

A Song of Time.

Weep not for the hereafter—
The burden of the years;
For Time stays not for laughter,
And Time stays not for tears.
On swiftest pinions flying,
He speeds o'er land and sea;
Shall roses dead or dying
Rejoice because of these?
Care not for sharp thorns springing;
To these life's complements
If any bird is singing,
And any rose is sweet.
What life may come hereafter
Will come despite my fears;
Time lingers not for laughter,
And Time stays not for tears.
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

ATTACKED BY APACHES.

The following episode, related by Walter J. Davis, formerly a deputy United States land surveyor, in the New York Sun, is interesting because of its authenticity:

"My government contract for surveying public lands covered several ranges of townships extending over the part of the San Simon plain which lies east of Stein's Peak, from Lordsburg northward to the Gila river, in New Mexico," said Mr. Davis. "It was the spring of 1886, and the war with Geronimo's Apaches was at its height. It was dangerous time to be out with my little party, especially as the military escort promised us from Washington never appeared. But I had my men to pay whether they were working or idle, and the terms of the contract left small margin of time for delays. So I armed my men with army carbines of the Springfield pattern, and laid in a good supply of ammunition, and then we set to running lines on the lonely plain as busily as if we were not liable to be jumped on by the Apaches at any hour of the day or night.

"I had two parties in the field, each numbering seven men. The two were usually working at least a township apart with separate camps, so that one could not be relied on to help the other in case of trouble with the Apaches. On the day I tell of the party in charge of my assistant had gone into Lordsburg. The party that I headed, working to the northward, went into camp at a small rivulet flowing into one of the foothills, eighteen miles northeast of Lordsburg and two or six miles northwest of the little mine camp of Gold Hill. The cook and pack burros arrived at the spot in advance of the surveyors, and he had dug a well-hole in the sand and started a fire by the time the rest of us came in, half an hour before sunset. The men had set about unpacking the burros, the cook was mixing dough for bread, and I had taken my solar compass from the tripod and put it away in the box.

"We did not know that Geronimo's band had raided the Gila Valley the day before, and on that day had passed through the Burro Mountains, seeking and burning half a dozen ranches and killing all the people he could find. The Indians had lost a man, or two of their number, and were feeling more than usually ugly and revengeful as they started to cross the plain on their way to the Pelenedo Range. Once among these mountains they could defy pursuit, making their way by the old Apache tracks down into the Sierra Madre across the Mexican border.

"After I had set my solar compass away it occurred to me to take a look around with my field glasses. Nothing suspicious or unusual met my gaze, and I was about to put the glasses down when something moving off in the northwest came into the field of vision, and I looked again. Four or five miles away a band of horsemen were coming into view, moving in single file out from behind a foothill and heading southwesterly across the plain. I watched and counted them, until they were all in sight, forty-two in number. My glass was a strong one, and I could plainly distinguish the head-bands, colored shirts and blankets slipped down about their loins as they rode, which showed them to be Indians. The course they were taking would nowhere bring them any nearer to us, and there was a bare chance that they might pass on without seeing us.

"'Pat out the fire,' I said to the cook, 'and men, make yourselves small. Get down behind the burros.' 'But my order came too late—it probably would have been useless in any case, for Indians' eyes are like hawks' for seeing. Through my glasses I saw the Indians stop and a little knot of them gathered about the leader. I could see him raise his field glasses to his eyes and bring them to bear on us—the Apaches, you know, he used the trick of using field glasses years ago, before Victoria's

war, and they carry as good ones as the officers of the troops sent out against them have. They held a short council, while I looked on in suspense, and it ended by all of them turning for us, putting their horses to a lope. 'We were a scared lot of fellows about that time, and I don't mind saying now that I was as badly frightened as any. But as leader of the party I must keep my head and show no fear. Some of the men were for breaking to the foothills and trying to reach Gold Hill through the cañons that hedge them.

"'Don't think of it, boys,' I said. 'It would be just the Indians' game to get us where they can come upon us under cover. We must keep to the open plain. Have you all got your carbines and ammunition? Now, all hands come on for Lordsburg.'

"We left our camp outfit as it stood and started at a slow run out on the plain. Of course, we didn't expect to get far before the Indians overhauled us, but Lordsburg was the quarter from which help was most likely to come to us, and we wanted to be working that way all we could. The Indians came fast after us, and when they were not more than a mile and a half away I called a halt. 'Give 'em a volley,' I said, and we all fired about and blazed away. Our carbines could not send a ball half way to them, but the Indians stopped to see what would happen, and we got a minute's breathing spell. Then they started for us again and we ran on. Twice again we stopped and fired at the Indians. The third time we had gained a little rise of ground, and here I saw the place to make our last stand. There was a stretch of plain we had come over covered with the last year's grass that would show white behind the Indians when they got near, and so help our aim in shooting.

"When we stopped this time the Indians were half a mile away, coming all together at a great pace. As we faced them they scattered out in a line a quarter of a mile long, and came on without slackening speed, each Indian darting his horse to left and right to confuse our aim. So far they had saved their ammunition, but now they began to fire and yell—and the yelling of a band of Apaches is a mighty unpleasant sound when there are only seven of you, and more than forty of them are charging down to wipe you out.

"We fired fast, and an Indian swayed in his saddle and dropped. Whose shot did it not? We knew, or could tell what became of him, for before he reached the ground a dozen of his companions had closed in around him, and when they scattered we could see nothing of the one that had been struck. Whether he had been able to mount again or was strapped up behind another Indian we were too much engaged to search out.

"The purpose of the Indians was plainly to surround and confuse us while shooting us to pieces. Already at 400 yards away they had spread out in a half circle about us. Their chief, Geronimo, directed all their movements by signs. They were well armed, many of them having repeating rifles, and the bullets whistled fast about us as their line closed in. The sun had just gone down, and they seemed bent on finishing us before darkness fell. Two lucky shots dropped two of their ponies almost together, and caused the Indians to hold back a little. Then Juan Garcia, a Mexican of our party, gave a cry, and his carbine dropped from his hand. A bullet had struck his arm above the elbow. A youngster next me was crying, but he kept his carbine going all the same. 'We'll get some of 'em before they do us up,' he whispered, and blazed away at the Indians.

"I remember thinking, as I worked my carbine, that it was a sad ending to my hopes and struggles of five years in New Mexico to die in this way on the sandy plain. We had all given up hope, except the hope that none of us should live to be captured, and I had in my mind the six shots in the revolver at my hip, and wondered if I should have time at the last to empty it before all was over.

"All of a sudden one of the Indians reined up his horse, gave a peculiar yell, and gesticulated wildly to the others. In a twinkling, all the yells and firing stopped, and every Indian turned his horse and took the back track faster than he had come. There was no doubt they were running away, and I looked round in amazement to see what had started them off.

"Behind us, over a rise of ground, a troop of cavalrymen were coming at a gallop. Well, it's no use trying to tell how we felt. Back despite the moment before, and now we were saved. We gave the cavalrymen a feeble

cheer as they charged past, and then every man of us collapsed. Now that the danger was over I found myself weak and trembling, and realized that my throat was parched, my face drawn, and it was only by an effort that I could speak or hold my carbine.

"Once out of rifle range the Indians came together, and they kept on heading straight across the plain until they were lost to view in the falling darkness. The cavalry horses, jaded with long marching, were no match for the Indian ponies, and soon the recall was sounded and the troops came back to where we were. It was commanded by Lieut. Crossan, and had been sent out to look after the heliographic service and to make at the same time a general scout for Indians. Back in the foothills they had heard our first volley and had started at once to our aid, guided by the sounds of the firing.

"They went back with us to where our outfit was and camped there for the night. But there was no fear that the Apaches would return. They had got enough of it, and besides they didn't have the time. Everything at the camp was as we had left it, except that a burro had eaten up most of the cook's dough set out for baking."

Patient Training.

"How long has it taken you to train these elephants?" asked the reporter.

"I've had 'em three years," replied the keeper. "Been training 'em steady all that time."

"Do you have to be severe with them?"

"Always. If ever you let the elephant get the upper hand of you just once, you're a goner. If you try to boss him and he finds you're afraid of him he'll watch his chance and kill you. An elephant ain't ruled by love."

"But you reward him when he has learned his lesson all right, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. He knows if he goes through his performance without a break he'll get a tit-bit of some kind, and if he doesn't he'll get the pitchfork. And sometimes we have to give him the pitchfork anyhow."

"Doesn't it require a great deal of patience to train an elephant?"

"Now you're talking, young man. It takes more patience than anything else in the world. An elephant is a mighty smart animal, but he's tricky. When you think you've got him all right he'll take a wrong shoot, and you have to do it all over again. Patience? You don't know what the word means unless you've trained an elephant!"

"Is this your boy here?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to make an elephant trainer of him?"

"I used to think I would, but I've give it up."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he's too hard to manage. I haven't the patience, I guess.—Chicago Tribune.

Engagement Episodes.

"You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, George, were you not?" "Yes; I owed over £500."

Walter—Poor Dubbles! They say he got a pair of beautiful black eyes lately. I feel sorry for him. Tom—You needn't. He got a very handsome girl with them.—[Answers]

Good-looking young girl—Will you do something for me, Mr. B.? Mr. B.—With pleasure, my dear Miss A. What is it? "Well, I wish you would propose to me, so that I may crowd over my cousin. I promise I won't accept you."—[Saturday Night]

Nell—Do you like the girl your brother Tom is engaged to? Amy—No; but Tom likes her enough for the whole family, so what earthly difference does it make?—[New York Weekly]

Angelina—That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do the initials 'E. C. mean on the inside? Elwin (who has bestowed the ring before, and had it back)—Why—er—that is—don't you know?—that is the new way of stamping eighteen carats!—[Amusing Journal]

Ethel Gotrox—Papa, you must let me marry Jack. He says he positively cannot live without me another day.—Old Gotrox—this is more serious than I thought it was. I had no idea he was so hard up as that.—[Spare Moments]

Curious—Hello! Bliss, what makes you look so happy? Bliss—Letter from my girl. "What does she say?" "Don't know; can't read her writing. But it begins with 'My darling Fred' and ends with 'Yours lovingly as ever,' so I know it's all right."

Montreal, Canada, is ambitious to have a world's fair, and has petitioned parliament for \$250,000 subsidy toward the expenses.

Children's Column



WHAT IT RAINS.

It rained and rained one April night,
'Twas oh, such awful weather,
And girls, looking out doors, cried,
'Oh, my! It's raining water!
'Ho,' her big brother said to her,
'Whatever is the matter?
You silly girl, there's nothing else
That it can rain but water!
But girls, gravely turned to him,
Her brown eyes all a-twinkle,
And calmly answered, 'Yes, it can,
I know it can rain—sprinkle!'
—Mac Myrtle Cook.

A COW A REMOINE.

The Philadelphia Times prints the following story without vouching for its truthfulness, but which if true shows the cow possesses more sense than is usually credited to that useful animal:

A Texas engineer was running his train at full speed, when, he says, his attention was attracted by a cow which seemed to be coming straight down the track to meet the train. He put his hand on the valve and puffed out three sharp whistles.

Still the cow came on, howling at every step, and acting altogether in an unusual manner. As much from curiosity as anything else, the engineer slowed up and sent the fireman ahead to see what was the matter with the cow.

No sooner did the cow see that the speed of the train was slackening, and that the fireman was going to investigate, than she turned and ran straight back down the track, stopping now and then, looking over her shoulder and switching her tail, as much as to say, "Come on!"

The man followed, and by and by saw the cow stop at a high tressle. Going up he discovered another cow which had got herself fastened in the trestlework squarely across the rail.

As soon as the animal was released, the two cows lost no time in scampering away.

It would have been a little more like stories which the Companion receives occasionally, if the engineer had said that the cow was giving warning that a bridge was broken down, and that thus she "saved the train."

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

George Washington died of a cold which brought on laryngitis; buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, Va.

John Adams died from senile debility; buried at Quincy, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson died of chronic diarrhea; buried on the estate at Monticello, Va.

James Madison died of old age; buried on his estate at Montpelier, Va.

James Monroe died of general debility; buried in Marble cemetery, New York city; removed to Richmond, Va.

John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives; buried at Quincy, Mass.

Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy; buried on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs; buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.

William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration; buried near North Bend, Ohio.

John Tyler died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack; buried at Richmond, Va.

James K. Polk died from weakness, caused by cholera; buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.

Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet; buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.

Millard Fillmore died from paralysis; buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Franklin Pierce died from inflammation of the stomach; buried at Concord, N. H.

James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout; buried near Lancaster, Penn.

Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth; buried at Springfield, Ill.

Andrew Johnson died from paralysis; buried at Greenville, Tenn.

Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer

of the throat; buried in Riverside park, New York City.

Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart; buried at Fremont, Ohio.

James A. Garfield, assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau; buried at Cleveland, Ohio.

Chester A. Arthur died from Bright's disease; buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

A MOST AMUSING BIRD.

There is, in the zoological gardens in London, a bird whose aviary is constantly surrounded by groups of children, shouting with laughter and vigorously applauding, as if they were witnessing the performance of some favorite play-actor, comedian or pantomimist, instead of the antics of a rather common-place looking fowl, neither as remarkable for shape or plumage as many another about him, writes J. Carter Beard.

If, however, you were to join one of these groups of spectators and watch his actions, I feel sure you would acknowledge him to be as funny as any human being, or monkey you ever saw.

He has such an old-fashioned, high-shouldered, learned look when you first see him that you cannot help respecting him, much as if he were really and truly the wise old professor he looks to be; a German professor, perhaps, such as you have seen pictures of, a professor in a gray dressing gown, with his hands behind him and his head and long red nose thrust forward and nodding at every step, as he stalks solemnly about, wrapped in silent meditation.

The dignity and seriousness of his gait and expression, indeed, is something that must be seen to be appreciated, as must also the suddenness with which all his stately, formal and decorous deportment disappears.

All at once his sleepy companions, dozing on their perches or meditatively dressing their feathers and plucking themselves, awake to the fact that they have a feathered terror amongst them, and that the hitherto most trustful kagu, whom they had found no particular occasion to notice before, has, apparently, gone mad. With wide-open beak and outspread wings, with a sudden development of an ominous and most preposterous crest, where none was to be seen before, and a harsh rattling noise he rushes at the frightened inmates of the aviary, he drives them frantically, squalling, shrieking and flapping in every direction; he chases and upsets them, and is not satisfied until, master of the field, he alone remains on the ground and every one of his companions is clinging in mortal terror to the topmost wires of the great cage.

His satisfaction at this achievement is evident, his enjoyment of it unbounded. He runs prances and skips about in the most dignified fashion, and, finally, taking the tip end of a wing or tail feather in the tip end of his beak, he indulges in a high stepping, light, fantastic waltz that is absurd and preposterous beyond description. His performance generally winds up with picking up a stray feather (there are sure to be plenty lost in the hurly burly he has caused) tossing it up in the air chasing, catching it and tossing it up in the air again, until he is tired or has worked off his flow of spirits. Occasionally, however, he varies this performance by sticking his bill deep in the ground, standing on his head, flapping his wings, and flourishing his long red legs wildly in the faces of the spectators, who never fail to greet the performance with shrieks of laughter.

Certainly such another amusing bird does not exist, unless it is a sort of second cousin of the kagu, the shadow bird or Scopus umbrella of Africa, that plays in pretty much the same way.—Atlanta Constitution.

Perfuming a Burglar.

A man named Frank March recently broke into a doctor's house in Cambridge, England. The doctor happened to be in, and he at once hurled a bottle containing peppermint at the intruder. March, who was seeking money, got nothing but a scent. It being to him when he was taken before the Lambeth magistrate.

The odor of the peppermint had been the clue that led to his arrest. The circumstantial evidence against him is, literally, strong, as the Cambridge doctor never doubts his per-
petrator.

ELECTRIC PLOWS.

They Banish From the Farmer's Life an Arduous Feature.

A Stationary Engine Furnishes the Elementary Power.

Science is really in a fair way to rob the farmer's life of the arduous features that have deterred the rising generation from adopting it with enthusiasm. Milk-machines are an old story. Electricity has long swung the gate that let the cows out of the barn and into the long line that held the herd in its narrow confines until the broad pasture was reached.

But now the electricity that Franklin so successfully would have put its powerful hand to the plow, and besides furrowing the land, extracts the potato from the earth's embrace.

France and Germany have found the electric plow a success. Evidently favorable reports have been received by the department of agriculture at Washington. Now it seems more than likely that plowing by electricity will soon become common in the United States.

The electric plow has a great many striking advantages. It does its work much more conscientiously than any farm hand could be expected to do, and it may always be relied upon. The well-plowed field should be turned up like down and the soil enabled to uniform depth, and the electric plow may always be relied upon to do this, merely providing its gauge has been properly set. It is also available for husbandry in a small way. All other machine plows are very expensive and cumbersome, and can only be used on very large farms.

Electric plows are at present manufactured in many different sizes. They are far less expensive than any other form of machine plow, besides being lighter in their construction and therefore more portable. The commonest form for farming on a large scale consists of a saw-saw, tilting or balanced plow, provided with a motor mounted on the plow itself. A stationary engine furnishes the elementary power, through an electric motor, to the plow by means of a wire. This form does away with the wire rope traction of most steam plows. A chain is stretched over the field and securely anchored at either end, and the plow is made to run along the line of the chain. A laborer stands on a little platform attached to the plow and regulates its movements by means of a lever.

In order to operate a plow of this kind an engine is used capable of developing from eight to twelve horse power. This is placed in any convenient position and the power is transmitted by means of two flexible wire cables. Five or six such cables are very readily managed by a boy. It is only necessary for him to adjust the gauges on the plow and turn on the current, and the plow does the rest. The largest field of an ordinary farm may be plowed by this ingenious device in about one-third of the time it would require to plow it with the same number of plows operated by horse power.—New York Journal.

Payment of Swamp Hay.

Permission has been granted by the Mayor of Baltimore to lay a sample of a new pavement, made of swamp hay, in order to test its durability. The material is swamp grass, which grows luxuriantly in the salt marshes along the Atlantic coast. It grows very compactly in many places to a height of six or eight feet. Laborers go into the marshes with large, flat boats and cut the hay, which falls into the boat as it is poled along through the water. The material is then put into bundles and sent into the proper length by a machine similar to the ordinary hay-cutting. It is afterwards subjected to a moderate pressure and made into blocks about six inches thick by sixteen long and twenty wide. These are then fastened by wires very much in the same manner that hay is put up. Before the blocks are shipped from the factory they are treated with a preparation of "koda oil," and they are then ready to lay upon the streets. The cost of putting down this pavement complete, including the preparations of the concrete foundations, is given at from \$1.40 to 1.70 per square yard.—American Architect.

Humorous.

He—If we were not in a canoe, I would kiss you. She—Take me ashore instantly, sir.

"I think it is mean of you to say that the Count is good for nothing." "Well, I suppose if you ever go to Paris he will come in handy as an interpreter."

Gratitude—Magistrate (severely, to prisoner)—Last time you were here I let you off with a caution. Prisoner (cooly)—Yea, that's why I'm 'ere ag'in; it sort of encouraged me!

She—"She," said the adoring young man, "is an angel." "Of course," said the elderly friend. "I have proof, almost indisputable proof. Even mother thinks she will make me a good wife."

Dudley—What are bells on bicycles for? Dooby—Don't you know? Why, the riders ring them, you know, when wheeling through the streets, so's to let the people know they're going to run them down.

He—What is the sense of putting all that trimming on the back of your hat? Do you suppose any man can see the back of your hat when he meets you? She—No; but every woman will when she passes me.

Teacher—James, what makes you late? James—I was pursuing knowledge. Teacher—Pursuing knowledge? What do you mean? James—Why, my dog ran off with my spelling-book and I ran after him.

Topy-toxydon—No, Henry dear, I cannot be yours! "Do you reject me?" "No; but since I am a member of the Woman's emancipation league, I cannot belong to any man, but you may be mine—if you like."

Sati-factorily explained.—"Well, of all the conjunctives, asking me to help you because you've got three wives to support!" "They don't belong to me, mister—nothin' of the sort; they belong to my sons-in-law."

"When I grow up," said little Jack to his father, "I'm going to be just like you, papa." "That's sweet of you to say," said his father. "Well, I mean it," said Jack. "What a snap you do have with mamma around to wait on you!"

"What kind of a wheel are you going to get?" "To tell you the truth I haven't decided; there are now over 2,000 'most makes' to choose from, and each of your friends goes the other way better when he's telling you how much better the make he rides is than any other best make made."

A Remarkable Growing Hen.

Growing hens may come to bad ends eventually, just as whistling girls are supposed to do, but a London Field correspondent gives some facts on the subject that seem to dispense the popular notion. The correspondent had three pullets in 1893, which began to lay eggs in November. During the year ending on October 31, 1893, the three had laid 589 eggs, in spite of the fact that one of them was a growing hen. The next year 510 eggs constituted the record. Not even severe weather could stop them from laying. The poultry man thought that he could raise some chickens from the three hens, and put a rooster into their yard.

"We now have a ridiculous concert," the brooder writes. "The cock leads off in his full voice, and the hen follows with a shrill whistle, with variations much out of tune. Still she lays, and on two days last week the three hens laid six eggs each day. I hope to get the farmers at poultry shows to give prizes to growing hens in the near future."

Relative Weight of the Human Brain.

Professor Rankin has submitted to the German anthropological society the results of his investigations into the relative weights of the brain and spinal cord in man and the monkey. The elephant and the whale have heavier brains than man; the mole and certain small apes and stinging birds have heavier brains in proportion to the weight of the body than man. According, however, to Professor Rankin, the weight of the brain in proportion to the weight of the spinal cord is greater in man than in any other animal.

The English government pays from \$175 to \$200 a piece for the cavalry horses it is taking in great numbers from Canada.

A Reason Why.

Teacher—What is meant, Johnnie, by the saying "the sun never sets on England's flag?"
Johnnie—I guess it means the sun's afraid to leave it alone in the dark near anybody else's boundary line.—Puck.