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To Sleep.

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day!
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!
—[Lord Tennyson, in New York Truth.

FOUND IN AN ANT-HILL.

"Fortunes are made in the West in strange ways. The main thing is to get a start. With a few thousand dollars a man may do almost anything if he is shrewd. But he must be industrious and have good judgment.

"The cash for a start is frequently made by some lucky accident. Of the men who come West, bringing money to put into business, five out of every six lose all they bring within two years. At least, that is the way it has been for the last twenty years. After they lose, if they have resolution and persistence, they may make a start, and in ten years become wealthy. I know of several such instances."

As the speaker was well known to be one of those instances himself, the writer felt interested in noting down the curious story of adventure which he presently related to the little party of gentlemen in the saloon of the chair-car, as our train sped southward from El Paso to Chihuahua.

"In 1868," said he, "I was engineer and fireman, too, for the people who were operating a mine away up in the Mogollon mountains, above Florence, Arizona. They called it the Twin Mesa Mine, from two round-topped hills on the slope of one of which the mine was located.

"There was no railroad then; but they had hauled a four-stamp mill and boiler up there with mules, and were trying to crush some pretty good quartz for silver.

"I was twenty years old, fresh from Iowa, and could find nothing better to do than to put grease-wood under the boiler of this corporation, and try to make steam from it. In fact, I was expected to help cut the grease-wood, up a creek above the mill, and risk my scalp every day; for hostile Apaches were roaming about, and every man of us kept a gun handy, night and day.

"The mine had lost six or seven men by these Indians. It was unsafe to stir out without a strong convoy of troops or frontiersmen. The expenses of working were excessive on that account; so that, although there was ore in the lead, the mine did not pay, and was abandoned after eighteen months.

"About six weeks before word came to stop work, I made a little discovery. The hillside up to the north of the mill sheds was of a kind of reddish loam, or gravel, packed hard, with here and there the ragged points of ledges protruding through it; while, scattered over the whole hill, were bunches of cactus and occasionally a thorn bush. You all know how those Arizona hillocks look. And among the cactus and thorn bushes were dozens of ant-hills, each about the size and shape of a bushel basket turned bottom up, though some were much larger.

"I was out here one day, not more than a hundred and fifty yards from the mill, and had sat down beside a bush to look around and rest a bit, when I happened to notice a little clear, yellowish stone in one of these ant-hills, into which I had trust the stock of my gun.

"I picked up the stone, for it looked rather pretty, I thought, and examined it. I had no idea what it was then; but I thought it was a beautiful object, and fancied that it might have some value. It was about the size of a small plum stone, and shone with a tawny kind of brilliancy.

"I had a dim recollection of seeing such a stone in a brooch, worn by a wealthy lady whom I had once or twice met in Iowa, but I had no great faith that this stone had any value. However, I poked over the ant-hill, and found another; and then found two others of fair size in another ant-hill close by it. There were also bits of pale blue stone which I afterwards learned were turquoises.

"Apparently the ants had worked these stones upward from the ground beneath, it may be from a considerable depth; for the whole slope was honeycombed by their tunnels and passages. They had brought out cartloads of dirt and gravel.

"I did not show the stones or say anything about them to the other men at the mill partly because I had some little hope that they might be valuable, and partly because I did not like to be laughed at for my ignorance.

"But I kept them in my pocket, and after the mine was abandoned, and we had all gone to Tucson, I showed one of the stones to an old German jeweller who used to keep a shop on the corner there, beyond the barracks, and asked him how much he would give me for it. He examined it a long while and tried to find out what I thought it was, where I got it, and so on. But I laughed and kept still.

"At last he made an offer of three dollars for it. I knew then that the stone had some real value, and putting it in my pocket, I went to another shop. In fact, I offered it in several places; and an army officer, a captain, told me, later in the day, that the stone was a topaz. The captain was of the opinion that so fine a topaz was worth from thirty to fifty dollars in New York city. Two months afterwards I sold three of the stones for twenty-five dollars apiece in Santa Fe, and I then resolved to go back to the mine and examine the ants' nests.

"I considered the plan for some weeks. At first I thought of taking a party with me, but finally decided to go alone, although the presence of the hostile Apaches in the mountains made prospecting an extremely dangerous proceeding.

"From the Top-knot Mine, where I finally outfitted for my start, the distance was about forty miles. I made it in two nights' travel, with thirty pounds' weight of ham and hard-tack on my back. I carried a coarse sieve, a navy pistol and a Sharps' rifle.

"The people on the Top-knot thought that I was starting on a general prospecting trip; and they made bets of three to one that the Apaches would get me.

"The trail over which the mine machinery had been hauled to the Twin Mesa was easily followed; but I found that the Indians had burned the mill. As I looked about the scene of my former labors the place wore a very desolate aspect, in the chilly gray of that early September morning.

"The battery of stamps had fallen over; and the tubular end of the boiler, which had been shored up on blocking, had settled down the hill-side, leaving the fire-box end tilted almost to an upright position.

"I looked down into the fire-box, where I had formerly thrown so many six-foot logs of mesquit. The furnace door was now rusty, and creaked dismally on its hinges. The interior of an old fire-box is not an inviting place, but I had often been inside this one, and it now occurred to me, since there was no other caddy, that I might put my provisions in it, to keep them from the ants, and perhaps rig up a wicky for myself near by.

"With this in view, I laid down my gun. Then, unstrapping my heavy pack, I lowered it into the fire-box. It slid down upon the mass of old ashes, the ham upon the hard bread. As it was now out of my reach, I got in myself, to arrange my improvised pantry a little more to my liking.

"I had been in there, out of sight, for about a minute, when I was startled—and you can imagine, gentlemen, how much startled—to hear a gruff 'How!' apparently close beside the old boiler.

"I was so much taken by surprise, that I popped my head out without stopping to think, and there I saw two of those painted Apaches, standing within twenty feet of the old boiler-head. They had picked up my gun and were laughing at my predicament.

"Very likely my astonished and terrified countenance was quite sufficient to excite their mirth. They were sure they had me caught; and it was plain that they intended to amuse themselves at my expense. The fact was that these two Apaches had been camping for the night, with a band of stolen horses, among the bushes on the creek a few steps farther up the hollow. I suppose they had heard the creaking of the old furnace door, and had stolen upon me the moment they saw me get into the fire box.

"I knew that they would show me no mercy; and I had no doubt that my last hour had come. Yet the situation was not quite so bad as it appeared, for my pistol was still in my belt, and as only my head was out of the door-hole, I could draw the revolver without being seen.

"I have no doubt that I looked frightened. Both the savages had guns. They did not point their pieces at me, however, but stood and laughed, exclaiming 'Ho! ho!' and 'How do, brodder?' for they understood a good many English words.

"'Ho, brodder, come out!' said one of them, straightening his painted visage at last.

"Beginning to collect my scattered wits a little, I shook my head, dejectedly. Then they laughed again, and the other said, 'No hurt. No shoot. No hurt, brodder. Brodder, come out.'

"They were very large Indians, and hideously painted. I was somewhat boyish in appearance at that time and very badly frightened, so that they enjoyed my looks of terror exceedingly. I thought they would burst with laughter. It was the fun of the cat with the mouse.

"I knew enough of their cruelty to be perfectly certain, that, if I should attempt to scramble out, they would shoot me before my feet touched the ground outside. My only chance lay in using my revolver before they discovered that I had one.

"If I had been pusillanimous enough to drop my pistol inside the fire-box and creep forth, to surrender, I should, if spared for the time being, have been saved only for torture and a horrible death a few hours or days later.

"It was my life or theirs, as I knew from the outset.

"I parleyed a little, trying to summon all my nerve for quick work when the moment came for it.

"'No tira?' I said, questioningly.

"'No tira,' they replied, laughing.

"'All right,' I replied, after appearing to hesitate a little. 'Lay down gun.'

"I made signs to them to put their guns on the ground.

"Still laughing, and after exchanging a word or two in their own language, one of them laid down his gun, while the other, retiring a step behind him, covertly cocked his own piece.

"'Bueno' (Good.) I said, pretending not to see anything suspicious in this. 'Indian now brodder. White man brodder.'

"I then put my left arm out of the hole, drew myself up a little, and, raising my right hand swiftly through the orifice beside my body, shot the savage who held the musket before he could level his piece.

"With a yell of surprise the foremost savage caught up his gun; but as he cocked it, I fired upon him and brought him to the ground."

"A cool bit of work," observed one of the little party of listeners.

"Well, I don't know about the cool part," replied the narrator: "My recollection is that I was terribly scared. I felt decidedly thankful that I had escaped the two savages.

"But I did not know how many more there might be close by. I jumped out quickly, I assure you, picked up the loaded guns and then lay behind the boiler for an hour, on the lookout.

"But these two were all there were in the vicinity. I found their camp and horses, later in the forenoon; and turned the horses loose—for I knew I could not get down to the post-road with them.

"Although I was about the mine for a week, sifting over those ant-hills, early and late, I saw no more Apaches."

"And the topazes?" I inquired.

"I found a hundred and forty-two more of those stones," was the reply; "and the money that I realized from them was what first set me on my feet in the Territory."—[Youth's Companion.

Feathered Teachers of Vocal Music.

Says a dealer in birds: "I am surprised that no one has ever thought of capturing several hundred Texas mocking birds while young, and taking them to Germany. There they would be intrusted for a year or so to the peasants of the Hartz Mountains district, where the nightingale, the golden thrush, the linnet, the bullfinch and dozens of other sweet warblers fly wild. It would not be long before the Texas mockers would be singing all their songs sweetly. Then bring them back to the United States, turn them loose in their native woods, and let them teach their fellows the songs they had learned abroad. This is every bit as good an idea as that of sending, at the Government expense, a corps of colored cooks to the countries of Europe to show the people how to make cornbread, and thus create an additional market for our American corn."—[New York Tribune.

An Indian Fiend.

About two weeks ago an Indian, commonly known as "Glass-eyed Bill," shot and instantly killed his papoose at his place on the Big Sandy for no other reason than that the child was sick and had been crying and wailing the day and night before. The inhuman brute took the little one, and, despite its pitiful pleading for mercy, placed it on a sand dune and deliberately shot it. About two years ago this same brute shot and killed his squaw in a like manner. The squaws told the story of the killing to the white folks on the Sandy, but we suppose no action will be taken for the punishment of this monster in human guise.—[Mojave (Cal.) Miner.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

WHAT AND WHERE?

Mischievous Tommy,
He hears every day,
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't,"
And "Tommy, you must";
And "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust";
And "Do not go swimming
Or you will get wet,"
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset";
And "Do not be wrestling,
You'll fracture your bones,"
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones";
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird,"
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard,—"

Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, "Dreary me!
What can a boy do,
And where can a boy be?"
—[Anna Hamilton, in St. Nicholas.

NOT GOSLINGS.

An elderly lady went to an English market the other day to buy a goose. At the booth where she called two live geese were exposed for sale, both in custody of a cherry-cheeked country lass. The little maid would not sell one goose without the other.

Remembering that a friend had expressed a wish for a fowl, the customer was easily prevailed on to take both. But as she was concluding the bargain, it occurred to her to ask the maid why she had refused to sell the geese separately.

"If you please, ma'am," was the naive answer, "mother said as how the geese had lived together fifteen years, and it would be cruel to part them."—[Detroit Free Press.

A FEATHERED SIMPLETON.

The golden winged woodpecker, which the boys call the "yellow hammer" and "wakemp," has a yellowish, polka-dotted breast, and its wings are tipped with yellow quills.

As soon as he appears in spring, he begins to bore a large hole in the decayed trunk of a tree for the reception of his mate's eight pearl white eggs, and in a short time these eggs open and disclose as many gaping mouths.

This bird is a feathered simpleton. He never learns any lessons, or profits by any experience. He will nest again in a tree as convenient for the small boys as the one where his nest was robbed last spring. When his brood is hatched and grown they will all sit in a row on a limb, so that the hunter, who has discovered their savory qualities, has only to shoot once to bag the whole family.—[Yankee Blade.

LOVE OF FUN IN ANIMALS.

It is well known that lambs hold regular sports apart from their dams, which only look on composedly at a little distance to watch, and perhaps enjoy, their proceedings. Monkeys act in the same manner, and so do dogs, the friskiness of which resembles that of children. Leigh Hunt once told Dr. Robert Chambers that he had observed a young spider sporting about its parents, running up to and away from them in a playful manner. He had likewise watched a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, to whom she always gave a little pat on the cheek as she passed. The elder cat endured the pats tranquilly for a while, but at length becoming irritated, she took an opportunity to hit her offspring a blow on the side of her head, which sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room, where she looked extremely puzzled at what had happened. An irritated human being would have acted in precisely the same manner.—[Our Animal Friends.

A LITTLE TIRED.

I was sitting at my upstairs window this morning when the milkman came and left milk in a bowl on the table on Mrs. Plumb's back porch.

Buff was sunning himself under the table, and never opened his eyes till the milkman was gone. Then, as quick as a wink, he hopped on the table and began lapping the milk, often stopping to look around at the window, as though he feared his mistress might see him.

He ate till he had enough, evidently, then he jumped down, washed himself, and lay down to sleep. Just then his mistress came out.

She looked sharply at the milk, as she took it up, and then at Buff. And would you believe it? That cat opened his eyes and began to stretch and yawn as though he had been asleep a week, then followed her into the house, mewing to be fed!

Later in the day, when my window was open, I heard Mrs. Plumb say to her husband.

"We must get a new milkman. He cheated us shamefully this morning!"

A QUEER CITY ON ICE.

Where Thousands of Men Dwell All Winter Long.

Lives They Live, Work They Do, Songs They Sing.

What is known as the "City on Ice" is described in Frank Leslie's Monthly. This oddly named city is on Saginaw Bay, Mich., springing into being about the end of October, and breaking up in March, often from beneath the very feet of the rash and careless citizens; vanishing in a day like magic, swept out to the inland sea of Lake Huron in a sudden break-up of the floes.

Whatever the name was derived from, the "city" is peopled by a great concourse of fishermen, who work throughout the winter at catching fish through the ice, living right at their work in small huts erected each on a low, stout sleigh. These huts are about 10 feet long by 6 wide and 7 high, fixed on runners, and drawn by their owners from place to place. Many of them come from great distances up the Saginaw River, being drawn by dogs to the annual meeting in the bay.

For four months these "citizens of white" isolate themselves from home and friends, and in many cases forever, the number of casualities being large, owing to the marvelous indifference of the men to the atmospheric warnings, the changing seasons, etc., and the chances of drowning, freezing, getting lost in blizzards, driven out to sea, or devoured by gray wolves, which in extra hard winters are driven from the dense woods in search of food. The weather is very cold, often falling to 10 degrees below zero for a week at a time, or is varied by a snow-storm that leaves several feet of snow on the dead level in a single night.

A curious feature is that the city is not laid out in streets and avenues, but in circles and squares, each contingent forming a settlement of its own, as far as the fishing is concerned, and the formation of these varied almost day by day, according to the resolutions of their owners or the amount of fish obtained. The aggregate population has varied from 500 to 5000.

The dress affected by a number of the men is very picturesque, but so much alike that it is difficult for a stranger to tell one from the other. It is warm, durable and easy to work in, consisting of a pair of bright red Mackinaw trousers, an inch thick, made of coarse woolen material resembling the coarsest stuff used in cheap horse-blankets; a shirt of bright blue color in the same goods; a red or blue sash; black or gray stockings, as thick as the shirt and trousers; a pair of high, spike-bottomed lumbermen's boots, and a wide-brimmed felt hat like that the traditional cowboy is supposed to wear. When the weather is very cold a cowl, made of worsted, covering the head, is substituted for the hat, making the men look like variegated clothed Esquimaux. The bulk of the fishermen are fine, muscular fellows, who during the summer live in comfortable houses, and in the early fall shoot ducks for a living.

Their little houses might easily be mistaken for dog-kennels of a larger growth. They are made of rough pine, with a slanting roof, and a door at one end hinged with leather. Unattractive as is the exterior, the inside is cozy and warm. Says a midnight visitor:

"I remember that many of the men were musicians of no mean caliber, and that each had some instrument, ranging from a jew's-harp to a harmonicon or zither. Many of them were of German or Swedish extraction, and these formed glee clubs, and through the clear, frosty air over the lake went ringing the quaint, characteristic melodies of the lumber-camps and folk-gatherings of the old country.

"This gathering together was called 'clustering,' and if the weather was fine and cold various games were indulged in: if wet the 'cluster' would be more closely drawn, and some one would read aloud.

"Practical joking is a great feature of Sunday night. The huts are fastened in their places by means of little wooden pegs thrust through the hinder part of the runner into the ice. Some joker will gently withdraw this peg after the occupant of the hut has retired, and, either alone or aided by some of his friends, will tow the house miles away, and leave it out in the open to surprise the owner next morning. Owing to this inadequate method of anchoring great danger is incurred in the sudden and fierce storms that descend without warning from the hills. Frequently, in the middle of the night, all hands have to turn out and 'belay,' and many sound sleepers are blown before the gale, house and all, like pieces of paper. Then comes the danger, if blown too far, or if the gale lasts several days, or a heavy snow follows in the track of the gale, for man and dog cannot get back before fuel and food fail, unless rescued by some of the ice-boats sent out in search of castaways.

"When any notice of a storm is given the city pulls up stakes and moves in a mass to the Charity islands, situated near the entrance to Lake Huron. These are thickly tenanted with game, and are now inhabited by the remnants of the once powerful tribe of Kohkahlin Indians. The Indians give the men a warm welcome, because it means a good supply of fish without the trouble of catching them."

Such is the City on the Ice—as curious a place as any one could wish to see.

An Expert on an Indian Trail.

A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1885 suddenly came to a ledge of bare rock. The officers of the troops examined it carefully, but could see nothing to indicate where the tribe had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as unerringly as though the trail had been made in heavy grass. When asked what told him the way he called attention to a fine moss which covered the rock and that by close scrutiny gave evidence of having been pressed by the foot, an indication so slight that it would have passed unnoticed by ninety-nine out of a hundred, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished.

In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a slight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.

So the appearance of the tracks will also show him the gait at which the party was traveling, and he thus knows how to regulate his pace in order to overtake them.

It is rare to find a white person who can retrace his steps for any great distance in the open country, but it is simply impossible to lose an Indian. No matter how circuitous may be the route by which you have reached a certain place, an Indian will find his way back to the place of starting by the most direct route, and without hesitating a moment which course to pursue.

If you ask him how he does it, he may possibly shrug his shoulders and reply: "Quien sabe?" or "Who knows?" though the chances are that he will not reply at all. No matter how affable and entertaining he may prove in camp, he will talk little while en route.—[Chicago Herald.

A Dollar That Is Worth $700.

"The finest coin collection in Boston," says a numismatist of that city, "is that of Parmelee, a baker up in East Chester Park. He bakes nothing but beans—Boston baked beans—and all the money he makes he puts into old coins. His collection is worth between $40,000 and $80,000. He had a complete set of American silver dollars—the only set in Boston, to my knowledge. What makes this set hard to fill is the scarcity of dollars of 1804. There are only some thirteen or fourteen of these in existence, and they are worth $700 apiece. I don't believe there are any floating around the country undiscovered. The dealers know where every one of these dozen and odd coins is, and can't be imposed upon by a counterfeit, for the great value of this particular coin has caused it to be counterfeited, or, rather, to be imitated, by taking dollars of 1801 date and fixing them over. There are lots of these in circulation, and while occasionally they catch some country amateur, no expert is for an instant deceived. Next to Parmelee's collection, the finest one in Boston is that of Nathan Appleton of Beacon street. There are hundreds of collectors here, and the aggregate value of their coins is probably greater than that of those in any city in this country outside of New York."

A Submarine Cemetery.

An officer of the British Coast Guard fleet estimates that the bottom of the English channel is strewn with a larger number of wrecks than any other submarine area of equal extent—the route from Sicily to the mouth of the Tiber not excepted. A thorough dredging cruise around the narrowest part of the strait, he estimates, would result in the recovery of tons of coined treasure, and tens of thousands of human skeletons.—[New York Voice.

Gather Its Flowers While Ye May.

Dark are the meadows, gray and dull the skies,
No hint of grass nor blossoms anywhere.
The trees with glittering icicles are hung,
A ghostly chill is in the sluggish air.
But Spring, joy-giving Spring, will soon be here.
Her flowers will wake the moment she appears,
And at her first bright smile the frozen gems
That deck the boughs will melt in sunny tears.
Oh! if life's winter there could pass unto
Another spring, if youth once more could bless
Our longing hearts with fragrant promises,
We'd cherish them with greatest tenderness.
But while the earth each year forgets her snows,
And buds grow sweet, and happy songbirds sing,
Life's seasons ne'er return; it can but give
To us the peerless beauty of one spring
—[Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

A good match—One that does not go out.

The civil engineer is not monarch of all he surveys.

More men have been self-undone than have been self-made.

It is to be expected that Anarchists will make bombastic speeches.

Collateral securities are seldom left loose. They are either put up or shut up.

The young man who courted an investigation says that courting a girl is much better fun.

There never was a woman so plain that she preferred to look at the back rather than the front of a mirror.

There are three things that beat a drum for noise—one is a small boy and the other two are drumsticks.

He—Charlotte, I love you; can you not return my affection? She—I'm afraid I'll have to, as I have no use for it.

A Stickler for Form. Gentleman—And why don't you go to work? Tramp—'Cause I ain't never been invited.

"What became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last Summer?" "You mean the girl that Potterby thought he was flirting with. She married him."

A stationer's traveler, having had a run of bad luck in presenting business, received from the "boss" the following telegram: "If you can't make expenses come home at once." The reply was: "All right. Can make plenty of expenses, but no sales."

Ah, maiden coy and debonair,
With visage like the painted,
I fear you're not one half so fair
As I have seen you painted.

Walls of Immense Limestone Blocks.

The walls of ancient Cuzco, Peru, were composed of immense blocks of cut limestone, and each salient had one of these at its end. Blocks measuring fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide and ten feet thick are common in the outer walls, and there is one great stone twenty-seven feet high, fourteen feet wide and twelve feet thick, piled upon another of almost equal dimensions. Remembering that these enormous masses were hewn from the hills and fashioned into shape by a people ignorant of the use of iron; that they were brought from distant quarries without the aid of beasts of burden, raised to their elevated position on the sierra and adjusted with the nicest accuracy without machinery, one is filled with astonishment. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed for fifty years on this great structure, and it was but a part of a system of fortifications which the Incas established throughout their domains. There were three towers on Sachahuaman, each some distance from the others: one most elaborately carved, for the use of the Incas, and the others held by a garrison of Peruvian nobles, commanded by officers of royal blood—for the position was considered of too great importance to be intrusted to inferior hands. Below the towers were several subterranean galleries communicating with the city, now mostly obstructed by fallen debris.—[Washington Star.

The Oldest Married Couple.

There is living at Lac Qui Parle, Yellow Bank township, Minn., the oldest married couple in the world. Daniel Sallsbury was born 103 years ago next January, and his wife has just passed her 110th birthday. The old couple have been married eighty years, and when the cracked village bell rang for the ceremony that morning the population of the whole United States was a little over 7,000,000. Until three years ago they lived alone in a log house on the Yellow Bank River. Then they moved to the settlement of Lac Qui Parle to reside with relatives.—[Boston Transcript.