

Husband your strength, husband your earnings. You will need both the older you grow.

Do not postpone your good deeds for to-morrow; it may be too late to do the recipient any good, as you may not live till to-morrow, with all the intelligence and all the resources man possesses, he is only a tenant on earth, and often without warning he must leave for the world beyond the grave.

At a recent meeting held in Alexandria, Virginia, to further the project to build a grand avenue from Washington to Mount Vernon, it was explained that the proposed avenue would run for two miles through the Arlington property, and that it was expected that the Government would construct at least that portion. The various states would be asked to send trees to be planted in the parking along the borders of Mount Vernon avenue, and it is hoped that the thirteen original States would be sufficiently interested to place in life form, in bronze or marble, the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

According to the Troy Times, "the prophet who, a few years ago, said that agricultural fairs would soon 'play out,' has gone into some other business. Fairs still flourish, proving in most sections as popular as they ever were. These fall exhibitions have gradually improved. They embrace a greater variety of the fruits of industry. Farmers are raising better stock and better fruits, and consequently when they come together at the end of the season the display tells the story of improved methods and more profitable rewards of labor. The character, too, of the fairs has been elevated. There is less reliance upon the meretricious devices to draw crowds. A few important lessons have been learned and put into operation within the last few years, with the effect of giving the public a more commendable class of agricultural exhibitions. The time ought not to come when farming communities shall think it wise to give up this method of laying the results of the year's toil before the public and receiving all of the benefit which such competitive displays ensure."

"The United States not only continue their work of feeding the rest of the world—they steadily increase the amount of that work," says the Philadelphia Telegraph. "For the ten months ending August 31 the exports of beef and pork exceeded by \$2,000,000 the exports of the same kind in the same period in 1886. The total was \$65,500,000 or a ratio of over \$76,000,000 a year. The wonder of this thing is beyond parallel, and it may well claim a passing thought in these days of reflection upon the greatness, the growth and the illimitable future of the republic. Here is the contribution of the United States to the dinner table of the world in only two articles of food consumption. All other meats than beef and pork go to swell the enormous total, as do breadstuffs, fruits and vegetables, canned goods, etc. We not only feed ourselves more nourishingly and amply than any other people are fed, but we send these hundreds of millions worth of food yearly to the markets of other nations. No other country does such a work, nor in all history has it been done. Who could possibly have foretold such a tale, surpassing any Arabian Night marvel, 100 years ago?"

A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser says: "A weird interest attaches to mummies, and their coming to life, or exerting an occult influence when resurrected in one day, has furnished the foundation for several romances. Here is a prosaic and true story, with the scene laid in matter-of-fact New York, which goes far to relieve the romancers from the charge of romancing. Some time ago Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received an invoice of mummies' eyes. I do not go so far as to say that they were the actual eyes of leading citizens of Thebes and Memphis, but they were taken from the eye-sockets of mummies exhumed from Egyptian tombs. They may have been the actual eyes reduced to the hardness of stone by the process of embalming, or they may have been only false eyes like those used by modern taxidermists in perpetuating the life-semblance of some pet Fido or Tabby. At all events they were dubbed 'mummy eyes,' and the jewelers set about getting them ready for the market. They were amber colored, opaque and lustreless. It was thought best to polish them before setting, and a workman was set at the task. Before he had been long at the work he became ill of a fever and another man was put on the job. He too became ill of the same kind of a fever before he had spent much time on the job, and three or four other workmen who succeeded him were taken with the same symptoms and suffered a similar illness, although others, working on other jobs amid the same surroundings and under the same conditions, were enjoying their usual good health. Here is an excellent opportunity for the Society for Psychological Research. Were these illnesses simply a coincidence, or did the mummy eyes really exert some occult and baneful power for their own protection?"

WE ALWAYS WAIT. We always wait, the promise unfulfilled; The spring, the summer, the harvest we may see; But never from the cradle to the grave, To any thought, however strong and brave, Shall full fruition be. The child would snatch a bauble of the moon, The youth, the ecstasy of love that leagues with fate; Manhood, dominion that is lost so soon, And age, the trembling shadows at the gate; For hope grows weary of the solemn noon, Wherein we always wait. Behold the sodden fields, now newly sown; And there the husbandman with anxious eyes, Watching the wind and rain, in hope and fear, Till summer smiles, or blight and rust appear. Where all the venture of his harvest lies, The clouds are auguries of dread to him, The sun a laggard, or the rains are late; The wind shall sometimes soothe him with a hymn; The spectral fog shall be a thing of fate; For hope, the twilight of the soul, grows dim, Wherein we always wait. O patient optimist—a smile or tear, Are honest kin, they spring so near together. No man hath ever lived all satisfied, No human heart that is not sometimes tried By bleak, unfriendly weather. There never was full measure of content, Even to him most blest and nursed of fate; The morrow brings its hazard for us all—Some one demands oboli at the gate. Whereat sit Hope and Fear, who sadly call The souls that always wait.

Not one is found to thwart the dead Parcae, Nor stay the ravel of the ghastly thread; Nor birth, nor pride, nor wealth, nor wit can see. Escape or compromise with destiny; The surge betwixt the living and the dead! O, sapient sage, O, orator sublime, Poet and priest, 'tis idle here to prate, Of latent will, of creeds that mock at time— Within the Law there is no small or great; Man is but man, whether he fall or climb; He waits; ay, he must always wait.

Must wait for what? the doubt, the great "beyond!" The new to-day, to-morrow will be old; All human empire soon is desolate, Decay and change, with sure, unflinching gait, Trample heroic dust and peasant mould. The myth of Kings! Republics! what are these? But vague Ambition plattening God's estate? No man hath warranty for aught—a breath Will cancel legacies of love or hate, Will wait his latest tide deeds to Death, On whom we always wait.

'Tis much to flutter on the broad highways, And boast our opulence in wit and art; To clothe in golden grandeur that which dies— Man only owns the moment he enjoys, In all life's comedy, a single part! The splendid scenery of seas and stars, The gorgeous Cosmos girding him with state; And all the costly trappings loaned of time, Leave him at last alone and desolate, Within the vestibule where all men go, Alas! and always wait.

One fain must laugh—perhaps 'twere best to weep— When some poor soul, a leader in the van, Aspires by ethics or some covert claim, To win himself a precedence in name, And chant heroics o'er his brother man, Be he high priest or Fortune's parasite, Or plumed by circumstance (men call him great) Or placid, smiling mediocrity, Here all must meet and jostle at the gate Of that cold house where we in company— The players—always wait!

We always wait—our work is never done, Our lives are full of all things incomplete; The sun, the rain alike for every one, May yet find gardens in our hearts begun, To bloom or wither in the summer's heat. Tho' flowers of Love and Hope may blossom soon, Or only ripen wearily and late; The planet Peace must be our harvest moon— Knowing these things, we find no fault with fate— We enter doors where love is still attune, Wherein we always wait.

Alas! some summers I have called my own, Some scenes, some marvels of great lakes and woods; The thrilling peans of the ocean sent By starry pathways through the firmament, These and the like were mine in the ancient moods. Here was no smell of parchment, dog-eared books, Nor wiles of mortgage, lease, or pawned estate; But by the mighty legacies of God, Each plant that bloomed, each flower that blessed the sod, Shared my inheritance with a friendly nod, Making sweet murmurs, saying nothing loath, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," Wherein we always wait. —John Antrabus, in the Minneapolis Star.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

BY LUKE SHARP. "Now," said Dr. Bunts, "I'll tell you what we must have. We don't want a common guide. We want a guide with a story. When I reach a place I always look out for some fellow who has had an unusual experience. In such a spot as this there must be dozens of men who have had thrilling experiences. Right here at the foot of Mont Blanc there must be men who—" "Yes, but look here," I interrupted, "you have to take the guides as they come. I understand that there are about 240 guides in Chamonix, and that the traveler has no choice. They are engaged in rotation." "True," answered the Doctor, "but there are exceptions to this rule. A lady going alone, for instance, has her choice of guides. You can talk English only, and that at times not unmixed with slang, so you can choose a guide that talks what you call your language, and as for me I have the privilege of taking any guide I wish." "Why you more than another?" "Because I am a member of the Alpine Club." The Doctor was a rather peculiar man. I imagine that if it had not been for a misfortune he would have become a noted physician. This misfortune was the death of an uncle, who left him a large fortune. Then the Doctor gave up practice, gave up his body to travel and his mind to mystical science, as he was pleased to call it. He expected to make some great discoveries in the way of mesmerism. Even while he traveled he was continually experimenting with anybody who would allow him to experiment on him. He said that the great discovery of the present century was electricity, and

that the great discovery of the coming century would be the utilization of that mysterious force of which we get indications in mind reading and that sort of thing. Electricity, he said, was only faintly known at the beginning of the century, while now it is a household necessity.

He certainly did some wonderful things with people in the mesmeric trance. He would put a person to sleep and have him actually describe the interior of a house thousands of miles away, known only to one of the auditors. Once the sleeper vividly told how a murder had been done that he had never before heard of. The Doctor expects that when he gives the result of his researches in his forthcoming book it will be impossible for any murderer to hide his crime.

When the Doctor and I went to the office of the guides to secure our man, the result of the Doctor's inquiries was that Hertzoff was the very man we wanted. Hertzoff some years before had had the most thrilling escape ever recorded in the Alps. He had fallen down a crevasse in the great glacier of the Mer de Grace. He was alone at the time, but they found his broken alpenstock at the lip of the crevasse, and down in the depths they heard the tooting of his horn. It took 300 feet of rope to bring him up, and ever since then he was a guide much sought for by those who had any choice in the selection of guides, and, besides this, the recital of his thrilling story had filled his purse on many an occasion.

So Hertzoff took the Doctor and myself across the glacier that day. We left the beaten path somewhat so that we might see the spot where he fell in and hear the story just where it happened. The crevasse was a wide one but it had been narrower at the time the guide slipped over. What made matters worse was that at the time the guide was alone. He had taken a party across the glacier and was returning by a short cut to Montanvert. He and his brother were to take a party up the glacier in the afternoon and his brother, who was waiting for him at Montanvert, became alarmed at his absence. With another guide he started to meet him, and knowing the short cut that the guides generally took when alone, they followed it. Coming to a valley in the ice at the bottom of which was the narrow crevasse, they saw on the other side a broken alpenstock stuck fast in an ice crevice that told the whole story. Hertzoff had come down the incline as usual with his alpenstock to keep the decent from being too swift. The alpenstock caught in the crevice and snapped off. Hertzoff fell and slid helplessly over the lip of the crevasse. He went down feet first. He tried to stop himself by bracing his feet against the opposite side of the crevasse, but he slid down the blue, clear ice with appalling swiftness. About one-hundred feet down the crevasse turned, and from thence to the bottom he slid down on his back, and in an instant found himself in two feet of ice water that rushed to help form the River Arve that flows through Chamonix.

When his brother and the other guide saw how matters stood and heard the faint toot of the Alpine horn in the ice depths, the brother shouted down to encourage him to hold out, while the other ran back to the big hotel for ropes and help. All the visitors and many of the guides came back with him, and in a short time they had the half frozen man up on the surface again. It was a fearful narrow escape. Hertzoff tied ropes around us and held on while we went down and looked over the edge of the crevasse. The sides were a clear luminous blue, darkening as they went down. We could hear the rush of the water below. The Doctor dropped a stone into the chasm and that, more than anything else, made us realize its depth. The stone dropped to the turn in the crevasse and then we heard it ringing against the sides as it went down and down, seemingly to the center of the earth.

As we returned the Doctor and I walked together behind the guide, who was some distance ahead. We were both very much impressed by the story told on the very spot where it had happened. "That ought to be a great lesson for you," began the Doctor.

"Why for me?" "Well, in the telling of a story. Now, if you were writing that adventure the chances are that you would spoil it by piling up the agony. He told it in his simple, direct way, that to my mind was infinitely more thrilling than all the fine writing in the world. What impressed me about his narrative was the simplicity of diction and the evident truthfulness, and, besides that, there was an absence of brag that strikes me as admirable."

"Still you must admit that the guide is a man of rather coarse feelings; probably the only sensation he felt was an animal desire for safety. He did not describe his feelings because he had none. Take a more refined and educated person in the same situation, and his sensations during that slow slide to the edge of the crevasse would be something painfully intense—something that this man could neither appreciate nor understand."

"I don't admit that at all. This man's modesty prevents him from telling us just what he felt. Human nature is human nature all the world over. Now to prove this, when we return I will try and

get this man into a mesmeric trance. I think he would be a good subject, and if I succeed, then we will have his story with all his sensations at the time of falling. I wish that if he proves a good subject you would take your pencil and get his words as nearly verbatim as you can. By the way, do you write shorthand?"

"Oh, yes, but the trouble is I can't read it, nor can anybody else after the notes are written. That has always been my drawback with shorthand."

"Well, do the best you can." "When we got to the hotel the Doctor invited the guide up to his room to have a glass. He asked the guide to sit down, and I softly turned the key in the door so that we would not be interrupted. The doctor drew up his chair before the guide, and said:

"You seem to be a very healthy man?" The guide said he had to be. The guide business was not an occupation for invalids.

"I am a physician. Please allow me to feel your pulse." The guide somewhat reluctantly gave his wrist to the Doctor, who finally took both the guide's hands in his own and looked him straight in the eyes, while his fingers seemed to caress the horny palms of the guide.

The Swiss seemed very uneasy for a few moments, but at last his stalwart frame appeared to subside in his chair, and as the Doctor's face moved closer to his the guide's eyes became fixed and glassy. It was intensely silent in the room.

At last the Doctor moved his open hands before the guide's face, and the disengaged hands of the Swiss fell listlessly to his sides. His eyes closed.

"You cannot stand up," said the doctor.

The man moved heavily, but seemed rooted to his chair.

"It is the 10th of August, 18—"

"Yes," said the guide, hoarsely.

"You took a party across the glacier that day, didn't you?"

"No," said the guide, in the same sepulchral voice.

"What!" cried the Doctor in surprise.

"Didn't you take the party across the glacier and come back by the short cut?"

"No," said the guide.

"Weren't you and your brother to take a party up the glacier that afternoon?"

"No," said the guide.

The Doctor was nonplussed. He thought he had mistaken the date, and asked me if it was correct.

"The date is the one he gave us. Ask him what he did that day?"

"What did you do that day?"

"There was not much to do then. Chamonix was not much sought. There were no accidents for a long time. Accidents bring the people. My brother Rudolph, he was the clever one of the family. He said he must have an accident. He is the clever one; I am the strong one. We went together to the moraine at the foot of the glacier.

We tried to go up some of the crevasses at the bottom, but the water was too strong. At last we found one that was narrow and the current weak. We found we could walk up long distance until it became too narrow. He said that would do. Then we broke my alpenstock and I took one piece. He went round to the top of the glacier and I sat among the stones until he would blow his horn. He fixed the alpenstock in the crevice. Then he went to the hotel and told them he was uneasy about me. When he and the other guide came across the ice they blew their horns and I went up the crevasse and blew mine. After a long time the rope came down. I tied it around me and they pulled me up. When the accident was printed in all the papers all over the world a great many people came to Chamonix."

The Doctor himself seemed in a trance while the guide slowly told how the deed was done. He was amazed and charmed. His hero had crumbled.

"What I like," I said as I finished the last of the writing, "what I like about this story is the simplicity of diction; the evident truthfulness and the absence of all brag."

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor rousing himself up, "of course I will never hear the end of this if it once gets out. All the same, you believed his story quite as much as I did, although of course you won't admit that now."

He made a few passes and woke the guide up.

"You are tired," said the Doctor, "and I think you dropped asleep for a few moments." —Detroit Free Press.

A School of Journalism.

A London exchange (the Printing and Paper Trades Journal) says: Mr. David Anderson, a well-known leader writer on the staff of the daily Telegraph, has opened at the Outer Temple, in the Strand, a school for journalists. The intention is to teach the art and mystery of journalism, either in its entirety or any of its departments. Mr. Anderson undertakes, "in course of twelve months' practical tuition, to make any fairly well educated young man a thoroughly trained and expert journalist, capable of earning from six to twenty pounds a week on the press. Candidates for the situations of from six to twenty pounds must, however, bear in mind that Mr. Anderson's terms are one hundred guineas, payable in advance.

NATURAL GAS.

A TERROR TO THE PETROLEUM WELL BORERS.

Its Adoption as Fuel and the Important Results Which Have Followed—The Gas Supply Not Inexhaustible.

Natural gas as a commercial product is an offshoot of the petroleum business. For many years it was one of the worst enemies the oil men had to fear, and many hundreds of lives have been lost of account of its outbreaks during the process of boring for oil. Perhaps the worst event of this kind was the first, when twenty lives were lost. This happened at Rouseville, on the lower part of Oil Creek, three miles from Oil City, in the early days of the oil development. The dangerous character of the escaping gas was not then understood. It is not so volatile that it will always ascend and frequently settles in hollows in the vicinity of a well from which it escapes in the form of a white vapor. It sometimes rushes with such force from the five-and-a-half-inch pipe inserted in the oil well before the gas was struck that the noise it makes can be heard six or eight miles away.

Whether the gas is on fire or not, accidents are not apt to happen under these circumstances. If it is on fire there is an immense volume of flame, starting some twenty feet above the pipes from which the fuel escapes. If such a well is not on fire the gas seems to blow away and be lost in the atmosphere, although the white vapor may show for a long distance from the well if it is located in a valley. An explosion is to be feared when the gas mingles with the local atmosphere in the proportion of one part gas and three parts atmosphere.

Most accidents from gas at oil wells have occurred when the drill has suddenly broken into a subterranean vein of gas, which comes rushing to the surface before the men at work at the well can extinguish the fires used for heating the drilling tools and running the engine. When danger seems imminent in the course of the drilling the fires are usually placed at a considerable distance from the well and the steam pipes connecting the boiler with the engine proportionately lengthened.

For many years gas explosions were very common in the oil region, and when they did not kill outright they would often leave such scars as would last for a life time. The useful possibilities of the gas were so little understood that for years this most valuable of fuels was allowed to go utterly to waste, while at the same time coal would be brought 100 miles to keep the fires of the drilling and pumping wells and at the pipe-line station going. The gas was a nuisance to be gotten rid of. This was accomplished by burning it from pipes in the open air near the wells, and at this time an oil district in the midst perhaps of a primeval forest was at night one of the most picturesque sights imaginable.

Aside from embarrassing the producer on the surface of the earth, the presence of the gas in his well would often prevent the successful action of the pump valves, and so seriously interfere with the flow of oil. In still another way natural gas proved a detriment to the oil pioneer, by occupying the crevices of rock that would otherwise be occupied by oil. "Gas territory" was always dreaded.

The first use made of gas was in displacing coal in running the engines at the wells; it was afterward conducted to houses for domestic uses. Single wells have produced such a quantity of gas that one was able to supply fuel for miles around, where there were hundreds of houses and many thousands of inhabitants, the gas being conducted by large and small pipes over ground. A gas well of this kind was in the vicinity of Fairview, Butler County, Pennsylvania. The gas went to waste for a year or more and afterward supplied, with no particular diminution of flow, the country round for a couple of years more. At one drilling well where the boiler had given out, the three-quarter inch gas pipe, that connected with a larger pipe over half a mile away and that brought the gas for making steam, was attached directly to the engine cylinder and the gas had sufficient propelling force to run the engine in place of the steam. The objection to it was the dirt and sediment in it which finally choked the cylinders.

Natural gas has attained great prominence now in the manufacturing world by its use in Pittsburg and other towns. Its use, on account of the perfect combustion attending it, has abolished the cloud of smoke that once overhung Pittsburg and entitled it to the distinctive name of the "Smoky City." In the manufacture of iron, glass, and wherever steam is requisite, gas, when it can be had, is an extremely important factor, and on this account specially Pittsburg is, and has been for years "booming" with extraordinary prosperity. How long Pittsburg will enjoy this special advantage it is impossible now to judge. Individual wells will often give gas in great quantities for two or three years. In the case of Pittsburg the exhaustion of one section will not deprive it of its supply. There are too many gas-producing sections in this

vicinity. Gas can be obtained in great quantities over large sections of Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and no doubt also in other States; and so it is likely to be an important factor in our industries for many years to come. But exhaustion at last is certain, unless having no laboratory that science knows of in which to perpetuate its production. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Race of Monkey Men.

The well known traveler, M. Ed. Flachat, contributes to the Revue Scientifique an interesting study of the native inhabitants of Luzon, the largest and most important of the Philippine Islands. They are divided into two races, the gringos and the savages, although comprising some fifteen tribes more or less distinct in type and costume. The gringos, supposed to be the aborigines, are dwarfs, averaging about four and a half feet in height, but are well formed. Huts or villages are unknown among them, but they sleep where night finds them. Their strongest characteristic is their love of freedom. When one of their number dies they attribute it to some evil influence, and avenge the death by killing some person of another race, and are constantly at war among themselves and with the savages. These differ in most respects from the negroes. Their toes are very far apart, and are used like fingers, they being able to pick up the smallest thing with them. Some have even been seen to descend a tree head foremost, using their feet like a monkey. They have all some idea of a supreme being, one tribe worshipping a god who had two sons and two daughters, from whom descended the human race. They deify such things as the rain, powder, the metals and certain trees, as well as truth and noble deeds. They have bad spirits also, as darkness, lying and some diseases; but neither good nor bad have any sacred places. "What kind of temples," say they, "for beings who fear neither wind, sun nor rain? They chafe under the Spanish yoke, and praise the apes for their cunning, saying, 'They do not speak for fear of being obliged to pay taxes.' —New York Post.

A Pressman's Device.

Mr. D. Wilkins, pressman of the Chicago Mail, has recently patented a device, the practical workings of which, we are credibly informed, has increased the extra edition of that journal containing the result of the baseball matches from 1,200 to 24,000 copies. A few evenings since, on invitation, we visited his pressroom, in which were located two presses, about 5:30 o'clock. The presses were ready on the cylinder, containing a detailed description of the match up to the sixth inning. In these plates were inserted a number of square black blocks with the names of the contesting clubs preceding them. At the telephone, near the presses, was seated a teller who announced the results of each inning, received directly from the ground, to the pressman standing ready, die in hand, to impress on the respective blocks the required figures. As soon as the result of the ninth inning was received and the totals inserted, the machines were set in motion, and in twenty-two seconds from the announcement of the result a paper containing an account of the game was placed in our hands; in less than a minute the newsboys were selling them on the streets, and before the crowds at the grounds had dispersed the Mail wagon was on hand to supply the demand for the "Extra." —Independent Printer.

Unsuitable Articles.

I heard a racy story of Frank Stockton the other day, says a writer in the New York Tribune. I believe it has never been in print, and even if it has been any of you know it, it's so good that I'm willing to pay the forfeit for the privilege of repeating it. A well-known literary woman called at the Country Office on a rainy day. When she left the sun was shining so that she forgot her rubber shoes, which she had laid aside on entering. Shortly after her departure Stockton came in, noticed the shoes, and informed to whom they belonged, and asked permission to return them. She received her rubbers the same evening accompanied by some such note as this:

OFFICE OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, November 19, 1887. MRS. — DEAR MADAME: Without expressing an opinion in regard to the literary merits of the enclosed articles, permit us to say that they seem unsuitable to the columns of the magazine. Respectfully yours, THE CENTURY CO. P. O. No. 1.

A Small Bore.

The idea begins to prevail in European armies that it is better to wound a man in battle than to kill him, as more men are taken out of line to care for the wounded man than for a dead one. Hence opinion of present favors a small bore for the magazine rifles now being introduced, and the average gauge adopted is about three-tenths of an inch only, instead of the half-inch gauge hitherto in use in Europe and in this country. An advantage of the small bore is that the soldier can carry more rounds of ammunition. His gun can be made lighter. The soldier, when consulted about the matter, prefers being shot twice to being killed once. —Baltimore Sun.