APRIL SHOWERS.

A [illegible] and a dazzling sun,
[illegible] clouds, gray and dim,
[illegible] for an angry rose,
[illegible] while frowns the heaven's fair face.

[illegible], chasing with petulent splash,
[illegible] in a way quite rash;
[illegible] showed a strip of blue,
[illegible] drops fell fast, the sun smiled through.

A pretty face, and a merry shout,
[illegible] frowns, and an angry pout;
And a shower of tears follo[illegible] pout and frown,
Chasing each other swiftly down.

But quickly the fair face lights again,
And the sun gleams out through the clouds and rain;
For though tears fall fast, yet a smile glints through,
While, the frowns having flown, the eyes show blue.

—Jessie Gordon.

JIMMY'S ADVENTURE.

Jimmy Western was a New York boy, born and bred in that great, noisy, rushing city.

Had you asked him any question about streets, museums, zoological gardens, the busy markets, or the best places in Central park to skate in winter, you would have been surprised at the wisdom displayed by this little fellow in regard to the great metropolis.

Jimmy had seen the great Atlantic steamers as they moved slowly up to their docks, unloading their hundreds of passengers, people from those far off lands beyond the seas, and he had often wondered and asked innumerable questions of Uncle Joe, who dearly loved the bright little boy, and found pleasure in answering his many questions.

Jimmy's only knowledge of these far off lands was gained from wonderful tales from his elder playmates and such stories as he was able to read and understand.

His father was a wealthy gentleman; his mother an educated and refined lady, who knew little of the trials of the poor.

Jimmy was just 10 years of age at the commencement of my story; was the prospective heir to a large sum of money.

His little sister, Ella, was just 6, and a more beautiful little fairy it would have been hard to find.

Jimmy was quite fond of her, and considered himself quite a man in caring for her.

He had innumerable toys and allowed Ella to join him in all his sports. His rocking horses, hoops, drum and marbles were always at her disposal, so you see Jimmy was not like some little boys that I know, who are ashamed to be seen playing with girls, and their own little sisters are sometime, I am sorry to say, snubbed.

No wonder the world looked bright to Jimmy.

He often wondered and longed to know of that wonderful land called the "far west," of which he had read stories and heard tales of its trackless prairies roamed over by Indians; of its great stretches of desert land, and conjectured that it was only inhabited by Indians, buffaloes, bears, panthers, etc. As he looked at the western sky, illumined by the descending sun, Jimmy would draw pictures in his imagination of this far away country; how to get there, what he would see, and how, mounted on a "wild steed" or an ungovernable "bronco," he would dash over the prairies, hunting, lassoeing wild cattle and horses, and indulge in all the sports of that wonderful land if he lived there. Jimmy had seen a few Indians in one of the museums and had once seen an encounter between cowboys and Indians in a big circus tent.

Alas, poor Jimmy! how soon your boyish dreams were realized!

One day, soon after a romp in the nursery in which Ella joined, with the rocking horse a wild mustang, Ella an Indian, mounted in a rocker, with two spaniel puppies grizzly bears, and a fierce encounter with wooden guns, Jimmy's father came home with a pale face.

A long conference between his father and mother took place, and Jimmy was finally told that his father was ruined. Through the baseness of a trusted partner in some large investments in a wonderful speculation which promised large returns, Mr. Weston found himself in bankruptcy.

Jimmy heard of the disaster with little dismay. He was too young to realize his father's abstracted air or his mother's pale face and tears. In a few short weeks the house was in the hands of strangers. Nurse, with her wonderful fairy tales and goblin stories, discharged. The "pony cart," Jimmy's pride and joy, disposed of, and one bright spring morning found our young hero on the road to the "far west."

Jimmy's father remembered an old friend who had gone to California and who had written back glowing descriptions of that golden land. He was now commander at Fort Yuma. Thither Jimmy's father determined to go.

"I am going to be a cowboy and fight Indians and show them what a New York boy is made of," said Jimmy to Ella one day.

"But Jimmy, Injins will shoot and carry off little boys and girls and eat 'em."

"Eat 'em! oh, Ella, nobody eats folks but cannibals! Injins ain't cannibals. Uncle Joe said Injins was just wild men, who had never been civilized and lived in tents and never been told about God, nor nothin'," explained Jimmy.

"I don't care, I don't want to see no Injins; I want to ride, but I don't want to be eat up," said Ella, who believed fully in the carnivorous habits of the noble red man.

"Sho! I'll show them what Jimmy Weston is made of, and I'll take care of you, too, Ella, so don't you be afraid," said Jimmy.

One beautiful day along in the early summer our party found themselves at St. Joe, Mo. Here the weary journey was to begin. Civilization was to be a thing of the past, and even Jimmy's eyes grew larger and wider open when he saw the long strings of covered wagons, the great strong mule and ox teams, the guides and scouts in their buckskin suits and fringed leggings, with their long hair and their belts stuck full of knives and pistols, their keen, piercing eyes, and listened to their wonderful stories and hairbreadth escapes.

"I'm going to be a scout, now, that's what I'm going to be," said Jimmy one day, after eyeing one of those worthies and listening to his tales.

"My son, you may have work for scouts before Fort Yuma is reached," replied Jimmy's father.

They found that a large party had left St. Joe the very morning of their arrival.

Jimmy's father was very sorry, as it was a very dangerous piece of business crossing in small parties. They hastily made their preparations, hoping to overtake the other party. Securing the services of a trusty guide, teams, blankets, guns, ammunition, cooking utensils, with many other necessary articles, and provisions, our party, with the addition of a number of other families who had arrived, commenced their journey across the plains.

Jimmy was in his element. His father bought him a lovely little rifle, after persistent teasing on Jimmy's part.

Among the parties who joined them was a family named March. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. March and their son Sep, a lad of 15. The boys became firm friends and never tired of sitting beside old Zeb Deke and listening to his marvelous tales of frontier life.

"I tell you Zeb, I would like to meet the Injins and show them that all New York boys are not tenderfeet," said Jimmy one day, after they had been a couple of weeks on the trail.

"Wal, youngster, by the signs of the times yer can soon be gratified," said Zeb, walking slowly up and leaning on his long rifle, with the lariat of his pony thrown carelessly over his other arm.

"We are goin' ter have squally times, my hearties," addressing Sep and Jimmy.

"Why! Zeb, how do you know?" excitedly exclaimed Jimmy.

"Never yer mind, youngsters, old Zeb Deke hain't ben scouting on these a'r prarys nigh on ter thirty years not ter know what he is talkin' about; yas, yas, lads, yer will have a chance with yer little guns."

Zeb now left them and walked hurriedly up to the wagon in which was seated Jimmy's father.

"Say, mister, I want to see yer," said Zeb.

"Yes, Zeb, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Western, dismounting and coming up to Zeb.

"Yer can't do much fer me, Mr. Western, said Zeb, shifting a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "but I reckin I can do somethin' fer yer."

"What do you mean, Zeb?" said Mr. Western.

"He means Injins," excitedly exclaimed Jimmy, coming up.

"Hush, Jimmy; what is it, Zeb?" said Jimmy's father, turning pale.

"Just this, Mr. New Yorker, that fer the last few miles thar's signs of Injins. Not a word to the wimmin'," exclaimed Zeb hurriedly, as he saw Mr. Western turn toward the wagons, "Doggoned ef I want ter hear a pack of wimmin and young ones squall and holler. Jist yer give ther word ter camp fer the night at the little run, not mor'n a dozen rods ahead," explained Zeb.

Mr. Western did as Zeb directed, and then called the men together.

"Friends, there is work ahead, I fear, for us," said Mr. Western.

Each man clutched his trusty gun more closely, and a determined look settled on every face.

"Gentlemen, thar's squally times ahead and tough work," remarked Deke. "Some har raising afore mornin'."

"What shall we do, Zeb? we will follow you and your advice."

"Wal, friends, put the wagons in a circle, correl the animals, so's the blamed varmints would stampede 'em, and git the wimmin and youngsters into the center, then throw up breast works of the provender, furniture, etc.," said Zeb.

"That dod rotted old Blackfoot chief, Big Thunder, with a gang of his sneakin' devilish cut threats, are not many miles ahead. Yer seen me talkin' with ther stranger this mornin'? Wal, that's old Kell Hannen, the terror of the Injins, and he told me of the suspicions of his'n, and I see they will be verified," said old Zeb.

"Yer 'member the train that left St. Joe the mornin' ahead of yer? Wal, they hadn't as good teams as yer has and could not travel so fast. They ain't more than twenty miles ahead."

"I say, Sep, I'm mighty glad I met you," said Jimmy.

Sep had lived near the Missouri river all his life, and frontier life was an every day occurrence to him.

He had taught Jimmy to shoot his gun, use a bow and arrow, and ride a bucking horse; in fact they were inseparable, and Jimmy had acquired quite an idea of western life.

"As soon as it gets darker I will do a little reconorterin' on my own hook," said Zeb. "Ef my suspicions are kerreck I will push ahead and bring back a force from the advanced party. Yer keep a sharp lookout, but keep cool, no attact will come 'til near mornin', that's the Injin on it," said Deke.

Darkness closed about the little party. No supper was cooked or eaten that night, for, though Sep and Jimmy both had appetites like young bears, they were too much excited to eat. Mrs. Western, with little Ella clasped in her arms, and the other women and children gathered about her, was as pale as marble, yet cool and collected.

Pickets and lookouts were stationed under Zeb's directions.

"I guess I don't want to be a cowboy," said Jimmy in a whisper to Sep, where they were both huddled under the protection of a wagon. "I believe I'd rather be back in New York, no Injins there, only in the shows, and they won't shoot a feller, truly."

"Well, you bet old Big Thunder will shoot every time, Jim, but you must not show the white feather, if it is a fight, why fight," said Sep.

"Keep your gun ready and keep cool, Jim."

Mrs. Western here beckoned to Jimmy. "Oh! my boy, my boy, this is terrible. Oh! why did we come, why did we leave New York? Still, I must not complain; father did for the best, he thought. We must trust to God, Jimmy."

"Yes, mother, I will, and I will help father protect you and little Ella. Ain't I glad I know how to shoot?" added Jimmy, fondly patting his little rifle.

"Hark! what's that?" whispered one.

"The sound of muffled feet," whispered Mr. March.

"Their coming, sure, Jim," said Sep, "brace up!"

Far out in the darkness was seen shadowy forms, circling round and round. Now and then a dark object would appear above the grass. Nearer investigation would have told you that it was a Blackfoot's painted head.

The men waited with bated breath.

"They think us asleep," whispered Sep.

"Well, you bet I ain't asleep," muttered Jimmy; "my hair is stiffer than porcupine quills. Why, my hat is lifted off from my head."

A dark form was now seen to emerge from the tall grass, snake like, crawling nearer and nearer.

Jimmy drew his gun to his shoulder to shoot.

"Don't shoot, for heaven's sake, Jim," whispered Sep, pushing the gun downward. Just as the form crawled nearly up to one of the wagons and raised its head to get a better view, an arrow whizzed from an unseen hand and buried itself in the brain of the redskin. With a groan, the Indian fell over dead.

His companions evidently saw it, for, with a terrific yell, dark forms sprang from the earth, as if every sprig of grass was alive.

A tall, gaunt form now sprang into the enclosure, and was at once recognized as the stranger of the morning. As the Indians' fierce yell died away a voice exclaimed:

"Up and at the red devils; show 'em no mercy!"

The Indians made a fierce dash, their tomahawks and glistening scalping knives gleaming in the moonlight.

The tall form of the stranger was seen everywhere. Whiz, whiz, crack, crack, bang, bang, mingled with the yells of the redskins made a din too horrible to picture. Mr. Western and Mr. March were fighting bravely.

Jimmy's little gun was speaking rapidly and Sep was loading and firing as fast as possible.

"Oh, God! mother!" screamed Jimmy, and the next instant, with gun in hand and a spring, he was at the wagon where the brawny chief, with his hand clutched in Mrs. Western's long hair, was raising the terrible tomahawk. Little Ella, with wild eyes, was kneeling at the foot of the savage.

One moment and it would be all over. One moment and Big Thunder lay a corpse, shot through the heart by brave little Jimmy's gun.

But what does this mean? Cheers, yells and shouts!

Brave Zeb Deke and a band of gallant men came riding up, firing rapidly as they came.

Every crack was a redskin's death knell—only three lived to escape.

"Wal, wal, my hearties," cried Zeb, "what did I tell yer? Kel, yer was jist in time," turning to his brother scout.

"Goin' ter be cowboys, hey? Goin' ter shoot Injins, be ye, hey Jimmy? Wal, by the eternal, yer would make a good one. I never saw anything putteyer than the way yer plugged that old rascal, Big Thunder! It was a big surprise fer them tarnel cusses," continued Zeb.

"Oh, Zeb! God bless my brave boy and all of you," exclaimed Mrs. Western.

"Why, yas, yas; I hope he will," replied Zeb, as Jimmy's mother fell back, too weak from the shock to talk.

They moved on rapidly now, and joined forces at the "Camps," a place designated by every westerner as known for plenty of grass, good water, etc., and as the end of a comparatively safe journey and where the dangerous part began.

The remainder of the journey was devoid of farther adventures, as they were now too strong for wandering bands of Indians to attack.

You may be sure that Jimmy was made the hero of the hour, and was presented with a lovely little pony and a beaded buckskin suit by the commandant at the fort when they arrived.—Grace Cameron in City and Country.

A New Race of Wolves.

A St. John's, Newfoundland, special to The New York Herald says: The people of this country are gradually abandoning the fishery and turning their attention to farming, to mining and to manufactures. Many thousands of acres have been brought under cultivation. Sheep raising has received a great impetus, and in every village large flocks of sheep abound. One great obstacle has now been swept away. Great numbers of dogs were kept by the people. These were not the celebrated Newfoundland breed, of which indeed pure specimens are exceedingly rare. But they were strong and hardy, and when coupled were employed by the poorer classes to draw sleds laden with timber and firewood in the settlements along the coast, or in hunting expeditions in the interior of the country.

In the summer time, in spite of stringent laws regarding precautions, they frequently destroyed valuable sheep. It was proposed to introduce the reindeer in their stead. In the meantime the retention or abolition of these dogs has been made the subject of "local option." Many localities have abolished them completely and have introduced sheep farming on a large scale. The measure, however, has produced one incidental inconvenience of a serious nature. In some cases, whether through the negligence of the police or through the fondness of the owners, dogs have been suffered to escape to the forests; the animals have become quite wild and savage and continue to hang around backwoods settlements. In spite of the efforts of the police, some of these animals have escaped capture and destruction.

This may become a serious danger in the future. The wolf is only a dog run wild. Already dangerous encounters have occurred. Sheep have been slain by them. Cattle wandering over the plains or through the woods have been attacked by them. Parties of women engaged in berry picking have been prevented from going far from the settlements. Men have been attacked by them and compelled to take refuge in trees. Quite lately a herdsmen in search of cattle came across a litter of young pups and was fiercely attacked by the mother. Fortunately, he was armed with a pitchfork, and after a desperate contest slew her and destroyed the cubs. The hunting of this new race of wolves may become a national sport, or a national business, and our legislature may find itself compelled again to provide for the prices of wolves' heads.

Something About Storms.

The ancients, whose knowledge of meteorology was exceedingly limited, thought that storms were of supernatural origin.

To our vain ancestors, nothing could happen without direct reference to their existence, and it took many ages for mankind to be convinced that the forces of nature work without any reference to man's safety or peril.

The storm, the cyclone and the blizzard are just as natural phenomena as sunshine or the formation of dew. Yet to many persons the why and wherefore are still much of a mystery.

The atmosphere which surrounds our earth is like a great sea, constantly heaving and tossing in waves more or less immense.

This is due to several causes. The rotation of the earth on its axis is one cause; but the main cause is changes of temperature. If the temperature of the air were the same everywhere, the atmosphere would be in equilibrium, and a calm would always prevail, but while one portion is being heated another is cooling, and in consequence the equilibrium is disturbed; this causes a movement of the air from the cold to the warm region.

When air is heated it expands, becomes light and rises, and as it flows away in the upper regions causes a depression which is called the "area of the low barometer," because as the column of mercury in the tube exactly balances a column of air of equal diameter, the mercury falls as the pressure decreases.

Now, as the atmosphere, like water, is always trying to seek its level, the air from the "area high barometer"—that is, the area where the pressure is great—will always flow toward the area of low barometer, and endeavor to fill up the depression.—William Alva in Golden Days.

Bridging the Tiber.

Most of the old houses on both sides of the Tiber at Rome have been removed, fine embankments of masonry have been erected, slightly deepening and widening the river to an average width of sixty-five yards, and on top of the embankments, on both sides, esplanades are formed as on the Thames embankment at London. One of the new bridges crossing the stream is thirteen yards wide, and near it, at either end, stand new buildings seven stories high, completely shutting out the views of the Janiculum and San Pietro hills.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Something Larger.

Guest (to waiter)—What do you mean by bringing me such a small piece of meat? Have you nothing larger?

Waiter—Oh, yes, I'll go and get your bill.—New York Sun.

LESTER Binghamton Boots and Shoes fit.

Men Without Names.

In a work upon the prisons of Siberia, Mr. Edgar Boulangier, a French engineer, who spent a long time in the service of the Trans-Caspian railway, describes a strange class of beings in that country. They are the men who do not know who they are.

No doubt many of these men merely assume this ignorance, in order to mystify the officials, but their identity is in many cases totally unknown to the authorities and all their acquaintances.

The prison of Alexandrovsk, Mr. Boulangier says, contains several of these singular people. Now and then, driven by hunger, a vagabond comes to the prison door and asks to be taken in.

"I have come to deliver myself up," says the vagabond.

"For what reason? Who are you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? What's your name?"

"I have forgotten it; it was so long ago."

"Where is your passport?"

"I have none."

"Then you are a brodiaga—a vagabond; you have escaped from prison. What crime were you in for?"

"I have forgotten."

Nothing more definite can be got out of him. Sometimes these vagabond exiles accuse themselves of crimes that they have not committed, in order to make interesting journeys at the expense of the government. Frequently their imposture is detected after they have been transported long distances, but who they really are the authorities seldom ascertain. They are kept under surveillance, and M. Boulangier is of the opinion that they sometimes really forget what their names are.—Youth's Companion.

His Profession.

Young Athlete (to solemn vis-a-vis)—May I trouble you for a match? Thanks. By the way, you have a superb physique. Ever put on the gloves?

Solemn Party—Yes; I'm a boxer.

Y. A. (to bosom companions)—Hello; boys, here's a fellow after my own heart.

S. P. (hastily)—Beg pardon, I'm an undertaker.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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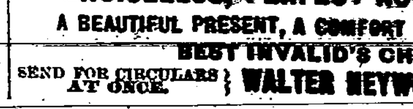

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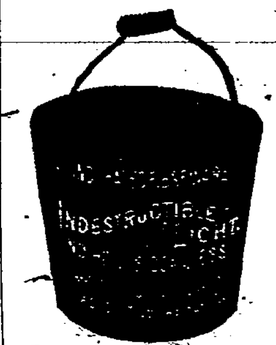

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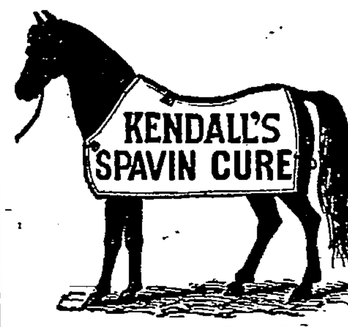

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