

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired? Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Phantoms the room leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, raise the work; while it is called to-day, Coward, arise, go forth thy way!

Lonely? And what of that? Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all To lead another life into its own. Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark? Well, and what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet, Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight, Thy steps will guide be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life was summer holiday, With lessons, none to learn, and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy task, Companion or die! 'Tis thus to be learned. Learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so; Though human help be far, thy God 'tis nigh, Who feeds the ravens, hears his children cry, He's near thee whoso'er thy footsteps roam, And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.—Every Other Saturday.

Phrases from Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's influence over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases have become incorporated into our language. Among these are "bag and baggage," "dead as a doornail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarly breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "miserable makes strange bed fellows," "to boot" (in trade), "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three legged stool," "dancing attendance," "setting even" (revenge), "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "packing a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild goose chase," "scarecrow," "luggage," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of a joke), "your cake is dough." The girl who playfully calls some youth a "milkop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even "loggerhead" is of the same origin. "Extempore" is first found in Shakespeare, and so are "almanacs." Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance.—Chicago Times.

What Four Sparrows Can Do.

Two pairs of sparrows were watched by an observant naturalist feeding their young in their nests in only one half hour with the larvae of the bluebottle fly from a dead cat. They fetched these in all 104 times, and one of the birds also caught 14 flies on the wing. Now, the common house fly is computed to produce in one season, so prolific is the progeny after progeny, no less than 20,000,000, say, in round numbers, 21,000,000, and thus were prevented by these two pairs of birds no fewer than 280,000,000 by the capture of 14 flies and 2,800,000,000 by the destruction of the 104 larvae. Again, there figured in the parish accounts of one parish in Gloucestershire a charge for 17 dozen of (so called) tomits' heads; in another parish, Melbourne, in Derbyshire, a sparrow club destroyed in one year 4,377 small birds, and in yet another 3,500. Take the smaller of these two last numbers, and multiply it by the number of flies just calculated as prevented by the two pairs of sparrows, and it gives what we may very well call a grand total of 7,280,000,000,000.—London Times.

The Grinding of the Ice.

"The submarine forest of our port," said a man from Escanaba, Wis., "is being broken up by the grinding of the ice. This forest extends about a mile and a half into the lake. The grain and bark of the trees are entirely dissimilar from anything found in the forests of the present day, thus showing almost conclusively that the buried forest was swallowed up by the sea ages and ages ago. Fishermen who cast their nets near these leafless and petrified trees often bring up whole branches and twigs, and once in a great while a heavy sea washes a gnarled trunk ashore. There are scientific men who hold that the sunken forest proves that the earth has been paying tribute to the lake ever since the birth of time. The vast amount of ice in the lake this winter has had the effect of demolishing many of the trees, portions of which have been cast upon the anchor ice during the severe easterly gales."—Chicago Herald.

Gen. Sheridan's Plan.

Gen. Sheridan has proposed a striking and ingenious plan of harbor defense, based upon his experience in fighting Indians years ago. He found sunken pits held by riflemen better than forts, which formed a clearly visible mark for the enemy. He therefore proposes a series of submerged pits in the sea, with guns that can be raised or lowered at pleasure, never rising above the surface of the water so far as to afford a good mark for an advancing fleet. Such works would be better defended against hostile fire by the surrounding water itself than any visible fort can be by steel or other casing. The idea is worth consideration, as it appears to offer a maximum of defensive force with a minimum of cost.—New York Tribune.

Are the Times Degenerate?

When one reads of defaulting treasurers and cashiers, he is likely to refer to the degeneracy of the times in morals, in honesty and trustworthiness. But are they degenerate? Are the moral instincts less keen than they were of old? It will be safe to deny it. You cannot tell what the morals of a man are until he is tempted. In the olden time industries were so poorly developed that it was necessary to reposit trusts in others only in a very limited degree, and hence the defaulters were few. The people of the present day endure the test of temptation, no doubt, more creditably than the ancestors of past centuries would have done.—Good Housekeeping.

Green Chalk for Cues.

They are trying to introduce green chalk in some of the billiard rooms of Chicago. It is claimed that the chalk loses none of its adhesiveness by reason of its artificial color, and that it possesses the merit of preserving the color of cloth. Chalk, as it is used at present, soon fades the heaviest emerald cloth, and makes the tables appear unsightly and worn.—New York Sun.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MARKET.

A Procession of Buyers, Who Are on the Lookout for Bargains.

On Saturday nights the pressure is terrible. About 8 o'clock the procession of buyers commences, composed entirely of people who must have things cheap and who will not buy unless allured by cheapness. On such occasions the objects on the sidewalk are largely re-enforced. The shoemakers spread before their eyes large assortments of arctic overshoes and of those caoutchouc compounds which the Boston girls musically term gums. These are at divers rates, some 35 cents, some 55, some 90. The dealer knows the fascination which the large label "99 cents" has upon his customers. It seems to say that the living price, the bed rock rate, is \$1, but, because times are hard, he will throw off a cent and sacrifice himself rather than not make a sale. This convinces them, this pitious spectacle of Abraham offering up his shoes at a sacrificial rate, and he has twenty customers at 50 cents, whereas he might only have had two at \$1. Great is thy power, O Humbug!

Side by side with the shoe tables are other merchants, who make appeal to the same passion for cheapness. At one end will be an old white bearded man, who, sweeping his hand over a collection of tin whistles and imitation jet brooches and hair combs, repeats incessantly in a monotonous voice, "Any toy or any jewel on this table, 5 cents." At another will be an orangeman crying out with the voice of a stentor, "Ten for 6 cents." Further on will be a huckster of bananas, shrieking "Ripe bannanias, the whole bunch for a quarter." Then there will be magnificent displays by a fishmonger, who by opening his window establishes communication between the fish within and the fish without. Clams appear to be the favorite dainty, and these are displayed on plates and sold by the plateful, and one can see feminine customers counting to see which plate has been favored by fortune. Beside the clams there are piles of lobsters, just boiled and steaming, surrounded by a perfect cloud of savoriness. Then there are small crabs, not very inviting, and baskets of oysters.

The groceries are in full blast, giving away a chromo and a package of sugar to every one who buys tea and coffee, which is already for the buyer in paper packages. In front of every grocery store is a small stand where a young girl is grating horse radish and selling it by the teaspoon. I watched one whose hands were blue with cold, but business was brisk and she seemed happy, and continued rubbing away upon the grater which must have been about the temperature of a block of ice, for metals have the happy power of distributing both heat and cold. Then there were truck wagons from Flatbush or Bushwick selling heads of cabbage, and potatoes and onions. The various dry goods stores on the "avenue" were crowded with customers and blazings with gas lights, and even electricity lent its potent aid to charm the senses of the customers. It was a sort of carnival, the prevalent thought being, "you working people have your wages in your pocket; come in and spend the last cent."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Cheap Toboggan Slide.

The Marcon Telegraph wants a toboggan slide, and tells how to make one that the heat won't hurt. It selects a certain hill in the city, and then says: "Buy enough twelve inch plank planned on one side to make, when stood on edge, smooth side in, a double line from the hilltop to the bottom. The width of the space between these two lines of plank should be about two feet, and the ground smoothed with a hoe. Over it spread pine straw six inches deep. The straw can be hauled from the woods in wagons. Nail two barrel staves under a plank of equal length, grease the staves and then get on. The rider will find himself tobogganing at a terrific rate of speed, and accidents will be almost impossible."—New York Sun.

Decay of Building Stones.

The rapid decay and destruction of building stones is a matter of common experience. Mr. T. Eggleston has described somewhat the causes leading to them. He finds that many limestones that are most liable to disintegrate, either in the finished monument or yet in the ledge, are mixtures of true limestone and dolomitic limestone, and the crumbling is due to the more soluble nature of the limestone, which is removed by the percolating carbonated waters, thus undermining the dolomitic grains.—Chicago Tribune.

An African Drum.

"This," said Capt. Storms, taking up a monstrous native drum of unshapely girth, "produces a curious effect when you hear the muffled banging of it echoing from village to village as the signal for war. I have come across chiefs in the interior whose hobby it is to have 'fancy' drummers. But their way of procuring them is essentially African. They chop off the hands of their slaves, and oblige the latter to beat the drums with their mutilated stumps in lieu of drumsticks."—Chicago Tribune.

Impurities in Iron.

It is said that the more rapid deterioration of much of the iron of a late make arises from the fact that it contains more impurities than formerly. The common iron of to-day is filled with slag, and looks coarse and fibrous when rusted or worn. Fifty years ago the iron made in the United States was largely charcoal iron, and was much purer and better than the same grades made at the present day.—Boston Budget.

Nothing was Good Enough.

"Been north, I understand," said Jones to Brown, who had gone to New Hampshire to sponge on some of his rich kin. "Yes, I was up among my relatives." "How did they treat you?" "Oh, immense! Nothing was good enough for me, and—dropping his voice—"that's just what they gave me."—Washington Critic.

The young man who has his evenings to himself generally goes and gives them to some one else.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mines can now be lighted by electricity at one half the cost of lighting them by oil and candles.

Saving Tears in Persia.

Tears are considered so precious in Persia that they bottle them up. When there is a funeral some one goes round among the mourners and presents each with a sponge to weep in, and the sponge is afterwards squeezed into a bottle. If the deceased was a penurious relative—a tight old sponge that it was difficult to squeeze any money out of when alive—it is likewise difficult to squeeze any tears out of the family sponges at his funeral. It must be touching to see the master of ceremonies at a funeral, moving along in front of the mourners' bench, and asking each one in a whisper: "Have you shed?" Bottled tears are supposed by the Persians to have great healing powers, hence their collection.—Exchange.

Pretty Lively Traveling.

"The question is often asked me," said an electrician, "if it is really true that the electric current travels fast enough to go around the world in a single second. There seems to be a good deal of curiosity about that score. The best reply that can be made to such an inquiry is that everything depends on the conditions. Take a perfect land line 25,000 miles long, or equal to the circumference of the earth, and a tap on the wire would be felt from one end to the other in about one second. Under the best possible conditions as many, perhaps, as eight or ten seconds would be required if the current were to be transmitted through cables under the two oceans."—Chicago Herald.

What Our Schools Need.

Thousands of young people are turned out of them yearly with just knowledge enough to make them yeasty and unsettled, but without enough to awaken a tendency in their minds toward any productive vocation in which the most of them must inevitably sooner or later engage. Our schools hitherto have been trying to work out the overshadowing university conception of education, whereas they can continue to do adequate work only as they assist in launching young men and women right side up on the heady current of practical life.—Boston Globe.

The Sultan's Wives.

The sultan of Turkey lives in a palace somewhat out of the city of Constantinople and fitted up in ordinary European style. It is built of stone, but the rooms are small and the ceilings low, though varied only some half a dozen times, which is quite a reasonable number for a polygamist sultan. Indeed, Abdul Hamid must be considered a very temperate man as regards wives, when it is borne in mind that one of his late predecessors was pleased to possess twice as many dozen as he has.—Constantinople Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Washington's Othography.

George Washington defied orthography with the same calm courage with which he opposed the troops of England. He once wrote to the congregation of the Dutch Reformed church at Schenectady: "I sincerely thank you for your congratulations on my arrival in this place. Whilst I join in adoring that now Supreme Being, to whom alone can be attributed the signal successes of our arms, I cannot but express my gratitude to you gentlemen," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Food Value of Bones.

The experiments of Dr. Edward Smith with bones were cited to instance their possible food value; these experiments were undertaken at the command of the English government, and were exhaustive enough to prove that three and a half pounds of mixed bones contain as much heat food as one pound of meat, and six pounds of bones as much flesh food as a pound of meat.—Juliet Carson in Harper's Bazar.

A Brother of Girls.

When Abd-el-Kadir was expected at Cairo, Lady Duff Gordon's donkey driver asked her if he were not Akhu-l-Banat (a brother of girls). She said she did not know that he had any sisters. "The Arabs, O lady," was the reply, "call that man 'a brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection."—Home Journal.

A Duel Between Composers.

Andreas Romberg, the well known composer of the "Bell," once received a challenge from the leader of a small orchestra on the ground of some pretended insult. He sent the messenger back with these words: "Tell Herr X—that I don't know how to use a sword or a pistol; but we will each compose a cantata, and the one whose work is received with hisses shall shoot himself dead."—Mainzer Nachrichten.

Ancient Rome's Napkin.

The nappa was a table napkin in use in ancient Rome for wiping the hands and mouth at meals. Vulgar persons fastened it under their chins to protect their clothes from stains, as some do now. In ordinary cases the host did not furnish his guest with napkins, but each person brought his own nappa with him, and occasionally carried away in it some of the delicacies which he could not consume at table.—Rome Journal.

Needed a Civilized Doctor.

The Chinese government employed Dr. Bahr as European doctor of their fleet during the recent war with France. When the war was ended the doctor was discharged as a means of economy. The recent riot at Nagasaki, in which a number of Chinese man-of-war's men were badly injured, led the Viceroy Li to engage a civilized doctor to attend the fleet in peace as well as in war.—Public Opinion.

Something to Remember.

A mother had reproved her little girl for being so clumsy as to drop a dish, and the little girl, after a thoughtful silence, said: "Mamma, can you write with your left hand?" "I could if I were left handed, but I'm not." "Well," said the little girl, "I guess little children are left handed all over." The Lick glass cost \$50,000. A liquor glass is oftentimes more expensive.

A BOOK CANVASSER'S METHODS.

His Meekness, Humility and Imperturbability—Securing an Order.

"Well," said the canvasser, putting his portfolio on an adjacent desk, while he presented his autograph album to the reporter, and produced pen and ink from a secret recess in his vest—"Well, I must first thank you for your kindness, and now let me tell you that gall is not such a pre-eminent ingredient in a book canvasser's make up as you and a great many other persons seem to imagine. Our first lessons are taken from the Bible, which teaches meekness and humility. A real book canvasser never loses his temper; he never gets angry; he never argues; but he gradually leads the conversation into pleasant channels, and makes life as agreeable and enjoyable to all around him as he possibly can. The only resistance a true canvasser will make to anybody is when his calling is impeached. He is early taught to stand up for the honor of his calling, in spite of all that may be told him of the misdeeds of others who have disgraced it. There are black sheep in every flock, and all men should not be held responsible for the sins of a few.

"The best way, though, to illustrate our teachings is to tell you how we work—and all we do comes out of our course of study, as you call it—or our book of instructions, as we call it. We depend on ourselves to the largest possible extent. Sometimes we have a helper, that is, a gentleman or lady of a certain neighborhood who, in consideration of a free copy of the book, introduces us to certain people, but the great trouble about helpers is that they insist on talking and recommending your work after introducing you, thereby displaying their interest and injuring your prospects. It is harder to keep helpers quiet than to get along without them, so I choose not to have them. The power of influence we, of course, fully recognize—but it is the influence or example by leaders either in society or business. For this reason we are always glad to have good names to show—some names in the building, in the block or in the immediate neighborhood. On approaching a gentleman whose subscription we desire to secure we have several things to consider, and I shall mention them in their order. We generally ascertain the gentleman's name and we make it a point never to forget a name once acquired. It is pleasanter and more effective to call a man by his name when you meet him the first time, because it makes him feel that his importance is appreciated and that his fame is not confined to his family and immediate friends. After meeting him, we look him squarely in the eye, and, without staring him, hold him with his glittering orb. There is great power in the human eye, and, besides, it shows that you are not doing anything you are ashamed of. If the person is engaged or 'too busy,' we try to make an appointment for some other time. If we are canvassing in families and there are children present, we notice them and say nice things about their looks, or comment on their resemblance to the head of the house.

"The next thing after securing attention is to create a desire on the part of the person to see what you've got, for desire must precede demand. That is another of our axioms. We never show our books until we have created the necessary desire. You may have observed that I tried to keep my portfolio hidden by the flap of my overcoat. When we do show our book we do not let it go out of our hands, but beginning at the cover, we explain all its good points, putting our descriptions into the best words we can master. We keep cool, do not hurry; are concise and direct in our language, and try never to weary or worry our customer. Then we secure the order.

As soon as the customer shows signs of yielding, we have pen and ink ready—we always carry ink—and obtain his signature while his mood is favorable. After getting the signature we keep away from the subscriber until we are ready to deliver the book, and the delivery is made at a time when we know the subscriber has money—when he gets his salary if a working man, and after crop time he lives in the country.

"Objections? Oh, gracious yes, we hear plenty of objections. We are taught to expect them, and we train ourselves to meet and answer them. In doing this we aim to be pleasant and happy, without being offensively smart, and we avoid, as far as possible, direct answers or labored arguments. Agents who are afraid to depend on their own facilities in such emergencies have a manual from which they may study and memorize answers to the ordinary objections which are offered. I have such a manual—on published here, in which you will find objections with ready made answers."—Globe-Democrat.

Delights of Ceylon Life.

But here we are in the midst of British luxury, five minutes above a large town, with tennis courts and dashing drives. Often the ceiling cloth follows the rafters to the ridge pole, as in his sleeping room, which thus has a lofty dome. But the sound of creatures that move without feet is as revolting and gloomy and frightful and startling in that crevice, that bag like reptile room, as it is when they have the space of a regular garret to knock and throw themselves around. "Them" means wildcats, civet cats, scorpions, muskrats, common rats and serpents. There is no yowling like that of the unhappy cats of cities in America; no noise except the locomotion and the delicate squeak of the musky mice at play, and the louder protest of the rats when they are being swallowed alive by the snake.—Ceylon Cor. Chicago News.

Beautiful Bermuda.

Everything is bright, every outline is sharp, every house like a house made of snow, roof and all, scarlet and yellow flowers in masses, trees so full of birds, that it seems as if every leaf were a bird, yet not a bird to be seen—they are only heard; the whole beautiful island resonant like a bell. Such is Bermuda.—Bermuda Letter.

Where They Have Gone.

A great scarcity of the very small coins is reported. We are afraid the heathens have got all the very small coins by this time.—Durington.

Pursuing the Mighty Dollar.

The pursuit of the dollar is responsible for the wreck of countless lives. It makes young men old, and adds physical debility to the sorrows of old age. In the unceasing effort to obtain riches, the best objects of human existence are driven out of sight. Families are neglected, and the pleasures of home left untasted. In England, the prince merchant is content with what is gained by a few hours at the desk. The rest of his time is given to such enjoyments as his means may permit. He is enthusiastically devoted to his family, and in old age is as jolly as a sandboy; sleeps well, eats almost too well, and is comparatively free from pains and aches. It is a fact that thousands of our wealthiest merchants, in their prosperity, work as hard as they did when commencing life. Custom has grown into habit, and things without interest from the business point of view have no flavor. So long as good health remains, such slavery has its compensations; but, when the physical and mental condition will stand the strain no longer, the way to the end is gloomy and wretched, the pains and aches arising from persistent overwork embittering every moment to the last.—Herald of Health.

Interviewing a Woman.

Women who figure in public usually like to be interviewed. They are less cautious than men about expressing their convictions, but they are more particular about having their exact language printed. Unlike most men, the women want to see the reporter's note book when they talk for publication. "What is the use of my telling you all these things if you are not going to put them down?" Anna Dickinson once said to the writer. That energetic lady was not satisfied with the assurance that her interviewer's memory was as good as a note book, she wanted to have the interview—which was about her plans as an actress—written out then and there so that she might read it over and revise it. Of course she had her own way. She fixed up the interview to her own liking and the interviewer turned it in to the man with the blue pencil who sits at the city editor's desk. That critical person cut out about four-fifths of Anna's talk and quite naturally the next day she had something to say about the total depravity of newspaper reporters.—New York Times.

The Ruling Mood.

The law of correspondences between spiritual and material things is wonderfully exact in its working. People ruled by the mood of gloom attract to them gloomy things. People always discouraged and despondent do not succeed in anything and live only by burdening some one else. The hopeful, confident, and cheerful attract the elements of success. A man's front or back yard will advertise the man's ruling mood, in the way it is kept. A woman at home shows her state of mind in her dress. A slattern advertises the ruling mood of hopelessness, carelessness, and lack of system. Rags, tatters and dirt are always in the mind before being on the body. The thought that is most put out brings its corresponding visible element to crystallize about you, as surely and literally as the visible bit of copper in solution attracts to it the invisible copper in that solution. A mind always hopeful, confident, and courageous, and determined on its set purpose, and keeping itself to that purpose, attracts to itself out of the elements things and powers favorable to that purpose.—Prentice Mulford.

Von Bulow's Lead Pencils.

Hans Von Bulow, on his first appointment to the leadership of the orchestra at a German court theatre, introduced himself to his musicians carrying a small parcel under his arm. This he proceeded to unfold with great solemnity, producing therefrom twenty-two pencils, which he distributed among the members of his orchestra, requesting them, in a lengthy speech, to make use of them for the purpose of inserting his remarks and alterations in their several parts. After Hans Von Bulow had resigned his post, his successor appeared at the desk, where he solemnly opened a little parcel, saying: "I have been told that my predecessor, H. Von Bulow, on his accession to office, handed each of you a pencil, asking you to insert sundry notes and alterations. I too, gentlemen, have brought you a small present, with the request that you will make use of it to efface the annotations of my highly esteemed predecessor." Whereupon the new conductor, with great ceremony, delivered to each of the musicians a piece of india-rubber.—Argonaut.

The Celebrated "Widow's Mite."

The most notable coin in the mint collection, and perhaps the most celebrated coin in the world, is the "Widow's Mite." It name simply tells its commercial significance, though visitors generally ask to see the "Widow's Mite" first, giving special Scriptural significance to it. It is an interesting and confirmatory fact that this piece was found among the rubbish of the Temple grounds by Dr. Barclay, long resident in Jerusalem, and author of "The City of the Great King." It was presented by him to the mint. It is of the kind of mites offered by the widow, but that it is one of the identical mites has never been established.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

Presidents Who Were College Graduates.

This is the list of presidents who have been college graduates: Adams (John), Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams (J. Q.), Harrison, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur—twelve in all. The other list, not counting President Cleveland, contained these names: Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant—ten in all. The presidential office before 1885 had been administered by graduates fifty-two years, by non-graduates, forty-four years. And, strange to say, thirty-two of the fifty-two college years fell before 1837, and only twenty in the equal period since 1837.—Detroit Free Press.

The Prophet and the Cat.

Mohammedans entertain a kindly regard for cats, because of a tradition that the prophet on a certain occasion, being called to quell a riot, cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb a cat sleeping upon it.—Cosmopolitan.

IN JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN.

The Poet at Work Clad in the Picturesque Garb of a Forty-niner.

One day I walked out to Joaquin Miller's cabin on the hills just outside of Berkeley. Everything about the place looked deserted and desolate, very different from what it looked a year ago when I last visited it. Then everything, both inside and out, was neat and clean, a brown tattered just outside the door and the owner was inside hard at work, tending out almost unreadable manuscript, sitting at the door, before knocking, looking a strange sight for fashionable Washington. Seated on a plain, unvarnished chair, drawn up to a rough pine table that cost probably \$1, sat a man in a picturesque garb of the gold miner of California. He was writing rapidly with a steel pen, and the floor around him scattered with finished pages. The plank wall above the papers was covered with a picture and around it, tacked to it with pins, were scraps of paper covered with hieroglyphics that I never found were notes.

Over in the corner of the room was a bunk such as may be seen in the steerage of ocean steamships. It was covered with a profusion of the richest Chinese furs, some of which were almost hanging to the walls. The wild haired poet of Sierras received me pleasantly, and answered to a question about his method of composition he said: "I have no method. I write when I feel inclined, and do not give any thought to the subject before commencing. But I must be alone, even an animal must be in the room with me, and I even turn my cat out doors."

After a pleasant ordinary chat in the picturesque little cottage on the hill and its queer occupant, I must confess to a little disappointed with my work for in everything but dress I had found my host an average man. The next day, however, I saw another piece of his own character. Walking in the San Joaquin grounds I heard behind me the clatter of galloping hoofs, and turning saw approaching, riding wildly, the poet. He had his sombrero in his hand, and long hair was floating in the breeze, seemed to be unconscious of everything around him, completely lost in the nature of his gallop. This is the last I ever saw him in Washington. He soon after left for a year has been in Mexico and the southern states. He is now in San Francisco where he edits a magazine, but he is a creature of moods, and may bob up in Washington any day. He has lived longer here than anywhere else.—Washington Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Alaskan's Intoxicant.

During a course of years, commencing with the Russian occupation of the territory, before the cession of the province to the United States, and subsequent time, men of our country found a lucrative business in the sale of molasses to the Alaska Indians. From two substances they make a drink which they call hoochenoo, and it is just the worst than the "lowest grade of better street whisky. In fact it is a pure alcohol, slightly discolored, the Indians manufacture it for their consumption, and for the use of their friends, but it is rarely sold by them one another. They make a sort of mash from molasses and dirty sugar. This they put into a large drum over a slow fire.

Some of them have considerable chemical ingenuity, and they make a crude sort of a still out of tin-pieces are cut out for the worm, and Indian holds them in place while an with a bar of solder and a hot iron sets them together. They patch off after piece, until they have completely rude sort of a worm, and then their is ready. They understand the process of condensation of the vapor in worm and know how to get the distillation out of it. Then they double triple distill this product, and they have a liquor that you or I would dare to drink, unless we wanted to experience all the horrors of delirium tremens. The stuff is simply terrible its power. When the process of manufacture is completed they store it in bottles for use. The hoochenoo distilled only in the most inaccessible parts of Alaska, as the sale of large quantities of sugar or molasses is prohibited and Indians who are known to possess quantities of either commodity are closely watched.—Lieut. T. Monahan in Brooklyn Eagle.

Animal Lore Among Savages.

The natural history of savage races responds exactly with this natural history of European folk lore. The Zulu will tell you that the reason the hyrax has no wherewith to drive away the flies is, on the day when tails were distributed the hyrax, fearing it was going to be begged the other animals to bring him tail to save himself the trouble of doing so. The proverb to this day alludes to a Zulu who from laziness asks another to do or fetch something for him; the hyrax went without a tail because sent for it." The Bushman will tell you that the jackal's back is black because once carried the sun on his back while found that great luminary, then a man on earth, sitting weary by the wayside. And the Aht will tell you, in explanation of the melancholy note of the loon, a fisherman robbed by a companion of his fish and at the same time of his net, unable to respond to questions about sport, save by a noise like the loon's whose plaintive cry is still the voice that hapless fisherman, trying in vain to make himself understood. And just the Greek would have told you that the nightingale was in reality Philomela, unhappy sister of Procne, bewailing the form of a bird the wrong done to her by Tereus, her brother-in-law, who in order to prevent her from informing her sister, deprived her of her tongue.—Tiemman's Magazine.

The Climate of Alaska.

"The climate of Sitka, Alaska, is not that of Brooklyn, the mean temperature for the summer months being about 60 degs., and the average temperature for the winter months about 30 degs. It is a mistake prevalent throughout the United States that Alaska is an arctic climate. The population of Alaska in 1885 was 8,000 whites and 20,880 natives.—Lieut. H. T. Monahan in Brooklyn Eagle.