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ARE THEY GLAD?

If she were here
To take my hand and ask, "What is it dear?"
She would not see the wrinkles on my face.
Nor note the silver where the gold had place;
Upon my faded lip she'd leave a kiss.
And whisper, "Darling," and she would not miss
The vanished rose; or, if she did, would say,
"How you have ripened since I went away!"
The blemishes that others might despise
Would still be beautiful to mother's eyes.

If she were here,
She would not mind the changes; if a tear
Should fill my eyes I know that she would see,
And give sweet consolation unto me;
Yet, in her heart, some things would little heed,
Knowing how much their discipline I need.
And so, I think, though Heaven be not far,
And friends can see us even as we are,
They may be glad, like loving motherhood,
Because they know how all things work for good.
—*Congregationalist.*

WHITE WIT AGAINST RED.

Joe Wagner Neatly Doubles on the Indian After His Scalp.

"I reckon you know the old Red Cloud Agency to the northeast of Fort Laramie?" queried Joe Wagner, the Indian fighter, as he was asked to narrate one of his adventures.

"Yes."

"Well, still to the northeast of that is the Spotted Tail Agency, provided the Indian agents haven't stolen it. Through these two reservations runs a bit of river called the Niobrara, and at a big bend, midway between the two agencies, I sot myself down one fall to do some trapping. It was the first or second year after the agencies were established and the redskins forced to live upon them, and the whole lot of them were in a cantankerous state from Sunday morning to Saturday night. War parties were sneaking off the reservations now and then to sneak back when the pursuit became too hot, and the red devils left at home thought no more of killing a white hunter than you would of kicking a chip out of your way.

"I went there to hunt and trap because it was a great game region, but I realized all the perils. I knew that I if was discovered by the Indians, I'd be wiped out instanter. I outfitted at Laramie with a mule, provisions and traps, and was ten or 'leven days getting to the bend in the river I have spoken of The first thing was to corral the mule in a safe place, and the next to go into camp about a mile away and leave as few traces of my presence as possible. I didn't see any Indian signs around there, but I didn' let that fact make me overconfident. I have been struck by a rattlesnake when I didn't suppose there was one within ten miles. I made me a comfortable shelter of limbs and brush, got fifty-six traps into the river and some dead falls set, and had begun to feel a bit easier in my mind when, on the third day after my arrival, I scouted out to see if the mule was all right. I found him dead. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, and, by the big horn spoon! it was the work of a redskin. He had not only cut the animal's throat clear across, but had cut and slashed the body in fifty places. In the sign language of the Indian that meant contempt for the owner of the mule. It meant for me to look out for myself. It meant war to the knife on the white man who had dared trespass upon the forbidden grounds.

"If I had been fool 'nuff to go walking around in search of the mule, the chap who finished him would have finished me. But I wasn't, you see. I went gliding about like a sarpint, and from the edge of a thicket I saw the body of the mule lying in a little glade. That there was an Indian near by, ready to draw a bead on me, I had no doubt, and the idea didn't rattle me as much as you might suppose. I reasoned that if there was two reds they would have run the mule off instead of killing him. I believed that there was only one, and that he was some young warrior who was ambitious to match cunning with me, and who wanted the honor of having outgeneraled me. That tickled me a bit. I don't want to do any boasting, but I've lived in the Indian country all my life, and it never happened that a redskin got very far ahead of me as anybody knows of. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I got my gentle hint. From the looks of the body I judged that the mule had been killed that very morning. This made it pretty clear that the redskin had not yet discovered my shelter. Otherwise, he would have attended to my case first. My first care was to get out of the neighborhood without leaving any trail, and then to build a small fire at a point a mile or so from my camp, at the out down brush and make a decoy camp. The fire I had used to cook my breakfast had been built in a hole in the ground, and carefully extinguished when it had answered my purpose. The red would smell the smoke of this fire half a mile away, and I chuckled as I thought of him skulking around there and waiting for a man about my size to come in and be bored with a bullet.

"The next move was to strike the river just where the savage would hit it if looking for my traps. It was guesswork of course, but I surveyed the ground, put his head on my shoulders for half an hour, and when I waded back I was in ambush in a bunch of willows, and he would have to show himself to get to me. I reasoned that he would find the fire and the counterfeit camp by 'leven o'clock. He would hang around there until about two before he gave up looking for me. Then he would slide for the river, hoping to pick me up as I sat on the ground pulling the pelts off my catch. I had been in position over an hour, and was beginning to wish the climax would come, when a sudden thought lifted me a foot high, and inside of a minute I was snaking my way down the stream. It struck me all in a heap that I had reasoned wrong. The redskin wouldn't come my way at all, nor come through the woods, but would go further up the river and come floating down along the right bank, which was heavily shaded, and in the shadow. I came to a stand about a quarter of a mile below the ambush, and in one of the small bends of the stream. I could now see up the river clear to the spot I had vacated, and what do you suppose happened inside of ten minutes? Well, sir, that Indian came floating down at the end of an old log, and when he reached the point opposite where I had waited to ambush him he rose up, picked his rifle off the log, and waded ashore, drawing the log after him, and landing it. Then he softly crept into the willows, and if I had been waiting in the old spot he would have had my back to him, and I would have been a goner. The cuss had reasoned it out for himself. He had discovered that the camp was bogus. He had reasoned that I would lay for him just where I did. Then, to beat me at my game, he had gone up the stream and floated down to take me in the rear. Sharp Indian, he was, but there was a party by the name of Joe Wagner in that neighborhood just then. I could have shot the red as he left the water, for I had a monstrously heavy rifle, but I didn't want to. I wanted to mortify and humiliate him first. In half an hour he reappeared, and he was puzzled. After standing for a few minutes he made up his mind that I had posted myself lower down, and he sets his log afloat and comes drifting along with only his nose above water. Just as he reached me he pushed the log into the bank, waited for a long three minutes, and then rose up and crawled ashore. As he rose up to get a view around him we were not thirty feet apart. I riz too, rifle to my shoulder, and yelled to him:

"'Bah! You are only a squaw at this game!'

"Well, sir, he was paralyzed—the first case of the kind I ever saw. His rifle fell to the earth, his jaw dropped, his eyes bulged out, and I just did hate to pull trigger and knock him over. Wouldn't have done it if I had thought he would have promised to go home and leave me alone, though somebody would have had to pay for that mule."—*New York Sun.*

A New York lady gave the baker of an Atlantic City hotel $50 for his receipt for making delicious muffins,

FOX-HUNTING.

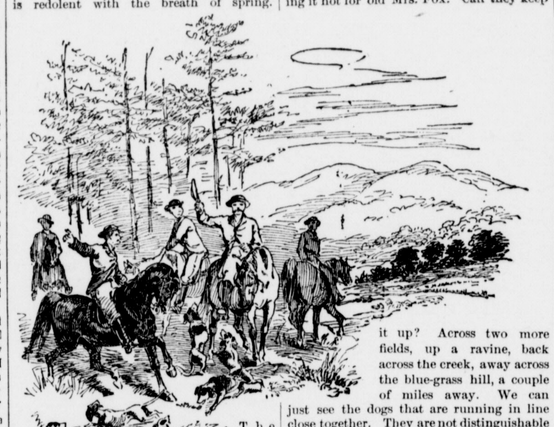
THE GENUINE ARTICLE AS PRESERVED IN OLD VIRGINIA.

No Scarlet Coats or Packs of Imported Hounds, but the Hunters Do Catch Foxes—Incidents of a Lively Run on a Bright Spring Morning in Loudon County.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

TO SEE from the papers that when the city dudes gallop their horses after imported hounds who are following a scent made by dragging an aniseed bag over the ground, they call that fox-hunting—the poor fellows! Come with me and see the genuine thing.

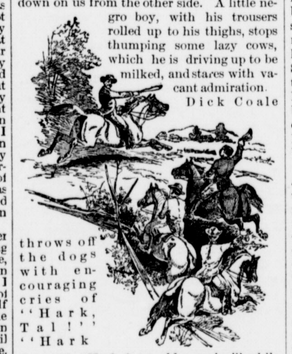
We are in Loudon county—the northern county of Virginia—the county of blue grass, wealthy farmers and pretty girls. The faint outline of the noble old "Ridge" looms up about two miles away, and a clift like a packsaddle marks Snicker's Gap, where the Northern and Southern troops over twenty years ago played at such bloody hide and seek. The country is just beginning to look green. Oak and hickory are sending out their tender buds, the dogwood is in blossom, and the air is redolent with the breath of spring.



The hunters are gathering for an early start, and the hounds are expressing their delight at what is before them by leaping and capering about the horses' legs with ecstatic "yowls." There are no pink coats, but instead rough herring-bone or stout corduroy. The hunters might be taken for a delegation of grangers, only they are for the most part too well mounted. The hounds, too, are not of that burly, stiff-tailed, short-eared breed that the English huntsmen and their American imitators brag so about, but they are slim, long-legged, limber-hipped dogs—fine of muzzle, slender of tail, and the notches bitten out of the ends of their long ears testify to vociferous "tongue-giving" when running.

We fag along, and I listen with edification to discussions concerning the relative merits of "thet Hampton dog," or why old Music got thrown out on the last hunt, or what was the matter with Bob Adam's slut, as she had stopped running and gone to eating grass when the fox was only a few hundred yards ahead and let all the others pass her. We turn through a gate and strike across a grass bottom alongside the creek, the cliff, with its dark pines and laurel bushes frowning down on us from the other side. A little negro boy, with his trousers rolled up to his thighs, stops thumping some lazy cows, which he is driving up to be milked, and stares with vacant admiration.

Dick Coale



throws off the dogs with encouraging cries of "Hark, Tal!" "Hark Jenny!" "Hark 'em, old puppies!" while Major Snibley lends assistance with stentorian yells of "Whoop-e-e?" "Rise 'em out!" "Tetch him off, Heretic!" "Hear me now!"

The dogs need no second bidding. They scatter and are away in an instant—some on the wheat-field hill, some on the cliff, some ranging the meadow, while Jock, a little wire-haired terrier, and Bep, a diminutive fox-terrier belonging to Dick, become inflated with the belief that they are hounds, too, and race off with shrill yelps to join in the chase. Old Don, a sober, conservative pointer who has stolen along unnoticed with the pack, bounds away also, ready for anything that may turn up.

The fat cattle scatter in obese surprise before us as we trot down the meadow, and toss their heads menacingly at the hounds. Jock catches one by the heel and gets a lift in the world that makes him wiser, but does not dampen his ardor. We make a track through the heavy moisture on the green sod, and old man Ruggles, turning in his saddle and resting a horny hand on his woolly horse's rump, surveys it with vast satisfaction and "'lows that the stink of the fox'll lay like polecats." The sun just peeping up sends a red gleam that touches every object with a bright red-like Greek fire.

Suddenly old man Ruggles makes a sign for a general halt. "Hush!" he says; "didn't I hear a hound whimper up in the clift thar?" We listen. It was a whimper, and another. The old man recognizes White Jenny's voice. Again! "Yow-yow-o-o-o-yow!" Now Rambler takes it up and indorses it. Black Jenny, Tal, Wanderer make a break for them, and all of the hounds which have been ranging at a distance push for the spot where Jenny has winded Reynard. Don, Jock and Bep are not left behind. A chorus of canine music wells up and reechoes among the rocks of the cliff. The horses begin to dance and paw, and the eyes of the old hunters sparkle. Along the brow of the cliff now we can see the whole pack strung out in full run. No fault; no puzzling. "By Jacks," roars the major, "they've struck it hot. Hark to 'em, puppies! Rise 'em out!" Away we go, helter-skelter, down the meadow; Dick in front, with his splendid hunter well in hand; the major spurring his old gray over the ditches; the "old man," with a solemn but accelerated trot, and the rest in line as the merits of their respective pieces of horseflesh warrant. Dick clears a rail-fence where the rider is off, and the rest of us knock it down and break through it, making for the top of the hill, for it is impossible to go with the hounds when they are running, even if it were possible to keep up with the hot pace which White Jenny has cut out.

"Yonder he goes! Thar he is!" is the general shout, and a yellowish red streak breaks over a stone fence not 100 yards from us and clips it around the edge of the hill. "Ole she fox, by hokey. See how yaller she is!" "Young 'uns somewhere in that clift." "Ain't they harkin' her?" "Lash out, ole gal, they'll trim you!" "Don't she carry her white flag high?" and a volley of other similar exclamations burst from the party, as we gain the top of the hill in time to see Mrs. Reynard take a stone fence at a bound, and turning, start in a newly-plowed field, scuttle up the fence. "Here we come, boys," yells the major, as the pack in full cry break up the hill in the hot trail. "Who's that in the lead? Wanderer, by Jinks! Look at old Driver, though he's pushin' him. Told you that English hound o' yourn warn't no 'count. Look at him straggling'; ain't givin' no tongue, either." The pack, which has now swelled to twenty dogs, is, indeed, making it hot for old Mrs. Fox. Can they keep it up? Across two more fields, up a ravine, back across the creek, away across the blue-grass hill, a couple of miles away. We can just see the dogs that are running in line close together. They are not distinguishable from each other, but each man is willing to stake his reputation and hope of future happiness on the fact that his particular pet hound is in front. The music is getting fainter and fainter, and we can just hear the cheers and yells of some farm laborers who happen to be at work in the fields through which the trail lies. The voices of hounds and men die away altogether, and one of the party hazards the conjecture that the dogs have "Done harked the old gal cla'r outen the kentry." Old man Ruggles says nothing, but chews meditatively and listens. He knows that a she fox with young ones is going to make a detour and go to earth every time. Yes, by Jove! there they are again. Hear them! They are coming this way, and we ride across a couple more fences, leaving them in a state of wreck, and gain a hill that overlooks the country for a mile or so around.

Suddenly the hounds appear over the green hill about half a mile off. Six of them running together, the rest straggling. "Well, I do 'clare," sings out the old man, roused out of his stolidity, "if them two Jenny dogs ain't a-leadin'. Old Tal next, Driber, Slowboy and the old slut. Boys, ain't they a-takin' her? Runnin' breast high. She can't be fur ahead. Here they come. They'll pass us agin', sure." "Yow-yow, yow-yow, yow-pow-ow-o-o-o-e-e-e," comes up from the creek bottom, near and nearer. We all watch in this direction intently and wait in a quiver of excitement. Another shout, corresponding to a view-halloo from one of the party. "Yender she is. They've got her, boys." Toiling over the green hill, just across the new fence from us, comes the old she fox. No longer kicking up her legs, with her tail high in the air, but flattened out, with dragging brush and open mouth, but running like a streak all the same. Poor thing, her maternal duties have unfitted her for holding out long before these swift, lean-flanked dogs. She had over-rated her powers in leading them away from her den, where she left her kittens, and now will she be able to reach it before those fierce, hot jaws, scarcely a hundred yards behind her, tear her to pieces? No feeling of pity or sympathy agitates the breasts of the hunters, however.

The dogs appeared over the hill. Black Jenny in the lead clears a fence without touching it. She views the fox and is running head up, followed by the five dogs whose speed and endurance have enabled them to hold the terrific pace. We scramble in their wake. Dick breasts a fence and tears a gap big enough to let us all through. Whoop! halloo, down the thicket through briar patches over ditches, we follow them. "Boys, come on, they'll ketch her in the medder." Oh, golly! a wire fence. Never mind, pull it down; now then after 'em. The straggling dogs cheered to renewed exertions by our presence put on extra steam and come up with us. "Rise 'em out, hark 'em puppies!" yells the major as the old gray hobbles along as excited as he is. We are almost fifty yards behind the lead dogs as they emerge in the broad meadow on the creek where we first started and poor Mrs. F. will never reach the creek. Her den is half way up the cliff on the other side, as we afterward find. My horse, without any exertions on my part but rather to my uneasiness, is well up in front tugging at his bit like one mad. Black Jenny, with a bound, is past the fox, who turns short. The bitch makes a twist and a snap and rolls over twice in the effort. Now White Jenny and Tal are right in close. And the others in a frenzy are pushing up. In vain poor old Lady R. turns and dodges. You're a "goner." Two dogs run over her twice, she is knocked off her pins but is up and away gamely. Alas, that last turn brought her within reach of Wanderer, who being a straggler is not going so fast. He has her. She turns on her back with a fierce snorting, yells and snaps him savagely in the shoulder, then in the jaw.

Too late now, poor Mrs. Reynard! Your little ones will peer out of the den this evening at sundown and watch anxiously for you to bring them their supper—a spring lamb or a chicken. Tal closes in, Black Jenny, Driver, big dogs, little dogs, stragglers and all. There is a fierce struggle and a confused snarling and scuffling, a mass of moving canine flesh. Dick jumps from his horse, and, wading in with "Down, sir; Down Hampton, down Jem," succeeds in rescuing a limp piece of fur, apparently boneless as well as lifeless, and holds it aloft, while the eager hounds jump and gnash their teeth at it. Mrs. Reynard has made her last run, poor old girl, and her progeny will not revel in chicken for tea. We cut off the brush, now torn and bedraggled so that the white tip is almost indistinguishable. The scalp also, with the ears, is torn off, and those who want pads may have them. The hounds, now quieted down, mouth the torn carcass, toss it about, wallow on it, and then jog at our heels as the major turns and sounds his cow horn, like a steam whistle pitched on A-flat. The two terriers who followed the hunt as far as they could and then cut across the country arrive breathless and as self-important as if they had done it all themselves. They jump into the mangled remains and rekill the fox with fierce delight, while Don, the old pointer, looks on snuffily, as he didn't understand why so much was made over one poor "yaller" beast like that, anyhow.

"That was a bully run," says the major, as we stop again at the bridge before separating and taking a parting nip. "I jes' tell you what, you kin talk about your imported dogs and all that, but I'll bet there ain't nary one that could a-sung to the chune that black bitch raised. Well, sir, when she come acrost that last field she looked like a black streak er lightnin'. She didn't see no fence. Givin' tongue, too, des like somebody playin' a chune on a fiddle."

"But she warn't ahead of that dog er mine on the jump," chimes in someone else.

"An' I'll 'low old Driver and the spotted pup hustled the whole bilin' of 'em through that stiff swamp," was a third remark.

"Hev it as you please, boys," joined a fourth, "but I jes' tell you there ain't no discount on that old Bowser dog. He sho'ly did scratch gravel."

And so the after-talk goes on until they separate, each lauding the hound of which he is specially proud, but all agreeing that "them English hounds ain't no good," and that "for real music and a sharp run give us the old long-eared mountain hound, borned and raised on the blue grass slopes, and safe to run and ketch anything from a nigger with a herring in his coat-tail pocket to a full-grown buck."

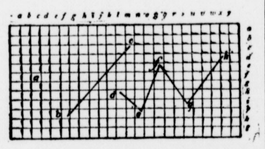
Let those who may smile at the characteristics of these fox-hunters recollect that, with a few exceptions, they never saw pink coats, they do not follow on the heels of the dogs, they have no regular pack of hounds, and there is nothing approaching swelldom about them—but they *do* catch foxes.

ARMISTEAD RANDOLPH.

SIGNALING PICTURES.

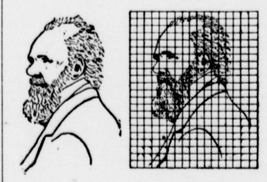
A Process That Might Be Employed to Catch Fugitive Criminals.

From time to time, suggestions have been made that the development of electrical science may eventually enable diagrams, and even pictures, to be sent by telegraph, and it has been even announced that such results have been obtained in experiments, although not reduced to a process for practical use. It now appears, however, that in connection with the extensive military manœuvres carried on by European nations a system of signaling has been worked out by means of which maps and even pictures of faces can be transmitted by any of the ordinary methods of army signaling, even by so simple a process as the waving of signal flags. The principle of the system is the indication of points and lines by means of letters. The accompanying diagram gives the key of the process:



A point is denoted by a pair of letters—namely, the letter marked on the column in which it appears, followed by the letter marked on the row. For example, the point *a* in the above diagram is denoted by C F. A straight line is denoted by joining in one group the two pairs of letters denoting its extremities. For example, the line *b c* is denoted by F J M C. A bent line is denoted by a series of groups denoting points through which it passes, the letter T being placed at the beginning of the first group and at the end of the last to distinguish the continuous line from a series of isolated points. For example, the line *d e f g h* is denoted by T L H, N J, F E, S I, X D T. But the alphabet contains only twenty-six letters, and one of these, T, is required for the third of the above rules. The square then which is divided into the columns and rows must be very small, or the columns and rows must be so broad as only to give the position of a point very roughly. With the help of the letter Z, therefore, a system of prefixes has been arranged, which allows a map to be divided into any number of these squares and the breadth of the twenty-four columns and rows to be diminished at pleasure so as to afford as much accuracy as may be thought necessary.

In the recent military manœuvres in England the progress of certain bodies was signaled so that it could be chartered out on the map. By the same process plans of fortifications and sketches of positions occupied by troops have been transmitted. To test the accuracy to which the system could attain an engraved likeness of Col. Bulwer, commanding one of the bodies of troops, was signaled by the use of 700 words or groups of words, and was worked out as shown by the accompanying diagram. It was charted



by a signal officer, who did not know whose picture was being represented, but as soon as it was completed the likeness was perceived by all who knew Col. Bulwer. It has been suggested that the likeness of an absconding criminal might by this system be telegraphed across the ocean so as to facilitate his capture on arrival at his destination.

Knew What Was Best for Him.

"I hear that Smith is contesting his wife's will," said one Dakota man to another, a day or two ago.

"I don't know how that may be," replied the other, "but I am quite sure of one thing.'

"What's that?"

"Smith never contested his wife's will while she was alive. He seems to be getting courageous under his sad affliction.—*Dakota Bell.*

Popular Science.

Susie—Oh! mamma, I'll never disobey you again.

Mamma—Why, Susie, what have you done?

Susie—Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, "Get out!" and the pickle said, "I won't!" and they are having an awful time.—*Life.*

A Lucky Southern Girl.

A Southern girl who has been acting as a clerk in the fourth auditor's office, Treasury Department, has, it is stated, received $100,000 for a farm of 190 acres some miles distant from Birmingham, Ala., for which her mother has often tried to obtain a few hundred dollars, regarding the farm as worthless. Coal has been discovered on the land.

He is Away Off.

The mind of a scientist in New York became unbalanced and he is now confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum. Turning to a recent visitor, he exclaimed: "I will sift you through immensity, where it will require omniscience to find you and omnipotence to put you together again!"—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

TROUT FISHING.

A DAY IN THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

"The More Haste Less Speed," a Proverb that Particularly Applies to Fishing—A Battle with a Four Pounder—Shooting the Rapids.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.

THE trout in the Rio Grande are capricious in their tastes, and to catch them one must be provided with a variety of flies. "Brilliants" are almost useless, and the most useful are those of sombre colors. The fisherman must also be prepared for an occasional ducking, for there are some rather turbulent rapids along the reaches where the trout most thickly gather. The view, one of the most picturesque of all the mountain water ways of Colorado, is a quick running stream its entire length.

I went with a party of friends—all adepts in casting the fly—to a point about eight miles above Del Norte. Rigging my rod with reel, 150 feet of silk line and six-foot leader, I attached three flies. Somehow or other my hands must have worked slowly, for before I was ready to make a cast I beheld one of my friends on the opposite bank having a lively struggle with a two-pounder. Excited by the scene, I dashed into the water at the foot of the riffles and gave what was to have been a fine cast, but which ended ingloriously, my trail fly catching in

some brush on the bank behind me, causing me to lose the fly and my temper at the same time. While still the fight proceeded on the other shore my friend saw my predicament, laughed and sung out to me: "Never be in a hurry," which, by the way, is a true fisherman's motto. I disengaged my tangle and, with repairs made, took my time for the next cast and sent the line out beautifully in a straight course across the current where it rushed the swiftest.

No strike. One fish "raised," but he missed.

Again I sent the line out, bringing it in a semi-circle around me as the stream carried it down. Ha! with the speed of the lightning flash a big fellow broke water, taking my fly with him as he sprang into the clear light of day, the diamond drops sparkling in the sunlight as he shook them from his crimson sides. I "struck" before he again touched water and the steel was felt and responded to at once as if charged with electricity.

Away he flew, the reel rattling out its music as I gradually tightened up on him.

I could hear my friend talking to the one he had hooked, but I had no time to devote to what he was doing. My fish kept me busy enough. Presently he grew sulky and went down to the bottom. Where the water was deepest he plunged and resisted all of my efforts to move him. I began to fear that he had entangled me and that I was pulling against a log or root. I grew anxious, not wanting to lose such a fine fellow after so successfully hooking him, when with a start and run like a wild mustang away he dashed again, springing out of the water, shaking his body, in a frantic endeavor to free himself from the small but strong barbed point, then throwing himself in a complete summersault over the leader, trying to snap the delicate gut with his weight, then off again and down with the sulks. Oh! he was an "artful dodger." He had evidently been studying while resting and meant mischief yet. Slowly coming to the surface in response to my steady strains, he seemed to look angry defiance at me as he came into view—then away again suddenly and swiftly. Ah! he is going to try the tangling process on the roots of that bunch of willows. All right, old fellow, I know what you are up to. So I put on the force of my rod. Now is the time to test whether the rod will do. Steady now. How she bends! I tell you it is a good piece of timber. There now; he cannot stand such a strong pull any longer. Inch by inch he gives way. One or two more tremendous runs, and tired out he gaspingly drowns himself, while I draw him ashore and cautiously land him.

When I had him out safely I measured him—nineteen and a-half inches in length, six inches deep, and two and a-half inches across the back, weight four pounds—and as handsome a trout as man's eye ever gazed upon. I stood and looked at him so long as he lay on some nice green leaves in all his loveliness that my friend yelled to me that "there were *more* fish in the river."

Then I proceeded again to work. Finding that the "governor" was the fly they were after, I took off my other two and replaced them with the desired feathers. As I worked up and down I would sometimes land two and even three half-pounders at a time, giving me considerable trouble and at the same time amusement to get them ashore without breaking my leader. Occasionally I hooked a two or three-pounder, but no more like my first. Although the river seemed alive with fish weighing from one-half to one pound, I found the big fellows were rather shy of the fly, probably knowing too much by experience to risk anything but what they carefully examined.

We fished for two hours and then we determined to start down the winding and rapid river. We first put the fish in a bag and tied them securely to a seat, so that they should not be lost in case of an upset; then climbing aboard one of the party took the paddle and we were off. After we were under way the boys informed me that the canoe was only intended for three, but if we had good luck we would, all four of us, get down all right anyhow. I liked this candor after I was fairly aboard and starting for a foaming rapid. My friend with the paddle handled it with a calmness and skill that gave me courage, and when we shot over the rapids, rocking and dipping water, going like a race-horse, I felt a thrill of pleasure and excitement. We stopped time and again to lure some trout from favorite resting-places until we got absolutely tired of catching them. We arrived in Del Norte about dusk, having caught during the day 120 pounds of trout, and the boys said it was really not a good day for trout either.

PANG.

MANUFACTURES IN CHINA.

Possible Effects of Celestial Competition on the Outside World.

The Flowery Kingdom has been, as we consider it, stationary so long that we have grown to think it an impossibility that it should ever awake from its torpor, or take any forward step in the line of improvement. But there is a man now at the head of Chinese affairs, the Viceroy Li, who is of a different stamp from those who have preceded him. He sees that all the world, except China, moves, and he seems to have determined to lift his country out of the rut into which she has fallen and to put her nearer on an equality with the other nations of the world.

His most recent plan for the development of China is to grant concessions to manufacturers of all kinds. This will excite intense rivalry among all those nations which have been seeking to gain a permanent footing in China, and will doubtless lead to propositions extremely favorable to the Chinese government.

But the question of interest is: What will be the effect of Chinese manufactures upon the manufactures of other countries? Will they come into serious competition with England, Belgium, Germany, France and the United States?

To this question there can be but one answer. If the plans of the Viceroy Li are carried out, and manufactures are firmly established in China, they will work a revolution in the trade and commerce of the world.

At present China is, to all intents and purposes, only a consumer of manufactured articles. Her exports are confined principally to natural productions, with some few manufactured articles, such as porcelain, silks, fireworks, lacquer ware and fans, but of the great staple manufactures she has always been an importer, not an exporter. Her enormous population is supplied, if at all, with manufactured articles from other countries, and all this trade will certainly be lost if China shall embark upon manufacturing enterprises for herself.

But this is not all. If the Viceroy carries out his plan of granting concessions for all kinds of manufactures, it will be but a short time before China will be bidding for the trade of the world. We, in California, know the aptitude of the Chinese for mechanical pursuits. Their imitative faculty finds room for its fullest development in that direction, and it is certain that if foreigners are admitted into China to establish manufactories, it will not be long before they will be superseded by the Chinese themselves, and the whole thing will be carried on under governmental supervision. Then what chance will those manufacturing countries have where sufficient wages are paid to support life in a civilized fashion? How can the Belgian factories even, where labor is cheapest in Europe, compete with Chinese factories, where the employees will receive from three to five cents a day? What chance will Birmingham and Manchester and Sheffield have against cotton factories and hardware manufactories and cutleries run at such wages as that?

Under such conditions it is probable that Great Britain would modify her views upon the desirability of free trade. She has advocated free trade because she could manufacture more cheaply than any other nation; but as soon as a rival appears which can make the same articles which she makes at one-tenth or one-twentieth the cost, she will clamor as loudly for protection as anybody. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

INFLUENCING A RULER.

Eastern Substitute for Petitions and Passing Resolves.

Speaking of ways by which Eastern nations make their desires known to their sovereigns the London *Spectator* says: "The oldest probably is to mob the ruler in a respectful way. A vast crowd appears before the sovereign or satrap on his day of audience, tears its clothes, casts ashes on its head, and cries aloud as one man for mercy or justice, specifying afterward the particular cause of its great grief. The sovereign, who even when bad is usually conscious of some responsibility to God, as a rule listens patiently, and, unless his own interests are directly affected, grants the prayer of the petitioners, more especially if they are only asking for a life or two. To execute somebody in a public way, and thereby at once to strike terror and conciliate the populace, is an exercise of power which, to men who are at once intensely wilful and desirous of producing great effects, is exceedingly pleasant. When Constantinople was in its glory, a request for the head of the grand vizier properly made by a great crowd was very rarely refused. A city in petition in Asia usually obtains its petition; and this method of demonstrating might deserve praise but that it is seldom or never applicable to a whole country, and that it is of little use if the sovereign or his satrap is less than absolute. It would not move a home secretary much more than a deputation. Next, there is the expedient of quitting the city and camping outside for a time, which is highly impressive and dramatic. One of the Muscovite grand dukes was, if we remember aright, replaced in that way on his throne by the people of Tever, his rival, momentarily successful, being overawed by the silence which suddenly fell around his throne. The deserted city, yesterday so full of life, strikes awe by its desolateness, and the ruler, beside feeling boycotted, is put to exceeding inconvenience. The demonstration, of course cannot be mistaken, and, moreover, must be sincere; decent Asiatics liking a 'camp-out' quite as little as decent Londoners would. They are not, it is true, afraid of the east wind or likely to be wetted through; but they cannot cook, they get water with much difficulty, they are exposed to the midday sun, and they dislike exceedingly the contaminations inseparable from a camped-out crowd. The method, however, would if serious emergencies be admirable but for one defect. If the ruler is a patient man, he sits still, and nothing comes of the demonstration. The people must return to their dwellings by-and-by, and, when they return, they are just where they were, except perhaps a little crest-fallen. Finally, there is fire-raising. In Constantinople or Teheran, or, we believe, Pekin, when oppression or neglect becomes unbearable, fires begin. A dozen buildings are burned every night, the circle of fire closing in on the palace, until the sovereign is at last aroused, and the grievance, whatever it be, is, if removable, removed. This is a very striking method, and has been known to succeed perfectly; but it has the drawback of a certain vagueness. Nobody knows exactly why the fires are kindled, or what will put them out, and unless the dismissal of a vizier stops them, or the hanging of a few bakers, there is no reason why they should ever stop. Still an oriental sovereign who honestly wants to know what is "up" in his capital when the fires begin usually has the means of knowing; and as the fires imply revolt in the immediate future, he often thinks it wise to be instructed and to obey the public wish.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fresh Chit-Chat About Persons and Things Across the Ocean.

The traveler in the Hawaiian Isles, witnessing some court ceremonial at Honolulu, at which the King and his courtiers wear handsome American uniforms, resplendent with gold lace and orders, while the Queen and her ladies appear in full court dress, finds it hard to realize that in 1820 the Hawaiians went naked and offered human sacrifices to hideous gods. When the American missionaries arrived there in 1820 the King, having previously signified his intention of showing them honor by dining on board their vessel, arrived in a narrow waist-fringe, a crown of scarlet feathers, a necklace of beads and a green silk scarf thrown over the shoulders. But they were still further shocked when, as soon as they were established in a house on shore, they received repeated visits from the King and his five wives, all completely naked. After a while the American ladies mustered courage enough to drop a hint on the subject, whereupon the King, being exceedingly anxious to do the right thing, called next morning attired in a pair of silk stockings and a cocked hat.

Two amusing instances of the mechanical workings of bureaucratic methods of administration are recorded in the Paris papers. At the recent wreck of the steamship Victoria as the passengers who made their escape came dripping out of the sea half dead from exhaustion, they were received on the beach by a couple of officers who insisted upon getting from them, at once, their statements in regard to the disaster. The other case was that of a conscript, who was entitled to exemption by reason of being the sole support of an aged grandfather, whom he brought along with him in proof of his claim. The officer called upon the old man to strip for examination like the rest, and in spite of all expostulations he insisted on the ground that his orders were that all who presented themselves should be examined, and so the poor old blind man of eighty had to strip his shirt and take his place with the youths drawn up to wait for the medical inspector.

Reynolds' Newspaper, an English workingmen's paper of enormous circulation, gives this kindly notice of the peerage: "The English peer is an interesting object. He may be mean, or ugly, or in low circumstances; he may be a wife-kicking drunkard or a Duke of Marlborough, or he may lunch on a herring in a cook-shop in company with a coal-heaver, after the fashion of Lord Hinton, but as he sits with his coronet tipped rakishly on one side and his alabaster limbs stacked on the mantelpiece there is an indefinable grace and refinement upon him that makes him a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Consequently, no true Briton will regret to hear that, during the last thirty-five years, 520 peers have run no less than 7,901 relatives into life-long billets in the government service, making a good average of fifteen paupers which each has planted on his bleeding country."

Owen Parry, an English soldier, had a dream of a buried treasure that did not turn out after the melodramatic style. He had served twelve years in the army and had obtained medals for good conduct in the Egyptian and Afghan campaigns. While in Egypt he dreamed that under a certain boulder stone on a certain highway in England an immense amount of treasure lay hidden. So strong was the impression made upon him that he deserted and made his way to England and began searching for the unexpected gold. Accompanied by a party of his friends he searched for that boulder stone and buried treasure, overturning many stones and making numerous excavations, but the only result of his labors was to attract the attention of the police, and at present he is in jail awaiting trial on the charge of desertion.

The Odessa papers report that in the Russian village of Obodney a rich but ignorant peasant received a visit lately from three venerable-looking men dressed in flowing robes, who informed him that they were Christ and the Apostles Peter and Paul. They severely censured him on the score of his lack of charity, and the terrified peasant, falling upon his knees, begged them for mercy, and gave them over 500 silver roubles, which was all the money he had in the house. Fortunately for him his neighbors were not as superstitious as himself, and before the impostors got away a crowd overpowered them and gave them into custody.

Recently the inhabitants of the village of Mumble's Head, in England, have been in a state of excitement over the nocturnal visitation of a ghost. A number of the most courageous men of the place lay in wait for the spook one night, and when it appeared duly robed in white, after the usual fashion of ghosts, they laid hands upon it, and discovered that they had hold of a prominent member of the Salvation Army. He explained that his masquerading was simply an ingenious method of rousing popular attention to the affairs of the world to come, but that did not save him from receiving a sound flogging.

Ardent patriotism probably never took a more curious form than in the case of a young Alsatian, who was drawn as a conscript in the German army. When he was examined by the military surgeon it was found that nearly the whole of his body was tattooed over with the words "Vive la France!" There was only one exception to the inscription with which the Alsatian had adorned himself, and this consisted of an equally brief sentence expressive of the utmost contempt for the Prussians. He was given a sentence of six months' imprisonment as a reward for his ingenuity.

The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria has been disgraced and forbidden the court in consequence of a most gross outrage on some peasants which was brought to the notice of the Emperor by the Bishop of Linz. It is stated that the archduke and some of his equally harebrained brother officers were riding in the country when they met a peasant funeral. They compelled the procession to stop, insulted the mourners, and finally—incredible as it seems—they are accused of having opened the coffin, and then of having taken the corpse out, after which they leaped their horses over it.

The Paris papers tell of an enormous toad in which a peasant has cultivated a musical faculty. When the peasant drones out an old Gascon ballad the toad accompanies him with four musical notes, which it utters in harmonious succession. The voice of the strange singer is declared to be plaintive and musical, reminding one of the notes of a harmonica.

An English lady has sent the Pope a valuable Easter egg: the shell is of ivory, lined with white satin, and the yolk is a golden case wherein is a large ruby set in diamonds, the whole being valued at over $10,000.

Ashes of Roses.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when life doth die.
Pale hues that mingling lie,
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set
Love's brightness closes,
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.
—*Elaine Goodale.*

Home-pickled oysters are best, and, in the matter of health, undoubtedly the safest to eat.