

placed to Mrs. Marmaduke Redfield's account in the nearest national bank; and Mrs. Fytenchey thinks she has made a mistake in taking the gold eagles instead of the cranberry swamp—but young Dr. Dedling thinks his mistake was greater still.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

SOME FOLKS.

There is a class of people in every community, whose highest aim in life appears to be to do all the harm, and create all the misery and heart-burnings possible. We all know such persons and instinctively dread them, for do they ever spend one hour in our company without inflicting some disagreeable story upon us, or endeavoring to sow the seeds of doubt and suspicion in our minds? They approach us with professions of friendship, and under that disguise they pour into our ears their unworthy stories. We do not think it possible to meet a more thoroughly disagreeable person than this same meddler in other people's affairs. It is almost impossible to escape them or to avoid listening, even though we know the things they tell us are almost without foundation, except within their own evil imagination. They address us so confidentially; they are so much interested in all that pertains to ourselves. They don a knowing look, and whisper in the low tones of privileged friendship "something they have heard," and "I thought you ought to know it." "Well, a certain person told me that your son" (or, perhaps, your brother or your husband, as the case may be) "does not keep the best of company when he is out from home, and is often guilty of taking a drink too many and plays cards too, dreadfully. Only think of it!"

Our dear friend goes on at some length to discuss the evils of the day, and card playing and drinking in particular. Then, having no more gossip for that time, takes leave of us until her stock of scandal is replenished. But the miserable tale rankles in our heart for days, filling us with sad misgivings. Or, perhaps, the blow is aimed at the sacred shrine of wifely love, and we are told in pitying tones, accompanied with commiserating glances, that he whom we have trusted with our holiest thoughts and crowned with all the wealth of our woman's love, is false to the sacred trust. The seeds of misery thus sown, may grow and strengthen, fed by trifles, until hearts are estranged and lives embittered for all coming time.

Oh, the misery caused, the hearthstones broken by the baleful tongue of one malicious, designing creature! The lives wrecked by this tattler, this meddling busybody! No home is safe from their venomous attack, no circle too sacred for their intrusion. Many a wedded pair can date their lifelong wretchedness from this source. Ah! the power for harm wielded by a false, malicious tongue, eternity alone can tell.

We have seen this demon in disguise, in the young, fresh souls of sweet girls just budding into womanhood, whose heart might have been a treasure for any man's coveting had the whole character not been marred by this crowning blemish. Again, we have seen the selfsame spirit rule, as with a rod of iron, the middle-aged, whose locks were frosting with years, and oh! most shameful, most utterly to be condemned by all, the seeming follower of the meek and lowly One, who went about doing good. Under the cloak of a pure Christian life they carry a deadly poison, fatal as pestilence to domestic happiness.

But why dwell on things of such everyday occurrence. All over our broad land we may see the work of such unholy creatures, and find in many, many a home, a "skeleton" of their making. The time has come to some and may come to many more, when the words of Scripture shall be fully verified: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."
Mrs. Belle Ballard in Pacific Rural Press.

INDIAN PECULIARITIES.

The aborigines found in America by the discoverers were termed Indians, because the objective point in voyages to the West was India, and hence when the Western Continent was discovered it was hailed as the long-sought-for country of fabulous wealth and mystery. In many respects the manners and customs of the Indian tribes showed evidences of a tradition which must have descended to them from the human race in Asia. Their religion, theory of origin and acquaintance with the events related in the Bible, and of general mythological belief among the Asiatic nations, show a remarkable similarity. One element in Indian customs remarkable for its similarity to the peculiarities

of the tribe turned over to his domain, while the wild bull of the happy hunting grounds is propitiated in the hope that his prototypes in the opposing camp will become the loot of the victors.

Very much of the Indian character and origin may be learned from the meaning of even the simplest dances. David danced before the ark, and perhaps the savage dancing before the image of some unknown divinity, demonstrates an origin which the most profound researches of scientific men in regard to prehistoric remains dare not contemplate.

WHY NOT.—If we are to have contests of strength—and it seems to be impossible to get along without them—why not have matches that will leave some tangible result behind, something that will make the world richer than before the contest? Not long since a woman tramped for three weeks or so around a sawdust



INDIAN WAR DANCE.

related of the more civilized nations of the old world, is that of dancing upon occasions of joy, sorrow or war. In all, however, there is a natural grotesqueness which is supposed to indicate the ideas thought to be indicative of the sensations or of preparation for some important event. The feeling is natural, even the white man is desirous of "dancing for joy," and uses the expression, when the Indian practically demonstrates it.

The solemn religious dance of the Hindoo finds a parallel in the sun dances of some of the Indian tribes, and is even perpetuated in the dancing feature common among the Shakers of civilization. In the war dance of the Indian, which we illustrate on this page, the grotesque and horrible form a dreadful accompaniment which even to a savage mind can be excused only by the dread uncertainty of the war to follow the uncouth ceremony. The devil is particularly materialized for the occasion and the

track in this city. The boy who, during that period, sawed a single stick of wood, did more good than that trampist. At Newport and Coney Island Capt. Webb and Paul Boynton are engaged in long swimming matches, yet if either of these gentlemen would tow ashore one either of these gentlemen would tow ashore one log of wood, that act would be more beneficial to mankind than their useless swimming. The same may be said of these wrestling matches, running matches and all such prodigious waste of strength. Let us have a wood-sawing match for the championship, or let some Amazonian female undertake to saw 2,016 arms-full of wood in 2,016 quarter hours. This idea was adopted near Newburg, New York, lately, and a potato-digging match was the result. John Whitmore dug against time for the belt and \$10. He was to dig 100 bushels in 10 hours. He wrestled Graco-Roman fashion with two rows at a time, and quit 45 minutes before his 10 hours were up, having dug 135 bushels of potatoes.