Among the results that had been hoped for from the Afghan war was an accurate knowledge of Kafiristan, the land of mystery, which lies within the late kingdom the Ameers. Military operations, however, have not brought us within reash of "the black-clad people," as the Katas are called, or brought any of them into our camp, so the campaign bids fair to end leaving this truly wonderful country quite unexplored. Dardistan close by, is also a place of marvels, and its folk-lore would add to Grimm and Andersen a chapter about bear-kings and the Harginn, such as would rival any of the legends of the Hartz Mountains or Thuringia. Kafiristan is even more interesting than its neighbor, for it is not only in its fables and myths that this cloud-land is so delightfully mysterious, but in every detail of the life and manners, the looks, dress, food, religion and customs of the people that inhabit it. Who are the Kafirs, and where is their country? If the question were asked of an Afghan of Cabul, he would probably answer that they infidel dogs who live "to the north" of his city, and that their women and children are of such surpassing beauty that the agents of rich citizens are always on the lookout for a purchase. The size of their country no one knows exactly, but "the love herb" grows there-a valuable plant, indeed, for whoever possesses it can command the affection of any he pleases, and gold of a very pale color, but pure gold nevertheless, is found in their fields with the maize. They eat little grain, however, for the Kafirs live on cheese and curds, meat and fruits, chiefly the last, which grow wild all over their hills, and their orchards are wonderful. They have no earth in their country to spare, so the "black-clad" build their houses of cakes of cow-dung and sand mixed together; but water they have in abundance, since every hill is divided from the next by a stream, which the people cross by swinging bridges made of creepers. They kill every Mussulman they find within their border, and drink his blood; indeed, some of the Kafirs are cannibals. Such in effect would probably be the total amount of an Afghan's knowledge of this large body of his fellow-countrymen, for Kafiristan, partly from its sinister traditions and the memory of its traditional blood feud with Islam, and partly from the undoubted vindictiveness of the people toward Mohammed-ans, is a scaled book to the East. A tribe of mountaineers, known as the Nimeha Moslems, who, to suit circumstances and to accommodate themselves to local fashion in religion, are only true believers on the Mohammedan side of the frontier, and spit at the name of Allah on the Kafir side, act as a means of communi-cation between the "black-clad" and their neighbors, and, were it not for them, it is probable that the Kafirs would never be able to hold any intercourse with the outer world at all.

bors and reputed kingsmen, the Dards, really know nothing about them, it is not surprising that in the West, the Kafir of Afghanistan should be a complete mystery. Who are they? Some say they are Arabs, while others believe them to be Greeks. Nor, remembering how Alexander sowed colonies along the roadside as he went to and returned from India, is such a theory untenable, ecially as some of the Mohammedan tribes, once Kafirs, claim European descent. The Kafirs themselves—the Siah-Posh or "black-clad," from their wearing black sheep-skin coats with the hairy side outward-cannot, or will not, explain their own origin, for the few who have been "caught" at intervals by inquisitive Englishmen have only made matters worse by cheerfully accepting for themselves any lineage that happened to be suggested-Arab, Hebrew or Hellene. The language-Kalasha-would, it might have been supposed, have given a clue; but here again a difficulty arises for the Kafirs in communicating with their neighbors use a mongrel tongue, of which the vocabulary, as far as it is yet compiled, defies any important philological inferences being drawn from it, through its admixture of several dia-lects-Persian, Pushtoo, Hindi and Sanskrit-in varying proportions, with a large percentage of words and idioms to which no Eastern vernacular offers any analogy. From time to time Oriental scholars have given their atten-tion to the ethnological mystery, and notably Burnes, Wolfe, Vigne and Bellew, though without any conclusive results; but Dr. Leitner of Lahore has now contributed a further installment of a vocabulary compiled from the lips of Kafirs—two of them being prisoners captured by the Maharaja of Cashmere in his war with the tribes beyond the Indus, in 1866-which promises to lay the foundation of something like a sound knowledge of the linguistic eccentricities peculiar to these unknown folk. He himself, however, has not as yet any pro-

If the East itself is so ignorant of this remarkable race, and if their next neigh-

The people, as we have said, hate the Mohammedans with a surpassing fervor, not only from traditionary feuds, but because to this day the Afghans and others carry on a systematic brigandage upon their frontiers, for the purpose of stealing their women and children, who are then sold to the wealthy men of Cabul or Badadshan, Swat, Bajour and Chitral. On the other hand, they are said to be kindly disposed toward Hindus, and quite ready to accept Englishmen as friends. Native travelers who have visited them have come away delighted with their genial hospitality, and struck with their activity of temperament, intelligence, and singularly high standard of morality and That the Kafirs are brave needs ne telling, for they have retained their isolated independence in spite of every conqueror from Timur downward, and the list of their persecutors has been well nigh continuous for several turn ambitions of becoming a "Ghazi" can be dropped from the wagon to the having at one time or another turned his pavement without injury. Fruit packed arms against this infidel colony. In contradiction to some of the compliments that have been paid them, it is stated, and with much truth, against the Kafirs that they are but little, if at all, better than their neighbors in many respects; that their beautiful women do all the hard work of life, while their lords pass their days in singing and drinking and wishing ill to Islam; that they are crual manufacture barrels, tubs, etc., by this and treacherous to their Mohammedan new process. About \$30,000 will be neighbors; that their whole social life, its necessary to carry on the enterprise, neighbors; that their whole social life, its honors and ceremonies, turns upon the which can hardly fail to prove profit-slaughter of Mohammedans; and that able.—[Detroit Tribune.

nounced opinion upon their origin.

they worship idols. Apart, however, from their religion, which is no worse than many others, and their hatred of the Moslem, the Kafirs can fairly challenge our sympathy for their bravery and their personal resemblance to European races, while interest is stimu-lated by the little knowledge we already possess of this supposed remnant of Alexander's army—this fair-eyed people, who claim the Englishman, the detested Feringhi of their neighbors, as a "brother of blood." They alone share with us in all Asia the name, more odious than any other in the Moslem East, of "Kafir." This in itself suffices to make us hope that their secret will be cleared up before the savage encroachments of the surrounding tribes annihilate the race of brave men and blue-eyed women of the North."-London Telegraph.

#### Turkish Proverbs.

The Misionary Herald for July contains an article of much interest, by a missionary in Turkey, on the proverbs of the Turkish people. These proverbs show that human nature is about the same all the world over, and that no people is outside of the pale of humanity; while they indicate also the peculiar characteristics of the Turks, growing out of their religion and habits. We give a few of them, which we are sure will interest our readers. The following show the Moslem fatalism: "If a man does not seek his fate, his fate seeks him.' "What is to happen, will happen, help or no help." "The world is a mill; it grinds flour; some day it will grind us. Cross the sea and drown in a brook." "God knows, man guesses." And the following show that childlike faith in God which is a remarkable trait of Turkish character: "The well of mercy is "God delays. He does not negdeep." "God delays. He does not neg-lect." "Who calls on God will not re-main unsheltered." "Where God shuts one door he opens a thousand." "In giving, God does not ask whose son one is." "Even to His, beloved God gives orrow." Other proverbs of a more general character show that Turkish wisorrow." dom is about as shrewd as Yankee wisdom, and that the experiences of life are about the same as to the world: camel carries the load and the dog does the panting." "Better is my crow than the nightingale of foreign lands." "Conscience is half of religion.
who is a man does not mistake twice."
"Little said, well said." "Weep not for
"Little said, well said." "Throw a diamond into the mud, but it is still a diamond." "Do good and cast it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, their God will." "It takes two days' knock-ing around to get one day's food." "Who holds money precious is himself cheap." "Satan's friendship goes as far as the prison door." "Even the mountains fear a rich man." "An orphan once laughed, but it was by mistake." "He who falters not in confessing a fault is a true "There is no morning in the village which has no cock." "The master's eye makes the cow fat." "At the resurrection there will be no second trumpet "Before the rich man's for the deaf." heart is moved the poor man's life is

the stones. Some of these proverbs indicate a high moral sense that would do credit to any Christian people.

gone."

"A true man can get bread from

# Strengthening the Voice.

Signor Alberto B. Bach has recently devised and introduced in London a simple appliance called a resonator, for increasing the volume and power of the human voice when singing. In the course of a recent lecture Signor Bach described the mechanism of the vocal organs, and explained the modes in which their power could best be developed, and among other points he directed attention to the office performed by the hard portion of the palate, this acting as a kind of sounding board when the mouth is open for singing. It is for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the palate in this respect that the "Resonator" has been designed.

The instrument consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth—much in the same way as the gold palate of a set of artificial teeth-the plate having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downwards in both directions. A hollow sounding board, as it may be called, is thus formed, which has a remarkable effect on the volume of sound produced by the person wearing the instrument. The resonator appears to have no prejudicial effect upon the distinctness of articulation, and Signor Bach states that it can be used without the slightest inconvenience after a moderate amount of practice. It will not give a good voice o one who does not already possess that gift, nor will it eradicate any faults in singing, but, properly used, it is reported to have a remarkable effect in increasing the power of the sound which a singer can produce, and this without deteriorating its quality or increasing the effort required.

BARRELS MADE FROM PULP.-Mr. M. Howard Webster, whose office is below the Second National Bank on Griswold street, has recently become State Agent for a new invention in the barrel line, which seems to be a very valuable article. It is a barrel made of pulp, subjected to an enormous pressure. The advantages claimed for the invention are its lightness, durability and cheapness, The body of he barrel is all made in one piece, from coarse wood pulp. The pressure to which it is subjected is four hundred tons. The heads of the barrels are made of one piece in the same way, and when put together the barrels are exceedingly light, strong and satisfactory in every way apparently. There are two kinds, one for fruit, flour and other dry substances, the other for oil, lard and liquids of all kinds. It is said that a centuries, every Mohammedan chief in flour barrel made in this way, and filled, when put up in the usual way, being dryer and excluded from the air. The barrels for liquid substances are made by subjecting the first form to a simple process, and oil can be kept in them without any leakage. The saving in cost

## Bret Harte's Latest Sketch.

He was also a pioneer. A party who broke through the snows of the winter of '51 and came upon the triangular little valley afterwards known as La Porte found him the sole inhabitant. He had subsisted for three months on two biscuits a day, and a few inches of bacon, in a hut made of bark and brushwood. Yet when the explorers found him he was quite alert, hopeful and gentlemanly. But I cheerfully make way here for the terser narrative of Capt. Henry Symes, commanding the prospecting party We kem upon him, gentlemen, suddenlike, just abreast of a rock like this"demonstrating the distance-"ez near ez you be. He sees us and he dives into his cabin and comes out again with a tall hat—a stove-pipe, gentlemen,—and, blank me, gloves! He was a tall thin feller, holler in the cheeks-ez might be -and off color in his face, ez was nat'ral, takin' in account his starvation grub. But he lifts his hat to us so, and sez he, Happy to make your acquaintance, genilemen! I'm afraid you ex-per-ienced some difficulty in getting here. Take a wish there was more,' sez he. "You don't smoke yourself?' sez I

" Seldom, sez he, which war a lie, for that very afternoon I seed him hangin' onto a short pipe like a suckin' babe onto a bottle. 'I kept those cigyars for any gentlemen that might drop in.

"I reckon ye see a great deal of the best society yer,' sez Bill Parker, starin' at the hat and gloves and winkin' at the

boys, "A few Ind-i-ans occasionally," sez " 'Injuns!' sez we.

time of it themselves.' "'Now, gentlemen, we was, ez you know, rather quiet men-rather peaceable men; but, hevin' been shot at three

times by these yar 'good' Injuns, and Parker hisself havin' a matter o' three inches o' his own skelp lying loose in their hands and he walkin'round wearin' green leaves on his head like a German statoo -- it did kinder seem as if this yer stranger was playin' rather low down on the boys. Bill Parker gets up and takes a survey o' him and sez he peaceful like: 'Ye say these yer Injuns—these yer quiet Injuns—offered yer game?'

" 'They did!' sez he. " 'And you refoosed?'

" 'I did,' sez he.

" 'Must hev made 'em feel kinder bad -sorter tortured their sensitive naters? sez Bill.

"They really seemed quite disappointed.'

"'In course,' sez Bill. 'And now, mout I ask you who you be?' " 'Excuse me,' says the stranger; and, darn my skin! if he didn't hist out a keerd-case, and handin' it over to Billy, sez, 'Here's my kyard.'

"Bill took it and read it out aloud: 'J. Trott, Kentucky.'

"It's a pooty keerd,' sez Bill. "'I'm glad you like it,' sez the

stranger. 'I reckon the other fifty-one of the deck ez as pooty-all of 'em Jacks and left bowers,' sez Bill.

" 'Wot is your little game, Mister J. Trott, of Kentucky?'

" 'I don't think I quite understand you,' sez the stranger, a holler fire comin' into his cheeks like ez if they was

the bowl of a pipe. "Wat's this yer kid glove business?this yer tall hat paradin'?-this yer circus

foolin'? Wot's it all about? Who are ye, anyway?" The stranger stands up and says he

'Ez I don't quarrel with guests on my own land,' sez he, 'I think you'll allow I'm-a gentleman,' sez he.

"With that he takes off his hat, makes a low bow, so, and turns away like thisbut Bill lites out of a sudden with his right foot and drives his No. 10 boot turbing the peace. Alone, silent, un-clean through the crown of that tall hat moved, my informant sat apart in a like one o' them circus hoops.

"That's about as fur ez I remember Gentlemen! thar warn't but one man o' that hull crowd ez could actooally swear what happened next, and that man never told. For a kind o' whirlwind jest then took place in that valley. I disremember anythin' but dust and bustin'. Thar wasn't no yelling, thar was no shooting. It was one o' them suddent things that eft even a six shooter out in the cold. When 1 came to in the chapparel-being oncomfortable like from hevin only half shirt on-I found nigh on three pounds of gravel and stones in my pockets and a stiffness in my ha'r. I looks up and see Bill hangin' in the forks of a hickory saplin' twenty feet above me.

"'Cap,' sez he, in an inquirin' way 'hez the tornado passed?' "'Which?' says I.

"This yer elemental disturbance—is

it over?" 'I reckon,' sez I.

"Because, says he afore this very electrical phenomenon took place I hed a slight misunderstanding with a stranger, and I'd like to apologize! "And with that he climbs down, peace

ful like, and goes into the shanty, and come out, hand in hand with that stranger, smilin' like an infant. And that's the first time, I reckon, we know'd anything about the gentleman of La Porte."—London Belgravia.

PICKLING BEEF.—The Yorkshire (Eng.) hung beef has long been deservedly famous, and is thus easily prepared: Cut into the ribs or a round of beef, or even a fine thick flank, about twenty pounds weight of either, for example. Finely beat in a mortar, for this quantity, half a pound of bay salt, a quarter of a pound each of saltpetre and sal prunella, and two handsfull of juniper berries; mix them with three pounds of common salt and one pound of coarse sugar, and thoroughly rub the beef all over for a considerable time. Let it lie in a good salting pan and rub it well with the pickle once a day for at least a fortnight, carefully turning it every time. Take it out, and after drying it well with a coarse cloth, hang it up to the ceiling of a warm kitchen, or in a chimney corner, where only a moderate fire is kept, till it be comes properly dried. It may be either boiled as wanted, or cut into rashers and broiled, but in the latter case it will always eat much better if previously dipped into boiling water.

## Funny Sayings of Funny Men.

Leaving Mr. Carleton's store I came out in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, and here I met Welsh Edwards, a well-known physiognomy in the New York theatrical world. A man with a portly presence and with a splendid, rich, bass voice, a delight to the ear, as his good-natured face is to the eye of the popular audiences who adore him. Without being in any sense a celebrity, Welsh Edwards is a man whose services are constantly in request in New York. Next year he is engaged at the Madison Square Theater, a place which I find is regarded by New York actors in the light of a professional Mecca. Welsh Edwards' talk is principally about John T. Raymond's failure in London. He attributes it to the poor company which surrounded him. I disagree with him, and think it simply because the play, as such, is a very poor one, and because the sarcasm on our political system is not understood there.

"I played a part in the piece," says

Edwards, rolling out the words in his some difficulty in getting here. Take a cigyar. And he pulls out a fancy cigar-tinct and delightful over all the noise case with two real Havanas in it. 'I and clatter of the street; "when it was first produced in New York, over there, says he, pointing, "at the Park Theater. I played the cross old Judge-remem-ber? Yes, well: Mr. Clemens," and his eye twinkles at the mention of Mark Twain's name, "was at all the rehearsals. The heroine died at the end of the piece, as it was then written. Yes, she had murdered the man, her betrayer, was brought in guilty, and died of heart disease. We old actors thought it was an odd idea to end a comic piece with a death; and at the last rehearsal Mr. Clemens," and his mouth widens into a "'Yes. Very quiet, good fellows in their way. They have once or twice brought the game, which I refused, as on the stage and said: 'Ladies and gen the poor fellows have had a pretty hard tlemen, it has been suggested, and the actor's rich voice sinks into a humorous, imitative drawl, 'that this lady should be brought in innocent, and that she should not die. She is undoubtedly guilty. She has killed a man. But I don't care if she has killed forty men. We'll bring her in innocent, if the audience will. And if they don't laugh at the end, Edwards ('I was much portlier then than I am now,' he explains), 'shall crawl over into the orchestra and creep back through the narrow musicians' door.'

The conclusion of the narrative, broken by his laughter all through, brings tears of mirth into the jovial Thespian's eyes. I feel I am scarcely responsive enough, though I am a great admirer of Mark Twain's writings; but this story shows the advantage of getting up a reputation of being a very funny fellow.

It reminds me of an incident told me by a gentleman once of a similar effect of humorous prestige in Artemus Ward's case. One day a lot of "the boys" were sitting in the bar-room at the St. Nicholas Hotel when "Arty" came in. They clustered around the great wag and greeted him rapturously. He shook hands solemnly with all; his eye twinkled; then, after a long pause, he began to speak. He said:
"I am going--to--New-ark."

One unanimous burst of laughter greeted this pungent sally. Then came a deathlike silence, waiting for the "The stranger sez nothin', but kinder draws back from Bill, but Bill ups and voice came fitfully, spasmodically: sequel. Again the eyetwinkled, and the

"I am going—to—New-ark. As a match to a powder magnzine, so this to the risibles of those present. They squirmed; they held their sides; they wiped their eyes; they could scarcely swallow their what-will-youtakes for laughter. After the absorption of the divers beverages Artemus went toward the door. Every glance was riveted on the long, lank figure as it moved away. Once more the steel-blue eye twinkled, the thin-cut lip quivered, the metallic voice incisely reft the air: "Good-by, boys," said Artemus; "I

am going-to-New-ark." Yells of hyenas were as nothing compared. Policeman came in and threatened to arrest the loud laughers for discane-bottomed arm-chair, and thought how easy it is, when you've got your reputation up, to be a wit.—Cincinnati

Enquirer. WATERING HORSES.-A Berlin journal prints an interesting paper on the watering of horses. A subject, the writer remarks, to which too little actention is given by officers in command of mounted troops. The practice of allowing horses to drink only once a day, and then in the evening, which is advocated by many because it is in vogue among the Arabs, is strongly reprehended by the German writer, who points out that, while in Europe the horse's rations consist almost exclusively of corn and hay, the Arab gives his horse dates, a variety of plants, and even milk. Fed as they are in European armies, horses should, the writer maintains, be given water three times a day, and they should be allowed each time to drink as much as they like. On the march also, horses should be allowed to drink whonever circumstance permit. Formerly men on the march were strictly forbidden to drink; but now, on the contrary, especially when forced marches have to be made in hot weather, care is taken that all be able to obtain water, as it is now recognized that the body must be compensated for the moisture it loses in profuse perspiration. As with man, so with the horse.

NOVEL USE OF WOOD SHAVINGS .- From wood shavings and paper Herr Heileman makes plates, dishes, etc., as follows: Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles, and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard, of the size of the objects to be produced. These are moistened with a liquid consisting of weak gelatine solution with sodium waterglass, and pressed in heated metallic moulds. After drying, the pressed paper objects are coated on both sides with an adhesive material made of five parts Russian gela-tine and one part thick turpentine; the shavings are applied to them, and the whole is subjected to pressure. Wood shavings alone would, because of their unequal thickness, present uneven surfaces. The objects are now cut, if nocessary, dried and varnished.

The cooks at Wellesley College are men: the professors are women.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

Sandwiches (New York Cooking School.)-Chop half a pound of boiled ham, and season it with one tablespoon ful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a little cayenne or mustard, and rub it through a sieve. Butter the bread on the loaf before cutting it, and spread the ham between the slices.

Potato Soup.-Slice six onions, fry them brown with two ounces of drippings, then add two ounces of flour and brown it; add three quarts of boiling water, and stir till the soup boils; season with a level tablespoonful of salt, half a salt spoonful of pepper, one quart of po-tatoes peeled and cut fine, and boil until they are tender; then stir in four ounces of oatmeal mixed smooth with a pint of cold water, and boil fifteen minutes. This soup should be stirred often enough to prevent burning. When it is nearly done mix together off the fire one ounce each of butter and flour, and stir them into the soup; when it boils up pass through a sieve with a wooden spoon

and serve hot with plenty of bread. Gumbo Soup .- One large chicken, one and a half pints of green gumbo or one pint of dried gumbo, three pints of water, pepper and salt. Cut the chicken into joints, roll them in flour, and fry or saute them in a little lard. Take out the pieces of chicken and put in the sliced gumbo, and saute that also until it is brown. Drain well the chicken and the gumbo. There should be about a tablespoonful of brown fat in the saute pan to this add a large tablespoonful of browned flour; then add the three pints of water, the chicken cut into small pieces, and the gumbo. Simmer all together for two hours. Strain through a colander. Serve boiled rice in another dish by the side of the soup tureen. Having put a ladleful of soup in the soup plate, place a tablespoonful of rice in the center.

Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce. - Choose a plump, fat forequarter of lamb, which is quite as finely flavored and less expensive than the hind quarter; secure it in shape with stout cord, lay it in a dripping pan, with one sprig of parsley, three sprigs of mint, and one ounce of carrot sliced; put it into a quick oven and roast it fifteen minutes to each pound, when half done season it with salt and pepper, and bast it occasionally with the drippings flowing from it. When done, serve it with a gravy boat full of mint sauce

Mint sauce cold .- Melt four ounces of brown sugar in a sauce boat, with half a pint of vinegar, add three table spoonfuls of chopped mint, and serve cold with roast lamb.

Hot mint sauce. - Put one pint of vinegar into a saucepan with four ounces of white sugar, and reduce by rapid beiling to half a pint, stirring to prevent burn-ing; add a gill of cold water, and boil for five minutes; then add three tablespoon-fuls of chopped mint, and serve with

Scalloped Oysters (one shell for each person).—Blanch one quart of oysters by bringing just to a boil in their own liquor, then strain, them, saving the liquor, and keeping it hot; wash them in cold water, and drain them; mix one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour together in a saucopan over the fire; as soon as it is smooth, gradually stir in one pint of the oyster liqor, which must be boiling; season the sauce with a tea-spoonful of salt and a quarter of a salt spoon each of white pepper and nutmeg; put the oysters into it to heat while you thoroughly wash eight or ten deep oyster shells with a brush; fill them with the oysters, dust them quickly with bread crumbs, put a small bit of butter on each one, and brown them in a quick oven. They should be sent to the table laid on a napkin neatly folded on a platter.

CHASTE BUT NOT VIRTUOUS .- A shrewd

lady writer has this to say of her own sex: "There are women holy and virtuous who are in other respects bad caricatures on our sex; women who hold up their own skirts and go about strewing garbage to defile others with; women who feed and thrive upon distrust and suspicion, who gather up carefully and with untiring zeal all the bits of scandal floating about, to turn over, add something to, and send forth again in the germinating air, like a deadly miasma to destroy. Women who are never under any circumstances by anybody heard telling good of anyone; but who, meet them when you will, can always make you miserably uncomfortable, and doubtful even of a just Providence. Women need not condone or conceal the faults of their sisters to be charitable or womanly; by simply being silent or leaving unspoken opinions which can do no good and much harm, they can do themselves great credit and honor. Unless a man is totally depraved and base, he will keep disgraceful tittle-tattle to himself, and shun companions where small talk is at a premium. But women who call themselves ladies, and whose position in society entitles them to be such, lend themselves to this unworthy means of killing time-to give it no meaner name-and repeat slanders which, once gone forth, can never be re-called." THE WAY HUMMING BIRDS ARE CAP-

the method in which humming birds are caught: Let us follow little Dan, the oldest and sharpest of the humming bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm, which replaces the cocoa palm in the mountains, the latter growing only along the coast. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare, a long, slender stem taper-ing to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird lime, to make which he had collected the inspissated juice of the bread fruit and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax. Scattered over the savanna are many clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming birds are dashing, inserting their beaks in the honeyed corrollas, after active forays resting upon some bare twig, praning and preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping to-ward a bush upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter ex-tends the palm-rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously but fearlessly as it approaches his resting-place, even pecking at it, but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum.—[From Nature.

TURED. -The following is an account of

### Tender-Hearted.

Yesterday a big-boned Texan, something over six feet high, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat, and a sweeping mustache reaching nearly to his shoulders, stood at the Laclede Hotel office, carelessly examining the register.
A slight twitching at his coat skirts was passed by unheeded, but a more vigorous pull caused him to look around, expecting to greet a joking friend or something of that sort. He saw nothing, and was turning back to the register leaves again, when his glance fell upon such a wee mite of a girl, whose head was such a short distance from the floor that it was no wonder he had not seen her. The wild-looking face bent down to the little one, and a deep bass voice asked:

"What is it, little girl ?" "Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" came in weak, childish tones, so low that the words could not have been understood had the appeal not been reinforced by the holding up of a box of matches, the corners of the paper box all dog-eared and miserably soiled. The little figure was barefooted, and

the one calico garment rent, faded, and "No; I don't want any to-day, sissy,"

said the Texan. "Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" with a second pull at the

The man turned again, impatiently, and glanced at the little one; then, as if ashamed, and with a furtive glance around as if to see if he was unobserved, put his fingers in his vest pocket, and the next instant a bright half-dollar gleamed in the little grimy fingers, With a half sigh the big-hearted fellow said half to himself: "Poor little cuss." "Please, mister, don't you want the

matches, and I hain't got no change?" "Oh, h-l, no; keep the change and matches, too. Holding the precious coin in both hands, the little match girl vanished like

a shadow through the door, and the Texan, with a muttered "what a fool I am," followed.

Around the corner and down Sixth street, pattered the little naked feet, unconscious that she was followed, and up one of the streets devoted to small dealers and a perfect nest of pawn-shops. Into one of the least clean and imposing of these she darted, and whispered something to the woman, who took a paper parcel out of a drawer and handed it to the child. The child tore off the paper with nervous fingers, and there was the sole treasure of her heart, her only pos-session—her doll. She hugged it to her breast, and kissed it. What was said between woman and child could not be heard, but when the little waif laid the half dollar on the counter the woman shook her head and pushed it back very far toward the child, as if her resolution might not hold out very steadfast. The child looked amazed, but turned to go, hugging her dolly, and at the door stood the Texan with a very suspicious mois-ture upon his cheek and a big lump in his throat.

"I've got a little girl like you at home," said he. "Come along and show me where you live."

Well, you may be sure that the sick mother and the little girl were rendered more comfortable, for an hour afterward she had a receipt for a month's rent in her hands, and a doctor's carriage stood at the door of that tenement house.

And such was the story that was told to the reporter by the big-hearted Texan, who last night left the Laclede Hotel for his home upon the wide plain where range his broad-horned herds.—Globe-

# Elements of Popularity in Texas.

It was plain to see as soon as he entered the sanctum that he was mad about something. Very likely his name had been mentioned in the proceedings of the Recorder's court in connection with the charge of inebriation. He was laboring ender intense mental excitement. It was some time before he could control himself enough to speak. "I—have—come—to—see—about—Re-corder's—court—business," he gasped

painfully.
"Its the rule to publish all the names

of those who get drunk and are fined. Can't make any exceptions in your case."
"That's not what I am complaining of. want my name in the paper as having

been drunk; but you got my initials wrong. I am going to run for a city office, and I wanted to use that issue of the News as a campaign document. It would have made me popular with the boys, and here you go and get my name wrong, and some other fellow will get credit for it." "Well, what do you want?"

"I want to be vindicated. I want you to come out in a card stating it was me, John Snocks, and not Isaac Snocks, as you have it, who got drunk and smashed a gas-lamp. I want it to be understood by the voters that I was the man whom six policeman took three-quarters of an hour to take to the lock-up, a distance of 150 yards. Twe been slandered, and if I am not put in the true light before the public, I'll bring suit for damages. That's what I got drunk for, was to get my name in the paper so people would know I am duly qualified."—Galveston

DRY WEATHER WATERING .- The more garden is irrigated on the surface, the more it seems to require, and the harder the surface, unless stirred, appears to be. Experienced gardeners take a hoe and draw the earth from about the plant to watered, making a basin several inches deep and perhaps two feet across. This is then filled up with water, and left until every drop has soaked into the soil. If it seems best, the hole may be filled again, and again, until the plant has had sufficient. The opening is then lett for a day or so, until the sun has dried the surface somewhat. Then with a hoe surface somewhat. Then with a hoe loosen the soil, but carefully, so as not to cut the roots, and draw the dry earth back into the hole again. This is the best way to stimulate the growth of tomatoes, cabbages, peppers, egg-plants and other late summer vegetables, whose value depends largely upon their being kept in a constant state of growth and health.

"You see," said a lively old Aberdeen bachelor, on being advised to get married, "you see, I can't do it, because I could not marry a woman I did'nt respect, and it would be impossible for me to respect a woman that would consent to marry me."