THE MEDFORD MAIL.

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THE INFALLIBLE SIGN.

From the hillside peepeth the daisy shy,
And we feel the breath of the clover;
We are getting ahead of the bacilli,
And the days of the grippe are over.

The summer is nearing, without a doubt,
And to know it we've ample reason;
For the last year's straw is taken out
And brushed for another season.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

James Blayne was a little out of temper. For more than a fortnight he had unsuccessfully devoted all the observations and opportunity at his command to discover the whereabouts of Lady Merton's jewels, and of the man or woman who had stolen them.

James Blayne was a promising young member of the detective force, on the lookout for the lucky step that should lift him above the level of his compeers, and when the Merton robbery was entrusted to his care he thought he had got his chance at last.

It certainly was a rather interesting case.

About three weeks before the day on which we record Mr. Blayne's loss of temper, pretty Lady Merton, as might have been gathered subsequently from the newspaper reports, was spending a solitary evening in her house in Brook street. Sir Robert was dining with an old friend some little way out of town, and not returning till morning, my lady had intended going to the play with some friends. But late in the afternoon she altered her plans, dispatched a note begging to be excused on account of a severe headache from joining the party, and with a curious feminine idea of comfort and indulgence, told her maid that she would not go down stairs again, but would have some dinner "on a tray" in her boudoir at 7.30. At ten o'clock she rang her bedroom bell, dismissed her maid, requiring nothing more that night. Before leaving, the maid asked if she should go to the jewelers' the next morning early, as had been arranged, to take there for repair a diamond brooch of her mistress's. "Yes," adding, as the maid opened the jewel case to take out the brooch, "Oh, leave it till the morning."

The box was relocked and the key put in its usual place in one of the dressing-table drawers. The butler stated that at 10:30 the house was shut up, and every one went to bed.

The next morning Lady Merton, finding her headache no better, kept her room darkened till after ten o'clock, when some tea was brought to her by her maid. The latter then went to the jewel case for the broken brooch, and finding the box unlocked, with the key lying near, hastily opened it, and cried out her discovery of the robbery to her mistress.

This was the story that in twenty-four hours was known to most newspaper readers in the country, and this was the story that about three weeks later was trying Mr. James Blayne's temper. Again and again he reviewed the few heads of the case.

On July 25, Lady Merton went to bed between 10 and 10:30 p. m. The jewels were then in their places, and she, seeing the box opened, told her maid not to disturb them till the morning. The maid locked the box, replaced the key in a drawer and shortly went to her own room, fastening the door—this last fact being attested by the housemaids, who slept in an outer room. The butler swore to turning out the lights and "shutting-up" at 10:30. Lady Merton slept little and restlessly till 12:30, when she got up and stirred the fire—this fact attested by the cook, who slept in the room above and was aroused by the sound of the poker. At ten the next morning the jewels were missing, and the jewel case stood in the dressing room within and only approachable through Lady Merton's bedroom.

Robbery from without Blayne rejected, after due examination, as an impossibility. From within, by a man, well nigh impossible, owing to the position of the jewel case and to Lady Merton's restless state during the night. It seemed a case of chez la femme, and Blayne had sought ceaselessly; chiefly among the women of the house, of course, though here also the great difficulty of crossing Lady Merton's bedroom unperceived by her was with him more strongly in their favor than their excellent characters from their employers. The lady's maid seemed his only chance as, of course, she was fully acquainted with the situation in all its senses; and her footfall, which he proved to be light and to which, of course, Lady Merton was accustomed would disturb her less than any of any other visitor. But the lady, while suggesting no other solution to the problem, rejected this last theory with some indignation, declaring that she had the utmost confidence in her maid, and that she had scarcely closed her eyes before midnight, after which hour the housemaids pronounced it an impossibility for the lady's maid to have crossed their room unnoticed.

So Mr. Blayne was a little out of temper with his lagging luck, and he decided to get two or three days' leave, and then having rested his riddle a bit, to start afresh at reading it. Thus he found himself on the afternoon of August 13—his request for leave of absence having been granted—talking to a pretty, neat looking girl in a small semi-detached villa on the outskirts of the new and fashionable watering-place, Stonelay.

"So you've been getting on pretty well, eh, Nelly?" he asked.

"O, yes, Jem, very. The air here seems to be quite setting me up, so I fancy I had been working a bit too hard, though I always said it was mother's nonsense. Its true its rather dull here, but then I often go into Stonelay and have a look at the smart visitors; so even if aunt Sarah is snappy at times, I don't mind. She's kind enough, really."

"She couldn't have got any one else to bring her here, so she ought to be. I bet the beastly water puts an edge on a temper like her! Yes, I expect it's pretty dull, alone with her. Poor Nellie!"

"O, I don't mind; and we've got a new neighbor."

"Old Mrs.—what's name? you told me of, gone?"

"No. She's got a new lodger—a man—good looking rather. She brought him in one day to tea, and we meet him now and then on the road. But he doesn't go out much."

"Oh, hiding on some 'count,' is he?" asked Jem rather snappishly of the pretty dressmaker.

"Nonsense, Jem! he isn't hiding. He is drinking the waters, he says, and he has a very pretty sister."

"Sister? Then they both lodge next door?"

"No. She comes to see him. She is a lady's maid staying at Stonelay. The husband of the lady she is with is drinking the waters."

"Ugh! lady's maid?" said Blayne, spitefully, thinking of his recent trials, with which his fiancee was acquainted.

"Really, Jem, I believe your failing to fix the stealing business on the poor lady's maid has made you hate the lot! And talking of your jewel affair, I find while you lose—"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, yesterday I found such a lovely button on the path just outside here. It was sparkling in the sun, and I picked it up and brought it in. I went into old Mrs. Brown's to ask Mr. Martin (her lodger) if he knew anything about it; but he was away for two days, she told me; coming back to-night. Auntie says I'll have to make it known, perhaps advertise if no one claims it, for this morning I showed it to Mr. Frazer, the jeweler at Stonelay, and he said it was a very good button, and uncommon, as the stones are beryls."

"What!"

"Dear me!—beryls. Are they as extraordinary as all that?"

"That depends. Show us the button, Nelly?"

"Here it is," she said taking it from the mantleshelf.

"Twelve gold filigree buttons jeweled with beryls," Blayne murmured to himself. "I should like to see your neighbor, Nelly, and his sister, the lady's maid."

"Why Jem, you don't think—O, I remember now, that description you sent me of the lost jewels! But this can't be. She is such a dear little thing and so pretty."

"Yes; what sort?"

"Oh, middle height, dark hair, pretty eyes, nice figure—"

That'll do, Nelly. It would fit almost any one. I say, who's that coming up the path to the house now?"

"Why, that's Mr. Martin," said Nelly, as Blayne instinctively got behind the muslin window curtain, from which post of vantage he could easily see without being seen: he's good looking, isn't he, Jim? Looks like a gentleman, rather?"

"Ye-es; just that last. I think I've got his measure?"

"And O, there is his sister just behind him—see? Now that's not your lady's maid, is it?"

"That!" exclaimed Blayne, with eyes nearly starting through the lace of the curtains; "is that your lady's maid and that man's sister?"

"Yes," answered Nelly, as her neighbor and his sister, nodding and smiling to her, entered the next house.

"Does she stay the night there?" inquired Blayne.

"O, no; never more than an hour. Her lady couldn't spare her. But what is the matter with you, Jem, laughing in jerks like that?"

"O, nothing. I say, Nelly, is there a visitor's list in the paper here?"

"Yes; but Jem—now that wasn't your lady's maid was it?"

"No, dear; now—the paper."

Blayne wandered steadily on through the list of "fashionable visitors" till he came to "Victoria hotel; Sir Robert and Lady Merton." Then he folded up the paper, saying: "Well, Nelly, I'll go into Stonelay with you to-morrow morning to have a look at the fashions. Here is Aunt Sarah coming to see after us," as that respectable lady entered tho room.

"And there goes Mr. Martin's visitor," said Nelly, as a woman hastily closed the door of the next house and hurried away.

"She must be late."

"Rather," said Blayne.

The next day the detective took his intended walked into Stonelay, and after a few minutes' private conversation with the manager of the Victoria, he astonished Nelly by insisting on buying her different trash in all the shops that commanded a view of the hotel. At length, on his offering her a pink glass mug decorated with the legend, "In affectionate remembrance," in forget-me-nots, she began protesting.

"All right, dear, we'll take it to Aunt Sarah," he said, with his eyes fixed on a gentleman who was mounting a horse that a groom had been leading up and down in front of the hotel.

As soon as the subject of his attention had ridden out of sight, Blayne said to his companion:

"Do you mind walking on home, Nelly? I have a little business at the Victoria which I must see to at once; then I'll come on after you with the—"

"Jewelry?"

"Yes, and the mug."

Blayne walked into the hotel and sent a written message to Lady Merton, asking if she would see him at that somewhat early hour, as he had to catch the next train to town. He was shown into a sitting-room where a very pretty woman in a soft morning wrapper was lying on the sofa, reading the paper. She rose as he came in, and he thought of the lady's maid whose description would "fit almost any one."

"Well, Mr. Blayne," she said, with a smile, "you come about the jewels of course."

"Yes, my lady, I do."

"There is no news, I suppose?"

"Your ladyship will be pleased to hear that there is news?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, starting, "what—what news?"

"A small, a very small portion of your jewelry is in my hands."

"Indeed!" said Lady Merton more calmly. "Are you sure it is mine?"

"I think, my lady, that beryl buttons such as yours," pausing to note her pallor, "are extremely rare."

"Ah! and—"

"And this button that I hold in my hand"—he showed it as he spoke—"was found in a semi-detached villa at some little distance from this town during the absence of—the thief."

He watched the blood rush to her face, her throat, her brow, and, thoughtfully looking elsewhere, said:

"The rest of your jewels, my lady, must be recovered by me or by—you."

"Really," she stammered, "I—I don't see—"

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but we waste time. I know that in a case of this sort my instructions would be to avoid the chance of scandal, and I look to you to help me with this, for your own sake. You must return to that house this morning with me."

"I can't, I can't," she gasped, clinging to the side of the sofa.

"My lady, you must!" answered the detective. "If you go with me I shall find only the jewels, but if I go alone I must find the thief. Now, will you come and recover your property, or shall I discover—"

Thanks to the exertions of that able officer, James Blayne, Lady Merton is an exception to many less fortunate ladies in having recovered her jewels, "never again," she declares, "to lose them." And the detective, now steadily advancing in his profession, never forgets that anxious and trying fortnight during which he gave too little consideration to latchkeys and headaches.—London World.

California Revisited.

The old miner, full of cherished memories of that wonderful past, on revisiting the scenes of his early labors sees no winding line of miners by the river marge, with their rattling rockets or long toms; no smoke from camp-fire or chimney arises from the depths of gorges; cabins are gone; no laughter nor cheery voice comes up from the canons; no ounce a day is dried by the supper fire. Gone are most of the oaks and pines from the mountain-sides; the beds of the rivers are covered deep with the accumulated debris of years, over which the water, once clear and cold from the melting snows of the Sierra, goes sluggishly, laden with mud, in serpentine windings from bank to bank. On the tableland above, in the chasms made by hydraulic power in the pleiocene drift, the hollow columns of iron that once compressed the water stand rusting away; the monitors lie dismantled like artillery in a captured fortress. All is silence and desolation where once was the roar of water and the noise of busy life. The same red and brown soil is beneath your feet, the same alteration of ridges and gorges is here, the same skies undecked by clouds from May to November are overhead; the same pure air is left to breathe in spite of courts and monopolies; a considerable portion of the soil is cultivated; scattered here and there over the mountain slopes are homes surrounded with flowers and fruits—but the early miner sees it all with the sad belief that the glory is gone.—E. G. Waite, in the Century.

There are now in cultivation in Kew Gardens 1,342 species of orchids, besides 174 varieties, and more than 100 undetermined plants. There are amateurs, though, having collections to beat that at Kew.

Mr. Ker's Valuable Parcel.

Simeon Ker of Melbourne, Australia, registered at the Russell House yesterday forenoon.

"I came from Australia by way of San Francisco, and am on my way to London," said Mr. Ker. "I merely stopped over for a few hours' rest, and take the train for the East this evening. My business is that of a common carrier," and Mr. Ker smiled a complacent sort of smile as he placed a bulldog revolver on the table and threw off his coat and vest.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, as the Free Press representative evinced some little nervousness at these warlike movements. "I presume you have seen the stock of some diamond salesman—worth anywhere from $25,000 to $75,000. Well, I carry a much larger stock, and all in one piece. See here," and Mr. Ker drew out a stout steel chain from the opening in his open-back shirt, at the end of which was a steel portemonnaie, locked with a secret spring. This he opened, and exhibited a diamond of most wonderful size and brilliancy. It was an inch in diameter, and while holding it in his left hand Mr. Ker's right hand toyed with the revolver on the table.

"That is a genuine African diamond of the first water and is worth £27,600, as diamonds go," said he; "but on account of its unusual size we regard it more valuable. It is insured for £25,000. No, I am not afraid of losing it. In the first place, it could only be obtained by killing me, for it never can be removed from my body while am alive. I am not afraid to show it, because I desire all good people to know I have it. You represent a well-known newspaper. I find it all over the world. Now, suppose I was to be chloroformed and robbed of it, you as well as others to whom I have shown it could testify that I had it, though the officials to whom I should complain of the loss might doubt it. In the old days, and in certain localities at present, it would be as well to say nothing about it, perhaps, but in civilized countries it is different. The insurance company which holds the risk preferred I should carry it to intrusting it to an express company."—Detroit Free Press.

"Old Hutch" Gives Advice.

Benjamin Peters Hutchinson, says the Chicago Post, bought one of those little nickle-plated saving banks which will not open until you have deposited 50 dimes within them. Every time he made a winning on the Board of Trade he salted away 10 or 20 cents, and yesterday he found that his total savings amounted to $2.10. Then a man came along and presented for payment one of Mr. Hutchinson's I O U's for $2. It is said that the liability was contracted during the course of a poker game, but that's neither here nor there.

"I'll pay it," said Mr. Hutchinson, "If you'll lend me $2.90 in dimes so that I can get this $2.10 out of this pesky bank."

So the man lent him $3 and the two went to the bank to get it changed into dimes. The 29 dimes went into the bank and Mr. Hutchinson thoughtfully put the odd dime into his pocket. As the bank was now full it opened automatically and deposited 50 dimes into Mr. Hutchinson's palm.

"Now, then," said Mr. Hutchinson, "hand over that I O U."

The man handed it over and Mr. Hutchinson carefully tore it up.

"I always like to do business on business principles," he remarked.

Then he paid over the $2, asked the man to count it and see if it was all right, and when that had been done, politely said "Good morning" and started to go.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the man. "Excuse me, but you've forgotton to return the $3 I lent you."

"Um," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I don't know anything about that. Have you got an I O U for it?"

"Why, I just now lent it to you."

"Did you?" said Mr. Hutchinson blandly. "I don't remember it. You shouldn't have lent it to me—if you did lend it to me, as you say you did—without security. That's not business. Always do business on business principles, my son. Good morning."

Out of Kilter.

Kilter or kelter was an "Anglicism" long before it was an "Americanism." Skinner, in 1671, has "Kelter; he is not yet in kelter, *nondum est paratus*." It is also given in a reprint of Ray's collection of 1691. The k before t points to a Scandinavian origin. Cf. Dan. kilte, to truss, tuck up, whence E. kilt. Rietz gives Swed. dial., kilter band, a band for holding up tucked up clothes; kiltrasig, to gird up, tuck up, and fasten. The metaphor is obvious enough.

This word kelter, as it should be spelled, is given in Johnson's Dictionary, and derived from the Danish kelter, to gird. A quotation is given from Barrow's works, where the word is used. Bailey in his Etymological Dictionary, derives it from the Latin cultura. Haliwell ("Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words") gives it as used in the east of England both as a substantive and as a verb. It is a word of every-day use in Surrey and Sussex, in the sense of order or condition. The Rev. W. D. Parish, in his "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," notices it in the phrase, "This farm seems in very good 'kelter.'" I have often heard it used in the same way, and anything that is out of condition is described as being "out o' kelter."

On reference to the publications of the English Dialect society it will be seen that the word is of very general use throughout England. In the neighborhood of Whitby it occurs as a verb and substantive, and in the mid and east Yorkshire glossaries also; it is used also in west Cornwall, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. In west Somerset, in Sheffield and in Huddersfield the word means money. These references will be sufficient to show that the expression is not an Americanism, but that the word has found, and still finds, a place in vernacular English.—Notes and Queries.

Thirteen a Lucky Number.

The old superstition that the number thirteen is unlucky is supposed to have its origin as far back as the last supper, when Judas betrayed his Lord and afterward hung himself. There are, however, instances where thirteen has been a lucky number, as in a baker's dozen, where one loaf is added to the dozen for luck.

There is also an account of a British soldier in the reign of William and Mary who was court-martialed for having fallen asleep at midnight, when on sentry guard upon the terrace at Windsor. He most solemnly declared that he was innocent of the offense and to prove it swore that he heard the clock Tom of Westminster strike thirteen when it should have struck twelve. The court refused to believe that he could hear the clock at that great distance and sentenced him to death, but when a number of people came forward and made affidavit that the clock actually did strike thirteen on that same night, he was pardoned.—Detroit Free Press.

Out-Door Bathers in Britain.

I found myself at the Serpentine at an unusually early hour the other morning, says a writer in the London Graphic. A little way out in the water, in front of the diving board, was a ladder on the ice, and in front of the ladder were two trestles. Between the two trestles the ice was broken away, leaving a space to dive about ten feet long by five or six feet wide, the trestles being placed there for the purpose of keeping the miserable little plunge bath select from the skaters. To the left of the trestles was another ladder lying on the ice. Near the bank I found a policeman who was communicative. The bathers form a kind of club and number about twenty, he told me. They bathe every morning. No matter what the weather is, in they go, just the same. All classes of people belong to the club, I was further told, and some came from a good distance. One enthusiast is 75 years old. His hair and beard are white af snow.

TO EXPLORE DEATH VALLEY.

Where the Temperature is 150 in the Summer and 110 in the Winter.

An expedition is being organized in Washington said President Willets of the Board of Government Exhibits recently which if it is as successful as we anticipate, will contribute in results some unique features of the Government exhibits that will excite general attention. Nothing has been said about it heretofore but I am now ready to announce its object, which is to make an accurate biological survey of the famous Death Valley in southern California. This valley is in a great measure a terre incognita. It is true that the Wheeler survey gives us something of its topographical features, and it is true also that Capt. Charles E. Berdine, curator of eggs in the National Museum, made a reconnaissance of the valley in 1867, but the amount of accurate knowledge of the country is very small indeed. Scores of persons have penetrated it and their dried bodies are there now showing how fearful must be the heat. It is 150 degrees in summer and 110 in Winter. Nothing rots, so dry is the atmosphere.

"Now, we propose to send eight or ten of the most distinguished scientists that can be found in the country on an exploration tour of the valley. One man, Vernon Bailey, is already working his way into the valley from Nevada, and in a few days Prof. Thedore F. Balmer will move up from the south and join him. Other members of the expedition will be projected into the valley in a short time, when actual scientific work will be fully commenced. The expedition, which will occupy three months, will be one of great peril, as the heat is greater than that of any other section of this country and more intense than that of the famous desert of Sahara. Mirages are frequent, and water can only be had by digging for it. The expedition will start in with eight barrels of water. The pack animals will be mules and burros, and there is a question whether even they will be able to survive the fearful heat and the labor incident to the trip.

"There are rumors of immense deposits of gold and silver in the mountains. They may be fairy tales, but there is a tradition that once upon a time a gold hunter ran across a red painted bucket in the valley, in which was a rich chunk of gold, and beside it a pickaxe, and the shrivelled remains of a man. The hunter returned to California with the gold and was seized upon by miners and tortured for the purpose of getting him to tell all that he knew. He related of finding a mountain of gold and silver, but efforts to discover their exact locality have always resulted in failure. Now, we expect to show on a map at the Exposition just what there is there in animate and inanimate nature. We have a right to expect to find species not known to natural history."—Chicago News.

Common Fellows.

A dream which President Lincoln related to one of his friends has a homely significence for many another "common fellow." Lincoln dreamed that he was passing, on some public occasion, between ranks of the people, when he heard one man say to another, as he pointed him out, "He's a common-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, my friend," replied Lincoln, in his dream, turning to the man whose remark he had overheard, "God likes us common-looking fellows, or else he wouldn't have made so many of us."

The wit and wisdom of this dream thought are good enough for any waking moment. Yes, God evidently likes common-looking fellows, and he has evidently given the work of the world into the hands of common men. The "genius" was always rare, and he is growing rarer. As the general level of intelligence and virtue rises, fewer and fewer mountain peaks of commanding intelligence rises above the level. And even at their best the men of genius have never done the world's work, or fought its battles, or carried on its reforms. They have often obtained the glory and won the applause, but a Napoleon without his army, a Gladstone without his constituency, a Spurgeon without his audience, would be far more helpless than the "common-fellows" without their leaders.

This is just the thought needed to lift the common fellow out of his commonplaceness, and to raise the common task to the pinnacle of sublimity. The common fellows are God's chosen workmen. The common tasks are his, and he brings the workman and the work together. No man really appears common to us after we begin to realize that he is chosen of God, just as Lincoln could not have been a common fellow in the eyes of any one who knew his mission and history.—Golden Rule.

How Victoria Journeys by Rail.

When the Queen of England wills to take a trip by rail the event is of no small importance. In preparation for her recent trip from Carlisle to Aberdeen, a distance of 240 miles, instructions were issued to all road officials several days in advance, and a copy of the same, printed in gold, was presented to the Queen, that she might understand that every possible arrangement had been made for her comfort and convenience. Each section master was directed to examine his length of line, and station himself at the south end and his assistant at the north end of the same section. A pilot engine sped over the track twenty minutes before the passing of the royal train, and this interval was maintained throughout the entire journey.

No gatherings were permitted at the way stations, and passengers were admitted to but one station, and that the last of the whole route. Demonstrations of any sort were forbidden, "the object being that Her Majesty should be perfectly undisturbed throughout the journey." Engineers on trains that awaited the passing of the royal cars were directed not to allow any smoke to escape from their engines or any sound of blowing off steam. The Queen pays all expenses of losses or delays occasioned by her journey.

Stevenson Will Settle in Samoa.

Robert Louis Stevenson has sold his villa at Bournemouth, England, and sent for his mother to come out and join him in Samoa. A relative of Mr. Stevenson's says that Louis is well enough anywhere that he can live out of doors. In England and Scotland he could live only in the open air during the Summer months, and not always even then.

To the North Pole by Balloon.

The belief in the possibility of successful aerial navigation still retains its hold on the minds of many intelligent men. A French scientist now proposes to make a scientific expedition to the North Pole. He proposes to construct a balloon of lined silk, thirty metres in diameter and having a cubic capacity of 14,121 metres. The balloon will be covered with a special varnish, which will insure its absolute imperviousness. It will be filled with pure hydrogen, and its car will be constructed on a novel plan especially suitable for a Polar expedition. It is calculated that this aerial journey will last four or five days. It is proposed to start from Spitzbergen and it is hoped will end on the North American continent, or in the northern part of Asia. This is by far the most important journey which has yet been attempted in a balloon, and if successful, it will teach many lessons, not only in aerial navigation, but also in many departments of physical science.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A PRAIRIE OBJECT GONE.

The Buffalo Wallow is Disappearing With the Buffaloes.

A Buffalo wallow, once one of the most familiar objects on the prairies, is a circular depression, having a diameter of from six to thirteen feet. In approaching a large herd during the summer the first indication of the presence of the huge animals was an immense cloud of dust rising high in the air, for the buffalo, as do many of the wild beasts, loves to revel in the fine sand or dirt, which he furnishes by digging it up with his horns. "Like a bull in his wallow," was once a frequent saying on the plains, and it has a very significent meaning with those who have ever witnessed a buffalo bull trying to cool himself in a wallow.

Many years ago, in the early days of travel on the great plains, the travellers believed these curious rings to have been made by the Indians in their dances, but the idea prevailed for a short time. The buffalo, whose hair is remarkable for its intense shagginess and thickness, must necessarily suffer severely from heat, and then he will seek the lowest ground on the prairie, where there has been a little stagnant water left, if he can find it. Of course, the ground being soft under the short grass, it is an easy matter for him to make a mud puddle of the spot in a very short time. He accomplishes this by getting down on one knee, plunging his short horns and at last his head, into the earth, and he soon makes an excavation into which the water slowly filters. This makes a relatively cool bath, where, throwing himself on his side as flat as he can, he rolls forcibly around, and with his horns and hump he rips up the ground by his rotary motion, sinking deeper and deeper, continually making the wallow larger, which fills with water, in which at length he becomes completely immersed, the water and mud, mixed to the consistency of mortar, covering him perfectly, changing his color and general appearance. When he rose the mud dripped in great streams from every part of his huge body, a horrible-looking monster of mud and ugliness, too terrible to be accurately described.

It was generally the leader of the herd who took upon himself the business of making the wallow, or if he had found another had commenced the excavation he would drive him away and wallow until he was satisfied, standing in a mass of mud and water in the hole until he got ready to give the others a chance. It was always the next in command who stood ready, and when he came out the next, who advanced in his turn, and so on, according to rank, until all had performed their ablutions. Frequently a hundred or more would patiently wait their turn, each one making the wallow a little larger and carrying off a share of the mud, which dried and gradually fell off.

It required about half an hour to make a decent wallow, and the depth was about two feet. The water naturally drains into these holes, together with its accompanying vegetable deposit and the result is a remarkably rich soil, where the grass and weeds grow with a luxuriance so marked that a buffalo wallow can be distinguished long before it is reached. The prairies are covered with them all over the central and western portion of Kansas, where the plow has not yet disturbed the primitive sod. The first thing a Kansas farmer does after a rain, is to examine the buffalo wallows: if they are filled with water the rain has been a good one, and the saying common in that region, both by the individual and the newspapers, is, when speaking or writing of a soaking rain: "The buffalo wallows are full." When the weather was dry the buffalo had to content himself with the comminuted dust he could make in the hole, and, as the weather was generally dry, the whereabouts of a herd could usually be located by the cloud of dust above it.—Kansas City Star.

Sham Gift-Making in India.

A description of the customs at one of the petty courts will serve to illustrate those of all the States. When either of these two (British official or physician) called upon the Rajah of Ulwar, he was shown into the reception or throne-room, where sat the Rajah, surrounded by the great State officers. After the exchange of the usual salutations, one of the officials brought in a tray, on which were displayed jewels and golden ornaments, studded with valuable stones; perhaps the contents of the tray would be worth $250,000 or more. This trayful was supposed to be a present from the Rajah to his visitor, and it was offered first to the gentleman, and he, inclining his head, touches the edge of the tray with the tips of his fingers, and it is then passed over to his lady, who invariably accompanies the British officer (if he is married) on such occasions. She follows the example of her husband, and the tray and its valuable contents are returned to the jewel-room. The Rajah of Ulwar is the owner of jewels and golden ornaments that are valued at $30,000,000. In lieu of the unaccepted jewels, a long necklace of tinsel, of little value, is placed around the neck of each, where it remains during their stay within the palace.

There is a very strict law against any British official accepting a gift of any kind from a native prince. Even where a doctor may have performed some serious operation upon a Rajah, who, being grateful, wishes to give—exclusive of a money fee, varying from $1,000 to $5,000, according to the operation performed—a present of a shawl (cashmere), golden cup, or some similar valuable, the doctor must obtain special permission from the Viceroy before dares accept the present. If any official accepts a gift of any value without such permission, he may have to resign. In the good old days, when the East India Company governed India, an official's pickings, the presents often extorted from the Rajah's were far more to him than his salary. It is not rash to calculate Warren Hastings's—one of the most energetic and unscrupulous of all the earlier Viceroys—pickings, if I may call them such, during his long reign as Governor-General, to have amounted to fully $5,000,000.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Stage Kiss.

Henry Miller, who may be considered an expert, gave his views on the important subject of the stage kiss to a Detroit reporter. "The public have a general idea that the stage kiss is a sham and a delusion, but they don't quite see how it is done. There is always room to get your head between the audience and the person kissed, and that helps out the deception." Mr. Miller avers that realism in this respect would not do at all. "It might be distasteful to both parties, and what would be the use of it? The ladies on the stage don't want to be kissed by every man they play with—that is, kissed as the lover would kiss—and it might not be pleasant to the men."

He Traveled in Florida.

"Did you go about much in Florida?" asked a gentleman, of an acquaintance who had just come up from that State. "Well, yes," was the reply; "I went over to the Suwanee River, cut over the country, and shot 'gators on the Withlacoochee, fished for bass in Tsala Apopka, sailed on Thonotossa, skipped over to Okonlockhatchee, walked by the shores of the Weohyakapka, plucked flowers by Hickpochee's limpid waters, visited the sugar fields on the tortuous Kissimmee, was buffeted by the waves of Okeechobee, and have also captured tarpon on the Caloosohatchee. I expected to visit Istokpogayoxie, Lockapepka, Hatchenecha and Ecautockhatchee before I left the State."

Woman's World.

Comfort Versus Luxury in the Home.

"The greater always includes the less," said Missie, conning the first lesson in her new Euclid.

"True in mathematics," said her mamma in an aside to a friend who was calling, "but you can't apply that axiom to the Browns' house. I think you know them. Have you ever visited there?

"No? Well, they are hospitality itself, and visitors are always welcomed heartily at their lovely country home. It is furnished with every luxury that money can buy. Paint and paper and frescoing are in the latest style; curtains and draperies are rich and costly; the guest chamber is a marvel; the bed down itself; but I have seldom spent a more uncomfortable night than the one I passed there a short time ago.

"I noticed upon retiring the almost priceless Cloisonne matchbox upon the mantel—noticed it, I fear, with a little sigh of envy, for I adore exquisite china. After an hour or two I awoke, and, for some reason or other, wooed I never so earnestly, I failed to bring the coy restorer. I groped my way to the mantel. The matchbox did not contain a single match. I think I would have given dollars, which you know are a scarce commodity with me, for the privilege of striking a light. There were no clocks to strike, and just because I could not look at my watch the hours of that night, through all the rest of which I lay wide awake, seemed interminable.

"There was a beautiful little colonial writing-desk in my room, and with the first peep of day I thought I would pass the time by writing some letters. Alas, here again the greater did not include the less. There were no pens, ink or paper—not even a lead pencil.

"There was an inlaid desk in the library, and although I found paper there the inkstand—a gem in oxidized silver—was empty. Quite innocently I later threw the whole house into a state of amiable confusion by asking for a piece of wrapping paper and a bit of twine."

The caller, who never loses an opportunity to "point a moral," thought that here was a good lesson to many otherwise excellent housekeepers, says the New York Recorder. She knows of a seven-room flat in Harlem shared by a family of five where there is very little luxury pure and simple, but a great deal of comfort. The pleasure of a guest chamber is denied them, but they have a way of "doubling up" by which they can always put a room at disposal of a friend. It is literally 8x10. The bed is only a cot, but wide enough for comfort and with the best of springs and softest of mattresses. It is covered with a Bagdad rug, so that you take it for a divan until you get better acquainted with it, an impression which the pillows, with their coverings of demin embroidered in the shades of the rug, fail to remove until these covers are taken off and the hemstitched linen pillow slips are seen.

At the foot of the cot stands what looks like a desk in imitation mahogany which, when opened, shows washbowl, pitcher and water jar. Above it a set of bamboo shelves holds a small home-made portfolio of artist's linen containing paper, envelopes and postal cards. There are a simple inkstand well filled and pen rack with good pens, albeit in most inexpensive holders. There are a few well-chosen books and a magazine or two. You don't have to ask for a wisp broom or hat brush, for both are ready to your hand. A cretonne-covered box with a hinged cover makes a comfortable ottoman and holds shoe brushes and blacking; in a little rack in one corner of it is stowed a bottle of dressing for ladies' shoes.

Hang Brooms Up by the Handle.

Don't hang your broom brush end uppermost, unless you want to spoil it, advises the New York Ledger. If the brush is the least bit damp, the moisture will work down into the body of the broom and make it musty, and after a time will rot the threads all out. I know there is a great fancy nowadays for fastening the brooms on the wall by means of nails driven through spools, as well as various broom-holders and similar devices, but it is all a mistake, as one may see by giving the subject a little thought. Hang up a wet broom in this way, and the water naturally soaks into the tying. Before it could be thoroughly dried, it gets wet again.

The inside portion of the broom is fastened with wires. These become rusted and break away and the threads which fasten the outside get rotted and some little blow breaks them loose; and then the broom is spoiled. Go to the hardware store and buy a dozen large-sized screw-eyes. Put one of these in the end of the handle of every broom in the house. Drive nails and hang them up. Before putting them up it is well to dip them for about four or five inches of the length of the brush into hot water, then rap them smartly to throw out the water, hang them up and let them dry thoroughly before using. In this way the brush dries straight and the broom will last as long again as when treated in the usual way.

These screw-eyes have various uses, and it is economy to buy them by the gross. The dusting-brush, floor-brushes—anything with a wooden handle—may be hung up by the means of them. The bread-board, the ironing-board, indeed every wooden utensil about the house may be much more conveniently placed by means of these trifling appliances. Such small wares cost nothing, and by their use one finds elbow-room, shelf-room and order more easily than by almost any other means.

General News.

GENERAL.

A line of whaleback steamers to carry wheat direct from St. Louis down the Mississippi and across the Atlantic to Liverpool is proposed.

The pope advises the French clergy not to meddle with politics nor give political exhortations.

UNITED STATES.

The Omaha councilmen have been indicted for bribery in selling favors to the Union Pacific railro