

To the Unappreciated.
Fools, philosophers and preachers, and a host of other teachers.
Have been trumping up prescriptions for producing happiness.
Each warranted, if taken and regularly taken,
To result in perfect heaven, perfect peace and nothing less.
This has satisfied the masses, but there are, among the masses,
Another sort of people, and I stand here as their friend.
To be miserable they are yearning, to misery they are turning.
No method can escape them that promises that end.
Now my pity-seeking whiners, my persistent and repiners.
A good still resolution is the first thing you must have.
Start up a determination that shall frighten all creation.
And you will have misery sufficient for your need.
Now don't mind what some are saying about baby breezes playing,
Or the tonics of kind Providence, or nature's beauties fair,
Treat all such insinuations as you would your poor relations,
But keep one eye fixed on misery and you surely will get there.
Let your jealousy awaken, think you are the most forsaken.
Unappreciated mortal that ever walked the earth.
Search for people in the mire, for the victims, cheats and liars.
And your purpose will not fail you, but yield you its full worth.
Shut your eyes to all that's fair, search for blackness everywhere—
Except within your own heart, for that alone is white.
Hunt for evil, and pursue it for the joy it gives to view it.
And I'll warrant you that misery shall walk with you day and night.
—(Ella Lamb Martin, in Boston Globe.)

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In a little country graveyard in Nelson County, Kentucky, lies buried the heroine of a story as thrilling as the annals of pioneer life contain. The stone at her head is moss-grown and broken, but push aside the clinging vine that tenderly embraces it and read the name of "Susan Merrill, died 1729." This young woman was known among the Indians as "the Long-Knife Squaw," and the story of how she earned it was related for long years about their campfires with every expression of respect and admiration, accorded always by the redskins to the truly brave, even when that bravery was displayed against them.
One night in the early summer of 1787 Mrs. Merrill and her husband were setting up late with one of their children who was dangerously ill. The hour was close to midnight, when the barking of the yard dog alarmed them.
"I will see what is the matter," said Merrill, stepping toward the door, but his wife, with a sudden premonition, clung to him, begging him not to venture out and reminding him that the dog might have seen Indians.
He laughed at her, however, and in spite of her entreaties opened the door. He was greeted by the fire of six or seven rifles in the hands of as many Wyandotte Indians, and fell wounded severely, both arms and his thigh broken. He fell across the doorway, and as his wife bent over him, she saw the redskins leap from the cover of the outhouses, where they had lain concealed, and ran toward the main house. She dragged her insensible husband into the room, and just succeeded in closing the door, and shooting the bolt, when the Indians flung themselves against it. The lady, a magnificent specimen of womanhood, the ideal of a pioneer's wife, now realized that the life of her dear ones and her own depended on her alone. She ran for her husband's gun, and, snatching it from the rack was about to load it when she discovered that the powder was damp. As she afterward described it, this discovery caused her nearly to faint, until the knowledge that that was not the time for any such giving way acted like a douche of ice cold water.
Casting her eyes about for some weapon she spied the axe, which she seized and hurried back to the door, which was being attacked by the foe with tomahawks. As she reached it the wood work gave way, and the ugly visage of a painted warrior peered in. She raised her axe and brained the wretch with a single blow, actually cleaving the skull from scalp to under jaw. As the body fell back another, scarcely realizing what had befallen his companion, thrust himself in, followed closely by a third. With another swing of her blood-stained weapon, she brought it down on the foremost Indian's head, smashing his skull and killing him outright. The other Indian fired at her as she did so, but the bullet only carried away a lock of her braided hair, and she returned his

fire by a blow that struck him on the breast, breaking the bone, and sending him howling back. A fourth attempted to enter, but she wounded him severely in the cheek, shattering his jaw. The Indian fell to the floor, but clinging to her dress, endeavored to drag her down and tomahawk her. Unable to do this he raised himself and struck at her breast with his knife, when she brought her axe down on his face, breaking it in and sending his warring brains and blood all over her dress and hands.
Abandoning any attempt to enter the house in this way, the enemy now ascended to the roof and endeavored to effect an entrance by way of the chimney, the wide, old-fashioned fireplace of that period, but once more they were foiled by the heroic and clever woman, made strong and cunning by her beloved ones' peril. She seized the only feather bed the cabin home afforded, and ripping it open with all haste poured its contents on the fire. As she did so, the clock on the mantel near her, proclaimed the hour when her sick child's medicine was to be administered and with a firm hand the admirable mother poured out the draught and held it to the little one's lips.
By this time a furious blaze and suffocating smoke was ascending the chimney, and in another instant, two stifled and half roasted Indians came tumbling down into the fireplace. They lay choking, and nearly insensible for a moment, when, seizing her axe once more, she despatched them hastily, for the only remaining savage now appeared at the door, and was about to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. She met him as he was stepping over the dead bodies of his companions, which blocked the doorway, and struck at him with the axe. The blow fell on his shoulder disabling him in the right arm, but seizing his tomahawk in the other hand, he rushed upon her. Dropping the axe she caught up one of the fire brands from the hearth, and holding it by the uncharred end, hurled it ablaze at the other full in the advancing warrior's face. It struck him, blinding him for the moment, when running forward she grasped him about the lower limbs, and tripping him up, sent him head foremost into the fire. Hastily scrambling to his all fours he was again felled to the floor, by a blow on the head, which stunned him. Mrs. Merrill caught up her axe once more and was about to brain the Indian, when he sprang to his feet and with a howl of terror and pain rushed from the house with such precipitancy as to upset the lady in his rush. It was he who carried the story of Mrs. Merrill's courage and strength to his tribe, which bestowed on her the title of the "Long Knife Squaw."
Her foes once gone, the lady bustled herself barricading the doorway with logs of wood in place of the shattered door, and in caring for her wounded husband and her sick child. She had gone out the next morning to dig a grave for the dead Indians, when, by chance, her nearest neighbor called to see them. He could scarcely credit her story, but the five bodies were to be seen as evidence. Promising to go after a physician for her husband, the neighbor, the only other white person besides themselves in eight miles, assisted her in interring the corpses, which still cumbered the house.
While they were engaged in this work, a heavy groan from a little wood close by startled them. The man, more frightened than the woman, was for retreating to the house, but Mrs. Merrill insisted that there was somebody in pain or trouble near them and that he must investigate the matter. He still refused, and at last the lady, borrowing his gun as a precaution, declared her intention of entering the wood herself. She persisted, though warned that the groaning might only be a strategem to decoy her into the woods, where she would be slaughtered by the Indians. She had gone but a little way when a trail of blood confirmed her in her resolution, and proceeding she saw an Indian lying under a bush, where the suffering wretch had endeavored to conceal himself. It was the one whom she had wounded in the breast while he was endeavoring to enter the house at first. He was delicious and blood was issuing from his mouth. So, calling to the neighbor to come and help her, Mrs. Merrill determined to take the Indian to the house and care for him. When her friend came and saw the redskin, he caught up his gun and was about to shoot the wounded savage, but throwing herself before him in such a manner as to shield him by her own body, Mrs. Merrill cried: "If you harm him, Robert K—, I will reason with you as if the injury was to one of my own family."

"But he is likely to murder the whole lot of you if you take him into your house. The bounds understand nothing but treachery. Didn't you ever hear of the man that warned the snake in his bosom?"
"Yes, I've heard of that, but I've also heard that I must love my neighbor as myself."
"Yes, but is this butchering, cruel savage your neighbor?"
"Aye, sir, my neighbor and my brother."
The man eyed her for a moment in silence and then saying, "Mrs. Merrill, I haven't another word to utter except praise God, I have this day seen a Christian!" stooped and helped her carry the wounded Indian into the house.
Though busy with her own sick the lady nursed the red man several days, but he had been mortally wounded from the first and died at the end of that time. By some means the Indians heard of this generous act, and comprehending it as they did her courage and fierceness in defending her home, voted her in their councils "One Good Squaw," and never again attacked nor molested her or her family, but are even said to have remembered her after each hunting into the game lands further west by the presence of a fine lock or brace of wild turkeys, left quietly at her door by night by a hand that neither sought nor desired to be thanked. And this in a time of the bitterest feud between the whites and the Indians.—[St. Louis Republic.]

A Little Flower Worth \$10,000.
A remarkable lucky find of a valuable orchid has resulted in bringing a certain amount of fame and a certain amount of money to the lucky importer. This is Mr. Sander of St. Albans, London, England, whose name is well known to all who take an interest in these parasitic plants.
Three years ago he imported some specimens of *Cypripedium*, or Lady's Slipper, the commonest and cheapest of the orchid tribe. In the lot he found one which proved in flowering to be golden yellow instead of green, as usual. Knowing it must be valuable, he divided the plant into two portions, one of which he sold to Mr. R. H. Measures for \$250, and the other he sent to auction, where it was bought by Baron Schroeder for \$400.
Mr. Measures divided his half into four parts, one of which he sold to Mr. R. J. Measures of Cambridge, the second to Mr. F. L. Amo of Boston, Mass., the third he kept for himself, and the fourth Measures, Sander, the original owners of the whole plant, have bought for no less a sum than \$1250. According to the price paid for an eighth of the original plant it would appear that its first value was \$10,000.
Baron Schroeder is one of the most notable collectors in the country and at his place in Egham, Surrey, he has a collection of these plants which must have cost him something like \$200,000. He has himself sold a specimen of the species *Cypripedium Stonei* for \$1800, and other sales are recorded in which specimens have fetched nearly if not quite as large prices.—[New York Telegram.]

Face Growth.
Careful measurements, made on persons of both sexes by Professor G. M. West, have so far yielded some definite results which are published as preliminary; further details will no doubt be forthcoming later. In the case of the female face, the results go to show that there are three distinct periods of growth, the first of which ends at about the seventh year, the third beginning about the age of fifteen. The abrupt transition from one period to another is indicated by the very slow growth of some children until the ages of eight and fourteen, when a rapid development often occurs. From the fifth to the tenth year the average growth appears to be about 6.5 millimetres, and from this time little advance is made, the maximum being reached about the age of twenty. The male face is larger than the female face at all ages. Its growth is more rapid and continues later in life.—[New York Dispatch.]

Curious Litter of Kittens.
Our good friend and fellow-citizen, Colonel W. C. Winslow, will excuse the mention of a wonderful and curious trick of nature in a litter of kittens that recently increased the cat family at his house. It is said that there were fourteen in the family, the offspring of one mother, of various hues and stripes, as kittens generally are. Some had tails and some had none; six heads on three bodies, and six feet each on two. The limbs were badly distributed, for three of them could only show nine claws.—[Fort Valley (Ga.) Enterprise.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHICK-LOVE.
High among the tops of trees,
Caring naught for wintry breezes,
Sits a little bird and sings,
And the music of his song,
"Cheer me as I plot along
With the memories it brings.
Deep the snow lies all around,
Hushed is every summer sound,
Fair weather guests no more are here,
But though cold the air and chill,
I can hear the piping still.
Of that brave, wee, house bird,
He is like a tried, true friend,
Who, when shadows o'er me bend,
Comes to comfort and console;
So I bid his willing wings
Carry joy where'er he sings,
To each listening heart and soul.
—[Detroit Free Press.]

PUTTING HIMSELF TO SLEEP.
There is a certain little canary-bird, living in a certain city, in a certain street and in a certain house. He lives in a pretty gold wire cage, and in the middle of it there hangs a swing.
And every night when it grows dark and this little canary thinks it is time to go to bed, he hops into his swing and swings himself back and forth.
Backward and forward he swings to and fro. And presently the swing goes slower and slower, slower and slower, until it stops.
And then all you can see is a fat little ball of feathers, very still, on a swing in the middle of a gold-wire cage. The canary is fast asleep.—[New York World.]

JACK, THE POLICEMAN'S DOG.
There is a most remarkable dog in Hamilton, Canada. He is a rough-haired mongrel terrier, and rejoices in the name of "Jack, the policeman's dog." Fifteen years ago his master, a night watchman, was shot while on duty. The dog, who was with him, ran home, and by whining at the door and scratching attracted the attention of the inmates, whom he at once guided to his dying master. For three days the man lingered between life and death the dog lay at the foot of his bed and never stirred until the body was removed to the cemetery, when he followed the procession to the grave. Thence he went to the police station, and every night since then he has attended the men while on duty.
At 6 o'clock, when the men are lined up for dismissal, the dog takes up his post at the head of the line. On the command "dismiss" being given he barks and immediately disappears down the street, running at his utmost speed. No one knows where he goes nor what he lives on. All but his "politic" life is a mystery. In the miscellaneous class at the Hamilton show his entry reads: "3365, Hamilton Police Force. Jack, the policeman's dog (rough terrier), fifteen years old. Not for sale." His Whittier awarded him the, "doubtless more a recognition of his unique reputation than anything else."

A LITTLE BACKWOODS GIRL.
William and Mollie D., the eighteen-year-old son and seventeen-year-old daughter of a well-known farmer who resides near Burning Springs, W. Va., concluded to go out in search of a "possum," which they believed to have been the animal which for several nights previous had made deadly raids upon their poultry. Accompanied by two curs and without arms, they struck into the deep woods. When about a mile from home the dogs "treed," and the boy and girl came up and found that instead of a nameless marsupial they had brought to bay an immense catamount. It lay stretched out on a limb of a tree, twenty feet above their heads, snarling and showing its teeth.
The boy proposed that his sister remain with the dogs to keep the wildcat in the tree until he went back home after a gun. She consented and the cat began to show an inclination to open hostilities the brave girl would brush the bushes with a stick and cheer the dogs on until the big catmount would again settle down on the limb. For over half an hour that 17-year-old girl stood in the dark and gloomy woods, over a mile from home, with her two little dogs, and without a tremor held the catamount at bay.
At last the boy, accompanied by his self frantic father, came with guns and the catamount was killed. The animal measured four feet and seven inches from tip to tip. What puzzles the girl is that everybody is congratulating and praising her for doing what seems to her quite a matter of course.—[New York Voice.]

The falling off of exports of canned beef to Great Britain is due to competition from packing establishments recently started in South America.

A FORBIDDEN CITY.
An Old Aztec Town Never Entered by White Men.
Would-be Explorer Repulsed by a Band of Indians.

Mr. Juan Alvarez, who has just returned to the city of Mexico, says, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, from an exploring expedition in the southwest part of the Republic, reports that he has found a city which has never been entered by white men and which has evidently been in existence for hundreds of years, going back before the conquest of the country by the Spaniards.
It is an old Aztec city, and the approaches to it are so guarded by nature that it is an impossibility to reach it, if the inhabitants do not want to travel to get in. The city lies in the almost inaccessible mountains, in the region of the country lying in the extreme southwestern part of the country, and is so far away from civilization that few white men have ever been in the neighborhood.
It was by the purest accident that Alvarez became aware that a city was anywhere in the vicinity and, after he found it, all of his endeavors to reach it were marred on account of the persistent opposition of the natives. He had been traveling over the mountains in search of an outlet to the Pacific ocean when he came to the top of an elevated plateau and crossed to the further edge. He had a magnificent view and while looking over the country saw what he took to be houses in a far distant valley. A close inspection with a glass soon convinced him that what he saw was really a collection of houses and he at once set about reaching the place to see who lived in that part of the country.
After days of hard work, climbing over cliffs and mountains, he reached a place from which he obtained a good view of the city and saw that it was regularly laid out in streets and was peopled with a race who knew something about civilization. The houses were of stone and were surrounded by yards, in which were growing flowers and shrubs. On all sides were evidences of taste shown by the inhabitants and it was evident that he had found a city which was not known to the outside world. A careful examination of the country showed him that the city was within a natural amphitheater, and was accessible from one side only. He saw that the only means of access was through a long and narrow defile which led to the mountains from the Pacific coastside, and he started to reach the place where he could find this entrance. He made an outline drawing of the city as it appeared to him from the distant mountain top, and this is all he has to show that there is a city within the heart of the mountains, for he was never allowed to reach the spot.
From this drawing it is plain that the city has not less than 1000 inhabitants. The houses are all of stone and are supplied with doors and windows. In the centre was a large building, which was undoubtedly the temple of worship, for on its walls could be seen the sculptured designs representing the deity. It was in the shape of the ancient teocallis, which are to be found in many parts of this country, and the people could be seen passing in and out during all hours of the day.
After ten days of arduous work Alvarez found himself at the foot of the mountains on the western side and set about searching for the canon leading to the city. He had so well marked the lay of the land that he had no difficulty in finding the entrance, but he was met by a band of Indians who refused to let him proceed. They offered him no violence, but insisted that he should return. He told them that he had come over the mountains and that he did not know how to get back. After a consultation he was told that he would have to remain awhile as a prisoner and two runners were sent into the mountains, who returned in a day with orders from some one in authority, and Alvarez was blindfolded and placed on the back of a mule. He traveled in this condition for three days, only having the bandage removed from his eyes at night. On the fourth day he was told to remove the bandage, and when he did so he found himself on the borders of the Pacific ocean. The Indians had gone, leaving him nothing to guide him back to the place where he had seen the city.
Russian parents take the precaution to name their children before they are old enough to know what is being done.

Why Sixty Minutes Make an Hour.
Why is the hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of nations, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, but it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants.
There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four passages or 720 stadia. Each passage or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A passage is about a German mile and the Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one passage.
The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four passages, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour in Europe.
Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time.
It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the middle ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches and allow our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes.
Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about one hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids.—[Science Siftings.]

A Snowy Conch.
It is related that two Indians in the mountains of Nevada were seen to dig a trench in the snow, wrap themselves in a single blanket and lie down for their night's rest. In the morning a grave-like mound of snow covered their forms and they were about to be dug up as dead, when they themselves broke through their snowy covering and, freeing themselves from the blanket, were found to be covered with perspiration.
This may at first glance seem anomalous, but it must be remembered that the blanket kept the snow from contact with the bodies of the sleepers and served as a jacket such as are put on boilers to keep the heat from radiating and consequent waste at the surface. The sleepers were thus not only kept warm by their own unwashed heat, but the coldness of the snow was prevented from reaching them by the warm air in the interstices of their woolly covering. The Indians knew the process, but not the reason why.—[The Argosy.]

The Derivation of Dollar.
Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German that (valley), and came into use in this way some 500 years ago. There is a little silver mining city of district in Northern Bohemia called Joachimsthal or Joachim's Valley. The reigning Duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "joachimsthaler." The word "joachim" was soon dropped and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and also in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by our forefathers with some changes in the spelling.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Preventable Fires.
Most fires originate in preventable accidents. If every one were as careful as the insurance journals urge him to be, fires would be rare indeed. By many people are not careful—are, it is regarded to the danger of fire, aggressive careless. It is this heedlessness of an ever present danger that makes our annual fire loss the largest in the world, in spite of the efforts of the best fire departments to be found anywhere.—[Commercial Advertiser.]

Tick Tack.
Tick tack, tick tack, the old clock goes;
I wonder what it has to say?
It stands above the carpet stair,
There in the arm old entry way.
Tick tack, tick tack, 'tis time to sleep;
Quick, to your slumbers, darling, go.
Your drowsy cot is soft and warm;
'Tis to your sleep, my baby, go.
Hush! (angry) prongs wait you to sleep.
Sleep, my precious baby, sleep;
Soft hands touch thy drowsy eyes.
Go, my bud, to paradise.
Tick tack, tick tack, the same old friend,
There high up in the entry hall.
Awake my lamb, 'tis time for light.
Oh! do you hear the birding call?
Tick tack, tick tack, your slippers feet
Come bounding down the carpet stair.
Come kiss me, dear, your sleep was well.
I see the sunshine in your hair.
—[H. S. Keller, in Chicago Item.]

HUMOURS.

Man wants the earth, but it is the housekeeper who gets the dust.
In bread-making, as in base ball, there is nothing like a good batter in the hour of need.
A pugnacious ram is fond of a practical joke. He tries to make a butt of every one he meets.
Guest—Waiter, you forget yourself. Waiter (grumpily)—Well that is because you never remember me.
Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?
A man in a boarding house is justified in finding fault with his dinner when there isn't much else to find.
A cobbler and accountant have something in common—it behooves each to be particular in his footings.
"I haven't been shaved by a barber this year." "Well, I've noticed you've lost a good deal of flesh from your face."
"Woman's voice is best adapted to the telephone, they say." "So I have heard. She seems to find plenty of other uses for it, though."
Penelope (sighing)—Ah, the men are not what they used to be. Tom—I'd like to know why not? Penelope—They used to be boys, you know.
She—Wouldn't you like to hear the singing sands, so-called? He—No, not until I was sure that they don't sing any of the popular songs of the day.
Miss Pense (sweetly)—Do you think you could guess my age? Mr. Good-fellow (honestly)—I'm not good at guessing ages. I probably couldn't come within 20 years of it.
Why Raindrops Do Not Kill.
A falling body moves much more rapidly as it approaches the ground than it did when it commenced to fall. Its motion is, therefore, termed "a uniformly accelerated motion." In other words, if a body being moving at a certain velocity at the expiration of one second from the point of time at which it was allowed to fall, it will be moving twice as fast at the expiration of two seconds, and so on. Experiments have shown that the rate per second at which bodies acquire velocity in falling through the air is thirty-two feet per second at the end of the first second after it has dropped from the hand; at the end of the next second with a velocity of sixty-four feet, and at the end of the third at the rate of ninety-six feet per second, and so on. The velocity of a body at any period of its fall may be ascertained by multiplying the rate of motion at the end of the first second by the number of seconds it has been falling. The velocity being known, the space through which it has fallen may be ascertained by multiplying the velocity of that period by the number of seconds during which it has been falling, and dividing the result by two. These rules only apply with absolute correctness when a body falls "in vacuo," for the resistance of the air materially retards the velocities, especially when they become considerable, and when the body has great bulk in proportion to its weight. Were it not for this resistance, every raindrop, descending as it does from a height of many hundred feet, would strike with a force as fatal as that of a rifle bullet.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Dead Sea Water an Antiseptic.
The discovery has recently been made that the water of the Dead Sea is a powerful antiseptic. An experimenting chemist recently tried it upon germs, or more properly, microbes, of diphtheria, measles, scarletina, small-pox, and various other zymotic disorders, and found that the microbes were killed inside of forty-eight hours. Whether it will prevent bacterial growth in wounds is yet to be determined, but so far everything is in its favor, and it may soon come to pass that Dead Sea water will be on sale at so much a bottle. It can be easily fabricated.—[New Orleans Picayune.]