The Queenstown News.

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MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

My neighbor's acres held in fee
Lie broad, and green, and fair;
Six slender feet of ground for me,
My mother earth may spare,
To have and hold when I shall be
Heedless of title there!

The turrets of his mansion rise
In state above the trees;
The walls that greet my waking eyes,
His pride would hardly please;
Unless some bide me in the skies,
I have none else than these!

The dainties of his broken fast
He took with grace unsaid;
I marvel if the plain repast,
Which my fresh hunger fed,
Upon his pride the charm could cast
Of thanks for "daily bread."

A thousand greet him on the street,
Proud of his smile, or hand;
He would not see me, should we meet,
The lowly and the grand;
But there's content beneath my feet
He would not understand!

While to my neighbor and to me
Time moves with even speed,
He's rich, as one may need to be,
And I am poor indeed;
So poor, that I his splendor see,
Lacking both gold and greed.

Soon Death, who mocks at rank and class,
Will bring us to one goal,
Where each its narrow gate must pass,
Strift to the naked soul.
What will he have beyond, alas!
Of earth's unstinted dole?

For him six slender feet of earth,
Six slender feet for me;
We two, divided from our birth,
Twinned in the grave will be;
Enough, if then my mortal death
Is merged in heaven's full sea!

—*C. Richards, in Home Magazine.*

"AT THE PATGO."

There is a very peculiar custom which prevails in the rural districts of Louisianna, of which the oldest inhabitant cannot tell the origin. In some points it resembles the old Scottish game of the "Wappenshaw," but it has local and special features of its own, which only some dead-and-gone Acadian ancestor could explain.

As for the singular name, it is simply a corruption of "Pape gaie"—the "Pape," or "Pop," as it is called in English, being a bright little bird.

The Patgo is a wooden rooster, gaily decorated with showy ribbons, and mounted on a pole as a mark, or target. Prizes are offered, so many dollars for each wing, so much for the head; but the grand prize falls to the lucky marksman who brings down the bird.

A horseman discounting before the gate of one of the small cottages in Prairie Manon, in Southwestern Louisianna, noticed a great excitement in and about the house. Men were collected in groups, guns were being cleaned and fired, and that deafening hubbub prevailed which the soul of the excitable Acadian delights in.

The gentleman fastened his horse to a post, and approached a venerable-looking old man who sat on the steps of the house, and who was gesticulating and shouting with the most obstreperous of the noisy crowd.

"Can you give me lodging to-night, sir?" he said, taking off his hat with a courteous inclination of his fine head. The old man took his pipe from his mouth and stared at the speaker, who was a magnificent young man in the undress uniform of the United States army.

Over six feet in statue, he was finely proportioned, and had a face of singular and marked beauty. There was a game-bag slung over his shoulder, and he held a rifle.

"Je comprends 'pas', monsieur," the old man answered. "I spik not the language, 'mericain."

"And I not one word of French," laughed the stranger. "But look here, old fellow, I must make you understand. Been hunting," pointing to the full game-bag and gun. "Lost my way," waking a out, and turning from right to left in a confused manner. "Want some supper," chewing vigorously, "and, above all, want a bed," laying his head on his hand and shutting his eyes. "If the old coon don't understand that spe-king pantomime, he's an idiot."

The old man certainly understood all that was ridiculous in it, for he laughed aloud, but courteously repressed his merriment and answered gravely: "My garcon, my son, Jean Baptiste, he spik de 'mericain good. Jean Baptiste, viens ici!"

Jean Baptiste came up. A good-looking lad about eighteen, but with a gloomy and despondent face. In fact, Jean Baptiste had the air of a person crushed by some misfortune, for whom the world had no charm. He listened to the order, and translated his request to his father, who answered him in an excited speech.

"My papa he say ze house is full, full. People come feefty mile to shoot at ze Patgo to-morrow; but if monsieur can sleep in ze loft, bon! he can stay. Ze first come, he get ze best bed."

"And as I'm the last comer, I get the loft, and thankful am I for it," said the officer, with a gay laugh. "It isn't pleasant to be lost in your prairies at night. But, my boy, what in the world is a Patgo?"

"Monsieur does not know ze Patgo?" in a tone of astonishment. "Mon Dieu, that is strange! It is a bird made out ze wood. You pay twenty-five cents for a shot. Ze man what brings it down gets ze big prize. Such a pony, all black, no white spot, and he run like a deer!"

"I suppose you are going to try for the wonderful pony?"

"Ah, mon Dieu, but no! I have broke my gun, and zey will not lend me one. And why? I shoots best, and zey is aloux. Zey vants me not try. Ah, and zey is glad my gun is broke! Canaille!" he muttered between his set teeth as he glared savagely at the marksmen.

The stranger looked around, and thought to himself that even in this beautiful isolated region, so remote from the struggling ambitions of the world, envy and hatred flourished. "The boy has actually a murderous look," he thought, "and those fellows must be a mean set of beggars to treat him so."

"Look here, Jean Baptiste," he said aloud. "You shan't be balked of your shot. You shall take my rifle; it's a first-rate one. You'd better try it now, with the other marksmen, till you get accustomed to its weight."

If he had rescued Jean Baptiste from a terrible fate, the Acadian could not have been more vehement in his expressions of gratitude. In a queer patois of French and English, mixed with hysterical sobs, he poured forth his thanks. The stranger sauntered leisurely after him, and watched with keen eyes the markmanship of the Acadians.

"Jean Baptiste isn't half a bad shot," he said to himself, "but the boy's too nervous. Dare say he'd have done better if he hadn't been tearing his nerves to fiddle strings this evening. Funny people, these Acadians! Too excitable and noisy ever to make good marksmen."

That night, in the loft which Jean Baptiste shared with him, the boy confided to him his reasons for wishing to win the great prize. He sat on his mattress, his great brown eyes luminous with excitement, and his expressive gestures piercing out his imperfect speech.

"You see, monsieur, I vas born here, and nevaire half been feefty mile from ze prairie. You see a tall tree far off in ze *marais*? I haf nevaire been more far. I climb it, I look far out. I say, 'Jean Baptiste Avran, if you had a pony for your own, you could run away. You could gallop, gallop into ze big world, and, who knows, make a heap of money. "Ah, *ma ma Dieu*, I is so tired!" throwing out his arms with a tragic gesture. "I is not a cow; I is not a horse, to be glad and satisfy because ze grass is fine. I vant to go far off to see people, to learn to read. Monsieur, when strangers come here, not good, not kind like you, zey laugh at us. Zey say: 'You cannot read or write; you know nothin'; you are no more zan your beasts.' *Non, non*," striking his breast, "I vill go away! I vill not stay here!"

"You would leave your father, your friends!" the officer said gently. "My poor boy, the world isn't quite heaven."

"It may be bad, yes. It may hurt me, but it vill not be ze prairie. Ah, I choke here!"

"In plain words, you want a change," and the officer laughed. "You want the pony to gallop off into pitfalls, and stumble against walls, and to get so many knocks and tumbles that all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't piece you into the old Jean Baptiste again. You don't understand a word I say! I was just talking to myself you see, and you needn't understand. Go to sleep, and sleep soundly if you want to shoot well. Nothing like a good night's rest to steady the nerves."

About ten o'clock next morning several hundred people assembled at the appointed place. In the open prairie, the Patgo fastened to a tail pole fluttered its gay streamers in the breeze, and the attention of the Acadians seemed divided between the bird and the stately young officer who towered above them all, his keen eyes taking in every detail of the scene.

"He looks like St. Michael," whispered one. "The picture in the church."

"Bah!" answered the other. St. Michael is angry, he is trampling the dragon. That man looks as cold as ice, his face never changes, though he is handsome. Ye-he is beautiful."

The shooting began, but somehow it was unusually bad. After twenty shots the Patgo's ribbon plumage still waved defiance. Neither wings nor head had been brought down.

"Will not monsieur take some chance?" said one of the judges, in very good English, appealing the stranger.

"Yes, I will take four, but after Jean Baptiste Avran. It is his turn, now."

Jean Baptiste's first shot was tolerable, as it struck the wing of the bird, but without bringing it down. In the next, his nervous excitement had got the better of him, and his shot flew over the head of the bird. He had taken but three chances, and his last shot was so deplorably wide of the mark, that a mocking laugh from the competitors saluted it.

"Aha, Jean Baptiste!" cried one, "thou didst not say thy prayers last night. Get out of the way, mon gars', and let the strange monsieur try his luck."

The officer took his rifle from Jean Baptiste, and smiled at his downcast face. He examined the weapon, loaded it in his cool, deliberate manner, and taking his position, carelessly raised it, and, without apparently looking at the Patgo, called out:

"This for the right wing of your bird!"

The shot rang out, and the wing lay on the ground.

"This for the head!"

The ribbons which had adorned that portion of the Patgo gave a last flutter as it swooped down.

"And this for the pony!"

As the bird fell, a perfect storm of rage arose in the crowd.

"Unfair!" "Cheatery!" "The Patgo should not have fallen for an hour yet!" "He is a sorcerer!" "He is a devil!" "Robber!" "Vile American!"

The officer did not understand them, but he saw threatening faces and gesticulating arms, as the crowd pressed closely to him. He coolly loaded his rifle, and, standing with his back to a large tree, waited for an attack, his impassive face as calm as if he had been among friends. Jean Baptiste, his boyish face glowing with indignation, and his eyes flashing defiance, sprang to his side.

"Zey is mad!" he cried. "Zey wants to fight you! Cowards! Aha, I has a gun!" holding it up. "I vill help you."

"Two against two hundred," said the officer coolly, with a smile. "It's long odds, my boy, "but I'll try to hold my post. You must keep out of the mess. For the life of me I don't know what the beggars are bowling about, but all the same if they attack me, I'm ready."

But there were some cool heads in that crowd. They dashed about among the turbulent crowd, scolding at the very top of their voices, and giving heavy blows right and left to some of the furious youngsters who were shaking their fists and howling curses at the cool stranger.

"You must hexcuse ze boys, monsieur," said one of the judges courteously, to the officer. "Boys are fools, and you spoiled ze fun by bringing down ze Patgo so soon. It is all fair, and you haf ze prize, but zey lose their heads when you tell just where you going to hit. We nevaire ask a stranger he name, but if monsieur vill tell us he'sso wonderful a marksman, I vill be much gratify."

"My name is Scott," said the stranger, "Captain Scott, from the Barracks at Baton Rouge."

There was a minute's profound silence, as the name of the most celebrated marksman in the country fell upon their ears. Not a man there, not a man hardly in the United States, but what had heard of the wonderful feats of marksmanship of that gallant young officer.

Then suddenly, as with one voice, there arose a deafening cheer.

"Captain Scott! Hurrah for Captain Scott!"

Men crowded around to gaze at him, to shake hands with him. A voice cried out, in good English, "We are proud, Captain Scott, to have seen you. We'd have given two ponies willingly just to have a peep at you. And you're worth it too."

Captain Scott laughed and turned to the Judge, who, leading up the prize pony, laid the bridle in his hand.

"It's a beautiful animal," he said, admiringly, "but of course it's not up to my weight. I didn't win it for myself. Here, my boy," to Jean Baptiste, "I shot for you. Mount your pony," he added, with a laugh, "and let us see you gallop into the great world."

Jean Baptiste gasped for breath, then, before Captain Scott could prevent him, he had thrown his arms around the astonished captain's neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. The crowd cheered. Jean Baptiste, with an Indian yell, sprang on the pony and galloped over the prairie. But he did not gallop into the world that day, nor before a year, when, through the influence of Captain Scott, he was placed in a good school.

The world was kind to the prairie boy, and he became a wealthy and influential man. A few years ago he died at an advanced age, but his most treasured possession was a picture of Captain Scott in the glory of his beautiful manhood. The gallant officer died shortly after the picture was taken, but there are probably many living now who remember the incident of the Patgo.—*Youth's Companion.*

Charity in China.

On the first day of the tenth moon (15th of November) the winter charities are opened in Peking for the dispensing of food. When the cold season is further advanced the distribution of clothing is made and the almshouses become filled. Two members of the staff of the Chinese *Times* recently made a tour of inspection among the charities in the south city of Peking. All the institutions visited were supported by imperial bounty. The first one reached was a porridge kitchen, a little east of the great central city gate Chien Men. The "granary rice" was already cooked and waiting hot in the great wooden tubs usually found in such places; but although it was 9 o'clock none of the poor people had arrived. The explanation of this unusual lateness is that at a place half a mile away they were drawing the rations of good millet porridge first. The granary rice is of bad quality, and the people much prefer the millet. The second place visited was one where sound millet porridge was served, and there men, women and children to the number of 1,200 were waiting in great rooms or barracoons, the distribution of the food. It was soon begun. Two files marched out simultaneously, men on one side, women and children on the other, each person carrying a vessel of some kind into which with great expedition a dipper of hot millet porridge was ladled. Most of the recipients returned to their homes to eat, but many homeless ones found quiet places in wood-yards and sunny corners of the streets to finish up the millet while hot, and then go to the place where the rice already mentioned was waiting for them. At the third place visited the dissensing was already over, only five hundred applicants having presented themselves to-day, most of them, as usual, being women and children.

This was one of the departments or branches of a large and expansive charity under the title, "Hundred Goodnesses." The functionary in charge informed us that several thousand sometimes were fed. A few steps further on were the free schools of this same charity, and still further to the west at a short distance the winter's lodgings known as "The Warm Quarters." This is appropriated for women and children, fifty or sixty of whom had already arrived. They receive porridge of millet and granary rice twice a day, on which they subsist during the winter. The "warm quarters," number eight in the south city, and were opened about ten years ago in addition to the regular official almshouses. The administration of the charity leaves little to be desired, many thousands of poor people being housed, fed, and clothed during the winter in a perfectly efficient manner.

On Hangman's Day.

A Philadelphia job printer who began business on Friday has circulated the following card bearing a list of interesting events that have occurred on that day:

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Shakspeare born on Friday.
King Charles I. beheaded on Friday
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Novel Lawsuit.

In the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, Ill., a judgment has been rendered for the defendant in the ejectment case of John H. Decker against Roderick E. Rambouse. The defendant has been for twenty years the occupant of a piece of land of 60 acres known as Cobb Island, in the Mississippi river near East St. Louis. It shifted its position by the changes of the stream and lodged against the land of the plaintiff, who claimed it as a natural accretion, and brought this suit for possession, with the result stated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

A CABINET MINISTER'S ROUTINE OF DUTIES.

The Great Seal of the United States—Archives of the Government—The Diplomatic Service.

The Secretary of State at Washington has three assistant secretaries, among whom the work of the department is divided. The First Assistant Secretary acts in the Secretary's place when he is absent, and has charge of the diplomatic correspondence relating to the leading powers of Europe. The Second Assistant has charge of the minor nations of Europe, and those of South America, while the Third Assistant has all the rest of the world under his supervision. The diplomatic correspondence is prepared by trained clerks in the bureau of that title, and that with the consular officers of the Government in the Consular Bureau. But it is all written under the direction or from the dictation of the Secretary or his assistants.

The official letters of the State Department are called "dispatches," and officers known as "dispatch agents" are located at London and other convenient points, to whom the correspondence is entrusted for distribution. When the Secretary of State has instructions to send to a Minister of the United States abroad, he or one of his assistants prepares a draft of what is desired and then it is subjected to a careful study and revision. Next the copy goes to the Diplomatic Bureau, where it is transcribed on paper manufactured for the exclusive use of the State Department and returned to the Secretary for his approval and signature. Sometimes it goes to the President also. Then, when it is finally signed, its contents are copied by hand into a large book, for in the State Department no letter presses are used. When a Minister addresses the Secretary of State, according to the printed instructions of the department, which have been in use for a hundred years, he begins his letter: "To the Honorable, the Secretary of State: Sir—I have the honor to inform you," etc.; and when he finishes what he has to say he must conclude with these words: "With assurances of the most distinguished consideration, I am, sir, your most obedient servant, etc. A letter coming in any other form would cause a panic among the old clerks.

Friday of every week is known as diplomatic day, and the Secretary is to be seen by no one except the representatives of foreign powers in this city. As they call at the department they are shown into the reception room, kept for that purpose, and the Secretary receives them one by one in the diplomatic chamber, a large and elegant apartment, much superior to any in the White House, and only surpassed by the marble room of the Senate. It is sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, and was furnished with rich hangings and tapestry by the wife of Hamilton Fish, when he was Secretary of State. The Secretary's office is a noble room, but is furnished with almost puritanical simplicity. When the diplomatists call and desire to confer with the Secretary on official business they use the language of their own country, or French, unless they happen to be able to speak fluently in English, and there are but few of them who can. Some of them bring their own interpreters, but the official interpreter of the department is always at the Secretary's call. He is a man who can speak seven or eight languages, and can translate the conversation of all of them except the Chinese Minister, who has two or three of his countrymen who were educated at Hartford, and speak English well. The Japanese Minister understands English perfectly, and always uses that language. When a treaty is to be made between the United States and any foreign power, the details can be arranged at the capital of the other country between the United States Minister and the local officials there, or at Washington between the Minister of that country and the Secretary of State. The rule generally is that the treaty shall be negotiated at the capital of the country with which such a convention is sought. When a treaty is concluded two copies are made. The Minister sends one to his home government, and the President sends the other to the Senate of the United States. When they are ratified by both powers the Great Seals of both are affixed and the President issues a proclamation announcing the fact. The Secretary has no right to affix the Great Seal to any paper without a warrant from the President authorizing him to do so. This warrant is always filed with the document so sealed. The Great Seal is affixed to nothing but treaties, proclamations, commissions, pardons and passports. The archives of the Government are kept in the library of the Department of State, and constitute a vast collection of precious documents. There are a great many of historical interest. The first draft of the Declaration of Independence and of the Federal Constitution are here preserved. Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and a host of documents pertaining to the Revolution and the early days of the Government are to be seen. Autograph letters from kings and queens, princes, statesmen and historical personages who have flourished during the past one hundred years are to be found in these collections. Here are the original copies of all the laws enacted by Congress, and of all the treaties made by the United States with foreign nations, from the first, with France, in 1778, and the second with England—the treaty of peace, bearing the date of Sept. 3, 1783—down to those of recent years. One treaty with Turkey is gorgeously embellished with golden letters; but the most unique treaty in the collection is one with Japan, which is contained in a costly lacquered case covered with silk. The quaint Japanese characters, covering many pages of fine paper, are clearly and boldly portrayed. The royal signature appears at the top, and you read from the bottom. The treaty was brought to Washington by two officers of high rank, who were charged with its safe delivery on peril of their lives. One day they triumphantly marched into the Department of State bearing aloft on bamboo poles a quaintly-constructed box in which was the important document. Glad indeed were they to have escaped the disastrous chances of land and sea, and when the royal agreement finally passed into the hands of the Secretary of State they appeared greatly relieved, for their heads were no longer in danger.

The Secretary of State begins his day's work before breakfast, at his house, where he receives the early mail, and it usually takes him till 10 o'clock to read it. If he has any time remaining he answers his private letters with his own hand, and at 10 the official carriage calls to take him to the Department. Reaching there he spends the rest of the morning receiving the public, and the afternoon in attending to his official correspondence, and in holding conference with his assistants. About 3 o'clock the official letters and other documents which require his signature are placed upon his table, and it usually takes him an hour or more to read and sign them. His work for the day is not often finished before 5 o'clock, when he goes for a horseback ride into the country with his daughter, a daring and graceful equestrienne.—*Mail and Express.*

Unknown Inhabitants of the Sierras.

"Some folks think," said an old mountaineer, "that I was the first one into these mountains, and I reckon I was over sartin trails; but there's been men in here a matter of 100 years ago, according to my thinkin'.

"How do I know? Well, it was this way: A few years ago a friend of mine down in Los Angeles told me that about once a month a Chinaman came into one of the banks there and deposited raw gold. My friend, he 'lowed that that was being salted down to be carried to China, and it bein' agin his principles, he made out to follow the Chinaman; so he got on his trail and followed him up the canyon below here, but he always lost him at a sartin point. You gentlemen," continued the speaker, "have all heard of the lost mine in the Sierras? Well, my partner believed the Chinaman had struck it, so he put me on the track and I spent about four months a dodgin' him; then I gave it up.

"On one of my many trips into the range I got in about twenty miles below here, as near as I kin reckon, and I cut my way in mostly with an axe. One day, after I'd had a pretty hard pull, I came out right into a pile of lumber that kinder give me a start. There was logs two foot through, cut as neat as you could do it with a saw, piled one on another to a height of twenty foot; all sagged in the middle and so far gone I could run my finger in 'em anywhere. Big trees had grown all about and the brush was as big as bear fur. I crept round and in the bush I found—well, they had a report around Los Angeles that I found a lot of plunder; but, between you and me, I didn't. I did find an old camp, and the way things were fixed showed that whoever belonged to it hadn't any idea of leavin' when they did; but they had stepped out, and no one had ever come back, and everything had fallen to rack and ruin. There wasn't a sign of a trail; if there had been one it was growed over. Some folks said it was an Indian camp, and the wood was cut for the old San Gabriel mission and was never called for. It's there yet, but I don't believe I could find it again.

That Southern California has had inhabitants about whom little is or ever will be known, is not to be doubted. Far up the Arroyo trail, over which we came, my horse stumbled on a pestle well worn by constant use by those people of olden time. On the Giddings ranch, near the mouth of this green river, every rain washes out numbers of stone implements, and I have followed the plough of the owner and watched him throw out mortars and pestles of various kinds, the work of the ancient occupants of that rancho.—*American Magazine.*

Australia.

In 1788, Captain Phillip took possession of the whole island continent of Australia in the name of King George. The total area of Australia, including New Zealand, is 3,075,238 square miles, almost precisely the area of the United States, and thirty times that of the United Kingdom. The white population, at the end of 1886 was 3,387,436, and increased by the surplus of births over deaths at the rate of 67,094 in one year. The number of immigrants from all countries was 252,631; but the emigration is also great, and the excess of those remaining was only 65,947. Australia, therefore, would only increase by about a million in every eight years; but the tide of population is setting at last in its direction. The total revenue is $117,500,000, or nearly $40 a head, almost three times the British average; but the total expenditure is higher still, and the total debt rises to the enormous sum of $765,000,000. That will be a danger hereafter, but, as yet, Australia possesses an unassigned estate of eighteen hundred and fifty-six million acres, and has raised in gold since the first discoveries more than double her debt. Much of the Australian state estate suffers from want of water, but it is noticed that, as immigrants push in, the "desert" recedes, and in all but the worst districts irrigation is possible. The belt round the coast, known to be fertile, would support fifty millions with ease.

Titles of Dickens' Stories.

In the following narration, some ingenious person has woven together the titles of Mr. Dickens' writings:

Oliver Twist, who had some very Hard Times in the Battle of Life, and having been saved from the Wreck of the Golden Mary by Our Mutual Friend, Nicholas Nickleby, had just finished reading A Tale of Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit, during which time The Cricket on the Hearth had been chirping right merrily, while the Chimes from the adjacent church were heard, when Seven Poor Travelers commenced singing a Christmas Carol; Barnaby Rudge then arrived from The Old Curiosity Shop with some Pictures from Italy and Sketches from Boz to show Little Dorrit, who was busy with the Pickwick Papers, when David Copperfield, who had been busy taking American Notes, entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations of Dombey & Son, regarding Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy had not been realized, and that he had seen Boots at the Holly Tree Inn taking Somebody's Luggage to Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings in a street that has No Thoroughfare, opposite Bleak House, where the Haunted Man, who had just given one of Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions to an Uncommercial Traveler, was brooding over The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

A MAGNET'S GREAT POWER

SCIENTIFIC EMPLOYMENT OF TWO DISMANTLED CANNONS.

Interesting Experiments With the World's Largest Magnet—A Watch Stopped Three Feet Away.

Willett's Point, on Long Island Sound, is used as a post graduate school for West Pointers. It is designed especially for the instruction of those enlisted in the engineer corps. At present there are about 400 men there. Major W. P. King, who is in command, is a large man, of massive physique, with bushy black hair and beard. He is very courteous in his manner, dresses neglige, and does not look much like a soldier. He is an enthusiast on the subject of physical science, and he has entered into all his original researches with such a strong determination to make them successful that the men under him regard him in the light of a genius.

Last December Major King happened to see two large 15-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock. He immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannons with submarine cable wound about them. The experiment proved very successful. The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It is the largest and most powerful magnet in the world. Some faint idea of its power may be conceived from the fact that it takes a force of 25,000 pounds to pull off the armature.

The experiments made the other day were the last of the season, as the men are about going into winter quarters. Heretofore the experiments have been largely in the direction of fish torpedoes. The tests to demonstrate the enormous power of the magnet were made in the presence of a number of the officers of the United States Engineer Corps, and were highly successful. A crowbar which was applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A handful of pins thrown in the opposite direction immediately flew back and attached themselves to the magnet. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch cannon balls. The balls were solid and as much as a strong man could lift, yet the magnet held several of them suspended in the air, one under the other.

The most interesting experiment and the one that was regarded with the greatest attention was the test made of an American non magnetic watch. Ever since the great railroads of the country have compelled their employes to provide themselves with timepieces that would not be affected by the magnetism generated by the car trucks, there has been much speculation as to whether such a watch could be made, and a sharp rivalry has been going on between the American and Swiss manufacturers. The test was highly satisfactory, and once more proved that whenever a new invention was imperatively demanded American genius could fully hold its own against the whole world. Major King's magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped stock still as soon as it came within three feet of it. Before the test was made there was quite a diversity of opinion among the experts present as to how far it would prove successful.

Those who believed that while a watch might be constructed that would resist magnetic influence under ordinary circumstances were also of the opinion that when it was subjected to the most powerful magnet in the world the steel pinions would bear so on the working parts that the watch must necessarily stop. For ten minutes the watch was held in front of the magnet. It did not vary the hundredth part of a second. The man who held it said that he himself was conscious of the influence of the magnet. He could feel as he held the watch by the chain that some other power than his was keeping it suspended.

The most amusing experiment was made with a sledgehammer. When one tried to weld it in a direction opposite to the magnet he felt as if he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind. There is nothing in the world that could take the conceit out of a strong man so much as this simple experiment. Another amazing test was made with a number of carpenter's spikes. A spike was put lengthwise on the end of the magnet, then another spike was attached to the first and so on until a line of them stood straight out from the magnet at least four feet in length. Aside from their interest to science the experiments were so novel and startling that they were entertaining even to those who were not interested in the wonderful developments of electricity.—*New York Sun.*

Wages For Life From a Railroad.

A locomotive engineer on a train entering the city of Constantinople, Turkey, December 19, 1888, on reaching the depot was frightened to see a number of freight cars on the track. He was in agony of terror, but succeeded in stopping the locomotive in time to prevent a mishap. In consequence of the terrible excitement he suffered he fell ill and became unable to continue his occupation. The company discharged him. He brought a suit of damages against the company for payment of his full wages of $52 a month during his lifetime, to be secured by a capital of $12,500, which was to be deposited with the court. The suit was carried through all the three stages, namely, the Austrian Consulate at Constantinople, the Superior Court of Trieste and the Supreme Court of Vienna, Austria. The engineer was awarded $10 a month by all the courts because his loss of health was caused by a mishap beyond his power to control, and for which, therefore, the company must be held responsible.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Bull Fight in Her Honor.

A young lady in the city of Mexico, Senorita Matilda Montaga, having been the first of her sex to devote herself to medical studies, the young men of the city were struck with such admiration of her courage that they got up a bull fight in her honor lately. It was a real fight, as the fact that two of the toreadors were seriously hurt proved. The receipts were devoted to the purchase of books and instruments for the outfit of the lady.

BALLAD OF THE FADED FIELD.

Broad bars of sunset slanted gold
Are laid along the field, and here
The silence sings, as if some old
Refrain, that once rang long and clear,
Came softly, stealing to the ear
Without the aid of sound. The rill
Is voiceless, and the grass is sere;
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance-like the mellow air doth hold
The sorrow of the passing year;
The heart of Nature groweth cold,
The time of falling snow is near;
On phantom feet, which none may hear,
Creeps—with the shadow of the hill—
The semblance of departing cheer;
But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray clustered weeds enfold
The well known summer path, and drear
The dusking hills, like billows rolled
Against the distant sky, appear.
From lonely haunts, where night and fear
Keep ghostly tryst, when mists are chill,
The dark pine lifts a jagged spear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

ENVOI.

Dear love—the days that once were dear
May come no more: Life may fulfill
Her fleeting dreams, with many a tear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

—*Robert Burns Wilson, in the Critic.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Beats awl—shoe machinery.

A gang of desperadoes is a preying band.

Dispensers of charity are permitted to carry alms.

That would be a weak enterprise which could not stand a loan.

The spook of the "Haunted Tavern" must have bee an inn specter.

It was the lady you thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

A Paris paper says "the people of St Louis, D. T., are dying of a disease called the blizzards."

While some ladies desire only the latest novelties in ribbons, there are others who prefer those of a moire antique pattern.

The *Transcript* speaks of the turtle as taking a leading part at dinners." We thought he generally appeared as a supe.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"Ah, yes," said a cabinet-maker to a crockery dealer, to whom he was introduced—"ah, yes, you sell tea sets, and I sell settees."—*Graphic.*

A labor writer asks: "What luxury can the common ditch-digger claim as his own?" Dear man, he can take his pick.—*Binghampton Republican.*

English traveler (out West)—"What is the population of Pistolville?" Native—"Oh, about four hundred in the morning, on an average, and twenty to twenty-five at night."—*Graphic.*

Fair Critic—"I think that little spot there!—(Pointing.) Artist (alarmed)—"Pardon me, but you must not touch the picture!" Fair Critic—"Oh, it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!"

A serious accident occurred in an uptown house the other night by a misplaced switch. The owner's husband stepped upon it and ran a hairpin into his foot to the depth of an inch.—*Norristown Herald.*

As the act-drop fell Mrs. Galatine fixed her eyes on it and studied it curiously. "You seem to be enjoying the drop," remarked her husband. "I am." "Well, I think I'll enjoy one myself." And he stole softly out.—*Tid Bits.*

Mistress—"Anna! Whatever has become of all your pretty curls?" Maid—"You see, ma'am, the regiment has left our town, and so I have had to give a lock of my hair to several of my acquaintances."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Stranger (to boy)—"Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?" Boy—"Ikin fer twenty-fi' cents." Stranger—"Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay? Boy—"Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gits high pay."—*New York Sun.*

The prairies vast we used to deem best,
We thought 'twould be bliss to live out in the West.
But when storms knocked us endways, with a whir and a whiz,
We really believed there was more blizzard than bliss.

A Kansas City woman saw Booth and Barrett play "Othello" in that city and was asked which actor pleased her most. "Well, I hardly know," she said, after due deliberation; "I liked one 'bout as well as the other. They were both just as cunnin' as they could be."—*Graphic.*

Waiter (to customer)—"Ain't de soup all right, sah?" Customer (dubiously)—"Ye-es, it tastes all right; but I am a barber, and I wish you would ask the chef if he doesn't want a bottle of my Egyptian Tonsorial Elixir; it prevents the hair from falling out."—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultured people say "how do you do?" Those who are less precise say "howdy do?" In the backwoods of Tennessee they say "howdy?" The noble red man of the West says "how?" While the cat on the fence says "ow!"

The careless use of the editorial "we" frequently gets newspapers into trouble, and the use of the word "we" to represent the people of the whole country is sometimes as fatal—at least this is probably the opinion of the editor of the Springfield *Union*, who recently said: "We ate 3,100,000 bags of peanuts last year."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Returned Missionary—"All naives of rank have coins suspended from their noses and ears." "But with the crude instruments you say they have I don't see how they can punch holes through the coins." "The holes are already punched. You see, most of the coins come from America, where they are collected in church contribution boxes."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"For ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been as regular as clockwork. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at twelve; ate supper at six and was in bed by nine-thirty; ate only hearty food and hadn't a sick day in all that time." "Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?" And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.—*Burdette.*