IN THE V...

To-day, when the sun was lighting my h...
on the pine-clad hill,
The breast of a bird was ruffled as it perched
on my window-sill,
And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the
breeze-swept garden walk,
And the dainty head
Of a dahlia red
Was stirred on its slender stalk,

Oh! happy the bird at the rose tree, unheeding the threatening storm!
And happy the blithe leaf-chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm!
They take no thought for the morrow—they know no cares to-day;
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.

But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the looming clouds,
For the wind "soo-hoos" through the key-hole, and a shadow the house enshrouds;
And I know I must quit my mountain, and go to the vale below,
For my house is chill
On the windy hill,
When the Autumn tempests blow.

My mind is forever drawing an instructive paral'el
'Twixt temp... things that perish and eternal things that dwell—
When billows and waves surround me, and waters my soul o'erflow,
I descend in hope
From the mountain top
To the sheltering vale below.

I go down to the Valley of Silence where the worldly are never met;
I know there is "balm and healing" there for eyes that with tears are wet;
And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace for all my care,
For that valley pure,
With its shelter sure,
In the beautiful Vale of Prayer.

—[Nannie Power-O'Donoghue.

THE TUBE OF MUMMY-BROWN.

BY E. J. APPLETON.

Richaradson picked up the soft little cylinder and looked at it again.

"What did you call it?" he asked.

"Mummy-brown," replied Knowlton, taking a brush from between his lips to speak, and touching the canvas before him with it.

"Brown it undoubtedly is," remarked his friend, "but where does the mummy come in?"

"In the tube, my boy," returned the painter, half closing his eyes and putting his head on one side to observe the effect of his last stroke; "because it is made of pulverized Egyptian mummies, and it is one of the best colors we have."

Richardson put the tube back upon the much littered studio table, and whistled softly.

"Well," said he, "you may count me out if ever I become a painter, when it comes to using dead men's bodies to make pictures with. I'd be afraid they would come back again!"

"Nonsense," said Knowlton, laughing; "they are entirely too dead for anything of that sort, you may be sure, and if they are sensitive to feelings, they never show it. Observe how I am using this tube, for instance, upon this Frenchman's coat; do you suppose any well-meaning Egyptian would like to have himself clothing a foreigner in any such manner, if he knew it?"

"No, I suppose not. * * * The coloring is rich, too," remarked Richardson, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and surveying his friend's work with the eye of an uneducated critic, "though the same can't be said of the models, judging from appearances. And by the powers that be, Francis," he added, suddenly, "you've made that tall fellow a very good likeness of you! Did you know it?"

Knowlton shrugged his shoulders. "I had an idea his face was something like mine," he answered; "but as that is a common trick of ours, I have not given it a second thought. What I am striving for is a good picture, not portraits, and I must realize something from it, too. By heavens, Richardson, it has come to be a case of dire necessity, and that's all there is to it!"

"Rent not paid?" asked his friend. "That's too bad—I've been there myself, and then it is a very uncomfortable thing to have hanging over one. As long as one can climb up and down the water-pipe, and thus avoid meeting the landlady on the stairs, life is made endurable, but with you, I suppose——"

"There isn't a water-pipe within twenty feet of my window. No, I must sell, or get out, so—the mummy-brown again, if you please!"

Richardson handed the paint to him once more, somewhat gingerly. "I can't help feeling I'm dealing with a piece of a dead body," he said, coloring at Knowlton's pitying look; "and I should think you would do the same, believing, as you say you do, in transmigration and re-incarnation, and all that sort of stuff. Suppose, for instance, that you were painting this picture with a piece of your own father's body when he was an Egyptian, ten thousand years ago!"

"Or, better still," returned Knowlton, squeezing a fresh supply of the paint out upon his palette, "my own old-time body, say!" As he spoke he touched the paint with the tip of one finger, and a shiver, at the same time, passed over him, leaving him strangely pale and shaken.

"Yes, but—hello, what's wrong?" exclaimed Richardson, noticing the change in his friend's face.

"Nothing—I don't kn...

...your supposition were ... the ... would make itself felt in the now."

"Yes!" said Knowlton, smiling again and returning to his work; "but I do not believe in transmigration to that extent, my dear fellow. There is a line, you know, that even we fanatics have to draw, and I rather imagine it is somewhere near that point in this case. But to change the subject, will you be at the Idler to-night as usual? If Mrs. McGwiginn should happen to take it into her good old head to ask me to pay or skip out, I'll have to realize on some of my personal property, and as I don't know the best places in town, I want you to steer me around. Won't object, will you?"

"Not in the least. My services are always at your disposal, and I'll be at the club at half-after seven or eight. And now I must tear myself away; so, until then——" and the end of the sentence was lost in the slight slam of the door as he went out. The artist listened until the echo of his friend's retreating footsteps had died into the murmurous silence of the great tenement in which he lived, and then going softly to the door himself, he turned the key in it. Coming back to the table, he drew his chair close up to it, and cast a furtive glance about the unhome-like room and into the deep shadows that lurked in the cobwebby corners. Then, with compressed lips and trembling hands, he drew the palette to him and gently pressed a finger into the little daub of mummy-brown still upon it.

A cold thrill shot up his arm, shaking the very nerve centres of his body as it did so, and making him shudder again and again, even as he sank back into the chair half unconscious. In another moment sudden dusk filled the room, through which the familiar pieces of furniture and draperies seemed to lose their familiarity and to take new shapes and colors unto themselves. With staring eyes he strove to pierce the mist that half obscured his vision, and to shake off the weird feeling that had seized upon him; but gradually the lids drooped and closed; and to his distended nostrils there came, as he lost consciousness, a faint, sweet odor which even then he recognized—the smell of cedar-pitch and myrrh. How long the terrible dream which followed lasted he could not know; but at last he woke to life again, and, struggling to his feet, he staggered to the window, threw it open, and let the faint breath of air stirring in the court yard far below sweep up past him and into the dark room behind. The dusk was just falling over the city, and far, far below him he could hear the tenement's inhabitants of the first and second floors preparing their evening meal, singing and cursing by turns as the preparation pleased or displeased them. The night air cooled his fevered face and refreshed him, however, and the great beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead were gone, as he turned back to the room again.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed impatiently, "and hungry, I dare say. No wonder I imagine things!" and catching up the worn soft hat that lay beside his tumbled bed he hurried out into the hall and down the weary length of stairs to the street.

But as he closed the door, a small, heavy-bladed dirk, upon a shelf directly over the spot where he had hastily shoved the unfinished picture and its easel, jarred by his haste, whirled slowly around until it rested upon the very edge of the shelf, where it balanced to and fro and trembled in the little breeze that still puffed in at the open window.

Morgan, the favorite story-teller of the Bohemian Idler's Club, was talking as Richardson and the painter came in from their journey to the pawnshop, and the usual audience of interested listeners was collected about him.

"It may or may not have been a humbug," he was saying, with a shrug of his shabby-genteel shoulders, "but it was devilish queer any way you take it. I saw the man do it five times, too, and he failed but once."

"What do you call it—hypnotism?" asked a new-comer.

"I don't know; he simply says he sensitizes the water and lets you call it what you like. First he puts the tumbler of plain hydrant water into one room, and he and the subject go into another. He makes a few passes—that is where the hypnotism comes in, I suppose—and once the man is under his control, the professor walks into the other room and stands with his hands over that tumbler of water for perhaps a minute, not uttering a sound. Then he sends some of us into the room with the sleeping subject, and he stays with the rest of the witnesses. When everything is ready, he tells one of them to take his penknife and thrust the blade carefully into the water. He does so, and we hear a muffled scream from the other room, as if the hypnotized man had felt the stab. This was repeated three times, and every time the subject screamed and twisted about in his chair, as if in agony, while the knife remained in the water. As soon as it was removed the pain apparently ceased, and he rested quietly again. I was skeptical, of course," concluded the talkative Morgan, "and said it was all chicanery; but after seeing the thing half a dozen times, I felt differently, and I must say that it is extremely peculiar, if not mysterious."

"What had the subject to say for himself when he came to?" asked Richardson, who had joined the group.

"Very little, except that some one had tried to stab him, and had succeded three times in sticking a knife into his back, he thought."

"And did he know of the tumbler of water and its bearing on his hallucination?"

"Oh, he had been kept in still another room ... brought to the house, and had not seen or heard of the water."

"That is rather peculiar", said Richardson, thoughtfully. "I should like to have seen it myself." As he spoke, Knowlton, who had been talking with a fellow-painter at the other side of the smoke-filled room, started across it in answer to a beckoning nod of Richardson's. He had taken only a few steps, however, before he stopped suddenly and clutched convulsively at his breast, while an inhuman shriek, shrill and piercingly loud, burst from his lips. For a second he swayed there in the silence that followed, for every man in the room had heard the scream, above the talk and laughter, and had turned to see what it meant—and then his knees bent, and he fell heavily on the roughly carpeted floor, an insensible mass. A young physician who had been chatting near the fire-place hurried forward as Richardson did the same, and kneeling at the stricken man's feet, he tore open the shirt and put his hand over the heart.

"He is quite dead, gentlemen," he said, in a moment, in answer to the inquiring looks of those collected about them. Then he got to his feet and brushed the dust from his trousers. But, as they picked the lifeless artist carefully up, not one among the number saw the queer, white mark, just over the heart, that came and went again like a very old scar.

The next morning, after hurried arrangements had been made for the funeral by Knowlton's Bohemian friends, Richardson had occasion to return to the studio. The door was looked, but, with a key of his own, he let himself in without disturbing the awe-stricken Mrs. McGwiginn. The body lay upon the bed, beneath a sheet, and the early morning light drifted through the broken blinds and fell across it with an uncanny effect. The visitor went quietly to the bed, and, turning the sheet back from the face, looked down into the still features of his dead friend. Then he covered them again and moved away. As he passed the easel, which still stood where Knowlton had last shoved it in his haste, he turned deathly pale and caught the mantel for support.

"My God!" he cried, recoiling from the painting as if it were alive, and staring down at it with horror-filled eyes. Then he hurried past it and threw open the shutters, letting a flood of light into the room. A stray bit of early sunshine fought its way through the grime-covered window and crept along the floor to where the easel stood; and, doing so, it lighted upon a bright bit of metal that caught and reflected the light into Richardson's face.

Beneath the easel, as if hiding like a common murderer from justice, was the heavy dirk, driven into the uncarpeted floor an inch. Some night wind, more boisterous than the rest, had shaken it from the shelf, and, plunging downward to the floor, it had passed directly through the painting, not an eighth of an inch from the heart of the largest figure on the canvas—the man in the brown coat.—[San Francisco Argonaut.

Apples.

Chemically the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecithin—of the brain and spinal chord.

It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit, renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, acids of the apple are of singular use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions, or other allied troubles.

Some such experience must have led to the custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such ripe fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar diminish acidity in the stomach, rather than provoke it. Their vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.—[North American Practitioner.

He Swam with Despatches to Bazaine.

Donzella, chief lighthouse keeper at Bonifacio, in Corsica, who has just died, was one of the heroes of the war of 1870. While Marshal Bazaine was shut up in Metz the Corsican swam down the Moselle with sealed instructions for him one night.

Donzella had to run the gauntlet of the German outposts, and, notwithstanding the darkness, he was pursued and frequently fired upon. He managed, however, to dodge the bullets by keeping his head as much as possible under water, only coming to the surface every now and then like a porpoise to have a "blow." After having handed over the despatches to Bazaine, he returned to his camp by the same dangerous river route. The Corsican, who was a native of Ajaccio, was one of the principal witnesses at the court-martial of Bazaine.—London Telegraph.

The Persians do not punish murderers for the first offense.

WORK OF ...

Nearly 200,000 Tons of Rock Loosened by One Explosion.

For many years a huge mass of rock technically known as a "dike," a legacy from previous workers, has frowned over one of the Great Dinorwick quarries, the property of Assehton Smith, says the London Telegraph, and has been a growing menace to the safety of the men employed in the galleries below, which in a series of terraces rise almost from the edge of the lake far up the steep breast of the mountain. The Hon. W. W. Vivian, who manages the quarries for Assehton Smith, decided to remove the dike, and during the last three months preparations for its destruction have been in active progress.

From three longitudinal tunnels in the solid rock ten chambers, each 11x4 feet, were made and charged with gelatine dynamite. Each bag of this explosive was placed in position by Mr. Vivian himself. Every thing having been satisfactorily arranged, Mrs. Assehton Smith was requested to fire the twenty minutes' time fuse leading to the mass of some two and a half tons of gelatine dynamite safely packed in the entrails of the rock, a request to which she readily acceded. The hour was fixed for one o'clock Saturday, and shortly before the time thousands of people from Llanberis and adjacent villages—Bangor, Carnarvon, and other towns—took up advantageous positions in the neighborhood.

Punctually at the appointed time Mrs. Assehton Smith fired the time fuse, and at 1:20 o'clock the earth for a mile around was shaken as if by an earthquake. At the next instant the face of the tremendous dike, which towered gloomily upward, and on either side of which the rain-covered rock glistened in a passing burst of sunshine, began to quiver ominously and the loose earth in its crevices clattered down its smooth face like an avalanche. Next from different parts of the rock came sputtering bursts of smoke, and then enormous blocks detached themselves from the mountainous mass of rock, toppled slowly forward, and finally crashed into the abyss below with deafening uproar, which mingled with the thunders of the exploding dynamite, now freed from its rocky prison, reverberating grandly among the mountains that towered raggedly into the cloud-darkened sky. Again and again was the downfall of the huge masses of rock repeated, till 180,000 tons lay like "tumbled fragments of the hill," far below. A dense white smoke, the deadly afterdamp, clung for awhile around the scene of the explosion, and, when cleared away, in the place of the dike there was a great gap, in which glistened, here and there, pinnacles of splintered rocks.