



BEHIND THE HILL.

My boy was young; he could not grow
The way earth's wayward currents flow,
And so, in early shallows round,
His mis-manned shallow ran around.
He grew ashamed of his disgrace,
He could not look me in the face,
"For, mother, every man," said he,
"Has scars, and only scars, for me;
I must go forth with alien men,
And grapple with the world again,
I cannot stay and face the truth
Among the people of my youth.
Where men are strange and scenes are new,
There may be work for me to do.
And, when I have redeemed the past,
I will come back to you at last."
And so watched while my boy, Will,
Went down behind the hill.

He climbed the hill at early morn
Beneath whose shadow he was born,
He stood upon its highest place
The sunrise shining on his face,
He stood there, but too far away
For me to see his tears that day;
My thoughts, my fears, I cannot tell
When he waved back his sad farewell
And then passed on, and my boy, Will,
Went down behind the hill.

Went down the hill; henceforth for me
One picture in my memory
Crowds every other from its place—
A boy with sunrise on his face;
His sunrise-lighted face I see—
The sunset of all joy to me,
For when he turned him from my sight
The morning mixed itself with night,
And darkness came, when my boy, Will,
Went down behind the hill.

The world is wide, and he has gone
Into its vastness, on and on.
I know not what besets his path
What hours of gloom, what days of wrath,
What terrors menace him afar,
What nights of storm without a star,
What mountains loom above his way,
What oceans toss him night and day,
What fever blasts from desert sands,
What death-cold winds from frozen lands,
What shafts of sleet or sun may blight
My homeless wanderer in his flight;
I only know the world is wide
And he can roam by land and tide,
'Tis wide, ah me! in every part,
But narrower than his mother's heart—
A joyous heart since my boy, Will,
Went down behind the hill.

I know he bravely fights with fate,
But, ah, the hour is growing late;
I watch the hill by day and night
It dimly looms before my sight,
And fast the twilight shadows fall;
The night is glooming over all;
But in my boy a faith is given
As saints of old had faith in heaven;
I know that he will come again,
His praise on all the lips of men,
He will come back to me at last
With deeds that shall relessen the past,
Nor desert plain, nor mountain steep,
Nor storm nor thunder on the deep,
Nor tempest in the East or West,
Shall hold him from his mother's breast.
And, though the world grows blind and dumb,
I feel, I know, that he will come;

And I am waiting for him still,
And watch the summit of the hill;
Sometimes I think I see him stand
And wave a welcome with his hand,
But 'tis a cloud upon the rim
Of sunset—and my eyes are dim—
'Tis but a mist made by the tears
That thicken with the growing years.
I watch while there is light to see
And dream that he will come to me;
And though 'tis dark within, without,
I will not shame him by a doubt;
The all-enfolding night draws near,
But he will come—I will not fear—
But, ah, 'tis long since my boy, Will,
Went down behind the hill.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A WESTERN MAN

BY H. L. WILSON.

It was as clear a case of abduction as you ever heard of; if it could be brought before the courts the fellow would be convicted in no time at all. We were at the Blue Springs Hotel up in the Adirondacks, just a nice crowd of us; old Hunnistan, his wife and daughter, a few other nice families and some of us men. It had come to be pretty well understood that Charlie Fitzpatrick stood the best chance of carrying off the prize. When I tell you that old Hunnistan was referred to in "Bradstreet's" as

"Hunnistan, Ralph—Broker—Aa," and that his daughter was a beauty, you will doubtless surmise the identity of the prize. She was a fine girl, weighed about a hundred and forty, with reddish blond hair, genuine color, and these yellowish blond eyes that you don't see every day. Her complexion was mostly pinkish. She stepped off like a Kentucky thoroughbred, and had all the spirit of one, too. For one thing, though, she was too light-minded and frivolous—never took things seriously that you said to her. I would have preferred to her myself only—whenever I tried to lead up to it and get her into a properly earnest state of mind, she always grieved me so that I couldn't get it out—it would have fallen flat. She wouldn't give me credit for being in dead earnest; when I talked about hearts being eaten out under a smiling exterior, she laughed in a very rude and undignified way—not a giggle, but a regular out and out shaky laugh.

Charley had better success with her than I. She didn't laugh so much with him, and was more dignified. He is a serious fellow, and she always respected his moods, and asked him questions on his favorite topics, to draw him out and sympathize with him. Charley is five years older than I am. He's been around a lot more, and seen the world pretty deep, I can tell you. He says society is a hollow sham, and only empty-headed people take to it; that for a man of any depth it's a great bore, and for his part he's through with it. He used to talk to Miss Hunnistan that way for an hour at a time, and she always agreed with him. She left him abruptly sometimes; Charley said it was because she didn't care to have him see how he impressed her. He used to confess to her what a dissipated fellow he had been and how he had seen the folly of it, though, and was no longer dazzled by any material pleasure.

Well, by the most delicate indirection, Charley had given Miss Hunnistan to understand that her fortune was the only thing that stood between them; that he was proud-spirited and afraid his motives might be misconstrued. He had got along to where his love should soon master all his sensitive apprehension, and break forth in spite of the girl's money. That was the way he had it mapped out.

One evening, along the first of August, a lot of us were sitting around waiting to see who came up on the stage. Old Hunnistan had told us that he was expecting a Western man up to see him, almost any day, a real estate agent that he had bought some property out in St. Paul or Salt Lake or around there. When the stage came up around the bend, we saw a man sitting up in front and talking very chummy with the driver. Old Hunnistan said: "That's Grimshaw."

He leaped down and shook hands with the old man as if he had been a long lost brother, or something like that, and hurried inside with him without noticing the rest of us. He was a big, overgrown, lumbering sort of a man, coarse looking, and took frightfully long steps when he walked. His clothes were loose and flapped all around him.

After dinner we were sitting out on the piazza and this man Grimshaw came out and began to walk up and down.

The first time he passed us he caught sight of Miss Hunnistan, and didn't seem to be able to take his eyes off her. His manner was disgracefully free and easy. Every time he passed he stared at her openly. I wondered whether old Hunnistan would introduce such a man to his family. Just then he did one of the most brazen, presumptuous things I ever saw; he strode up to Miss Hunnistan, took his hat off his big head and said:

"Well, so this is Miss Hunnistan, is it? My name's Grimshaw; o'n heard your father speak of you, on his Western trips."

And before the poor girl could recover, he was looking her square in the eyes and shaking hands with her in the most vulgar, heartily imaginable. His voice wasn't exactly irritating, but it was loud; you always heard what he said. I must say that Miss Hunnistan behaved with a great deal of tact. She seemed really pleased with him, and introduced him to all of us. That didn't bother him any. He just nodded around in a breezy, familiar way, and said he was glad to know us.

Then without paying any more attention to us, he walked Miss Hunnistan around the piazza for a full hour. They chatted together like a boy and a girl, she always looking up into his face as if she felt a real interest in him; I never saw her so full of laugh and talk as she was that night.

This was not at all the right thing. Charlie and I were anxious for morning to come, so we could cut him and show him how much he was out of place. Well, when we came down in the morning, there he was with Haskins, the

landlord, old Hunnistan and his wife, and three or four others, talking away as if he had known them for years, telling how he had been up since five, and had walked around the point four miles for a swim—water like ice, too. He had gathered a big bundle of ferns and flowers and things, and gave it to old lady Hunnistan as if it was a bouquet. I couldn't see why everybody gathered around him so when he talked, with a big laugh at about every other sentence. You couldn't tell anything about his age; he might have been thirty-five, or ten years older. He had a smooth, pink complexion, like a girl's, a stubby red mustache and squinty gray eyes. The way he ate was positively indecent; handled himself well enough, but the quantity. He put away enough to run a plow horse. It was provoking, but we really had no chance to cut him. He barely noticed us, just gave a little nod, and never looked to see whether we returned it. His manner was the height of ill-breeding—so indifferent and independent; but you can't cut a man when he never takes much notice of you, except to look at you as if you were a denoué of a freak.

Charley said he must be taken down. All morning he was busy with old Hunnistan with maps and deeds. In the afternoon he joined our crowd as easy and familiar as could be. Charley and I called him Mr. Harkshaw, but he wouldn't have it; corrected us right there. He said he didn't care for tern-

nis and would like Miss Hunnistan to show him about the place. He said it in a nervous, confident way that was irritating. And the Hunnistan girl was quite willing—said she'd be delighted, and he walked her off as if he could have the earth for the asking. Charley said: "What an ill-bred savage, with as much idea of propriety as an orang-outang!" He can be awfully cutting at times.

We didn't see him again until evening, when we greeted him as Mr. Rumshaw. He corrected us again, in his blunt, cold-blooded manner; he was the most unconventional man that way. Miss Hunnistan seemed fascinated by the fellow. In the evening they promenaded on the piazza again; he was an awful man to walk, seemed to want to move all the time.

In the morning we found that he had routed Miss Hunnistan out at five o'clock, and taken her up the lake in Charley's canoe. He brought her back at eight, and ate his breakfast with the most brutal affability, as if nothing had happened. Most people are a little stiff and grumpy mornings, but he wasn't; always had a plebeian, good natured way with him. After breakfast Charley and I said:

"Good morning, Mr. Handshaw!"

He stopped and said he wanted a word with us. We walked down the path a way, and he said:

"Now, you look here, my name isn't Handshaw or Rumshaw or Harkshaw, but Grimshaw—G-r-i-m-s-h-a-w; if either of you forgets this any more in future, I'll take you both down to the lake and drop you in where it's deep, with a sinker tied around you."

Then he went back to the hotel. Of course, his threats were absurd; but, somehow, when the beggar looked at you it made you feel uncomfortable and want to move away—so we let his name alone after that. He took Miss Hunnistan and her father out fishing that morning. After lunch, which he called "dinner" and ate a great deal of, he was obliged to give up Miss Hunnistan, because he had tired her out. We wondered what he would do then. Instead of coming around where we men were, he went down in a ravine at the south end of the hotel, where a lot of children were building a dam. The fellow was simply impossible, that's all. You could never tell how to take him.

Well, things went on this way for two weeks. None of us could get a word at a time with Miss Hunnistan. When this person wasn't talking to the old man about "subdivisions" and "inside property" and "additions," he was trotting the girl off walking, or boating, or swimming, or something. Once when some of us went up to the point, we came to a place in the woods that looked like snakes or frogs; he picked Miss Hunnistan up as if she was luggage, and carried her across on one arm, while the rest of us went around—laughed all the time, too, as if he was doing something smart.

We found out that he had been born out in Minnesota; think of it! When he was fifteen years old he was a peanut boy on the train, and then somehow he got into the real estate business. He didn't smoke, and wouldn't even drink wine. His talk about cigars was the most delicate buffoonery. He had never read anything but Shakespeare, much, and he knew two songs, "Rock of Ages" and "The Bridge," that he was liable to sing at any hour. He always said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and seemed to like old Lady Hunnistan about as well as her daughter.

Once the Van Stuber boy knocked down a nest full of young birds. This fellow saw him, and he showed a fendish temper. He says to him, "Here, you little imp!" and grabbed him by the collar and shook him viciously. We couldn't hear what else he said because the kid yelled so; but he made him take the birds away into the woods where the cat wouldn't find them, and the boy never went around on that side of the house much after that.

Charley and I had gone down to an arbor one afternoon for a quiet smoke. Charley had given it up; he said the Hunnistan weren't much as far as family goes, and he knew where he could do better any day. We decided to go back to town. As we came out, we saw farther down the path this fellow and the Hunnistan girl; they were walking together with their heads bent over, and he had one of his big awkward arms clear around her. Charley is really witty at times; he said:

"There's something about that girl I don't like." Good, wasn't it?

After that it wasn't any secret that they were engaged. I suppose he went at it in his pushing, matter-of-fact way, without saying a word about the girl's money, and pretending not to think of it at all. He did seem to be fond of her, though; never took his eyes off when she was in sight. All the same, I think she mesmerized her, or something like that, if the truth was known. Old Hunnistan said he was a rustler and had made money. I can't see how he ever got his start.—Puck.

5,000,000 Lizards Killed Yearly.

Five hundred thousand lizard skins were shipped from the State of Tabasco, Mexico, to the United States last year. Thousands of the skins are marketed in Mexico, while large quantities are exported to Europe. It is estimated that the number of lizards slaughtered for their skins in the State of Tabasco last year was 5,000,000.—Atlanta Journal.

CHEESE MADE IN CAVES

HOW THE FAMOUS ROQUEFORT IS MANUFACTURED.

An Interesting Process, 2000 Years Old, Largely Carried on in Dark Mountain Caverns.

ROQUEFORT cheese is made from ewe's milk in a most interesting manner. The sheep have been bred always for their milking quality, and the bulk of the cheese is yet made of this kind of milk, but recently, as the demand for it has increased, some cow's milk is used, without any difference materially in the quality of the product. It is not the milk, or any special preparation of it, upon which the character of the cheese depends, but the unique process of curdling in these caves, in which the temperature is precisely the same every day in the year; the atmosphere is pure and of an unchangeable moisture, so that the special germs which cause the fermentation always act in precisely the same way, and thus the cheese never varies in quality. So that whether cow's or sheep's or goat's milk is used, the cheese is always Roquefort.

The mountain on which the village of Roquefort, France, is situated, is called Larzac, and is about twenty-five miles in length and nearly 3000 feet high. The soil is chiefly limestone and the fertility of it is only moderate. The natural pasture is thin, but it is made up by crops of clover, sainfoin, lucern and mixed grains, as tares and oats, or rye and peas. These mixed crops, under good culture, yield abundantly, and afford the larger part of the subsistence of the sheep, of which about 300,000 are kept to supply the milk. By close breeding this race of sheep has become specially prolific of milk, rich in fat and casein, having five and seven per cent. respectively of these elements of cheese. It is not so sweet as cow's milk.

This cheese is what we call a "half skim," that is, the evening's milk is skimmed after being heated to near boiling, and set until the morning. The fresh milk and the skimmed evening's milk are warmed up to ninety degrees and then curdled by the addition of a large spoonful of rennet to fifty quarts or 120 pounds of milk. The heating and the quantity of rennet used are varied as the weather may be warm or damp, as this has some effect upon the behavior of the milk as is well known to cheesemakers. The curd, when sufficiently firm, is cut to liberate the whey, which is dipped off, and the curd is lifted into the moulds. These are of earthenware, and glazed, cylindrical in form, and pierced with holes for the drainage of the whey. They are eight inches in diameter and three and a half deep, thus making a cheese that weighs five pounds when fully cured. As the moulds are filled, the curd is inoculated with a ferment made of dried moldy bread powder, this being well distributed among the curd by the fingers as the curd is placed in the mould. The curd is heaped above the edge of the mould three inches, so that as it shrinks the cheese will just fill the mould.

A second mold is then filled in the same way and placed on the first, and the curd is covered with a plate of lead, which serves to press it and get rid of the excess of moisture from it. When this has been effected, the cheese will have shrunk within the limits of its mold. The whey drains from the cheese into channels out in the table upon which they are laid, and is removed. The apartment in which this work is done is an outer cave, inclosed by a wall in front.

Here the cheese stays until it is drained of the whey, being turned twice a day. A special part of the process at this stage is the warming and moistening of the rooms by means of vessels filled with steaming warm water, frequently replenished. About three days completes the drainage of the cheese, and it is then moved to the drying room, which is an airy, cool apartment furnished with tables covered with cloths on which the cheeses freed from the moulds are laid. They are turned morning and evening for two or three days, when they are taken into the caves for the special treatment to which they are subjected, and which has the effect of giving to this

raw curd a delicate and delicious flavor and mellowness.

The caves being formed by the displacement, fracture, and heaping together of a vast number of rocks, are made up of an intricate labyrinth of open spaces and narrow passages, through which currents of cold air are continually passing. These air currents are controlled by closing up some of the passages, leaving openings that may be closed or shut as the wind outside may make desirable. Some of the spaces are arched over with masonry, but all are profoundly dark, and the visitor sees only the little glimmering lights flickering in the darkness as he passes the open portal of one of the caves where the women, dimly seen, are scraping the mold from the cheeses or turning them over or moistening them, and in their curious ways aiding the wonderful germs at work to effect the slow changes in the curd.

The temperature of the caves is kept at sixty degrees by the use of the ventilators, and the moisture is sustained at a humidity of forty-eight degrees. When the cheeses are brought into the caves they weigh eighteen per cent. of the milk used.

They are now laid on the ground on

clean straw to be gradually cooled down to the temperature of the caves. They then go to the salting room, where they are rubbed with salt on one face, which is turned to the ground; a second cheese is salted in the same way on one face and laid on the first; a third one is then salted and laid on the second one. In this way the cave is filled with cheeses. In twenty-four hours the cheeses are salted on the other face and reversed and placed as before. This frequent reversing is to keep a certain quantity of moisture in the cheese and develop the growth of the special fungus which has been sown in the curd. This is the common green mold, *Penicillium glaucum*. In forty-eight hours more the cheeses become viscous and are rubbed with a coarse cloth and again piled as before. In two days more the fungus has spread through the cheese and appears on the outside as a sticky pasty matter. This is scraped off with knives, with a thin stratum of the crust, which is sold as an article of food.

The cheeses are now sorted, the most solid being placed on the floor and the others on them in threes, as before. In eight days they become covered with a yellowish-red mold, and this with a forest of minute vegetation of white mildew.

This is scraped off and given to pigs. In twelve days more a second scraping (ravage) is given, the best cheeses making the growth of fungus most quickly. They undergo this process frequently as the mold gathers, until the character of it changes, showing that the condition of the curd has changed. First, the red mold that appears on cream in damp dairies, and known by its circular spots of red, and then a dense blue mold cover the cheeses and announce the completion of the curing. The cheeses are then finally scraped, wiped, and wrapped in tin foil, which excludes the air, and are then ready for market.

As the curing proceeds, these cheeses that indicate superior quality by the appearance of the mold on them are kept separate and held for a later sale, when the exquisite flavor so highly valued becomes developed, and these are sold at the highest prices.

This whole process, intricate as it is, has been learned during no one knows how many centuries, but at least twenty. It has been taught by father to son, or mother to daughter, and by this long practice perfection has been reached. But with our present knowledge of the changes wrought by the action of these minute plants on the nitrogenous matter of the curd, there will be no difficulty in formulating a method of making this cheese that will produce a quality equal to the original, if the means of controlling the curing by temperature and moisture are provided.

It will be noticed by the expert in cheese-making that this variety owes its character principally to the fact that the curing of it depends upon the culture in the cheese and not on it of the fungi by which the changes in the curd are produced. It is, in fact, similar in this respect to the equally rich and fine Stilton of England, which is inoculated with the fungus by inserting skewers dipped in a preparation of the mold or by placing in the curd fragments of the fungus as it is placed in the mold. The actual inoculation produces a much more effective operation than the mere outside exposure to the fungus germs that exist in the air, and just as culture produces better effects in other plants desired for special qualities.—New York Times.

Russia and Her Wolves.

What is known in Russia, writes our Odessa correspondent, as the wolf season commences with the early autumn and continues until late in the spring. The last year for which statistics of the depredations committed by the wolves are given are sufficiently remarkable. In one year alone, according to the data collected by provincial Governors, the total loss of domestic animals by wolves amounted to 800,000 head, valued at \$4,000,000, which is about equal to one year's wolf tax revenue. As an evidence that the number of wolves does not appreciably decrease, the Government of Olonez is cited, where wolves and bears destroyed, in 1875, 6785 head; in 1880, 5322; in 1885, 5156, and in 1889, 5600. In none of the above mentioned governments does the number of wolves annually destroyed average more than 100, and these are generally the younger animals not yet trained to the crafty tactics of the older wolves and pack leaders.—New York Journal.

Queer Terrapin Cooking Contest.

An intermunicipal terrapin contest took place the other day at Meadowbrook, near Philadelphia, Penn., the country place of Thomas B. Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker. It was the result of a discussion that has long been in progress between some club men of Baltimore and Philadelphia, as to which method of preparing terrapin was the better. Arthur Padelford took up the gauntlet in behalf of the Baltimore recipe. He was represented by James Potter, also of that city, and accompanied by a Baltimore chef and a party of seven gentlemen to act as a jury. They brought with them a number of Maryland diamond-back "snappers," which are quoted just now at \$150 per dozen. The terrapin was prepared according to the forms in vogue in the two cities, and nine of the jurors decided in favor of the Baltimore recipe.—Chicago Herald.

WHY THE HAIR WHITENS

SUDDEN BLANCHING IS DUE TO AIR BUBBLES.

A Compositor's Startling Experience—A Doctor's Experiments With Hairs in His Beard.

THE blanching of the hair and the beard of Ovide Musin, the violinist, following serious injuries in a train wreck, has excited much speculation and theorizing as to the causes of hair so suddenly turning white.

Some physiologists are of the opinion that the hair may become white in the course of a few hours, and this is the popular impression. Others assume that such sudden changes never take place, although it is certain that the hair frequently turns gray in the course of a few weeks. It is difficult to find in the works of the older writers well authenticated cases of these sudden changes, most of those quoted having been taken on the loose authority of persons evidently not in the habit of making scientific observations. Such instances unsupported by analogous cases of a reliable character must necessarily be rejected as not fulfilling the rigid requirements demanded by scientific inquiry, in which all possible sources of error should be rigidly excluded.

Regarding the subject, however, from a purely scientific point of view one must acknowledge that there are a few cases of comparatively recent date in which sudden blanching of the hair has been observed and carefully investigated by men trained to accurate scientific methods.

One of the cases is reported in Virchow's Archives for April, 1855, by Dr. Landow as occurring under the observation of himself and Dr. Lohmer. In this case the blanching of the hair occurred in a hospital in a single night while the patient was under the daily observation of the visiting physicians. The patient, a compositor, thirty-four years of age, with light hair and blue eyes, was admitted into the hospital July 9, 1855, suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens. A marked peculiarity in the disease was excessive terror whenever any one approached the patient. He slept for twelve hours on the night of the 11th of July, after having taken thirty drops of laudanum. Up to this time nothing unusual had been observed regarding the hair.

On the morning of July 12th it was evident to the medical attendants and to all who saw the patient that the hair of the head and beard had become gray. The patient himself remarked the change with intense astonishment. The hair remained gray as long as the patient was under observation, to September 17th. An interesting point connected with this case is that the hair was subjected to careful microscopic examination. The color of the hair in general is due to the presence of pigment granules and of a few air bubbles. In the case of the compositor the white hairs were found to contain a multitude of bubbles of air in the medulla and cortical substance of the shaft of the hair, but the pigment granules were everywhere preserved unaltered. The hair filled with bubbles of air is white for that same reason that granulated sugar and the foam on the seashore are white. The individual granules of the sugar and the individual bubbles that form the foam are transparent. The reflection of light from granule to granule and from bubble to bubble makes the mass of the sugar and of foam white. In a similar way the reflection of light from air bubble to air bubble makes the hair seem white.

Dr. Landow quotes instances of blanching of the hair in which there were alternate rings of white and brown. Another very curious case of sudden blanching of the hair is reported by Erasmus Wilson in the proceedings of the Royal Society, London, volume xv., No. 91, page 406. In these cases also the white portion presented on microscopic examination great bubbles of air, but no diminution in the quantity of pigment matter.

The possibility of sudden blanching of the hair is further illustrated by the curious observation made by the celebrated Brown-Séquard of elixir of life fame. He observed in his own person four white hairs on one side of his beard and seven on the other. These he pulled out. Two days after he found two hairs on one side and three on the other that were white throughout their entire length. This observation he verified several times.

The microscopic examinations made leave no doubt as to the cause of the white color of the hair in cases of sudden blanching. All are agreed that there is no diminution in the pigment, but that the greater part of the medulla becomes filled with air bubbles, small globules of air being found in the cortical substance. The hair in these cases presents a marked contrast to hair that has become gray gradually from old age. The change of color due to age is caused by an actual diminution in the quantity of pigment.

How the air finds its way into the hair in sudden blanching it is difficult to imagine. In all of the cases recorded the blanching of the hair was apparently dependent upon strong emotions, generally terror. This is all that can be said on the subject of its causation, the mechanism of the change not being understood.—San Francisco Chronicle.