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PASSING THE BOUNDS.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
And a thinness of crop where the unland is cleared;
To note how you take your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your knee has a practical, business like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a line or a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find all the dreams of your boyhood dissipated;
And that you have toiled vainly where others excelled;
That your fortune is scanty where others' abounds,
That you're only worth pence where you should be worth pounds—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A wife, you ride, a party, a dance or a dine;
Why, of course you like present, you never decline;
But alas there are maids—your's and "young ladies," you see,
Who prefer a longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A darling young clerk in an ice-cream saloon,
Both a dude and a dancer, is too airy of soon;
And a boy that is fair, and the pride of your eye,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his dreams have a sober tame;
At forty his dreams and his visions are dim,
And sees now, and he sees, as he never did before,
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

Ah, we're young, and we're old, and we're wise, and we're
A mixture of everything, pray,
And the sweet of our living is change and decay;
And we see the bare spot in the Valley of years,
When your baby has look on the vision of years,
When no longer on earth he is prey.

—*Blackwood's Mag.*

"JACK'S" VENTURE.

Carried Out in Both Manly and Womanly Fashion.

"I'll go and try my fortune with Uncle Robert," said Jack. "Ross and Mina failed because he could not stand them with such fine ideas, but I won't trouble him that way. The old fellow will right if one only stirs him up in the right way."

"My child," said the gentle Mrs. Raymond, "I do not like to hear you speak in that boyish, rude manner. I fear your uncle would have less patience with you than with your sisters. No, he does not intend to forgive me, and we will make no further advances."

"O, yes, we will, dearie!" and Jack's curly hair buried itself in the mother's shoulder, coaxingly. "Do, do let me try to win the obstinate old—well! there, then—to win our honored relative to a proper sense of his obligations towards his only sister and her interesting family. How will that do, eh? Now, marmie, don't shake your head so, it's no use. Why did you give me a boy's name and bring me up on tops and marbles if you wanted me to be a real girl?"

"It was your father's wish, you know, dear. He was so grievously disappointed that he had no son. But Jacqueline is not a boy's name," and Mrs. Raymond shook her head smilingly at her wayward daughter.

"No, but Jack is; and I'm never called any thing else," that young lady replied, triumphantly, with an obstinate little shake of the jetty curls that gave such piquancy to her bright face. "If father were only here he would let me try any thing that would take the burden from off your shoulders, and now that he is dead, uncle must surely forgive you for marrying against his wishes. What right had he to have wishes, any how?"

"He was my only living relative and guardian," answered Mrs. Raymond, who was always ready to excuse her brother's harsh treatment.

"Well, mother, do let me go beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall," sang Jack, gayly. "You know we must do something, for we can get no work of any kind in this place, though we've tried so faithfully."

"Well, go, my dear, and I shall pray for your success," said the gentle mother.

Mr. Robert Doran sat cowering beside a dull, spiritless fire one bright spring morning. His room was dusty and disordered, though its furnishing was good, and even luxurious. He looked moody and discontented, as if the wealth that showed itself in the handsome surroundings brought no pleasure to its owner. Perhaps he was thinking of the fair young sister who had once made sunshine in the new gloomy home, and wishing that his pride would let him beg her to come back, and care for him in his lonely, dreary old age.

A tap at the door aroused him.

"Who is it?" he demanded in surprise, for his servants never came unsummoned.

The door opened slowly, and a bright face peeped in.

"It's Jack Raymond, at your service, uncle," and in the venturesome girl walked, and stood before him. She wore a long ulster, closely buttoned to the throat, where a standing collar and neat black tie showed themselves, while on the short, glossy curls was a jaunty "Derby," guiltless of any trimming save the simple masculine band.

"Why, I didn't know my sister had a son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his wrinkled face showing something very like satisfaction as he looked at the new-comer.

"She hasn't," said Jack, with dancing eyes, "but it isn't my fault. I do my best. I'm awfully sorry I'm not a boy, uncle, if it would please you; but just let me stay awhile, and you'll see what a first-class substitute I am," removing her hat and bowing with easy grace. "But, dear me! How dull it is in here. Your fire wants a good stirring up!" and seizing the poker she attacked the coals in the grate with an energy that seemed to imply she would like to treat him in the same fashion.

A bright blaze followed her signal-to-action, dancing on the walls, and showing the bright hues of pictures and furniture, despite the dust that covered them, bringing a cheery look, too, even to Mr Doran's grim face.

"There!" said Jack, giving a last approving poke; "that's better. Now, if I just open this window and let in the sunshine—so (suiting the action to the words), you'll feel as bright as a spring morning."

The girl was like a May-day hoyden, flattering around the room as it wafted by invisible breezes; her bright face the embodiment of sunshine, and as the lonely old man watched her light fingers bringing order out of the confusion that had reigned so long, a quizzical smile dawned on his face.

"For a would-be boy, you seem to know a good deal about such things," he remarked, dryly.

"That's the mother-part of me," said Jack, as she "settled" the chairs and furniture with a touch that only a woman has.

Then she came and sat down on a footstool beside him, and, clasping her knee with both hands, looked up with smiling audacity, saying:

"You'd better let me stay awhile, uncle; you'd be a great deal more comfortable."

There was deep anxiety beneath the merry exterior, for she knew well how vital her uncle's favor was. Her mother was too ill-bred, her sister too fine lady to work; and the child (she was not much more, in spite of her seventeen years) felt as though the burden of the family rested on her shoulders. Her uncle was very wealthy, and if he could only be brought to forgive her mother, what happy days they would see. He had sent once for her two sisters to spend a week at Glenside, a step toward reconciliation which her mother had hailed with thankful joy, but, before the week was out, he sent them both home, saying he couldn't stand their fine airs, that, since his sister had chosen to bring up her family to such idle habits, he would have nothing more to do with them. The one longing of the old man's heart had been for a son to bear his name. That hope disappointed in the early death of his wife, he had gradually grown into the selfish, gloomy man Jack found him this fair spring morning.

There was something in her bright, boyish face that fascinated him; and now, with a warmth that surprised himself, he said:

"Stay if you like, my child. It's a dull place within doors; but there are flowers and sunshine outside."

It was so much kinder than Jack had dared hope that she could have cried for joy.

"Oh, you dear uncle," she said; and kissed his wrinkled old face with an honest heartiness that he was quick to feel.

"There, there," he said, impatiently, as it ashamed of the unwonted softness he had shown; "go and tell cook that you're going to stay, and that she must give you a room and see to your meals. Do not be afraid if she's cross," he added, somewhat anxiously. "She does not like trouble or work."

"I won't," said Jack, as she ran off. Half an hour later she looked in the door again, saying:

"Come to lunch, Uncle Robert. Yes (as he stared at her in amazement), I know cook always brought you just what she liked up here, because she did not want you downstairs. There has been a skirmish, but it's all right now. Come for my sake, please."

Mr Doran drew his dressing-gown more closely around him and followed Jack down into the small breakfast-room, which she had chosen, because it was much pleasanter than the great oak-wainscoted dining-room. A most tempting lunch was spread upon the round table, and flowers were intermingled with the dishes in profusion. It was pretty to see the air with which she led her uncle to his place, then took her own opposite him, almost forgetting—in her eagerness to serve him—to satisfy the demands of her own healthy young appetite.

"Did cook do all this?" Mr. Doran asked, with some curiosity.

"No," replied Jack, blushing. "She wanted to take you up some smoky soup, and because I said no she wouldn't do any thing else, so I did it myself. Don't you like it all?" and she looked anxiously at him.

"You are not like your sisters," he said, not replying to her question.

"O, no!" and Jack shook her head somewhat dejectedly. "They are very accomplished—real young ladies, you know. But then, I can cook, and sweep, and do things that they can't."

"But I do not want a cook and a house-maid," said Mr. Doran.

"I think you do," laughed Jack. "If you had only tasted the soup!"

"Child!" cried Mr. Doran, suddenly catching at her hand, "I'm a disappointed, heart-broken old man. If you could only love me a little—"

"I do, Uncle Robert; I do truly!" said Jack. And she meant it; for her warm heart had gone out at once to the lonely old man; and she comforted him now, in the best way she knew, with loving words that, skeptic as he was, he felt were honest and true.

"I fear master be a 'goin' to die; he wor never so gentle afore," said cook, a week later, who, under Jack's skillful handling, was herself so gentle as to warrant forebodings of sudden demise.

That very night Mr. Doran was taken suddenly ill. Jack heard his groans, and hastening to his assistance found him suffering intensely.

"You must go for the doctor, cook; there's no one else to go," said Jack.

"Deed I'll not," replied cook, decisively, "she's been none so good a master to me that I should risk myself in the dark for him."

"Then watch him while I go," implored Jack. "Do not leave him, or he'll die."

She had been down to the village once, on an errand for her uncle, and knew she could find her way; but it was so different now, at night. Brave Jack for going! How her heart fluttered, and her limbs shivered with fear as she hastened on through the starlight. The way seemed interminable, but at last the few lights which yet burned in the village shone out close at hand, and one part of her journey was over. Cheney was one of those unfortunate villages with houses so painfully similar that a stranger might well wonder how each inhabitant knew his own home. Little wonder, then, that Jack, after much uncertain pausing before various doors, should at last decide upon the wrong one. She rapped gently, then listened. A footfall sounded on the pavement, a hand was on the gate, and yes—the steps were coming towards her, swiftly, certainly. She drew herself close to the side of the porch, almost quaking with terror, when a hand outstretched touched her arm, and a voice exclaimed:

"Who are you? Speak! Who comes so late to my door?"

Gathering her courage with one last effort, Jack faintly replied:

"I want Dr. Robbins. My Uncle Doran is very ill, at Glenside."

"And have you come alone from Glenside, poor child?" the voice inquired.

"Yes, sir," she said, impatiently. "But are you the doctor? Will you hurry? Uncle may be dying now, I have been so long in coming."

The poor girl had hurried till she was almost exhausted, and stood leaning, breathless and panting, against the door.

"The doctor lives two houses beyond. Shall I go with you and call him?"

But there was no response for poor Jack, who had never in her life done any thing so womanish, had fainted quietly away. She was only dimly conscious of being lifted in strong arms, that held her close, and of being rapidly driven over a rough road; and at last of finding herself lying on her own bed at Glenside, with a gray-haired gentleman bending over her. She started up, pale and anxious.

"How is uncle?" she cried. "I must go to him."

"No, no, child; lie still; he is better," the doctor said.

"Well, then, tell me all about it. Who was it, and how did I get home?"

The doctor knew what she meant.

"You were at the minister's door, and he (coming home from visiting a sick parishioner) carried you, when you fainted, to my house; and I drove you both over here. Now drink this; then, if you feel able, you may go to your uncle, he wishes to see you."

Jack obediently swallowed the strengthening potion; then smoothed out the tangled curls with her hands, and, without stopping to look in her mirror, hastened to her uncle's room. He was not alone, for by his bedside sat a grave, pleasant-faced young gentleman, who looked at her with kindly, smiling eyes. She gave him but a hasty glance, for her uncle's hand was outstretched to her, and she ran to take it.

"And this is the brave girl who went two miles through the dark night to bring help to her cross old uncle?" he said. "I know all about it, dear. I would have died if the doctor had not come so soon. You saved me. What reward can I give you, dear child?"

"Forgive my mother," whispered Jack, softly.

Mr. Doran's face brightened.

"I was sure you would say that?" he cried. "Jack, dear, I have forgiven her already; and as soon as it is morning the minister here is going for her. Do you think she will forgive me, and come? She must come, and stay; for I can never let you go, Jack—dear, brave Jack! You have taught me a lesson." And he drew the blushing, happy face down, and kissed it with all a father's tenderness.

There were tears in the bright eyes when she looked up. For the second time within a few hours Jack forgot her manliness, and was crying. But the tears and the blushes gave a softness and charm to her face that made it wonderfully attractive to Malcolm Boyd, the young minister; and she looked so sweet and lovable and womanly that he felt an almost irresistible inclination to take her to his heart.

"She will be a woman worth the having," he thought; and then and there resolved to win her for his own.

Jack had meant to make some pretty speech to the minister, to thank him for helping her; but she only remembered now how she had felt his arms around her in the starlight, and blushing, she hung her head in silence. That was two months ago. She smiles now when she thinks of it; for she is no longer shy with the minister. Can you guess why? Mr. Doran is building a beautiful little parsonage close by the village church, and Rumor says that, when it is completed, Jack will go there as the minister's bride. Perhaps it is so; for she is growing so quiet and womanly that her happy mother (who is renewing her own youth in beautiful Glenside) says that God has doubly blessed Jack's venture.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The Lick Observatory at San Francisco has ordered a set of instruments for automatically registering earthquake shocks.

CRUEL APACHES.

A Boy's Account of His Seven Months' Captivity Among the Savages.

Santiago McKim is probably the only eleven-year-old lad in America who has been on a scalping tour with a party of double Indians. He has just left this town for his home, in company of his father, after a captivity of seven months in the Apache camp. When Geronimo and his band surrendered, the soldiers were surprised to find a white boy with them who could speak no English, though bearing unmistakable traces of Caucasian parentage. On securing an interpreter it was found that the little fellow could speak Spanish quite fluently, and by this means his story was obtained.

Santiago's father is an Irishman who owns a ranch on the Mimbres, three miles from San Lorenzo, and his mother is a Mexican woman. On the 15th of last September he and an older brother were some distance from their home, and in ignorance of the presence of Indians, when a rifle shot alarmed them. Looking up they saw six Indians approaching rapidly. Santiago's brother was killed at the first fire, but the boy escaped unhurt only to be taken prisoner. The bucks threatened to cut him up, but on the intercession of one of their number he was turned over to the care of the squaws, who followed in the rear of the war party.

From that time on the boy was in no danger of death, but all winter he was compelled to keep up with the hostiles in their rapid movements from place to place, and was an eye-witness to more than twenty murders. When the savages took Santiago in charge they were on their way north. That evening they met a Mexican on the highway whom they killed, and the next day they surprised two women chopping, killing one. The other escaped, and the Indians hunted for him for hours without success. As the savages proceeded they would fire their rifles into the houses that they came across, and frequently would set them on fire, but in most cases the inmates had fled. When white men were seen and they were to be killed, the squaws would hide where they could observe what was going on. Some of the victims were tortured in the most cowardly manner, after the warriors had made propositions of friendship, and in nearly all cases their bodies were mutilated.

Two days after his capture Santiago says the Indians went into camp in a valley a few miles north of Cactus Flat, about twenty miles from the White Houses, in the Mogollons, and there they remained, except as they went out on brief marauding expeditions for months. Soon after their arrival at this place they were joined by other savages, and the squaws worked industriously to give the camp an air of comfort. Some of the bucks would steal away every day, and on their return they would be loaded with the plunder of ranches, travelers and prospectors. Mother's assertion that during all this time the hostiles were not once alarmed by troops, and that he had not during his entire experience with the band seen any thing to indicate the presence of the army, caused much chagrin among the soldiers, as they had repeatedly said that there were no savages in the Mogollons. Coming in with scalps, ammunition, arms, blankets and clothing, and sometimes with money and liquor, the braves would pass the evenings in displaying their trophies, boasting of their achievements and gambling. One night a war party came in with a lot of groceries and candy. The latter was given to the squaws, and they ate so much of it that they were made sick. It was afterward learned that this stock belonged to an old French peddler who had been murdered.

Some time after New Year's the Indians moved south by forced marches, subsisting on horse meat. Wherever they went they burned and killed. So rapid were their movements and so many changes of base were made under cover of darkness, that the boy lost all track of his whereabouts, and can now give only a vague description of his wanderings. His recollection of the murders that he witnessed is so keen, however, that a pretty clear idea of the raids of the savages can be had by one who is familiar with the depredations committed. When found, the little fellow was almost exhausted, and it is probable that a month more on the warpath would have used him up. His parents had mourned him as dead, and when they were notified of his safety, his father ordered him to be sent by rail to this place, where the two met. The lad has been made much of by everybody here.—*Deming (N. M.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

MODERN MAGIC.

The Simple Secret of the Marvelous "Talking Head."

In modern times magicians have made much use of mirrors. The celebrated "Sphinx" trick, or "Talking Head," which caused such a profound sensation when it was first brought out a few years ago, owed its astonishing effect entirely to the aid of mirrors. Not even the marvelous automatic chess-player of Maezel is at all to be compared to the "Sphinx," which may justly be regarded as the most remarkable illusion ever invented for the bewilderment of mankind.

But while the possibility of hiding the person of a dwarf within the box upon which the chess-player was seated might have occurred to any one as a solution of the mystery, it was difficult for the spectator to imagine how an agency other than supernatural could be connected with a head which lay on a dish on a plain four-legged table in the middle of the stage, and talked and smoked a pipe with as much *sang-froid* as if it had belonged to a reasonable human being.

As has been said, the table was placed in the stage, in full view. The head lay in a dish on the table; it was evidently independent of human agency, for the audience could see under the table, and there was nothing in the room at the back of the stage, which was hung all around with drapery reaching to the floor. It is not probable that the marvelous "talking head" should have excited the astonishment of Europe, or that it should have puzzled the most eminent scientific men to account for the mysterious phenomenon, if it, as it is the case with all really effective tricks, the subtle trick upon which it depended were simple and obvious.

A mirror was entirely under the table, but its body was concealed by mirrors so adroitly disposed that they reflected the curtains at the sides of the stage, thus producing an optical illusion by which the spectator was led to believe that he was looking under the table and seeing the hangings at the back. The description is so perfect that it is almost impossible, even with a person who is acquainted with the matter, to convince him that it is such.

An effect somewhat similar is produced by a large plate mirror inclined away from the audience at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position of the glass is a hole through which the performer passes his head, which seems to float in the air, the body of the man being concealed behind the mirror.

Another famous trick is the "clock" trick. A large box is placed upon the floor in the middle of the stage, so that the spectators can see around and under it. The performer gets into the box and closes it. When it is opened again he has disappeared, or a skeleton is found in its place. The man is concealed by mirrors swinging on hinges, which reflect the sides of the box, so that the audience think it is empty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

IMPORTED SLANG.

The Most Odious Contortion of Language Known to Mankind.

Slang is not a desirable addition to any language, but we never heard of one without it. Argumentative Paris possesses perhaps the largest slang vocabulary in the world. The slang of the Parisian thieves, loafers and street Arabs was carefully studied by Victor Hugo, who not only employed it in the speech of some of the characters of his greatest novel but devoted many pages to a discussion of its derivation, force and extent.

The French novelist, Daudet, also is well acquainted with the much smaller but almost equally curious vocabulary of fashionable slang, which presents the additional difficulty of changing with every season. English writers, too, are obliged to use slang if they wish their characters to appear natural, for London Society—with a capital S—employs more slang and worse slang in conversation than educated persons anywhere else. We perceive with dismay, therefore, a tendency among Americans to emphasize their speech with imported slang as well as that native to the soil.

Now, American slang is bad enough, but we are, in some degree, hardened to it. The word *dude* has long since ceased to excite astonishment, *swell* is an accepted fact, and *dude* adopted from the thieves' vocabulary is fast coming to have a dignified sound. The slang phrases employed in common conversation, although unpleasing, are not disgusting and are frequently expressive. Expressive, for instance, conveys in the briefest and most forcible form, an idea which it might take some time to state in correct language.

But English slang is different. It is stilted. It is inexpressive. It is sometimes revolting. We need American, we are sure, could bring himself to use it. We advise our readers to despise any one who speaks the slang dialect fashionably, to carefully avoid any person who talks about "cheek" and "nerve" upon the individual who is capable of saying "off, for rubbish," to hope only beyond the pale of civilized men.—*A. J. Antipon.*

A Lucky Mine Discovery.

Some of the best mines known have been discovered merely by accident, while others, again, are the result of years of toil and labor. Such others, again, have been run across when the lucky finder had whom fortune far from was thinking of any thing but falling into a gold mine. John Quincy Adams, a namesake of the great John Q., struck a rich mine somewhere down in New Mexico, in this way. While prospecting he found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having focused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained about a dozen pounds of powder he dropped it, and got out of the way in a hurry. It fell into a crevice and a large mass of rock was thrown up. Adams returned mournfully to gather up what might be left of his effects, and found an exceedingly rich vein of ore which the explosion had exposed to view. He sold a third interest in his find for sixteen thousand dollars, and very consistently named the mine "The Nick of Time."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Education in Bombay.

The report on public instruction in Bombay for 1881-82, just issued, affords satisfactory evidence of the progress which education is making in that Presidency under the stimulus given to it by the work of the recent Education Commission. During the year the number of educational institutions increased from 6,535 to 6,726 and the number of pupils from 418,341 to 438,416. Though the expenditure on education from the public funds increased under every head, aided private enterprise contributed more toward the net increase of schools and scholars than the Education Department and local and municipal boards put together.—*London Athenæum.*

ARTISTIC MONOGRAMS.

A Few Principal Laws by Which the Designs Should Be Governed.

[illegible] Law of Proportion. Proportion is the relation of one thing to another, or of one part to the whole of any thing. Proportion is a law of nature, and we see it everywhere. Without it there would be no beauty in the world. There are certain laws of proportion which govern the arrangement of the parts of a building, and the ornaments of a building are subject to the same laws. And so it is with the design of a monogram. The law of proportion governs the design from the beginning to the end. There is a law governing the designing of every thing, and it is this law which brings the design to a successful end. And applies to the whole, and to all the parts. It is because the law and its application are seen so clearly by the designer that a monogram such as this design is a work of art.

Firm, firm should be necessary of consequence that [illegible] so complicated [illegible] that there should be no [illegible] and [illegible] and right, and belong to beauty.

Second, there should be unity. [illegible] certain [illegible] a quiet and peace about it, [illegible] which will always please [illegible]

Looking at [illegible] the impression that [illegible] George Cuyler [illegible] of the [illegible]

Proportion [illegible] [illegible] ornaments of a [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]