

### The Four Winds.

Wind of the North,  
Wind of the North, I know,  
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear  
stars—  
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,  
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal  
films,  
And blur the casement squares with glitter-  
ing ice,  
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,  
Wind of the low, far clouds,  
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands—  
Flow fresh and pure across the peaks and  
plains,  
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,  
And sway the grasses and the mountain  
plains,  
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,  
Wind of the sunrise seas,  
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, hazy  
rains—  
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of  
brine,  
And shut the sun out, and the moon and  
stars,  
And lash the boughs against the dripping  
eaves,  
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!  
Wind of the frazzled South,  
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of  
rose—  
Over magnolia glooms and lily lakes  
And flowering forests come with dewy  
wings,  
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss  
The low mound where she lies.  
—[Charles Henry Lusk.]

## LOST MR. GREYLAND.

BY HERB STRONG.

She was a proud woman always, and just now she was a very angry one.

Her fine figure was drawn up to its utmost height, her brown eyes flashed so they looked black, and a vivid crimson burned on her cheek, whose brightness no oriental rouge could ever hope to rival. Imogene Leigh had always been handsome—tonight she was magnificent.

Charles Greyland could not help admiring her, even while her glance of scorn burned into his soul and crushed out the deep love he thought he bore her.

He was rich and she was poor, and in that fact lay the cause of the trouble. Some kind friend—everybody has these kind friends, you know—had insinuated that Imogene was marrying Mr. Greyland for his money; and Greyland, in a moment of pique occasioned by Imogene's dancing twice with a handsome cousin of her own, had let fall something of the kind in her hearing. Of course Greyland was a fool, but not so much of a one that he was not sorry for his folly the instant the thing was done, but he was too proud to say so. He did not for a moment believe that Imogene's love for him was influenced by his fortune; he had only spoken so because he was angry, and angry people are generally idiots for the time being.

Never would he forget the flash of Imogene's eyes, or the keen sarcasm of her tone, as she answered him: "You are free, Mr. Greyland. A man with a soul so small that he deigns a few paltry thousands of more consequence than himself, should seek a mate from among his own kind. Take back your ring. It is a diamond, and as such no doubt valuable to you."

He set his heel on the banile and ground it into the carpet; then he said a few angry words, for which he would always be sorry, and left her.

They went their separate ways, and tried their best to show their faces to the world bright and gay.

Imogene succeeded admirably, but Mr. Greyland overshot the mark, and people said he was getting frivolous, and the pastor of his church—labored with him, and won the everlasting dislike of his wealthiest parishioner by so doing.

About this time Marge Atherton came to the city where our disunited lovers dwelt, and here was a field of labor just suited to her. She had been some years in pursuit of a rich husband, but the man she desired to honor was slow in making his appearance, and there was a strong prospect that Miss Atherton, in spite of her manifold attractions, would have to die an old maid, or emigrate to Oregon—a country where it is generally supposed they do not raise women.

Mr. Greyland was the very subject for her. She set herself to work at once to conquer him. She flattered him, she deferred to him, she asked his opinion on every trifling thing, and poor Greyland's heart was so sore that he was glad of anything by way of balsam.

The very day that he had made up his mind to propose, fate stepped in and did a good stroke of business for him.

A general financial crisis occurred, and swept away every dollar he possessed,

and in twenty-four hours the new was all over the city; and when, a day or two afterward, Greyland, seeking for sympathy and love, went to call on Miss Atherton, she was "not at home," though he could have sworn he heard her at the top of the stairway.

And that ended their acquaintance. Miss Atherton married a seventy-five year old millionaire, who willed all his property to a home for old women when he died; and Greyland became misanthropic, and took to keeping dogs and smoking cigars innumerable.

Things with him were not so bad at first as they were later. He went into business on a small scale, but the confinement of the counting room injured his health, and sometime in the summer his physician sent him to the White Mountains to recruit.

Meanwhile Imogene Leigh had become an heiress. A great aunt of hers, after living fifteen years beyond the age of man, and tormenting the lives almost out of everybody who had anything to do with her, had died respectably one night in her bed, and when her will was opened, her greedy relatives found that she had bequeathed everything to a grand-niece they had scarcely heard of.

But it was no use to get angry, and so they were all very sweet and affectionate when Imogene came and took possession of her claim.

But the girl found the great home very lonely, and so in July she joined Mrs. Judge Kendall's party and went to the mountains.

And so it happened that at the Crawford House the names of Imogene Leigh and Charles Greyland stood one above the other on the clerk's register.

They met at breakfast. Imogene in her crimson morning robe, with her silky black hair rippling down over her shoulders, and her white hands sparkling with diamonds—not his diamonds, however—looked very fair and queenly as she sat opposite to him and sipped her coffee, and carried on a brilliant fire of repartee with Judge Kendall. To have seen her and Greyland, nobody would ever have dreamed that they had once been all the world to each other.

Two or three days passed away. Somebody introduced Mr. Greyland and Miss Leigh, and they had exchanged a few well-bred platitudes and drifted apart. That night Greyland tossed until morning in his bed—audibly anatomizing the mattress for his restlessness—and Miss Leigh nearly succeeded in making herself believe that the winds in the corridors were keeping her awake.

Next morning Greyland started off alone for Mount Washington.

Everybody told him to take a guide, and spoke of the danger of going into those mountain wilds alone, but he laughed at them. He was not going to convert himself into a hero by getting lost—not he! He should dine at the Tip Top House, and be back in season for stewed partridge at the Crawford.

Imogene sat on the piazza doing some trifle in green Berlin wool, and heard every word. Of course it was nothing to her any way, but after Mr. Greyland disappeared in the scurrying evergreens which clustered around the entrance to the bridge path, she was conscious of a feeling of something lost out of the brightness of the day.

Clouds began to gather over the summit of Mount Willard. A party who had ascended early in the morning came down drenched, and by and by the equestrians who had gone up to Mount Washington just after Greyland's departure returned cold and blue.

A hard storm was in progress on the mountains—the mist and fog were almost blinding—and Mr. Greyland had not been seen or heard from. Grave apprehensions were entertained for his safety among those who understood the danger of being lost on the mountains, and the gentlemen stood apart in knots, and discussed the matter with serious faces.

The night of storm and gloom wore slowly away, and the morning broke cold and wet. Imogene sat by the open window, just as she had sat all night, listening to the wild howl of Randolph, the beautiful pet hound of the missing man, which had been left chained in his master's room.

With the first gleam of dawn a party of guides and a half-dozen friends of Greyland sallied forth to search for him.

All day they scoured the mountain paths, only to return at night as they went. No trace of him had been discovered.

Another dismal night, and another misty morning, and again they went

forth on their quest—this time with little hope of finding him alive; but, is one of the guides remarked: "It looked unchristian not to find his body and give it a decent burial."

Imogene heard what the man said, and for a moment her heart stopped. She knew now that in spite of all the scorn she had tried to feel for Charles Greyland, she had never ceased to love him.

And now he was dead.

No, no, she would not admit the thought! He must be living! God, who was so good—who loved all his creatures—would surely suffer her to find him, to ask his pardon for the past, to tell him that in spite of everything she loved him still!

She threw a shawl over her shoulders and went to the room he had last occupied. The key was not there, but her own key fitted the lock. She went in and released the dog, which sprang into her arms with a cry almost human in its sorrow and despair.

She hugged the wretched animal to her breast, for had he not loved and caressed Rudolph!

She said not a word to any one, but, preceded by the dog, she took the path she had seen Greyland take.

Rough and stony, full of mud-holes, barred by brushwood, and obstructed by gullies, she found the way, but she followed the dog.

All the long forenoon she went on, faint, almost despairing, and so weary that it seemed at each successive step as if she must sink down.

Rain, mist, and fog, were all around her—she could see scarcely a foot in advance, and many a time she trod the extreme edge of a precipice all unawares. And Rudolph led her on.

At last they found him!

The glad barking of the dog a little ahead sent joy to Imogene's heart. She leaped forward and sank down helpless by the side of Charles Greyland. He was sheltered by a rock and he was smoking a cigar, and altogether seemed quite comfortable for a man who had been two nights lost in the mountains.

Imogene would have fallen back on her pride even now, but it was too late. Greyland had her in his arms, and was kissing her cold lips in a way that made all attempts at restraint useless.

"You did love me after all, darling!" he cried; "and I thank Heaven for being lost; and I don't mind the cold and wet, and hunger, a bit. Put your arms round my neck, dear, and tell me that you forgive my hateful conduct of a year ago, and tell me that you love me."

And she obeyed him meekly enough, while Rudolph capered around them, and expressed his satisfaction in a series of joyful howls, which woke all the mountain echoes for miles around.

The party out in search heard the dog, and were guided to the spot, and by sundown everybody was safely basking in the warmth of the great wood-fire in the drawing-room of the Crawford.

Two weeks afterward Charles Greyland and Imogene were married, and a happier home than theirs I do not think you have ever seen. Neither do I think that a more contented, self-satisfied-looking dog than Rudolph exists.—[New York Weekly.]

### Books Neither Written nor Printed.

The Prince de Ligne is the possessor of a curiosity of literature. It is a book that is neither written nor printed.

"How can that be?" you ask.

Well, the letters are all cut out of the finest vellum and pasted on blue paper. The book is as easy to read as if printed from the clearest type. The precision with which these small characters are cut excites infinite admiration for the patience of the author. The book, by the way, bears the title "Liber Passiois Nostri Jesu Christi, cum characteribus nulla materia compositis." The book of the Passion of Our Jesus Christ, with characters not composed of any material.

The German Emperor Rudolph II. is said to have offered in 1649 the enormous sum of eleven thousand ducats for this curious work of art. Strangely enough, the book bears the English name, though it is supposed never to have been in England.—[Illustrated American.]

### Music from Afar.

Frank White, a ditch-tender for the South Yuba Company, who makes his headquarters at Crystal Springs, is handy with the violin. Frequently these stormy evenings the people at the various stations along the line get him to raise the bow and give them telephone concerts. They hear the music 20 or more miles away as plainly as though they were at the player's side.—[Nevada Transcript.]

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### THE SUBBERY AT NIGHT.

The day is done, and in their cozy nest  
The row darlings lie in prying rest,  
Their shining tresses softly straying o'er  
Those dimpled cheeks, that we may kiss  
once more.

Before we go; but let the kiss be light.  
Good night, sweet slumbers!  
Good night! Good night!

Acorn we see a smile all gently play  
O'er a sweet face, then slowly die away—  
The little brain with fairy fancies teems,  
And Flossie wanders in the land of dreams,  
There she will wander till night's shadows  
flow.

Good night, my little one,  
God guardeth thee!

She sees serene sunlight, fairer flowers,  
And blue skies than grace this world of ours,  
As down the silent slopes of shadowland  
Again she glides her hoop with eager hand,  
Or may a mythic butterfly pursue:  
Good night my pretty one!  
Till morn, adieu!

—(F. B. Doveton.)

### HOW THE FOX ESCAPED.

A good story is related at the expense of a well-known business man of Little Rock, Ark. His hunting proclivities are well known, and he has the reputation of being so skillful in his line that seldom, if ever, does anything escape when he gets on its trail. On a recent Saturday, however, he was defeated in a most provoking fashion. He saddled up his steed and took up a trail that led to the southwest from the city. A short distance away he started a handsome fox. Away the animal flew, with Martin in close pursuit. He seemed to be un- lucky, for no matter how fast he rode the fox always kept just out of reach. The race lasted two hours, during which the wily little animal doubled and redoubled his track. At last the fox showed signs of fatigue, and Martin began to smile at thought of the satisfaction he would get. But, alas, they struck a herd of logs, and just as Martin was preparing to "close in," the fox sprang on the back of a long-legged pook—one of the kind that can run out a race horse. The log raised his snout, gave a frightened grunt, and away he flew. Martin stopped, completely spellbound with amazement. The fox held his seat like a circus rider, while the further the hog got away the faster he seemed to go. Martin watched the strange pair till they disappeared in a brush patch and then returned to Little Rock. He related the strange occurrence to a number of "intimate friends," and from them it became known throughout the city.

### FANNIE AND THE BABY PIGS.

It was a very frosty morning, writes Marion Keith, and William came in with two poor little pigs that were almost stiff with the cold.

They had come some time in the night and their frivolous young mother had gone off and left them in long grass, where William had found them.

They were too cold and weak ever to squeal and although we thought there was not the slightest chance of their living, we put them in a bushel basket by the kitchen stove and covered them over with a piece of carpet.

By and by they got warm and began to make themselves heard, and I have no doubt they thought (pigs do think) they had come into a selfish, stingy world, for they seemed to be trying to make us understand that they were very hungry.

We had hard work to keep one little fellow in the basket, for he became so desperate he would jump out and run around the floor.

William owned a lovely spaniel, Fannie her name was, and she had three of the fattest, earliest little puppies about six weeks old.

Fannie came into the kitchen, and when she heard the baby pigs squealing she was greatly distressed. She walked around the basket, sticking her nose in, and giving them an affectionate kiss now and then.

Seeing this her master said: "Now, Fannie, these little pigs have no mother, and they are just starving, and you must give them some dinner." So he made her lie down on the floor and gave her the two hungry strangers and a more comical sight you never saw than pretty Fannie nursing those tiny white and liver spotted pigs.

She licked them all over while they took their dinner, and when their hunger was satisfied they went to sleep. I think Fannie ought to have a medal for her kind heartedness, for I am sure she knew they were not puppies, anyway she knew they did not belong to her.—[Detroit Free Press.]

### Here is a highly recommended corn cure.

Dip in water a piece of common washing soda and rub the troublesome growth with it two or three mornings a week.

## THE SWANETANS.

### A Curious People Living in the Heart of the Caucasus.

### Poor and Degraded, Yet Occupying Magnificent Castles.

Before the Anthropological Society of St. Petersburg, a member, Dr. Oiderogge, read recently an interesting paper on the results of his explorations in the heart of Caucasus. He had penetrated where few explorers had been before. He came to Swaneta, a long but narrow valley at the foot of the Elburz Mountain, through which the river Ingoura winds. For most of the year Swaneta is isolated entirely from the world, and even in the summer season the mountain passes leading to the locality are made extremely dangerous by water currents, avalanches, and falling rocks. There is a strange semi-savage people in the valley numbering about 9000 families. They subsist on their chase for wild animals of which there is an abundance in the mountains, and in the mild season of the year plant just as much grain as is required for their immediate necessity. Every now and then a Swanetan will wander away from his secluded home into a more civilized neighborhood to sell a few hides and to get in exchange a few things that he misses in his native valley, such as cloth, cotton fabrics and some articles of apparel. But this he does very seldom and with great unwillingness, for his needs are few and his native valley has made him love isolation. They speak a dialect the principal element of which is Georgian, with Persian and Kirgizian terms of speech, strongly intermixed. They are of a pacific nature and extremely shy of strangers. Dr. Oiderogge introduced himself to them as a hawk, and, trying to trade with them, drew them into conversation and made his studies and observations.

The dress and manner of living of the Swanetans present a striking contrast to the dwellings they occupy. They cover their bodies with hides in the winter and go about half naked in the warm season of the year; of cleanliness and comfort they know nothing, and there are no luxuries among them. But they live in ancient castles of magnificent construction, though more than half ruined. There is quite a number of such castles in the mountain that enclose the Swanetan valley.

The Swanetans have a sort of writing, and their folk lore is rich in curious traditions and quaint legends, pointing to a time when their intercourse with the world was more frequent than at present, and when they ranked among the strong and civilized peoples of the region. But all this is dying out with them. They worship four divinities and sacrifice animals unto them. Their conceptions of those deities are strikingly suggestive of corrupted notions of the Trinity and the Virgin, and indicate that they were once Christians, but lapsed into heathenism before Christianity took deep root among them. They are strangers to all that we accept as social morality. There is a terrible percentage among them of lunatics, idiots, epileptics, and those stricken with cognate, physical and nervous diseases.

The physical deformities of the Swanetans are commensurate with their moral deterioration, and show that they must have lived as they live now for many generations. Their heads are flattened at the back and abnormally elongated in the temples; they are marked with strong prognathism and with diasthem of both the upper and lower teeth. Nearly all the Swanetans have goitres, which begin to develop at a very early age. It is interesting to notice that a branch of the same people living more southerly in the district called Didi-Swaneta, more accessible to the influences of the outside world, presents a more normal element, both morally and physically, than the Swanetans here described.—[New York Sun.]

### Making Fishhooks.

There is a little machine which turns out fishhooks in six strokes. Stroke No. 1 bites off a morsel of steel wire; No. 2 makes the loop where you fasten your line; No. 3 lacks the other end; No. 4 flattens and bends back the barb; No. 5 makes the point; No. 6 bends the wire and your fishhook drops into a little bucket, ready to be finished. Then it is either japanned—these are the common, black fishhooks—or it is tempered to the delicate blue you sometimes see in cutlery. For this finish it is heated red-hot and then cooled in oil.—[Chicago Tribune.]

### The Burnham Industrial Farm.

At Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., is an institution chartered by the State of New York, designed to furnish a home and Christian training for unruly and homeless boys. Its methods are unique, but the results obtained have fully justified them. W. M. F. found and his wife devote, without remuneration, a considerable portion of their time, energy and money to this work, and their benevolence has been recently supplemented by the gift of \$10,000 for the construction of the new Gilpin memorial building. Mrs. Mary Sophia Gilpin, late of Wilmington, Del., during her lifetime expressed a wish to leave some of her property for the purpose of assisting in the education of moral improvement of boys, but at her death no will was discovered. Two of her sisters, Miss Sarah L. Gilpin and Mrs. Elizabeth Maury of Morristown, N. J., decided, however, to appropriate a portion of the property coming to them from their sister in furthering her expressed wish. They presented accordingly the sum of \$10,000 to the Burnham industrial farm to be used in the erection of some permanent building for the enlargement and better accommodation of the institution's work. The proposed building is to be situated on the most prominent part of the farm, on the high ground overlooking Lake Quincey to the north and commanding a wide view of hill country to the east and south. The building will include the boys' department, quarters for the nuns, no accommodations for visitors and the director's home. Only about one-half of the boys now at the farm are to have quarters at the building, the rest living in cottages near by, each cottage to accommodate about ten boys and to be in charge of one of the brothershood. The building of the Gilpin memorial is only one of the steps in the process of enlarging the institution from its present capacity until it shall be able to accommodate from 1000 to 1200 boys. The institution depends entirely upon voluntary contributions for its enlargement and support, and it takes boys from all parts of the country. Six states are represented by the present membership.—[Boston Transcript.]

### Making It Rather Personal.

This is credited as one of General Lew Wallace's Turkish jokes: There lived in Stamboul, Turkey, a well-to-do Turk named Ismail Hassan. He did not have the imagination of a Rider Haggard, but he was endowed with a ready Oriental wit that stood him well in hand when he was in a tight place. A neighbor called on Ismail one day and wanted to borrow his donkey to use an hour. Ismail made a low salaam and said: "Neighbor, I am sorry, but my boy started on the donkey an hour ago to Scutari. By now he is gaily trotting over the hills far from the sacred precincts of Stamboul."

Just as Ismail finished his speech, a donkey's loud bray was heard in the stable, which was under the same roof as Ismail's house, but in the rear. The neighbor said: "Ah, I hear your donkey bray."

Ismail protested that his neighbor's ears were deceived, and that the noise was not a donkey's bray. Then the donkey, which was supposed to be joggling along toward Scutari, brayed twice loudly.

It was too much, and the neighbor cried: "Oh, that is your donkey, Ismail; Allah help me, I can now borrow him."

Then Ismail said: "Which do you believe is lying, the donkey or me?"

The neighbor had to give Ismail the benefit of the doubt, and went away.

### New England's Largest Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree in New England is in the northwestern part of Berkshire, Mass., and it stands in the doorway of Deas Hotchkiss. Its age can be traced by a family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be twenty or twenty-five years older. It is now of symmetrical shape; the trunk is nearly round, without a scar or blemish; there are eight large branches; five of them have been in the habit of bearing one year, and the remaining three the next. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one year from the five branches eighty-five bushels of fruit, and his predecessor has harvested 110 bushels from the same five branches. By careful measurement, the circumference of the trunk one foot above the ground, above all enlargements of the roots, is thirteen feet eight inches. The girth of the largest single limb is six feet eight inches. The height of the tree is sixty feet, and the spread of the branches as the apples fall is one hundred feet. The fruit is rather small, sweet and of insipid excellence.—[Boston Transcript.]

### Now I Lay Me.

"Now I lay me,  
Lips our baby,  
As she bows at mamma's knee,  
Nightly tending,  
Her ear bending,  
To all things, to hear and see.

"Down to sleep,  
My soul to keep,"  
Baby's thoughts do take a leap:  
"I pray the Lord,"  
Is the next chord  
That in her mind is buried deep.

"If I should die,"  
She breathes a sigh,  
Oh mamma's knee her head doth lean,  
"Before I wake,  
My soul to take,"  
Thus prays our pet, to Him on high.

"God bless mamma,  
God bless papa,"  
She sweetly adds, "for Jesus' sake."  
The little head,  
Then falls like lead,  
As in her arms mamma does take

The baby dear,  
Whose voice sounds clear  
In "amen," said close to her ear,  
In snowy gown  
We lay her down,  
And pray the angels to be near.

—[Fannie W. Butler in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

### HUMOROUS.

Temptation always wears its best and ugliest mask.

Old people are continually indulging in new wrinkles.

The contented thief takes things philosophically, of course.

"All's fair in love and war and on street cars," said the conductor as he counted up his fares.

Woman may be able to pack a trunk better than man, but she needs the man to sit on the lid after she has packed it, just the same.

Preceptor—You have read the phrase, "an open secret." Give an example of an open secret. Pupil—A yawn. Nobody knows what it really is.

Sarcasm is an effective weapon, but it nets like a boomerang when it is applied to his hand by the young man who two weeks behind in paying his board.

Extract from a bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful check was received and is now in the drawing-room on the mantelpiece, where we hope to see you often."

Great Merchant—The business has increased so in the last year, Mr. Pen-wiper, that when you order the new account books you had better get them twice the size of the old ones. Mr. Pen-wiper—Yes, sir. Don't you think, sir, in view of this fact, that I might have an increase in my salary? Great Merchant—What? After such an expensive set of books? I couldn't think of it.

He taught his wife the end of dress  
With elegance and power,  
And then played billiards all day long  
At sixty cents an hour!

**A Stratagem to Get a Road.**

"I can tell you a little story about Charlie Foster's father that illustrates the fact that there is nothing obtuse or dense about the Foster family." Mal-lon Chance said the other day as, with a group of well-known men, he was talking of the new Secretary of the Treasury.

"The incident occurred a good many years ago, when the new Secretary was a boy and lived with his father in their Old home. A dispute had arisen over the location of a stretch of county road. Some wanted it laid out in one place, others favored a different route, and a few wanted a third line. After a good deal of discussion, the County Commissioners met at Tiffin and named the day when they would decide just where the road should go. They said that they wanted to examine the two principal routes, find out which was more traveled, and select accordingly.

"Charlie Foster's father was interested in having the road go in a certain direction. The night before the decision was to be made he resolved on stratagem.

"' Hitch up the oxen,' he said to Charlie, 'and go down to Neighbor Sawyer's and get his yoke; we have business tonight.'

"Charles asked no questions, and in one hour three yokes of oxen, each drawing a heavy sled, stood before the Foster homestead. Then began a procession backward and forward on the strip of road upon which Mr. Foster wanted the commissioners to fix. It was kept going for hours until the tracks were numbered half. The cattle were then unyoked, and the Foster family retired.

"Next morning the commissioners looked at the two proposed routes. It took them only a few minutes to determine which track had the most travel, and the road was promptly located on the line of the Foster procession of the night before.—[New York Times.]