

The White Island.

In Counterpane are hills of snow,
Smooth and white for the weary feet;
And blossoms of healing that greenly grow,
All untarnished by frost or heat.
And drowsy fivers their sea do meet,
Never rippled by wind or rain;
And shadows walk in the silent street
That leads through the city of Counterpane.
On Counterpane coast there are breakers low,
Whispering echoes of ancient rhyme;
Swaying and shimmering to and fro,
And singing softly from time to time.
And if on the milk-white cliffs you climb,
A beautiful rounded sward you gain,
Where scents of lilac and flowering lime
Come down from the city of Counterpane.
From Counterpane hills you may gaze below
On dusky forest and dim ravine;
No fear of evil that land doth know,
Nor cares nor sorrows therein are seen.
But the lords of May-be and Must-have-been
Bid one ride in their golden train,
And a languorous, luminous glow serene
Suffuses the city of Counterpane.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Water-Barrel Cure.

Mrs. Priscilla Mundy was hard at work over the week's wash, when a loud knock caused her to wipe her red, snud-blistered hands, smooth out her thin hair, roll down her sleeves, and walk quickly to the door.
A woman of her own age and her exact counterpart, so far as face and form were concerned, stood in the rickety porch, surrounded by a big collection of bags, baskets and bundles.
"Matilda," cried Mrs. Mundy.
"And then tears moistened her eyes and she clasped the visitor in her bony arms."
The newcomer then returned the embrace and kissed Mrs. Mundy affectionately.
"You look awful worn and tired, Priscilla," she observed, as the latter led the way into the mealy furnished parlor.
"How's everybody?"
Mrs. Mundy sighed before she made reply. She had a great fashion of sighing of late, and goodness knows she had sufficient cause to.
"I'm washing," she answered, apologetically, "and I suppose the hard work does make a body look worn and tired. The children are all well. They're all at school except Tommy. He's gone to town with his father."
"So he's gone to town," observed Matilda, with a particularly strong emphasis on the "he's."
"Yes," was the faint response.
"In harvest time, too, and all the place going to rack and ruin right under his eyes, just for lack of attention! Priscilla, why don't you put your foot down?"
"Oh, Matilda," was the faint protest.
"Now, look, here, Priscilla Mundy—Priscilla Bebee that was," she continued, resolutely; "I've come to stop a month, and I'll just tell you things have got to go different while I'm here. John's folks told me how shamefully you were being treated. Why, they said he wouldn't allow you to pay them a visit, and Maria declared that you didn't have a decent gown to your back."
Mrs. Mundy hung her head and the tears started afresh.
"I stopped at John's as I came on," continued Matilda—who, by the way, was Mrs. Mundy's twin sister—"and they told me to make you come up and spend a month with 'em."
"I can't leave, Matilda, just now. What with"—began Mrs. Mundy.
But her sister interrupted her.
"Nonsense!" she cried. "Don't make excuses to me. You've got to go, and that's the long and short of it. The coach will be by here in half an hour, and I told the driver to stop. Put on one of my dresses and make yourself look decent, for John's folks see a lot of company, and Maria is mighty dressy. Here's \$5 to pay your expenses."
She handed the shining gold to the bewildered woman, and gently pushed her from the room.
"What'll Tom say?" ventured Mrs. Mundy, timidly, as they climbed the rickety stairs together.
"I'll attend to him!" was Matilda's confident and rather spiteful answer.
"Say no more about it."
And Mrs. Mundy, who recognized and felt powerless to resist the superior will force of her sister, allowed herself to be "made up." And when the coach stopped at the door on its return trip she was ready for the visit to her brother John, who lived twenty miles distant.

In one of her sister's neat-fitting dresses, with a snow white collar at her throat and a bit of ribbon in her hair, gloves on her calloused hands, and a smart bonnet on her head, she very closely resembled Matilda, who had put on one of Mrs. Mundy's calico house dresses and stood near her to bid her good bye.
"Now, have a good time, Priscilla," she said, as she gave the poor woman a farewell kiss. "I'll keep things moving at home."
When the coach rolled away and was lost from view in a cloud of dust Miss Matilda Bebee entered the house and resumed her interrupted work.
By 3 o'clock the clothes were hanging on the line, the kitchen had been cleared up, and the other rooms swept and the beds made.
Now she hustled about preparing supper, and was mixing up dough for a cake when a small boy knocked timidly at the kitchen door.
"Well?" was Matilda's inquiry, as she opened the door.
"Please, Mis' Mundy," began the urchin, "ma sent me over to ask you if Willie an' the girls could stop at our house to-night?"
"Yes, they can stay," was the answer; and the boy, with a muttered "Thankee, mom!" bobbed his head and ran away.
"Now I'll have him all to myself," said Matilda aloud, and her sharp eyes twinkled maliciously. "And I'll be bound he'll learn a lesson this day that he won't soon forget—the brute!"
She had supper on the table when the sounds of wheels were heard, and peeping through the window, she saw a red wagon with yellow wheels, drawn by a bony horse just turning the corner of the house.
A man and a boy were on the seat. The boy was driving and the man reeled backward and forward whenever the wheel of the vehicle ran against an obstruction.
"Drunk, as usual," was Matilda's comment, as the wagon halted before the kitchen door.
The man alighted and walked unsteadily towards the house. The boy drove the horse on to the barn.
The face of the man, who was no other than Mundy, was red and flushed, and he kicked open the door and staggered into the room.
Matilda looked up quickly and her eyes flashed. He caught the gleam and strode towards her.
"Don't you look at me that way," he cried, balancing on his heels. "Give me my supper."
"When supper's ready you can have it," answered Matilda, quietly, although her lips twitched convulsively and her hands were clasped nervously.
"And when you come into the house you needn't kick down the doors. They were made for to be opened."
"What?" gasped the man.
"You heard what I said," answered Matilda. "I'm tired of your bullying and I want you to stop it, or it'll be worse for you."
Tom Mundy stared at the woman he supposed his wife in mute astonishment. She had never talked to him like this before, and he did not know what to make of it.
"I'll do what I please in my own house!" he cried, hotly.
"I reckon you won't, if you go showing me any more of your tantrums."
"I won't, hey?" he cried, and raising his foot, he kicked the table spitefully. "We'll see who's master here."
The blow was a powerful one, and the table, with its load of china fell to the floor with a crash.
Miss Matilda Bebee sprang towards the vandal, and her gray eyes flashed fire.
"We will see who is master here!" she cried.
And before the astonished man could comprehend the meaning of her sudden onslaught, she seized him around the waist, pinioning his arms close to his sides, lifted him from the floor and bore him, kicking and struggling, through the open door.
A barrel of rain water stood under the eaves, and into this she soused the yelling man, head first.
Again and again he was plunged into the cold water, until nearly suffocated and gasping for breath, he begged piteously for mercy.
"You've got enough, have you?"

cried Matilda, and she soused him under again.
"Yes," he gasped.
"You'll kick over the tables, will you?" she cried, and once more she forced his head beneath the water.
"No, no, Priscilla!" he pleaded.
"I'll do whatever you say."
She released her hold and pointed towards the shed.
"Go in there," she said, "and I'll bring you out some dry clothes. I want you to understand that hereafter you've got to behave yourself."
"Yes, Priscilla!"
He presented a pitiable sight, and Miss Matilda could hardly restrain her laughter.
She turned and entered the house, and the thoroughly cowed bully slunk into the woodshed.
Matilda brought him dry clothes, and he dressed himself.
She waited outside and when the change was completed, opened the door and stood beside him.
For an hour she remained closeted with the now thoroughly sobered man, and when they finally came out and entered the house, there were traces of tears in the eyes of both.
Little Tom, hearing the uproar, had remained at the barn, and when Matilda had cleared up the broken crockery and arranged the table, went out and called him in to supper.
Tom Mundy ate his food in silence and tears occasionally started to his eyes.
"I'll go over after her to-morrow, Matilda," he said, as he pushed his chair back; "and if I ever touch liquor again, I hope it may choke me!"
"That's the way to talk, agreed Matilda. "I'm tired of wandering about from pillar to post, and hereafter I intend to live with you. I'll let you have the money to pay off the mortgage and fix the place up, and as long as you act like a man I'm your friend."
She was as good as her word, and six months after her arrival the Mundy place had undergone a startling transformation.
The house was newly painted and cozily furnished, the fences had been repaired thereof of the barn mended, and poor Priscilla Mundy found her husband, from whose brutality she had so often suffered, changed into a kind, indulgent, hardworking, sober man.

"It's all due to Matilda," he said, one day, as he looked out over his well-tilled fields, with his arms around his wife's waist: "all due to Matilda, and that water barrel."
He kissed his wife's upturned face and brushed away the tears of joy which glistened in her eyes.
"Thank heaven for the water barrel!" she whispered, and returned the kiss.—Cleveland Press.

Reformed.

The well-dressed gentleman called at the door of the house of the kind-hearted lady.
"Two years ago," began the well-dressed gentleman, "I came to your door as a poor tramp. It is to you that I owe my reformation."
"Me?" said the kind-hearted lady.
"Yes. Perhaps you have forgotten it, but you gave me a piece of steak. I bit at it. A few more attempts aroused in me the slumbering spirit of determination, and I resolved to conquer that steak or die. In three days I conquered it, and the spirit of determination before-mentioned had got such a start that it has kept right on, and I want to thank you."
But the kind-hearted lady had slammed the door. She resolved to never aid another tramp, but the next one that comes along will get the usual warm welcome.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A Paradise For Farmers.

Harrison, county, Ky., seems to be a paradise for farmers. The local paper says Uncle Billy Buzzard of Harrison county, raised one of the largest radishes ever produced in that section of the state. Their combined weight was 16 1-2 pounds, one weighing 8 1-2 pounds. Uncle Billy and Uncle Jim Humble bought four hogs the other day, for the purpose of speculation. The four weighed 2,000 pounds.
The largest landed estate is that of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, 100,000,000 acres.

ELECTRIC PLOWS.

German Farmers Harness the New-est Force in Nature.

Speedy Machines That Turn Four Furrows at Once.

Electricity has reached the farm, and the German farm at that—the farm which is incomparably tardy in adopting new means to old ends. It is the farm which hasn't yet given up the use of women or draught animals and burden bearers; yet it shows enterprise superior to our own in being first to harness the newest force in nature to the plow. Steam plows have done service in America for thirty years. They enabled us to make prodigious conquests in agriculture, and extract riches from fields on which mere man labor would scarcely have been profitable. As the steam plow and its assistants—sower, reaper, binder, thrasher—were superior to manual labor, so the electric plow and its accompaniments are superior to steam machines. One soon will need a technical education to "farm it."

Steam plows were expensive to build and to operate; they were unweildy in size, and there often was difficulty in keeping them supplied with water, and an engine without water is useless. Electric plows are much cheaper, lighter, more easily moved, may be employed on small farms, and can be used at a greater distance from the motor. Our Consul at Leipzig has transmitted to his home office some facts about its construction and employment. He says that for farming on a large scale the elementary power is produced by a stationary engine and transferred to a motor mounted on the plow itself.

In the cable car fashion the plow is drawn over the field along a chain held taut. On reaching the end of the chain, the plow is tilted to one side, and the simple reversal of the current sets the plow going in the opposite direction. In returning, it deposits the chain sideways, ready for the next row of furrows. The three ground anchors that hold the chain are easily moved to the next furrow.

For small farming there is required an agricultural portable engine of eight to twelve horse power, which may stand on the edge of the field to be plowed. It drives the dynamo, which is on a wheeled car. As soon as the engine is set up the dynamo car is placed straight before it, fastened into the ground, the driving wheel of the engine is connected by a belt with a pulley on the dynamo, and the apparatus is ready for work. Electricity thus generated is transmitted to the motor on the plow through cables attached at certain distances to carriages, as shown in the picture herewith. Thus the moving plow is enabled to always keep its connection with the electric plant.

For large operations there are three and four share plows that will in ten hours plow two and one-half acres of land to a depth of 13 3-4 inches. It is vastly interesting to see these machines turning up four furrows at once at excellent speed. Leaving out of account the cost of the engine—which many farmers have for threshing purposes—the expense of ploughing by electricity may be as follows:

1 freeman, ten hours.....	84
1 driver, ten hours.....	84
2 boys, ten hours.....	73
Interest and sinking fund for working capital and repairs, excluding electro-motor, at \$15.00, 20 per cent, per 100 days.....	3.20
On \$4.20 (motor completed,) 15 per cent per 100 days.....	.63
Fuel, 400 kilograms.....	2.15
Lubrication.....	.45
Two loads of water.....	.94
Total.....	\$9.96

"With eight acres in ten hours on heavy soil, with a depth of 9.24 inches, the cost would be \$1.29 an acre, as against \$2.74, the cost of doing the work with oxen," writes Consul Doederlein. "In comparing with the cost of the latter, even with a depth of furrow of from 11.8 to 13.8 inches, the electric plow is still by far the cheaper. And the working expenses of the electric plow for extensive husbandry amount to less than half those incurred in working the steam plow."
—New York Press.

Buffalo, N. Y., is now the second greatest grain port in the world and leads all in flour, while its coal and lumber business is enormous.

Horseless Vehicles.

Electricians, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, are studying with a good deal of interest and doubt their chances in the horseless vehicle contest, to take place next November between Chicago and Milwaukee, a distance of about eighty-five miles, with two relay stations—one at Kenosha, Wis., and one at Waukegan, Ill.—where renewal of power is permitted. Already seventy-five entries have been made for the race, but it is said that the electrical competitors are comparatively few. The main reason for the lack of prominence of electricity is that the batteries hitherto in use and on the market have been altogether too heavy, and have too limited a storage capacity. Hence, with the increase in strength of the frame to bear the burden has come a further drain on the insufficient power and nobody seems to be able to reconcile these adverse conditions. Yet another reason for the absence of electrical carriages from the contest is the rareness of charging stations, although the condition in this respect is steadily improving all the time. It is believed by electricians that not many years will pass before trolley systems penetrating into rural districts, will allow their circuits to be tapped for lines run over roads in such a way that any cart can hitch on by its trolley pole, and get all the current it needs. More likely, however, that the electric car for passenger pleasure and freight purposes will altogether supersede common road vehicles of every kind using electricity.

The Wildest Spot on Earth.

The barkentine Marion arrived recently with nine miners, returning in various conditions of down-heartedness and jubilation from Turnagain Arm, a bright opening into Cook's inlet, Alaska. Every miner who had good luck declares that there is no place on earth like Turnagain Arm, and every miner that struck a claim that did not pan out well states confidentially that this Alaska mining boom is all a humbug and sham.

All the returning miners on the Marion agree, however, that the camp on Cook's inlet is the wildest small place in the world today. It is so far removed from the rest of the world that the miners have been compelled to be a law unto themselves. There are several hundred of them up there, and in spite of the inducements of the poker game and the faro table there has not been a fight in camp. The men all speak of it as sure proof that it is the restrictions of civilization that make men fight.

The miners have taken up claims on both sides of the creek flowing into Turnagain Arm, and have a variety of rude contrivances to aid them in washing the dirt that is full of fine, flaky gold. Some of these men have done very well. A miner named Riley, who was a passenger on the Marion is credited with having made \$3,000 this season. Ducey, another of the passengers on the barkentine, struck a lead that was paying \$50 a day when he left to get more machinery.—San Francisco Examiner.

Sharks' Fins Are High.

Chinese politicians are doubtless making great capital out of the fact just now that the price of Sharks' fins has gone up enormously of late. Whether this is really due to these horse leviathans becoming scarcer, like whales, or to their displaying more activity in evading capture, is disputable, but the fact remains that their fins, as a delicacy, are becoming dearer and dearer.
It is generally supposed that sharks' fins are never eaten outside of the Celestial Empire, but they do occasionally figure in select banquets in England and France. So far as known they have not become a staple luxury in this country, however, though they are occasionally served at banquets given by San Francisco epicures. The Chinese are very fond of them, and notwithstanding the cost of the late war, still show such a desire for these delicacies that the price is still rising.
—New York World.

Explainer.

He—Why did you return my written proposal with letters "C. O. D." written over it? Am I to take it as a refusal?
She (shyly)—No, you silly goose, that means "Call on Dad."

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Queen Victoria's daily income is \$800. Gladstone will spend the winter at Monte Carlo.
General Schofield has concluded to return to Chicago to live.
Senator Hill, of New York, will lecture on "Liberty" in ten cities.
Lieutenant Perry announces that he has learned the Eskimo language.
Richard Watson Gilder is probably the best known of New York's poets.
J. M. Cox Forsythe, the future king of the Canadian Islands, is worth \$3,000,000.
It is said that the Prince of Wales receives 200 begging letters on an average every day.
Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is going to Europe to write a life of Abraham Lincoln.
Count Tolstoy recently refused two big offers for a story he had written, and gave it to a magazine for nothing.
Sir Ayceman Northwick, editor of the London Morning Post, is the first journalist who has been raised to the British peerage.
Governor Brown, of Kentucky, proposes to move to Louisville and engage in the practice of law at the expiration of his term of office.
Count Bismarck, the new Prime Minister of Austria, is descended from an Italian cook, who was in the service of one of the last Kings of Poland. He has not a hair on his head.
The poet of the Fifty-fourth Congress is Rowland Blandineaux Mahany, from the Thirty-second New York District. He is a native of Buffalo, and had a stiff struggle with fortune.
S. M. Lamm, of Atlanta, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Southern States and Cotton Exposition, has donated \$50,000 to pay the floating debt, and the other members paid the other \$50,000.
Ex-Empress Eugenie, in her latest will has constituted herself the godmother of all male children born in France on the birthday of her son, who has been estimated at 3321, all of whom she has remembered in her will.
Marion Butler, of North Carolina, youngest of the members of the new Senate, is thirty-two years old. His father was an extensive a shareholder, and he was reared on a plantation, but he was deprived of his family possessions.
James H. Gardfield, who was elected State Senator from his father's old District in Ohio, was nominated on July 2, the fourteenth anniversary of his father's assassination. He is thirty-three years old, and closely resembles the late President.

Frank S. Black, Representative in Congress from the Ninth New York District, began life as a farmhand and now looks like a college professor. He is a Maine man by birth, and taught school after he gave up farm work. Later he was a newspaper reporter, and then he studied law, a profession in which he has been successful.
General Duchesne, commanding of the French army that routed the Boers in Madagascar, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, is 60 years old, and is now fifty-eight years old. He distinguished himself in the war of 1890 and in the Tonquin campaign. At present he is on the high tide of popular esteem, and if he desires the position of Marshal he is in the role of the "man on horseback."
J. Frank Hensley, from the Ninth Indiana District, is the log-cabin man of the Fifty-fourth Congress. He was born thirty-two years ago, and the forests of Champaign County. This was a sparsely settled section, and his father, who was a pioneer, had no neighbors nearer than four miles. When six years old he father purchased a "History of the Civil War," and from this the boy learned to read.

THE LABOR WORLD.

Butte, Montana, is to have a tannery. The painters have adopted a union label. New York City ice and coal cartmen are organizing.
Beed and rattan workers are organizing a National union.
The oil mills of Washington, Ga., are now running night and day.
There are 300,000 women employed in business houses in London.
The fire and rick makers' strike in New York City has been settled.
Attempts are being made by the screw makers to form a National union.
The United States Leather Company shut down its tanneries for sixty days.
The iron ore miners of Southern Michigan are rapidly negotiating with the F. of L.
The Machine Wood Workers and the Furniture Workers' International Unions are about to be consolidated.
Trade unionists' wives in Chicago have organized the Dorese Federal Labor Union for educational purposes.
Waitresses in certain restaurants in San Francisco, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., and New York City are in bloomers.
The number of workmen benefited by the wage advances since the beginning of the year is estimated at over \$80,000.
A rolling-mill in Gate City, Ala., is filling an order for five hundred tons of rails for a road in one of the South American States.
The rubber works at Bristol, E. I., which had closed down for an indefinite period, started up again and 1400 employes returned to work.
There is no longer any doubt of the removal of the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen from Galveston to Peoria, Ill.
Wisconsin's State industrial school is to be equipped to teach the inmates a trade, or to make them proficient in such work as engineering, millwrighting, etc.
It has been decided by the Granite Cutters' National Union by a referendum vote to affiliate with the Federation. The headquarters of the union are at Baltimore.
By the use of mechanical devices now employed it is said that a workman can make the "boiler" for 400 bags a day. In the best process he could only prepare four or five.
The Housewives' Union of New York City, began a general strike for increased wages and shorter working hours. Their demands were refused by the principal firms in the trade, who constitute the Iron League.
Better times are expected from the engineering centers in Lancashire, England. The manufacturers are increasing their orders, and workers in the different trades, including machine toolmakers, stationary engine builders and boiler-makers, are now engaged full time.
It has been the custom for a number of years for the Union Pacific Railroad to send its employes out at reduced rates. This will be discontinued on January 15. This affects every man on the system, and the petition has been enjoyed by everybody who could lay claim to being an employe.
European Railway Building.
There were constructed in Europe during 1894, 4190 miles of new railways, Russia showing the greatest gain with 676 miles.