

The Morning Rain.

W. J. LARFON.

If there's anything delightful
In this floating vale of hours;
If there's anything that's grand
To dispelling doubts and fears;
If there's anything so sweet,
Anything to soothe our pains,
It's dozing, gentle dozing,
In the morning when it rains.

All the sky is gray above us,
And the daylight on the town
Lies heavy with its burden.
As the rain comes pouring down,
Not awake, and still not sleeping,
We can hear the beating rain,
In a far off dreamy murmur,
Throoping on the window-pane.

Thoughts of day and all its doings,
With a hazy, hazy crown
Thoughts of night and all its dreaming
Of the gray clouds hanging down,
Come now in faintly breaking
Through the heavy, silver chains,
And we sit in a drowsy mood
In the morning when it rains.
—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Haines's Brother.

Although the bank at Valley City was called "The Valley City Bank" and was supposed to be a private institution, it was really one of the seven branch banks belonging to a San Francisco syndicate of bankers. I was simply in charge of it on a moderate salary and under heavy loads, and I led the credit of being a capitalist where no credit was due. The syndicate erected a one-story building for the bank. The front of this was ruled off in the usual way, and the rear was divided into two rooms. One was used as a private room in which business pertaining to the bank was transacted and the other was my bedroom. I was a young man and single, and I had not only to act as president, cashier and teller during the day, but as watchman at night. The only help I had was a book-keeper, and he was only with me three half days per week. The remainder of his time was put in with a shipping firm in the same town.

You will say this was a curious way of running a bank, but I can find you a dozen of them in the territorial towns of today conducted on the same primitive principles. I was doing business with one six weeks ago where the family kitchen was directly in the rear of the cashier's window, and a woman who was cooking dinner left the meat frying on the stove to come in and ask for me. Alongside the burglar-proof safe was a trundle bed, and on top of the safe itself was a smoked ham and a sack of flour. It was banking and housekeeping combined.

It was figured that I had only one danger to guard against. A tough man might drop in some day and rest the muzzle of his gun on the ledge of the window and order me to pass out the money in sight. The safe was always kept locked, and it was seldom that I ever had more than \$200 outside. To prevent any experiments, however, I gave out that I had arranged a shotgun battery just where it would do the most good, and that by pressing a lever I could blow the body of any bad, bad man through the front window and clear across the street, and that he would be dead at the end of his voyage. Everybody believed this fiction to be a fact, and some people were so timid that I had to do business with them away from the window. It was expressly stipulated in my contract with the syndicate that if I received anything for safe deposit, it must be at the risk of the depositors, and they must be so warned in advance. I had scarcely opened for business before a dozen people in town wanted the use of our safe. As we were to do more or less business with them, I could not refuse to take temporary charge of valuable papers and various sums of money.

The bank had been running about three months, when my brother Tom, who had been telegraph operator at Big Head, 250 miles away, was transferred down to Grand Crossing, only five miles away, and he seized the first favorable opportunity to come down and see me. I may tell you that Tom was a mechanical and electrical genius, and he was living on the royalties paid him for half a dozen good things. When he had started for a couple of hours, and he had looked things over, he said:

"You sleep here, and you are loaded for bear, but it wouldn't be my trick at all for a sharp man to clean you out. It won't be another three months before somebody will try it on."

"How?"

"Well, you'll get a call in the evening probably, and the first thing you know you'll get a rap on the head, and before you get to hell have opened the safe and skipped with you

cash. It's a combination, I see, but if that can't be hit it can be drilled or blown open. I think I'll make things a little safer for you."

The bank had no collar, but as stone was plenty and cost only the labor of quarrying, the walls were built two feet thick. To get below the safe line they had to be sunk nearly five feet. The space enclosed by the walls was flinty soil, so hard that a pick could scarcely disturb it. The floor of the bank was a little more than four feet above the earth. Tom was about a week, working at odd times, to get things in shape. He cut out a trap door in front of the safe, brought down wires and a battery, and when we had finished we had a contrivance which he alone had power over from Grand Crossing. By means of a switch up there he could spring the bolt of the trap door, and the door worked on a spring to close the opening again. A staple in the door and another in the frame permitted the use of a peg, so there might be no fear of accident during business hours. The understanding we had was that Tom should drop that door every hour between 8 o'clock at night and 7 the next morning, and the scheme worked as easy as rolling off a log. For the first few nights the click of the bolt woke me up as the door fell, but after a time it failed to penetrate my drowsy senses.

I had to run my bank to suit the convenience of the public, and it was never closed before 9 o'clock in the evening, and was often open until 7. As a rule, all persons who wished to use the safe over night came in between 6 and 7. I gave each one a receipt for whatever he deposited, but made no charge whatever. Many had made a night that safe held \$25,000 outside of bank money, and on such occasions I felt a bit proud at the confidence reposed in me.

Tom's trap had been working for a month or more when I received a strange caller one evening at 6:30. A woman was by no means a rare sight in town, though they were none too numerous, but this visitor of mine was a young woman, stylishly dressed, and as pretty as a peach. I'll admit right here that I had a jumping of the heart at sight of her, and that when she smiled on me I was as badly flustered as a boy caught stealing eggs. She was from St. Louis, she explained, and had come out in search of a brother who was interested in a silver mine, but had mysteriously disappeared. She would be at the hotel for a week or two and wished me to safe deposit \$500 in greenbacks. She gave me the name of Miss Nellie Haines to insert in the receipt, and you will of course smile in contempt when I admit that I had to count that money three different times to make it come out straight. I of course offered my assistance in the search for information, and of course she sweetly thanked me and said she'd come in again. She did come, and when I saw her by daylight I was clean gone. Regular case of love at first sight on my part, and I have no more excuses to offer. I wrote several letters for her, and the search for the missing brother was well begun.

For a week Miss Haines dropped into the bank daily in search of news, and one evening during the interval I paid her a call at the hotel. Saturday afternoon she sent me a note saying she had news of her brother, and that he would be down from the mountains about 8 o'clock in the evening. He should be very anxious to go East by the 10 o'clock train, and would I mind if the two came to the bank at 8:15. While she had to draw out her money it was more than likely that he would have a large deposit to make. If she hadn't mentioned this latter circumstance I should have taken her money to the hotel, and perhaps declared my love. Saturday evening was always a big evening with the bank, as a score or more of outsiders wanted the use of the safe over Sunday. This Saturday evening I had fully \$30,000 to take care of. I got rid of the last customer by 8 o'clock, locked the safe door just two minutes before Tom springing the trapdoor, and then sat down to wait for Miss Haines and her brother. Promptly on the quarter hour there was a knock at the door, and I opened it and the pair walked in. Miss Haines began saying how greatly obliged they were as I turned to shut the door, and she was still talking when her "dear brother" fetched me a clip over the head with a sandbag, and I knew no more for fifteen minutes. When I opened my eyes again I had been dragged around to the safe, was tied hand and foot and "Mr. Haines" and I were alone in the bank. He sat on a chair smoking away as cool as you please and evidently waiting for me to come back to earth. He was a man about thirty years old, rather good

looking, but had a wicked look in his eyes. Even before he spoke I had figured it all out and realized how I had been played for a change. It was just 8:00 by the clock when my visitor said:

"Come to, have you? Well, that's what I was waiting for. I want you to open this safe."

"I'll see you in Halifax first."

"Going to get mad about it, are you? I've got your keys, you see, but, of course, I don't know the combination. You'll save me a heap of trouble by working the machinery. I'll loosen your hands, but don't attempt any foolishness. I've come for the loogie in the safe, and I'm going to have it at any cost."

"But you'll get it without any help from me."

I looked at me a moment with an evil eye and then took from his pocket a gun made of a pine stick with a string tied to each end. He rose up as if he meant to apply it, but changed his mind and sat down and said:

"Sister Nell said you were a soft one, but I hope you are not a fool. What's the use of forcing me to extort money? Not a dollar of this money belongs to you. If you open the safe we'll make an even divide of the loogie, and I can leave you bound and arrange things so as to make it look straight to outsiders."

"And I won't."

"Then I'll compel you by torture! After I have held a lighted candle to the soles of your feet for five minutes I think you'll listen to reason. It is now 8:15. I'll experiment on the combination for fifteen minutes. If I hit it, all right; if not, I'll find a way to make you open the door!"

He knelt down in front of the safe door, and, of course, it was my object to keep him there until the hands of the clock pointed to 9 and Tom shot the bolt. Neither one of us uttered a word for five minutes. Then I noticed he was getting impatient and said:

"No doubt you'll hit the combination in time, and that will be bad for me!"

"How bad for you?" he queried.

"Why, even if you leave me bound and gagged people will be suspicious that it was a put-up job. If you had been obliged to use powder and drills it would have been different."

"So you think I'll strike it, do you?"

"I hope not, but you go at it like a man who has been there before. Where is Miss Haines?"

"Miss Haines? Ha! ha! ha! Miss Haines left her kindest regards and said she might call again. Good-looking girl, eh?"

"I'll admit that, even though she worked this job on me."

"Yes, good-looking girl and sharp or than a steel trap. She thinks a heap of that missing brother, Miss Haines' dear! There! I think I've."

He thought he'd hit it, and he was not far out of the way, but it wasn't the hit he was looking for. Brother Tom was just a minute ahead of time in shooting the bolt. The rubber uttered a shout and clutched at the air as he went down, and his body had scarcely disappeared when the door swung back and I was making tremendous efforts to get my hands free. They were tied at the wrists, and before I had loosened them I had rolled over and over on the floor to reach the staples and the peg and make the door fast. Three minutes later I had a free hand to cut the ropes binding my ankles. It wasn't much of a fall through the trap, but the rubber struck on his head and was stunned for a minute. When he came to he began cursing in a way to make my hair stand up, but I paid no attention.

He had brought two revolvers and a knife into the bank, but he had taken them off and laid them on a chair. I picked up these and left the place to give the alarm, and I have still another confession to make to you. I knew that it was a put-up job all the way through, and that "Miss Nellie Haines" was a "spud" of the man under the bank floor. She was consequently a wicked woman and deserved no mercy. Call me a fool if you will, but I said not a word to anybody when I got outside and made a free line for the hotel. She was in the sitting-room ready dressed to ride down to the depot when it was time. She was alone, and when I entered the room she uttered a little shriek and almost fainted.

"Where is my brother?" she finally asked as I stood before her.

"Safely trapped in the bank," I answered.

"And you have come to arrest me?"

"No, I have come to warn you that you may save yourself. Have you any money?"

"Not more than three or four dollars."

"You have \$500 in the safe. I had forgotten about that. I will bring it to you."

"And my my brother?"

"He will keep until you are gone, and then we'll take him out and send him to jail."

I returned to the bank and got her money. I saw her take the hot bus to the depot. I waited until the train had come and gone, and then I gave the alarm, and got the rubber out and jugged him. Later on he was sent to prison for eight years, and the woman I have never heard of since. Why did I let her escape? Well, she was a handsome woman. That's the only excuse I ever had. —Chicago Times.

Polar Bears Keep Cool.

"It will surprise most people," said Superintendent A. E. Brown, of the Philadelphia zoological garden, to a Record man, "to learn that the polar bear stands the hot weather of the dog days in this locality better than the African lion. On hot days the lion will get off his feet; the polar bear will not. The tropical animals in the garden," continued the superintendent, "are the ones mostly affected by the extreme heat of no-summer, strange as it may appear. I suppose the reason of it is that the heat here is more moist than that of the tropics, and, as it were, of a different character. Whatever mortality occurs among our animals during a hot term is mostly among the tropical animals, especially the African. In hot weather I have watched the polar bear go into his tank, and then, instead of lying in the shade, extend himself in the direct rays of the sun, where the water on his skin would evaporate. He found out for himself, I suppose, that evaporation causes a lower temperature. Again, it is somewhat astonishing, at first, that our polar bear should suffer sometimes as he does from the severe cold of winter. I have seen him shivering on one of those bitterly cold days, when the sky was overcast and the air full of moisture. The moisture was evidently what affected him. In the Arctic regions it is so cold that the moisture is frozen out of the air. Birds do not like the heat. It makes them perch with drooped wings. Heat affects not only the animals in the garden but the finances of the garden itself. A difference of ten degrees in the thermometer, say it is ninety-five instead of eighty-five, means a loss of several hundreds of dollars in our gate receipts for the day."

You Don't Get the Clock.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear he had made his own business alone for a year and a day, and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Danmoo ditch of Iowa. Though they swore on the four Gospels, and held out their hands in certain hope, some litch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on its shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from meddling or interference in things not in any way concerning himself. At last a young man came with a perfectly clean record, and the clock seemed as if it were at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh! a young man was here yesterday, and undoubtedly sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." Said the young man seeking the prize, "And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped out the custodian. "That's not your business, and you don't get the clock." —(New York Dispatch).

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara Falls are given in Lascaz's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date on maps after 1613 or 1614), the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderfulest water is given, and the best geographical authorities living today doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls. Branson's work to the contrary notwithstanding, Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever printed by one who had personally visited the spot. The editor of "Notes for the Curious" writes, "dated 1657, which does not figure either the great Lakes or the falls." —(St. Louis Republic).

A Rare World's Fair Souvenir.

Brown: "I hear you have been at the Fair. I suppose you brought home a souvenir?"

James: "You but I did and a rare one, too."

Brown: "What was it?"

James: "A dollar I took out with me." —(Puck).

COLUMBUS RELICS.

Contents of the Convent of La Rabida at the Fair.

Mementoes of the Great Discoverer on Exhibition.

In the southeastern part of the Fair Grounds, on the shore of Lake Michigan and in a comparatively isolated spot, stands the convent of La Rabida.

This quaint and old-fashioned building is a facsimile of the original monastery erected near Palos, Spain, about the Second Century. It was within the kindly protecting walls of this convent that Columbus, discouraged and disappointed with the people who gave to his ideas such little credence, sought solitudinal retirement from the world; and it was from this monastery that there came the good priest Father de Marchena, who, becoming interested in the progressive ideas of the would-be discoverer of new worlds, used his influence with Queen Isabella in behalf of his poor guest. The result of this influence the whole world knows.

Within this convent of La Rabida are to be found some of the most interesting and valuable relics of Columbus in existence. These have been gathered from every quarter of the globe. Among the most valuable are original manuscripts or commissions given to Columbus in 1492 by Ferdinand and Isabella appointing him Grand Admiral of the ocean sea, Vice King and Governor General of all the lands he should discover. This document is dated Granada, April 30, 1492, and is signed "The King" and "The Queen," and shows that they must have given more than ordinary credence to Columbus' ideas of a new world.

To the student of history who loves to read and learn from that most closely connected with the individuality of the man himself, the letters and will of Columbus, to which are attached his signatures, are perhaps the most interesting. There are in all over 125 of these manuscripts, some of which bear translations and others of which no translations are given.

The manuscripts and other relics are carefully guarded by a body of Uncle Sam's infantry, whose watchfulness and care as well as their politeness and affability are noticeable, in marked contrast to the civilian or Cuban Guard in the other buildings.

Autograph letters written by Columbus to his son Diego and to Rex. Father Don Gaspar de las Cuevas, in some of which the great explorer expresses a disinterested ambition, form interesting reading. The autographic statement by Columbus of gold brought from the new country and sold by him in Castile is also shown.

In this same building are to be seen the Vatican exhibits of relics loaned by Pope Leo. Among this collection a letter from Pope Nicholas V., dated at Rome, September 29, 1488, addressed to the Irish Bishop of Shallick and Holist, containing reference to the church in Greenhead, is perhaps the most interesting. The bull of Alexander V., to the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, dated May 3, 1493, which relates to the rivalries between Spain and Portugal regarding their voyages of discovery, is another interesting and time-worn document.

Numerous early maps of the new country, sketches of its mountains, along with an endless number of pictures and paintings of Columbus, a copy of Ptolemy's Cosmographie, 1476, edition used by Columbus on his first voyage; the ball to which Columbus was chained in the dungeon at Santo Domingo; stones from the ruins of the first city of the New World, old doors from the house in which Columbus lived, an anchor which was found at Santo Domingo and supposed to be the one lost by the discoverer; two old balls, the first which came into the hands of the new world, are among the 1,067 relics exhibited in the building La Rabida. —(St. Louis Republic).

Chinese Popular Literature at the Fair.

The peculiar notions entertained by the Chinese about gods, ghosts and genies are well exemplified in their popular literature, of which a special collection, covering a large variety of subjects and embracing examples of most of the books sold in their shops here, is exhibited.

About all of the immigrants are able to read and write a little. Novels are their favorite literature and their heroes and heroines are well-known personages indeed. It is their images that are sold in the shops. Among them

are the Eight Genii, the warlike heroine Ma Kwar Ying and her husband, Yung Tang Po, and Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy. They add their emblems from the decorations of much of the Chinese porcelain. They lived when on earth among the hills and groves of Southern China, and their legends cluster thick around the old homes of these people. The story-books, with their constant repetitions and unimpeachable episodes, prove true some by Western methods, but what rich treasures they contain of lore that delights the students of manners and antique customs. This literature has a practical side as well.

Apart from the romances and tragedies, the song-books and treatises on fortune-telling and geomancy, there are simple arithmetics, for the average computations of history, heralds and medical handbooks. The rhyming is sold with each recurring new year and comes with predictions of the good and bad fortune attending various enterprises for each day in the year. What a storehouse of folk lore this thick volume contains with its particular oiled imprint in red, black, green and yellow, and its curious pictures of the Sage Confucius, Ching Tzu Sz, the Secretary of Heaven, forms for those who can read its well ordered pages. They are not deficient in the soundest moral teachings. The Chinese story-books, like those of our own schools, are set with golden precepts, and the influence of literature apart from the novels, many of which are condemned, is exerted for what is deemed best, if not for the individual surely for the general welfare of the nation. —(Chicago Tribune).

The Sea-Cow Bird.

This diminutive little creature—only about six inches long—is rarely arrayed in brown upon the upper parts, black and white underneath, upon the throat appearing the three distinctive colors, first of black, then of white, then of black again. Sea-cow, or, in Dutch, "zee-koe," is the colonial name for the hippopotamus, and the treble-collared plover takes its colonial designation from its habit of attending the sea-cow. Running about the back and head of that amphibian, picking off insects and other odds and ends, this little plover sooms perfectly at home, while the sea-cow apparently needs its offices in good part.

This friendship between wild and often fierce quadrupeds and small birds is of common occurrence in Africa and other countries; the rhinoceros, the buffalo, and the Barbado's zebra, among others, all having their peculiar feathered attendants. The sea-cow bird—unless when actually in attendance upon its big friend—displays none of the jealousy or restlessness, in the sight of mankind, so often noticeable in other members of the family; and I have had no trouble in approaching quite closely to the birds as they fed fearlessly in the shallows and upon the mud flats of Africa's "deltas" and rivers.

The star-winged plover is itself a well-known attendant upon the sea-cow, discharging its duties as the water-jaw wide open, and cleaning it of lice and other parasites. It seems to be new well recognized that the Frivolous Heron, who first charmed his friendship to two birds and a crocodile was no other than the star-winged plover. (Chambers's Journal).

A Man's Real Life is in His Pleasures.

For it is in his pleasures that a man really lives, it is from his pleasures that he constructs the true fabric of self. Perhaps Charles Lamb's fellow clerks thought that because his days were spent at a desk in the East India House, his life was spent there too. His life was far removed from that routine of labor; built up of golden moments of respite, enriched with joys, chastened by sorrows, vivified by impulses that had no relation with his daily toil.

"For the time that a man may call his own," he writes to Wardourth "is his life." The Lamb who "worked in the Bell House, and who had 'no skill in figures,' has passed away, and is today but a shadow and a name. The Lamb of the "Essays" and the "Letters" lives for us now, and adds each year his numerous share to the innocent gaiety of the world. This is the Lamb who said, "Riches are chiefly good because they give us time," and who stilled for a little sor that he might christen him Nothing-to-do, and permit him to do nothing. —(Scrivener).

A Whole Day Apart.

Bernard: "Why are you sad, Mabel, darling?"

Mabel: "I was just thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening we could be together until to-morrow."

—Buffalo Press.

Vespers and Matins.

Soft and slow,
Faint and low,
Sings the herald through its evening lullaby;
On a waltz twig swinging,
To its loved ones singing,
Swinging,
Singing,
Softer yet slower,
Fainter yet lower
Ring the bell-like notes till all the echoes die,
Till the hush of slumbers
Draws on the drowsy numbers,
Till the sleep of sacred silence seals the weary wanderer's eyes.

Soon as light
Follows night,
Cursing all the lands and waters o'er,
With the dawn first breaking,
From their slumbers waking
Cheer, cheer,
Cheer, cheer,
In a burst of gladness,
Of exultant madness,
All the birds together their songs of greeting
Pour.

Four their voices in singing
Till the wood-rose is ringing
As if on eastern borders day had never
dawned before.

—ISAAC BARNETT CHASE.

HUMORS.

Earl Halgate, prison guard,
Some limbs of the law never branch out.

No difference how you play the game
Of life, you are sure to lose.

Barbed wire as it may seem, it is a
way to a man's credit to pay cash.

He "oh" and the dukes make me
tick—"She" "And at sea the swells
make no tick."

After the lampy night, she (sweetly)
—"What would living be without me?"
He solemnly—"Chaperon."

As visible thoroughness is desirable,
But many a growler has succeeded
through his half-faithful methods.

Mrs. Neighbor: "Why do you call
Jack 'The Fisherman'?"
Because he never goes away without a
snack."

There is nothing that so enormous a
man's desire to work in the garden as
the discovery that his wife has un-
derstood the ruse.

"This journey," said the coach,
"I know I'm going gain."
Then, having reached the truth,
He panted for water and chain.

"What, in your opinion, is the best
thing about early rising?" asked the
staid young man. "Hearing some
other fellow describe it," was the re-
ply.

Maud: "How do you like the new
way I do my hair?"
Frank, swinging
to say something particularly nice—
"Why you look at least thirty years
younger."

Petelope: "What is his pet name
for you?"
Perdita: "He calls me his
'dove,' because I am so sweet and
gentle."
Petelope: "And what do
you call him?"
Perdita: "I call him my
'dough,' because he's so sticky."

"That young woman who ordered
me around has been here," said the waiter.
"Why, don't you know enough to
bring her to?" asked the proprietor.
And the waiter went back to the hall-
in the wall and yelled, "Make a
two."

A tailor called on the young Count
C. to remodel a coat of an old ac-
countant, but the important detail was
unable to satisfy the demand of his
fellow, who called out: "Let me tell
you that I am tired but not in-
sensible, see, thoroughly tired." Count C.,
in his usual, "Colombizing" the gen-
tleman's clothes.

Did Not Recognize the Wheel.

Sixty days into his confinement a
man's memory during the day, each
leaves a target and had himself for a
spin up the country. It was on the
Sabbath, and about ten miles from the
city the cyclists decided to have a race.

One distanced the other about 200
yards, and in turning a bad corner of
a rutted road over a heap of stones,
the wheel was dislodged and the
rider was irretrievably interred among
the spikes. An aged woman, who
happened to be passing was met at the
turn in the road to check No. 2.

"My good woman, how you seem a
young man on a bicycle around here?"

"No, no," said the woman, "but I
saw a young man up the road in a spell
who was sitting on the beach mending
umbrellas." —(Courier-Journal).

How To Treat Burns.

A free application of soft soap to a
burn almost instantly removes the fire
from the flesh. If the injury is very
severe, follow this application with
one of linseed oil and dust over with
dry flour. When this dries repeat the
oil and flour, until a good coating has
been formed. Let this remain until it
cracks and falls off in a day or two.
A new skin will have formed where the
old was burned off. For a slight burn
make a poultice of Indian meal cover-
ed with young Hyson tea, and moist-
en with hot water.