The Teamster's Escape.

When the ill-starred Condor mine was first opened in 1869, Nat Beines, for many years a teamster in that part of

many years a transfer in that part of Arizona, undertook to team the engine boiler, battery "stamps," and other heavy milling machinery, together with supplies, from a place called Great Bend on the Gila river. Reines was then a well-known character along the overland stage route; and

the writer, at that time, was in his employ. In fact I was his nephew. This will better account for my emi-

grating to such a country. For any-body who recollects what the population of Arizona was twelve years ago will think that a man ought perhaps to body satisfactorily explain how he came to be

there. The mine above mentioned was situated in the range north of the Gila, from forty to fifty miles above the point where we took the machinery from the trans-

portation company. Uncle Nat was to have four thousand dollars in gold for hanling up an outfit, an offer liberal, certainly, and such as only could be made in Arizona. But of course he had to run his own risks and take his chances of the Apaches getting his scalp, as indeed we all did in those

No one was safe outside the forts, or could even guess with any certainty where the savages would strike their next blow. They were out continually, scouring the whole territory, and living on plunder. It

We had three six-mule teams. was supposed that to complete the contract it would take four round tripsabout a month's work altogether.

There were, beside myself, two other teamsters, "Old Rube Floods," as we called him, and a Mexican nicknamed "Lonze," with two spare hands, brothers, from Missouri, named Stroudaly.

We drivers rode or walked as the case demanded, and had each, in addition to his knife and cart-whip, a Henry rifle, which we were expected to be ready to use at a moment's notice. se at a moment's notice. Uncle Nat had associated with him

then a Texan, one Dan Lowell, as a partner. They two rode at the head of the teams, with their rifles and revolvers; and theirs were the only horses in the train.

No one who has not been through the Southwest can begin to imagine just what a strange, half-finished looking country Arizona is—at least some parts

The hills and mountains have a singularly rugged, dark aspect. Then there came stretches of course blue gravel, where there isn't so much as a week growing, for miles and miles. When there is grass, it is curious, coarse, outlandish stuff.

The woods are as peculiar as the grass thorn thickets, or brown jungles of grease-wood and meskit. These latter grow mostly along the river-bottoms, or in the arroyas, or gullies of brooks.

Then, to crown all, come the great clumsy cactuses, with huge seamed trunks and broad, thick limbs, or leaves, covered with thorns-growing out of dry gravel-hills and among ledges and rocks where no other living thing could draw moisture sufficient to live.

Our route up from the Gila lay much of it through a desert of this sort. It English very well. k us three days to make the trip to

thrust from one of the mounted Apaches went through my clothes and tore through the skin along my ribs, with such

force that it poked me headlong, partly beneath the wagon. Three or four others drove their lance at me as I lay there, and arrows struck into the ground close beside my check.

The mules were jumping, too, and I barely escaped the heavy wheels.

The instant the wagons moved from over me, I was seized by two or three of yelling savages at once. That my last hour had come I had no doubt. But instead of dispatching me, they tied my hands behind my back and let me get up-saving me from torture, it may be,

or possibly for ransom. The chief, a stalwart, hideous-faced old rascal, seemed to give some order, when three others came dragging the

Mexican, Lonze, out where I stood. He was severely wounded, one arm hung helpless, and an arrow was sticking in one of his legs. An Apache caught hold of it and jerked it out. Oh, how the poor fellow screamed! They tied us two together with about four feet of rope

slack betwixt us. The savages seemed jubilant over their prize, particularly the powder; and no loubt all the supplies were very accept-

able to them. They whooped and danced and squalled extravagantly; and, as soon as the party came back from pursuing after Powell and Uncle Nat, the whole band set off toward the mountains, in the northeast, driving the three wagons along with them.

The Mexican and I had to plod be hind, tied together. Poor Lonze was in a sorry plight, and groaned at almost every step. .As for myself, I was not much hurt; but I thought our chances

looked poor indeed. In this way we went on for an hour or two; but about an hour before sundown the band halted, and, after some consultation, the chief with all but eight of the

party set off on another expedition. These eight then continued on with the wagons and with us in charge. We presumed they were going to some one of their villages; and what sort of reception there was in store for us when we

reached it was not hard to guess. Night feil. By this time we had entered among cliffs and mountains. Still we kept on, hour after hour, till it must have been past midnight. I concluded we were to travel all night, but at length our captors halted the horses and turned the mules loose.

They then tied me fast with my back to the hind wheel of one of the wagonsso that I stood back to the outer side of the wheel. Lonze they served in a similar way at the forward wagon. Without kindling a fire or preparing food, the Indians lay down near by and seemed to go to sleep.

It was not a pleasant situation, standing there, tied in that way. The night was dark, but I could see that we were in a deep gorge, with high crags and rocks on both sides. Lonze was groaning and saying his Catholic prayers.

On account of his broken arm, the savages had not tied him as they had me. Later on, he slipped his sound arm out, and, untying himself, crept along where I was. But he was so sick and fainthearted that I could not persuade him to unbind me. He seemed not to dare to; and he did not understand what I said in

While I was whisp ing him in no gentle tones to cut my rope, one of the Indians started up. On that, Lonze slunk back to his wheel, and would not again stir from it. I was so angry with this poor spirited fellow that I could almost have seen him tortured with a relish. Not long after it began to get light, and the Indians, waking up, built a fire of brush-wood, and for some time sat warming themselves by it; for the morning air was very chilly. Then toward sunrise they knocked open one of the beef barrels, and getting out some of the salt junk, set it rousting on a stake stuck slank wise over their fire. While this was in progress two or three of them were overhauling the contents of the farthest wagon, while the rest sat round the fire. From where I stood I could see what they were about very well, though the distance back to tract himself out of the operation of the the fire was fifty or sixty yards. After a while I saw one of them with his hatchet break open one of the blasting oil boxes. It was full of what looked to be flour or plaster; but packed in it were bright tin cans as large as a quart measure. The Indian looked at them curiously;

shot, then clubbed by gun. But a lance down the ravine, as if a wild animal was after him, with both hands holding on to the top of his head.

Then I began calling to Lonze, and after some minutes got him to come and cut me loose from the wheel.

We looked about. It was hard telling how many of the Indians were killed for some of them were blown all to pieces. I think they were all killed, except the one I saw run off.

Still, we did not stop long to investigate the matter. I recollect seeing a hole blown in the earth where their fire had been, which looked to be about six or seven feet deep. I searched for a minute, hoping to find a gun but everything seemed to have been literally blown to pieces.

Several of the mules had been feeding at no great distance; but now they had all taken to their heels frightened by the explosion.

We started down the canon, keeping a sharp lockout for the Apache who had run away, but saw nothing of him.

Following back along our last night's trail for six or seven miles, I sighted the peak back of the Condor mine, off to southwest, and made for it, reaching the works early in the afternoon. Lonze I had been obliged to leave behind me at a spring we came to during the foresoon.

They sent out from the mine for him at nightfall, and he was brought in toward morning, in bad plight, but he got well in the course of a month. It takes great deal to really kill one of those Mexican "greasers." Nothing was ever recovered from the captured wagons.

Old Times.

It is really not very long since pros perous business men were satisfied with apartments which would hardly suit well-to-do workingmen now. That, however, says a New York correspondent was before we got into the area of great millionaires. There are lots of folks still among us who remember very well when the possession of \$200,000 made a man a nabob. Astor was the only actual millionaire in the city. Back in those times it was the custom of rich men to live in apartments over their places of business. That was when the stores were all below Canal street, and Murray Hill away out in the country. The mer-chants and lawyers who lived over their stores and offices were quite as comfortable there as the richer men of to-day living in \$100,000 mansions up town. The elite of the city could be found in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, and the Battery had greater charms than Central Park has now. Between riches now and riche then the difference is enormous. One of our present millionaires, with an extrav agant family, spends as much money in a year as would have made a permanent family fund in the old times. It is not an uncommon thing for such a man to lay out \$40,000 between New Year's and the next Christmas. In the times I speak of the man who could command \$40,000 all told was considered rich for life. An income of \$2500 or \$3000 a year was thought enough for any family not given to downright extravagance. Five or six times that will hardly suffice for a fashionable family now. The world has changed indeed, and nowhere more than in Gotham. But in these slow old times great corporations were unknown, and

no man could put millions in his pocket

A Visit to the Late Czar.

Persons who have read "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, will re-call his description of the meeting be-tween the Emperor of Russia and the tourists on the Quaker City. This was in 1867. His description was exagger ated and intended to present only the funny side of everything. A gentleman who was with the party on that occasion, though not one of the excursionists, furnishes a matter-of-fact account of the event, which, though not so funny as Mark Twain's, is no doubt much nearer the truth. The Emperor had been notified by the American consul at Odessa that a party of Americans wished to visit him, and an interview had been granted, to take place at Livadia, where the Emperor had a summer palace. Shortly after the party had reached the appointed place the Emperor made his appearance, accompanied by the Empress, his only daughter, the present Duchess of Edingburg, and his two youngest sons, Sergius and Paul. The consul explained the object of their coming, introduced the tourists, and read the address. At the conclusion of the reading the Emperor took the document, thanked the company very cordially for their kindly feelings, and presented to them the Empress and his three children in the following words: "This is my wife, this is my daughter; these are my two youngest sons." The Empress talked

with the ladies, and the Emperor conversed with quite a number of the visitors. After some time spent in this man-ner, he said: "Gentlemen, would you like to see my house?" The answer, of course, was that nothing could give them greater pleasure. The Emperor and Empress led the way, passing through the different rooms, explaining every-thing as they went on. After visiting the chapel, the inspection of the residence was finished in the imperial study, where he said: "This is the room in which I do my work. This is the portrait of my father; that is the portrait of my eldest son, now dead; the one oppo-site is of my eldest living son." After a few words more he took leave of them, saying: "Perhaps you would like to visit my son's house." Prince Dolgo-rouky, formerly Minister of War, and two other gentlemen accompanied them. When that visit was over, the Americans were told that the Grand Duke Michael would like to see them. All set out for Orlianda, the Grand Duke's residence. He met them outside the house. All took off their hats, upon which he said, "Put on your hats, please, but come in." Shortly after they entered the house lun-cheon was served, the Grand Duke and wife passing from one table to another, conversing in English, and doing all in their power to make the guests feel at home. The visitors were charmed by the refined hospitality and simple manners of their royal hosts, and especially with the fact that they were received on terms of perfect equality, just as they would have been by any well-bred American citizen. The incident is only one of many showing the warm and sincere regard entertained by the royal family of Russia for America and Americans.

Trials of a Chinese Pupil.

In Cincinnati there is a class of thirty Sunday-school pupils, all of whom are Chinese. At a recent festival an address was given by one of them, in which he nati Commercial. by the simple process of watering stock. pointed out how hard a thing going to

George Harris.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a story familiar to almost every household in the land. For years children have sorrowed over the treatment of the poor old slave, wept that the good little Eva should die, and shuddered with horror at the heartless cruelty of Simon Legree. It will be of general interest doubtless, to state that the man to whom Mrs. Stowe is indebted for the incidents of the famous story is in the city. He is Mr Lewis George Clarke, of Oberin, Ohio, and he wast he original of George Harris, the slave in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin," who escaped from the cruel task-masters and made his way North. Mr. Clarke, is a mulatto bright and intelligent and about sixty-six years of age. His slave life was spent in Kentucky; sold at public auction, he made his escape, experiencing many of the adventures detailed in the novel. He made his way to Massachusetts, and for several years lived with Mr. A. H. Stafford, a relative of Mrs. Stowe's at Cambridgeport. Here he met the novelist in 1843. She talked to him frequently of his former life of servitude and learned from him many interesting facts of slave life in the South. From the information thus gleaned, the worldfamous story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written, and its immortal characters created.

Mr. Clarke says that Mrs. Stowe did not reproduce in her book any one character entire from his story, but with the permissable freedom of the novelist, grouped the traits and characteristics of several people of whom he had told her into one person. Thus while the cruel Simon Legree did not exist in real life just as he was pictured, there were several hard-hearted slave owners of whom he told her, who did everything that Legree does in the novel. The men who together furnished the material for this character were "Devil" Adams, of Rockcastle county, Ky.; Tom Kennedy, John Gill and William and Archy Woods, of

Garrett county. The sad adventures of Uncle Tom were experienced by three slaves-an aged negro named Tom, owned by J. Banton, of Kentucky; Rev. Josiah Hen son, now a well known colored preacher, and Sam Peter, a slave who was actually whipped to death. Of the fate of Peter, Mr. Clarke claims to have positive knowledge and proof. For the kind master St. Clair, Mrs. Stowe was indebt-ed to stories of Mr. Caldwell Campbell, James Spillman, J. H. Letcher, Joseph Letcher, Nixon Palmer and William Beard, all native born Kentuckians, except the latter, who was an Irishman-"the best Irishman," said Mr. Clarke, "I ever know." Children will be glad to learn that one of the two little girls whose kind hearts and angelic natures made little Eva happy still lives. She is now the Widow Logan, of Stanford, Ky. She was Mary Ann Banton. The other little Eva, long since dead, was Annie Campbell, sister of Caldwell Campbell. Said Mr. Clarke: "There was a Topsy on every plantation in the South; there was no dearth of material for such a character." One Topsy, of whom he talked to Mrs. Stowe, was a house servant in the family where he was owned. Her mistress was in the habit of bumping the girl's head against the stone door jamb for minor offenses, and the bruises resulting affected her health, and she finally died from their effects.-Cincin-

House of Representatives, and Mr. Sherman a Senator, so Mrs. Blaine had to make the first call each year on Mrs. Sherman. When Mr. Blaine be-came Speaker it was Mrs. Sherman's duty to call first on Mrs. Blaine. When he ceased to be Speaker and was still a member of the House, the old order of things was restored. Then Mr. Blaine went into the Senate and Mr. Sherman into the cabinet, and the order for first calls was again reversed, and now,as Mr. Blaine is in the cabinet and Mr. Sherman in the Senate, it again became Mrs. Blaine's duty to make a call on Mrs. Sherman. This she promptly did, and Mrs. Sherman returned it on Mrs. Blaine's first reception day as the wife of a cabinet officer .--- [Miss Grundy's letter to Philadelphia Times.

Night Scens in the Bowery.

No part of New York is more pictursque at night than the Bowery, with its fruit stands lighted by flaring lamps, its beer gardens, its multitudinous drinking shops, its small hotels with big signs, its pawn shops, and street venders of all kinds. It is the great thoroughfare and market place for a large proportion of the foreign born population of New York, and one hears from the passers-by a strange mingling of foreign tongues. A large majority of the shop signs bear German names.

There is also a large French element in the Bowery, which, together with the German, has developed the idea of cafe life. The bills of fare at the entrances of the cafes, with prices annexed, show that food and drink can be obtained within at very moderate prices. There are also establishments where one can order an expensive meal, cooked by experts of Parisian training; but the more modest places attract the majority of

Bowery purses. On a Saturday night the Bowery is in its best trim for the sight-seer. As soon as it grows dusk, the fruit wagons and

other "stands" begin to show their flar-ing torches of smoky kerosene, and the venders shout forth descriptions of their wares, and extol the wonderful cheapness. Here you will find remnants of oranges, lemons, etc., left over from the day's business in the down-town markets closing out at any sacrifice, in view of the fact that few of them would keep over Sunday; and here and there venders of all sorts of patent soaps, quack medi-cines, etc., each holding forth to a curious knot of customers, whose faces wear a singular aspect in the glars of the ker-

osene lights. Among the attractions of the Bowery are the various "museums," where all sorts of queer and monstrous curiosities where all are exhibited for the special delight of the small boy. There may be seen the well-known fat woman of portentous size, the Circassian girl with her wonderful head of hair, dwarfs, man-like apes, monkeys, pictures of thrilling and im-possible adventures, while theatrical representations and musical performances very the entertainment. These places are generally well patronized, and the visitor is well repaid who goes in to study he motley audiences.- [Harper's.

What a Sallor Said

His Honor had before him at the Central Station Court, a long-legged, bow-back man with a high-pitched voice who said he was a sailor.

"What are you sailing around here

the mine, and two back.

On our first trip we hauled the boiler. We had fourteen mules, heavy ones, too, to draw it, and two spare spans for hard places. It was a ponderous load, but we got it safely through. Then came the stamps, battery and other gear.

The load for the third trip was supplies of all sorts-beef, flour, corn, mining tools, etc. There were also eight or ten kegs of powder and three heavy boxes, which, I remember, were quite a puzzle to us, as to what was in them. They were branded "Nobel's Blasting Oil;" and when handled and jolted, there sifted out of the cracks of the boxes, a Tine, white powder, like flour.

Nobel's blasting oil is nothing more nor less than nitro-glycerine. That was the name it was used under for a time after its discovery, or rather its practical application to blasting, by Alfred Nobel, in 1863.

Dynamite-which is nitro-glycerine put in a dry form by mixing it with silicious earth-was not devised till six or seven years later.

The law at one time required that, for transportation, nitro-glycerine should be put up in tin cans, and these packed in plaster of paris in boxes or cases.

Under ordinary circumstances, how-ever, there is little danger of accidental explosions from nitro-glycerine, either from light shocks or from fire. To explode charges of nitro-glycerine it is necessary to inclose within them considerable charges of powder, fired by a common safety fuse, or else. a powerful detonating cap, fired also by a fuse.

Electricity can be employed for this purpose. Nitro-glycerine may be set on fire with a match, or a lighted shaving, and will burn slowly without exploding.

On the second day out, upon this third trip, we were attacked by the Apaches. A band of them, under a chief well-known in that part of the Territory as "Old Coochies," waylaid us at one of the arroyas, or gullies.

Thirty or forty of them were hidden in the ravine; and as we came up to cross it, they swarmed out both above us and below, yelling and shooting their arrows and guns. No doubt they had been dogging our trail for a day or two.

Uncle Nat and Powell were ahead and had just ridden up to the arroyas and stopped. The first we teamsters knew of the presence of the savages was from a chorus of their screeches, followed by a half a dozen rifle-shots.

Seeing their numbers, our two leaders wheeled about, after firing, and galloped back to us, Uncle Nat Shouting:

"Down off them wagons with yer guns and beat em off!"

But the Apaches were upon us before we could even look to our carbines. They charged on us at once. Shots cracked sharp and hot, but there was little stopping for aim.

Then it was hand to hand with them. Uncle Nat and Powell got out of it-their horses took them off. The two Stroudsly boys, on the hind team, cut lose each | vine. a mule and tried to escape, but were

then he cut one open with his ax and tasted the contents. He did not seem to know what to make of the stuff, and carried it to the others.

Under any other circumstances I should have laughed to see them taste it, and spit and jabber about it. They cut open several cans, tasted the oil, and threw them down. Then another took out of the box what looked, from where I was, like a bundle of rat's tails-prob- will, so that it is absolutely necessary to establish some tribunal competent to de-

ably fuses. I saw one of them chew the end of one of these then spit it out. Meantime, an-other had taken out of the box a handful of smaller cans, not more than an inch or two in diameter, but eight or nine inches long, each with one of those rats' tails stuck in the end.

I did not myself then know what they were, or I should have watched the prowere, or I should have watched the pro-ceedings with very different feelings. The savages looked at these, held them before each other by the tails, then they began to laugh, and, from laughing, began to throw them at each other, and that led to a regular frolic. They ran and dodged around the wagon and round the fire, pelting each other with these cans.

Just then, right in the midst of the game there came the awfullest explosion I ever heard. "Twas tremenduous! It itself; and every one knows how to emblew everything, flat all around. Even out where I was the force was so great that it blew the wagon fifteen or twenty bodily off the ground. For a moment or two I was stunned.

to consciousness I saw several rocks were tumbling down the side of the ra-

Recovering my wits a little, I managed to squirm around, and looked out toward Old Rube was killed on the seat of the wagon, before he dropped his reins. As for myself I jumped down and fired one Indians jump from the ground and run tes or coffee, without sugar.

Irish Hardships.

The principles of the Land Act of 1870 are much talked about but little understood. They are briefly these: a landlord in the absence of a lease may eject a tenant from his farm without giving any

reason, but if he does it is in the eye of the law a "disturbance," which entitles the tenant to a compensation, according to a sliding scale, in no case exceeding seven years' rent, or a maximum of \$1250. But this only applies to tenancies under \$500 annual rental, and does not apply to any tenants who have leases for thirty-one years or upwards. The landlord may always eject a tenant for non-payment of rent, but should he do so, he must pay him for his unexhausted improvements, and no landlord of a farm of which the rent is over \$250, can con-Act. Moreover, if the rent demanded, which the tenant is unable to pay, and for non-payment of which he has been ejected, is in the opinion of the court ex-orbitant, it will be held to be a "disturbance," entitling the tenant to com-pensation absolutely, whether he has any unexhausted improvements or not. In addition to this, the Act makes legal in those parts of the country in which it already prevailed the Ulster custom, or tenant right, which gave the tenant the right to sell the good will of the farm, even in the absence of a lease. But the good of this has been largely neutral ized in practice by the landlord's right to raise the rent on the incoming tenant, and thus destroy the value of the good

cide what a fair rent is.

Lemons

To be "iwelve miles from a lemon," may be as much of a misfortune, after all, as Gail Hamilton represented it. One of our exchanges publishes the fol-lowing list of "uses" which would make the fruit almost a panacea-and a cosmetic besides.

The lemon is a native of Asia, al though it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native State it grows ninety feet in height.

Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, and that is the lomon seekers. ploy this, as in lemonade: Squeeze the juice in cold water, that is the shortest way, or to cut it in slices and boil it; that it blew the wagon inteen of ith the feet-landed it on one side, with the wheel I was tied to up in the air. It wheel I was tied to up in the air. It son, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excelleat in sickness, in cases of jaundice, I did not know any thing. When I came gravel, liver complaint and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints.

Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only curse the disease, but prevents it. It also pre-vents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with hot black

school is in China: We have more letters in the alphabe

in our language than you could count but only use from three thousand to three thousand five hundred, that is all. We do not commence to learn the alphabet first, but learn it as we go along in our reading. The first thing we study is to read Confucius, our religion.

The children who first start to school take but very few lessons from Confucius. They are instructed by their teachers how to behave and what they ought to do for their parents, and how to pay good respect to strangers.

The school-teacher has full charge of the children, and the parents have very little to do with them after they com mence to attend the school.

After the first six months they begin to study Confucius, and they study until they get through the four Kings. Perhaps the children can get through Confucius and the four Kings in three or four years.

Then they go to college if they can afford it. The four Kings are written by the disciples of Confucius. He had sev-enty two where Christ had twelve.

After breakfast we practice writing two hours. Then the writing-books are taken up to the teacher. We are not allowed to play or talk to any one in the school. We all study out loud at the same time and on different lessons.

The teachers are very strict, and when it gets late and one cannot see to read. then school is out. We are not allowed to stop on the way home, and if we do not do as the teacher says, then we get a good thrashing with a number of small switches tied together.

, You will notice that the Chinese when they pass along the street go quietly and mind their own business. It is be cause they were brought up in that way.

President Garfield's two elder sons Harry and James, are stalwart young western fellows, and exceedingly intelligent. They are studying energetically, with a tutor in a quiet room in the White House, and are to enter Williams College next September. Their sister Mollie is a clever young lady of fourteen, bright, yet a little shy, and the possessor of a remarkably handsome pair of large expressive eyes. She is fond of music, and the sound of her piano sometimes penetrates pleasantly into the room haunted by the dismal and anxious office

Those who have seen Miss Genevieve Ward upon the stage in the character o "Stephanie" have a very good idea of how the Empress Eugenie looked in the days before her rich hair became white and the wrinkles traced by sorrow be-came deep. The resemblance is a mar-velous one. The unhappy widow of Louis Napoleon is said to have grown gravely sedate; her snowy hair is gath-ered back smoothly over her forehead, and her dress is the simplest and plainest imaginable.

Hope is ever young. Hope is always represented as a woman.

Luck for Two.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning an officer walked an old vag to the Central Station to have his case attended to, and he was locked up with a prisoner arrested at an earlier hour. looked at each other pretty hard for a minute, and then the last arrival said:

"My name is Stevens."

"And mine is Thomas," replied the other.

"Well, Thomas, what are you in here for?'

"Vagrancy." "No! So'm I. I was awfully afraid you were in here for some high-toned offense and would not care for my com-

"Yery poor." "Good! So are mine. Have you got any money?'

"Neither have I. Will anybody help you out?"

"No. "Splendid! We'll both go up together. Have you had a good washing yet this spring?"

'Not a wash."

"Neither have I. Hanged if .there isn't a bond of sympathy between us! What will you do after we get out of the cooler?"

"T'm going to tramp." "Are yon? That's my line exactly, and I'd lift him for a month." we'll go snooks and work alternate houses. Say, Thomas!"

"Yes!" "We're in luck. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred one of us would have turned out to be a bank-defaulter or an embezzling clerk who'd have sneered at our clothing, found fault with our English, and wanted to wash three times a day. Say, Thomas, lets embrace and go halves on tobacco."

Thomas being willing, they embraced and made a fair division of the last chew. -Detroit Free Press.

The Sinuosities of Washington Et quette.

Senator Sherman's wife returned to her old reception day, Thursday, prompt-ly after her husband again became a senator. During his four years' service in the cabinet she received on Wednesdays. Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Sherman have again exchanged reception days. While Mr. Blaine was Speaker his wife received on Wednesday, and then Mr. Sherman was a senator, so his wife received on Thursdays. When Mr. Sherman entered the cabinet and Mr. Blaine the senate, their wives changed their reception days, and now that their positions are again reversed, the exchange has again been made. Both ladies laugh merrily over the many changes in their positions in respect to each other they have undergone in Washington in eighteen years without their friendship altering at all. The absurdity of Washington et-iquette in the matter of first calls can-not be better illustrated than by mentioning how these two ladies have several times reversed their positions with respect to which should make the first call on the other. When Mr. Blaine first came here he was a member of the

"Well, you see, my name is Flint. Got that down?"

"Yos.' "Well, my first name is Sam. You can spell Sam, I suppose?" "Yes; you are Sam Flint, and I spell

both names.

"Well, I was up the lake chopping wood. The other day I got tired of that work and came down to see what the prospects were. Says I to myself 'May-be there'll be work and maybe there won't be work, but we'll glide down to Detroit. "

"And you glid?"

"Yes, and when I got here I says: "Twon't be no time lost, for if you don't get work you can get on a big drunk.""

"And so you got drunk?" "Yes. And when I found I was getting drunk I says to Sam Flint: 'Sam, my boy, they charge as much for a little drunk cs a big one,' and so Sam got a big drunk?"

"And what did you say?" "Well, when I was hauled in I says to myself: 'Samuel, you are booked for thirty days or I'm a goat, but you will save railroad fare and be handy by when the season opens."" "And did Sam say anything to that?"

"Not a word, yer Honor, but he grin-ned and looked pleased. If I were you

But His Honor wouldn't. He turned him out in the spring slush to go back to his chopping.

The Fire Temples of the Parsees.

In a recent article on India, Prof. Monier Williams says:

The principal fire temples I visited at Bombay, Surat and Poons did not differ externally from small private houses surrounded by their compounds. I was not allowed to view their external ar-rangements, but was told that an ordinary temple consists of two oblong quadrangular rooms set apart by a partition, one room being set apart by a parti-tion, one room being set apart for the fire sanctuary, or holy of holies, and the other assigned to lay worshipers. In the large temples there are often other rooms for the performance of certain cor-emonies. The sanctum sanctorum has a emonies. The sanctum sanctorum has a large central stone, on which rests the vase-like censer containing the sacred fire, kept continually burning and fed day and night with efferings of fragrant wood and gums, such as sandal-wood, benjamin and frankincense. Sometimes a goat is killed, not sacrificially, but for the sake of its fat, which is dried and thrown into the embers, on special occa-sions, to produce a brilliant flame. The priests, called Mobeds, who are always priests, called Mobeds, who are inveys present in the sanctuary, have a piece of fine linen cloth (called Penom, or Panam) tied in front of the nestrils and mouth, to prevent the risk of polluting the fire by their breath or saliva while reciting the customary prayers.

Of a miserly man somebody wrote: His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn's.