

at this present time, and not be 'lowed to walk the airth any longer, jest fer a skerge, never dewing any good whatsomever."

Jack looked like a grimy angel of retribution, firmly devoted to his work.

"O Jack, I won't, I never will ag'in! Jest lemme go this time and see ef I do. I'll do all I can for mother and try to be a good boy at school. Do, Jack, let me up."

Jack set him off the block and replaced his anvil.

"Ef you're sot on bein' a good boy, Joe, I hope you'll be a reg'lar Methusaler, and I'll be the last man that'll ever end yer days. But as yer present character stands, the whole community would be glad to git red on ye. Did ye ever think of that, my boy?"

"I never knowed how mean I was before, Jack. I ken see it now, and I'm goin' to change."

And really after this Joe went to work with a new set of faculties that his brain appeared to have in reserve somewhere; and that is the way it happened that he lost the reputation of being the worst boy in school.

MARIE S. LADD.

A ZUNI COURTSHIP.

THERE were two unmarried members of the house—a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an overgrown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde—a specimen of the Albino tribe, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgment of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The Governor spared his youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter referring to his eyes, which, the Governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty and coquettish—the belle of Riverside street. Her lovers were many, but soon of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the Governor's younger brother. There was but one room in the house where the two could hope to be left to themselves—mine. Here they came, night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely Me-lik in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low bench hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones, just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the Governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the Washington Me-likana, whereupon the pair would vanish—the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.

SUNKEN IRISH CITIES.

THERE are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered throughout Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the lake of Inchiguis is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath deep waters. The dark spirit of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years, at midnight, he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now on a calm night one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland." In Ulster is a lake of 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was a prophecy in every one's mouth that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great quantity of water would issue therefrom as would soon overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldame coming to fetch water heard her child cry; upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains. One cannot help remarking the similarity between this and the old German legend of Undine.

HENRY'S LAKE.

PERHAPS one of the most beautiful and at the same time most neglected spots within the confines of Montana is the region about Henry's Lake. The country is romantic in all respects, is a delightful resort, and a paradise for sportsmen. The waters of the lake are alive with myriads of fish of different varieties, among them the grayling. This fish is found in few places in this country, other kinds being incorrectly given the name, but the peculiar dorsal fin marks the fish taken from the lake as the genuine grayling. The surface of the water is at all times remarkable for the number of wild fowl sporting about—ducks, geese, swans and other varieties making the place their home, laying their eggs and rearing their young on the islands which dot the surface of the lake. Its banks and the country surrounding are the home and feeding ground of countless numbers of wild animals. Their haunts have not been intruded on to a degree which renders them timid or afraid of man. No more desirable place to visit during an outing can be found on the continent. Let its beauties and attractiveness become known and the lake will become at once a popular resort.—*Ex.*