

DRAMA OF LIFE.

BABYHOOD.

In a cradle warm and cosy,
Just a baby, soft and rosy—
Just a baby, quiet lying,
Sleeping, smiling, waking, crying,
Dimpling, kissing, cooing, crowing,
All a baby's sweetness showing.

BOYHOOD.

Grows to boyhood, laughing, playing,
In the fields and woods a-straying;

"Good night," he said, and he held her hand
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand and he murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this,
It seems so frightfully cool, you know,
This 'Mister of ours, and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perhaps," and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote
As she blushing looked down.

She spoke not a word, but she picked up a speck
Of dust from his coat lapel;
So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
'Twas a wonder she saw so well.

But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought unspoken, was made quite clear
And I know 'twas a sweet "good night."

GOLD IN CHUNKS.

Remarkable Auriferous Deposits Found on Teetulpa Run.

The alluvial gold fields recently discovered in south Australia, says the *New York Times*, do not yet recall to the Australian digger the exciting days when Bendigo and Ballarat were in their prime, but they promise to yield a large amount of the precious metal. Eight weeks after the first nugget was found there were 7,000 men at work around the spot where it was taken from the earth. The branch office of an Adelaide bank had bought 3,000 or 4,000 ounces of gold and a much larger quantity had been carried away.

The new alluvial fields are situated about two hundred and fifty miles north of Adelaide and only twenty-three miles from a railway station. On Oct. 5 Thomas Brady, the first man to begin work in California gully at Bendigo in 1852, was prospecting in a gully on Teetulpa run with his partner, Thomas Smith. The first gold discovered was pried out of cracks in the slate with knives. Brady and Smith applied for the reward of £1,000 offered by the government for the discovery of a new gold field. At once there was a rush for the diggings. The railway stations in Adelaide were crowded. "For a parallel to the present outbreak of the gold fever," said the *Adelaide Observer* two weeks later, "it is necessary to go back to the palmy days of Ballarat and Bendigo. In the streets of the city nothing is spoken of but gold, and the examination of specimens and the canvassing of reports as to the size of the latest nuggets monopolize the attention alike of busy men and idlers. Parliament, or at all events the assembly, has caught the prevailing epidemic, and the gravest matters on the notice paper have to yield precedence to questions as to what is to be done to facilitate the search for the precious metals."

The gold is sold at £2 18s to £4 an ounce. At last accounts the largest nugget that had been shown weighed only 29½ ounces, but it was reported that a five-pound nugget and one weighing seven pounds had been taken out. Hundreds of men were finding no gold; many others were finding enough to pay expenses, while perhaps one-half of the diggers were doing well. One of the lucky diggers made \$1,500 in three weeks. Two men worked two weeks without seeing "color," and in the following two weeks found 16 ounces. Another digger took out 16 ounces of coarse gold in one day. A nugget of 16 ounces is about the size of a hen's egg. Probably one-half of the gold is thrown away for want of water with which to wash the loam and gravel in which it lies. At last accounts the government was preparing to supply the diggers with water by boring wells. Before Christmas the diggings had been extended for several miles, and the temperature was 110 degrees in the shade.

It appears from reports published in the Adelaide papers that the new mining camp is a very orderly and quiet settlement. At the end of two months only one death had occurred, and the fact that this had been caused by typhoid fever led the government to enforce sanitary rules, which the eager diggers had failed to observe. Early in December three miners' rights in Teetulpa were taken by Chinamen. "Should Chinamen be allowed on the field?" the *Adelaide Observer* asks. "Most people," it replies, "will agree in thinking that they should not. The Chinaman is the reverse of a model colonist. He is here to-day with nothing at all and in China to-morrow with a modest fortune. He does not, in the proper sense of the word, help to develop the workings. If he were to find a gold-field himself, he might be allowed to work in it, or if it were situated in a country in which Europeans could not work. But neither of these conditions applies in the case of Teetulpa." And so the *Observer* reaches the conclusion that the Chinese must go.

Within sixteen miles of these placer mines a company is engaged in quartz mining, or "reefing," as the Australians say, in a gold-bearing reef that was discovered by a shepherd thirteen years ago. The quartz yields from one and a half to two ounces to the ton.

that holler, and don't like it yet. Pretty soon I seed them men that was on horses was officers, and in a minute two of them started toward the house, and rid right into the yard, and then I says we'r goners shore. The two rid up to the well, one of them was as pretty er Yankee as you ever laid your eyes on, and the other was an old sharp-looking cuss, and they said that's Gen. Sherman.

I was gainin' 'em, for I spected every minit to see the one that was on a horse. The metal are yet to be found in the unexplored regions of the world. The richness of the new De Kaap gold field in south Africa, the recent discovery of a large gold-bearing district in Patagonia, together with the facts recently learned concerning deposits of gold in northern Tibet and on the east coast of Africa, show that great quantities of the metal await the keen eye of the prospector and the industry and capital of the miner.

Directions for Smuggling.

When you go to Paso del Norte you will of course desire to indulge that taste for defrauding the revenue of your country which is inherent in the American character, and if you are disposed to be moderate in your indulgence of this taste, you can manage the matter without much difficulty, and at no very great expense, for the articles you buy in Paso del Norte and smuggle across the river will not cost you much more than if you bought them of merchants on the American side. A set of Mexican filagree jewelry, for example, which the American shopkeepers in El Paso sell for \$5, can be bought in Paso del Norte for about \$3, and so the joy of smuggling the things across will cost you only about \$3. My advice, however, is to smuggle very little, as the stocks of such things in the El Paso shops are much fuller and more varied than those on the other side. As to the pleasure of telling your friends that you bought a particular thing in Mexico, that may be had in any case, remember what Chesterfield said to his son who wished to go down into a coal mine for the sake of being able to say that he had done so. "You can say it just as well without doing it," was the paternal admonition.

But if you must do a little smuggling, buy cigars. The Mexican weeds are good and really cheap. Very large ones of fine flavor can be had for \$2.50 a hundred, and if you "break the box" by taking out three or four, the dealer will inform you, there will be no duty to pay. Then, by concealing the box about your person and looking guilty you may have the pleasure of risking fine and imprisonment. Perhaps a better way is to be honest, and self-respecting, buy your box of cigars and carry them openly, as I did mine, holding yourself ready to pay the duty when it is demanded. The customs officers, in that case, will casually glance into the car, observe that you are simply a tourist taking back some cigars for your own use and say nothing to you on the subject. You will lose the pleasure of feeling guilty and dishonest, but you will get your cigars all the same at the Mexican price, and you can afterward chat without fear with the customs officers and find out a good deal that is interesting from them.—*Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.*

How Heaven Interfered.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle put the following good story into his lately published book of reminiscences: "James Allan Park was a worthy old judge, a believer in special providences, and extremely eccentric. He was in the habit of talking aloud to himself without knowing it. In one case that came before him the prisoner was accused of stealing some fagots, and Park, on the bench, was heard to mutter something to this effect, that he did not quite see his way to a verdict, one fagot being as like another fagot as one egg is like another egg. The quick-eared barrister retained for the defense caught these mutterings from above, and instantly made use of them. "Now, witness," he cried out, "you swear to those fagots; how dare you do such a thing? Is not one fagot as like another fagot as one egg is like another egg?" Immediately the judge, who, though a good man, had certainly no claim to be an angel, flushed in without any proper apprehensions. "Stop the case," he shouted, "stop it at once; the coincidence is quite miraculous. I vow to God that very same thought in the very same words passed through my mind only a few seconds ago. Heaven has interfered to shield an innocent man. Gentlemen of the jury, you will acquit the prisoner."

Chinese Traits.

A Naples correspondent of the *London News* writes: At the Berlin Geographical society, Herr A. Henning lately made many interesting observations on China, founded on a long acquaintance with that country. Among other things he said that Chinese music knows nothing of pure octaves but only pure fifths. On this account Chinese music strikes strangely though not disagreeably on Europeans, while the Chinese take some time to become accustomed to our music. The Chinese language is not so destitute of delicate turns as is generally believed. The people are still extremely superstitious and prejudiced. Although they acknowledge the superiority of European

convenient North Woods in those days a supply of material for this manufacture so great that nobody would have thought it could ever be exhausted, but the demand of the American people for gloves proved to be still greater, and the North Woods deer ceased to be depended upon by the Fulton County glove-makers years ago.

Today the gloves manufactured in Gloversville and Johnstown are made of material that grows in the North Woods. The want of a sense of the common good, and of all self-sacrifice, is so great that all the celebrated buildings fall into decay, such as the temples and royal tombs, many of which are beautiful. There are no buildings in China older than three hundred years. Communication by road is only kept up where least difficult; agriculture is in the same state as a thousand years ago. The manufacture of silk decays, and machines have no chance against the cheap manual labor. The population is less than is believed. Though the towns are crowded, the country is waste and deserted. The Chinese themselves think that the population is greatly overestimated. Peking has a superficies of about 8.1 square miles, and there are a great many open spaces in the city, while almost all the houses are small and of only one story; the number of inhabitants, instead of amounting to millions, is at most 500,000 souls. Tien-tsin, the population of which is given at 950,000, has probably only 70,000 to 80,000. Neither is the country rich. An official with a salary of \$30 a month marries and lives very well. Herr Henning thinks it would not be wise to uproot the institutions of the country, in spite of their faults. European culture makes its way slowly, and it is now certain that China can not get on without Europeans, who, however, should not risk their capital in the land, as there is no guarantee for it whatever.

The Eighteenth Century.

Carlyle's dislike and contempt for the eighteenth century, which he calls "a bankrupt century, having nothing grand in it except grand universal suicide, named French revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise worthless existence," is the contempt of one who had made such a study of that century as no other writer has made. His "History of the French Revolution" and his "Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia," to say nothing of his "Diamond Necklace," and his essays on Cagliostro, and Mirabeau, and Johnson, and Burns, are historic works which are unequalled in their most graphic delineations of historic men and events. He makes the eighteenth century a living period again. Its chief historic characters are resurrected from the jaws of the past and made alive again, together with their environment—social, political, martial and material.

If any man has a right to pronounce judgment upon a century, from a thorough study and appreciation of its men and thing and events, Carlyle has a right to do so in the case of the eighteenth century. And yet the eighteenth century was not the mere century of arch quacks and royal and imperial ruffians and debauchees. It was not only the century of a host of really grand historic men, but it was the birth century of a host of such men, who made the present century memorable by their words and deeds. On this side of the water Washington, Franklin, Otis, Warren, Hamilton, Jefferson, Greene and Faine achieved by their pens and swords, by their words and deeds, American independence. The great historic Americans of the eighteenth century were men of pure private character for the most part.

They would have adorned any century of the past. Then the eighteenth century was the birth century of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Channing and others, who gave to us national renown and character, and established on a firm basis the work of the founders of the federal government.

In the old world it was the era of such epoch-making rulers, military and administrators of government as Czar Peter (who, in spite of his vices, was a great statesman and emperor) of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Charles XII of Sweden, William Pitt, the great commoner of England and the coadjutor of Frederick the Great in humiliating the Bourbon despots of Spain, France and Austria; of Clive and Hastings, the conquerors of India, and of Wolfe, the conqueror of Canada; of the portentous French revolutionists, Mirabeau, Danton, Marat and Robespierre, colossal in their wickedness as the worst of the twelve Cæsars.—*Boston Traveler.*

Scarcity of Small Change.

"How do you like this town?" asked a white gentleman of "Sam Johnson" who had just arrived in the town and started a barber shop. "De town am good enuff; but I's sorry for de folks—dey am so pore." "There seems to be considerable wealth," remarked the customer. "Yes, dar seems to be, but it's all a snare and a collusion. Yesterday I wanted change foah a five-dollar bill. I hunted all fru my pockets, and I hain't foun' it yet. I neber seed a town where it was so hard to git change foah a pore five-dollar bill."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A Useful Book.

An exchange relates that a young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration the exigency of the case

ing sea food out there as you did at first?" a famous Boniface of New York asked him.

The western landlord laughed awhile, and then said: "No, I have no trouble at all, for the simple reason that I don't try to get sea food. The first year I was there I tried to make a specialty of it. I had saddle rocks specially shipped; lobsters by the ton almost brought on ice; Little Neck's from Long Island; soft and hard crabs from Fulton market; shrimps from New Orleans, and, finally, as a great treat for a special Sunday dinner, once I had two barrels of Duxbury clams shipped from Boston. The clams cost me \$10 a barrel, and the freight was \$10 more, and that made a fairly expensive little delicacy. The clams cost me \$25 before I got them on the table. But I rather flattered myself that I had got the bulge on table delicacies of the sea-food order in the west. But the barrel of Duxbury clams settled the business. I have had my faith in native oysters as a western table delicacy somewhat shaken by complaints that they were too salt, too cold, too large, too all of these things that in the east go to make a good oyster. One day a very wealthy ranchman who always stops with me said: 'Look here, what kind of oysters were those we had to-day? They were no good.' I told him they were fresh oysters, just shipped in ice from New York. 'Well, my folks didn't like 'em, and more of your guests are complaining. We don't like these eastern oysters any way. They are too slimy. We like the western oysters.' I tumbled. They had been used all their lives to canned oysters, and the fresh, salty oysters seemed stale to them. All right, I thought. Canned oysters are cheap; the others are dear. So after that my guests had canned oysters, and I never had a kick."

"Not from your guests from the east?"

"O, no; they don't look for good oysters in the west anyway, and rarely ever call for them. Well, then, someone else kicked because with some lobsters that I served there was given the delicate fat or green meat and the red meat. They thought the cook had been careless and had served up the entrails with the lobster. Canned lobster is cheap. If they like it better than the fresh, so be it. I'm happy, and our lobster salad now is made of the canned stuff, and everyone is contented. Then, one man growled because he said our Little Neck clams were too small. I told him that was the characteristic of Little Necks. He thought I was guying him, and I found that in the west all round clams, the big quahaugs and all, are called Little Necks. Quahaugs are cheap; Little Necks dear. My guests have quahaugs now and think I am doing the proper thing. Duxbury clams, you know, are the long or soft shell clams. Baked or steamed, and served in the shell, with a dish of broth and a dish of melted butter, they make a royal delicacy. I served them so. Each guest had a dish set before him, and nine out of ten didn't know what to do with them. One woman thought they were snails, and an Ohio man declared I was imposing on them with fresh-water mussels. Some of them tried to pick the clams out with forks; some held the shell up to their mouths and tried to bite the clam out, and at one table the guests were very much disgusted with a man who gently picked the clams out by seizing the neck with his thumb and forefinger, and then, after dipping them into the broth and butter, ate them. They thought the man was a hog. But he was a Boston man, and the only one of my five hundred guests that day who knew how to handle steamed Duxburys. Most of the clams were wasted. Some of the guests drank the broth, mixing it with the butter as they would tea and milk. It was a dead flat failure, and it made me mad. No more Duxburys for me. I have found what the west likes, and it has it. You can't run a seaside hotel in the valley of the Mississippi, and I am several thousand dollars a year better off for finding that out.—*New York Sun.*

Private Filtration.

Second avenue from Seventh street to about Twentieth street, says the *New York Sun*, becomes on Saturday night the seat of an institution that is more peculiar than anything else known to Manhattan island. It is the east side of Fifth avenue, on which the clerks and shop-girls assemble after supper, ostensibly to promenade, but literally to flirt. The girls, ranging from 15 to 20 or 22, are in their best beshines, and the young men have put on their highest collars and brought out their most gorgeous canes along with their Sunday suits. At first the sexes are entirely separated. The girls promenade in couples, trios, and even quintets, and the boys follow and pass them in the same sized groups. A chorus of "Ah, there," "Good evening," "We meet again," and "Hello, Johnnies," and "Hello, Susies," fills

was loose in the yard, the other two being tied up in the stable, the door being left open. After eating a few bites of the alfalfa, of which he is very fond, the loose horse appeared to remember that his companions were debarrued from the feast. He took large mouthfuls of alfalfa, carried it into the stable, and placed it before the other horses.—*Inyo (Cal) Independent.*

away with sabbies, and even angry expressions that seem out of place from amid such pretty faces and stylish and graceful forms. If he is the right fellow, he and the young woman each separate themselves from their companions, and meet without attracting any more attention than possible, for both the girls and the boys are apt to ridicule each other for these displays of affection and partiality. The funniest scenes in this head center of flirtation are those made by the boys and girls who don't know how to flirt and are trying to learn. These are the little things in short dresses and the long-legged boys in short jackets. Five of these boys will walk behind three of these girls, abem-ing and making remarks that are obviously meant for the girls to hear, up and down the avenue for half an hour at a time, and while they are doing this other quartets of boys and little groups of girls are standing twenty or thirty feet apart, looking at each other, and either not knowing how to come together, or not daring to. All these appear to be pretty good girls and boys. They are simply yielding in a clumsy way to nature's plan for making men husbands and women wives.

Premature Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are as natural to old age as is a full, smooth face to childhood. They are due, mainly, to a certain shrinkage of the muscles—a shrinkage which characterizes, more or less, the entire system in the later period of life.

It is in consequence of this general shrinkage that in advanced life the height is somewhat lowered; that the substance of the jaws contracts, thus often giving rise, by pressure on the nerves that pass through the bony canals, to severe and difficult neuralgia, and that the brain substance becomes reduced in bulk, water filling the vacant space. Were it not for the fixed habits and accumulated resources of a lifetime, an old man's brain would not be equal to the work which he still performs easily.

There is, of course, much difference between old people in this respect, which is due largely to temperament, habits of thought and of feeling and modes of life. The papers lately told of a man over one hundred years old, whose face was wholly without wrinkles. This was a very exceptional case. For the great body of us, if we attain length of days, must take them with the addition of physical decay. Even the proud belle must make up her mind for wrinkles; but if, as she grows older, she grows in good sense, intelligence and kindly sympathies, her beauty of character will have an attraction far beyond beauty of face.

While wrinkles result from the natural working of the system, they may also be caused by a perverted condition of the system, as are pimples, blotches and boils. Now the human face—unlike that of brutes—was meant to be the "mirror of the mind," the visible expression of every passion, emotion and inmost feeling. Herein is its chief beauty. Hence its numerous muscles and nerves, whereby it is so wonderfully adjusted to this end. But muscles in constant or frequent exercise increase in volume, strength, and readiness of action.

Hence habits of thought and feeling become stamped on the face, and we read so easily the character of the proud, the vain, the deceitful, and the sensual man, or of the kind, the calm, the energetic, the frank, the candid, and the honest man.

But there is nothing like care and worry to plough furrows in the forehead, and these are badly marring the faces of our American women. We pass in the streets women of thirty-five whose foreheads are more wrinkled than the brow should be at seventy. Some of these may not have more cares than others, but they unnecessarily yield to the tendency to express them in the face.—*Youth's Companion.*

Photographing a Bullet in Flight.

Dr. Riegler of Pesth has just made a very curious experiment in photography, and one that to many people will appear almost incredible. He has photographed a bullet after it had been fired from a rifle, and while it was proceeding with a velocity of 440 metres—rather more than a quarter of a mile—a second. A Werndl infantry rifle was the weapon selected for the purpose of conducting the experiment, which was in every way successful, a perfect reproduction of the bullet being the result. A horse at full gallop, a swallow in its flight, and even a flash of lightning have succumbed to the photographer's art, but his triumph is still more marvelous.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Arabs claim that Eve was created twenty-two years before Adam was, and that Adam was created simply because she was lonesome for some one to talk to.