LITTLE GIFFIN.

Dr. Frank Ticknor.] Out of the focal and foremost fire, Out of the hospital's walls as dire; Smitten of grape-shot and gangreen (Eighteenth battle and he artesul) Specter, such as you seldom bee, Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeous said "Little the doctor can help the doct!" So we took him, and brought him where The balm was sweet in the summer air, And we laid him down on a wholesome bed-Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

We watched the struggle with bated breath-Skeleton boy against skeleton Death. Months of torture, how many such! Weary weeks of the stick and crutch. And still a glint of the steel-blue eye Told of a spirit that would not die.

And did not; nay more, in Death's despite The crippled skeleton learned to write: "Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then "Dear Captain," inquiring about the men. Captain's answer: "Of eighty-five Captain's answer: "Of et Giffin and I are left alive.

Word of gloom from the war one day: "Johnston is pressed at the front," they say. Little Giffin was up and away; A tear-his first-as he bade good-bye, Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye. "I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight. But none of Giffin-he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I King Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring, With the song of the minstrel in mins car, And the tender legend that trembles here, I would give the best on his bended knee, The whitest soul of my chivalry, For Little Giflin of Tennessee!

SUNDAY NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

Things in Mott Street Which Strike the Stranger as Enigmatic.

[New York Sun.] One of the liveliest places in New York on a Sunday evening is the lower part of Mott street, from Chatham up to Park. It is lively with a life that is an enigma to thestranger.

From nightfall till nearly midnight the sidewalks, the stoops, and the steps leading to the basements swarm with Chinamen. It seems as though all the Chinese in the city were gathered there. The buildings on each side of the street are occupied almost exclusively by Chinese tenants, who are shy of inquisitive sightseers, and keep their blinds and shades pretty closely drawn. The street is never bright with lights, but its nearest approach to brightness is on Sunday evenings. Then it has a kind of holiday appearance. There are two or three buildings in the upper stories of which festivities of some kind appear to be going on. Strange noises come from the windows -poises like the clashing of cracked cymbals, the piping of toy fifes, and the clatter of unstrung snare drums. For all that can be heard in the streats, these ridiculous noises are made solemply and for some grave purpose; no sound of the human voice reaches the ear. The rooms in which these things are going on are brightly lighted. All the stores are open and rows of Chinamen, standing around, line the walls. The stranger can look through the window of a basement and see a Chinese barber shaving one of his countrymen. The victim winces, but takes his punishment as something which must be endured.

Almost without exception the Chinamen are Cantonese. Nine-tenths of them wear the dress of their native country. Square-crowned felt hats seem to be considered the correct thing. In some of the stores the merchants are so different from the other Chinamen that they seem like representatives of another race. They are the solid men of Chinatown. They look as the mandarins on tea chests would look if draped in the less elaborate garb of commercial life. Their clothing is of fine texture, and it was evidently made with great care. Long ago the Chinese abolished buttonholes the tailor's friend, as the moth is the furrier's friend. A curiously constructed 'frog" and catch serve as button hole and button. Fashions do not change, cloth fabrics are lasting, and the rich Chinese merchant's outer garment endures for years upon years. These autocrats of Chinatown are seldom seen outside their pla es of business. An agrecable combination of spicy odors pervades the atmosphere of their stores. The Chinamen who make a holiday of Sunday night seem to be very much occupied. The swarms around the doors are engaged in interested talk. The men hurry out of basements and disappear in the entrances from stoops. Evidence of the Chinese admiration for labyrinthine arrangement is shown at nearly every basement door which leads not into any room, but into a narrow passage that runs parallel with the sidewalk. Within the door the view is cut off by a turn in the passage. Some of these places are gambling rooms or opiam resorts, or both combined. There isn't another place in New York where half as many persons can be seen about on a Sunday evening, where it is not possible to find the side entrance to a bar-room ajar not far away. The stranger naturally falls to conjecturing what the attraction can be that thus draws so many Chinamen to Chinatown, and occupies them till midnight. There are always curio ity seekers strolling up and down the sidewalks. The Chinese do not appear to see them. Hoodlums go through the street in small mobs, and the Chinamen bear the infliction philosophically. Now and then a couple of young women with faces of wax-lke pallor, hurry along the sidewalk. The stranger says to himself that they are op um fiends, going to hit the pipe at some joint. Ten to one they are shop girls going home from a stroll on the Brooklyn bridge.

ON A COLD TRAIL.

though

father.

acions kind.

serious danger.

for love.

The Unconscious Flirt.

W. M. Donnelly in texas Stitings.]

A third variety of the unconscious

[Chicago Tribune.] A tall woman leading a child by the hand alighted from a Western train three days ago at the Union depot on Canal street. Her complexion was brown, her cheeks were high and proneighborhood, as he knew the locality to be a great resort for railroad men. He examined hotel-book after hoteljecting, and her hair was jet bl. k. She that signature. After asking the clerk was plainly dres ed, and probably the most expensive article of attire she communicating the results to Mrs. wore was her large, brown varnished straw hat surrounded by a Thomas she never said a word nor purple feather. As she looked around desk and engaged a room for the night. Shaking hands with her friend, she the station wonderingly, and her little boy at her side clung half ir ghtened to and her child went to the room she her dress, it was easy to see she was a stranger to Chicago. Approaching one of the men around the depot, she asked so quietly that the clerk had forgotten all about her until he was several questions, shook her head roused at midnight and chased down gravely once or twice, and then with downward head, as if she were in tears, to be a veritable maniac. The halfled her boy slowly up the stairway to breed lady from the west had taken the usual method of cornering her hus-Canal street, where she stood for a few band by arousing every man in the house until she found the one she minutes gaving alternately to all points of the compass.

"That seems to be a kind of hard case," said the depot-hand whom she had been questioning. "She has come with her boy all the way from Pawnee City, Neb., and if it hadn't been for the kindness of the other passengers on the cars she would have been dropped somewhere on the road long before she reached Chicago, because she started without money or ticket, and, I dare say, for that matter the pair hadn't a morsel of grub tween them. You see, this how it is. She is a half-breed be In dian, and married a white man-a la borer on the railroad. When the man's job was finished he deserted her and her child and left her penniless. She learned from some of the other laborers that he had gone off to Chicago and without knowing anything about Chicago, except that it was a pretty big she village somewhere in the east, silently went home, dressed herself and her boy, and boarded the first train to this city.

"The conductor was telling me all about her. When he asked her for her ticket she looked scared and said she hadn't any, but if he wouldn't take her along to Chicago she and the boy would just step out and walk-walk, mind you, to Chicago from Nebraska. Well, this kind of staggered the conductor, who began to question her. She said she was going to find her husband, whose name was Thomas, and that she didn't expect there would be any difficulty in finding him, as he would probably be working among the other laborers on the new track at Chicago. You see, she thought Chicago was some village where the railroad was going to be laid for the first time. Well, the conductor, a kind-hearted fellow, didn't like to turn her off the cars and he went among the other passengers and told them how the squaw, as he called her, was going to take a walk to the 'village of Chicago' to find her husband, who had skipped out and left her alone with a The word was passed around and boy. The word was passed around and in half an hour Mrs. Thomas had not on'y her fare paid, but a few dollars over to get her food on the trip and still leave her some money to get along with

in Chicago for a day or so anyhow. For two days she sat in the car, speaking to nobody and staring blank in front of her, and it wasn't until the third that whole line full of linen. she ventured to ask the conductor if she wasn't going out of her way and wasn't going out of her way and mightn't have passed Mr. Thomas on the road. There goes the 's juaw' and 'papoose' now, along side the fence up there," concluded the depot-man, "and "Yes, you has. If you is gwineter let mightn't have passed Mr. Thomas on the road. There goes the 'squaw' and taere," concluded the depot-man, "and I expect they'll have a time of it before they chance upon Mr. Thomas in the streets of Chicago." The same night the guests of a small hotel on South Canal street were thrown into consternation by singular awakenings, and at breakfast next morning they exchanged stories about their experiences towards the witching hour of midnight. One said that he was sound a deep in bed when he found himself grabbed by the feet. By the dim light he thought he beheld a gianttugging at the bedclothes and heard a sepulchral voice saying: "You are my husband; you come with me." An-other said that in his room there were three fellows sleeping, when all of a sudden they were awakened by being They pushed and hauled about. sat up simultaneously and asked, "What in thunder is the matter?" and a voice replied Which of you mans is my husband? All in turn condemned the spector roundly for its intrusion, and it glided away with a kind of grunt; but a few seconds afterwards they heard a series of yells, and the clerk of the hotel came tearing down the corridor with a wildlooking woman at his heels. He was in his night-clothes. She caught him by the hair and he yelled again. She pulled him under the kerosene light. He begged wildly for mercy. Gazing steadily into his face for a few moments she pushed him away from her with a gesture of disgust and said, "You aint no the man I want." By this time the whole hotel had been aroused, and a crowd of half dressed people came out of their rooms into the halls to see what the matter was. The tall woman with phenomenal strides swept past them all until she came opposite a stout-built, middle-sized man with shaggy black whiskers and a pair of Canton cotton drawers, who was standing in one of the doorways. Clutching him frantically around the neck, and then sliding down to the ground until she caught him by the knees, she called out: "Oh, Thomas, I got you! I knowed Id get you, Thomas! Oh. Thomas, don't never leave your poor wife and baby no more -your poor baby, Thomas-your poor little baby, Thomas!"

impressed with the ap- THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA. parent hopelessness of her search. resolved to accompany her some of the hotels in In the Magnificent Valleys-Family to the

Names of the Old Stock. ["Gath's" Letter.]

In Pittsburg and its vicinity are about 33,000 Irish, 15,000 English and 43,000 native book for the name of Thomas, and at Germans. Pennsylvania is the great prolific last he found one which did contain hive of the well-mixed American The natural increase of the German-derived some questions about Mr. Thomas and people in that state is enormous, and considering the number imported at a comparatively recent period, they have probably in creased much faster than the New England moved a muscle, but went up to the stock. The Pennsyvania Germans only hegan to arrive at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and they continued to come till the beginning of the Revolutionary had paid for and remained there war. The New England races came in from the first third of the seventeeth century, and they had numerous centers of population and interest at that time much superior to the cerridor by a woman whom he took Pennsylvania.

The Germans were fortunate enough to get into the magnificent valleys of Pennsylvania ance reminded me of a collapsed conand to understand the cultivation of the limestone, and so they have slowly advanced onward by natural lines, keeping down the val-ley into Maryland and Virginia and overflowwanted. In her simple way she had argued that Mr. Thomas, caught with up the smaller limestone valleys toward the his day-clothes on, might run away main Allegheny, and this old class of Gerand leave her again, but that Mr. mans, unlike the more recent Germans, who came in during the intestinal commotions of Thomas, cornered in his night-clothes, would be a very different person to deal Germany, adhered to the southern side in the with; and she was right, for he neither war. Atzerodt, one of the assassins with attempted to ran away nor to deny that he was the missing husband and Wilkes Booth, was of the old stock, and although he spoke broken English, was born in this country. I think Imboden, one of the Confederate generals, was also of this blool, It is both refreshing and depressing to look into these old German towns of Pennsylvania The unconscious flirt is a frank, generons, warm-hearted girl; young, im- their little pursuits, find meat for living in pulsive, and with little knowledge of the small range of their experience, and prethe world. If she likes you, she lets you see it very plainly. She does not love you, nor has it ever entered her you will recognize as characteristic of this old stock are Heintzelman, Rittenhouse, head to marry you. You are a man of Bookwalter, Hartrauft and Menhelenberg. the world, and at once, not understand-In the higher ranges of professional life and ing the girl's simple nature, you conin the highest honors it is seldom that old clude that she has either fallen in love Germans of unmixed blood are found. I with you, or is a most consummate flirt. think that not one of them has ever been on So she is a flirt, but one of the unconthe supreme beach, though Justice Miller probably derives his name from an old Ger-Another unconscions flirt is the girl man family. Abraham Lincola is believed who wants to convert you. She is so to have had some of this stock in him, and if carnest, so pleading; her soft blue eyes so, it would account for his mingled steadilook so tenderly into yours, as she lays ness and humor. The acquisition of money her hand upon your arm and urges her cause, that, if your heart is free, it is in is very characteristic of this race, and, though not many of them become famous in finance, they are generally a well-to-do race.

Dog Trains in Idaho,

firt is she who blushes and looks down [Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] when she meets you. She draws her During the day of my arrival I saw a few hand from yours hurriedly. Her voice men sweating under the labor of pulling two falters when she speaks to you, and if sacks of flour on a toboggan, and several dog left alone with you by any chance, she trains. These dog trains are amusing, if not makes some excuse to get away. And admirable, as means of transporting freight. yet you sometimes catch a tender ex-They are made up of Indian dogs, collies, mongrels, scrub yelpers, Newfoundlands, and pression in her eyes as she looks at you, mastiffs, with now and then a buildog. The that proves it is not dislike that causes driver goes behind and urges them on with avoidance. You draw your own consnowballs, now and then finding it necessary clusions, and are perhaps led to love to go forward and make a lazy cur work up the girl unawares. Then comes a pro-posal, followed by refusal, bitterness of to his collar by giving him the bight of a packing-rope. Poor brute! Probably it is his only bite of any kind for many hours. I heart, and disappointment; and for ever after you regard the girl as a flirt. asked one dog-team man what he fed to his The simple fact was, she had been told, or in some was led to believe, that you "Tallow and Indi

"Tallow and Indian meal." "Are they trained?"

"No; we pick up all sorts of dogs and work them in very soon by putting a good dog on

the lead." "Do they never balk!"

"No: dogs is the biggest fools in the world, while they is the sagaciousest animals. Why, when them dogs near about pull their toe-"Guilty or not guilty?" asked an nails off comin' up a steep hill, they bark out their delight when I go up and pat them on Austin justice of the peace of a colored culprit, who was accused of stealing a the head and call them 'good dog.' Horses nor no other animals won't be fed on such "Dat ar 'pends on you, jedge. Hit's taffy. Why, these dogs will stand it to be

will not control those who resort to it, but that in this as in many other cases, and rolling them around. The latest method of packing has been developed to-day. Two fellows came into camp with two sticks and a crosspiece, upon which were piled flour sacks and bacon, the ends of the sticks rest-ing upon the shoulders of the carriers. The days of the toboggan are pretty much ended. There is snow enough, but it is not evenly enough distributed to be of any use. The toboggan has loomed up during this Cour d'Alene excitement, and has found its way into literature to a remarkable extent. The men who have been most intimate with it their lives.

Lissing a Senorits. [Perral (Mex.) Letter.]

"Senorita, I kiss your feet, a dios!" This is the parting salute contained in a note just finished to a young Mexican

Of course I do not intend to friend. kiss her feet, but it is the proper caper here, and I have conformed to it. Why should I kiss Zenobia's feet, even meta-TROPA phorically? True, I would, and perhaps have, kissed her hand and lips, her forehead, cheeks, and probably the back of her neck. but, although Zenobia is a sweet girl, 1 must be excused from osculatory contact with her pretty foot, dressed in a high-heeled and archedinstepped gaiter. Like all the Mexican girls, she is rather slouchy about her hosiery, and 1 happened once to have observed that her white stocking - were not of the very cleanest, and hung in folds over the tops of her gaiters instead of being braced up. The appear-

certina, and the dear girl fell 30 per cent. in my esteem. By the way, the senoritas have but a faint idea of kissing-the art which so ing it into the lap of Maryland, and taking few possess the capacity of extracting the most available ecstasy-and I one day offered to show a dark-eyed, ravenhaired young lady how los Americanos performed the act. She laughingly agreed-it is unnecessary for me to say that the male members and duenna were out of the way-and I advanced upon her; my left arm encircled her waist, extending over the right shoulder downward; my right arm, bent at the elbow, afforded my hand an opporand see how like Europeans they take up tunity of accumulating her dimpled their little pursuits, find meat for living in chin. Gently holding back her head Gently holding back her head chin. and throwing a look, or rather a rapid series of looks of unutterable nothings into my eyes, 1 gazed clean through her's for a moment, and then, with a long-drawn breath I tapped her lips. It was a revelation to her; she quivered visibly, but, instead of returning my kiss, she broke away from my embrace and ran off to lock herself up, frightened, pleased, but astounded. I was satisfied that I had done myself and country proud, although, to be candid, it was merely a mechanical operation with me, done for the sake of effect, as I did not really care for the girl. I think she remained in maiden meditation for two days, but at last I saw her, and she told me, with a deep blush, that she wshed she had been born an American, to be kis ed like that.

Bynamite in Europe.

[New York Tribune.] Dynamite, in fact, has put a tremendous power in the hands of individuals, and has reinforced all revolutionary and seditious tendencies enormously, making mere folly and fanaticism seriously dangerous, and increasing the natural bent of all lawless mo ements to gather strength as they go on. And while a philosophy which discerns the fatuity of international quarrels has become widely diffused, the international preparations for future fighting (at least in Europe) have never been so extensive; so that governments engaged largely in elaborating machinery for wholesale slaughter find it difficult to present the usual front desirable to the people who

uphold the right of private warfare. What measures can be adopted to meet these important changes is as yet undetermined. Governments are bewildered, and show their perplexity only too plainly. And though the use of dynamite for the furthe ance of political or other ends may be shown to be futile, it is evident that pure reason

You know that competition is the life of trade-quick sales and small profits -a nimble shilling is better'n a slow sixpence-three aces beats two pair. See?, Now, what we want is dead men. Want 'em bad, too. Got to have him

in the business w're in. Mighty poor show so iar. But here-here's a cramper. We raise 'm; they are our own, and are the a lvance agents. You take one of these crampers, size of this, and cut it into slices -- the sicker the man the smaller the slice. Man cats it, thinks it's a wafer-dies; there'slemme see-three times four are twelve, and three times three are nine, and one you had left over makes ten, and four that 1 forgot to count, that makes 105 -don't it. Well, one of these crampers that we give way in Peory harvested us 10.- think of that! Of course, you unders and-we give you these crampers on condition that the company gets to furnish the barial case. We thought we'd work the hospitals first-give you feilows first show. This is the first hospital I've been to in the city." "I hat s a new name for it," laughed the warden, "that's a cucumber." "We call 'em crampers; they do the business. don't they? But I see it's no use of wastin' time with you. You look to me like a man who didn't believe in dyin'whi.h way do I get out?"

Devotees Buried Alive in India.

[M. D. Conway's Letter.] At last I approached a village, whose name was given to me as Daharwanga. It must be four or tive miles from Allahabad. Having passed through it I came to a sort of a common, where I got out of my carriage and walked. I had not mo ed far before I came upon human head lying in my path on the ground. Starting back I perceived that this painted and ashen head, t.ough its eyes were closed, belonged to a living man, the rest of his body being buried in the earth. A small tent had been raised over another head farther on to keep the sun from beating upon him. Scenes like there began to multip.y. I came upon several naked bod es, apparently decapitated, their heads being buried and the gravel smoothed nat over them. There were a number of children in this situation. stretching out their hands and evidently expecting gifts. So li tle respect, however, did their young companions ieel for those infant devotees that they somet mes put bits of tin or flint tones in the hands, which were promptly thrown away. I came to a point where a young woman was just burying a child-apparently her own-up to the neck. She n licated to me her expectation of pice for that performance, which, however, she ad not get. I perceived that I was in some comparatively unil-lumined spot which supplied a habitat for the fata self-burnals once so fre-u at in india. The feeling stole over me pradually that in this uncanny aharwanga these half-buried children might, not so long ago, have been really decap.tate i, even if a severe vigilance might not discover some horror of the same kin I now.

WORKING THE HOSPITALS.

Scheme of a Burial Company's Agent -Quick Sales and Small Profits.

[Chicago Herald "Meddler."]

A man with a decided stoop in his shoulders and a pair of before the war saddle-bags walked into the office of the warden of the county hospital and asked to see the captain. "1 ou mean the warden?" inquired the young man at the desk.

"The man that runs the whole bildin' is what I mean," answered the visitor. "I don't know what new-fangled name you may have for him."

"You want to see Mr. McGarigle. then.' "If that's his name, that's the man."

In response to a shrill whistle up a tin tube, which caused the visitor to make a tighter grip on his baggage, Warden McGarigle came in. him ?" asked the visitor. "I want to see you privately." The warden led the way into his private office and the

visitor began to open the luggage. "Cost much to run a hospital?" inquired the curiosity, who began to fish in the bottom of the saddle-bags. The warden grunted. "Sick folks lot's trouble, ain't they-ever sick so's you couldn't hold up your head? Ever hang out of the bed and feel as of you wanted to tare up the floor and throw it out of the window?"

"You are very impudent. Now, what are you driving at - what have you got in them saddle-bags?"

"Tell you, now that we are ac-

quainted; I'm an agent for a new burial

company that's just been organized.

"Crampers: dead sure shot." "Crampers? What is a cramper?"

Belgian Literary Prize. [Paris Figare,]

The king of the Belgians has regularly offered every year for the last ten years a prize of \$5,000 for the best work on some subject of general inter-est, the greatest latitude of choice being allowed the candidates, provided the work came within the sufficiently comprehensive category of "cuvres d'intelligence." During the whole ten years the prize has only been awarded onco.

Margnerite de Valois: Hypocrites ide their defects with so much care

dill's.

Lost A.

In the meanwhile the man addressed as Mr. Thomas recovered from his first astonishment, gave a whistle, and then said in a tone of the most ineffable disgust, "Wal, I'll be doggoned! Shoot me if 'taint the squaw!"

Next day Mr. Thomas and his wife and child took tickets back to Pawnee City. It appears that after leaving the

Union depot Mrs. Thomas wandered southward a long distance, asking people here and there whether they could tell her where Mr. Thomas was. She

happened to meet an elderly man to whom she told, in pathetic broken Engthat their hearts are poisoned by them. lish, the story of her desertion; and he.

me off with nuffin but a reprimand, like mischief. They are all the time tipping over you did las' time-"

were in love with her. She liked you,

but would not marry you, and hence

her avoidance and the pity you mistook

His First Offense.

[Texas Sultings.]

"Well, suppose I do let you off with a reprimand, as I did last time?"

"In dat case I pleads guilty to six shirts, foah pilly slips, and about a dozen udder pieces."

"But I'm not going to let you off so easy.

"Den, ef yer is gwineter sock it ter me, I'll gib a li'ar one ob de shirts, and we will try this case by a jury."

"All right. I'll enter a plea of not guilty.'

This did not seem to suit the culprit very well, for he spoke up:

"I say, boss, I don't keer to put de court and de sheriff to trouble on my account. Jess lemme off ag'in wid a repriman', as you did las' week, on account ob hit being my fust offense, and I'll plead guilty ter five chickens I pulled las' week, an' a hog I stole las' winter, an' a pair ob shoes from de store, and a wood-pile I'se gwineter haul off to-night."

Europe's Slow "Pauper Labor." [St. Louis Republican.]

A man will accomplish twice as much in an average lifetime, in this country, as anywhere in the Old World-and this is true of men in all positions, the lawyer in his office, the physician in his chaise, the mechanic in his shop, and the operative in the mill.

An American workingman who recently returned to Pittsburg from a visit to England expresses his surprise at the comparatively small amount of work done by laborers in that country. They move slowly and leisurely, they take their time about everything and seem never in a hurry-all in striking contrast with the fierce, unsparing vehemence with which men pursue their vocations in this country. There is no doubt that Americans overdo themselves. They accomplish as much inside of 50 years of age as Europeans accomplish inside of 70; and if life were measured by the amount of work done, our people are the longest lived in the world. One reason for this is the immense amount of work to be done in this country, and the comparatively small number of skilled persons to do it.

Landor: A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.

The mince pie graceth the festive board, Masking its juices rare, And the mouth of our baby waters the while He vieweth the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a wan, sad smile, And heaveth a crocodile moan; And the marble man goeth into his yard And polisheth up a stone.

And the undertaker mournfully asks: "What will his measure be?" What will his measure be?" While the sexton labels a spot "reserved" Under a willow tree. —[New Orleans T^ones-Democrat.

The Mexican People.

(Chas A Dana in N. V. Sun.) The population of Mexico is commonly estimated at nine or ten millions. No census has been taken, but this estimate is probable not exaggerated. The great mass of the inhabitants are Indians, and in race and habits they are similar to the Pueblo, Zuni, and Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They are generally small in stature, sober, honest, industrious, temperate and intelligent. A more valuable peasantry can scarcely be found. Their virtues are their own; their vices are of European admixture. School education has done little or nothing for them; but of late years efforts have been made to establish schools for their benefit. They seem very capable of being instructed; and if, as we trust, there is a bright future for Mexico, it lies in the development and education of the native race.

The ruling classes in Mexico are mainly of Spanish and mixed blood. The late President Juarez was a pure Indian, but the number of educated people with nothing Spanish in their origin, must be very small indeed. Among the civil and military functionaries the Spanish element appears to predominate; and the political usages of the country are decidedly Spanish in their nature.

Sport at Washington. [Chicago Times.]

Washington, it seems, can be made just as much a paradise for the sportsman as it is for the statesman. The Potomac, forty miles below Alexandria, is famous for its ducking shores. From the middle of November till the 1st of May canvasbacks, redheads, blackheads and whistlewings feed on the wild cherry beds which line the shores. The great forests of Stafford County, Va., are alive in the fall with wild turkeys, and the bot-tom lands along the river with quail. The bass fishing of the upper Fotomac can't be excelled. The finest woodcock ground in the world-the glades of Garrett county, Maryland-is within a few hours' ride. A fair day's sport is a dozen brace of as fine birds as ever delighted the eye or tickled the palate of an epicure. Blackwater, a day's ride from Oakland, Md., is the greatest trout stream south of Maine.

Mark Twain's Revenge. [Inter Ocean.]

Mark Twain now proposes to plague the

inventors of the autograph April-fool hoax by publishing in a pamphlet all the requests, by province an a partonic of the senders, and brief biographical essays, for which the sharp pen of Twain will be dipped in a mix-ture of vitriol and vinegar. were on a large scale, samples of rock weighing over 200 poinds being sometimes brought up.

"the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done." The ind cations are that the new problem forced upon the world by the fertility of modern invention will give it serious trouble in the future.

Not Afraid of "Shakes," [Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"My husband and I are going straight through to San Francisco," said a middle-aged lady to a chance acquaintance on a Fullman car. "We mean to make our home there in the future." "San will cuss the toboggan for the remainer of Francisco!" ejaculated the other; "I wouldn't live in San Francisco for anything. I think it is a perfectly awful place to live. You don't know what minute you are going to have a terrible earthquake. My husband wanted me to go there, but I wouldn't go a step. Aren't you afraid?" "Not in the least." "Why, it makes me shudder to think of it, and I don't see how you can be so

calm when you are going where you are likely to have your house shaken down over your head." "My dear madame, replied the middle-aged lady, with a smile, "if you had lived twenty years in the ague swamps of Michigan, as I have, you wouldn't be afraid of any of the little one-horse shakes they have out in California."

Learning Wisdom. [Detroit Free Press.]

A Peasant who had Seven Daughters wearing out sole leather for him went to the Cave of a Wise Old Duffer, and besought his Advice as to how to bring them up. "Marry them off as soon as Possible,

and you can then Break up Housekeeping and go Boarding among them." After a few Months the Father Re-

turned to the Cave and his phiz had such a Lonesome Expression that the Wise Man cried out:

"Ah, you must follow my Advice to learn Wisdom!

"The Trouble is that I did follow it. but instead of having seven places to board around at I have seven Sonsin-law to board on me."

Moral-However, the Peasant had the Wisdom.

Puzzling to Naturalists. [Chicago Times.]

Milne-Edwards, the naturalist, is giving in Paris an interesting exhibition of submarine plants and animals found during his exploration of the Mediterranean. He took soundings to the depth of 19,685 feet, and brought up some of the most remarkable organisms ever seen. They are said to have puzzled the most accomplished naturalists, some of them being of such a nature as to make it difficult to classify them either as belonging to a botanical or zoological species. The dredgings

Last Stage of Boyhood.

The Providence Journal says of the high opinion held of himself by the boy who has reached 15, the last stage of boyhool: "There is no question of which he has not a confident and all-disposing judgment. why, if we were all 16, there would be no need of congress nor of the supreme bench. We should each know it all. in religion his opinions are equally deci ive. But do not undertand me, my friends, that in making fun of the boy, at this or any other period of his like, I mean to deprecate or discourage his aspirations. 1 ar from it. I would not give a penny for the boy of 16 who did not try to be a man.

Cured His Throat. Santarian.

A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration of the throat, which at length became so swo lon that his life was despaired of. H s ho schold came to his bed-ide to bid him farewell. . sch individual shook hands with the dying man and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet ape, and shaking the man's hand went away also with its hands over is eyes t was so ludierous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke and his life was saved.

A Bad State of Affairs.

Thousands of young men really have no home, except the parlor of a boarding house, and no domestic property. except a trunk up in a third-story bed-

Republic a Constant