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The Thought of Thee.

When I think of thee,
When I think of thee,
The gray dawn breaking,
O'er land and sea.

The day opening,
Its first joy bringing,
The thought of thee.

I think of thee,
As day advances,
The low sun glances,
On flower and tree.

As day declines,
My soul draws nearer,
My love to thee.

I think of thee,
When day is setting,
My soul for effort,
At close of day.

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gone on to get horses and an escort, and that he had taken this course because he knew she would have objected to his going alone. This faint hope seemed to give her some comfort, and the rest of the boys fell in with me, and it became the settled conviction about the camp that he would be back presently. She lived up some, and the boys made themselves very agreeable. When two weeks had gone by, and nothing had been heard of her husband, she insisted on being taken home, and offered us any amount of money, which she said her father would pay, if we would escort her over the border. I began to fear that her husband was never coming back, and, to tell the truth, I had a still stronger suspicion of something else; so I agreed to start with her the next morning at sunrise, and told the boys to be in readiness. That afternoon we heard unearthly screams up one of the gulches a ways, and several of the boys running up with blanched faces to see what the matter was, found the little woman beside a new-made and very shallow grave, into which she had dug far enough to discover the body of her husband. As the boys stood there agape, she sprang to her feet quickly, and, drawing a revolver, shot two of them dead before any of us could find voice. I threw up my hands and begged of her to desist, and when some of the boys grabbed their guns, I just pulled mine and made them put them up. Then I got her back to the cabin, disarmed her, set one trusty fellow to watch her, and called the others up into the gulch. We uncovered the dead man, and found two bullet holes in his back.

"Who put them there?" said I, sternly, to the men.

"The two men whom she shot," they answered.

"Impossible," says I. "How could she know?"

"She didn't know. She just hit them by chance," said one of the party.

"We knew when they did it, but we didn't want to say anything about it. They thought to rob him and run away with her, but she seemed to be afraid of her men more than of all the others."

"Well, I kind of got first of that place after that, and when I got ready to take her home, I packed up my own things, and as we were out I said to the boys: 'Good-bye, old men. You can work the claim or not, just as you please. It ain't likely that I'll ever be back here again.' And I never did go back. They slunk away after a while, too, and I've heard that nobody has ever worked there since. I took the girl home to her father and left her there. She's there now. Yes, I see her occasionally. In fact, I don't mind telling you she's my wife, and has been for three years."

A Dakota Prairie Fire.

Last Sunday evening, as the sun was sinking in the western horizon, a fire was noticed encircling this place, and at no greater distance than twenty miles to the north and west. The scene that immediately followed was too horrible to be thought lightly of. The whole heavens seemed as one mass of seething, hissing fire. The roar that accompanied the flames as they darted upward, was enough to startle the pioneer, and completely shatter the bold and fearless tenderfoot. A cry was raised, and in a few minutes the citizens turned out en masse with wet bags and coal oil torches, and going to the north and northwest limits of the town, along the wagon trail leading west, immediately applied the torches. The grass went off like powder, burning a backfire about twenty feet wide in an instant, reaching nearly a half mile. Then to meet the creeping flames approaching from the north, a double backfire was started by the torchmen, and had just been completed when the roar of the flames was heard ascending the hill—only in a moment to flash in the tall grass and meet the backfire with the swish peculiar to the concussion following the discharge of a cannon. The fire to the west was then about two miles distant, but nearing at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, and when the north fire had been safely met, all hands went to the south west trail, running to about twenty yards north of the new school house, and started a backfire on the north side of the trail, and then bringing the fire over the trail, it was let to burn around the south side of the school house, being watched by eight or ten to prevent the fire spreading to the building. At one time it seemed as though the blaze would get the best of them, but wet sacks were applied, and the flames subdued. Other parties were sent in different directions, and succeeded in checking the fire. The damage done, however, was estimated at \$10,000.—*Forman (Dakota) Chron.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CROOKS.

Oysters deposit about one million eggs.

Over 2000 patents on churns have already been granted by the Government.

The pulse of a hen is 110, of a cat 110 to 120, of a dog 90 to 100, and of an ox 25 to 32.

The cavities in the long bones of quadrupeds are filled with marrow. Those in the long bones of birds and in skulls contain air.

A Philadelphia firm pumps its molasses from the wharf to its storehouse through a pipe line similar to the oil pipe lines, to avoid delays and cartage charges.

Cannon Point, Ga., claims the honor of having the only olive grove in the United States whose fruit is used for the manufacture of oil. It contains 100 bearing trees, which were planted over 100 years ago. The grove yields 200 gallons of oil this year.

The ocean, as well as the land, has different botanical regions, and changes are observed with the depth analogous to the variations of terrestrial plants to the altitude. Marine vegetation seems to have its vertical extent determined by the range of light in the water, which varies with the power of the sun and the transparency of the water.

By a proclamation of George III. dated Oct. 7, 1790, grants of lands in America were authorized to the retired officers and discharged soldiers who had served during the French and Indian war. 5000 acres each to field officers, 3000 to captains, 2000 to subalterns and staff officers, 200 to non-commissioned officers, fifty to private soldiers.

From a single grain of wheat planted in 1841, says the Grass Valley Cal. Record, grew twenty-two stalks, each bearing a full head. These yielded 800 grains, 700 of which were planted the next year, producing one-fifth of a bushel of splendid wheat. This was planted last spring, yielding seventeen bushels, making 1,020 pounds of wheat from one grain in three years.

Chess is the oldest game now in use. It was originally played in India where tradition says it was invented 5000 years ago. The Indian game, however, was much improved as it traversed over nations. It reached China, and then came through Persia to Europe. Before the sixteenth century there had been fifteen writers or chess, of whom seven were Asiatic.

Scarcely twenty-five years ago the most powerful pieces of artillery was a sixty-lb. powder, throwing its projectile with a velocity of 1600 feet per second. Now the weights of guns have been increased from five to 10 tons, the velocities from 1600 to 2000 feet per second, the energies from 100 to 1000 foot-tons to over 50,000, and the projectiles from sixty-eight pounds to 2000 pounds.

Weather Changes Foretold by Actions of Animals.

The behavior of some animals has long been known as a means of predicting the coming changes of the weather. The lower animals are more significant in this respect than others of a higher organization. Thus snails and frogs are more susceptible of changes in the weather than birds, and it is well-known that swallows, peacocks, geese, and other birds, ants and some other animals exhibit very conspicuous signs of an approaching change. Snails drink by imbibing moisture through tubercles in the skin, and some time before rain these tubercles are extended and become quite protuberant. Some snails change color from yellow to blue, others climb trees and get on the leaves, on the upper side, if the rain is to be short, and on the under side if it is to be long. Swallows fly low just before rain, skimming the ground or the surface of ponds or rivers; blue jays and peacocks cry loudly and persistently; geese act as if washing themselves in water, and "squawk" with great vigor; ants rush hither and thither as if greatly excited; frogs croak clamorously; gnats gather in clouds under trees; pigs squeal and carry bunches of straws in their mouths to make up their beds; dogs curl up and go to sleep; cats lie with their backs to the fire; flies even exhibit greater animosity in teasing their victims, and mosquitoes and gnats are greater tormentors than ever at other times. Even people feel restless and irritable, and rheumatics feel twinges in their joints and limbs, and old wounds and even amputated limbs suffer severe nervous pains. The reason of it is doubtless due to the greater rarity or lightness of the atmosphere which precedes the advent of a storm and the fall of rain, and in some cases also to the special influence of electrical action.—*New York Times.*

TRADE IN HUMAN HAIR.

It is gathered from all quarters of the world.

The Most Valuable Colors and the Highest Prices Paid for the Material.

"The best quality of human hair comes from France, Germany, Sweden and Norway," said a large importer of human hair on Broadway, New York, to the query of a *Mail and Express* interviewer.

"Years ago the human hair trade was a bonanza almost to what few dealers there were in the business. Fine, brilliant hair could be purchased from the processor for a few cents or half a dollar. Peddlers went about the country with gowags including women to part with their hair. Times have changed, and not a woman in any of the countries mentioned but requires a good round sum to sever her flowing locks to adorn other heads in different parts of the world."

"Well, how is the trade now?"

"Within the last fifteen years it has fallen off surprisingly. Then it was considered on the list as the third largest import trade in America, while now perhaps it ranks about the twentieth. The reason is obvious. The introduction of cheap hair from Italy and the Chinese refined hair has affected the sale of the genuine article. Now the hair that mostly comes from Italy is either cut after death or taken from hospital patients. It is then sent to Paris and carried through a process which is supposed to give it tone and vitality, but grayed hair can never equal the excellent quality of the raw material taken from a fresh and blood scalp."

"How is the hair prepared for market after it is first cut from the head?"

"All hair obtained in Sweden, Norway, Italy and sometimes Germany (although the latter country often prepares for market hair obtained there), is sent to Paris as raw material. There it undergoes the refining process. It is cleaned, washed, and dried, and then drawn through hot sand; so the article is as pure as can be. Now, when the raw material is sent here it is simply washed in soda, and is ready for sale."

"What does the hair cost, obtained from the original wearer?"

"It depends on the length and color. All the way from \$1 to \$10 is the price paid for the raw material. We call it raw until it is cleaned and purified. Thirty-two inch hair retails here from \$1 to \$1 per pound, being graded by the shades of color desired. Some hair easily sells for \$10 and \$100 per pound, if thirty-two or thirty inches long."

"What color of hair is highest priced?"

"Pure white hair is more sought after now than any color, and is worth its weight in gold. Indeed, it is more valuable than gold. It sells at \$10 and \$150 per ounce, and is extremely hard to get at that price. The reason of this is that pure white hair can rarely ever be found. Nearly all white hair turns to a yellowish tinge from exposure to the sun and weather. Ordinarily white hair has three different shades, beginning at the roots, and varying a little in the middle and the end. Hence the great difficulty experienced in getting pure white hair. I don't mean gray hair. Gray with it is mixed. Then, when white hair is colored you can tell it easily."

"What colors come after white in popularity?"

"The light or pale colors are always more in demand than dark shades. Light blonde, not reddish, and golden hair are the favorites after white. In Sweden light hair is mostly obtained, and is more expensive than in any other country. France furnishes dark and medium shades; Germany medium, and Italy generally dark. But of course all these countries furnish all colors, but those just mentioned predominate."

"Will the prepared human hair last as long as the raw material?"

"Prepared hair will last a lifetime; it never loses vitality. The raw hair is clogged up with oil and will soon become dead. The refined Chinese hair, which is generally mixed with the imported and sold for first quality, very soon rots. In order to refine it, acids are used, and the effect is deleterious. The Chinese hair is dirt cheap. Twenty-eight inches in length can be purchased at the rate of \$8 per pound. The trawled Italian quality is about the same prices. The prepared human hair, twenty-eight inches long, is worth \$36 per pound, not counting the costly shaded grades."

"What is the matter with America that you cannot buy the raw material here?"

"It is the variable climate here, I think, which seems to impede the growth of hair. Fact is, hair doesn't

seem to grow long on American women, and the only reason that can be given is the strange frocks of the weather. Now, in Sweden the winters are long and severe, but not capricious in changes. The temperature remains equable and Swedish women take pride in cultivating a fine crop of hair for the hair-gatherer when he comes around late in the spring. American women wouldn't sell their hair if they had it. Money is not an object with them when it comes to looks. No hair is obtained from England for the reason it doesn't grow long in the foggy island. The hair from Italy is trashy, and there is no doubt that if the raw material was imported here direct, before being prepared in Paris, it might contain a germ of cholera, as a great deal of it is cut from patients in hospitals. Hair from Italy might properly be excluded with rags during a cholera epidemic."

The Arab Household.

He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, not two dressed alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets, nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart lady was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers all the colors of the rainbow. Her arms and legs were perfectly smothered with jewels and his little neck smothered with rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrapbook, and I handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gift tray with two large green goblets full of sweet syrup, and we had to drink a little of this, as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was Arab custom to drink not less than three."

The Lapp and His Reindeer.

The mountain Lapps of Norway have learned to drink coffee and wear stout Norwegian cloth, but they set as much store by the reindeer as ever. A poor family will have fifty and upward in a flock, the middle classes 300 to 700, and the richest 1000 or more. The reindeer is as much beloved by the Lapps as his pig by the Irishman, and the reindeer often sleep in his hut in much the same fashion. The Lapp will whisper to his reindeer when harnessing him to his sleigh, and will tell him where he is to go, and declares he understands him. The reindeer is much like a stag, only smaller, all the people, animals and trees in Lapland are very diminutive, the men are mostly under five feet high, and the women under four feet nine inches, so great are the rigors of the climate in this as in all countries under the arctic circle, and the cows, sheep and goats are small in proportion. In summer the reindeer feed upon grass, and give excellent milk; in the winter they feed upon moss, which they scratch up under great depths of snow with marvelous instinct. When winter draws near great numbers are killed, and the flesh is dried and smoked to provide food when the ground is covered with snow, and but few birds, like ptarmigan, partridges and capercaillies, are met with. The flesh is very nutritious, and after a course of grass feeding it is surprising how soon the reindeer become fat and plump. The skin makes their dresses and boots, the sinews their thread and fishing lines, and the horns their spoons and domestic utensils.

HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

Country Churches—Met. With in England and Wales.

Beautiful Edifices that Are Built in Quaint Styles of Architecture.

The village churches in the south-west countries, or older countries as they are sometimes called, are particularly rich. Many of them are of Tudor workmanship, and are built on a much larger scale than the tiny edifices of Saxon and Norman times. When Henry VII. was building his beautiful chapel in Westminster Abbey, many of the huge caught the same feeling and taste that prompted his outlay on this work, and reared in their own localities edifices that were in the same style, without attempting to vie with its richness. Then, perhaps, to these structures a porch was added when Queen Elizabeth was making her summer progresses, and subsequently further alterations were effected when King Charles had come to his own, tinged with classic taste, telling of foreign travel, all of which yielded a lighter air and tone than the work of the masons of earlier centuries.

Abney Dore church, near to Hereford, is an unusually fine village church, with much work in it of these latter times—mysteriously vast, indeed as though built with vague longings in the hearts of its builders for some greater purpose. Within three miles or so, at Kilpeck, is a small, massive Norman church of great solidity, with some lingering traces on it, at its angles, of the phobbing touch of previous Saxon masons.

There are little Welsh churches, built of stone, with slated roofs, so plain, so featureless, that it is difficult to be sure they are not barns. There are others, again, no larger, that arrest all passers by with their plaintive beauty. Here is Llanbedr church, of the dashing, dashing Artex. It is full of delivery and grace, though consisting only of the usual nave and chancel, with a small bell-tower on the west end. A generous giver, however, recently added a small vestry and an open timbered porch. Like the rest, it stands in a churchyard, only the tombstones lie flat upon the earth, fringed with the grass that grows around them.

These memorials of departed Welsh villages are made of slate and incised with Welsh inscriptions, giving the names and dates of the births and deaths in the usual way. Over the entrance to the church is a small slate tablet, inscribed with an admonition, which is likewise in Welsh, to the effect that none should enter that privileged sanctuary save with good thoughts. We may venture to cross the threshold, notwithstanding. Within all is orderly. There is an ancient, open timbered roof; an unusually picturesque chancel arch, formed with rough-hewn, slab formed stones; a central pathway between the two rows of sittings; a stained-glass window on the south side and a second stained-glass window at the east end, both masterpieces of color steel, pale, and wan tints contrasting inconspicuously with deep and rich tones a few mural tablets, and a general air and tinge of refined and homely piety.

In a word, these village churches present a wealth of interest that is practically inexhaustible. *London Express.*

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A talent is perfected in solitude a character in the stream of the world.

It is a vain for a man to be happy, if he be unfortunate in his marriage.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

When workmen strike to do better than well they do not improve their skill in coventness.

Every one of your actions is rewarded or punished. We may not discern it, or if we do are too proud to admit it.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide world is around you, and it lies very low.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or brooms, or canals, or statues, or songs.

"Spirit" is now a very fashionable word. To act with spirit, means only to act rashly and talk indiscreetly. An able man will show his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure the comfort.

Wags.

After the storm, the wind is calm.

After the rain, the sun is bright.

After the day, the night is dark.

After the night, the day is bright.

After the day, the night is dark.

After the night, the day is bright.