

not—only looked calmly ahead. Finally he began to chant his death song. He would go to the Great Spirit with a brave and fearless song upon his lips.

A sudden cloud passed over the canoe. Lifting his eyes, he saw a great eagle hovering low. It came so low that the boy reached up and caught a firm hold of the dangling legs above him.

The next second the canoe shot out from beneath him and plunged down the hissing black waters of the cataract—but the lad and the eagle floated outward and downward through the dashing mist. The eagle struggled on and on. Down, down they sank. At length, after an eternity of waiting, the eagle dropped downward upon a stretch of land below the whirlpool. For a moment the strange pair lay there, struggling for breath. Then majestically the eagle lifted himself, soaring high, high into the sweet air, and as long as he was in sight the Indian boy knelt on the little bar of sand, his shining eyes following the mighty bird until it was lost to sight in the pearl gray cloud of the frowning cliffs.—Ex.

NO JUDGE OF WOOL.

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dressmaker, charged with stealing silk from her customers and substituting for it poorer material, cross examined the principal witness, a lady who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within 25 cents a yard. Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought the bundle to her. "No," she answered; "I think

that all colored persons look alike to me." "Oh, they do, do they?" rejoined Morris; "we'll see," and he asked several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at me and then at these gentlemen, and tell the court whether you can tell us apart." "I don't see much difference," replied the lady; "perhaps by studying you all I might; but your heads are all shaped alike, and, except some are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another." "Now, madam," said Morris, with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within 25 cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?" "She regards herself as a judge of silk, not of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney. The court laughed, as did the spectators.—Argonaut.

QUICK MEASUREMENTS.

A traveler was detained at a little country railroad station in England for half an hour and was chatting with the stationmaster when the bell rang sharply half a dozen times. Instantly the three employes—stationmaster, ticket agent and porter—ranged up in a line on the platform and stood at attention.

A moment later a locomotive with a single saloon car slowed up. The solitary occupant of the car regarded the men sharply from the window, made hurried notes and quickly retired.

"Who was that?" the traveler asked the stationmaster, after the train had gone. "Some prominent official of the line?"

"Oh no," was the reply. "That was the railroad company's tailor measuring us for new suits."—Boston Transcript.