



To the Unappreciated.

Fools, philosophers and preachers, and a host of other teachers,
Have been trumping up prescriptions for producing happiness,
Each warranted, if shaken and regularly taken,
To result in perfect heaven, perfect peace and nothing less.
This has satisfied the masses, but there are, among the classes,
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 sad repiners,
A good stiff resolution is the first thing you must heed;
Start up a determination that shall frighten all creation
And vow you will have misery sufficient for your need.
Now don't mind what some are saying about balmy breezes playing,
Or the bounties 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 villains, 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.
—[Eliza Lamb Martin, in Boston Globe.]

A BRAVE WOMAN.

BY SAXTON EVARTS.

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 mossgrown and broken, but push aside the clinging vine that tenderly embraces it and read the name of "Susan Merrill, died 1799." 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 noted 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 warm 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 busied 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 stragem 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 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 delirious 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 warmed 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 farther west by the presence of a fine buck 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.]

The Derivation of Dollar.

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley), and came into use in this way some 300 years ago. There is a little silver mining city or 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.]

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.]

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. But many people are not careful—are, in regard to the danger of fire, aggressively 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.]

"FANAMPOANA."

Curious System of Forced Labor in Madagascar.

Honoring Royalty by Carrying Heavy Burdens.

"Fanampoana," or forced labor, has a Protean shape. It may be best understood by describing it as partaking of the nature of the corvée; it is also applied to conscription, to all kinds of government service; it is part of the feudal system, and it even sometimes takes the shape of the "logging bee." It would be unjust to the astute old man who presides over the destinies of the people of that country, if it were not stated that he has more than once considered a plan by which it might be modified and reformed. But the system is too deeply woven into the inner life of the nation to be dealt with except by a master hand, and then only with the assistance of outside and friendly financial support. For instance, it is one of the main characteristics of fanampoana that it supplies the place of the payment of officials throughout the island. In fact, in all Madagascar no secretary, clerk, artisan, soldier or civilian serving the government, in whatever capacity (with the exception of a trifling percentage received by some of the governors of districts), is paid or even fed by the state. "The queen honors them by employing them" (so the official euphemism runs), and they must feed and clothe themselves. But when loyalty takes the shape, as is constantly the case, of carrying vast weights of wood, iron or stone on raw or bleeding shoulders, along goat tracks (for roads there are none), through swamps and forests, up and down hills 5000 feet high, then the additional stimulus of shackles and leg irons is needed to persuade the poor captured peasant that on the whole he had better accept the "honor," half starved though he must be. If he runs away he brings punishment on his family and becomes a fugitive and a bushranger; the numerous robber bands are mainly recruited from such runaways. Hundreds of instances could be cited, especially within the last twelve months, to show that this tyranny is becoming more and more unsupported.

In the first place all the land in Madagascar, with comparatively few exceptions, belongs nominally to the queen, but actually to the government. At the present moment and for many years past the government is and has been completely centered in and despotically ruled by the prime minister, Rainilaiarivony, who, besides his original wife, has married two successive queens of Madagascar. Fortunately for himself and his family his rule has on the whole, been wise as well as vigorous. In the Sakalava expedition out of tens of thousands of peasants who were summoned, assembled and even partially drilled throughout the country, only about two thousand could be actually laid hold of, and a few months of fever and numerous desertions quickly reduced this number. Similarly in the alluvial gold fields, which are being worked by forced labor upon the enormous nominal royalty of 55 per cent. to the government (45 per cent. is divided among the foreign shareholders, directors and superintendents), immense exertions have to be constantly made to keep up the supply of forced labor. Thus it comes about that this most important branch of the national wealth is not developed. Here, as elsewhere, serfdom spells poverty.

Again, in the case of craftsmen and artificers, Madagascar possesses and could produce plenty of men whose talent would compare favorably with that of most almost any people in the world. But the moment they show proficiency in their art they are "fanampoaned," that is, they are honored by being employed by the government or by some powerful official, without wages and without food. A clever craftsman from whom you buy a work of art, in whatever metal, begs you not to say from whom you purchased it, solely for fear of the "honor" which would be in store for him. So if you want a good tinsmith, carpenter or jeweller, you must not search for him among the tradesmen

of his own craft; but the clever jeweller is found among the washermen, and so on, in an amusing "bo-peep" of industry. The queen honors "Rainibe" or "Bootoo" by taking him away from his rice fields just at the season when his labor and supervision are most required for his crop. So the unfortunate "freeman," who is not allowed to send his slave as his substitute—mark the grandeur of the distinction conferred upon him—is remorsefully bled, even to his penultimate dollar, if he desires to procure exemption from the honor.—[Fortnightly Review.]

The Blues and Reds of Sunset.

Observers of the gorgeous sunsets and afterglows have been most particularly struck with the immense wealth of the various shades and tints of red. Now, if the glowing colors are due to the presence of dust in the air, there must be somewhere a display of the colors complementary to the reds, because the dust acts by a selective dispersion of the colors. The small dust-particles arrest the direct course of the rays of light and reflect them in all directions; but they principally reflect the rays of the violet end of the spectrum, while the red rays pass on almost unchecked. Overhead deep blue reigns in awe-inspiring glory. As the sun passes below the horizon, and the lower stratum of air, with its larger particles of dust which reflect light, ceases to be illuminated, the depth and fullness of the blue most intensely increase. This effect is produced by the very fine particles of dust in the sky overhead being unable to scatter any colors unless those of short wave-lengths at the violet end of the spectrum. Thus we see, above, blue in its intensity without any of the red colors. When, however, the observer brings his eyes down in any direction except the west, he will see the blue mellowing into blue-green, green, and then rose color. And some of the most beautiful and delicate rose tints are formed by the air cooling and depositing its moisture on the particles of dust, increasing the size of the particles till they are sufficiently large to stop and spread the red rays, when the sky glows with a strange aurora-like light.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

Jenny Lind and "Home, Sweet Home."

No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National Hall in the City of Washington, where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—"Casta Diva," the "Flute Song" and the "Greeting to America."

But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face toward that part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home" with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.—[Chicago Herald.]

Her Unfortunate Mistake.

It was at her first dinner party. She was naturally a little nervous, but everything went off well and she soon became more at ease and talked rather brilliantly to those around her. The dessert was being served and the stately colored waiters were engaged, in passing those funny little frosted cakes which seem indispensable to the proper service and deglutition of ices. They were cakes with pink frosting. The waiter came to where the bud sat and presented them. She looked them over and said: "I don't care for any." The waiter was about to pass on when she saw what she thought was an éclair on the side of the dish farthest from her. "Yes, I will, too," she said, reaching over for the éclair. "There is one with chocolate on it." "Beg pardon, Miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick the chocolate covered cake up. "beg pardon, but that's my thumb."—[Rochester Democrat.]

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 grim old entry way.
Tick tack, tick tack, 'tis time to sleep;
Quick, to your slumbers, darling, go.
Your downy cot is soft and warm;
Go to your sleep, my baby, go.
Hush! angel wings 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 birdlings 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.]

HUMOROUS.

The good in every man will come out, and you can't blame it in the case of some men.

In bread-making, as in base ball, there is nothing like a good batter in the hour of knead.

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."

Russian parents take the precaution to name their children before they are old enough to know what is being done.

How orators are made.—Heeler—This paper didn't report my speech exactly as it was made. Wheeler—Aren't you glad?

"I don't understand what you see in a game of foot ball," she said. "You see stars," replied the new player emphatically.

Manager at the Dime—What's the matter with the bridge jumper? Attendant—He stepped off the platform and broke his ankle.

"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.

A little girl, whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before beginning her meal, shut her eyes meekly and said: "Excuse me, amen."

Miss Passe (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 30 years of it.

Lady—Lisette, you are not going out like that, are you? You smell so horribly of turpentine. Cook—You see, mum, I couldn't find any other sort of perfume in the house.

One of the bridesmaids was softly crying during the ceremony, and her escort, nudging her, whispered: "What are you crying for? It isn't your wedding." "I know it, and that's just what ails me," she said.

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 at the ages of eight and fourteen, whose 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.]