

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

What Do You Think?
Could we straighten each loop and each
tangle,
That time takes away from life's skein;
Could we gather each long-vanished moment,
And live our lives over again—
And never be troubled or untroubled,
And never be strangled or strangled,
Or hunched 'gainst the rocks in our blind-
ness?
How would it be? What do you think?
We might pilot ourselves by the ledges
That once almost shattered our boat,
Avoiding the dangerous waters
Where once we were tempted to float;
But taking another direction
And leaving each perilous brink,
Would we pass each breaker in safety?
How would it be? What do you think?
Life's ocean is strewn with the debris
Thrown overboard out of her ships,
And never a pilot so skilful
But sometime the firebrand dips
In the spray-flashing over the breakers,
And strange if he hears not the clink
Of the iron-shrouded ore on the ledges,
How many escape, do you think?
—[Katherine H. Terry in the Household.]

BESIEGED BY MONKEYS.

A TALE OF INDIA.

Duty had taken me to Dharmasa, a hill station journey west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra. The object of this excursion was to see a neighboring shrine, much venerated by the Hindus and called Jwalamskhee. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich living tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for Europeans to lodge in except the usual "district officers' bungalow." This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a man servant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the-European-world's places, lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. On telling the caretaker who we were, he opened the house; and, while I went in and indulged in a very useful and refreshing wash, he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over, we sent him into the town, for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit.

The main road passes through a dense wood not 100 yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearing around the house, otherwise it was quite buried in the wood. When the caretaker left me I found the house stuffy and damp. It had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighboring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the legs. So rising from the chair I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road, and, then returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own thoughts. It was literally a "twilight wood"; for though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and the leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favored spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees, more than touched; they interlaced and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent, to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sanctuary under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but, though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest, and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my

back, as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go behind the tree, for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space, but at a distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, 600 and more in number.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Billi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favorable a situation as Jwalamskhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient numbers to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey inclines, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulumwise to and fro. They were not the small, puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real, genuine Indian Hanuman, of which race the large and strong males stand when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such, among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me.

It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hail ones, but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass and leaf-covered ground that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me, and a baby monkey, having made a noise, was instantly "sucked" by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, and then they began to chatter—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, gibbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled, gesticulating meanwhile, making faces and grinning. Suddenly there was a dead silence for a short interval, during which they gazed at me harder than ever. Every now and again one or another or several at once would grip, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death, for my curiosity to watch their behavior did not prevent my realizing the fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with, if they chose to attack a man, for, though small, they are extremely muscular and agile, and it would be harder to prevent them from sitting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man, but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind, but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders.

I fully realized my danger, but continued calm and collected, and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offense or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me till the return of the caretaker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them or to frighten them, or to break through them or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten and torn to pieces. So, making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me, two feet or so. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest, and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my

gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before, and so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent, and still in the distance the monkey youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right, or the left, or the front? By jumping on me from a distance, or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the caretaker would return in time to save off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovably against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces, all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the farthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it or not, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discourses—or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near?—this one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening intently. I listened, too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around, for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came down the main road through the wood the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more, but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse.

Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were in the twinkling of an eye lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in the hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled further into the wood. I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and locked myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the policeman's patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life. —[Chamber's Journal.]

Taxed to Wear a Beard.

In Russia Peter the Great compelled his subjects to pay a tax for the privilege of retaining their beards. It proved to be an unpopular law, but was rigidly enforced, and those who would not or could not pay were forcibly deprived of this ornament.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV great care was taken of the beard. When the gallant of those days went to spend an evening with his sweetheart he usually provided himself with wax for his whiskers, sweet scented oils, and in fact every necessary article for the lady to use in combing and dressing his beard. What an agreeable perfume it must have been. If the custom were to be revived what a falling off there would be in the number of barber shops.

When the practice of shaving was again revived in Europe instrumental music was employed in barber shops to amuse customers while waiting their turn. —[Washington Star.]

White Soap the Best.

If you would know the injuries and burning effect of highly perfumed soaps, discontinue their use for one week, substitute white castile, and one subsequent trial of the so-called bouquet soap will suffice for its doom. A good white soap is not only the cheapest but the best for the health of the skin. —[New York World.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THEIR OWN STORIES.

We sat and watched the stars come out in the dark blue evening sky, and I felt gazed at them earnestly, with wonder in his eyes.

Mamma, what are the stars? he asked. His brow, beneath the growth of shining hair that was his head, bent in a puzzled frown.

He could not tell this questioner. Whose stars were only those that they were other stars that light worlds strapped in glory.

And while she gazed, I think I knew, said Fred, and I'll tell you. There's a little hole in the clouds, and so the light of Heaven comes through.

Then we smiled, though Fred did not know it, and he showed us a sign of mirth. A brilliant, flashing falling star shot quickly down to earth.

And, with a light in his brown eyes, Most lovely to behold, The father shouted: "Oh! mamma, there fell a piece of gold!"

AN INQUIRY FOR DECEASED ANIMALS.

This is an institution which is the donation of Anna Wala Rivers; it occupies a farm of 100 acres near Boston, Penn. Its object is to provide, free of cost, a temporary home for horses, mules and other animals belonging to cabmen, carter, tradesmen and others, and also to give a permanent home to old favorites too old to work. There is a horses' list near London which is an institution for this order, but there a charge is made, while the Rivers' Institute is a free gift to the helpless dumb animals.

AN INTERESTING DOG.

An English officer who was in Persia mentions the case of a dog he brought to his master. This dog, he says, was very intelligent, and he had a most human manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a puddle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once his curiosity was excited and he watched the dog.

He saw the dog roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, the officer taxed him with the artifice, and after a little hesitation, the man confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price and brought him to England. He kept him tied up for some time and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with a former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge. —[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

HOW LITTLE BIRDS RING.

A German author, Adolph Ebeling, writing in the Gartenlaube, asserts that he found it currently believed at Cairo that wagtails and other small birds cross from Europe to Nubia and Abyssinia on the backs of storks and cranes and details the results of conversations which he had with several independent witnesses, all testifying to the same thing. He then proceeds: "At supper, in the Hotel du Nile, I related the curious story to all present, but, naturally enough, found unbeliefing ears.

The only one who did not laugh was the prize competitor Von Heuglin, the famous African traveler and experting Berlin, the most celebrated authority of our time on the birds of Africa. On asking his opinion, he remarked: "Let others laugh; they know nothing about it. I do not laugh, for the thing is well known to me. I should have made mention of it in my work if I had had any personal proof to justify it. I consider the case probable, though I can not give any warrant for it. My discovery, if I may so call it," continues Herr Ebeling, "I would have kept to myself, even after Heuglin had thus expressed himself, had I not since discovered a new authority for it.

In the second edition of Dr. Petersmann's great book of travels I find the following: "Professor Roth of Munich related to me in Jerusalem that the well-known Swedish traveler, Holstenberg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autumn, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small birds, without being able to see them, but on one occasion he observed a pair of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been thus evidently transported by them across the sea."

PRECIOUS STONES.

What Causes the Varying Colors in Diamonds.

A Magnificent Necklace, and a Stone Worth \$100,000.

No one has ever succeeded in discovering the causes that produced a diamond. No one has ever produced a diamond, although the diamond has been analyzed and everyone knows that it is pure carbon. In the same mine will be found diamonds of almost every shade of color as well as the perfectly white stones. Speaking of these colored diamonds, now so fashionable and in such demand for ornaments, Mr. Farnham, connected with a large jewelry house in New York, said to a Herald reporter:

"While no one knows positively what caused the carbon to crystallize into a diamond, it is thought that the first crystallization is absolutely white. Then by the action of nature in alternate heat and cold the diamond was sent through the whole gamut of colors, the darker it is the harder it gets. Some black diamonds have been on the wheel for years without making any visible impression on them. The stones are found in all colors. I will show you," and taking from the safe little square packages of tissue paper Mr. Farnham unfolded them, and with forceps laid on a piece of white paper first a perfectly white diamond, and then in succession a fine white, a pink, a green, a blue, a gray, a champagne, an olive, a brown, a cinnamon, a very rich dark brown and a black.

"Now the shades of some of these stones," continued he, "are so delicate that one not accustomed to them would be unable to tell them apart. Take the straw and the marigold. Separately you can hardly see the difference. Put them down together and the difference in color is instantly perceptible. For these stones we have especially as many colors of gold. The color in the gold is controlled by the alloy used. The different shades of these stones are particularly interesting. All colored stones are cut in fancy shapes. There is a brooch, there a pair of earrings, a ring, a pendant, a brooch, a earring, with one of the ends drawn out into a point. The elliptical and the double rose cut are very fashionable and much used in fancy rings. We are today making up many, and a beautiful fancy ring as was once made in the time of Louis XVI, the time of the rage for fancy rings.

"I have a necklace made of brilliant shape diamonds, with drilled points, that I want you to see," said Mr. Farnham, ringing a bell. On being told what was wanted a messenger brought in a blue box, inside of which lay a circular platinum case was the necklace.

"This is a fine piece of work as can be done in Europe. The mounting of each diamond only covers the extreme point of the diamond. The hole is so small that a piece of sewing silk will just go through it. The hole is drilled with diamond dust, and a small piece of tempered steel. It is very laborious work, and only two men in the world today can drill diamonds. Their names are not even known, and a few firms control their work.

"If we wanted a diamond drilled we could not do it ourselves, but would be compelled to send to Europe. The original cost of drilling in years gone by was much less expensive than the work done today. Those stones have probably been drilled for over a hundred years.

"The kind of work? Why, the mounting is called enameled and gold tracery, and is really as fine a piece of work as can be done anywhere. I have been all over Europe, in all the museums, and seen all the private collections, and you would not find a more beautiful piece of work in any of them, not even excepting the celebrated Hermitage at St. Petersburg, Russia.

"Another thing that may be of interest to you is the cleaving of diamonds. After the cutter determines the table and girdle of a stone he probably sees that he can cut off quite a piece and not injure the size of the stone at all. This cleaving is polished up and used as a covering for minuscules, and is called porteur brilliant. We have them here all the way from the size of a small French pea to that of a ten cent piece.

but it is pretty expensive—over \$100,000."

Superstitious Wall Street Speculators.

The superstitions of gamblers is an old theme. And if anything would induce me to check my Wall Street friends in that category, it is the wide prevalence of fables and beliefs of this nature among them. There are some large operators in the street who if the market is going their way would not be lulled to change the suit of clothes that they happen to be wearing at the time. I know one member of the Stock Exchange, a three-times millionaire, who would cancel all his orders in the market if he did not begin in the morning and did not have change somewhere to bestow upon him.

In several places one of our more radical dabblers in stocks of the genus have been allowed to find a resting place and occasional tips in money, however, beneath they are regarded by the head of the establishment as "crazy cats." There is one superstition, moreover, that all the Street believes in, that is, that a rainy day is suitable to a bear market and that bright sunshine is peculiarly fitted for bull operations. These may be something about as far as other calculations to keep people away from Wall Street, and thus help the bears, but I have noticed that no amount of sunshine could keep prices from tumbling when they had a mind to do so. —[New York Sun.]

The Prime Minister of China.

Li Hung Chang is the prime minister of China, and though he wears a pigtail and wooden shoes, and dresses like a woman, he must be ranked with the great statesmen of the world, with Bismarck, Crispien, Gladstone, etc. If he did not live in a land of such invincible conservatism he would do great things for the vast empire over which he is virtually the practical ruler. But China has awakened considerably from her lethargy and the stimulus of his genius. He believes in railroads, commerce, and education. It is said that he has contemplated schemes of conquest. To late General Gordon and the present Lord Wolseley of England have both expressed a fear of a European invasion from the invulnerable borders of China. Led by such a bold leader of men as Li Hung Chang, such an invasion would be a formidable affair. Li Hung Chang was a warm personal friend of General Grant and had many pleasant interviews with the American general during his visit to China in his trip around the world. —[Yankee Blade.]

Are Quakers Declining?

At all the disciples of George Fox and Robert Barclay are not dying out. So at least, we are assured by "The Quaker," whose letter is published in Mexico's Magazine. It is admitted that during the first half of this century the decline in numbers of the Society of Friends was very rapid; but then for a good many years past the accession by "conversion" have been every year so greatly in excess of the secessions that, notwithstanding the very low marriage rate and the very low birth rate, and some emigration, there is every steady though slight increase in their numbers in Great Britain. In regard to the great majority of the Quakers are said to be Unitarians, and the society is dwindling through emigration to England and America. In the United States, on the other hand, the Quakers, we are told, are increasing in number, some what rapidly, especially in the South and West, and mainly through accessions from other religious bodies. —[London Standard.]

Watch Springs.

"How long will it last?" asked a man of a jeweler, who had just told him that he would have to have a new spring in his watch.

"Maybe a week; maybe a year or two," answered the jeweler.

"But this one has lasted four or five years," said the man, protesting.

"Yes, but they don't make that kind of springs nowadays. It really does seem as though they had lost the art of tempering watch springs. I sent out a hundred dollar watch the other day brand new, just from the factory, and the spring broke within twenty-four hours. The manufacturers have spent thousands of dollars within the past few years experimenting to get back the old quality for the springs, and they have failed. The springs seem to be getting worse rather than better." —[New York Sun.]

If I Were You.

If I were you, I often say, To those who seem to need advice, I'd always look before I leaped. I'd always think it over twice, And then I'd leave a troubled sigh— For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd be a doctor, if I were you, The failings of my fellow men; I'd think of all their virtues first, And send my own shortcomings then. But though all this is good and true, I am but I, I am not you.

If I were you, and left my own, Amidst my folly I could pause. I'd see how dull and light a load I carry off, I don't, because— / And here I leave a paying sigh. I am not you, I am not you.

If I were you, no selfish care Should chase my fancy smile away; I'd rather mind my love and hope, I'd be a kindness every day. But here again I find it true, That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very kind, I'd rather offend, if I were you; I would not let myself be led, I'd rather offend, if I were you. What other way say you, I'd rather offend, if I were you. I am not you, I am not you.

In short, if I were only you, I could not force that I was I; I could not force that I was I; I could not force that I was I. I am not you, I am not you.

HUMORISTS.

A month's organs—A dental newspaper.

A bill for beverages ought to be liquidated.

There is a striking resemblance between some clocks.

Wheels are complaining a great deal now of "that first feeling."

The nation which produces most marriages must be fastidious.

Abolitionists as it may seem, a bad boy always deserves a good thrashing.

It is one of the remarkable facts in riding that the carriage is always tired before the horses.

No language can express the feelings of a dead man who steps on a tick in a dark room.

Switzer—Gentleman's dress remains about the same this year, does it not? Twigger—Mind does.

A time-honored proverb on great movement on foot. This is probably when the fat woman walks around.

Cumso. Did you notice McFeeter's prominent cheek bones? Fangle—I didn't notice the bones particularly, but I noticed his prominent cheek.

"You never see Bangaly and his wife together." "No; but it's all right. She told folks she was going to marry him to get rid of him."

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believed her to be perfect, but I saw something about her last night that made me sick." "What was that?" "Another fellow's arm."

Asia's Climate Becoming Colder.

A recent writer in the North China Herald, of Shanghai, says that the climate of Asia is becoming colder than it formerly was, and its tropical animals and plants are retreating southward at a slow rate. This is true of China, and it is also the case in Western Asia. The elephant, in a wild state, was hunted in the eighth century B. C. by Tiglath-Pileser, the King of Assyria; new Carthage, which lay near the Euphrates in Syria. Four or five centuries before this Thothmes III., king of Egypt, hunted the same animal near Aleppo. In high antiquity, the elephant and rhinoceros were known to the Chinese; they had names for them, and their tusks and horns were valued. In the time of Confucius elephants were in use for the army on the Yangtze River.

A hundred and fifty years after this, Mencius speaks of the tiger, the leopard, the rhinoceros and the elephant as having been, in many parts of the empire, driven away from the neighborhood of the Chinese inhabitants by the founders of the Chin dynasty. Tigers and leopards are not yet by any means extinct in China. The elephant and rhinoceros are again spoken of in the first century of our era. If to these particulars regarding elephants be added the retreat from the rivers of South China of the ferocious alligators that formerly infested them, the change in the fauna of China certainly seems to show that the climate is much less favorable for tropical animals than it formerly was. In fact, it appears to have become drier and colder.

Remarkable Census Coincidence.

A remarkable coincidence is reported from West Virginia. A census of Elm Grove was taken, preparatory to incorporating the village as a town, with the following results: Number of males over 15 years of age, 148; number of males under 21 years of age, 148; number of females over 16 years of age, 148; number of females under 16 years of age, 148; grand total, 592.