THE PAINS OF FEAR.

THE EXQUISITE TORTURE ENDURED BY THE TIMID WOMAN.

The Night Has Its Terrors and the Day Its Dangers—Mothers Who Make Their Motherhood a Long Drawn Agony. Peril Everywhere.

Think what that poor, dear, timid woman undergoes who nightly looks under her bed for the burglar she believes to be secreted there; who goes round the house after the servants are abed to see that all is safe, and that no ticket-of-leave man is profiting by his liberty to do her harm. With what a sense of dread she locks the doors of those dark, underground places into which she dares not peer. Ghosts and robbers—she turns the key on both with a quick throb and trembling hand, then beats a retreat with ever the same feeling of nameless terror, the same sensation of being followed by some vague horror, which she has not the courage to turn round and confront. Night after night this torment is renewed, as unfailingly as that which the old hag inflicted on the merchant Abudah.

If the night has its terrors so has the day its dangers. Such a person as this in the country dies a thousand deaths in quick succession; and the one is as unnecessary as the other. A tramp loitering on the highway means robbery first and assassination after. A few harmless cows going home to be milked, and driven by a child, are as dangerous as a stampede of buffalos, heads down and tails aloft. Cattle in a field, however well worn the public way across, make that field taboo; for is not each dull, slow, grazing ox, each mild eyed "milky mother of the herd," each tangle polled yearling calf, as dangerous as a wild bull, "man mad," and to be approached only with caution and in force? That distant, barking collie; that restless, neighing horse prancing up to the gap in the hedge, through which he thrusts his sociably inquisitive nose; that wayside encampment of traveling gypsies—all the circumstances of the country are so many causes of fear to the timid pedestrian, beating along the public road for a constitutional, and taking no pleasure in what she sees.

In a carriage she fares no better. Up hill she is sure the horses will jib; down hill they will slip and fall, or the pole will break, and then heaven have mercy on her soul! On the plain road, put to a sharp trot they will run away; indeed, they are running away. If they whisk their tails they are about to kick; if they cock their ears they are sure to shy. She screams at the smallest difference between them and their driver; and when they have to meet another carriage, or pass a lumbering cart, she pinches her companion black and blue in the spasm of her fear.

The torment of fear is hard to bear when it is centered on one's self. What is it when it spreads itself abroad and includes others—the beloved—in its meshes? For the beloved, indeed, is no security. Every railway journey includes a smash; every sea voyage is a foregone shipwreck; if an epidemic touches the outside fringes of the district, it is sure to make a leap into the home where the dear ones live. The smallest cold is bronchitis; and when the little people cough they have whooping cough, no less.

Some mothers make their motherhood a long drawn agony by the fears with which they encompass their young. Is the nurse a quarter of an hour beyond her usual time? Straightway the grave is opened and the cherished and adored lie therein stark and cold. Wild wanderings to and fro, wild surmises as to what can have happened, angry rejection of any commonplace explanation as to a longer walk than usual, a longer session under the trees than was calculated on, passionate tears of frantic despair, passionate outbursts of as frantic wrath; when lo! the nurse comes quietly up to the house door with her charge as fresh as a flower and as gay as a lark, and that voluntary descent into Hades proves itself as futile as it was unnecessary.

These fears accompany a mother of this uneasy kind all through life. When her boys go to school she is sure they will be mauled by the bigger ruffians of their class, maimed for life in the playground, overworked, underfed, put into damp sheets and morally corrupted. She suffers more than they from the dire necessities of learning, and wishes that there was a royal road to knowledge where her darlings could bowl along at railroad speed, with never a hill to climb nor a valley wherein to descend. She thinks the masters cruel and the curriculum inhuman, and wonders how so much can be expected from such young brains and growing bodies.

All through life it is the same cry of evil. The fortunes of war take her sons here and there, and the mother frets over the possibilities of disaster, as if that possible event were proven fact and chance had no side alley for escape. And when it comes to matrimony the whole thing is renewed under another name; for surely was there never the girl born who was a fit wife for the son of such a mother, while the finest man extant makes but a poor kind of a care taker for her daughter! So she perverts the great gift of love and the divine glory of maternity into a scourge, and not a blessing, and weeps behind her mantle of self-made mourning because she has not the courage to believe nor the common sense to hope.—The Forum.

Headdresses of the Sioux.

The Sioux display remarkable fertility in the arrangement of their decorations, and some of their headdresses are very grotesque indeed. There is one fellow who has killed an owl, from which he has carefully removed the skin and plumage entire, which, fashioned into a sort of cap, surmounts his cranium. The wings droop down over his ears and the tail and legs dangle from behind, while the head in front, with its yellow, cat like eyes, give it a ludicrously life like appearance. Another wears a fox skin, which is formed in a turban shape around his head with the pointed nose and erect ears in front and the tail falling jauntily down the side and over his shoulder.

Again you will behold another with a large cap made of that portion of a buffalo robe which contains the heaviest growth of hair. In the front part of this he has ingeniously fastened a pair of antelope horns, which give him a very belligerent aspect. Besides these, one is occasionally seen with a battered stove pipe of ancient style, which has probably been presented him by a missionary. The young unmarried bucks, however, do not, as a rule, make use of any head covering except their blankets, with which they envelop their heads and face so completely as to leave the upper portion only of the face disclosed. It is this class that still adhere to their native costume and never utilize any of the annuity clothing issued every fall.—Detroit Free Press.

MEN TALKED ABOUT.

What the Newspapers Say of Them—Bits of Personal Gossip.

A nephew of Count Von Moltke is killing rabbits in Australia.

E. Berry Wall's friends say that he is a living illustration of the paradox, "How to be well dressed though married."

Jacob W. Hoyt, of Jackson, Mich., is one of the oldest baggage masters in the country. He has been smashing trunks for thirty-seven years.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's income from his capital is said to be in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 a month, while that of William K. is not far behind it.

The Prince of Wales wears a billycock hat, smokes a short pipe and drives about in a hired carriage when at Cannes or Nice, and cuts everybody who attempts to treat him as a prince.

"My friends," said the French president to the crowds who were crying "Vive Carnot" on his recent tour, "do not say 'Vive Carnot,' but 'Vive la Republique!'"

"No meat for dinner, eh?" queried Jacob Wall, as he sat down to his dinner in Troy. "Very well—I'll go after some." That was one day eight years ago, and he has not returned yet.

Gen. Prejevalsky, the Russian filibuster, has set out with a band of Cossacks for Thibet with the aim of creating a pretext for Russia to readjust her boundaries in that part of the world.

Vladimir, the Greek Catholic bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, is a noticeable figure at San Francisco, which has just become the seat of his diocese. He is tall, straight and handsome, speaks English well, and is a graceful as well as a forcible speaker. For eight years he was a missionary in Japan.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is a direct descendant of the dukes of Ormond, of Ireland, and he is entitled to bear a coat of arms. One of his ancestors, Pierce Butler, was an officer in the British army before the revolution who took the side of the colonies in the struggle for separation and afterward became a United States senator.

John Boyle O'Reilly wrote the poem "The School House Clock" while a prisoner in Arbor Hill prison, Dublin. The verses were written on a bit of brown paper, and were called forth by a clock standing in a corridor of the prison, which was the fac-simile of the one that ticked in the old school house in a little village near Drogheda when he was a boy.

Capt. William Andrews fears immense waves less than the whales in his projected canoe trip across the Atlantic. He says schools of whales, which are tame, are wont to play dangerously near a craft that can be splintered by a single blow of one of their broad tails. To guard against this he will carry a supply of cartridges to frighten away the disagreeable companions.

A friend recently spoke to Louis Kossuth of the flourishing condition of Pesth, when the Hungarian exile said that it almost broke his heart to hear of that beautiful city and not be allowed to see it. The friend suggested that he might go there wearing blue goggles and a wig, after the style of Gen Boulanger. "No," was the reply, "yet it is just possible that I may see Hungary again. If Russia attacks my country I will go without a wig or disguise, and will visit every village and every city, and give my right arm in the service of my fatherland."

A very close personal friend of Evarts said the other day that it was astonishing to him that the press had never recognized the fact that allusions to his personal appearance, unless they are very complimentary, wound him more deeply than any other sort of criticism, no matter how harsh. This friend said that in the senator's college days his companions were all aware that he prided himself upon his Romanesque and classical appearance, and in this respect his character, if it has altered at all, has grown stronger. Nothing pleases him so much as compliments upon the contour of that face which caricaturists have been so very free with for so many years.

Thirty years ago there was a tremendous contest, which was felt over almost all of Europe, over the Jewish child Mortara, whom the archbishop of Bologna claimed as the property of the Roman Catholic church on the ground that he had been baptized by a serving maid. The church prevailed and took the boy from his parents. He has now reappeared as an ascetic monk of extraordinary eloquence, learning and fervor, and has been preaching to great audiences near Madrid. The queen and court have subscribed to help the convent chapel he has built in the Basque highlands. He is called Father Mortara. He is a canon of the Order of Saint Augustin, and among other accomplishments he speaks twenty-two languages.

A Record of Historical Value.

A valuable archæological discovery has been lately made in the Azamgarh district in the shape of a copper plate recording in later Gupta characters the grant by King Harshavardhana, of Stanisvara, of a village to several Brahmins, for the spiritual welfare of his parents and elder brother. The historical value of the record is that it gives in detail the genealogy of King Harshavardhana, who reigned from A. D. 618 to 643 over the greater part of Northern India, including Kashmir and Nepal, and whose court was visited at Kanauj by the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim Kiuen Kiangin, A. D. 637. The plate has been purchased by the British government, and deposited in the provincial museum at Lucknow.—Chicago Herald.

Wouldn't Pay the Postage.

A New York artist not long ago sent to an art firm in Paris a letter containing a draft for $630 in payment of his account with them. A short time afterward the letter was returned to him by mail, unopened, and bearing the stamp of the Paris postoffice, showing that sufficient postage had not been paid on it. The letter had been duly delivered to the Paris art firm, which, rather than pay the additional postage, had refused to receive it.—New York Evening World.

Gas lighting was introduced into New York in 1823-4.

VOICE OF THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Say, what is the wild sea's message,
It so eagerly bears to the land:
That so fondly it croons to the pebbles,
As it dries it sad eyes on the strand?
Do the pebbles it dallies and kisses,
And forsakes with a sob, as they part,
Alone know the echo that lingers,
Like the voice of a fond, faithful heart?

Is the pebble an exile, I wonder,
From some sea bedded cavern of yore?
Are the waves but its couriers bearing
Sweet tidings from grotto to shore?
Does it harken and send back its greeting?
Is the kiss on the wave's lips a part?
As swift and as sure comes the answer,
From the voice of a fond, faithful heart.

Does the surf change forever, or ever?
Do these couriers pause in their chase?
Are the depths of the sea ever broken
By the tempests that wrinkle its face?
Ah, no! And as strong and enduring,
Though ocean and continent part,
Are the whispers, heard but by the loved one,
From the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

Deep down 'neath the bosom of ocean,
Unsounded by plummet or line;
At peace from the storm and commotion,
That rage o'er its billows of brine,
There are secrets that time shall not fathom,
There are jewels unknown to earth's mart.
As deep, as true and as precious
Is the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

—Jessie Bartlett Davis.

Historian Lossing's Happy Thought.

The venerable Benson J. Lossing told the story, in New York recently, at the dinner to American authors by the Saturday Night club, how he first conceived the idea of his "Field Book of the Revolution." When Lossing, years ago, visited the historic ground where Putnam made his famous ride down the stone steps, he encountered an old man, who so graphically described the event that Lossing asked him who he was and how he came to know so well all about it. "I stood right there," said the old man, "when Putnam came tearing down on his horse, and as he swept by me I heard him swear, between his teeth, 'D——n the British!'" It was this recital that suggested to Mr. Lossing the happy thought of visiting the locales of important or striking revolutionary events, of depicting them with pen and pencil and collecting whatever traditionary lore still clung about them. The idea was so captivating that he closed an arrangement with his publishers before he had written a line of the work.—Home Journal.

The Prince's Pewter Mug.

About a year ago Prince George of Wales was sent to his ship after a vacation (wherein he became greatly involved in debt) quite penniless, and with a warning lecture from his father. Shortly after the christening of the Battenburg baby occurred, and presents were sent to the infant in great quantities, and of value commensurate to his exalted rank Prince George duly and dutifully sent his offering—a pewter mug with a tag attached, on which was written: "To my beloved nephew, with the hope that when his nephew is christened he will be able to purchase a more appropriate gift than this." It is said the Prince of Wales, on reading the inscription, exclaimed: "That boy is incorrigible!" then laughed heartily, and next day sent him a handsome sum.—The Argonaut.

Secret of Underglaze Decoration.

"Only $7 for that dinner service? It must be of some common make then," said the reporter. "Will the print wear off?"

"No, sir. That is what we call underglaze decoration, and the print will last on as long as the dish lasts. The plate is made and baked. Then the printing is put on and the plate is dipped into the glaze and baked again, so you see the print cannot rub off. Some of the finest china is decorated in this way because the rich colors cannot be put on the china over the glaze. The rich royal blue that decorates the Crown Derby, Royal Dresden and other valuable china is put on under the glaze. Then the glaze is put on and the other decorations are put on over the glaze."—New York Mail and Express.

A Very Natural Mistake.

A Shakeress, with a meek face beneath a large green bonnet, was hastening along Main street the other afternoon, so as not to keep the elder waiting in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy and sent his papers in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with the apology, "I'm sorry for thee and my carelessness, my son," she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last muttered to a companion the question: "Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?"—Springfield Republican.

A Bean in His Nose.

We know a child who has a morbid propensity to force buttons, beans, etc., into his nostrils. He keeps his whole family in a state bordering upon terror, for they never know at what precise moment they may be called upon to perform an operation upon Master Harry's nasal appendage. Pressure against the empty nostril and quick, strong breathing into the open mouth will dislodge the foreign substance and send the suffering youngster upon his way rejoicing.—Good Housekeeping.

In the Dressing Room.

Swellman (before the glass)—Well, if I am undersized nature has been good to me in one respect. I have a small, narrow foot.

Tallboy—So you have. But, then, nature has done just the same for the donkey.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Military Service in Yucatan.

In Yucatan every male between the ages of 21 and 50 is subject to military duty, and when in service gets the munificent pay of six cents per day and finds himself in food. There is no commissary department in the army, which must tend to shorten campaigns.—Chicago Herald.

Not for General Perusal.

Uncle Rastus (in telegraph office)—Has yo' got a envelope, sah?

Operator—What do you want of an envelope, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Dis expatch, sah, am ob a wery private nature, an' I wants it sent sealed.—New York Sun.

Some of the latest pretty ceiling effects in frescoing are now made by painting on canvas instead of on plaster. The grain of the canvas produces a tone that can not be gotten on a smooth wall.

The reason for thinking that the hard times in British high life are over is the increased marriages of the young among the aristocracy.

The London Academy declares that it is in France that the keenest love for poetry now manifests itself.

KEPT ISLANDS FOR SALE.

Novel Method of Procuring a Livelihood. A Fruitless Expedition.

One man in a seaport town seemed to be entirely alone in his method of procuring a livelihood. He discovered islands for a living. There have been explorers since the days of Columbus to these days of Henry M. Stanley, but this man was not an explorer; he did not fit out an expedition or lead a party for the enrichment of geographical knowledge. Other men, being short of provisions, sometimes go out to a stream and cast in their lines to catch a mess for supper or breakfast. This man, when short of funds, went out to sea and fished at an island that he might live off it until he could discover another. When he was sailing the main it had to be a very wary and circumspect island that could elude his search. His name was Capt. Jennett. He was of French blood, but born in this country; and at the time the writer met him he claimed to have discovered ninety-nine islands, and as he claimed to have obtained a patent for each island from the United States government, he was the owner of that number of islands, scattered around the globe.

When he mentioned in a casual way that among his unconsidered trifles he had so many islands, the writer expressed his astonishment, and said that the fondest desire of his heart had always been to possess an island.

"Well, I'll give you one," said the captain, with all the free heartedness that characterizes a sailor. "I've got more than I want."

"Your kindness almost overpowers me. What must I do to enter into possession?"

"All you have to do is to fit out a vessel to occupy it and ship the guano on it, of which you are to deliver to me one-third of each cargo. All my islands are guano islands. When I find another kind of island in my net I just let it go. I have too many to be bothered with any that haven't a fortune on the surface ready for shipment."

He then produced a time worn patent, issued Nov. 30, 1869, by Hamilton Fish, secretary of state, which stated that the gallant captain had discovered "the island of Roncador, on the Muskitoer bank, in the Caribbean sea," and was entitled to the guano on it if he worked it. A list of articles necessary to the working of it was next produced, in which the exact number of picks, shovels, planks, nails, tents, wheelbarrows, provisions, and, indeed, everything required was set down in tabulated form. The first load of guano brought to market, he declared, would pay for all of these articles, and leave a handsome profit besides.

Some of the islands he discovered were in the Pacific ocean, some lie near the banks of Newfoundland, others—the greater portion of the list—are in the Caribbean sea, and some along the coast of Brazil. They are not down on the charts, as the captain cares more about keeping them for his own profit than for occupation by the public.

Several expeditions have been fitted out to search for the captain's islands and bring back some of the guano. One went out from Norfolk, which is a center for the manufacture of fertilizers, in which large quantities of guano are used. The expedition went out fully equipped, every item on the list of implements and provisions being provided. The captain was stationed at the bow to look out for the island, and after a long cruise in the Caribbean sea it was found. The island was there, and also the guano. But so also was the British flag, and the vessel was warned off and was not allowed to take a pound of guano. The expedition cost $2,500, the captain's share of which supported him very nicely until he discovered another island and another customer.—New York Press.

Columns of Society Twaddle.

No one today is secure from gossip. Whence comes this license? It comes from the men and women among Mr. McAllister's four hundred, whose itch for notoriety impels them to send every bit of tittle tattle concerning the interior of their domestic life to the newspapers for publication. It will hardly be pretended by any man or any woman who today complains of the tattling of the newspapers concerning him or her that he or she has not heretofore utilized this very tendency. Run down to Newport next summer. Keep your eye on the correspondents of the great metropolitan journals. See how eagerly they are sought by these four hundred flapdoodles. Look in their mail box morning after morning. Follow their continual intercourse with the people concerning whom they write, and draw your own conclusions as to the source of their information.

Why, I distinctly recall in the office of a once leading Sunday newspaper, seeing upon the desk of the society editor, as he was called, a poor devil to whom they paid $4 a week for furnishing from four to fourteen columns of society rot, a bushel of letters at a time, and every one of them contained either a ticket to some place of entertainment, or a bit of gossip from Mr. Teodles, or Mr. Traddles, concerning a betrothal, a wedding, a social festivity of some sort or kind, with the names of the guests, and quite likely the cost of the whole affair. Now who was to blame the $4 a week man or Mr. Traddles, who sent the information, inclosing a $5 bill to secure its publication?—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

Peculiarities of American Eyes.

The efforts of the war department to secure a field glass for the service of greater power than the one they now use has discovered the fact that the eyes of the average American are closer together than those of men in foreign countries. The double glass, known as the field glass, now used is weaker than that used in the armies of Europe. It is of only from five to six powers—entirely too weak for the purpose. The only glass they can get of sufficient power is a single spy glass, which is defective in that it does not take in a broad enough field. This is a very serious defect in the equipment of the American army, but there seems to be no immediate prospect of its correction, because our eyes are too close together. Some of the colored troops may be able to use a different glass, but the white Yankee soldier cannot overcome the national peculiarity. The best military field glass in use is that with which the German army is supplied. An attempt was made to adopt them by the war department, but it was found that the eyes of the glasses were so far apart that they could not be used by Americans. The department is studying how to overcome this difficulty.—Washington Letter.

A Deep Distinction.

Little Winifred was visiting at her aunt's and the children were very much amused by her funny speeches. "You think you are very smart, don't you?" one of the boys said teasingly. "Yes, I think I am, but I know better," the thoughtful little girl answered.—Youth's Companion.