

## A CLEAN WIPE.

A party of eight hearty trappers, who were penetrating the heavy woodlands of northwestern Iowa upon the lead waters of the Des Moines, were encamped in a cozy valley amid a thick growth of scrub oak, and under the overhanging branches of a giant cottonwood, making the usual preparations for the coming night.

They were a party of consolidated trappers who were joined together for the purpose of resting, in hiberna, upon the Des Moines, pursuant to the spring trapping. They were joined by mutual consent—the union of numbers being equally advantageous to all parties in securing a surer protection from the Indians, and a better chance of a supply of food than a single man could expect to obtain. And the then existing hostilities of the Indians towards the whites west of the Mississippi was a sufficient warrant for such precaution, even as our story will show.

The little business of the camp was conducted in the deepest silence, and the words and actions of the men betokened an evident weight upon the minds of all. The first was started in the deepest and most shaded nook in the valley, and the fire was carefully watched and retained to a certain degree of size and light, it being barely large enough to cook their evening meal; and, having been cooked what was most unusual and singular, it was extinguished.

Only four of the men slept, and that with their arms at their sides. Four watched at different points, peering into the darkness and listening for the least sound which betokened the approach or presence of a foe. Something evidently demanded this great care and watchfulness on the part of the trappers, and something important. What was it? Simply this, there were hostile Indians on their track—red men, wary and treacherous, thirsty for their blood!

But still the long night passed in the wilderness, the watches changed, and none came to disturb the party. As day approached, and the faint streaks of light were darting across the eastern sky, the men arose, and making their preparations, were ready again to press onward to their quarters, known to them as "Aite's Nook"—a trapper of that name having a cabin there—still distant a day's journey to the northwest.

Before starting they held a brief consultation. "We must take to the river and follow it, and have a wider range. Them tarna yaller-skins hev sep'rated, an' one gang come aroun' to head us off, an' 't'other a waitin' fer them to get onto us last night."

"That ere are good reasonin', an' I think as Mart are right; but ef we let out a little, and do suthin' in the way uv travelin', we may git ahead o' the party, and leave the one ahead us to wait a bit longer, until they kin meet the others comin' back, and find out as how it wa'n't no go."

"No, no, 'tain't no use; they war travelin' all night, while we war snoozin', and hev a big start, an' will keep it, too. We had better foller close to the river, after making a 'show' to make 'em think we tuk inland."

This plan was adopted. The whole party started inland, under the guidance of Mart—a wise, experienced trapper—amid a heavy growth of oak and sugar tree, and proceeded, perhaps, a distance of thirty rods, when Mart commanded a stop. Leaping upon the shoulders of another, he swung himself into the lower branches of a small white oak, and bade the rest to follow. From the white oak, he passed, by dexterous climbing, into a hickory close by; and thus nimbly as a squirrel, he passed from tree to tree, his rifle slung over his shoulders, and his knife between his teeth, at his disposal for the severing of an opposing or troublesome limb (which limbs, however, were never suffered to fall to the ground); and thus, the rest followed with equal celerity—the last man, having no one's shoulders to stand on, being hauled into the tree by his companions. Their reasons for not climbing the trunks were obvious; the marks left thereon would instantly be detected by the keen eye of an Indian—who, perhaps, would never think of looking at the branch ten feet above his head.

For fifteen rods—surprising though it seems—these men pursued their aerial flight, as it were. Still, the closeness of the trees to each other offered great facilities, and the feat was not such a wonder, all things considered. At the end of the fifteen rods, or thereabouts, Mart dropped to the ground lightly as a squirrel, and struck a bee line for the river, about due south, and, as he walked, exhibited another ingenious mode of concealing his trail—a trait which was grafted into his soul almost to perfection. Each tree, whose size would admit of it, he carefully and thoroughly shook—carefully avoiding tearing the bark—and down came a shower of the bright frost-bitten leaves, almost completely concealing his track—an operation which, begun by himself, was finished by the rest; for they all looked upon Mart as the best qualified man for leader in the party, and followed his example without hesitation or question.

For a considerable distance the watchful man kept on, until the light of an opening beyond alone through the trees indicating the vicinity of the river.

Here they paused, and one went forward to reconnoiter, who, after a short space, returned with the unexpected news that the whole party of pursuers, to the number of thirty, were encamped in the valley below.

Directly at this point, where our party stopped, the river was broken by a solid and heavy dam, the work of the indefatigable beaver. Above this, of course, the water had gathered into a lake of considerable size, which below the river, ran off upon a gentle slope to a little fall of some feet, where it descended into a lovely and fertile valley, through which rolled a gurgling stream, escaping from the "let-off" of the dam above. Down in the valley, beneath the spreading branches of an old cottonwood (a water-loving tree) at the side of the tunnel, were the red men, fully exposed to the shots and gaze of the hunters.

Something unusual had evidently been the occasion of this unwanted day camp by the Indians; and, by the keen eyes of the band, the cause was soon discovered.

"They've got a hart bird among 'em, and a chief at that, I kalkilate."

This was indeed true, as the occasionally unearthly wail which went up from the camp plainly proved.

The hunters were now all in the edge of the wood, gazing upon the hostile party in the valley.

"Let's give 'em some pills right off, I say," cried Mike Wort, a stalwart son of the wilderness, whose deadly hatred of the red men frequently led him to go beyond the rules of caution in his desire for their overthrow.

"No, no!" said Mat, "I have a better plan nor that. Wait here, all of ye, until night. The Indians will not travel before to-morrow, I will bet on that. Git yer hatchets ready, and be all right for work."

"Well, I s'pose yer all hunk about it, old boy," replied Mike, letting the hammer of his gunlock down carefully; "but I'll be blowed ef I wouldn't a kinder liked ter sink an ounce o' lead inter some of the tarna yaller-bellied varmints!" and he cast a longing glance at the dusky party below, as the sportsman might have eyed the forbidden game on the Lord's Manor, perching or flying about in the most temperate manner.

As but half the day was yet spent, the men scattered about making the most of their time—several, of course, being posted to give instant notice should any movement take place on the part of the savages.

Various were the speculations as to what Mart's plan consisted of. It was clear the Indians had given up the pursuit. Mart's theory of the separation, and his trouble to leave a puzzling trail, were both at once wrong and useless. Some injury had befallen some one of the horde of redskins, and the chase had been abandoned; consequently, the trappers were free to travel safely. But Mart, in his own wise head, had a scheme for "fun" well laid; and was resolved to go no further until some satisfaction had been obtained for the troublesome marches which the close following of the pursuers had made necessary.

Carefully and closely, under the favorable concealment of a fallen tree, Mart surveyed and examined the dam. It was, of course, originally a huge tree felled across the stream, then piled with sticks and stones, and plastered with mud, until, under the admirable masonry of the industrious builders, the beavers, it became a solid and substantial dam.

The works were on the side on which the whites were. This was what Mart desired. It being a large tree, the beavers, instead of cutting it down, as they would those of lesser dimensions, had dug and gnawed at the roots until it fell, held to the shore by a few remaining roots. All this the hunter's eye took in at a glance, and more, too. The bridge was old, it would slide easily, and his eye glistened as he scanned the comparatively large body of water above the dam, confined by it, and it alone, from rushing down and suddenly filling the valley below.

"It will give 'em a good duckin' 't'erate, if it don't swamp 'em entirely," muttered Mart, satisfactorily, as he returned to his companions.

"Boys," said he, as he appeared among them again, "I didn't tell ye what my ideas was afore, kase I didn't know then whether it would work or not; but I hev seed that it will, and that, tu, like dry powder and a new flint. You all see ef are dam; well, that's got to slide, and ef them dirty redskins don't get enough o' sour water to last 'em sum time, old Mart Waiver are somewhat out of his calculations."

The sturdy fellows saw the whole thing in a moment, and the eyes of all sparkled as they grasped their serviceable hatchets, ready for business.

"Now, hold up! Not yet, boys; wait till the coon whistles, and the panther yells, and they light their fires. And the men lounged around again, in ricksome suspense and exciting expectation. However, when the sun was far down behind the western hills, and the bright glare from the Indians' fires lit up the sky, eliciting many a howl from the prowling wolves and bears, Mart led the noiseless band to the bank, and the quick work began.

The soft, moist roots gave back no echoing sound to startle the dusky forms which fitted about the camp fire, down in the dell. The dead, dull "thud" fell upon the ears of those who caused it only, while others, who with long and stout poles and levers loosened the different parts, caused no greater sounds than the occasional splash of a falling substance in the water.

Swiftly and noiselessly the sharp blades of knife and hatchet cut the succulent roots, and the old dam, long since deserted by its builders, quivers and groans.

More heavily the rotten fabric labors, and the rippling waters already burst through in a hundred different places.

"Look out boys! There she goes!" and away swept the fragments of the liberated trunk, with its loads of mud and sticks, while, like the freed winds of Eolus, whirling o'er the circumcumbent flutets, and carrying terror to the hearts of the wandering Trojans, the rushing waters rolled down in a huge deluge, and fell at the cascade with a roar like that of the cannon. Onward, like a whirlwind, the torrent rolled—covering the opening of the valley with a silver sheet, and surging upward o'er the ground. And now a fierce yell of astonishment is heard from below. Dark forms fit about the glimmering fire in confusion indescribable, and amid hoarse yells and shrieks unutterable, except by a northwestern aborigine.

It was a representation, grand and life-like, of Pandemonium in the wilderness. The scenery was true and appropriate, the costumes well adapted, the acting superbly natural, animated, lively, passionate, impressive, grand! No artist of the mimic stage, with all the talents mechanical, tragical, descriptive, and all the combinations of ingenious phantasmagoria at his command, could make a raise of such a scene as that.

The hardy trappers, with the sweat of their recent labor standing in great drops upon their cheeks, were the spectators. They answered each yell with the water's defiance and triumph, and the water's hissing quenched the first flame, and the last stifled cry of despair was hushed.

In the darkness of the night the cool waters gathered o'er the shady nooks of that valley, and rolled over the mossy turf, pressed the hour before by the moccasin foot of the red man.

In the morning, the stern sight wended

their way through the forest brake, and in due time reached the cabin—their destination. In after years, Mart was wont to expatiate on the feat I have imperfectly recorded.

"It was a clean wipe, it was," he would say, "Indians don't ne'er mind water in the proper quantities, but they couldn't stand the tide of the De Moine. But arter all, it wa'n't quite fair, and I sometimes thinks as how it would a been more kinder sorter shipshape to hev given a chance fur 'leg ball,' with a 'h'ist o' lead in the rear. Howdsumever, it's all the same a hundred years hence. Joe, give me the whisky."

## American Pluck at Heidelberg.

Among the sixty or seventy American students at Heidelberg, none of them belong to the fighting corps. They are not cowards, either. It is known that if occasion requires they can fight their own way, but they have no desire that their good looking faces shall be hacked and chopped up like dog's meat and be disgraced ever after. Not long ago an American student had a slight quarrel with one of the fighting corps students, and received from him a challenge. Being the challenged party the American had the choice of weapons. He sent word to the German by a friend that he would meet him the next morning at 6 o'clock at a place outside of the city, and the weapons should be navy revolvers (he had a good pair), at ten paces. The German and his friends concluded it would not be a good day for duels and the matter was dropped. A student here was reading me an extract of a letter he had recently received from his father in Kentucky. As near as I can remember this is the substance of it:

DEAR BOB: I hear that they have sword duels in Heidelberg, and that many of the students engage in them. I do not believe in the barbarous practice of dueling, but there are times when one has to fight or be branded a coward. You know that our family does not belong to the latter class. Should occasion require, which I trust will not happen, never choose swords—only cowards and Frenchmen use those weapons. Choose pistols or rifles, which mean business. Never show yourself in your native town with a sword scratch on your person. From your affectionate FATHER.

The young man asked me what I thought of that doctrine. I told him I did not believe in either the sword scratch or the hole made by the pistol ball.—[Kramer's Railway Guide.]

## South African Reptiles.

I was wearied by a long day's hunting, when, close to my feet, and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; but ere my hand reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away; but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathlessly to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff adder, the most deadly snake in the colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror; his head was from me—so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strikes back. He did not move; he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake and spring at me, I took a jump backward that would have done honor to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick I then returned and settled his worship. Some parts of South Africa swarm with snakes; none are free from them. I have known three men killed by one of them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hook. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. Its bite will occasionally kill within an hour. One of my friends lost a favorite and valuable horse by its bite in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish reptile, and, therefore, more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away, like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps, it half raises its head and hisses.—[New York News.]

## The Wrong Window.

Some years ago old Judge Dash of Maine, accompanied by his wife, visited New York. The Judge "put up" at the tavern down by the Battery. Before retiring for the night and after Mrs. Dash had retired, the Judge would have a bath. Having performed his ablutions, the Judge looked around for some receptacle into which he might turn the contents of his washbowl.

There was nothing at hand, and rather than summon a servant the old gentleman conceived the idea of throwing the water out of the window.

So mounting a chair, he opened a little square window, which he thought opened into the back yard, and putting the bowl through it, deliberately emptied its contents.

A howl of rage greeted the ears of the good old Judge, accompanied by female cries, and loud objurgations in a masculine voice.

"What in creation are you up to?" shouted somebody.

"What in creation are you prowling around at this time of night?" replied the Judge. "You ought to be at home with your wife and children."

But the poor fellow outside had been quietly sleeping in bed with his better-half, and the little window which the Judge opened was intended as a ventilator to both rooms. The Judge had so completely drowned out his neighbors that they were obliged to seek another room.

Face Mange in Cattle.—Neglect of proper cleanliness of the skin is one of the causes of this ailment. The denuded places should be well cleaned with soap suds, using a sponge, after which apply daily a portion of the following solution: Take two ounces of glycerine, two drachms of sulphate of zinc, and one quart of water, mix. In addition to the local applications, the animals should be treated constitutionally, by giving twice a week an ounce each of powdered nitrate of potassa and flowers of sulphur, mixed among cut feed. Attention must be paid to cleanliness of the skin.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

Those well-known dramatic artists who were such great favorites in this city, Mr. John Jack and Miss Annie Firmin, have just returned to New York from a starring tour around the world and give an interesting account of their wanderings in the Orient. They left New York in April, 1878, to fulfill engagements in San Francisco. During the following three years they played through the Territories, the Pacific States and in this city, and in February, 1878, they sailed from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. Landing at Honolulu they appeared in many important roles, King Kalakaua, the royal family and the American and foreign residents attending their performances, which continued for one month. Miss Firmin achieved a brilliant success here in learning in the space of five days an original native Hawaiian song, set to a native air, which she sang to the great delight of the royal family and the natives. Every night on which she sang this song several thousand natives would crowd around the beautifully picturesque theater, unable to gain admission, owing to the crowd inside, and join in the chorus. The effect was most charming. A month of play alternated with the enjoyment of the varied sights of the beautiful island.

## IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

They continued on their course, leaving the fixed star of our northern firmament behind, advanced across the equatorial line to take up the great antipodal constellation of the Southern cross. Passing through the Fijian and within sight of the Samoan islands a fortnight brought them to the shores of New Zealand. Commencing at Auckland, they played a two months' engagement, meeting with renewed success and enjoying the novelty of an entertainment by the son and granddaughter of King Shortland, the great Maori chief, at Grahamstown, on the Thames, where they ate shark and sweet potatoes with the native New Zealanders and inspected the new native parliament house, built of hewn and split logs, carved and painted by and from designs prepared by the natives themselves. In July they entered the beautiful and extensive harbor of Sydney, New South Wales, and landing at the town of the same name soon had the honor of appearing for a brief period in the initial city of the great island continent of Australia. Thence they journeyed to the chief city of the antipodes, Melbourne, the American city, so called on account of the enterprise instilled into the Anglo-Australians by the Americans who rushed there from our Pacific Coast on the discovery of gold. Next in order they visited Adelaide, the thriving metropolis of South Australia. Here were to be seen results of the Centennial exposition. American manufacturers and American ideas were very popular. Here street railways were in operation and American-built street cars were running on the lines. Three months of prosperity rewarded this visit, when our artists returned to Melbourne and took steamer for India. They first landed at Point du Galle on the island of Ceylon. In Southern India legend ascribes this beautiful spot as the refuge of our first parents, when driven from the Garden of Eden.

## IN INDIA.

Five days brought them to Bombay, the Capital of the Presidency of that name, a city of 500,000 inhabitants, and the second British city of importance in India, the bay of which is second only to the Sydney harbor, the two with the harbor of Rio Janeiro being the three finest in the world. The wanderers then visited Calcutta, by rail 1400 miles across the peninsula of India, and then proceeded north as far as Delhi, visiting all the important points along the road, including Barrackpore, Dinapore, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Delhi, inspecting the relics of the great Indian mutiny, the palaces at Lucknow, the tombs of the wife of the great Shah Jehan, known as the Taj, one of the wonders of the world, together with the fort at Agra, containing the pearl mosque, the looking-glass bath and the hall of audience of the great Emperor, Akbar Khan, the wonderful tombs of this ruler, together with the tombs of the Kings at Delhi, and the Kootab towers at the latter place. These sights well recompensed the artist tourists for their journey, while the success attending their performances made their wanderings still more agreeable. Retracing their steps, they returned to Calcutta and thence to Bombay, where new triumphs awaited them.

## WONDERS OF THE EAST.

At the former place they visited the traditional sites of the black hole of Calcutta, the gardens of the king of Oude, where they saw, among other wonders, the extraordinary adjunct bird and the dancing master. The former is a species of the ostrich, named from his military strut, and the latter, towering like an immense stork gambols most grotesquely. They also visited the king's snakery, containing over 5000 venomous reptiles. The seven tanks, being seven dams or reservoirs of water on the grounds of the Indian prince, are interesting for the drive thereto, and the famous carp they contain of enormous growth, similar to those at Fontainebleau, in France, which those at the shore and feed from the visitors' hands. At Bombay they visited the caves of Elephanta. These caves are hewn in the solid rock, portions being led standing as columns to support the roof, all the interior being richly carved in bas-relief, representing emblematic scenes from their mythology. The main hall is about sixty feet square, and fifteen or twenty feet from floor to ceiling.

## SCENES IN MADRAS.

Leaving Bombay, the tourists visited Peora, Hyderabad and Secunderbad, the ancient capitals of the Brahmins and the Nabobs, and went to Madras, also visiting Coisacmand and Bungalow, the mountain resort of that Presidency (presidence is the equivalent for what we term a State or Territory). At Madras it was novel to observe the fishermen on three pieces of timber (about eighteen or twenty feet long) lashed together, forming a catamaran, going a mile or two from shore to follow their vocation. Their return through the surf was most exciting, though perhaps not quite so dangerous as it appeared. Their fish buckets and tackle were lashed to their primitive boats, which they paddled with pieces of boards six feet long and as many inches wide. Their attire consisted of a small piece of cotton cloth about their loins, and a conical shaped hat made of cocco-

nut fibre, fitting tightly to the head, and which is said to be water proof. At all events, they will carry notes and letters to outward bound vessels, going through the most violent seas with their messages under their hats.

## BURMESE PAGODAS.

Crossing the Bay of Bengal the wanderers next entered British Burma, and at Moulmain and Rangoon they saw the wonderful pagodas, octagonal in shape at the base, which rise in successive tiers, each diminishing in size, one above the other. After about three tiers they assume shapes not unlike a carrot, the thick part uppermost, and the whole surmounted by a sort of umbrella, resembling an inverted tambourine. This has attached to it a quantity of bells, which, being shaken by the winds, fills the air with tinkling sounds. This umbrella is fretted with most rare jewels and precious stones, the principal one at Rangoon costing millions of dollars to embellish. The structure is of brick and cement, the whole gilded with gold. The base of the pagoda is surrounded with altars, containing heathen gods, some with pure gold heads, others all gilded, at which the Buddhist pays his devotion, which consists in counting of beads, prostrations, the burning of tapers, and the utterance of formulas, similar in many respects to the forms observed in Catholic places of worship. Bells are always stationed at these places of prayer, some of very huge dimensions, which they strike upon leaving their devotions, that the sound may accompany their offerings to the throne on high.

## IN AFRICA.

Leaving Rangoon they coasted down the Indus-Chinese peninsula, passing through the Straits of Malacca, stopping at Penang, Melacca and Singapore, then up through the China seas to Hong Kong, Canton, Amoy and Shanghai, playing successfully at each place. Returning to Bombay, they crossed the Arabian sea and entered the Gulf of Aden, and then into the historic Red Sea. Entering the mouth of the canal they landed at Suez and pressed the soil of ancient Egypt. Passing along the skirts of the great desert, they beheld the strange mirage which has so frequently been the fearful delusion of the traveler, visited grand Cairo, Heliopolis, the famous mosques, the citadel standing upon the spot from whence sprang the last of the Mamelukes, sailed upon the waters of the fertilizing Nile, gazed upon the traditional resting place that once sheltered Moses, and ascended the Pyramids and stood upon the ear of the awe-inspiring Sphinx, looking down into the recovered tombs of this ancient Necropolis. Proceeding still westward, they entered the famed Delta of the Nile, and reaching the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, at last found themselves in the grand old city of Alexandria. Leaving Africa, the tourists visited Greece and Italy, and then returned to this country via France and England.

## By Balloon to Europe.

Charles H. Grimley, the young English aeronaut who started from Montreal in June, 1879, with a view of crossing the Atlantic in his balloon, proposes making an ascension from New York city at an early day. His balloon contains but 20,000 feet of gas, and can sustain only 750 pounds. There can, therefore, be only two passengers besides himself in the basket car, and the three must not average more than 150 pounds each in weight. The weight of the balloon and the car is 225 pounds, and the ballast, including extra clothing and provisions, is 75 pounds. One man has engaged passage in the car, but Mr. Grimley needs another to cover expenses.

This ascension will be the fifty-second made by Mr. Grimley. His latest one was at the Dominion fair in Montreal a month ago. He asserts that at the height of two miles a current of air flows steadily from west to east, and that the Atlantic could be crossed within three days. Mr. Grimley professes no faith in any apparatus thus far invented for guiding a balloon against air currents. A propelling machine sufficiently powerful to guide a little balloon of 10,000 feet of gas, would, he says, require a balloon containing 20,000 feet to sustain it. Even should a machine of less proportionate weight be invented, and succeed in propelling its balloon against air currents, the pressure of air caused by the rapid motion would cause the balloon to burst. If made of sufficiently thick material to resist the pressure, it would be too heavy to rise.

## Don't Dawdle.

The word "dawdle" means to waste time, to trifle. When a boy does a thing in a lazy, slack way, he "dawdles" over it.

It is a bad thing to fall into a dawdling way. It helps to make a boy unmanly, and a woman unwomanly. The dawdler's life is apt to be a failure. He does little for himself or for others. "In books, or work, or healthy play," he does not amount to much.

Don't dawdle. Do things with a will, and do them well. You must not splutter or be fussy over your work. Have a quick eye, and a ready hand, and a patient heart always.

If you have an hour in which to do a half-hour's work, do it in the half-hour. Get through on time, then play with briskness and sparkling enjoyment. Do your errands promptly. Brush your hair with a lively hand. Sweep your room with a lively broom. Take the degree of D. D.—don't dawdle.

BARON KOLB, a German, who has been ransacking the figures of the universe, says that the English is the most widely spoken language, being spoken by about 80,000,000 people; German by 50,000,000 or 60,000,000; French and Spanish, 40,000,000 each; Russian, 50,000,000. Every advance made by a people in morality and healthy enjoyment and useful knowledge, adds to the tenure of life. The average of life among the well-to-do is fifty years; among the poor thirty-two years. Clergymen average the longest—sixty-six years. Idlers are shorter lived than the industrious, and statistics prove that in countries where consanguineous marriages are permitted, there are to be found a greater number of deaf mutes and idiots than elsewhere.

## A Fable.

One day, when summer had begun her business of blistering the ears of small boys, and helping the ice-men to grow rich and high-nosed, an old goose suspended her frog-hunting operations in the pond and called her three dear little goslings about her for a family chat.

"My dear, dear daughters," she began, as she put up one foot to see if her beau catchers were properly curled, "I am grieved that we are compelled to reside in such a neighborhood as this. Since your father died and I got his life insurance, I have found no one here good enough for me to associate with. You, too, have had a hard time. The young ganders around here are a mud-puddle set, and the old widowers would have to be parboiled a whole week before a wolf could chew them. We must continue to reside here for a time, but there is no reason why any of you should remain single."

The goslings blushed and hid their heads, as proper young goslings should, and the mother arched her neck and continued:

"Of course I want you all to marry rich young ganders, and put on the style that becomes the daughters of a goose like me. It is true that your father was brought up with a lame dog, and that I was glad enough to get a mud hole to swim in, but things have changed. If I don't set the fashions for this locality I at least lead the styles, and no other goose dares quack her mouth until I give the signal."

Here she plumed her feathers and gave a hiss which was heard clear over to the barn-yard, and the delighted goslings swam around her and applauded.

"Therefore, my dear goslings, I have planned a trip for us all. As rich ganders do not seek us out, we will seek for them. While I am none too old to marry again, being far from an old goose, I shall not allow the thought to enter my head, but shall devote all my time to securing suitable mates for you. Arabella, you must pencil your eyebrows, and wear a sad, faraway look, and quote poetry. Viola, you must be gushing and frank, and talk about your bonds, and diamonds, and servants. Eleanor, you must seem innocent and confiding, and if you can be found weeping now and then, it will surely lead to a proposal. Now, then, to get ready."

A few days later the quartet appeared at a frog-pond much frequented by fashionable fowls and animals, and they had no sooner struck the water than they produced a swell.

The best places were everywhere reserved for them, and such other geese as they could not swim over they stared out of countenance and passed around. Arabella saddened, Viola gushed and Eleanor wept, and three sleek-looking foxes, wearing mutton-chop whiskers and speaking with a lip, were caught in the traps. It was a happy idea to have three weddings at once, and to be in a hurry about it before the foxes could get away, and the plan was duly carried out.

The honeymoon had only begun when one Fox was arrested for having too many gosling wives. A second turned out to be a buzzard in disguise, and he stole old Mother Goose's diamonds, and lit out, while the third got drunk, and was smothered in the mud. When the down-hearted and chagrined quartet had waddled back to their own frog-pond, feet sore and feathers missing, and ashamed to look old friends in the face, a drake walked down to the bank and said: "While I would not utter one quack to add to your overwrought feelings, let me in all kindness gently remark that the difference between marrying a home gander or a foreign fox is seldom seen by a goose until she has been baked and eaten."

## GAMBLING.

The Indians, like the Chinese, and even some Americans are passionately fond of gambling. At their recent "pottach" over on the Sound it was a sight to behold them gambling. A correspondent who visited the scene of festivities thus attempts to describe it. One might take close observations for an age, without solving the mystery of when the game ends or who wins, except from the exultation of the winners. The principal device employed to woo fame Fortune's favor, possesses one advantage, at least—an indefinite number can engage in it. They sit or kneel in two rows

## FACINO EACH OTHER.

The stakes (in this instance consisting of clothing, boots and shoes and money) are heaped in a pile between them. A player on one side takes in either hand a cylinder of bone about an inch in diameter and three inches long, inscribed with dark-lined figures, which he conceals under a handkerchief suspended from the neck. Then begins an elaborate gesticulation accompanied by a monotonous chant from all the bucks on his side, while they beat time with sticks on boards laid just in front of them for the purpose. Occasionally a rude drum is used to add to

## THE HORRIBLE DIN.

At a signal from the opposing side, the noise ceases and the cylinders are transferred to the player opposite, and they take up the horrid refrain. Eggs are taken up to keep the game, and as they pass from side to side, the interest of participants increases, and the way the old pants and ragged clothing are hurled over the players, into the heap, indicates the devotion of willing slaves to the passion for gambling. Another game, more quiet in its nature, was played by two "braves" who sat on mats and with flat wooden discs enveloped in the moss-like fibre of cedar bark, contested for hours over the ownership of a

## COUPLE OF HALF-DOLLARS.

This was alike incomprehensible, except that some of the discs had black edges, and when the bark pile under which they lurked was detected during the rapid manipulations of his opponent, we observed that a peg was shoved over to the opposite player. In one respect the Indian gamblers seem to be far in advance of their white brethren. They will not cheat. "Science" is unknown to them; and a native, even though he be a thief, who should be caught resorting to trickery, would be ineffectually banished from the fraternity of the ring.

To Prevent Prints from Fading.—Make a solution of soap, put in the articles and wash them in the usual way. Add lemon juice or vinegar to the rinsing water.