CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

NO. 2.

One square, one insertionOne square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

Strictly in Advance. I Will Be Worthy of It.

I may not reach the heights I seek, My untried strong h may fail me; Or, half-way up the mountain peak, Fierce tempests may assail me. But though that place I never gain, lies comfort for my pain I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success, I may not grasp results that bless The efforts of my neighbor. But though my goal I never see, This thought shall always dwell with me-I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way;
My path may always lead through night Like some deserted by way flut though life's dearest joy I miss There has a nameless joy in this— I will be worthy of it. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A SERENADE.

"Matty's got a beau!" said Mrs. Hall, in a sort of stage whisper, as she spread out the various sections of her completed patchwork bel-quilt before the almiring eyes of Mrs. Peckham, her neighbor. 'Keepin' reg'in company!"

"La me?" said Mrs. Peckham, at once losing all intere t in the "Iri-hch in" pottern and staring full in the face of Mrs. Hall, "Who is it?" "I dunno's I'd orter to L"

"On, yes, do! I won't mention it to n livin' soul. You haln't orter hev my teries from me, as has been a neighher to you so long."

"You're sure you won't tel. I"

"Yes, sartin sur a Well, then, it's Martin Poley."

"West, I never!" said Mrs. Peckham. Me and Lensy, we've wondered this settle down, with such a nice farm as he's got-real store expets on the floor, and a new cookin'-store, with a water besier to the back on't, and everything. And a nice, good tempered fellow, too, as ever lived?" she added, with a sigh,

"I suppose," said Mrs. Hall, with ern Amazon. modest prile, thit ain't every girl would

"Day set yet?" said Mrs. Peckham. her spectacle glasses all a-glitter with curiosity.

· Bless me, it ain't got so far as that yet! ' declared Mrs. Hall, "I didn't say he'd propose, did l? I only said he was comin' Sunday evenin's."

'Oh!' said Mrs. Peckham. "But of course," added the mother of Matty, "everybody knows what that means. And the next time Igo to hedge of goodberry bushes beyond. Bulpert I shall be sort o' lookin' out

for bargains in dove-colored silks." "I supposed it would be just as with," said Mes. Peckham, wistfully.

"Louisy hain't no notion of gettin' rettled, has she?" hazard at Mrs. Hall,

in the height of her satisfaction. "Not that I know of."

"Well, you mustn't give up," sall Mrs. Hall, "Two known girls marryand marry well, too-after they was older than Louisy is."

Mrs. Peckham bit her lip. "Louisy ain't so very old!" said she,

"She's thirty, nin't she?" Yes; but I don't call that dying of of lage!' retortel Mrs. Peckham.

"Mutty sin't but three as I twenty," "But our family always did marry home."

Mrs. Dockhom r.

"I puess I'd better be going," said she, a little nettled. "Timi walk across ful. the medder is awful hot arter the sun

Mrs. Hall looked after her with a half-suppressed smile as she trudged down the road, a subdued brown speck on the summer brightness of the land-

She's dreadful lealous 'can e Louisy's booked for single blessedness?' said applogized Martin, "but I've made up · Louisy, indeed-a the, chuckling, washed-out, red-baired old maid! No more to be compared with our Mitty

than a cabbace stalk with a rove!" While Matilda berself, dusting the furniture in the best room, looked crit-

"Ma," said she, "we must have new carpet this fall. This ain't hardly decent when a girl has steady com-

"I dunno what your father'll say, Matty," said Mrs. Hall, coming in from the kitchen with a fried cruller impaled

on the end of her fork. "Pa hasn't no business to be a

stingy," said Matilda. She was a black-eyed, red-cheeked

girl, with ebon hair growing low on her torchead, and a certain air of domineering command which comported well with her clear, p nx an I white beauty. Mrs. Hall looked admiringly at he

"I guess likely he'll let you have your own way," said she. "You always was a great hand to coax. Just sin't certain whether I've got enough cinnamon into the dough.

eached the little wooden house on the with his monkey, and sail he hadn't word out of one the whole evening.

orless complexion, and hair of that bright Rubens gold that Mrs. Peckham

To serenade! But.

had miscalled "red." "It's true, Louisy," said the old woman, rather spiritlessly."

"What's true, granny?" "About Mortin Poles and Matte

"Well," with a quick twitch of the upper lip, "why shouldn't it be true!" "I sort o' thought one time, Louisy,

that he was partial to you!" Louisa laughed, not a bad imitation

of careless in lifference, "Partial!" said she, "He called a beauty, you know, like Matibla Hall?" But when she came in to put to boil

the frugal dinner, her eyes looked suspiciously red; and after the dishes were cleared away, she went up to her own out of her little Testament and flung grinder, who, with his manker, them out of the window, murmuring to

"What a fool I have been to keep them so long!"

The pleasant dusk of the next sunset was purpling the hi is when Mrs. Hall spare chamber up stairs:

"Matty! Matty! there's one o' them sistency, bothering hand-organ men comin' up the path. Sead him away-quick! Mrs. Dencon Dalby lest one of her which she had just preserved. grandmother's silver teaspoons last week, and-

embroidered pocket-handkerchief, set long time why Martin didn't marr; and the iron back on the stove and ran to

obey the maternal belie t. The broom, unfor unately, was not in its place, as usual, but the kitchen mop was the next handlest we spor that presented itself. She caught it up and brandished it at the door like a mod-

"He off about your business!" she eried, in a voice to the full as shrill that!" and sharp as that of her mother, "We don't want no shiftless loafers about here!"

The wandering musician heditated, but Matilda brooked no delay. "C'ear out, I say!" she cried, dexfrought fi nging the implement of house-

hold skill at the marauler. It whirle I once or twice through the air, and finally buried itself in the

The man with the organ beat a hasty retreat. Matty returned to her issuing, and

Mrs. Ha'l laughel a'oud from her vantage point above stairs. "I guess you settle! his I usiness for

him. Mitty," said she, gleefully,

bonds," said Matilda, folding up the handkerchief.

Louisa Pre'sham was working buttonshoded lann some twenty mixutes later, when there came a knock at the door, and who should walk in but Mir-

"Good-evening, Louisa," said he.

unde her for the moment almost beauti-

"I can't stay but a little while," said Martin, 'I ve come on an errand, 1 Louisy,"

"Mary you!"

The needle dropped from Louisa's fin-

"I know it must seem sudden-like," my mind sudden-like. A man always dees. I suppose, at the last, Will you. marry me, Louisvies

Why-yes-I suppose so," shyly equiese d Louisa, pretending to search for the missing neatle ... "if you really mean it. Martin, that is, "

"I do," sail Martin, "with all my "But I thought you was keeping com

cany with Matible Hell! of did go there consideble," confessed Martin, "but I sort o' suspicion she wouldn't suit me like you would

Louisy. So it's a bargain, is it?" And when he went away, he stopped a minute to take something out of the big cluster of black current bushes by

"Why, what's that?" said Louisa who had fellowed him out. "A

trunk?" even in the starlight, "It's a hand-or-

"A -hand-organ!" Well," said Martin, laughing rather shamefacedly, "I may as well own up, taste o' this 'ere fried cake, Mitty. I Loursy. It won't do for me to have an accret from you, I s'pose, arter tonight. But there was a poor, worn out Italian fellow came to my house this evening

elge of the swamp, where her grand- had no luck all day. And so I give daughter Louisa was hanging out the him som supper and a bed in the barn clothes of the week's wash-a tall, slight and 1 just borrowed the organ for a litgirl, with large gray eyes, rather a col- tie while. I thought it would be a

"To serenade! But, Martin, you didn't serenade m -! "

"N no," said Mortin. "I changed my mind. But the tunes are real pretty, Louisz. There's 'Annie Laurie,' and Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Twicken ham Ferry,' and lots like that, Don't you want me to play some for

"Do!" said Louisa. "I'm real fond

of music. Out there in the starlight, the old fashional strains of music sounded so plaintively that even Grandmother few times, that was all. I ain't a Peckham opened her upstairs comment

to listen. Louisa had never been to evenade. She thought it was like a page out of the "Arabian Nights."

And honest Martin did not regret his room, took a withered rose bud or two hospitality to the poor, theil ergancoiled up, fast asleep, on the lay in the baru-loft at Paley Farm.

But Matty Hall's "steady company did not come lock to her. She could These pastimes, however, I grieve to of the Orages. There are 1501 of them pay is on the same scale as that of the not imagine why, when she dressed herself evening after evening, and sat in called shrilly to her daughter from the the best room by the big lamp with the silk shade, noboly rewarted her per-

And one afternoon Mes. Peckham came over with a jur of Morella chemies

"I knowed you like preserves," said she, "Here's one of out'n. By-the-Matilda, who was ironing out her one way, L usy was married yester lay." "Married!" cchoel Mrs. Hall,

"Yes-quite quiet-like," said the grandmother. "To Marin Paley." white. She could hardly believe her

And all the time Murtin Paley was saying to himself;

"Haven't I had a lucky escane from marrying a woman with a temper like

There are some mysteries which will remain forever unsolvel; and to the day of her death Mailda Hall will probably never know how it was that she failed to become Mrs. Martin Paley .- Saturday Night.

The Persian Shah's Museum,

The Shah of Persia has a museum in his palace that is described as a curious It contains jewelry and treasures of different kinds worth a fabulous count. The so-called Peacock throne, carried off from Delhi 150 years ago, is alone valued a many millions. In this museum you may also see vases of agute in gold and lapis tazuli, sai I also to be worth millions; and alongside of | "Twe no patience with no such vaga- them ampty perfume lottles of European make, with gandy labels, that sound asleep can be had at four cents apiece. You the cookies. will see priceless musales and exquisholes in a vest-it was the way she litely painted cups and cans and vases carned her living-by the light of a which were presented by some European potentates; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daule, veritable forty-cent chromo, picked up o one knows how or where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge complacently observed Mrs. Hall. of didn't know as I should find you at heaps of rubles, dismonts, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, "I sin't often away from home," said beryls of all size and kinds, cut and your eyes will see cheap music bexos, lews harps, squeaky hand-organs. The "bull" the market on pearls, for here want to know if you will marry me, is, for instance, a ld ; glass case twentyfour inches long by eighteen inches wide and high, which is more than half fille I with pear's (mostly from the Persian gulf fisheries) of all sizes and de-

Convicted by a Paper Wad.

The evidence against a prisoner accured of the murler of Hawains, a settler, near Wellington, New Zealand, is of a very remarkable character and wholly circumstantial. P cccs of newspaper had been used by the murderer as wad, and some of these were found in the wounds and carefully extracted. Small bits of paper were also found at the scene of the murder. All these pieces fitted precisely a torn newspaper found in the prisoner's house.

Gastronomic Item.

Smith-Yes, I've discharge I her.

I'm surprised to hear it, as I heard That's just the reason I discharged ier. She cooked such excellent dinners that we ate so much there was nothing left over for support. Her good cook

Living Up to the Latter.

Mrs. Brown-Why don't you say Thank you," Johnnie, for that picc.

Little Johanne-'Cause you said you

OSAGE INDIANS.

S sock claws when they met and stopped to

"We're going to have a storm," on said. "Just look at those big clouds overhead." Then if we stay," said the other, "To's plan That both of us will be caught in the rain.

So ere the threatened shower legan, Back in the water they quickly ran. - Malcolm Dauglass, in St. Nicholas,

Cut parties are the latest fashion. Recently a New York young girl, the happy possessor of a fine Maliese cat, invited a number of her friends to bring their pet cuts to 5 o'clock tes, each cat to have a ribbon about its neck, corresponding to that worn by its matress. At the appointed hour the cats made their appearance in charge of line introductions had taken place, some of which were the reverse of soft balls, toy mice and other objects community in the world. dear to pussy's heart were provided. say, were sometimes marred by a vigorour slap when two strangers came in collision, and ore the belligerent pussies had to be separated by friends, 7 per cent, interest. This amounts to When ten was announced

furnished with saucers nation-men, women and children table milk and small cakes, with cushioned stools, was disclosed, The floral decorations consisted of catnip, lavender, grasses and bright flow-The cars, placed on their respective stools and at ended by their mistresses, partook of the good cheer set before them. Their behavior was quite Mrs. Hall turned a dull tallowy correct. With their forepaws on the table they lapped the milk with becoming propriety. When all were satisfied there was a comical sight. Each pussy began making her toilet, and the facewashing was decorous in the extreme. After leaving the table a spray of catnip was given each kitty, and the feline happiness was complete. These springs were to-sed in the air, caught and lovingly cares ed. As each kitty departed. it was presented with a ball-or try. mouse as a memento of the party.

POLIX'S PRINC.

Polly was having a picuic all by berself one day, on the lawn under the big-

maple-tree. She had corried out her table and chair, and her two dolls sat by her side

in chairs of their own. On the table was a nice red apple and popped cora was for the dolls, becau e, made to hold it in their hands.

Hover was stratehed out on the grass, sound asleep. He was to have one of

"I forget what they do first at picules," said Pelly to Lesself. "I don't think they begin by eating and mecessius and mea lazy, ignorant, things.

While she was thinking about it a loaded wagon passed by, and as it came to the hill near the house, the horse stopped, and would not go on,

distance and wanted to rest, or perhaps the young without any good results. he did not like to draw a load up hill,

to heat and scold him, but still be would not move. Then the man beat and kicked him the harder, and Rover woke from his nap and barked furious ly; but yet the horse stood still. In a moment P. lly hal a bright thought. She caught up the red apple

and ran out at the gare, followed closely by Rover, and she said to the man: Please don't whip him any more. 1 can make him co." Then she went before the horse and held out the apple towar! him, and he instantly forgot all his other plans, and, thinking only of getting the apple, fol-

lowed Polly, and quickly drew the heavy load to the top of the hill. "Now you shall have it," said Polly, as she gave him the apple, "I can do

without it at my picnic. But the man, and to tell, did not thank Polly for being so kind and little girl could do what he could not

Then Polly went back to her picnic. and ate one cooky, and gave the other popped corn, and she did not miss the ou say she was such an excellent cook. apple very much because she was glad she had beloed the tired horse,

The apple was a little thing, and Poliy was a little thing, but together they did a good deed.

Fanny-Why, Emma, how cordially you shook hands with Mes. Prizhair as the party last night! I thought you were

deadly ememies. Emma-Oh, that is all past. I have

By Far the Richest Nation in the World.

Each Member of the Tribe is a Dissolute Nabob.

The Olage tribe of Indians is by far the richest nation in the world. The Orages are five times, as rich as the avcrave of Americans, ten times as rich as the average of Englishmen, and the Prench and Italians are paupers in comparison. There are among the Osages Wants more.

The whole Orage Nation consists of just 1591 persons, and the number of children of school age is about 400. But they already have two schools, supported their respective owners. After the fe- by a magnificent school fund of \$120,-000, yielding regularly annual interest of \$6 to), or \$15 for each schoolable friendly, games were introduced, and child-s larger fund than any other

Let us see what Is the actual wealth according to last year's census. They have in the United States treasury \$7. 758.691 of their own money, drawing a a capital of \$5175 apiece for the whole

But besi les this they have 1, 470,000 neres of land-regard to just about 1000 acres apiece. This land it mostly fine and arable and would sell for an average of \$10 an acre, or \$10,000 for each individual's portion. This makes each individual Osage Indian worth:

Cash in U. ited States Treasury \$ 5.172 Value of Loomer s of lands, very

Sceneh O age baby comes into the world with \$15,000 in its doubled fist. Not only is each member of the tribe worth \$15,000, but the property is so protected that he can enjoy only the income of it. He cannot get hold of the principal to dissipate it, and he cannot sell the land, so absolute provision is made for the most inclement of wet days. Each family possesses \$50,000 on an average, and the best of it, if he be industrious and enterprising, can grow \$10,000 worth of crops a year on his 4 000 neres of land. He is raised permanently above want and

above fear of want. Ten O age tribe has refrograded ever sine a big sale of wial land made it rich. The population steadily diminin 1858 the population was two cookies and some "pop-cain." The in 1889, 1,500. The rich Olages are running out. There were a venteen with a little help, they could really be deaths last year and only three births. Only one baby has been born during the six months of this year, as far as reported, and that is only about one-

fifth pure blook. The Ocaces refuse to be civilized, worthless freement of the human race, They are mostly daunken when they don't understand they hire white men himself. For several days he suffered do you do, Kirty Johnson'.

They do nothing to better their condi- that a neighbor had the fellicitous afea, ment for more and more money. scorn and despise civilization, because mendicants. - Brooklyn Citizen.

Utilizing Articles of Civilization. The New York Sun is of the opinion

that the savage who has recently discovered in the deaths of Africa propelly wearing in the lobe of his right ear a bishop, that had strayed or been stelen from a set of circo men is doubt less determined to utilize all resources brave, but only seemed angry that a tobacco pouch, and another were are und his neck as his chief amazont the gilded knob of an explorer's tent pole. Even trousers can be utilized by the most scantily dressed natives, as was recently presented with the request that he wear them. He appeared in public soon should be renewed every four weeks, after with the garacuts carefully ar

Two Degrees of Cleanliness,

her neighbor's Intian chief. Ther. visited the respective kitchens. The todian's pots and pany and u cast's of nimself in the soup tureen

Expenses of Englant's Prime Ministers

The present Marquis of Salisbury, says a London correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Omra, keeps about seventy in-door servants, exclusive of dependencies of a higher class, such as private secretaries, I bracians and chaplains. All of the servints are only in activity when the marquis is at Hattield, his London residence not requiring so large a service. I give the catalogue roughly in the order of importance. Piest, there is a house steward, who pays the other servants, and is charged to a certain extent with their manage ment. He receives \$1000 a year, and his assistant, the under steward, \$250. no penniless people, and none in want. The butter is paid \$750 a year, and the except that insitiable want that always two under butlers \$250. Two French cooks are paid \$500 a year each, and a valet \$5.90 a year also. Then there are eight coachmea, the best of whom receive \$250 a year; eight footmen, who receive on an average \$175 a year, and four grooms of the chamser, whose pay is about the same.

Of women servants, there are eight kitchen maids, whose pay ranges from \$125 to \$75 a year, eight house mants and four still - room maids, all of whose kitchen-mail: There emitted to mention four larder-boys, whose pay if probably very small, but who doubtle-s have a good opportunity of getting fat.

Then there are a number of workmen in constant employment on the hon e, a large number of pensioners, and a long string of professional or educated mea-Sametimes 130 v siture and servants are at Huffeld at a time. The upper servants dress for d nner, though for that matter they are usually in exemper dress, and my ex butler told me that forty servants, male and female, in full dress, often sit down to dinner in the upper Wealth of each member of the tribe, \$15,172 | servants' hall. Tols line u les, of course, the valets and ladies' mands of visitors,

Of course, a very important item in the income of these servants is contributed by tips, which they call ".e.l.," a correct but somewhat unusual word The servants who come most in contact with visitors receive fully half their wages over again in the form of tips,

Lard Salisbony spends a forture color at Whatfield in doors and out. He has, for instance, a head gardener, with faculty-five accisunder libn. The total yearly expenditure of Lord Salisbury is about \$100,-000, and he is by no mains one of the richest of his class.

An Engrmons Worm in His Ear.

The habit in country parts of stretching oneself out on the ground for the purpose of taking a napic common enough in the summer time; but from a case that is reported from a village in the Dordorus, in Pouce, a way on the grass is not snattended with danger. A farmer residing near the village the l with the heat of the day and with his work, recently last himself down to rest meadow. He was sublenly rouse I from said the ring leader of the trio. tion except constantly tease the govern- as the sequel proved of p using a little They purpositive into his ear, the imm late effect of which was to make the patient civilization means work. Like all pro- fall back invensible on his pitlow. Or ple who are supported in filleness, the recovering conselounces he remarked Osages seem to have lost their manhood that he experience I a stronge feeling of and become not merely pensioners, but relief, the cause of which was soon ex- Harry! When did you get out of juilt plained by the exit from his ear of an enormous worm, which had taken up started up and a storm of applicate, its quarters there during the former's sleep, - Landon Standard.

To Prevent Movemble Bites

Boil a quart of tar until it becomes quite thin, remove the clothing, and be fore the tar becomes perfectly cool, with a broad, fla brush, apply a smooth coatof civilization that come within reach. ing to the entire surface of the body and eastern states, where a large number of A while ago an African chief was limbs. While the for remains soft the miking a silver watch case do duty as a invects may become entangled in its feetly harmless; but it will soon form a hard smooth coating over the entire hady entirely impervious to their bites. The fractured spots. The whole east long time.

"To put this business on a cash basis Mr. Perluncte " said the father of the An Anglo Indian lady boasted that young lady, "in case you mares from you must have something to live on.

somewhat embarrassed young man, "I shouldn't expect much at the start, seesels shone like in trors, and Chang Though it's kind of you to ask. May I would lick me if you heard another forgives everything, she has grown so minwelf was satting on his nex, washing inquire the amount of life is at ance you

"Missing, None!"

Comrades, listen' Hear the voices echo from these far-off years;-

Old-time voices answering "Roll call!"-gaps of silence-ringing "Heres! Hush? the Sargeant is reporting; - hear the

of litting legend run:

"Fit for duty. --ink, --on furlough, --woundod. --dend." Hark: "Missing, None!" Thus, within our hourts the schoes keep the

And the dear old voices answer to the roll call, still the same Time and change and death surviving: - still

we hear the legend run; "Fit for duty, -- sick, -- on furl orgin, -- wound-ed, --den t," -- but "Missing, none."

'Missing none!' though ranks are thinning. though the comrades round or fall Memory's hasts remain unbroken, answering each the old roll-call; Graves on our hearts the record,-"All ne

mated for " - not on Dear old name dropped or forgotten; -still the legend, - 'Missing, none!' s' mirades, when the last man lingers on

Time's outpost — waits alone For the Reveille and Roll call —let him echo back the tone And reporting to hendquarters, battles over.

victory won.— Wrap our legend in the colors,—seal the rec orl, - 'Missing, none''
- John Howard Jewett.

HUMOROUS.

Huers of wood-House painters.

The riving school is a mountin' resort. The language of the deaf mute goes withou saying.

Does a man cast his bread upon the waters when he takes a roll in the surf!

The frisky cowboy gives no thought Unto his tailor's bill; Yet by experience are we taught, He's often "dressed to kill." Place view says his best girl remind; him of a silver fork. In other words, she is a fin(e)y thing and frequently ac-

There is no u.e. in camping out for the vike of keeping cool. At a recent militia encomponent the heat was in tents, just the same as elsewhere, If the grass about a residence attains

companied by a "spoon."

a con-iderable height and remains uncut, it would seem tolerably sufe to assume that the owner of the princes is no Tramp to late of the house - I am garying to death! Can 1 die out in

taracloudy :- "Yes, if you won't crawl under the turn." The man a slave to fushion's ant, But of his concape gives a test, Who, when the slay is very her,

the barnyard? Lady of the House

Bessie--- 'I met Mes Shapely out shopping today, and I never before realized what a load voice she has. Jennie- "But you must remember, my dear, that she was asking for a pair of

Three Rude Scamps Well Answered. Two or three idle, young men, were bounging around a street corner the other evening just as the down town stones were sending home their curployes. dress mostly in blankets, breech-clouts beneath the shade of an oak tree in a start's base some inn with the gurls. his repose by a sharp twinger of pain in that got in the front seat of the grip? one of his ears, the pain increasing to Let's speak to her." Then, is the ear can get run. They will not work, but such an extent that before the poor fel- stepped at the center, the impudent when they have any work that a squaw jow reached his home he was half beside fellow tipped he had, with, "Why, how Perhaps be had been travelling a long to do it. The government tries to train the greatest ageny, which neather the cays another, "if that isn't Kitty Johnductors nor the reme lies they pre-cribed son? "How d'ye do, Kitty?" said the community of copper colored leafers, of to such a pose that he made up his mand ladylike girl was surprised and indig profligate, dissolute, lazy, filthy nabole. That he must die. It chanced, however, main. Her face grew red and white by turns. Most of the passengers under her eyes twin's ling with merriment, and conscious of the support of her fellowpresengers, answered in a clear, ringing "Why, how do you do, Tom, Dick and

sickly grins at each other, - Chicago

Who went buil for you all?" The car

Attention is again being called by medical authorities to the manhtha habot, which is so prevalent in the ture of rubber goods. The naphtha is kept in large tanks or boilers, and when heated gives off fum's which, if inhated, produce a most agreeable semibeen introduced into this country from Germany, where it has prevailed for a

Red rain fell recently in the province of Lublin, Russian Polan I. The shower lasted for about ten minu es. The peasants, who mistook the red liquid for blood, became ponic-stricken and crowded the churches, where they were queted by the prests. Several battles of the red rain were sent to chemists and microscopists in Warsaw for examination. For several days after the shover all the surface water in Lublin was of a dark pink color.