

THE SOUTHERN HOME.

THE BLIND.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Nature, from wintry sleep awake,
Her icy armor doth forsake.
As her swift currents start again,
The Easter anthems sound amen!
And lilies, white as angel's wing,
Herald the beauty of the spring.

Now, spring should make all creatures glad
With promise she has ever had.
With message told in perfumed breath,
Of resurrection conquering death;
But her delights of form and hue
Our sightless children never knew.

Only with wondering thought they hear
Rehearsed the glories of the year,
And dimly seek their doubtful way,
Untutored by the smile of day,
While we, the prodigals of light,
Grow careless of the boon of sight.

Dread fate! in solitude to sit,
Unconscious of the clouds that flit,
Beholding ne'er the rose of dawn,
Nor sunset's varying hues withdrawn,
Nor stars with which, above, around,
The majesty of night is crowned;

But Heaven that sees this painful doom
Has still some flowers of choicest bloom,
Has still some gem of priceless worth,
For those inheritors of earth.

For them may wisdom spread her page,
Bequeathing wealth from age to age;
To them make known, in time and place,
The great exemplars of our race;
Its heroes shall their courage raise,
Its saints inspire their prayer and praise,
Its music join their happy bands,
In skill instruct their tender hands.

We plant this field, to God most dear,
In the sweet spring of childhood's year,
Aid us, good neighbors, in our need,
To sow it with immortal seed.

We do not know, we cannot guess,
What harvesting of blessedness,
Of docile heart and thoughtful mind,
Good husbandry may reap and bind;

But well we deem that, in the height
Where governs the supernal light,
Joy shall requite the service wrought,
Pay tenfold back the tribute brought;
And with our sheaves your names shall be
Bound in God's golden granary.

LAST DAY OF THE FLEA MARKET.

The Dealers Appeal Unsuccessfully to the Government Authorities.

Yesterday was the last day of the flea market. The fifty-two old women who have sat haggling over their uncanny wares in the square by the government pawn shop until the queer band had become a part of the familiar physiognomy of the city had been told that their time was up at 3 P. M. sharp, and that the flea market would then be a thing of the past. They had appealed in vain to the mayor, to the minister of the interior and, as a last resort, by deputation to the King, praying that in consideration of their great age they might keep their stands or move them elsewhere until they could drop out together, as it were. They were told that there was no room for sentiment in their case. Perhaps the fleas had killed it.

Their mixed stock of second-hand clothes, old rags, felt shoes and crockery certainly harbored a fair share. But, then, it was a very cheap market—so cheap that others than the very poor sought it for bargains. No matter; they must all go together. Customers had come from far and near to the closing sale until the square was black. So brisk a trade the flea market had never known. In spite of it more than one aged face was wet with bitter tears as the hands of the old tower clock pointed to three and the word to move on was given. There was very little left to move that was worth it; nothing more worn or shakier than the old market women themselves. As they filed out with their bundles, casting stolen glances behind them, one of the characteristic traditions of this old city went out with them and became a thing of the past.—*Copenhagen Letter.*

GRACE FOR CRIMINALS.

What a Canadian Legislator Proposes Anent the Jubilee.

Mr. Sproule, a member of the Dominion Parliament from Ontario, announces that, "in order to make the Queen's jubilee year a year of rejoicing to the poor unfortunates confined in living tombs," he will move in the House that the governor general be asked to exercise clemency toward criminals now incarcerated in the various penitentiaries of the Dominion, whose conduct has been meritorious during their imprisonment, in the following manner: Life sentences to be commuted to a reasonable term of years; those who have served ten years to be set at liberty, and all convicts with a record of good conduct be allowed a remission of ten days for every month's imprisonment since January, 1887.

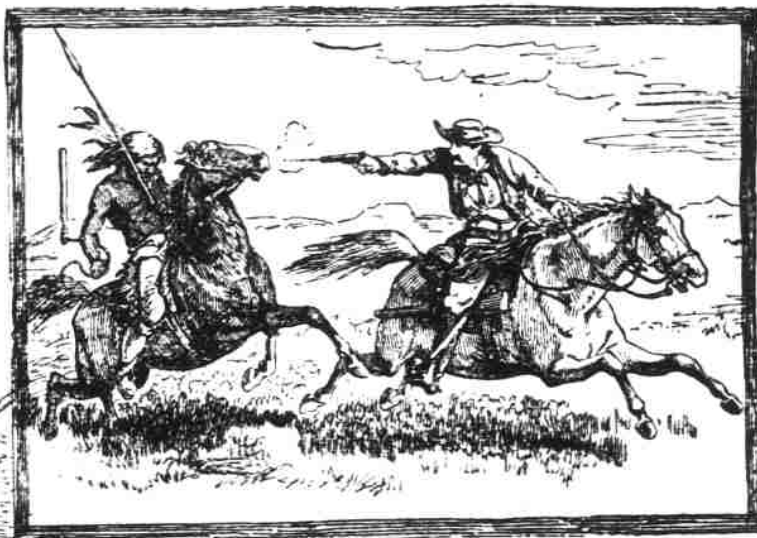
Stiffened by Street Car Service.

"Yes," said Mr. McNaughton, superintendent of the West Side street railway, "we use up a great many horses during the year upon our line. We use them for a while and then they become stiff, lame and tender-footed and then we dispose of them, as it don't pay to keep idle horses. We sold a splendid mare the other day for \$45. She was a little stiff from running upon the hard cobblestones. With a three-months' rest out in a pasture she will become as good as ever and bring \$150 to her owner.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

LISCOMB'S FIGHT.

To illustrate the courage and determination characteristic of the Northern traders, I tell an incident in the life of George Liscomb, a trader whom I knew. In 1870 the Teton Sioux, who held the Yellowstone valley were on the warpath, as they generally were. They were a fierce-tempered race, at war with all men excepting Indians of Sioux or Cheyenne blood. Liscomb, knowing that these Indians must be out of cartridges for their Winchester rifles, resolved to load two pack animals with ammunition and drive them into the Yellowstone valley, and there find the hostile Sioux and make a trade which would be highly profitable to him. He loaded his horses at Bozeman and crossed the Belt mountains. Below him lay the almost unknown valley of the Yellowstone. He rode down it, and while passing through the low country he met an old trading comrade, who persuaded him to leave his cargo at his house until he had found the Sioux and arrang-

Soon but three warriors were left to fight. They were crazy with rage and mortification. They jumped from their horses and sank into the grass, which then grew tall in the Yellowstone valley, and tried to crawl on Liscomb, firing steadily as they approached. A ball crashed through his left fore arm, splintering the bones. His horse was now stiff, and he gritted his teeth tighter as he rested his rifle barrel on his wounded arm, which lay on his dead horse, so as to get sufficient height to see his enemies. He killed two of them. He was faint and almost gone when he saw a painted and fierce-visaged savage in the grass, and distant forty yards. Liscomb remembered to have seen the painted face, and gaunt body, and the elevated feet of the Indian. He nerved himself for his last shot. He covered the crawling figure dimly, as though he were shooting in a dream. He saw the Indian's rifle come to his shoulder. He pulled his trigger, saw the right foot of the Indian jerk, knew that he had hit him and fainted. The Indian's bullet, fired at the same instant, struck Lis-



ed for a trade. He stopped with this comrade one night. Next morning early he saddled his horse and rode down the valley. Presently a Sioux warrior rode out of a thicket and approached him. This brave was unarmed. He carried a whip, the handle of which was the heavy oak spoke of a freight wagon wheel. Side by side they rode talking pleasantly, Liscomb being ever watchful of his visitor. When they were about five miles from his friend's house, the Indian pointed to some dark objects lying on a hillside about half a mile distant, and said sweetly, as he pointed with outstretched arm: "Look at the antelope." As he spoke he slightly checked his horse. Liscomb looked in the indicated direction, saw that he had got ahead of his visitor, and instantly realized his mistake. He threw himself forward in his saddle, jammed his spurs into his horse's flanks and heard the heavy club-like whip whiz by his head and strike his horse. By this time he had his revolver in his hand and he turned in his saddle and shot the Indian dead.

The antelope lying on the hillside sprang up. They were thirteen Sioux warriors. Their horses rose out of the grass. They mounted and charged on Liscomb. He was directly on the river bank. He instantly saw that he could not escape. He placed his revolver to his horse's head and blew out his brains. Then lying down behind the quivering body he opened fire on his enemies with a Winchester rifle. He was a dead shot and a quick one, and he was fighting for his life. He told me that he was never cooler. He emptied saddle after saddle as the Indians approached him. He broke the direct charge and forced the warriors to ride in a circle, firing as they galloped. Presently a rifle ball crashed through the lower bones of his right leg. He gritted his teeth and continued to fire.

comb above the left eye glancingly and smashed a hole in his outer skull. That was what put him to sleep. He lay unconscious until dark.

He awoke to find himself physically a wreck. He crawled to the river to drink before he died. The water revived him wonderfully. He lay on the bank thinking of the fight and his wounds, gaining strength and courage every minute. Finally he sat up and examined his broken leg and arm, and felt with inquiring fingers of his head, and then he said: "I am worth a thousand dead men. I came to trade with the Teton Sioux and I am going to trade with them. Here is for a crawl to my friend's house." He again drank of the cold water, and then, supported on one sound leg and one arm, he crawled through cactus, over stones and through harsh, keen-edged grass to his friend's house, which he reached the next morning at ten o'clock. There he lay for two months and was visited at long intervals by a doctor from Bozeman. Then, when the snow was deep in the Yellowstone valley, he packed his animals, mounted his saddle horse and rode down the Yellowstone to complete the trade he had started to make the previous fall. And he made it and it was highly profitable.

One of the first Indians Liscomb saw in the great winter camp of the Teton Sioux was lame in his right foot and his face was disfigured by a fresh scar. He looked at the Indian closely and recognized his face as the ghastly mask he had last seen moving through the thick grass on the banks of the Yellowstone river.

One day, while engaged in trading, the wounded Indian told him that he was the only one of a war party of fourteen who returned to the Teton camp the previous fall; and he told Liscomb of a white devil, of a fighting spirit, whom they had mistakenly attacked, and who had killed all his comrades.

TWO GOOD GIRLS.

The Girl Who Helps Mother and the One Who Helps Herself.

There is a girl, and I love to think on her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young figure is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls must often bend over the old worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her!—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious, and painstaking, and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewn into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful young mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum.—*Catharine Cole.*

MAHOMETAN PILGRIMS.

How the Government of India Helps Them on Their Way to Mecca.

In its paternal solicitude for its subjects' welfare, the government of India has done a deed that should be more acceptable to the Mahometans than any act of Aurangzeb's, zealous though he was. Lord Dufferin has outdone the Great Mogul in encouraging the faithful to take the great pilgrimage to the sacred places of Mecca and Medina. But he has merely availed himself of the mercantile spirit of the latter part of the nineteenth century. The government has arranged with a well-known tourist's agency to conduct Mahometans who desire to make the pilgrimage to Mecca as far on the road as Jiddah. The prices are fixed, and the government guarantees the firm against actual loss up to \$10,000 the first year and \$5,000 for the following year. A Mahometan doctor will accompany each steamer, and "special arrangements will be made for ladies." Time was when soul-souled Wahabis, the Puritans of Islam, would have raised their voices against any amelioration of the hardships of the great pilgrimage; but now that railways and steamers have become familiar means of locomotion even for pilgrims, the additional comforts and immunity from being plundered which arrangements will confer are not likely to arouse much fanatical jealousy. Besides, the pilgrims will for the present be left to their own devices at Jeddah, and there will be plenty of room for adventures between that place and Medina or Mecca. Missionary societies laboring to convert Mahometans to Christianity will not, however, be likely to view with favor this government aid to Mahometan religious observances.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS.

In several places in Dakota the artesian wells of 900 to 1,050 feet show pressures of 250 to 325 pounds. As there are no elevations within hundreds of miles to correspond to this, the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* asks the geologists, gasologists, or seismologists to tell what causes the pressure. Is it confined gas?

All elevators in buildings, says the *Scientific American*, should be bricked in, or the sides of the well hole covered with metal plates, asbestos sheets, or some other non-inflammable material, to render them fire-proof, and laws should be enacted making it compulsory on builders and property owners to make such provision for the safety of life and property.

The United States geological survey proposes to collect all attainable information regarding the recent earthquake in Arizona. Circular letters of inquiry will be sent to residents on the area affected. The disturbed area seems to be a circle of some 400 miles radius, fully one-quarter as large as the Charleston earthquake, and nearly one-third of the area of the Riviera earthquake of last February.

On April 14 about 9.15 P. M. a large meteor was observed at Thronthjem, in Northern Norway. It went in a direction from north to northeast, and during its passage the light was so brilliant that the smallest objects in the snow were visible. It burst, as it seemed, into thousands of fragments, but there was no sound or report. Before bursting, the meteor was green, but during the process it displayed colors of red, yellow and green, chiefly the latter.