

The Water Mill. "The mill will never grind again with water that is past." Why mourn the sun that has sunk in the west. Why mourn the north that is part of the past. Why mourn the music whose notes are now still. Why mourn the water that's gone past the mill. The sun of tomorrow will rise in the east. The north of tomorrow will grace a new feast. New music tomorrow will bring a new thrill. New water tomorrow will run through the mill. The cool winds of Autumn may scatter the leaves. The paper will gather the bright shining sheaves. The grist that is ground will its purpose fulfill. It needs not the water that's gone past the mill. What matter if Winter must come with its frost. There are joys which without it would surely be lost. The joy of the snow cannot throttle the mill. Nor freeze up the water, that runs through the mill. A new year will open with heaven's new Spring. New hopes will be borne on the zephyr's soft wing. New music will come with the robin's gay trill. New water will grind a new grist at the mill. -B. C. Park in the Christian Inquirer

STOLEN DIAMONDS.

BY MARLETON DOWNING.

"Ah, Damon, old boy! Glad you've dropped in. I've got something that I think will interest you, seeing you are a newspaper man. What do you think of this?" Mr. Wardsworth, of the firm of Wardsworth & Blank, manufacturing jewelers of Boston, passed a paper in the hand of the young journalist. "Ah! a goodly haul for some one," replied the reporter as he read: "ESQUIMAUX. For the apprehension of the criminals of the recovery of the diamonds taken from the safe of Jasper, Surgis & Jasper, London, on or about December 1st. It is thought that the men have been smuggled to America, as no attempts have been made to dispose of them either in Great Britain or upon the Continent. Dealers and officers of the law are cautioned to be on the alert. The jewels stolen are of the first water, large stones, and the whole amount valued at £30,000. (Signed) JASPER, SURGIS & JASPER, London." "It would be like looking for a needle in the hay-mow, I should say," commented Damon, as he finished the perusal of the notification. "Very much," replied Mr. Wardsworth as he folded the paper and replaced it in his pocket. "Yet it would be a difficult matter for any one to dispose of such a quantity of diamonds even though they succeed in getting them into the country. Nevertheless, it behooves us in the business to keep a sharp lookout, and to inquire closely where a stone comes from, that is brought us to mount. If the rogues attempt to place their plunder on the market within six months or a year, they will stand a very good chance of being apprehended; but if they can afford to wait, and have nerve enough to retain the diamonds in their possession until the excitement has died away, the thieves may be enabled to get rid of the gems in small lots without causing suspicion." "Well, I hope it may be your good fortune to run across some of the sparkles, for I would like to see you capture the reward," replied the reporter, with a smile. "Who knows but what it may come your way?" returned the jeweler, laughingly. "You based in at of the incoming vessels, and I should think might stand a pretty fair chance to hear of any smuggling game, and by working up your information be able to claim some of the Englishman's five thousand pounds." "Not so much of a chance as you might imagine, my friend," replied Damon. "True, I might have to report the arrival of vessels, and of course visit many of them, but if there was any smuggling detected, it would only be my duty to write the story for the paper, and I could not expect to receive any credit from the authorities for the apprehension of the guilty parties. But it was not to 'talk shop' with you that brought me in. Do you see this?" and Damon held up a package, neatly wrapped in paper, yet not so disguised but what anyone could see that it was a good bottle. "That is some rare, old Burgundy. At least the steward of a British steamer affirms that it is. Now I want you to come to my apartments tonight and take a hand at a game of whist, and you will have an opportunity to sample the wine. What say you?" "I would be only too pleased to

make one of the party, not wholly on account of the contents of the bottle, for you know I am somewhat abstemious, but to enjoy a quiet game of whist." "Very well, I will look for you at eight o'clock, sharp. Good-by," and with little ceremony the bustling journalist turned on his heel and left his friend's place of business to complete the arduous labors of the day. At the hour of eight two reporters and two jewelers, all old acquaintances, were seated about a table in Damon's room, enjoying themselves hugely as they laughed and chatted over the topics of the day. At length the host arose and said:—"Now, boys, supposing we try the quality of the steward's present. I don't suppose that any of us are connoisseurs of wines, although we might be able to know what would make a good newspaper story when we ran against it, or tell the quality of a piece of gold when taking it in hand. However, we all have tastes, and in this free country, are at liberty to express our opinions. So, Mr. Wardsworth, yours, first," and the reporter essayed to fill the glass of his friend. Although Mr. Damon had carefully removed the cork, yet to his surprise only a feeble stream of liquid issued forth. "Ah," he remarked, "something has fouled up the neck of the bottle. Never mind, we'll soon fix it," and taking a long lead pencil from the breast pocket of his vest, he wiped it and thrust it into the aperture. With a gargle the wine bubbled forth, then a hard substance struck the bottom of the goblet. "Why, if the villain who put up this Burgundy had not left broken glass in the bottle," exclaimed Damon, with ill-concealed disgust. "They must want to murder their customers." Stepping to his bachelor cupboard the reporter took therefrom a silver spoon, with which he fished out the foreign substance and dropped it upon the table, exclaiming:—"There's the thing which might have been the cause of some one's untimely death, and the subject of a good article for the morning journals." A cry of surprise escaped the lips of the jeweler-guests as each simultaneously stretched forth a hand to grasp the small object which had been the means of so disturbing the equanimity of their host. "Why, Damon! It's a diamond!" cried Mr. Wardsworth, excitedly. "A diamond!" reiterated the reporters aglow with astonishment. "If it is not a valuable gem, I never saw one," continued Wardsworth. "What say you, Richardson?" turning to his companion in the trade. "It is a stone of the first water," conclusively replied the experienced dealer in precious metals. "How came it in the bottle, do you suppose?" "Can it be one of the stolen jewels, think you?" asked Damon, his newspaper instinct leading him with lightning rapidity to trace their origin to the steward who had given him the wine, back across the Atlantic, even to the vaults of its original owner. "Perhaps," answered Wardsworth, his voice husky with excitement. "But, quick, Damon, bring us a basin and we will examine the contents of the flask." If the throats of the quartette had been parched with thirst, they would not for an instant have thought to moisten their lips with a drop of the liquid. His hands trembling, Mr. Wardsworth struck off the neck of the bottle by a single blow of a fruit knife which he took from the table, then allowed the Burgundy to flow freely into the China bowl. With bated breath, the men watched the glittering spray as it fell from the jagged edge of the shattered glass! Diamond after diamond mingled with the ruddy wine, and sparkled with scintillations which dazzled the eyes of the beholders! For a moment the occupants of the room stood about the table, speechless; then the jeweler grasped the hand of his host, and exclaimed:—"Damon, your fortune is made! These are undoubtedly the jewels which were taken from the safe of Jasper, Surgis & Jasper, London, and the reward of twenty-five thousand dollars is yours. A small fortune, my boy, a small fortune!" "Then if the Englishman's gold comes this way, it shall be divided into four parts, and you, my friends, shall share with me," returned the reporter, promptly. "But what is to be done? I know a column exclusively for the morning paper," and the young man sprang towards his desk with the intention of writing out a

startling story of the wonderful recovery of the stolen diamonds, valued at \$150,000. He was restrained, however, by his friends, who assured him that to publish the matter now would be to furnish a warning to the thieves and thwart the ends of justice. "We will take the diamonds down to my store and lock them up," said Mr. Wardsworth. "Then notify the police, who will probably arrest the steward, and then cable across the news." "I am sorry that I have been the means of causing trouble to the man, for we are old friends," observed Mr. Damon. "The steward may be innocent," urged Damon's companions. "Do you think if he knew the contents of the bottle he would be likely to give it away?" No, sir," added Mr. Wardsworth, "you may rest assured that some of the principals in the affair have blundered, and blundered badly. Nevertheless, it was a brilliant scheme to smuggle the diamonds into America by this means." The jeweler's argument proved correct. The arrest and trial of the steward of the ocean steamer elicited the fact that he had been interested with a bottle of wine by an acquaintance in England, which he was asked to deliver to a gentleman who would call for it in Boston. There was no name attached to the package, and he supposed it was of no more value than others of a similar brand which he had in his charge, belonging to the ship's stores. He put it in his room, and never gave it a second thought, until on reaching port he was presented with an order for the delivery of the wine. Being in a hurry at the time, he handed the caller what he thought was the right bottle. Then, a little later, when Damon came on board, he made the reporter a present of the one containing the gems. The steward was subsequently acquitted by the authorities, but received his discharge from the steamship company for his indiscretion. Damon, the reporter, was given the reward, but could not prevail upon his friends to share it with him, they urging that it belonged to him and him only. Once a year, however, up the present time, the quartette sit down to a little dinner together, and as may be supposed, the principal topic of conversation is that wonderful bottle of Burgundy, whose contents were never drank, though a portion of them serves to enhance much of the feminine beauty both in America and England, although few of the wearers realize that their glittering gems were once eagerly sought for when they were "Stolen Diamonds." -[Yankee Blade

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. "THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE." 'Tis, the land of little people a lovelier land than ours. With its mine of new-found treasures, money glades and fairy bowers. Earth her robe of choicest beauty spreads to woo the tender feet. And the angels whispering round them thrill the air with accents sweet. Memory brings no pang of sorrow, trouble lightly pass away. Hope's horizon is tomorrow, and to-day is bright today. Every moment has its blessings, sweeter thoughts and fairer flowers; Yes, the land of little people is a lovelier land than ours. But from o'er the silent river comes to us a purer glow - Purer even than the sunbeams that the little people know; And the love song of the heavens steals upon the world of care. Sweeter than the angels' whisp'ers that the little people hear. And the wanderer, overtaken, lumbled as a little child. Knows the path is all forgiven, and his God is reconciled. When around his faltering footsteps comes the blessing of the dove. From the fairest world of any, from the home of truth and love. -[J. Williams, in St. Louis Republic. A QUEER LITTLE AMERICAN. At the big World's Fair, for which such grand preparations are now being made in Chicago, there is what is called an Esquimaux village. The village consists of a party of men, women and children who have been brought from the far north to show us, here, how people look who have been born and brought up in the arctic regions. It is very curious to see them. The men are very stout and stout, with stubby little noses and the funniest twinkling little eyes you can imagine. The women are shorter than the men and have little, screwed-up faces, just as if they were shivering with the cold. The Esquimaux are very industrious people, though, in spite of their queer appearance, short stature. They are neat and quiet, and not at all quarrelsome. But the queerest thing about the Esquimaux village—the thing which you want to hear about—is the arrival of three cunning little Esquimaux babies. They are tiny little creatures with very brown skin and eyes, so small and fat, that you could never guess their color. Unlike other babies, these little American-Esquimaux do very little crying, and are content to sleep all day in a tur-skin bag which is slung on mamma's back. The last little Esquimaux baby, which joined the village two weeks ago, is named Christopher Columbus Tuktooosia. -[The Leader. MIDAS AND HIS GOLDEN TOUCH. Midas was a gentleman of antiquity who has passed into fable. He was King of Phrygia, and troubled very much with the sin of cupidity. So he prayed the gods that he might have the power to turn everything he touched into gold. His request was granted, but the privilege carried with it a terrible sting which very soon made itself felt. After the king had put his newly acquired gift fully to the test by touching all the furniture in his bedroom and transmuting it into gold, he started to take his morning bath in the lake. He had experienced a little inconvenience at having his bedclothes become metallic, but he soon forgot that. But here a most alarming thing happened. As soon as his body touched the placid surface the water became rigid and took on the flashing yellow lins of the precious metal. There it lay a mass of solid gold. His arduous for making gold somewhat cooled, the King began to think of his bodily wants and called for breakfast, only to find the most tempting viands and luscious fruits turn to the cold, hard metal when they came in contact with his person. Midas now began to wish he had never received the miraculous gift. But the climax came when his little daughter bounded into the hall and rushed up to her father. He held out his arms to receive her, but—O, horrible to relate—that fatal touch, and she instantly became a motionless statue. All her life had gone out and nothing remained but a beautiful figure of pure gold. Oh! that detestable metal. Midas cursed the day he prayed for the fatal gift. His touch became a plague. His household became accusing statues of cold metal. Everywhere he glanced hatefully at him. Then he prayed to be relieved of the deadly power, and the gods smiled on him and gave him back his child and his household, but took away his power to change everything to gold, and Midas was happy. -[New York Voice.

JAPAN AT THE FAIR. Japanese at Work on Their Headquarters in Chicago. Artisans With Quaint Costumes and Curious Tools. July men from Nippon land worked all day yesterday at Jackson park, says a recent issue of the Chicago News-Record. They worked because the Japanese government headquarters must be completed for the opening of the Exposition, and the time is short for the undertaking. Something about the quaint costumes, the good nature of the workers, the peculiar forms of the structures under way drew the crowd of visitors to the north end of the island to watch the proceedings. The toilers are as picturesque as a bit of old Japan can be. They were at work on a temporary house that looked like a joke. The timbers were solid enough, but there wasn't a nail in the whole affair. The cross-pieces were fastened with pieces of jute-rope. The carpenters used no hammers of any sort, but climbed from ground to top and back again with the agility of professional trapezists. The men who worked aloft had bunches of rope about their waists, with which they fastened the timbers passed up to them. Over in another corner of the inclosure, which prevents the workmen from being over-run by spectators, is a shed full of curiosities. There are planes that look like toy tools and that are drawn toward the workman instead of being pushed from him. The adzes have long, curved handles and broad, curved blades. When the Japanese carpenter wants to cut with his adze he holds the end of the curved handle with both hands, turns the blade edge upward and chops as briskly as if he really were working the right way instead of upside down. But the hand-saws are the great curios of the collection. They are about as long as a butcher's cleaver and the teeth are set with a slant toward the handle which is only a strong, round piece of wood bound to the saw with a fiber wrap. For all their implements seem but toys the men achieve surprising results. They already have the foundations of the three Japanese temples ready for the upright columns and were busy yesterday asorting the finishing material that was shipped from Japan to go into the superstructure. The working costumes of the men were as curious as their implements. A blue-colored cap with ear-mufflers, a heavy blouse over a tight fitting shirt; trousers that would do beautifully for bicycling, they fit so close; felt or cloth shoes, some with flapping soles, and all devoid of heels—that is the garb of the laborer from chrysanthemum land. Watching the Japanese at their work, one can understand why they captivate the foreigners who visit their country. With all the urgency of the contract, there is an amazing absence of foremen, of loud commands and violent impatience. The laborers move about as serenely as if it were a pleasure to work. When they address each other it is with an intonation of courtesy and good nature that would drive an American "boss" into frantic suspicion of an impending strike. While the artist was sketching some of the men, the others quit work long enough to pass judgment on the sketches and then went back to sorting timbers as though such pauses were the proper thing, even in a rush. A Whale and Her Calf. A Companion contributor, an old whaler, says that he once saw a whale calf killed, and he has no desire to repeat the experience. It was off the coast of Lower California. A whale had been killed and the boats were towing it toward the ship, when the men caught sight of a large cow whale with her calf, at the windward. The fourth officer cast off from the tow and went in pursuit. The boat soon came up with the whale, but when the harpooner was just ready to strike, she became alarmed, and taking her calf between her fins, started with the speed of a race-horse in the direction of the dead whale. As she neared it she slackened speed, and the calf swam in her wake. Presently the young one seemed to get bewildered, rushing from one whale to the other, and soon it broke water right beside the second mate's boat. All hands had been cautioned on no account to injure it, as such a proceeding would make the mother furious; but an Indian, seeing the creature so near, could not withstand the temptation. He seized a lance, and the next minute the calf's life-blood spouted

all over the boat. A few minutes more, and the youngster rolled over and died. The officer was still chiding the Indian, when the mother whale was seen approaching her offspring. Slower and slower she swam. Then she lay still, while quiver after quiver was seen running through her body. In vain she tried to make the little one swivel. At last, in her despair, she placed her flukes under it and tossed it into the air. It sank and was seen no more. All this time the men had sat motionless, watching the affecting scene. Now they began to pull. It was too late. After shooting out of the water for her full length and falling back again with a tremendous splash, the mother made straight for the second mate's boat. The officer shouted to his men to jump for their lives. They obeyed, but the mate and the Indian stood at their posts. The next instant the whale leaped out of the water and threw herself straight across the boat. It was shivered into pieces, and the two men were instantly killed. By this time the crews of the other boats were leaping into the sea, in spite of their officers' commands. When the enraged creature broke water again, however, a lance thrown by the bomb-gun transfixed her. As she swam round and round in her death flurry she tried in vain to reach the dead whale. Then she rolled in upward, and lay still. The men clambered into the boats again, and no doubt all felt, like our contributor, that one such spectacle was enough for a lifetime. -[Youth's Companion. Fat's Use as a Food. Liebig taught that fat split up in the body and that the free carbon combined with the oxygen taken in in respiration to produce carbonic acid, and that it was by the act of respiratory combustion that the body heat was maintained. Fatty food is now being considered necessary as heat producers. Recent investigations, however, show that though fat is split up and combined with oxygen in the production of heat, especially during muscular exercise, the process is effected in the tissues by the action of the cells, and not in the lungs, as formerly taught. The use of the fat is now regarded as three fold: 1. To maintain the body heat. In cool latitudes, where the body is subject to rapid cooling, fatty foods become a necessity, so that the carbon may be easily supplied for combination with oxygen in consumption. Hence the Greenlander consumes large quantities of blubber and oil. 2. To produce force. A muscular tissue is only produced at the cost of oxidation in the tissues; fat is rapidly burned off during exercise. If absent the tissues themselves would be wasted. 3. To prevent the use of albumen. A purely albuminous diet is wasteful. It has been proved experimentally that a small amount of meat food taken in consideration with bread and fat suffices to maintain the albuminous structures of the body better than exclusively lean meat diet. Fat stored in the body as adipose tissue is a bank on which the body may draw for supplies of energy and heat when required. It is stated that in the Franco-German war of 1870 the German Emperor, acting on the strongly expressed opinion of Elstein that muscular fatigue could best be supported on fat, gave orders that each soldier should have served out to him 250 grammes of fat bacon. It is also a well-known fact that fat animals bear deprivation of food better than thin ones. -[Pittsburg Dispatch. Travelled on a "Dead Man" Ticket. Live men can travel on railroad tickets calling for the transportation of a "corpse in a casket." The railroads have granted this prerogative without any fight. The case in which the decision was made was that of Harry Knight of Denver. He was suffering from what was thought to be an incurable disease and was brought to this city by his sister for treatment. On the advice of friends she bought round-trip tickets, the return portion of her brother's ticket being made out for a corpse. Instead of dying in this city Mr. Knight got well and went back to Denver with his sister. He insisted on travelling on the "dead man" ticket. The conductor objected at first, but finally accepted the stip under protest. He referred the matter to the officials of the road and they decided Mr. Knight had a right to his ride back to Denver. This action may have been influenced by the fact that the transportation for a corpse is double a first-class fare. -[Chicago Post. One Relic Left. Our grizzled border never tired Of grubbing and he most respected To riddle things nowadays, In contrast with old-fashioned ways: He'll sandwich jeremiads 'twixt 'em Each mouthful of his eating. And sighs for things that once had been He ever was repenting. "There hasn't no more old-fashion' sense!" "No more old-fashion' rimus shows!" "No more old-fashion' crabs or snaws!" "No more old-fashion' hearthstone logs!" "No more old-fashion' sleighing!" "No more old-fashion' pig-pens!" "No more old-fashion' praying!" And so he kept a drumming at No more old-fashioned this or that Till Mamma, our silent boarder, coughed, And said in accent crisp yet soft— The wife's a meaning a tree he shot "O'er rim of lifted trowsers!" "Well, anyway, I guess we've got A real, old-fashion'd graver!" -[Boston Courier. HUMOROUS. Lightning express—The telegraph. When a man is on his knees before a lady, the presumption is that he is bent on marriage. He—I saw tell just what people are thinking of me! She—Indeed! How unpleasant it must be for you! Many a fellow who is conspicuous for his sighs before he marries turns out to be a very small man afterward. Brown—What do you use barbed wire fences for? Hayseed—So the hired man won't stop to rest every time he climbs over. School Teacher—Why were the prisoners who were executed called "poor sinners?" Scholar—Because rich sinners always get off. The youth always gets a sigh as he murmured, "Quite happy I'd be, that is certain. If things only looked on my terms." As well as it does on a curtain. "No," said Mary Springs, "I never stand before my mirror any more." "That determination, I presume," said her sarcastic friend, "is the result of mature reflection." He—You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in the world than money. She—Quite true; but it takes money to buy them. Mrs. Fangle—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result. Mrs. Coombs—Well, I advertised for a good-looking help-lady and had thirty-four to select from the first day. Mrs. Dalton—Do you always have good luck with your board? Mrs. Youngwood—Yes, indeed. Mrs. Dalton—How do you manage it? Mrs. Youngwood—I always buy it at the bakery. "That lawyer wouldn't charge me anything for his services. I suppose he has an eye to business in the future." "Yes, I's as much a case of paying the way as it is of waiving the pay." Rosin for the Voice. An Italian chemist has just made a new discovery which is likely to render good service to professional singers. From the vibratory influence of rosin on violin strings, our doctor argued that a similar effect might be produced on the vocal chords. After dissolving a quantity of rosin in spirits he applied the solution to the said chords by inhalation. But, what is still more marvellous, by adding certain substances to these inhalations, different results are achieved at. Add tincture of benzoin to your rosin and the voice will jump up an octave; balsam of tolu will lower it half an octave, whereas spirits of camphor will extinguish it altogether. Those unfortunate persons who live next door to an opera singer will please note. Brothers in Congress. Not since the days of the Washburns have there been brothers in the same Congress. History in this respect will repeat itself next year, Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, will enter upon his fourth term, and at the same time his brother, Representative Cockrell, of Texas, will begin his first term. The Senator is the youngest of the brothers by two and a half years. But he has eighteen years the start of the Texas in Washington life. Both were Confederates from the beginning to the end of the war. Both attained the responsibility of the command of brigades. The elder Cockrell directed the famous battle of Lone Jack. -[St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Two Failures. Briggs—Did you know Dead's wife had failed? Griggs—No. Second time, isn't it? Briggs—I didn't know that. When did he fail the first time? Griggs—When he failed to advertise. -[Clook Review.