

DEATH VALLEY.

A broad plain stretching westward dry and
dun,
Sparse vegetation baking in the sun,
And mountain ranges farther to the west
With white snow masses on each lofty crest,
Except when turned to rose tints at morn,
Or glowing blood red just ere night is born.
No shade to soften heats or sun's fierce wrath,
Lizards and scorpions in the dusty path,
Where giant spiders like gray shadows
swarm—
Each a small devil with misshapen form—
The yellow rattlesnake coiled low where
moist
The bowlder's shadow and the sun's white
heat.
At night strange reptiles crawl 'neath pallid
moon,
Squat toads and insects join in tuneless rone,
While coyotes howl and heats are scarcely less
Than in the noonday glare so shadowless;
A world of dust and sand, low shrubs and
stones,
And 'mid them, gleaming white, bleached
skulls and bones.
The red Apache o'er it sweeps sometimes
To re-enforce its horrors with his crimes,
Or Mexicans, on some sweeping raid,
Add to its corpses with their bandit trade,
Within its silence their rifles crash,
In its sun glares their crimson knife blades
flash.
Too oft enacted on this scenic stage
Are dramas red with gore and fierce with
rage,
Men monsters vying with the reptile horde—
Their stings the bullet or relentless sword,
Death valley, where the drought and hot sun's
breath
Turn skies to brass and shrive life in death!
—I. Edgar Jones in Boston Transcript.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

I regret that the heroine of this story did not have a more romantic or musical name than "Gumbots Jane." Had it been Faunfoot or Stareyes it would have been more pleasing to romantic people, and the imagination might more easily picture her as a "maiden of the forest," worthy of companionship with those fair creatures met with in the writings of J. Fenimore Cooper and other regulation frontier stories. But as I am simply giving a sketch from real life I must take the names and characters as I found them.

Truth also compels me to state that she was no great beauty, a fact I do more deeply deplore because all other heroines met with in Indian stories, from the lovely daughter of Powhatan up to the present time, so far as I know, were without exception perfect paragons of native grace and loveliness.

The heroine of this story appeared at French Bar, a mining camp on the Stickeen river, one day in the summer of 1881. She wore a pair of rubber boots much too large for her, and as her skirts were rather short they were quite conspicuous. Now, miners have a way of readily coining nicknames for those with whom they come in contact, and as if by common consent she was at once called "Gumbots Jane." The rest of her apparel consisted of a waist improvised from a man's blue woolen shirt, a skirt of some kind of brown material, a cheap shawl and a rather dirty looking silk handkerchief tied over her head. The girl was about 16 years old, and although no beauty, she was not positively ugly. She had a pleasant face, a well formed mouth and pretty white teeth, which she seemed to like to show when she smiled. But her eyes were the most attractive of her features. They were large, dark and dreamy, and shone with a soft light that made them almost beautiful.

The Indians of southeastern Alaska and British Columbia are far different from those of other parts of North America in disposition and habits of life. They are intelligent, vivacious, industrious and very sociable. They have but little of the stoicism and vagrant ways of the tribes of the western plains and readily adopt our habits of life and style of dress. By hunting for bearing animals and working in the mines and fisheries they make a good deal of money. They also conduct quite a profitable trade in curios with tourists who visit this "land of the midnight sun" in summer. When out hunting or at work, of course they wear rough clothing, but when visiting with each other at neighboring villages, participating in the festivities of their frequent dances and "potlaches," or attending church on Sundays, they dress about as well as the white people.

French Bar is situated in British territory at the intersection of the Stickeen river and Beaver creek, not far from Telegraph creek, which is the head of steamboat navigation for miners and supplies going into the celebrated Cassiar mining district. The "pay dirt" there was neither extensive nor rich, and at the time of which I am writing the camp contained only 16 men. As it rained frequently during that season and was always cool of nights they lived in snug little log cabins, making a village just at the mouth of Beaver creek canyon. Two miners occupied a cabin together and owned and worked their claim as equal partners, affectionately calling each other "pards." They subsisted from a common supply of provisions, took regular turns at cooking and doing their chores and slept in the same bunk.

Dan Nolan was a member of the camp that summer. He was young and boyish looking, but his manly demeanor, his ready wit, industrious habits and accommodating disposition made him a great favorite with his companions. He was brought up in Dublin and considered that city his home, as his mother and only sister, to whom he sent part of each month's earnings, still lived there.

Of course he was not called Dan Nolan, for miners find nicknames for their favorites as well as for others, and though not selected with any regard for aesthetics or euphony they are generally expressive and often very appropriate. So Dan was known by the more alliterative name of "Dublin Dan." His pard was called "Joquin" Jones. When he first came to the Bar, he said his name was Jones, but as he had a copy of "Sons of the Sierras," which he read and quoted from with great freedom and frequency, he very soon got "Joquin" as a front name. It was rumored that

he had a history in Arizona and was a bad man when roused. No one inquired concerning his real name, since in the far west it is often taken as a personal insult to ask a man what his name is "the States" was.

The first time Jane came to French Bar another squaw, a good deal older and much less comely, who I afterward learned was her mother, accompanied her. If she had any other relatives, I never heard of them. I did in some way hear that she had attended the McFarland school at Fort Wrangell, Alaska, but never knew certainly whether the report was true or not. Still, as she spoke English pretty well, it is very probable she learned it there.

The Stickeen Indians, the tribe to which Jane belonged, claim the whole Stickeen river region, extending back something like 50 miles into the interior, as their country. But they do not use the upper portion of it except for fishing, hunting and gathering berries in the spring and summer, for in the winter they reside on the Alaskan coast and the numerous islands near the mouth of the river in the vicinity of Fort Wrangell, where they have permanent villages.

Most delicious salmon berries and two or three kinds of huckleberries grow in great abundance along the river, and during the time covered by this story a small party of natives were camped on a few miles above our camp, engaged principally in picking them. Jane and her mother were with this party, and almost every day some of the squaws would bring down berries in variety to sell to the miners. One night soon after Jane made her first appearance at the bar it rained very hard, causing Beaver creek, from which we took our water for mining purposes, to rise unusually high and flood our main flume to such an extent that it broke. This stopped work until the break could be repaired. Part of the men, therefore, went up early in the morning to mend the flume, while the others lounged about the camp and the bar, talking, smoking and doing odd chores, waiting to begin work as soon as they could get water for their sluicboxes.

Dublin Dan and four or five others were sitting on a large hemlock log near the camp, talking and smoking to kill time, when Jane came along the path by the log with a basket of berries. As she came in front of a fellow known in camp as Jack of Clubs, because of a supposed resemblance to that rather notorious knave, he suddenly put out his foot. As she was walking pretty fast she tripped and fell headlong down a steep bank seven or eight feet on to some rocks below, spilling the berries and smashing the basket in the fall.

Now, I do not think that Jack intended to throw the girl down the bank, but he did not have that quality of manhood which prompts a noble nature to admit a wrong, and he was inclined to make a joke of the matter. But as Jane lay where she fell Dan quickly leaped down and picked her up with gentle hands. He wrapped his silk handkerchief around her hand, which was bleeding freely from a cut made by the sharp rocks. He picked up her basket, spoke kindly to her and gave her \$1 to pay for the spilled berries. Fortunately she was not seriously hurt, and after thanking Dan and giving him a grateful look she went down to the river and joined her mother.

When Dan came back to where the men were, he looked angry and said to Jack, "Ye blackguard, ye ought to be ashamed to do a thing like that!" Jack said he had no thought of hurting the girl, but just meant to scare her a little, and to turn it off tried to joke Dan for the interest he took in her. Seeing that Jack was not disposed to have any quarrel, Dan's good humor soon asserted itself and the affair ended without further trouble.

In a short time afterward the men went to work as usual, and in the excitement of mining life this little incident was forgotten by all but Dan. As several days passed and the girl did not come there any more, he began to wonder if her absence was due to injuries received by her fall, and he resolved in his own mind if such were the case he would take the first opportunity to pick a quarrel and whip Jack for it. After about a week, however, one morning Jane appeared again at the camp. But how changed in appearance! At first no one recognized her. She was very neatly dressed in every way, and the gum boots were replaced by a nice pair of shoes; her black hair hung down her back in two heavy plaits, the ends being joined with a bow of pink ribbon. In her new suit she was quite picturesque and pleasing, and it was not surprising that she was not at first recognized as "Gumbots Jane."

But what had wrought this wondrous change in so short a time? Had that strange magic called love, which can suddenly transform the girl into a woman and the woman into a heroine, ready to do and dare anything for her lover, touched her heart? Perhaps so. At any rate it is certain that Dan's kind actions and words of sympathy made a deep impression upon this simple girl. Still, she was more bashful and shy toward him than she had been before she was hurt, for, while she came down to our camp almost every day, she hardly ever ventured within speaking distance of Dan, though she would often sit or stand where she could see him and anxiously watch him as long as she was unobserved or time would permit. But after this had been going on for a week or two he was much surprised one day by her walking straight up to him, and without hesitation saying: "I like you. Bad Indian want to kill white man. Look out!" Before he recovered from his surprise or could say a word, she turned and walked rapidly away.

Dan thought over the matter and tried to reach some conclusion as to what she meant, without any definite result. But he decided that unless the girl knew of some danger either to him or his companions she would not have given this warning, and that it would be proper to tell them about it. That

same day, however, a man called Scotty, from Nevada, was down at Buck's station on some business, and on his return brought news that caused considerable excitement at the bar and explained what Jane meant by her warning. He said there had been trouble between some Cassiar packers and Indians working for them, which had resulted in the packers killing one of the Indians. Now the natives of Alaska and the adjacent territory have a law, running back as far as their traditions reach, that when a member of one tribe kills a member of a different tribe the killing must be paid for with blankets or other property, or, if not, then it must be settled by human blood, and a life for a life is demanded. The tribe of the deceased will then kill one of the other tribe at the first opportunity. They do not seek the person who committed the homicide, but take the life of any member of his tribe that falls into their power.

When white men came into this country, the natives applied this sanguinary law to them, and it was well understood by all in our camp. We knew that one of our lives might have to pay for the native killed by the packers, and we therefore agreed to keep a vigilant watch for such danger.

For while we carried our guns with us down to the mines, and no man would go away from the camp any considerable distance alone. But as nothing more was heard of the matter our vigilance rapidly relaxed, and it was soon almost forgotten.

One morning Dan was at work on his claim. His partner had gone up the river for some purpose, and he was for the time being alone, with none of the other men even in sight. He was nervous and experienced a vague fear of impending danger. Just then he heard footsteps, and looking up saw Jane coming toward him. She came quite near and stopped between where he was and the woods that skirted the mountain far away. She did not speak nor even look at him. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the woods, and she stood as if listening.

This instead of allaying his nervousness increased it, and he wished he had brought his gun that morning. Then he thought he would speak to the girl and ask what she was looking for there, but at that moment he heard Joquin's voice singing up the river, and his heart gave a great bound of joy as he turned to look for him. Almost simultaneously the report of a gun rang out upon the air, a shrill scream pierced his ears, and Jane tottered and fell almost at his feet. It required no examination to see that she was shot, and filled with terror Dan tenderly caught her up in his arms with all possible haste and bore her toward the camp. Joquin overtook him on the way, and together they carried her into the cabin and gently laid her upon their bank. Two or three other miners came in about that time, and it was only the work of a few seconds to open her clothing sufficiently to show the wound where the bullet had pierced her breast. They tried to stanch the flowing blood, and did all in their power to relieve her, but it was plain that she could live only a short time—perhaps a few moments.

Just then Scotty came in and asked in a low voice who did it. She heard him, and without moving or looking in his direction said: "Bad Indian wanted to kill Dan. I save him." Then she seemed about to sink and faintly asked for water. The water revived her a little, and she lay there calmly looking at the helpless men about her, but gave no signs of pain. She spoke the name of her mother, though not as if to call her. Perhaps she knew her mother was too far away to come in time. But she looked up at Dan as he stood at the bedside almost blinded by tears and a strange light was in her face. She was not beautiful in life, but as she lay there in the very grasp of death she had a beauty not of earth. She put out her poor little brown hand to Dan. He took it and folded it caressingly in both of his. Love is stronger than death. She looked intently at him with a soft smile on her lips and a tender light in her eyes as she whispered to him in her native tongue: "Yekehaway 'hatt kookanah eatigh!" (I am happy to die for you). Then the light faded from her face, and the little brown hand lay limp and nerveless in Dan's. She was dead.—Warren Truit in Detroit Free Press.

Tropical Downpours.
The intensity of genuine tropical rainfall is extraordinary. The rain appears to come down, not in separate drops, but in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower, amounting to 1.6 inches in six hours, which occurred during his stay in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, the author describes the sound produced by the drops falling on the innumerable leaves of the forest as very remarkable and says the noise was like the rushing of a great body of water and could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Dampier gives a lively picture of the rain at Gorgonia, off the coast of Panama, where, he says, when he and his men were drinking chocolate in the open air, it rained so heavily that some of them declared they could not empty their calabashes, for they could not drink up the water as fast as it fell into them. In many parts of the tropics rain is a remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the fashion in invitations for the afternoon to state whether the guests were to assemble before or after the thunderstorm which came on regularly every day at a particular hour.

At the government cinchona plantations in Jamaica, on Dec. 21, 1885, 11.80 inches of rain fell in 24 hours, but this measurement does not indicate the total fall, as a gage when read at the usual hour of 7 a. m. was found full and overflowing. It is probable that unless care is taken to prevent this occurring many very heavy falls are not fully measured. On the crest of the Blue mountains, on the same plantations, 31.50 inches fell in one week, of which three days were fine.—Gentleman's Magazine.

SPLITTING BANK NOTES.

The Latest and Most Ingenious Devices of Counterfeiters.

Many devices have been resorted to by counterfeiters to raise genuine bank notes as well as manufacture bogus ones, but one of the most novel has come to light within the last few days at the United States sub-treasurer's office in this city. It is not known whether the plan was ever tried before, nor how successful it was in this case, as it is not known whether anybody was caught by it. The scheme consisted of splitting the back of a \$1 note and then pasting the back of a \$5 note and the front of the \$5 note to the back of a \$1 note. The mechanical part of the work was excellently done, but the fraud could be detected the moment the note was turned over.

An effort had been made to change the "one" to "five" on the "one" side of the new combined note, but it was done so clumsily that the fraud would have been seen at a glance, and the only hope of passing the notes as fives would have been to pass them over the \$5 side up and trust to the man receiving it not to turn it over before putting it away. The doctored notes came to the sub-treasurer through one of the banks, with the request that they be allowed whatever the notes were worth. The government always redeems notes from the face value, and as the faces in this case were of a \$1 and \$5 note \$6 was allowed. It is not known whether the bank was caught on the split notes or not.

A cleverly executed counterfeit \$5 national bank note was also detected at the sub-treasurer the other day. It was on the First National Bank of Tamaqua, and was burned in several places to give it an old appearance, and then pasted on a piece of paper as if to hold it together. The fraud was first detected by turning over one of the corners and discovering a misspelled word on the back.—Philadelphia Record.

Youthful Heroines.

One need not be a boy in order to be brave. The West lately had two very heroic episodes within a few days of each other, and in each case the "hero" was a heroine, and a very small heroine at that.

At Grand Rapids, Minnesota, Gerlie Anderson, eight years old, saved the lives of two scores of people. She was picking strawberries beside the railroad track, which runs near some subterranean lakes, the precise location of which had never been known, and which were not regarded as dangerous.

A passenger train passed the child, and almost immediately after, she was horrified to see two hundred feet of the track disappear under water. The regular train was due in a short time, and the child, realizing the danger, ran down the road and waved her sunbonnet when the train came into sight. Fortunately the engineer saw the signal and stopped the train just in time. The passengers made up a purse on the spot for their brave little deliverer, who, child-like, was so frightened when all was over that she had to be carried to her home.

In San Francisco the baby daughter of the captain of a steamer fell from the wharf into the water. Little Katie O'Connell, nine years old, saw the baby fall, and plunged in after it. She grasped the little one's skirts, and clung with the other hand to the pier until help came, when she was taken out almost exhausted. The grateful father had a gold medal made for the little girl who saved his baby.

The coolness and courage of these children shows that these qualities may be developed very early in life, and in girls as well as in boys.

The Man Under Thirty-five.

Miss Lillian Bell, the clever Chicago authoress, prints rather a caustic view of "The Man Under Thirty-five" in Ladies' Home Journal. She asserts that conversation with a man under thirty-five is impossible, because the man under thirty-five never converses; he only talks. And your chief accomplishment, of being a good listener, is entirely thrown away on him, because he does not in the least care whether you listen or not. Neither is it or any use for you to show that he has surprised or shocked you. He cares not for your approval or disapproval. He is utterly indifferent to you, not because you do not please him, but because he has not seen you at all. He knows you are there in that chair; he bows to you in the street, oh, yes! He knows your name and where you live. But you are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares not for your likes and dislikes, your cares, or hopes, or fears. He only wants you to be pretty and well dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him. He wants you to be tailor-made. You are a girl to him. That's all.

The Fines He Pays.

Mrs. Gummy—How does it come that Mrs. Cawker dresses so well?
Mrs. Glanders—It is because her husband is so wild.
"What do you mean?"
"Every time she hears of his paying any attention to other women she fines him a new bonnet or a new wrap or a new gown."—New York World.

Found Easy.

"They say Mrs. Barlow is going to start a free boarding house."
"How can she afford it?"
"By writing up what the boarders say at breakfast. The remarks of boarding house people are so witty that she expects to clear expenses writing jokes."—Harper's Bazar.

Embarrassing.

"I used to know your father, the old soap-maker, well."
Parvenue—Yes, soapmaking was his pet hobby.—Flegende Blaetter.

HIS DOG HIS AVENGER.

The Murderers of Tomas Martinez Brought to Justice.

Don Carlos is a dog of hardy, mongrel breed, the property of the wealthy Martinez family, of Santa Fe, N. M. He is not beautiful, but he is the hero of the countryside. Up to the time of the recent tragedy that made him famous his name was simply Carlos. The "Don" was prefixed in a feeble but praiseworthy attempt to recognize the brute's claim to distinction. That a Mexican should so honor a dog signifies a great deal. The story of Don Carlos



DON CARLOS.

leap to fame is the story of a foul crime. Don Lorenzo Martinez, of Santa Fe, owns and operates an extensive cattle and horse ranch at Ojo de la Baca (Cow Springs), in the southeastern part of the county. Last January his sons, Tomas and Maximiliano, were there looking after their father's interests. On Thursday morning, Jan. 17, Tomas, the older of the young men, started away from the ranch on horseback in quest of missing cattle. He was mounted on a good horse, had a first-class saddle and bridle; was well armed and had an excellent equipment of blankets and warm clothing. Carlos, who was accustomed to such trips, eagerly followed his master. As the young man rode away he told Maximiliano that he would be back on Sunday afternoon.

Tomas Martinez never returned. On Tuesday morning, when Maximiliano was becoming anxious about his missing brother, Carlos limped back to the homestead and fell exhausted on the threshold. There was a ghastly wound in his head, and his limbs were quivering with weakness produced by loss of blood, hunger and exposure. Water was brought to the dog, and he drank greedily. It seemed to restore his strength, for he barked, ran out of the house again, looked around at the younger Martinez, and barked again, more loudly. "Yes! yes! I will come with you, my brave Carlito," replied Maximiliano, whose fears were now thoroughly aroused. "Only you must eat first."

He threw the animal a piece of meat, which Carlos devoured in two gulps, and quickly saddled a horse. Tomas had ridden south, and Maximiliano and Carlos started in the same direction. But Carlos barked distressfully, and ran almost due east, turning round every few yards with such manifest tokens of intelligence and purpose that Maximiliano spurred on his horse and blindly followed the dog.

With his nose to the ground, and pausing only to drink at the brink of a creek, Carlos led the horseman nine miles across country to Don Lorenzo Martinez's round-up corral at La Murralla. As Maximiliano dismounted, Carlos, yelping as if with pain, rushed to the remains of what was evidently been an unusually large camp fire and began digging furiously in the ashes. And then, amid the black and gray ashes disturbed by the dog, young Martinez found a curious thing. It was a foot—his brother's foot. Although it was charred, he had no difficulty in recognizing "Tom's" heavy shoe and overshoe.

A moment later he FELICIANO CHAVEZ discovered the large bone of a human pelvis, burned to a dead, flaky white. All around, as his eyes grew accustomed to the sight, appeared smaller bones, but they crumbled at a touch.

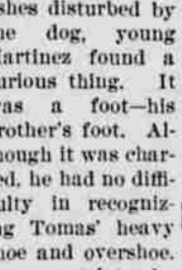
The riddle of the gruesome heap was solved. Jesus Vialpando and Feliciano Chavez were arrested, tried and hanged the other day, in the presence of 2,000 people. Pablo Martinez, a brother of murdered Tomas, followed them to the scaffold. Don Carlos was at his heels. The crowd cheered the dog. Jesus Vialpando turned his lean, dark face in time to catch a glimpse of the brute's scarred and ferocious head, and a great shudder passed over him just as Sheriff Cunningham pulled the lever. Don Carlos' work was done.

Water Scoop Accident.
The accident to the water scoop on the New York Central's locomotive which prevented the Empire State express from making a record, says the New York Mail and Express, recalls the first experience of the officials of that road with that device.

General Manager Toucey and Superintendent of Motive Power Buchanan undertook to try the method, and the latter agreed to run the locomotive on the occasion of the test, while the former was to stand at a point where the water trough began, so as to enable the



JESUS VIALPANDO.



FELICIANO CHAVEZ.

fireman to drop the scoop at the right time. Mr. Buchanan moved his engine along, and when that point of the track was reached abreast of Mr. Toucey the scoop was lowered. Instead of scooping up water the device tore up the ground and created a small-sized sensation among the onlooking officials. It was afterward discovered, on investigation, that the scoop worked all right, but that Mr. Toucey had inadvertently moved down the track and forgot to return to his assigned point. Mr. Buchanan subsequently tried the scoop again, but he took pains that it was dropped at the right time.

Another instance of a similar nature is recalled of an inquisitive yardmaster of an Eastern line who wanted to see how a water scoop worked and got on the blind end of a baggage car next the tender to make his observations. The train struck the scoop going at full speed, the engineer not slowing down because he was behind time, but more especially because he was aware of the yardmaster's presence on the platform behind him. For two hundred yards a perfect avalanche of water plowed up between the tender and car, half drowning the enthusiast on water scoops.

POLITE SHERIFF.

A Hanging that Was Conducted Under Rules of Society.

"The most polite man I ever knew," said J. D. Evans, of Mississippi, a Washington Star writer, "was a colored man down in my county. He belonged before the war to Col. White, one of the most cultivated and polished gentlemen in the South. During reconstruction days, Tom was elected sheriff, and the first year he held the office a white man was sentenced to be hanged. I knew the doomed prisoner, and at his request was with him several hours a day for the last week of his life.

"The sheriff came in the first time I was there, and, addressing the prisoner, said: 'Scuse me, Marster Bob. I jess come fur jess a little advice. Yo' see, we ain' neither ob us as used ter ceremonious occasions ob dis kin' an' I jess wants ter know how yo' would like ter hab de gallows, facin' de sun or de oder way.'

"The prisoner told him to have his face away from the sun.
"Thank yo', Mar Bob. I'll done hab it dat way. We don' wan' to make no expositions ob ourself by not doin' what is propah on sich events.'

"Upon the next occasion, the sheriff came in:

"Mar Bob, scuse me one moment, gemman. I jess wants ter hab yo' show me once mo' how you done de dat knot. Mos' curious knot I eber seed.'
"Upon the morning of the fated day, as I went in, the sheriff had the doomed man's foot thrown over a chair and was blacking his boot, the other one having already been polished. 'Mawin', sah,' he said to me. 'Mar Bob jess gittin' ready. I done borred a suit an' necktie from the cunnel an' jess slickin' 'im up. Den I gets inter my own dress suit dat I had made a puppus, an' Mar Bob, an' me, we gwine ter be de bes' dressed ob anybody.'

"Arrayed in full evening dress, the convicted man and the sheriff mounted the scaffold when the time came. 'All right now, Mar Bob,' said the sheriff, as he adjusted the cap. 'Scuse me, sah, jess a minute,' and he touched the fatal string."

Where Flowers Do Not Live.

There must be a wide difference in the geological formation as well as in the climate of the regions surrounding the two poles of the globe—that is, providing the flora of a country is an index to its climatic or geological conditions. Explorers who have had charge of the botanical work in both the arctic and antarctic circles have recently met and compared notes, and from these comparisons we deduce the following curious information: Within the arctic circle there has never been found a single species of flowering plant. In the arctic circle 762 different species of flowering plants have been collected and classified. Fifty of the above numbers are flowers of varied hue and of different degrees of odoriferousness; the remaining 712 are pale or entirely colorless, and with no perceptible perfume whatever. These latter are what the botanists term "types of true polar flowers."

Whitest City in the World.

There cannot possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz, unless it be built of snow. The best way to approach the port is to take a trip in one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass, which appears to be floating upon the water. Just as you are. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg. The white mass glittering in the sun, and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that the outlines of the castles and hills appear upon it; but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part, and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz. No other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.—Detroit Free Press.

An Admission.

Rector—Mr. Jones, I am sorry to tell you that I saw your boy fishing last Sunday.

Mr. Jones—Confound the young rascal! I thought it was strange I couldn't find my fishing rod.—London Telegraph.

Hard to Answer.

The Cross-Eyed Waiter (after the collision)—Why don't you look where you are going?

Second Waiter—Why don't you go where you are looking?—St. Paul's.

Nobody seems to be true to anybody.