

**She Came From the Clover.**  
She was brought to the city as flowers are brought—  
You will find not a fairer one all the world over—  
But none of the city's hard features she's caught,  
You can tell by her face she was born 'mid the clover.  
Her voice is as pure as the bluebird's low note  
In the morns when the rigor of April's abating,  
And her laugh has the thrill that you hear from the throat  
Of the bobolink, joying in May and the mating.  
Her teeth are as white as the liquor which flows  
When milkweed is wounded; her lips have the redness  
Of the prickly-ash berry of scarlet which glows  
Full of life, though about it be autumn's gray deadness.  
And her breath is as sweet as the liverwort's scent  
That is borne with delight by the wooing March zephyr,  
And her eyes have the softness and pleading-ness blent  
In the big, melting eyes of the innocent beifer.  
Her warm, fluffy hair has a touch of the gold  
In the silk of the corn when it's near to the reaping;  
Its meane the gleam of the summer unfold—  
For it would not depart—in their permanent keeping.  
Her thin little ears share the hue of the pink—  
The wild pink that grows by the creek's shallow waters—  
And her cheeks all the blush of the rose by the brink  
Of the same little stream—Nature humors her daughters.  
She is fair in the drawing-room. O, she is fair!  
But she's strayed from her home, has the beautiful rover,  
And she's brought a reflection of 'all that is there;  
You can tell by her face she was born 'mid the clover.  
—[Stan'ey Waterloo.]

### All's Well That Ends Well.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge mastiff and an old knock-kneed horse.  
"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe that he is too mean and miserly to buy one."  
Miss Briggs would have hardly felt pleased had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this worn-out piece of horseflesh for the purpose of annoying her.  
They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare, by disagreeable manners and hateful glances.  
She sat hour after hour beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cat perched upon the sill and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, received and paid them back with interest.  
His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.  
Her little red cow broke through his enclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home and informed Miss Briggs that a second offense would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.  
For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.  
"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins one afternoon, as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."  
"Will the old back over the way be there?"  
"Mr. Perry? Oh, yes! We could not get along without him."  
"Then that settles the matter. I sha'n't go."  
"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."  
Miss Briggs thought the matter over. Well, it would look a little like that, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceded wretch!  
Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon and remain for the party.  
She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round ruddy face, clear brown eyes, and beautiful hair, and if she was 30 there was not a smarter woman in town.  
She stood before the looking-glass in the chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think

that she looked very well. There was a bright healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of life and beauty.  
She walked into Mrs. Perkins' sitting room and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.  
She understood it all when supper time came and Mr. Perkins entered, followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well-laid plan to make the two become friends.  
Miss Briggs bit her lips and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to "give that man" her hand in friendship. She hated him and always would.  
He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuits or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper that they nearly choked her.  
Before evening they were both persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.  
The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.  
At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door ready to depart, when he called:  
"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"  
Would she ride behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out and packed her into the carriage.  
It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.  
Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike to that article or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him, it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few yards and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.  
Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness until Mr. Perry's "help" came with a lantern to her assistance.  
They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs' enemy was at her mercy.  
The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her plump hands administered to every want.  
He forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cats and the canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty face, trim figure, and tender hands—and would you believe it—fell in love with her.  
How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves, and nice invigorating cordials. She had, in all probability, saved his life.  
What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.  
"Miss Briggs!" he said one day when he was able to sit up.  
"Well, Mr. Perry?"  
"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."  
"There! now stop just where you are. You owe me nothing."  
"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your good nature?"  
"Not at all."  
"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my life?"  
"What?"  
"Will you marry me? There!"  
Miss Briggs blushed, and her answer came thus:  
"I will marry you."  
There was a wedding in the church a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.  
Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and the canary.  
The mastiff and the knock-kneed old horse are with their forefathers.—[Balou's Monthly.]

**Encouraging Home Industry.**  
Mr. Gotham—Would you like to see "Pygmalion" tonight, Miss Porcine?  
Miss Porcine (of Cincinnati)—Yes, very much, Mr. Gotham. I believe in encouraging anything connected with the great hog industry.—[Puck.]

### QUEEN KABUTU.

#### A Powerful and Ferocious Feminine Potentate of Africa.

#### A Consul's Unsuccessful Attempt to Interview Her.

I met the other day, says a London letter to the New York Times, Mr. H., her Majesty's consul at Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, who told me the following tale of this redoubtable person, which well might outrival Mr. Rider Haggard's "She." Mr. H.'s jurisdiction extends over an area of 2,000 miles, all of which he is supposed to visit in his official capacity. Lying toward the interior of the country is a range of impregnable mountains, over which reigns supreme a rich and powerful Queen—Kabutu by name. So terrible is her reputation, and so greatly feared is she by the natives far and wide, that she is never called by her rightful appellation, but is designated as "The Woman Who Lives Over There," with a wave of the arm toward the frowning hills. This queen has two sons, who rule provinces under her to the north and south. She is particularly antagonistic to white men, regarding them not only with abhorrence but with an implacable hatred, dubbing them as monsters, wizards and dealers in magic. And so well is her warlike attitude toward them understood that no white man has ever dared to penetrate into her presence, or indeed, desired to do so since instant death is the least evil that would follow on his temerity. Mr. H., however, was determined to interview this queen of the mountains. He therefore started inland with a strong armed guard and twenty interpreters. It was a long four days' march through the jungle before he reached the outlying territory on the south, over which reigned the son of this terrible monarch. This king being of a more pacific nature and possessed of considerable curiosity, consented to receive the white wizard, and even went so far as to say he would speak a good word for him to the awful Kabutu, and, thus encouraged, the consul proceeded on his way. But after another day's journey his interpreters came to him in great perturbation and told him they had received secret warning from some friendly natives that Kabutu was preparing to greet them in her own peculiar royal style—a dungeon for Mr. H., with perpetual imprisonment to be terminated only with execution, and the slave stakes and torture for his servants and guards. On hearing these sanguinary prophecies, 32 of his men at once deserted and fled, preferring possible death in the trackless jungles to falling into the hands of "The Woman Who Lives Over There." Mr. H., thus rendered almost defenceless, and though knowing himself to be in the greatest danger, dared not show the least fear or apprehension. He prepared to push on further, and would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to Kabutu's cruelty had not a messenger arrived secretly from the friendly son, entreating him to go no further, and saying that his mother's rage and fury at the white monster's presumption knew no bounds; she was already gloating over the varied forms of torture where with to punish him. He further offered at the risk of his own crown, to have Mr. H. conducted back in safety; but the journey must be performed at night and with the greatest circumspection. Taking all things into consideration, Mr. H. decided to accept the friendly King's offer, and quietly moved off and out of the dangerous neighborhood. His way lay for miles and miles through dense jungles and morasses before the borders of civilization were reached. The ferocious Kabutu still remains unvanquished and unseen by the white man, but Mr. H., who returns in his consulate in August, intends in October to push his way into the very presence of the terrible one. In those delightful regions pounds and pence are unknown and of no value, the accepted currency being beads, handkerchiefs, and colored lines; and so particular and fussy are the native maidens that to offer a bead of last year's shape, a handkerchief of last year's color, or a calico of last year's dye, is a dire offense and of about as much good as a bag of stones would be. The climate is charming, the verdure perpetual, and noxious insects are unknown.

**China's Biggest Opium Den.**  
The Nan-king-tsin, the greatest opium den in China, is situated in the French Concession in Shanghai, and within a stone's throw of the wall of the native city, within which no opium shops are supposed to exist. The throngs visiting it represent all stations of life, from the coolie to the wealthy merchant or the small mandarin. It is with difficulty that one gets inside through the crowds of people hanging round the door. Those who have not the requisite number of copper cash to procure the baneful pipe, watch with horrible wistfulness each of the more affluent pass with a nervous, hurried step, or totter

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mean height of the land above sea-level, according to John Murray, is 2,250 feet; and the mean depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet.

Earthquake sounds frequently precede the shock, are often heard during its progress, and sometimes after the earthquake proper has ceased.

Occultations of stars by the planets are extremely rare, but Dr. Berberich, of Berlin, believes observations of them would be very important, throwing light on the extent and density of planetary atmospheres.

A furred tongue is not necessarily an alarming symptom. To some persons it is normal to have a clean tongue, and to others equally normal to have a coated one, so that it is impossible to fix any degree or limit of coating as a necessary accompaniment to perfect health.

According to Mr. Lockyer, the meteors, which we have been accustomed to consider trivial or incidental matters in planetary and stellar systems, no more important than the dust which the housewife raises from parlor and chamber, are really fundamental and basic elements of the universe, capable of generating comets, planets, suns and stars.

Experiments have been made in transplanting the beautiful Alpine Edelweiss into the mountains of Bohemia and other places. In its new homes the plant seems to be changing its character, and in the mountains of upper Austria it has become transformed into a new species, bearing red flowers instead of the beautiful ermine-like white blooms.

The geological effects of ice seem to have been greatly exaggerated. From personal study of living glaciers in Norway and similar experience by others, Professor J. W. Spencer declares that the potency of land glaciers to act as great eroding agents, capable of "planing down half a continent," or ploughing out great valleys or lake basins, or even of greatly modifying them, is most strongly negatived.

The factory at Oerlikon, Switzerland, has entered into negotiations with a large Milan firm to erect an electrical installation capable of transmitting 250 horse-power a distance of about 600 yards, with a guaranteed yield of 78 per cent. The motive power is to be furnished by turbines driving two Oerlikon dynamos, the current being transmitted to the two motors in the factory by three wires, as at Kriegtstettin.

Celluloid has recently been used as a substitute for copper in sheathing the hulls of vessels and has been found to answer the purpose admirably. Plates of this substance have been applied to a number of vessels and allowed to remain six months. At the end of that time, the part of the hull left uncovered were found to present abundant collections of marine vegetations, while the celluloid was intact and free from such vegetable masses.

### America's Lucky Day.

In Europe and the eastern part of the world Friday is generally regarded as an unlucky day, and those who are any way superstitious will object to commence any new enterprise or to do anything of importance on that day. Strange to say, Friday has exercised the most important and beneficial effects on America, and may be regarded as her lucky day. There are many citizens, mostly those of foreign birth, who still abhor Friday, although it is shown that the most important events connected with the discovery of the New World and the independence of the United States all happened on a Friday.

It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, that Christopher Columbus set sail from the port of Palos on his voyage of discovery. On Friday, the 12th of October, of the same year, he sighted land. On Friday, the 4th of January, 1493, he set out for Spain to announce his glorious discovery. He landed in Andalusia on Friday, the 15th of March, 1493. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1497, Henry VII, King of England, sent Jean Cabot on a mission which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, November 10, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower landed the Pilgrim Fathers at Princetown. On Friday, December 21, 1620, the immigrants reached Plymouth Rock. On Friday, Feb. 22, 1782, Washington was born. On Friday, June 17, 1775, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On Friday, October 8, 1773, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. Arnold's treason plot was discovered on Friday, September 23, 1780. Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on Friday, in October, 1781.—[Church Truth.]

**Snake-Eating Snakes.**  
A letter just received from Mr. Pringle of Louisiana, the well-known snipe shot, whose wonderful bags were reported some time since in your paper, contains the following extract, which may prove interesting to some of your readers: "I was walking across a very boggy marsh, where there was a good deal of water, and was stumbling along, not with my former youthful agility, when I came near stepping on a snake in a coil, what is called a 'cotton-mouth moccasin,' whose bite is not fatal, but somewhat poisonous. There being no stick at hand to kill him, I stepped back and shot him, cutting him not quite, but nearly in two, and exposed his 'innards' as the negroes say. My man Caesar exclaimed, 'Massa, he got another snake in him!' and so he had—one as long as himself. I pulled the swallowed snake out, and held him by the tail along side the other. The swallower was about 30 inches long and very thick, and the swallowed 1-2 inches shorter, only that the latter's head and neck were doubled, so as to be forced into the other. 'Did you ever know of one snake eating another?' They say that dog will not eat dog, but it seems that a snake will perform the operation on another snake.—[London Field.]

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Humble usefulness is better than learned idleness.

Action without reason is like a setting hen without eggs.

Ten cent's worth of do is worth many dollars of promise.

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

Men may bend to virtue but virtue cannot bend to men.

It is better to scratch for a living than to itch for fame.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

There's many a good bit of work done with a sad heart.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Economy is half the battle of life, if it is not half so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead of rather than behind the time.

Over-anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail.

It is not so much the dew of heaven as the sweat of man's brow, which renders the soil fruitful.

### Strange Breed of Cattle.

A strange breed of wild cattle is found in the high hills skirting the Umpqua valley, Oregon, says a letter in the Boston Transcript. In the mountains, near Riddles and Rosebud, they are probably most plentiful, but they do not venture down in the valley much. They stay on the hills and get water from the living springs which rise there. For the most part they are concealed in the dense growth of oak and fir in those mountains. There is a heavy underbrush, too, so that it is a hard matter to get them. They go in bands of six or eight usually, but at night a herd of forty of fifty get together and lie down in the same yard—that is, they sleep in the same spot, which is usually a secluded place among the trees. A band of wild cattle have been known to get together on a cleared place like this every night for a couple of years. "When feeding, there are always few bulls to act as sentinels. While the cattle graze in bands of half a dozen or so, they are, nevertheless, close to other bands, so that at an alarm from any one of the bulls, which leisurely feed on higher ground, they all run away together. The cattle are of all colors and wilder than deer. It is a hard matter to get a shot at them, for the reason that their scent is so keen. They can smell a man a long distance off. They got wild in 1853, when the old man Riddles and two or three others of the old settlers came to the valley. Their cow wandered off and could not be found. After two or three years all the pioneers had to do when they wanted beef was to rig out two or three pack animals and go up into the mountains. The cattle had to be killed on sight the same as bear or deer, for they could no more be driven down than deer could. Once killed, they were quartered, packed on the horses, and carried down. They have been hunted a good deal of late years, so that there are not as many as there used to be. A peculiarity about these cattle is that their eyes and horns are jet black. The retina, iris, and the whole apple of the eye are one mass of black. You can't distinguish any difference in any part of it. The horns, too, while being black as ink, are long and sharp. Brought to buy, the Oregon wild cattle are very wicked fighters."

### Custom of Shaving the Beard.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedonia, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so ordered his soldiers to be shaved. Afterwards shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the middle ages, at the time of the renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that, in its turn, was replaced by realism.

The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who simultaneously with the introductions of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about thirty or forty years ago.—[Commercial Advertiser.]

### Not Very Select.

Visitor (to convict)—Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery.

Convict—Yes, sir; but the company is a little mixed.—[Life.]

### HUMOROUS.

Failure in the yarn trade—Writing unsuccessful novels.

Many a widow's weeds are wilted by the simple phrase, "Whit thou?"

Why does the ocean get angry? Because it has been crossed so often.

The cockroach is always wrong when he attempts to argue with a chicken.

If a young man feels that his life is a blank he should try to fill it out and have it sworn to.

It doesn't matter how tough a young man may be, a good looking girl is very likely to break him up.

The bank cashier has run away! What, run away! where has he gone to? Where has he gone? To Canada. Because there's there a place Toronto.

When you are at sea and ask a man at the wheel how the heads, and he tells you, "Sou'-sou'-east-by-sou'," you get all the news there is in a small compass.

The "festive" goat is browsing! On the hoopskirt in the lane, And the organ grinder's grinding In the street his plaintive strain.

Visitor: Your new house is very pretty; but you will have trouble to do anything with the garden, it's so small.

Country Host: "Yes, it is small, but then, I shall put in folding-beds."

An hotel located in the West, is being advertised as follows: "There is no gilt-edge business about this house, and if you want to eat pie with a knife you can do it without fear of being ostracized from society."

### France's Sinking Shore.

Just lately, on the coast of Brittany, one of those geological discoveries has been made which suggest to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing the most ambitious human achievements. This is the disclosure, by the displacement of a mass of sand, during the last high tides, of a forest that must have been buried for some twenty centuries at least. The situation is just opposite Saint Malo at the foot of the cliffs of Saint Eogat and Saint Lunain. The forest is supposed to have once extended from Saint Malo to beyond Mont Saint-Michel. This discovery is considered of great scientific interest, as it affords a remarkable illustration of the gradual sinking of the French shore. The progress of this sinking during the last 2,000 years is clearly found in an old map found at the Abbey of the Mont Saint Michel. Within no more than seven centuries back as many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidence of this region; and in the Bay of Douarnenez there is known to have existed in the fifth century quite a flourishing town called Is, the scene of a famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mozber Greggi (wall of the Greeks). The people of the country pretend that they can sometimes hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the motion of the current.

French geologists estimate that the gradual sinking of the soil of Brittany, Normandy, Artois, Belgium and Holland is not less than seven feet a century. At this rate it is calculated that in about ten centuries all the Channel ports will be destroyed, and Paris itself will have become a maritime city. In another ten centuries it is predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting, perhaps, that the tops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and other such monuments may be discernible at low water by the people who will then be living.—[London Globe.]

### The Club as a Weapon.

From the earliest times the club was a favorite military weapon, its primitive form being simply of a straight stick, much heavier at one end than at the other, and adapted for use either by one or both hands. With improvements in other styles of weapons, however, came the mace. The mace is a shafted weapon, consisting of a wooden handle fitted into an iron head, the latter being of many different styles. Some maces have phalanges on the sides; others are round like an orange, and furnished with sharp projecting points; while others again are in the shape of two imperial crowns placed base to base.

The mace was a horseman's weapon, usually fastened to his saddle during the march, and in an action suspended by a cord round his wrist. It was a favorite weapon for fighting ecclesiastics, of whom there were many during the middle ages. Priests, by a canon of the church, being forbidden to use the sword, the mace, the lance, the halberd and several other weapons of this description, were allowed to take the place of that weapon, which in all ages, has been typical of war. A modification of the mace was a plain hammer or maul, frequently carried by long bowmen. It was a simple mallet of wood or of iron, with a handle four or five feet long, used as an offensive weapon at close quarters.—[Globe-Democrat.]