degree of strength, while strong koumiss is produced by assiduous agitation of the milk for two or three days, and it is then said to be slightly intoxicating. Managing Indians. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) says in an article in the Epoch on Indian traits: I have 125 Indians in my camp. How do I civilize them? I have them under control and they are disciplined as strictly as any body of soldiers. There is no trouble in managing Indians if you know how to do it. I never have any trouble with them because I obey the first principle of business—I treat them squarely. I never make a promise to them that I do not keep, and I am treated well in return. I would rather loan money to an Indian than to a white man. I think the chances of the Indian returning it are much better.

Egyptian Irrigation.

The usual method of irrigation on the banks of the Nile in Egypt is by means of a system known as the "Sakiah." This, says a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, is a series of buckets affixed to an endless rope revolving over a large wheel, worked by a cog, the motive power being a go-around lever propelled by an ox, cow, donkey or camel, sometimes singly, at others yoked together in the most comical fashion. In the fields, or attached to the Sakiah, one finds himself amused by seeing a large camel, seven or eight feet high, hitched as one of a pair with a mite of a little ox or ass bigger than the hump on his back. Another method is the shedouf. This apparatus, of which two or three are grouped one above another, according to the height of the bank, consists of two upright posts with a crosspiece at the top, on which a sort of lever of beam works—a stem, the main trunk of the palm tree, with the roots at one end, serving as a weight. At the other end is a bucket made of goatskin. A man at this end draws it down to the water's edge, fills it and allows the weighted end to raise it. A man empties it into a crude reservoir, simply a hole in the ground, and number two or three, as the case may be, in turn, by exactly the same process, conveys the water into a canal, one of a system supplying the neighboring plantation. The matter of irrigating the land is the same whether the sakiah or shedouf be employed as the means of raising the water. We next see women and girls drawing water direct from the river into earthen jars, which they carry away on their heads. This is for domestic or family use only. During the two or three months of the inundation it is, of course, necessary to resort to artificial modes of procuring water. These are only used when the river is at a low stage.

Shoeing Horses.

The shoeing of horses, says the Farm, Field and Stockman, is as old, probably, as the history of the general use of this animal in war. At least some covering provided to save the hoofs in journeys over rocky and broken ground. The Chinese have used temporary foot coverings; so have other nations. In fact the period when shoes were nailed to the feet of horses is lost in the obscurity of antiquity, but it is supposed to have had its origin in the east. The Romans in the palmy days of the empire, or rather certain persons of great wealth and high position, shod their favorite horses with gold. The nailed shoe of metal came into England with William the Conqueror, and it came not only to stay, but to be generally adopted wherever civilization has extended. The shoeing of horses has not only become general, but it has been abused. That is, there has been too much constant shoeing of farm horses winter and summer. It has even resulted in modifying the foot of the horse, destroying the extreme toughness of the shell of the hoof, and rendering the hoof tender. If the farm horse is shod only when working on hard roads continuously, the hoofs seldom wear too thin for the ordinary work of the farm. When shod, except for icy roads, the shoes are better without calkins, and for pretty much all work on the road, summer and winter, too pieces, or rather what are known as three-quarter pieces, are better for the horse than full shoes.

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