

A BATTLE IN THE SAND.

THRILLING NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE ON THE PLAINS OF ALGIERS.

A Long and Perilous Hide for Life and Victory Against a Host of Hostile Arabs—A Life Laid Down for a Fellow Man.

While acting as newspaper correspondent in Algeria, says Robert Dane, I had one experience, at least, that has always seemed to me worth telling. I had been down to the coast, to the town of Algiers, after six months' campaigning at the front against the Arabs, and was to join the Ninth brigade of Chasseurs d'Afrique, under Col. Lascelles, at a town in the interior called Martirano, on the 18th of September. But having a good deal of correspondence, both private and of a business nature, to get off, it was the morning of the 20th when my factotum, Fabrino, and myself rode into Martirano, only to find for once that a brigade of French troops had started on the date set, and, as I learned, from some friendly Arabs who came in, were encamped at the Seven Stones pool, a spot six or seven miles from the town. These friendly Arabs also informed me that the brigade of Col. Lascelles was pretty thoroughly cut off from the main body by roving parties of hostiles, all, however, acting on one plan and under the direction of one leader. Here was the chance to pay a prospect of action, of seeing service and gathering news that no other London paper would get, was too good to throw away, so Fabrino and myself held a conversation, and, much against his advice and inclination, we decided to risk it. Fabrino was a little, dark skinned, slight Franco-Arab, of dark, dark complexion, great coolness, and devoted to me. I knew that I could trust him in any event, and telling him to make the horses ready, proceeded to overhaul my revolvers and reload them carefully, for there was every probability of my needing them before the night ride was over.

At 5 p. m. Fabrino reported everything ready, and a little before 8 we rode out southward toward the desert. We were both mounted on Arab horses, mine being full bred, and it had been given me by one of the friendly Arab chiefs, in whose tents I had once spent three months. Fabrino was a half bred Arab, and a splendid goer. We had agreed to push straight through, stopping for no halt, and paying attention to no Arabs, be they friendly or hostile. Fabrino assured me that our horses could do the sixty miles by morning, and though I rather doubted it, it was our only chance, and I was determined to work that only chance for all it was worth. Mile after mile passed in silence, save the muffled sound of our horses' feet in the sand. It was a starlight night, but there was no moon, and there could not have been a better night for an expedition of this kind. Once in passing some tamarisks there was a hail in Arabic, but we only bent lower on the necks of our horses and sped on, and after we had gone half the distance or thereabouts we halted at a water hole, reconnoitering carefully, before finally riding up to it, for fear of finding ourselves in the midst of an Arab village—I had had an uneasy feeling for the last few miles—and now that the hoof beats were still I could distinctly hear the sound of hoarseness at some distance behind us. Fabrino heard it, too, and told me he had heard it for some time. There was nothing for it but to press on. Tightening the girths we swung ourselves into the saddle, loosened our pistols so that they might be easily drawn, gathered up the reins, and the horses started neck and neck with a rush.

We had not gone a mile from the pool when a flash on our right forewarned us of the bullet that immediately whizzed over our heads. Following Fabrino's lead I shielded toward the left, and the Arabs at once broke cover and came on in pursuit. Looking over my shoulder I could see the two finest mounted as they tore on in our rear. Fabrino and I pulled our horses down a little, and, turning in our saddles, took as deliberate aim as was possible in the uncertain light and at the speed we were going, and gave them a volley from our heavy cavalry pistols we carried in our holsters.

One of the white harnessed, that indicated their whereabouts, disappeared, the other wavered a moment or two and then pulled down to wait for his comrades. Drawing long breaths of relief, we turned forward again only to find the starlight plain ahead of us dotted with moving figures. I knew I gave a gasp, and I heard Fabrino utter "Sacre bleu" with a vigor that only a Frenchman can attain.

Then, without words, we bore away to the right, where the horsemen not being so close together, there seemed the better chance to escape. We could see them swerving their lances and the scimitar blades flashed in the starlight, as forcing our horses to their utmost we thundered down on the enemy.

Revolver in hand, we reserved our fire until certain of our aim. I discharged my first barrel as a dusky scoundrel's scimitar circled over my head, and fired two or three times more, striving to make every bullet count. Suddenly I felt a searing sensation on my left shoulder, and then, using my spur for the first time and sending them home, now with a will, I sprang clear of the conflict. The pain of my wound had turned me sick and faint for a time. When I came to it was alone on the desert. Fabrino nor the Arabs were anywhere to be seen. A few hours after daybreak I rode into our outpost, having ridden fifty-eight miles on the one horse since sundown the night before. The outpost party were surprised to see me, and placing me on a litter carried me to headquarters, where the surgeon bound up my wound, which he pronounced painful but not dangerous, and Col. Lascelles gave me a hearty welcome, and what I was badly in need of, something to eat and drink. Fabrino I never heard of more, but have no doubt that seeing me struck with a lance he desperately closed with our enemies and sacrificed himself that I might escape. Fabrino had been an awful blackguard in his life, but what man can do more, good or bad, than lay down his life for his fellow man—Buffalo News.

Will Stick to Railroad Ties.

"And say, young man," he continued, "if you ever go traveling, like me avoid steamships. I went as a stowaway one time, and I'll tell you what happened. After three days out at sea I was discovered. The captain said to me: 'Young man, you'll have to go to work.' He set me to scraping off paint for nine days. At the end of that time we reached port, and instead of being allowed to land I was placed in irons and kept there until we left, when I was liberated and set to work again all the way to New York, where they allowed me to go. I never went to sea again. Railroads are good enough for me."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Paper from Crushed Bamboo.

It almost seems as though good serviceable paper can be made from every kind of vegetable fiber. Grasses and woods of all sorts, and even peas, have been brought into requisition, while one of the latest introductions is crushed bamboo, which has been used with very satisfactory results.—Frank Leslie's.

AN ALASKAN POTLATCH

How the Auk and Sitka Indians Adjust Their Tribal Differences.

On Sunday last five canoes of Sitka Indians arrived at the Auk village, just above town. It was the occasion of no little excitement among the Auks, for the Sitkans, as is usual upon such visits, made a demand of 120 blankets as a remuneration for injuries a member of their tribe had received two years ago while engaged in a cut-and-shash with an Auk Indian, in which the Sitkan got decidedly the worst of the battle. The Auk refused to accede to the demand, the result of which was a general go-as-you-please, in which knife work was prominent. During the dispute, the Auk received a severe cut on the hand, upon which he set up a howl demanding pay from the Sitkans for the wound he had received at their hands. It now being a stand-off, in that members of both tribes had received injuries one from the other, peace was declared, providing the Auk would tender to their visitors a grand potlatch (feast and dance). The Auk, who is a weaker tribe than the Sitkans, consented, and accordingly on Wednesday evening last the ball was opened. About once a year the Sitkans come over and run a bluff on their weaker neighbors, during which they make love to their most buxom squaws and gorge themselves until the larders of their hosts are well nigh exhausted.

Upon the evening of the dance the waiters of Juneau were informed of the occasion and requested to come as spectators. The band boys, for the novelty of the thing, determined to serenade the sons of the forest and open up their hall in a style that Mr. Lo had never seen the like of before. Accordingly the band and white spectators formed the line of march at the outskirts of the village and, to the tune of "Prisoner's Hope" and "Marching Through Georgia," marched up through the village, coming to a halt in front of Chief Coyne's residence. Although the color of dried salmon and seal grease somewhat choked the players, they managed to finish the strain. The old chief gave them a warm welcome and extended to the band the great honor of leading forth the dancers, who were already costumed and ready. The band again formed the line of march, with the war chief, Cow Kluck, in front at drum major, and about twenty-five Indian dancers, hideously painted and dressed in costumes in imitation of the bear, fox, eagle, swan, goose and other animals, interspersed throughout with bits of bright coloring, bringing up the rear.

The procession came to a stop in front of the hall, a snake cabin some 24 by 40 feet. Upon the floor inside, packed as close as sardines in a box, sat men, women and children. Two rows of squaws occupied the front, who in perfect tune and with powerful exercise of their lungs sang a chorus to the chant of the dancers. At a given signal from the chief, who acts as floor manager, the music strikes up; then there follows a flourish of swan wings, and the dancers commence singing and dancing. The excitement gradually increases until they fairly howl, some bawling like dogs, some growling like bears. They grin and gnash their teeth, and contort their bodies in all shapes that their joints and muscular development will admit of. Sweat begins to ooze from every pore in their bodies. One strives to outdo the other, for he is considered the best dancer who can howl the loudest, grin the fiercest and contort the most. After the first set is finished a bucket of water is passed around, from which each dancer takes an enormous pull, all drinking out of the bucket, and after about a minute's rest the same performance above described is gone through with.—Alaska Free Press.

Queer Saving Process.

For several months Peter Hornedye, a well known gold miner of the San Juan country, has been coming to Durango on weekly visits, buying all the beef hides he could find. As he took the hides mountainward, many wondered to what purpose they were being put. A reporter met Mr. Hornedye and bluntly asked him what he was doing with so many hides.

"Well, now that I have proven my theory correct, I have no objection to telling your readers of my doings."

"You see, all gold hunters know that much gold known as 'float' is washed away continually. To catch this by any means has already proven impossible, although tried by many different methods from the trail of sluices and running streams. Last spring I luckily thought of a method which is rapidly making me a rich man."

"How do you do it?" was impatiently asked.

"Why, with hides. It is the simplest thing you ever saw. The Animas river tributaries come from the best gold bearing section in the country. This being the case, much fine or flower gold must pass down the stream. Up above I arranged my plans by selecting a point where the river cuts directly to the bank; here I placed a hide on stakes, allowing the water to skim over it; the hair being placed up stream, of course it caught up all the 'float' of all kinds. After leaving the hide in this position for a week I took it out and examined it thoroughly, but could discover no trace of gold. Being determined to give my experiment a thorough test, I cut up several pieces and burned them in an old pan. In panning the ashes I was rewarded with over \$2 in gold. Since that time I have devoted my time to getting every hide I could buy, and now have fifty in place at various points. On my clean ups, which I make on each hide at the end of two weeks, I realize from \$50 to \$500 in pure gold, which I secure by coloring the ashes of the hides."—Durango (Colo.) Herald.

Destroying Food Fishes.

The indignation of fishermen over the destruction of food fishes by the menhaden 'pirates,' as they are called, is not without justification. Everything is fish that comes into the menhaden nets. Three of these menhaden steamers scooped up 70,000 fish in one day last week. All were sent to the factories to be ground into fertilizers. The great majority of the fish taken are menhaden, but thousands of food fishes are captured along with them. In one day last week 30,000 pounds of blue fish were taken and sent to the fertilizing establishments.

It is shameful to permit the destruction of food fishes in this way. Not many years ago food fishes were plentiful on this coast. Now they are becoming scarce. Shell fish have been destroyed by sludge and other refuse of oil factories and similar establishments, while the wholesale destruction of menhaden and other fish for fertilizing purposes is decimating the sea coast fisheries.—New York News.

The Old Anti-Slavery Society.

In a letter read by Gen. Carrington at the colored veterans' reunion at Boston, John G. Whittier said: "I am almost the last of the old anti-slavery company. Of the sixty-three signers of the original declaration of the American Anti-slavery society in 1823, Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, and myself alone are left."—Chicago Times.

Gen. Sherman's son is often seen on Lake George in an Indian canoe appropriately named Tecumseh. The young man is a member of the class of '83 at Yale.

NEWSPAPER WORK

WHAT GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND SAYS TO AN INTERVIEWER.

"Goth's" Views of International Copyright—Advice to Young Writers—The Noted Journalist's Beginning—The Settlement at Gapland—The Newspaper.

"A man can survive his mistakes, but not his idleness. I indulge the full faith that my novels, or rather historical romances, will be my self-respect and partial subsistence after it is forgotten, except incidentally that I wrote thirty years for newspapers."

"You believe, then, in American literature?"

"If I did not I would believe the land doomed. I believe we shall be a corrupt country, to a large extent, as long as we have dishonest publishers and politicians who do not know what international copyright means. A country which protects a foreigner's gun and not an American book is the last of the Barbary powers. I wonder that President Cleveland does not feel, from his sister's experience with a review publisher, that the pirates of that trade ought to have the government destroy them. Stealing a book to read it never made a man noble. Our people must learn to read with honest hands, and to estimate a book enough to wish to present it in a library, as they cannot do with the cheap unbound folio books. A few nights ago all Washington society and government went to see a play that raised \$5,000 for charity, made a manager rich and employed many actors for a year. It has paid the English author from America \$15,000, yet it is thought that literature is not a useful art."

WRITING A NOVEL.

"How long did it take you to write 'Katy of Catoctin'?"

"Two years to write it, twenty years to get the material. To Jacob they seemed but a day."

"How long have you been with The Cincinnati Enquirer now?"

"Eleven years this May. That paper has a liberal and modest publisher, who is not grudging his writers' scope and influence. It is this privilege I have enjoyed which nettles the small fry of writers in my distant back-bay, who relegate themselves to the background and bark there. My sincere advice to young writers is to pay no attention to the gossip of the shop; not to talk salaries over, like the lower range of actors; not to herd with unworthy fellow craftsmen, but seek society from other avocations if it is less disturbing to the mind."

"At the beginning I gave my confidence too freely, was made sensitive by news-carrying friends, and wasted time shooting rival tidbits. No ingenuity can now get to my mind any offensive paragraph. While they are proofs of one's vitality, they should not more be read by the subject of them than a blackguard should be allowed to prate in your house. My mail is read over by one who knows me well, and what will do me no good is thrown out and I never see it. I hardly enter three times a year any newspaper office. Twenty-seven years ago I aspired to be a special or absent correspondent. It was like pulling an anchor up alone, but it came slowly. I next felt the corresponding desire for location—to have my tools and books and environment ready, so as not to waste my time and tissues and become common at summer resorts and so on. This desire, also, is nearly fulfilled. I consider that I am just ready for work now."

"Did you not spend your earnings for some years?"

"For twenty years I spent all the money in seeing that I did not spend for books. For six or seven years only I have paid some attention to accumulating. As I am but 46 years old I ought now to be good for fourteen years of realization."

THE JOURNALIST'S FAMILY.

"What family have you?"

"I have two children and two grandchildren. They are strewn along from four weeks old up to twenty years. Nobody loses time."

"They report that you have put up quite a settlement at Gapland?"

"I have a stone library there with two bedrooms over it; a stone and brick Dutch villa of seven gables, nine rooms and a Washington living porch and a stone dining lodge of four rooms. These united buildings are 135 feet long. There are also a stable and tenant house of eighty-five feet and a lattice house, which, with two log houses, make three good studies for artist friends, all with the cold north light. Then I have two summer houses, a windmill, two small stables, an ice house, chicken house and Dutch oven. It is like the boy's rendering of the leopard could change his spots: 'If he don't like this spot, he can go and lie down in your one.' I have planted 200 apple trees, 600 grape vines and 100 miscellaneous trees, and have nine acres in cultivation and five of woods, and have built 3,000 feet of stone wall. If the Sixth army corps celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Crampton's Gap they will find the place looking very different from 1862."

"To what quality do you attribute your getting on?"

"I suppose to activity of mind and curiosity about the world. I have written for myself quite as much as for the information of others."

"Do you regret not having founded some newspaper?"

"It might have saved me much labor in the present, but could hardly have got me as much independence. The tendency of a mercantile interest in a newspaper is to take one's aggressiveness away. Besides, the weight of property responsibility would draw down any free winged spirit like a kite trying to carry a fish. I took from Shakespeare my conception of my business, where Ariel says:

"I will be correspondent to command, And do your spinning gently."

—Washington Star Interview.

A Capable African Potentate.

Tippee Tip, the nomadic African potentate, seems to be a man of business quite capable of making his way in the world. With a large band of armed Arabs he meets a well equipped exploring expedition and informs the leader that he is prepared either to fight or to be employed. The result is that he is invariably employed, and doubtless gets a good salary for his services. Henry M. Stanley acted with his usual sagacity in choosing to employ Tippee rather than fight him. The explorer was wise, also, in honoring the swartzy chieftain with titular dignity and making him governor general of Stanley Falls without first putting him through the ordeal of a competitive examination. Tippee was strongly endorsed by 10,000 armed followers and was appointed without formality or delay. It is needless to add that he is in a condition to indulge freely in offensive partisanship without fear of losing his official head. The powerful help of Governor General Tip will enable Mr. Stanley to march through the African wilderness without serious interference from wild and hostile tribes.—New York World.

Dr. Macgowan suggests the introduction of Chinese straw shoes into the nursery for the use of children, on account of their lightness and the freedom they allow the feet.

BILL NYE.

The "Bology Retina"—Advice to His Son on How to Run a Newspaper.

MY DEAR SON—Your first letter written since you started your paper at New Colony was received yesterday. We felt glad to hear that you were located in a business for your self, and it made me feel proud to get a copy of the paper which you call The Retina. I do not know why you call it The Retina. Still The Bology Retina sounds like full-some and didactic.

Retina, I always supposed, was kind of a medical term, and I would be just fool enough if I started a paper to call it The Retina or The Polyps at Work. It's wonderful how people run to new names these days, and I would have a plain man with a common school education has to go groping along through the world the best he can. I presume that, with your thorough and florid education, such a word as Retina don't stump you for a minute, but with me it's different. I am a rough, hard working man and always been busy all my life. One of the neighbors asked me night before last why I hadn't joined the Knights of Labor, and I told him that I'd always been too busy.

It's a fact, too, I've always been so constantly employed that I couldn't belong to a labor organization and give it the attention it ought to have.

I like the tone of your editorial piece, on the inside of your paper, which is entitled, "Salutatory." I like it where it goes on to say as follows:

"We shall strive, in season and out of season, to advocate the resources and liabilities of New Colony as a health resort and country seat. Our voice will ever be heard in clarion tones, putting its shoulder to the wheel of progress and tramping on oppression with both feet."

"We shall send The Retina to every quarter of the globe, so that New Colony, with its wealth of picturesque valley, hill and dale, together with its new court house and health giving atmosphere, will be known of wherever the English language is spoke."

"It is true that the editor of this paper has just emerged from college, and is still young; but he has had some experience in writing for a college paper, and he knows what the needs and the wants of the people are. He is aware that the class of readers who will peruse The Retina will not be so refined or cultivated, perhaps, as his college readers were; but he will try to make himself understood, and we think we will be successful."

"We shall constantly improve The Retina, as growing business and patronage may warrant, so that in a few years our readers will look back on this first copy with ill-concealed mirth. We are already figuring on a dark blue job press and a rubber door mat for the office, bearing the legend 'Welcome' in large gothic extended letters."

"We shall espouse the cause of no party or faction for the present, preferring to remain neutral for the time being, hopping on to the erroneous, ever and anon, however, as circumstances may arise which will seem to call on us for a word of reproof, admonition or encouragement. We shall not make any boasts or fill the air with bombast at this time, but when hydra headed wrong emerges from its hole the casual observer will see us knock seventeen distinct varieties of tar out of said hydra headed wrong, and those who carefully observe our course while conducting The Retina will notice that there are no flies on it."

"We have quite a number of our best essays and orations prepared while we were attending school and college, which will appear from time to time in these columns. They are carefully and exhaustively written, and entirely cover the ground. Among these may name the following titles:

- "The American Indian—His Glorious Past and Opaque Future."
- "The Care and Discipline of Children from an Unpartisan Standpoint."
- "The Disagreeable Results of Crime—Necessity for Exercise Among the Laboring Classes."
- "Demosthenes as an Off Hand Speaker."
- "How to Reclaim Giddy Parents—Where is Your Parent To-Night?"
- "Criticisms on the Present Imperfect Plan of Salvation."
- "Duty of Wives—What Constitutes a Good Wife."
- "George Washington and the Misery He Entailed Upon the Youth of America by Telling the Truth and Afterward Becoming the Father of His Country."

"All these essays are well written, and would be highly ornamental to any first class magazine in the land, but we are here to give satisfaction in our new field, and the best we have ever written is none too good for the people of New Colony. We aim to please."

"With regard to prohibition, we shall be outspoken at all times. As for ourselves we can use prohibition or we can let it alone. For the present we prefer to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. We favor a high license with low retail prices. This gradually busts up the dealer and finally wipes this curse from the face of the earth with the besom of statutory wrath. Besoms of statutory wrath carefully printed at this office on short notice."

"In closing we will state that The Retina starts out with a liberal patronage and has come to stay. We use this last term with the permission of the man who made it."

"We expect our new navy blue jobber in a few weeks, and little boys in town who wish to see how a newspaper is made, and who would like to contribute a thumb or two out of their little collection, may come and monkey with the new press at any time. We will return their thumbs to them at the end of the week."

I like the tone of this piece as a general thing, though I am sorry to hear you allude to your liberal patronage and by the same mail get a request for more funds. I will send you what money I can spare, hoping that you will soon get on your feet again."

I suppose you will be running for congress the next thing, and then you will forget all about your old father, and borrow money of people who haven't felt near the interest in you that I have."

Send the paper for one year and charge me with the subscription price. You may also put a piece in your paper stating as follows:

FOR SALE.

Owing to ill health I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed raspberry colored cow, aged 6 years. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double barrel shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf, with long, wabby legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

You may keep this notice in your paper till you sell the cow. We'll be all right, and hope your paper will be self-sustaining."

If I had four or five boys all engaged in running newspapers that had liberal patronage I don't believe I'd have money enough to pay my poll tax. But I must now close by saying so-long, as the feller says. Your father.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

IMPROVING PLANTS.

COMPARATIVELY LITTLE HAS BEEN DONE BY MODERN NATIONS.

Discovery in the Mountains of Central Asia—What the Digger Indians Have Accomplished—Mines of Wealth in Common Plants.

The report that some Russian soldiers have discovered among the mountains of central Asia a new variety of asparagus, the stalks of which are four or five inches in diameter and eight or ten feet in height, is well calculated to bring joy to the hearts of boarding house keepers. By devoting a small portion of their back yards to the production of this vegetable they can keep their tables supplied with what is now classed among the somewhat costly luxuries at a merely nominal cost. Enterprising seedmen have long been furnishing what they call "giant" asparagus, so that this name cannot be applied to this newly discovered variety. It is likely that it will be called "boarding house" asparagus and that it will become as common as hash and "boarding house" steak."

This discovery, if it turns out to be as reported, should serve to stimulate explorations for the purpose of finding other new vegetables valuable for food. It is certain that modern civilized nations have done comparatively little by way of discovering plants valuable for food or in domesticating or improving those found growing wild. Few of them have taken pains to bring together all the food furnishing plants found in different parts of the world. One of the generals of Alexander the Great on his expedition to conquer the east was left at Bagdad as governor, and in two years' time, it is said, he had growing in and about the city every variety of edible vegetable, grain and fruit known in southern Europe. He also introduced all kinds of European trees, shrubs and vines that were valuable either for their beauty or utility.

IMPROVING NATIVE PLANTS.

The Europeans coming to this country found the natives cultivating maize or Indian corn, potatoes and tobacco, and these crops soon produced most important changes in many parts of the old world. There are good reasons for believing that these plants were very inferior when growing in their wild state. They were improved by long and careful cultivation by persons still in the savage state. The Digger Indians, the lowest in the scale of advancement of all the native tribes, are credited with domesticating and improving more than twenty plants. The so called superior races, who have driven the Indians from their homes, have done less than they did in improving native plants. The most promising wild fruits ever found in any country were the papaw and persimmon, which were distributed over a large portion of the territory included in the United States; still they have received scarcely any attention from the white settlers. Wild rice is probably the most valuable grain produced anywhere, but no attempt has been made to increase its cultivation or to cause it to grow so that all the grain on a head will mature and ripen at the same time, as those of wheat, rye, oats and barley now do.

The origin of many of our most valuable cultivated plants is not known. No one knows who discovered them, when they were domesticated or how they looked before they passed under cultivation. Few of them can longer be found in a wild state. As wild plants it seems likely that they have entirely disappeared from the surface of the earth. Some may have undergone such changes by cultivation that they would not be recognized in their wild state.

CUMBERS OF THE GROUND.

It is generally believed that every plant was created for some useful purpose; still no use has been found for one plant in a hundred. There may be mines of wealth in many common plants found in most parts of this country that are now regarded as simply "cumbers of the ground." Professor Beal, the eminent practical botanist, has defined a weed as "a plant out of place, or for which no use has yet been found." He appears to be hopeful that the time will come when a use will be found for all our native plants, many of which are now regarded as positively injurious. It is likely that some of them need only to be cultivated in order to develop most valuable qualities. It is quite likely that many plants entirely useless in one country may become very valuable by transporting them to another part of the world where the soil and climate are very different.

The nature of some plants has almost entirely changed by removing them from England to Australia. The common water chestnut, a northern European planted beside a stream in Australia assumes the proportions of a bushy tree. What is chiefly needed for agricultural prosperity in the southern states is a grass suited to the peculiar soil and climate of those parts of the country. Possibly it might be found in some humble plant common in New Zealand or Siberia. There is no more promising field for enterprise than the acclimation of foreign plants and the improvement of native ones by careful cultivation. At the present time much more attention is given to acclimating and improving wild flowering plants than those that promise to be valuable for food.—Chicago Times.

The Almighty Dollar.

It is no longer true that money will not buy a position in New York society. Four years ago there was a snubby and fascinating young woman in the office of a big mercantile firm down town who astonished everybody one day by marrying the head of the house. She was the daughter of a boarding house keeper in Twenty-sixth street. This year she has a box at the opera, was one of the patronesses of the Charity ball, goes everywhere and is emphatically and unobscurely in the swim. Money. One of the belles of the Partrichers' last ball is the daughter of a storekeeper on Eighth avenue. She married the son of a dry goods millionaire. Money again. A man who poses as the haughtiest and most austere of New York society men is the son of a tailor who made a pot of money through a deal with the late Tom Scott.

I might go on forever with this category. In one sense of course it means nothing, for the son of a laborer has as inalienable a right to greatness as the son of an acknowledged aristocrat in America, but it all shows that the former barrier which once existed at the threshold of New York society has been swept away. What society is now may be gathered from the simple statement that it is composed of men whom no one cares to know, while the eminent and distinguished men of the town are all on the outside.—Blakely Hall.

Where the Money Goes.

The statement is made in a New York city paper that one railroad carried 25,000 country boarders to farm houses in three counties in the state, where they staid on an average eight weeks each, and left in the hands of farmer \$1,400,000. If the statement is true summer boarders appear to be the best paying crop a farmer can raise.—Chicago Times.

Charity that begins at home seldom goes away without becoming homesick.—Whitehall Times.

BURDETTE.

Editorial Jealousy—Sleep Deprivation—Incubator Hatched—Children.

"Yes," said Mr. Simms, "as they were writing a play myself." "Oh, Mr. Simms, you really thought! And what was the result, and when did you write it, and was it successful, and did I ever see it played?" "I know that you ever did," he said, in conscientious tones. "It was only one act play; it was a play upon the 'fair,' I rung in something about the 'fair,' I cannot tell a lady what the result was, but I can never forget it. And a few days afterward I saw that very same play in a paper as original." "I bet," said Giddigitt, "because once you were nominated Mr. Cleveland for president long before anybody else thought of it." "Taxpayer"—that's his name; he writes all these articles for 'Taxpayer'—and after election he found it to settle a dispute, and the editor, and said they never published it on the 5th of July; and everybody else in town told him so, too, and the editor didn't get rooms in an incubator but keep through the summer."

"I don't see why you can't keep a church," said the pastor. "I am there as you are and I don't have to sleep a minute." "Oh, well," replied the editor, "just sit down in the pew and let me and I'll bet a new organ you could see your eyes open ten minutes."

"You say you stumped Texas for ahibition ticket. What peculiarity of audiences struck you most forcibly?" said the missionary. "The church of pieces of brick struck me most forcibly; the eggs stay d'ry me the longest."

A French scientist, who divides time by a simple inspection of noses, says that a strongly colored nose of a millionaire character of the American type, and a strongly colored nose does not vary very much with season or climate. It has never been accused of being a barometer. It means that he is a quack.

"Where have you been all day?" asked Trent. "Down town," replied his wife, "sip and tattle, I reckon." "No, sir, I've been reading the papers." "You don't know anything about it," said the old man; "you're just like my wife when she tries to talk politics; you're increasing the deficit, that's what you're doing."

AN INCUBATOR'S OFFERING.
I am a lone, unfathered chick.
Of artificial hatching;
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By hapier mothered chicks reared,
From all relationships excluded,
To do my own lone casing.

Fair science smiled upon my birth.
One raw and gusty morning,
And now the sounds of burrowing
To lonely me have little worth,
I am alone in all the earth—
An orphan without mourning.

Seek I my mother! I would find
A heartless personator;
A thing brass hided, sans design,
With steampipe arteries internal
And pulseless cotton batting laid,
A patent incubator.

It wearies me to think, you see,
Death would be better, rather—
Should children e'er be born to us,
By fate's most pitiless decree,
My little ones, alas, would be
With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu,
To seek a greater,
I will not do as others do,
Who go to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
My incubator.—Brooklyn Post.

She was Ready for Him.
It is an error as old as poverty to be rich or happy. The other evening, instance, Miss Goldlace, the beautiful and wanted daughter of Col. Silverback (who the millionaire, was sitting in the lap of her father's No-bill mansion, when Mr. Royce's "Feud of Oakfield Creek" was not all. A liveried servant with an embossed silver tray and bow-tie, Miss Goldlace ignored the man, and kicked the card from the silver. She eyed, started up, glanced around to see if any one was watching, and then began pulling up like the pilot of a river steambot.

Servants trooped in.
"James," she cried to one, "turn the lights out, and get the door closed." "No, sir, another," "turn that 'Alone at Last' 'William.' To a third, "throw something that statuette of Venus, and push the Slave behind the curtain. There, that do."

Then she sat down on an olive plant and composed her countenance. "Don't in," she said in her queenly fashion, and liveried menial. And he came in. It was Mr. Bennett, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who had spent the evening.—San Francisco Post.