She never burned with passion's fires, She never craved a mankish fame; Her names were never strung on w res. But canshine followed where she came

Her ways in school were circumspect, And made her seem a trifle prim; Her maiden manners were correct, Her cheerful goodness naught could din

Although she ne'er disdained life's joys,
She ne'er forgot religion's claims: She ne'erforgot religion's claims; In Sunday school her girls and boys Were all imbued with life's grand aims

In church she ne'er seemed sanctifled, And only fit for angel sphere; While others tasked of him who died, She worked in love for mortals here.

She married poorly, in the sense That life's great goal is glittering go'd; But for her pains had recompense In love of man in God's own mold.

And further on in life there came
A group of children in her home,
Who honored e'er their father's name,
And from her guidance ne'er would roa Old age came on, and children brought Grand hildren to the sacred place Where mother, wife and maid had taught Grand lessons to His grandest race.

Then "earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Was said at last above the bier
Where lay the flower of earthly trust.
Whose symbol rose to heavenly sphere

God bless the homes such women make! God bless the world where such are rife! For hearts would love and never break If but such shrikes were found in life.

### In An Arab Cemetery.

In An Arab Cometery.

The soft, pleading eyes of our Arab sisters looking at us over the ugly, disfiguring adjar, or piece of white cloth bound across their faces, made us eager to see if the other features were pretty as the eyes promised, says a writer in the Youth's Companion. "Go to the Arab cemetery on Friday afternoon, and you can see plenty of unvalled women," said a friend familiar with Algiers. "That is the only time and place allowed them by the prophet to show their faces in public.

"The men are supposed to spend those sacred hours at the mosque, and are jealous-

their speed, gentleness and endurance.

Before entering the holy enclosure, we watched a few of the coricolos deposite their loads. From one, a patriarchal old servant, in a coat like a short nightgown made of crazy patchwork, alighted first setting a big covered basket in the road.

His turbus wound.

crazy patchwork, alighted first setting a big covered basket in the road.

His turban, wound round with yards upon yards of slender rope looked as if it had not been disturbed for years; his trousers, in bags to his knees, had a vast wealth of seat which hung down flapping against his bare black shanks, on which the skin was withered and puckered like that on the legs of an old turkey.

After helping his baggy mistress to descend together with the younger women of her household,—like so many big pillows, little pillows, and bolsters,—the old man discreetly withdrew.

There were many light footed damsels in snuff colored stockings and neat black slippers, their bluish white trousers neither limp nor stiff, thanks to the right touch of starch. Here and there we have a glimpse of a gold tassel, girdle or necklet, but in the street all these ornaments are expected to be hidden in the folds of the haik, the sheet like shawl with which the woman drape themselves like ghosts.

Inside the gate, one is ready to believe that the dead have indeed viven free were the street with the tender that the dead have indeed viven free were free were that the dead have indeed viven free were free were the wealth of the same way to be liven that the dead have indeed viven free were free were the wealth of the wealth of the work of the wealth of the work of the wealth of the wealth of the work of the wealth of the we

Saturday is the marrying day of the Parisianouvrier. It is an economical arrangement. It gives Pierre two whole days for celebrating, with a lots of but one in the sliop. He is obliged to take advantage of all such devices for, do his best, marrying is expensive business in Paris.

all such devices for, do his best, marrying is expensive business in Paris.

Before Pierre can with safety select his particular Saturday he has a multitude of civil and saligious requirements to see to Neither he nos Lizette can think of such a bout doing it in earnest.

thing as marrying without the consent of their families. If father, mother and grand-parents are dead, a family council must be called of the nearest living relatives to consider the case and give or withold permission. If it is refused to Pierre, and he is under 25, or to Lizette, and she is under 21, the marriage cannot go on. If they are over those ages they can summon the recalcitrant relatives three times, at intervals of a month each, before a notary to give consent. If after the third summons, the permission is still withheld, at the end of a fourth month, they may marry. That is, they may after the proper publications have been made and necessary documents taken out.

### The Care of Children,

The Care of Children.

There are few ways in which many otherwise sensible people show so little judgment as in romping and general play with little children. It is not an uncommon thing for a strong man to toss a helpless little infant in the air till it tremble with excitement. Now as a matter of fact, the nervous system of a child is a very delicate organism. Till the child is two or three years old it is exceedingly liable to diseases of the nerves and brain. It is impossible to tell how often fatal illness may be traced to the foolish fondness of some relative who insists on making the little one "notice." Doubtless every physician knows of at least several such cases. An able practitioner, in discussing this question recently, while he urged a young mother to keep her child as quiet as possible, said: "I have an especially sad case at present, due to following an exactly opp site course. A little one, a year old, who is an only child and only grandchild, is lying at the point of death with brain fever. I do not think it possible for it to get well, but if it does, the parents and grandparents will have learned a lesson they will not forget. The grandfather was in the habit of tossing the child up every night after he came home, and the whole family wagefield it, themselves amused, while it was trembling with excitement, and never realized the danger until one night it went into apasms."

"Go to the Arab cemetery on Friday afternoon, and you can see plenty of unveiled women," said a friend familiar with Aligiers. "That is the only time and place allowed them by the prophet to show their faces in public.

"The men are supposed to spend those sacred hours at the mosque, and are jealously excluded from the cemetery. The Mohammedan faith forbids any woman under sixty vears of age to attend mosque; no bunchy, betrousered Arab beauty ever seems to hover over their graves,"

We gained the procession of cabs and shambling vehicles called coroclos rattling and pounding out to the cemetery of Sidd Abd er Rahman. The coricolo is drawn by three or four gray horses abreast; jaded, lean, sorry looking brutes, but many of them of real Arabian blood, which shows in their speed, gentleness and endurance.

Before entering the holy enclosure, we

Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted of the Irish brigands, after distinguishing him self through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shop-keeper's ap-

self through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shop-keeper's apprentice.

This youth's master, having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundee, his native town.

In his perplexity his apprentice, 16 years of age, offered his services, which after some hesitation were accepted.

The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrove, author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," went to the field and brought home an old vicious serew (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Reagan's war horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg, after the surrender of Charlemont), that when any other came up to meet him on the road he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself.

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with £100 in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler,

more valuable than the copper han pence of the time.

The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the 100 guineas quilted into his waistcoat.

After nany escapades from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously killed by his own foster brother for the sake of the reward—an almost unprecedented crime in this country.

## CHASED BY MOUNTAIN LIONS.

in Exciting Adventure in the Valley of

An Exciting Adventure in the Valley of Tengue River.

In the summer of 1870 two young men, brothers, by the name of Bruning, Louis and Rudolf, resolved upor spending the winter trapping in the valley of Tongue River, on the frontier of Wyoming and Montana. Accordingly, supplying themselves with the necessary pack-horse outfit, they left Sioux City, Iowa, late in September, following up the Niobrara River to its sources near Powder River buttes. Thence, crossing over a narrow watershed, they struck the valley of Powder River, down which they continued some forty or fifty miles, writes a contributor for the Chicago luter Ocean. There they left the main valley to follow up a small tributary to its head in what is known as the Panther Mountains. Crossing the back of these mountains they struck the course of Robbins Creek, an affluent of Tongue River, down which they continued to its mouth at the foot of Tongue River Canyon, the scene, not far from this date, of a desperate battle with the Sioux Indians. There the river emerges from the lofty and precipitous walls of the mountains to continue its solitary flow to the turbid Yellowstone.

They at once set about getting ready for the winter's business. The dwelling which they constructed was partly dugout and partly cabin—that is, a portion of the front was loga. It was against the side of a perpendicular bulf on the north side of the creek and close to the river. The valley here was all on the northwest or left shore of the river, but like all these streams it alternated with every crook in the channel. Along all the streams of this region the beaver and otter abound. Besides these, smaller species of the weasel family are numerous, and the beautiful silver fox is not infreq ently caught. Of larger game, such bears, grizzly and cinnamon, and wolves, there is no scarcity. The mountains themselves here no mose, feed in the foothills of the mountains of Virginia, where similar beasts bore that neme.

During the months of November and December they had remarkable success

as granite and as smooth as glass. This weather lasted for several days, so that the brothers were fearful to venture to any great distance from the dugout. Consequently only the traps in the immediate vicinity were visited.

vicinity were visited.

While they were thus confined within a doors they whiled away the time making a pair of skates apiece from the antlers of the elks they had killed. They made them very strong, albeit not so artistically, perhaps, as the products of the East. They were first-class skates, however, and answered to their complete satisfaction. They tried them thoroughly on the ice in front of the dugout, chasing each other and racing on the long reach of smooth ice below the canlyon.

The first morning that promised a fair day Louis, the elder brother, concluded to visit the traps set along through the canyon. Accordingly, strapping on his skates, he started up the river, armed with his revolver. "I'll be back by the middle of the afternoon," he remarked to Rudolf, "and you have warm dinner ready if you will."

"All right," replied Rudolf, "the dinner shall be ready."

with Service and the service of the ceded leisurely on his return. He had ex client luck, although from several of the traps he found that the game had been torm out and eaten. He laid this to the account of the wolverine, an aninal of thievish prepensities, having some days before shot one in the very act of rol bing a trap. Game, however, was becoming searce for the larger animals, and they had already driven off the lines that were hanging around the digout, attracted by the sme I of the 'Bavored carsesses of the game.

While thus leisurely skating he was startled by a shrill cry up the river. It is counded pieroingly down the trough of the curyon. He listened intently. The scream was answered from a neighboring gorge, a cowardly mountain lion." Nevertheless he involuntarily quickened his pace. He had just emerged from the examination of a trap in a side canyon, when he gave a glance up the river and beheld what sent the blood tingling to the ends of his fingers. Not more than 200 yards away were three enormous mountain lions, with hair all on end, their long, black-tipped tails apparently twice their natural size, and which they were evidently enraged, thought a what Louis could not conceive. He felt apprehensive, however, and increased his speed. The lions uttered a tremendous caterwall and trotted a good gait after him. "The lens uttered a tremendous caterwall and trotted a good gait after him. "The lens uttered a tremendous caterwall and trotted a good gait after him. "The lens uttered a tremendous caterwall and trotted a good gait after him. "The lens uttered a tremendous caterwall and trotted a good gait after him. "The lens the remains of the boats, and almost existence of the seeming to divine whence came the wound, gave a fearful yell, and, followed by the others, made at full speed after Louis, who was now striking out for home with all his might. He bent over his skated as did every show the action of the boat, and, almost existence of the revolver. The wounded lion, however, snapped at his side once or twice, then seeming to divine

beasts gained on him, although they could not turn in the sharp bends of the river like the skates. Nevertheless they gained time, and Louis was constrained to dropa mart nor the ice, hoping thereby to gain time. It did indeed assist, as the brutes did their best to stop. The momentum had carried them so far beyond the game that instead of going back they continued the pursuit. The result seriously alarmed the young man, who now dropped all his game, but the lions were determined not to be balked of their prey. The revolver in its bolster flooping against his thigh impeded Louis somewhat, and he unbuckled the belt and dropped it on the ice. All this assisted, and his hopes arose. He was now less than two miles from the dugout. He had passed the rough rapids safely, over which the lions stumbled, apparently helpless. But they gathered themselves up with surprising quickness. It was not long before Louis heard their amazing leaps with fearful distinctness. Then be commenced a series of maneeuvers on which his very life depended. Skating with all his power along one shore, he would suddenly turn and shoot over to the other bank, while the lions, unable to check themselves or turn, would rake along the edge of the ice, catching at everything within reach. He had repeated this move more than once when the mouth of Robbins. Creek came in sight and the door of the dugout. To the opposite, side of the river he shot for dear lite, the lions now close upon him. Timing himself with wonderful judgment he turned just in the nick of time, leaped upon the low bank, the momentum carrying him the half dozen steps to the door, through which he fell at full length on the floor.

"Bar the door!" he gasped to Rudolf. That young man, though immediately surprised, obeyed the command and dropped the heavy ber into its fastenings. Scarcely was this accomplished when a heavy body atruck the door with a thud that thoroughly tried its strength. A moment afterward the greased paper which served as a windoor and the square, cruel jaws of a

### DOWN THE ICY KAPIDS.

A Perilous Feat Which a Caughnawaga In

A Perilous Feat Which a Caughnawaga In dian Has Performed for the Last Time.

To shoot the Lachine Rapids in the St. Lawrence River in a flatboat is no trifling matter, but to shoot these world-famous rappids in the middle of winter with the boiling tempestuous waters filled with large cakes of ice or drift wood is still more hazardous. Yet "Bg John," the Caughnawaga Indian, has for the last fourteen years on every New Year's Day made this perilous trip. Peculiar as it may seem. Big John has always taken some one with him on these trips. This year he made the same dangerous shoot, but it will be his last.

On the morning of the first of the year Big John, who lives down the river from.

On the morning of the first of the year Big John, who lives down the river from Lachine, came up to the village to see if any one had come up from Montreal to accompany him. He found to young men, utter strangers to him and to each other. One, George Wait, was from Montreal, while the other Frederick Goyer, came from "back countrie." The men walked down to Big John's house, three miles. Here they launched their boat, and the party was increased by one more, Big John's son Murray. It took only half an hour to work out through the ice and heavy water to the top of the rapids. As the boat approached them Big John scood up in the stern with his long paddle in his hand, ready for the shoot. Rocks glistened on all sides with their icy coats, huge waves dashed high, leaped over the frail boat, and threatened to swamp her. Goyer was kept busy bailing out with Wait, while Murray obeyed the commands of his father, Goyer describes the p-ssage as follows:

"From the time we struck the rapids until-

# A \$5,000,000 SLEIGHRIDE.

The Most Costly Trip on Runners Ever Recorded.

The Most Costly Trip on Runners Ever Recorded.

Winter has its joys, unsurpassed by any which summer can afford. Who can forget the merry sleighrides of youthful cays; young men and maidens crowded together, the moonlight, the fringe of the forest, the vast expanse of snow, the jingle of the bells, the shouts of laughter, perchance the overturn into the feathery drift, the country tavern with its blazing, crackling fire of wood, the stamping of the young men beating the snow from their boots, the table spread with all luxries, the music and games, the return long after midnight!

There was a sleigh-ide in Russia, more than a century ago, of such magnitude and splendor as to have been deemed worthy of historic commemorating. Russia's immortal historian Karamsin has devoted to its record several pages.

historian Karamsin has devoted to its record several pages.

It was the month of December, 1769. The celebrated empress Catharine II. was upon the throne. Frederic of Prussia and Catharine were conspiring together for an attack upon Poland, that they might divide that kingdom between them. Frederic sent his brother Henry to St. Petersburg, ostensibly for a friendly visit, but in reality to mature plans for the treacherous invasion. During Prince Henry's stay Catharine gave in bis honor a moonlight sleighride.

Prince Henry's stay Catharine gave in bis honor a moonlight sleighride.

The sleigh which conveyed Catherine and the Prussian prince was a beautiful parlor, capacious, and furnished with every luxury of the time. It was covered and inclosed by double glass in large plates, so that every object without could be distinctly seen. Mirrors were also ingeniously arranged so as to multiply and reflect all the scenes through which they passed. This imperial sledge, with its gorgeous decorations, was drawn by 16 horses. A retinue of 2,000 sledges of nobility followed. These were also constructed for the occasion, at a vast expense, and embellished in the highest style of art. The great dignitaries of the empire, ladies and gentlemen, in showy costumes, crowded these vehicles which were drawn by four, six and eight horses. Expense seemed to have been utterly disregarded in the preparations of the pageant. Every person except the empress and her guest was dressed in fancy costume and was masked.

masked.

The night was calm and clear, not a breath of air was stirring, and the full moon rode brilliantly through the star-sprent skies. The road, upon which thousands of laborers had been employed to remove every obstruction, wound all through valleys and forests and mountain gorges. Early in the evening, and with military precision, the brilliant pageant swept from the palace through the streets of St. Petersburg. When two miles from the city, the train passed through a triumphal arch, blazing with variegated light.

Every mile of the drive was thus marked.

breath of air was stirring, and the full moon rode brilliantly through the star-sprent also. The road, upon which thousands of laborers had been employed to remove the state of the terminand the state of the state

It is not slang to remark "shute the tobog gan."

A GRAND WHISPERING GALLERY.

Words Heard Across a Rocky Mountain Valley Twelve Miles Wree.

A marvelous tale comes from Dakota of a discovery which has been accidentally made in the mountains northwest of Rapid City. It is stated that there is a natural telephone line between two mountains in the Black Hills range. On each side of a valley twelve miles in width stand two high peaks, which tower above the other mountains, and have long been known as landmarks. These mountains are several thousand feet high, and only on rare occasions have they been scaled, so but little is known of their topography.

and only on rare occasions have they been scaled, so but little is known of their topography.

Some weeks ago a party of tourists decided to make the ascent. They divided into the property of the purpose of signaling to each other across the valley. The ascent was made, and so the story goes, while the members of one party were preparing to signal to those of the easer, one of the party of the north mountain was surprised to hear voices which apparently came out of the air. He moved his position and the sound was no longer heard. By changing his position several times he discovered that at a certain spot of the mountain. He could hear the voices, and it was met long before he discovered that they proceeded from the party on the other mountais. He called the attention of the others to the phenomenon, and when the attention of the opposite party had been attracted it was found that an ordinary conversation in an ordinary tone of voice was plainly heard from one mountain top to the other. There was only one place on the mountain where it could be heard, and this appeared to form a natural telephone. No shouting was necessary, and the words were perfectly distinct. Assuming this story to be true, an explanation may be sought in the form of the muntains, which might serve as elliptical reflectors of sound, (the speakers placing themselves in the foci at each end of the eclipse) and in the low density of the atmosphere at the altitude at which the paenomenon was observed.

non was observed.

The Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, which is of enormous dimensions, is built in the form of a true elipse, and a person standing in the focus at one end can carry on a conversation in a whisper with another who places himself in the focus at the ether end.

# SHAKESPEARE'S DEATH.

Did the Illustrious Bard Die of Pacu-

day. The long street through which the train passed was brilliantly illuminated, and presented a spectacle as novel as it was entertaining.

The train passed slowly through the street, and then found that it was only the major passed was brilliantly interest the total street, and then found that it was only the major passed was the sledges drove to the door, they were speedily emptied of their contents, and the whole courtly throng of over 4,00 was suntering in those saloons which were amply spacious to entertain them all. The palace was lighted with a countless number of chandleirs and was which were amply spacious to entertain and for two hours the pleasure-seekers forgot time in the mazes of the cotillion. It midst of the exhilarating scene, the heavy reported a cannon was heard, and instantly every musical instrument was still, every light was extinguished, every voice was inshed, and there was a moment of silence and darkness.

Suddenly a magnificent display of firework blazed up, extending in front of all the windows of the palace. As the display faded out, there was another report of cannon, and, as by magic, the candles blazed as the dawn of the mortaning dimly appeared, the velores returned to their homes.

This is undonbtedly the most brilliant eleighride on record. It is said to have cost \$5,000, 0. To enable kings and nobles to indulge in such voluptuousness, the millions of Russia were enslaved, doomed to mule in such voluptuousness, the millions of Russia were enslaved, doomed to mule in such voluptuousness, the millions of Russia were enslaved, doomed to mule in such voluptuousness, the millions of Russia were enslaved, doomed to mule in the Legish are respectable. It is not slang to remark "shute the tobog the left that the English are respectable.

It is not slang to remark "shute the tobog the left that the English are respectable.

Persian advices, report the existence of much anti-foreign feering in Fersia. One to the belief that the English are respectible for the tobacco monopole.