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THE APACHE.

From the awful desolation of the Llano Estacado
I have traced my red dominions with your blood upon the sand:
You may see its current tinging through the tawny Colorado—
Are you mad that you imagine I shall stay my lifted hand?
I defy you and I hate you! Do you threaten me with death!—
Me, whose fervid spirit surges with the centuries' hot breath?
Turn and ask this flaming desert, it has lain forever so;
It has scorched the helpless mesa with its seething overflow;
Molten, pitiless, remorseless—ask it if I fear to die!
I am one with this—immortal—and the bloodshot suns of years
Burn with my soul, as ages they have burned this alkali;
I shall be again the desert—what have I to do with fears?
You shall die, I shall clasp you to my heart with hot embrace,
Whispering words of awful vengeance in your pallid, speechless face.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A REAL GHOST.

It was during one of my annual business trips to the west that I had occasion to stop over a few hours at Loderville, where two or three small customers needed attention. My business with them was somewhat delayed, so that I had a few minutes to reach the station, only to learn that the train had just gone. The last car, in fact, was disappearing around the curve, and winked a red eye at me from the rear platform, while from between the distant hills the locomotive shrieked back its derision at my discomfiture. I was out of breath and out of temper, and there was no train until 10 o'clock the next morning. So I picked up my valise, and got into a shabby stage, inscribed with tarnished gilt letters, "Loderville House."

The supper was good. But this adjective, though applying well enough to the main body of the repast, does but scant justice to the desert. This crown and glory of the meal was a pie, a mince pie, compounded by the landlady herself. When I think of the worse than worthless immitation of this noble American dish that flaunt at every railroad restaurant, and appears unabashed at first-class hotel tables, invading even the sacred domain of home, to impose upon the digestion of the very elect, and then recall the memory of this magnificent pie with its delecious depths and delicately blended flavors, I do not wonder that my prudence forsook me. Forgetting that pie at night never agreed with me, and that mince pie never did, I swallowed section after section, regardless of consequences.

After supper I looked over the local newspaper, and examined the county map hanging on the wall, and then sat down before the fireplace and listened to the gossip of the idlers who are the invariable attaches of every village tavern. There was much discussion concerning "crops," and the coming election, together with the doctrinal unsoundness of Parson Wobley, and the worldly-mindedness of Mrs. Parson Wobley. Then the misdeeds of certain moonshiners was an absorbing theme.

By and by, a long and melancholy-featured young man made his way in between the chairs. His brow was dark, as were his eyes, and his hair was also dark and long. Though scarcely speaking a word, I recognized him at once as the village genius. He did not come in from outside, but apparently lived in the house. Then a dozen greetings went up from the circle, and another familiar apparition was framed in the doorway. Sam Lawson, I may as well call him, Sam at any rate was his name, village historian, annalist, and authority for every local happening twenty miles around. Without care, and without hurry, he slouched leisurely in, and stretched his long limbs in the seat which was promptly made for him before the blaze. It took him a long time to answer, in his slow, deliberate fashion, all the questions which were put to him. He had been up the milk-crik way a helpen' Widder Baker for a spell. Pulling a little package from his pocket, he said: "Gentlemen, there's some articles in this paper which many of you well remember, though its nigh on to thirty years sence the owner of them was amongst us. I allude to the late Judge Jedwood."

"Judge Jedwood!" chorused twenty voices at once. "What about him? Tell us!"

"You all well know, gentleman," continued Sam, unheeding the clamor, "how the judge stopped three days at this hotel before proceedin' on his last journey to the other side of Ball's mountain. Nobody, excepting them as hadn't ought, knew that he carried $500 in gold sewed up in his clothes when he set out on hossback. Old Daddy Appleton was the last who seen him ride into Baker's Notch. Not a soul ever see him ride out."

Here a sunburnt farmer broke in. "Why, that there Notch has been haunted ever sence. I don't care as how Parson Wobley says it's onscriptural to believe in ghosts. Don't ketch me round that there again after dark, I can tell ye," he pursued, with much energy. "I knowed I see a spook the night I druv home from Cap'n Beasley's."

"Guess it was some of Cap. Beasley's sperrits then," retorted one of the younger skeptics.

"Sperrits or spooks, I don't want to see no more of 'em. Didn't Jim Safford, who was tuk up on suspicion, move away from the Notch because he never could look out of his window nights without a seein' a white figger of the judge, swallow-tail coat, brass buttons, and all, a standin' out in the woods."

Here a curious light appeared in the eye of the Genius, and I was relieved to see him almost disappear behind the chimney jamb.

"Gentleman," resumed Sam, impressively, "allusion has been made to the blue coat with the brass buttons which the judge always wore. Them ten buttons with the American eagles on 'em—you all remember 'em, I dare say."

Everybody who was old enough did.

"Them ten buttons," Sam continued, "were always polished up bright, and looked like gold pieces. They don't look so any more, for here they are," and he unrolled the paper.

The excitement following this disclosure was quite indescribable, and the ten mildewed, rusty disks of metal were eagerly passed from hand to hand amid questions and exclamations. The faint outlines of an eagle were imperfectly traced on each one. Everybody implored Sam to explain, which he did, as soon as they gave him a chance.

"Waal, you see, Widow Baker's grandsons were a stoppin' up at the Notch farm, and I tell ye, when it comes to raisin' the devil generally, it would be putty hard to find the beat of them ere two youngsters. Yesterday they was a-playin' down at the crik, and all to wanst they set up a screech, and up they cum through the brush yellin' and howlin' as if a tribe of injuns were behind 'em. I was a choppin' wood, and I looked up and see the boys runnin' like mad, and smoke comin' up from the Hollow.

"'What have you been up to now, you young varmits,' says I, 'a settin' fire to the wood again?'

"'Oh, it's wusser nor fire,' blubbered little Pete, and then howled again.

"'Waal, come along then,' said I, shoulderin' the axe; 'anything wusser than fire and Injuns must be putty bad.'

"I walked down to the little crik that runs through the Notch, and there, sure enough, at the end of a big tree that lays across it the boys had kindled a fire. Waal, gentlemen, my knees did knock together a bit, when I see, right in the middle of that fire, a skull grinnin' at me through the flames. Then I see that the tree, where it was burned away, was all holler, and inside was full of the bones of a skeleton. All to wunst I remembered Judge Jedwood and the brass buttons on his coat, and I scraped around till I found every one of them ere ten buttons jess as you see 'em."

It took a long time for the company to settle down after this, and then every incident of the great Baker Notch mystery was recalled, and every theory regarding it was reviewed, proved, and disproved many times over. After all the bones and the buttons were not likely after thirty years to bring the murderers to justice. It was growing late; some of the company were already moving, so I concluded to go upstairs to bed. Out of the warmth and light, I passed through the dark hallway, and heard the moaning wind through the distant trees, and thought once more of the musty sheets on the bed. My room, a sort of cavern, in a distant wing of the building, with its one dim kerosene-lamp, was anything but cheerful. Alone in the stillness my conscience awoke and reminded me of those wedges of mince pie. And then the story of the skeleton in the flames began to assume grotesque forms in my imagination. Fumbling in my vest-pocket for my watch key, I drew out not the key, but something hard and rough which sent a thrill through every nerve in my right arm. It was only one of the judge's buttons which I must have absently thrust into my pocket. My watch had run down—an ominous incident—and it had stopped at the very hour when they said the judge had left the hotel. These gloomy fancies made me anxious to get under the bedclothes; if only I had not eaten the pie. There was my brandy-flask, but, unluckily, it was empty. It was too late to stumble downstairs through the dark, to replenish it at the bar; everybody was certainly in bed by this time. I rummaged in my valise for something to read, but finding only a pack of cards, and sat down and played two games of solitaire on the bed. Then a strong odor filled the room. My lamp was going out, and there was nothing for it but to throw off my clothes and jump into bed.

I can not say how long I had been asleep—it might have been two hours, perhaps—when I became conscious that somebody was in the room. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, and I only knew that the door was open on account of the strong draught which blew from that direction. Positive as I was that somebody was approaching the bedside, I felt powerless to stir, though remembering with horror that the murdered official had passed in this hotel, perhaps in this very room, his last night on earth. With a great effort, however, I rolled over, and to my unspeakable terror, beheld the white and vapory form of a man, of about fifty years of age, it seemed, bald-headed, chin-whiskered, and wearing an antique dress-coat, with ten button-holes, but no buttons. My ghostly visitor did not, at first, seem to regard me with any ill-will, until his attention became fixed upon something lying in the corner. It was one of his own buttons. With a threatening gesture the apparition advanced to the spot where I lay, and though fear had nearly paralyzed me, I made a mighty effort for the ghostly conflict. There was a shudder and a shock, and then—then I found myself on the floor, not in my own room at all, but outside in the hall. Mince-pie, somnambulism, nightmare, I said to myself, as I groped along to my room, with that feeling of relief which one has when awakening from a bad dream, and almost ready to laugh over my combat with a ghost in a dress-coat. Outside, in the night, the elements were at war; the hosts of wind and rain which I had heard from afar in the evening were sweeping around the house. After much groping about, and trying of many doors, I at length found a knob which yielded, and turned it quickly. Now I could sleep in peace until morning, was my consoling thought, when I looked up, and there, in the farthest corner of the room which I had entered, it stood, not distinct, as before, but barely defined in the darkness. Then came a crash which shook the earth and sky, and the room blazed for an instant, and was black again. A great wind smote me in the face, and the apparition itself seemed suddenly to advance. This was no dream I very well knew, as I slammed the door, hearing a crash behind it, and ran wildly down the hall, and through the first open door that I came to. Providentially, the room was mine, and, leaping into bed, I dived into its very bowels, as it were, where I slept until morning.

It was late when I awoke. A warm square or morning sunlight lay on my coverlid, while earth and air, cleansed and freshened by the rain seemed to laugh at my gloomy nocturnal visions. A rusty old brass button lay harmlessly in the corner. I dressed myself and went down-stairs, where everything wore a commonplace and every-day aspect. I began to suspect my senses. Perhaps the second specter, like the first, was only a dream, and had no other foundation than the pie-dish; but no, this could not be. The landlord was not about, and Lawson had disappeared. I heard one of the hostlers laughing at the mention of Sam's stories. I ate my breakfast alone—an excellent one—and grew more doubtful concerning my apparitions. The whole thing was only a nightmare. I would worry myself no more about it. And with this comfortable after-breakfast skepticism, concerning all spirit-world manifestations whatever, I was met in the passage-way leading from the dining-room by the sallow, long-haired Genius of the night before, who beckoned me mysteriously aside into the parlor.

"What do you want?" I demanded impatiently, sitting down on a hair-cloth sofa, under a large steel-engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware. The Genius closed the door behind him.

"You have beheld it," he said, in a sepulchral voice.

"Beheld what?"

"A vision, a similitude of the great and mighty dead." and the genius glared at me rather fiercely.

"Yes, I have," said I, sharply, a good deal startled in spite of myself. "I laid it to the mince pie."

"Mince pie! Oh, what has that gross compound in common with spiritual creations?" And the Genius wrung his hands.

"The pie was good," said I, stoutly. "But look here Mr. Raphael——"

"Smith," said the artist.

"Well, Raphael Smith, then, you seem to be posted in this matter; tell me about the ghost I saw last night, the second one I mean, when I got into the wrong room?"

"Impious man! the first to venture unbidden into the presence of my creations," and Raphael scowled again.

"Well, I didn't stay long," said I, deprecatingly.

"Long enough to complete the work of ruin. Look you," he grasped, clutching my arm. "By your foolhardiness, to use ordinary language, you involved me in great pecuniary loss, and I now claim, as a slight compensation, the sum of $5,000."

"And will you," said I, with considerable astonishment, "be kind enough to explain, in very ordinary language, the meaning of this very extraordinary demand?"

"Know then," said Raphael, "that I am a sculptor, and live in this hotel. In one of the rooms above is my studio."

"Good."

"I had just completed a plaster model for a statue of the late Judge Jedwood, which was intended to adorn the public square of this town. My price was to have been $5,000. Last night, you, ill-starred man, dared to burst open my studio-door, and the strong draught of wind caused thereby blew over my work, and completely destroyed all my work of months."

"Oh, what I saw, then, was a real ghost, after all. Well, I own to being pretty well scared. Your art affected me very powerfully."

"Don't jest," replied Raphael, grimly, "nor yet delay the paltry pecuniary compensation."

I was not without experience in dealing with geniuses. Had the statue been ordered by the town, or anybody in it? Well no, not exactly. He couldn't say that it had, and he further was obliged to admit that no disinterested parties had seen tne work to judge its merits. Then he reluctantly allowed that the landlord might come in and arbitrate between us; and so the upshot of the whole matter was, that the $5,000 was whittled down to $500, and the $500 melted into $50, and finally a $5 bill, with the promise of a future order, should my native hamlet ever conclude to erect an effigy to her most distinguished citizen, proved sufficient to mollify the injured artist.

A barrow-load of the late Judge Jedwood's remains, in plaster, was being wheeled out the back way when I left. On top of the heap of arms, legs, fingers, etc., lay a round bald head, with a nose and one plaster eye attached. I thought for a moment, as I passed, that a chalky smile overspread the fragmentary features at the terror which they had inspired the night before.—J. C. Joy in Tid-Bits.

HANDSOME CHILDREN AS MODELS.

A Metropolitan Photographer Tells About One of the Tricks of the Trade.

"The latest catch is in advertising for handsome children as models. Every mother naturally thinks that her baby is the prettiest one alive. When the idea is presented to her mind of not only having her beautiful baby pictured as a model, to the envy of all other mothers, but of actually being paid for that joy, it fascinates her. In less time than a cow could turn a hand spring she has fixed upon the large sum she will demand, and of course receive, for permitting her baby to be photographed, and has even settled how the money shall be expended for baby's further adornment and comfort. Then she goes to the photographer who wants models, and his fine work begins. Mothers have to be treated in various ways, but the operator is a chump who can not take a picture of any decent looking baby so that, with a frame of judicious 'taffy,' its mother will be pleased.

"If the subject has got a little beyond babyhood his job, that far, is all the easier, for all children are graceful and unconsciously put themselves in pretty attitudes. It is only the mother's attitude that has to be changed. From one who has come to get money, she must be transformed to one who has come to leave money. So the model market is already supplied fully, greatly to the operator's regret, because a more beautiful child he never, etc., etc., or the proprietor of the gallery unfortunately out and the operator has no authority, to his infinite sorrow, for a more charming infant he never, etc., etc.; or it will be a question that must be carefully considered before decision between another baby and this one, but there can be little doubt that such a lovely baby as this, etc., etc.; or if the mother is one that seems to require rough medicine, her baby, though a good average, will not do for a model, owing to certain imperfections, slight, perhaps, but nevertheless apparent to an artist's eye. All the while there is the negative, a very good presentment of the blessed baby, making its own appeal with mute eloquence to the mother.

"The end of it all is, of course, that, whether from hope or pride or cunning expectation of influencing selection, or spite, or just because she wants them anyway, the mother orders a dozen of baby's pictures. The fact is that no photographer really wants child models. Very few children of actual value for such service—like the little Fernandez, who was thoroughly trained for it—are obtainable, and there is no such demand for their pictures as used to exist. And it is very hard to take children's pictures—particularly those of babies—unless the operator has a peculiar talent for it, combining with a natural love for children and patience with them, a rare magnetism for controlling them and exceptional skill in instantaneous photography. When he possesses all those qualifications he has as much of that sort of work as he can do, and needn't advertise for child models.—New York Sun.

Pictures by Electric Light.

The taking of pictures by the electric light caught a good many curious customers while it was fresh, but the novelty soon wore off. Besides, even at the best, it was a very considerably more expensive process than operating by sunlight and did not leave the margin of profit that would be necessary to make it profitable. You see, the person who has a picture taken pays not only for that picture but for the time the photographer has to wait for somebody to come and have a picture taken. So, to make business better, either the profit upon each picture must be greater, or the number of pictures taken must be increased. Photography by the electric light, as a matter of popular service, helped in neither way, unless in very exceptional cases. Those who patronized that method would have had pictures taken anyway, and simply chose that for curiosity's sake, and, the cost of production being greater, the operator was little, if any, bettered, except, perhaps, by the advertising notoriety he got.—New York Sun Interview.

A Punishment for His Audacity.

The American dies from overwork and anxiety. When he is 5 years old he begins school with the determination to be at the head of the class. He will outrun, outjump, and lick any boy of his size. He enters upon a condition to strain that is perpetual. As he goes on it gets worse. He must be in politics at 20, rich at 30, great at 40, and if he measurably succeeds he is decaying at 50, and dead at 60. He ought to be dead. It is a fitting punishment for his audacity and his steady violation of the laws of nature.—Chicago Times.

Ireland's Supply of Workable Coal.

The explored coal beds of Ireland, according to the latest bluebook, contain about 200,000,000 tons of workable coal, chiefly anthracite.

A Disregard of Sanitary Rules.

The Southern California Practitioner does not consider the Chinaman a healthful element in society. It says: "Chinamen, with their opium joints, their universal habit of using tobacco excessively, their intemperance, their contagious diseases, their leprosy, their parsimonious ways of crowding together in small sleeping appartments, their lack of the good influence on health that is exerted by wife and home, their filth, their utter disregard of all sanitary and hygienic rules, their cold-blooded, heartless neglect of each other when sick or wounded, and their continuous nightly round of dissipation, have long been a serious menace to the health of every city on the Pacific coast."

The New York Medical Journal adds that about the same thing can be said of the lower class of Italians and of Russian and Polish Jews which are now being poured upon the eastern shores.—Chicago News.

How to Strengthen the Memory.

To cultivate the memory, Mr. F. W. E. Green, an English physiologist, recommends: "Concentrate your attention, classify and condense, make associations, substitute letters for figures, and localize your ideas."

IN A MEXICAN INDIAN'S HOUSE.

A Massive, Ancient Portal—Wretchedness and Misery.

Walk straight out east, pass the south side of the palace from the grand plaza, cross the bridge over the wall or canal, and go straight on to No. 11. This No. 11 is a great rusty, creaking portal which opens into a paved court where at least 100 babies are playing over the rough flagstones or about their mothers as they grind, or wash, or knit, or sew. This massive and ancient portal is the door of about fifty homes.

As you enter you see a large brass sign fastened up on the side of the wall. It is secured there by a big padlock. These large signs that you see locked up on the walls all about the city are usually rich and massive plates of solid silver. This is the doctor's sign.

And surely, surely it is needed here. The smells! And yet any flagstone is as clean as soap and water and broom can make it. Look in at each door as you pass. The floors are like snow. They are scrubbed and washed almost perpetually. There is no cleanliness like this Mexican cleanliness anywhere. And yet it is such helpless, silly—I might almost add such dirty—cleanliness? This is the part of the city where you are almost constantly taking off your hat to blue and red and curiously pictured coffins.

Now let us look at these houses. The doors are all open. Why? Because the only light that ever enters these caverns is through the door and a wooden window on hinges. In all these forty or fifty houses not a single pane of glass, not a single current of air can pass through one of them. Bear in mind this is the sample middle-class Mexican house, not the Indian adobe hut at all. These houses are all stone; all under the police and sanitary regulations of Mexico City, and are entirely orderly and respectable. And yet so wretched and miserable are these people that I am certain if Americans were to live here they would lay life down as a burden too dreadful to be borne. But you never hear of suicides here. And, indeed, why should they kill themselves? They die so fast here that the youngest of them need not to wait very long. Take off your hat; more coffins on the backs of the little bow-legged Indians are passing by the great portal. The walls of these houses are from four to six feet thick; every house is a fortress, you see. The rent is $4 a month for a house on the ground; the floor above is $6. The houses have but one room, one door. A large family will live in one of these dark, damp caves. Their children are born here; from here they bury their numerous dead. They try hard to be happy. They sometimes dance, when the coffins are not passing, on the clean flagstones in the court.

There are holes in the flagstones down the center of the long court into which all the slops are emptied. The sewer is clogged up sometimes. Then they lift one of the flagstones and the thick, green, and poisonous water is made to creep on and out to the open gutter in the level street. If ever the yellow fever climbs to this height and sets down in this valley there will not be a soul of this primitive and helpless people left on the banks of these dank lakes. You imagine them idle? ignorant? I must repeat again and again the Aztec is the most industrious creature on this earth. And do not think him ignorant of books. Ignorant he is of all the laws of health, helpless in taking care of himself, for the master has had his heel on his neck for centuries; but his children are at school. And many an old Spanish book may be found in these dreadful dens of misery, of helpless, hopeless poverty.

Yes, they have forgotten their own language. And those of the city have forgotten their old traditions. They only have the Spanish account of the conquest. But the mountain tribes come down and wander about and across the city talking strange tongues. And these have kept their traditions. They have also kept their blood pure, not only from the Spaniards, but from each other. The women of each tribe wear their own distinct dress, made by hand up in their mountains, and highly colored. Some of them are much like the Scotch plaids of the Highlands, far over the sea. And one would think that these strange tribes meeting and mingling here would fight and trouble the peon. But nothing of the sort. They come and they go with lips sealed. With all the silent mystery about them, they go as they come, few knowing, and none caring, whither.—Joaquin Miller's Letter in Chicago Times.

An Ingenious Military Cipher Book.

The other day Maj. Lamar Cobb showed us an interesting reminder of the late war. It was a morocco bound pack, containing fifteen leaves, through which ran a tape line upon each of which was printed every letter of the alphabet. By simply sliding this piece of tape back or forth the cipher could be set on any word and a dispatch written that only those could read who were provided with a similar key. As soon as wound the letters could easily be thrown off, so as not to betray this important secret to the enemy in case of capture of an adjutant, who were all provided with these books.—Athens Banner Watchman.

Bayard Taylor's Literary Characteristics.

Bayard Taylor had a habit of writing his poems while riding on the cars. His manuscript of Deukalion was in the moulting state when I met him for the last time. I shall never forget the dramatic stateliness with which he read to me several of those superb choral passages, that are surpassed in English only by the melody of Swinburne's verses. He disliked that you should at all refer to him as a noted traveler. His relation to the press I think he always looked on as drudgery. It was only as a poet and a novelist that he cared to be known.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Forty Varieties of Rice Grown.

In Burmah, the latest addition to Great Britain's territories, are grown forty varieties of rice, varying in hue from white to black.

A Poisonous Pedagogue of Pomerania.

A landed proprietor of the Prussian province of Pomerania has preferred a curious charge against a school-teacher of Stargard. That pedagogue, who had served the family in the capacity of a private tutor, was so incurably addicted to the use of tobacco that he smoked his strong cigars in the presence of his young pupils, who at last were simultaneously stricken with a mysterious disease. One of the children died, and a committee of physicians diagnosed the complaint as nicotosis, a marasmus caused by the poisonous principle of tobacco smoke.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

Game for the New Foundland Woods.

An agent of the government of Newfoundland has been buying live black game for the purpose of stocking the Newfoundland woods with this gigantic grouse. He has had difficulty in procuring many, however, and reports that the excessive rigor of the past winter in Scandinavia has made game scarce.—New York Sun.

A Knack in Climbing Stairs.

There is a knack in climbing stairs easily. To throw the body forward bending at the hips, more than doubles the work. The weight of the body is a load that the muscles of the legs and loins must carry, and they carry it easily if the center of gravity is kept directly above them.—Kansas City Journal.

A new metalloid called "Germanium" has been added to the lists of elements, making the sixty-seventh.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.

A BURMESE FAIRY STORY.

A Visit to a Giant in a Far Country—A Hair of His Head.

Fairy tales are popular among them, and there is one which comes from over the border in Siam which was told us by a Siamese. The exaggerations all hang together artistically and are in the same key, as it were: "There was once a king who heard that there was an enormous giant in a far country, and he declared that he should never rest till he got a hair of the giant's head. So he sent his fleet, and they sailed and they sailed and they sailed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and at last one day in the afternoon it became suddenly dark, and they stuck fast and could get neither forward nor backward. Now the fact was that they had got inside a hole in a sort of carrot, the smallest vegetable in the giant's kingdom.

"And behold the next morning the giant's children went out to fish, and as they went they picked up two or three elephants on their way for bait, but they were only able to catch a few of the very smallest fishes in the country—'something equivalent to our minnows' (said the narrator). And as they were going back they saw the carrot growing by the water's edge, and pulled it up to put it into the curry, and inside it was the whole fleet. After they got home the giant threw the fish and the carrot into the pot in order to boil them, when the fleet rose out of the root to the top of the water with all the men in it. 'What are those curious insects?' said the giant, peering down into the pot." Then came a good deal more, which the narrator had forgotten.

"The men tried to shout to the giant and tell him what it was that they wanted, but their voices were too weak, and he could not hear a word they said. At length he lifted them up to his ear in his hand, and a whole boat's crew marched in at the hole, and went ever such a long way up inside, and then they all shouted together and told him they had come from their king to ask him for a hair of his head. So at last he was able to hear what even then seemed to him only a whisper. Unlike his kind, the giant was apparently as good natured as he was big—he gave them the hair, lifted them back to the sea, where the hair, when put on board the fleet; nearly sank it, 'after which he puffed out his cheeks and gave a tremendous blow, which carried the fleet straight home hundreds of miles at one go.'"—Good Words.

Order of Things in England.

The hinds, as they are still called, the helots on the estates, are as stolid and brutish a race as any peasantry in the world, and seem like the slaves of the south before emancipation, content with their condition, because they have never known or conceived any other. They are bred to suppose that what they see is the natural order of things, and that change is not only wrong but impossible, that their lot is ordained of God, as inevitable as death, and deliverance as far off as the stars.

The parson preaches this doctrine as religion; the squire lays it down as law; for the squire is also the justice of the peace, the highest and often the only officer of the law the laborer ever sees. Law, religion, rank, power, all are on one side; and the wretch with his shilling a day and his family to support, lives near the palace of his master, and rots and drinks, or starves and dies, ignorant of the possibility of improvement, and submissive—they say.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

Novel Organizations of Young People.

A novel church organization with an excellent purpose, but with a very clumsy name, has been set on foot in Brooklyn in connection with St. Luke's Episcopal church. It is called the "Neaniskoi," which is a Greek word conveying the idea of young men just budding into manhood. The youths who compose this society are pledged against profanity, intemperance and impurity of life. They promise to abstain from visiting places of evil resort, of whatever grade, and they declare their intention of extending, as far as means and influence will permit, religious education and culture among their associates. Among the young ladies a society of somewhat similar purpose has been organized, also bearing a clumsy Greek title. This is called the "Ergetai," which means the lady workers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Trying to Keep Up Appearances.

The effort which some people make to keep up a genteel appearance would be laughable if it were not so pitiable. It is pitiable because it deceives no one, and only renders those who indulge in it the subjects of uncomplimentary and widespread social gossip. In the so-called fashionable quarters of the town there are numerous families paying high rents who do not actually partake of sufficient nourishing food to keep them in a good state of bodily preservation. They have finely furnished rooms, but their stomachs are not furnished with food very plentifully, and they may be said to keep Lent the whole year round. If they resided in less pretentious portions of the town they might have equally comfortable quarters and plenty to eat, and save something from their yearly incomes besides; but they foolishly prefer to live in the same neighborhood with our so-called aristocracy, and spend nearly all their money for house rent and dress. These are the people who buy an eighth of a pound of butter and two eggs at one time, and other equally small amounts of groceries and provisions.—Boston Budget "Saunterer."

An Experiment in Language Learning.

A few years ago a society of eminent Frenchmen discussed the question; "What language would a child naturally speak if never taught?" Twenty different results were predicted.

To test the matter two infants were procured and isolated with a deaf and dumb woman, who lived alone in the Alps, surrounded with her sheep and chickens.

After six years the children and the nurse were brought before the servants, who were on tip-toe of expectation as to the result. When, lo! not a word could either of the children utter, but most perfectly could they imitate the crowing of the cook, the cackling of a hen, and the bleating of sheep.—Western Plowman.

"Timothy Titcomb" as a Lecturer.

Holland drew good houses, and for a time was very popular. But the public soon outgrew the mild preaching of "Timothy Titcomb," and he withdrew to occupy, with great grace the editorial chair. His constant theme was home, and his wife and family. He was one of the most affectionate of men. "Nine days from home!" was his first ejaculation after being pleasantly seated, "Last night I was ten days from my wife. To-morrow I will be eight." He was always picking up bits for his novels. I had the pleasure of furnishing him considerable material for Bonnicastle. A fine boy was his special idol. He was loved by the young in return.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Women's Part on the Stage.

It has been discovered by Joseph Knight that women's parts on the stage ceased to be played by men at a time anterior to that which is in general assumed to have been the case.

Oscillation of Bunker Hill Monument.

Bunker Hill monument is 221 feet high, built of solid granite, and every day it oscillates to and fro, as the heat of the sun expands the eastern or the western side. —Exchange.

To die is easy enough—but living! There's the test. Anybody can die, but, ah, the infinite difficulty of living—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

OMNIBUS HORSES IN PARIS.

Slipping and Falling on the Streets—Three Distinct Periods of Existence.

A few days ago while sitting in the reading-room of the American exchange here, and idly watching the busy rush of vehicles passing to and fro along the Boulevard des Papucines, I overheard some Americans commenting on the peculiarities of French vehicles and horses observable from that view.

"Why are those horses allowed to slip and fall so much? haven't the owners care enough to get them rough-shod this icy weather?" asked an American.

"They are not allowed to rough-shoe horses used on the Paris streets," was the reply. "The streets are cemented, you see, and the shoes would cut them to pieces. All the horse-shoes are flat, without any points to grip the ground. No wonder they slip, but you know in France beauty is the main consideration, utility and comfort are minor matters. By the way, have you observed the entire absence of buggies? You never see a phaeton buggy in Paris. There are a few high buggies and what we call road-wagons, but nearly all the vehicles are carriages. But what magnificent horses you see here!"

"The beasts they drive in the cabs, for instance," replied the other laughing, as he pointed to a "cocher" unmercifully belaboring a delapidated specimen of wish-I-had-some-oats.

"Oh, no! of course I don't mean those broken-down relics used by the cab companies. They are not fit for cart horses in America, and the men who starve them and then whip them all day long ought to be treated in the same way until they learn some mercy. I was not referring to them, however. You know in Paris a horse has three distinct periods of existence, just as in America a cat has nine lives. He is born aristocratic and dies a pauper; or, rather, like a criminal. First, when about five years old; he is bought by the omnibus company, and—

"What! Do you call an omnibus horse an aristocrat?"

"Most assuredly, in Paris. There are not better fed, better groomed, nor better treated horses in the world than the Paris omnibus horse. See! look at that team of three plump, strong, healthy Percherons trotting three abreast with that omnibus, which is exactly filled with passengers. But don't interrupt me now until I get through my classification. The first period of a horse's life is his easiest and happiest, when from about 5 to 12 years of age, he is cared for by the Paris Omnibus monopoly. Then after he has passed twelve or possibly fourteen years he is sold to one of the cab companies. These cab companies own a large number of cabs and accompanying outfits, which they rent to drivers for from 12 to 15 francs a day. Under certain police regulations then the drivers are allowed to make as much money as they can with these cabs, but at the end of each day must pay the rent of the outfit. They are allowed to charge a franc and a half (30 cents) for every trip or 2 francs an hour, and of course the harder they beat their horses the more trips they can make, and as they do not own the horses themselves, they have no mercy. The cab company does not undertake to prevent this torture. It would be powerless to do so, and the police authorities never interfere. Then when the horse has been nearly beaten to death, the cab company sells it to the butchers who drive it—the last trip—to the horse abbatoirs where it is knocked in the head with a long hammer. The first blow fells it to the ground and makes a little hole through the forehead. Then a rope is attached to its hind legs and the dead horse shows up, skinned and carved, and you may eat a piece of that aged beast which has just fallen down there, to-morrow for your dinner, and imagine you are dining on roast beef."

"Oh pshaw, that is all nonsense. They don't eat horse flesh anywhere. That is certainly only a newspayer story."

"Don't they? well it has only been a few weeks since I visited the horse abbatoirs and saw them kill the horses—the sorriest lot of beasts I ever saw—and then when I returned I asked for a horse steak at the hotel where I was stopping. The waiter looked astonished at my request, and told me that horse meat was used only at the cheap restaurants and by workingmen, for it brings only seven sous (cents) a pound. But I told him I wanted to try it, and he finally pretended to send out for one, and when it came I ate it and then saw that I had been eating horse meat several days, supposing it was only extra coarse beef. Of course the best restaurants do not keep it, but it is a great deal more commonly used than you think in Paris, and has been, ever since the German siege of Paris."

Sovereigns Who Have Written Books.

Among reigning sovereigns who have written books are Queen Victoria, Dom Pedro II of Brazil, Dom Luis of Portugal, the shah, Oscar II of Sweeden, Prince Nikita of Montenegro, Ludwig II of Bavaria, and Queen Elizabeth; and among the princes and princesses who have dabbled in literature are the Princess Christian, the crown prince of Germany, the Princess Theresa of Bavaria, the two sons of the prince of Wales, the two sons of the king of Sweeden, and the duke of Edinburgh and the Comte de Paris.—Detroit Free Press.

Comparative Heights and Weights.

A recent study of comparative heights and weights among different classes of population in Great Britain shows that the criminal class average no less than forty-five pounds in weight and four and one-half inches in height less than their antagonists, the metropolitan police. Compared with the general population, too, this class is seen to be eighteen pounds in weight and two inches in stature below the average, standing on about the same plane in physical endowments as lunatics.—New York Sun.

North Carolina, formerly called South Virginia, was once sold to the king's agent for a house and 200 pounds sterling.

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RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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JAMES J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey. I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

FRED. H. SAWERS, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y. a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior reliable article and can heartily recommend it in low states of fevers, acute inflammations, and depressing maladies generally, and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases, where an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Pthisis Pulmonalis."

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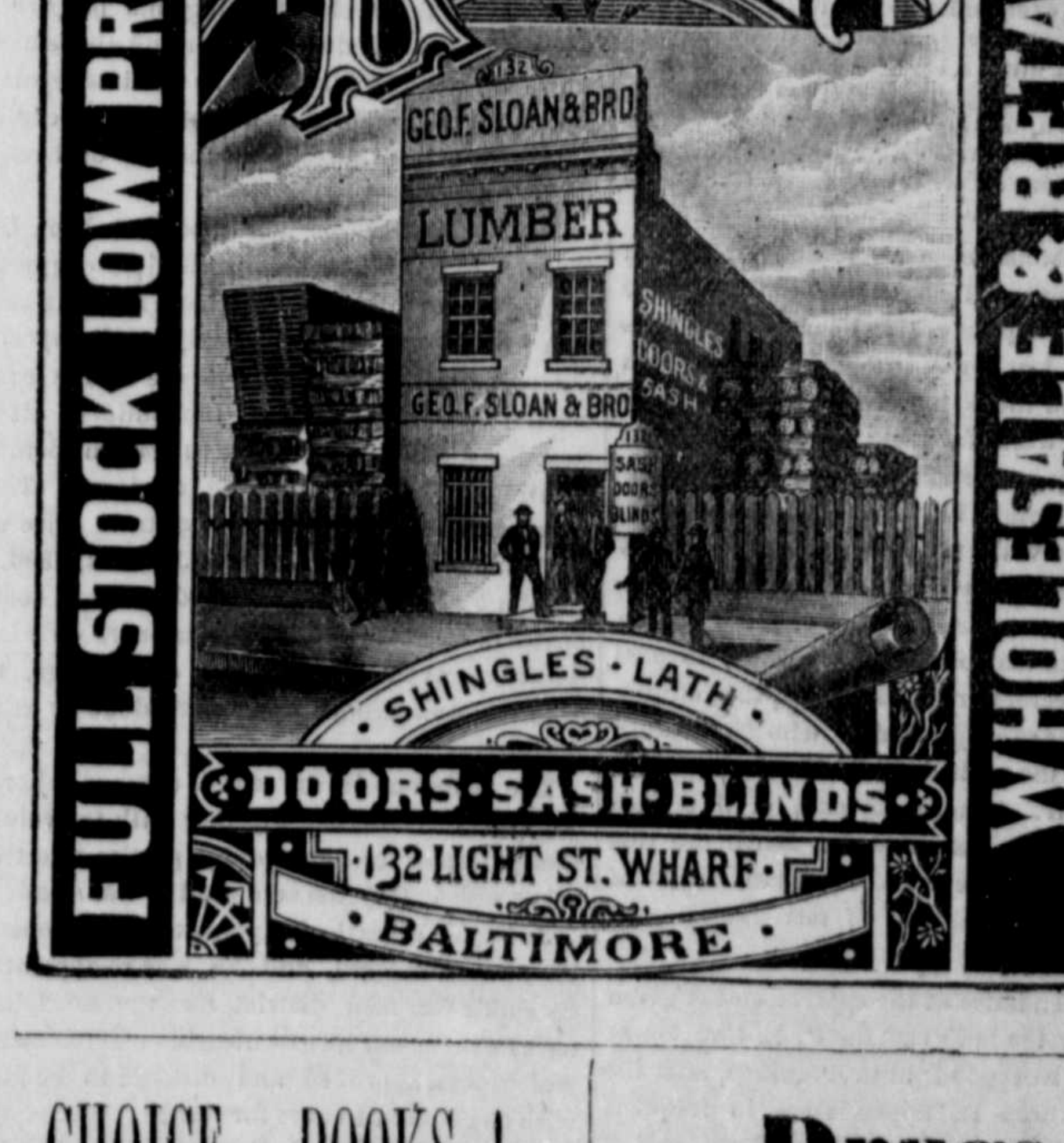

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