

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

"A STRAW.—We have just closed a bargain with Henry Shano, the well-known contractor and builder, for a one-story addition to the rear end of our office, to be 11x14 in size. This room will be used as a gunsmith shop under our own personal management. This will give us, under one and the same roof, a great weekly paper, a job and book office, a grocery, a feed store, a hardware store, a butcher shop, a boot and shoe store, a signal station and a gun shop. Three years ago, upon our arrival in this town, we slept under a wagon for the first three nights, and the first money we had was a borrowed dollar.

"Is it any wonder that our moon-eyed, lantern-jawed, mule-eared contemporary down the street gnaws a file all day and has the colle all night?"

"ALWAYS AHEAD.—Next Monday morning an artist and engraver from Chicago will arrive in town to accept of a position tendered by the Kicker. We are the first to introduce a real artist into Arizona, and we are the first to lead the way in all other good things. Hereafter all matters of local importance, but more especially street rows attended with loss of life, will be illustrated in the highest style of the art, thereby increasing the value of the Kicker to subscribers by at least 100 per cent, while the price of subscription will remain at the old figures."

"THE GALLED JADE.—It has so happened, every time we have been obliged to kill a man in this town in self-defense, that the coroner and every body else was in a great hurry, and that the body was buried in the most convenient place. Last week we went struck with the idea of getting them all together in one common spot, and we bought an acre of sand lot of Colonel Hawkins for a ground-work. Our green-eyed contemporary got a hint of what was up, and he went blowing around town and did his best to head us off; he failed, however, and during the thaw we had the five bodies taken up, removed to what is already known as 'The Kicker corral,' and each grave designated with a white headboard with the name painted neatly thereon. In the spring, we shall see that each grave is covered with trailing arbutus—that is, if arbutus will trail in this country. The names as they appear on the headboards, are: 'Mo'e, Pete, Jim, Sam and Jack.' We shall probably add a couple more to the list before the ideas of May, whatever that is."

"THEY DON'T ENTHUSE.—Every now and then some one who is dissatisfied with the course of the Kicker bops up with a proposition to run us out of the county by establishing a new weekly, in opposition. He goes blowing around, gets out a prospectus on a broken-backed type-writer, puts his own name down for \$5, and that's the last of it. We've seen twenty such cases in the last three years, and you no longer make our hair stand on end and chills center up and down our spinal column.

"Two weeks ago we felt it our duty to caution the mayor of this town that he was riding a high horse, and that he must come down to a mule or we'd take measures to make him. He carried an old shot-gun around for two or three days, telling everybody he had camped on our trail, but it finally got too heavy for him and he sold it for \$3 and got out the usual prospectus. We hear that he has thus far succeeded in raising \$1 and a dog towards establishing a great newspaper here. By way of encouragement we'll add a second dog, and we hope the mayor will push his project for all its' worth."

"NOTICE.—Parties addressing letters to the Kicker will please send 'United States of America, Western Hemisphere,' to the usual directions. The postmaster in this town is never certain what country Arizona is located in, and this will greatly facilitate his labors of distribution. The only qualification he has got for the office is his ignorance of orthography and chirography, and his theory as to why jackass rabbits were created bolted."

"NOT GUILTY.—As predicted in our last issue, Colonel McClurg was not held for the shooting of Dan Tompkins. As we were an eye witness to the whole affair, we felt it our duty to give before the coroner's jury with our testimony. Our blink-eyed contemporary down the street says we did this hoping to increase the circulation of the Kicker, and he is partly correct. We never let slip an opportunity to increase our subscription list, and are happy to announce that three members of the coroner's jury subscribed and paid for a year in advance, while the undertaker who furnished the box has us a six inch ad to run c. o. d. t. f.

"The Colonel was taking a drink at the bar of the Gray Wolf Saloon when Tompkins hit him on the chin with an onion. It was a brutal and uncalled-for thing, and Tompkins pulled his gun to back it up. The Colonel jumped behind a barrel, pulled his gun and both fired together. While he only lost a lock of hair, Tompkins got it plumb center and falling dead. This should be a solemn warning to all his class not to monkey with a gentleman when putting away an afternoon sustainer."—Detroit Free Press.

"The left-handed man was undoubtedly born to be a curse to the good morals of an office. In all other vocations he is as good and useful as any other man. Particularly is this true in base ball, where the left-handed 'twirler' can, as a rule, command more salary than an every day right-hander. But in an office he is a failure, especially if he handles correspondence. He is everlastingly sticking pins into the papers from his left-handed standpoint, which reverses their position and plows into the fingers of the next right-handed man who undertakes to remove them. He makes the discovery after it is too late to prevent an oath that the documents came direct from a left-handed fiend."—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Edmunds has introduced a bill to pay to the heirs of the owners of the *Cadmus*, which vessel brought over Lafayette to this country in 1824, a sum due for what the French General ate and drank during the voyage. The bill calls for \$9,371.67, and was referred to the Committee on Claims.

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70 hours later, as we rounded a sharp bend in the narrow river at a point only eighty yards across from bank to bank, we came in sight of this redoubtable stronghold of the hunted Balolo, extending for several hundred yards along the top of a steep bank some ten or fifteen feet above the river. From the vast concourse of savages lining the shore, and from the numbers of canoes we observed darting about ahead of us, we concluded the size of the village must be much greater than the river front would have led us to suppose.

A great cry went up from the multitude as we shot into view, and the emotion they experienced at the strange sight of the big vessel puffing and panting up against the current of their river was soon intensified when the deep boom of her "harmony" whistle rang over the waters, and the ludicrous slacidity of the chief who had been standing on the bank surrounded by the notables of his village to accord us a dignified welcome, to quit the scene on the breaking out of that sound, was only a little less premature than that of the encircling crowd of men, women and children.

However, we soon restored quiet, and Elengé Minto, Bukunu and others of the most intelligent of the Equator natives jumped on shore and went in search of the chief to tell him who we were and why we had come to his country. They returned bearing an invitation to us three white men to ascend to the chief's abode and become his blood-brothers. Patsie, my bull-dog, Snooks and Spot, were already on shore, having been the first to land, and were driving great crowds of people before them, who had never seen beasts such as those, and who, although they nosed longingly and gluttonous eyes on Patsie's noble proportions, and the rounded limbs of Spot, who looked particularly sneering and puffed up with bloated aristocratic pride among the wretched canine inhabitants of Malinga, were warned by the strange look in the leary red eye of the former, and the independent strut of the latter that they were animals better left untouched.

The three dogs following in our steps, we soon reached the enclosure of the chief—passing through the most crowded collection of the smallest huts I ever witnessed in an African village. On every side stretched lines of these low grass or palm-thatched structures, in narrow streets, and being rather a tall man I was able to almost see over the tops of them all. Bounding this labyrinth of streets, or mazes of beehives I might call it, for they buzzed and hummed with wondering human voices as we passed along, rose the high barrier all along the land side of the fortification—a structure built up of tree trunks, plantain stems and old canoes stuck on end into the ground, their flat tops facing the enemy, all securely lashed together by liana ropes.

On arriving at Esokiaka's, the chief's house, we found him waiting for us in the midst of a crowd of similarly attired and marked savages to whom we had met at the little fishing village lower down, all armed with spears and shields, while in their girdles glistened the copper handles of long, bright-bladed knives which rested on the thigh.

These knives, when they talked among themselves as the savages often did during our interview with the chief, they would grasp in their hands and emphasize every point of their speech by the wave of a bright blade through the air, and the flash of its copper handle as they pointed it at their neighbor.

The effect of this glittering metal, added to the repulsive and hideously marked features of all who gazed upon us, showing dirty, discolored rows of filed teeth as they smiled (!) back on us—and above all, the odor of unwashed bodies, not to mention cannibal orgies, which the leering, cruel look we met at every turn too plainly revealed what these people often indulged in, was to make us wish ourselves a little farther off Malinga and out in the pure breezes of mid-stream.

However, the rites of blood brotherhood were soon performed, our pale-skinned arms contrasting with the rich brown of the muscular old Esokiaka's, as we bowed them to the shoulder, while the little knife used on these occasions punctured the skin just below the elbow, causing blood to flow.

We were on the point of returning to the Florida, when a tremendous clamor arose from the direction of the barricade, and shouting out that the Lafombes were upon them. Every man rushed off to the stocks, brandishing spears and knife. Only Esokiaka and one or two of his aged counselors remained behind, and I had my hands full endeavoring to pacify Paddy and keep him from following after the rushing crowd of excited Malinga warriors (Snooks and Spot being in full cry at their heels), who, I feared, would leave in Paddy's iron jaws, if he once got on their track, more real cause for canine satisfaction than their floating tails of monkey skin or fur.

The alarm, however, proved to be a false one. In a few minutes the crowd resoundered us, grinning and leering, so we thought it advisable to retire from the chief's presence and take up our quarters on the foredeck of the Florida, where we were speedily besieged by a clamoring, howling crowd, endeavoring to get near enough to exchange their spears, knives, shields and any brass rods they might possess for small blue, white and pink beads or cowrie shells. So dense became the crowd, so pertinacious the small boys and outsiders in climbing up on deck, and so odorous the atmosphere that we were more than once compelled to resort to the extreme measure of pulling the connecting string of the whistle; but the relief so gained was only temporary, for the retreating wave of human beings soon reforming on the high bank, and, sweeping back with renewed force, threatened to submerge us under a perfect deluge of ungratified demands for more beads and cowries.

In the midst of this confusion old Esokiaka arrived on board with a grass switch to keep off boys and ladies

in the afternoon to get plenty of wood for next day when the wife of one of the men stopped with us for food for talk and a few minutes' excitement.

She had her several little family affairs with her husband during the voyage and had invariably come of second best in them, for he stood no nonsense in these matters, and had one final and effective argument for all too-prolonged conjugal discussions—a good, thick stick, which he generally took care to provide himself with during wood-cutting operations.

However, to-day she was rather emboldened by the fact that her husband had neglected to bring the usual spliff from the last camping place, or else she had made up her mind to strike one last desperate blow for woman's rights on board the Florida. The amicable wrangle between husband and wife had continued for some time in the stern of the ship, and in a fit of anger, such bitter phrases as "that she didn't know how to holl a plantain even," or "to make pepper soup," having been heaped upon the devoted head of the wife, she abandoned the wrothy war, and divesting herself of her heavy brass anklets, her copper bangles and steel bracelets, evidences of a now brutal husband's once fond regard, she looked round the ship, and with a blood-curdling yell deliberately climbed the railings and threw herself into the river.

The engineer rushed to stop the engines. One or two of the black men jumped overboard and swam back towards the head, we could perceive bobbing up and down far behind us. Others quickly manned the canoe alongside and paddled off to the rescue. The injured wife, who was a vigorous swimmer as a dolozer, struck off full speed, hand over hand down stream. For a few moments there was quite an exciting little chase, until she was overtaken, dragged up into the canoe and his crew turned upstream again. She stopped proudly and with an air of conscious triumph on her features upon deck once more. But, alas! for the vanity of human wishes, her reception was far other than she anticipated.

The engineer shook his fist and her husband—but there, let us draw a veil over what followed.

Later in the day, when harmony was restored between husband and wife, I ventured to reconstrue with him on striking a woman—saying that a white man who did so was looked on as a coward. He smiled and replied: "Oh! that may be all very well in your country, but if I didn't hit her sometimes there would be no standing for her at all. Why look at her now, she's quite happy."

And so she was, and although not satisfied that the man was right, I felt he knew his business better than I did.

The delay caused by this incident must be very late when we rounded a point of trees and came in sight of Maluila village. It presented a beautiful sight, lit up by the red light of the setting sun, a long line of brown buildings under bright green foliage extending for nearly a mile along the bank of the river, a background of dark, seemingly impenetrable forest, while the blue smoke from the evening fires floated over the stream, and enveloped the upper end of the here broad reach of river in a dim haze.

The sun sank as we drew near the bank, where we found the chief attired in a cloth of dark red, waiting to receive us, surrounded by a crowd of men, armed with the most perfectly made spears and copper-handled knives we had yet seen.

"This was an eye-opener to us. Learning that Esokiaka's statement was perfectly true from Elengé Minto, who got his information from other sources on shore, we sent out more beads and cowries for the purchase of every spear and knife we could induce the savages to part with.

We got rid of the old chief towards sunset, and, night coming on, settled ourselves down for a quiet, cool rest out in the center of the river, little dreaming of the horrible deed to be enacted on shore while we slept.

Many of our men slept on shore, preferring the warmth and shelter of a friendly native's hut to the iron deck of the Florida. As I got up next morning I observed them crowding down to the beach and into the canoes to come off to the steamer. On arriving on board Bionelo came up to me and said that the head and limbs of a woman had just been offered to him for sale. The man offering the head had asked for white beads in exchange for it. Horrified at this story, we asked Elengé Minto if he knew anything about it, and he answered that the same request had been put to him and that the people told him the murdered woman had been one with "too much to say," so they thought the best thing to do with her was to kill and eat her. Our white chalk beads, however, had proved stronger even than the desire for human flesh; hence the offer of the head and arms to our men for some of their beads.

Utterly disgusted with Malinga, its dirt, its people and their hideous, repulsive countenances and still more hideous ways, we have up anchor as soon as all the crew had reassembled and started up river once more.

We were now left entirely to guess-work to judge of what lay before us, for Elengé Minto knew nothing of the river beyond Malinga to which he had made one or two canoe journeys on trading expeditions of the Luluanga and lower river people. Next day we continued our journey up broader stretches of river still between the interminable lines of forest trees on each side, seeing a few strange-looking wild ducks, whose exquisite green and blue plumage, with a shade of gold running through it like the sheen of a peacock's wing, lit up the somber waters of the river as they ever and anon rose at the steamer's approach only to drop down again to the water a few hundred yards higher up.

There were silver-tailed monkeys, too, with black coats and a plentiful crop of white hair falling over the cheeks and from the back of the head behind and quite covering the ears—beautiful things, leaping away deeper into the recesses of the forest from some swaying bough overhanging the river on which they had perched, watching us until we came too close for their tastes.

The long reaches of the river opened out bend after bend and turn after turn without any sign of a village, and we were beginning to think of camping for

the afternoon to get plenty of wood for next day when the wife of one of the men stopped with us for food for talk and a few minutes' excitement.

She had her several little family affairs with her husband during the voyage and had invariably come of second best in them, for he stood no nonsense in these matters, and had one final and effective argument for all too-prolonged conjugal discussions—a good, thick stick, which he generally took care to provide himself with during wood-cutting operations.

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THE HENAWAY WIFE.

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—Father—"I don't believe you've a grain of brains in your head." Son—"They are entirely unnecessary, fathah. I go only in fashionable society."—Life.

—Jimmy—"What is magnanimity, papa?" Hinks—"Magnanimity, my son, is giving a dead villain a glowing obituary notice and picking the life of a deceased hero to pieces."—Lawrence American.

—"I have this evening been preaching to a congregation of idiots," said a conceited young parson. "Then what was the reason you always called them 'beloved brethren'?" replied a strong-minded lady.—N. Y. Ledger.

—"Have you examined the volume of verses I sent you, called 'Fugitive Poems'?" "Yes," replied the publisher. "What do you think of them?" "I don't wonder that they're fugitives."—Washington Post.

—"An honest old farmer once, addressing a school house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinker. "But, my friends," said he, in conclusion, "I never drank to success."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Blinks (after a long absence)—"And how is Jenks getting along?" He as madly in love with Miss De Prety as ever?" Old Friend—"O, he's all over that." "You don't say so." "Yes, indeed. Now married to her a year."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Tompkins—"Pshaw! Brown's no wit. There must be an element of surprise in what a man says to make it wit. Don't you agree with me?" Wilson—"Perfectly. That was a clever witicism you got off the other day." Tompkins—"I forget. What did I say?" Wilson—"You said, 'Here's that five I borrowed from you.'"—Harper's Bazar.

—"Collecter—"Dr. Puller, the dentist, wants to know when you are going to pay his bill." Skinner—"You go back and let that young sprig of a dentist that I've got a contra-angit again him." Collector—"What for?" Skinner—"For letting him practice on me to learn his trade."—America.

—"Our brave citizen soldiers."—"Has your regiment a good fighting record?" "Splendid! One of our company captains has got out an injunction restraining the Colonel from recognizing the Lieutenant-Colonel, and two of our 1st Sergeants nearly killed each other at drill last night."—Puck.

—"A battle must be a terrible thing," said Miss Maybell to a traveling man. "Yes." "Just think of the awful carnage—the revolting recklessness of human life. Did you ever witness any such sights?" "No—not exactly. But I belonged to a football club for some time."—Merchant Traveler.

—Mr. Oldbuck—"Woman, you have disgraced me! Do you hear? Disgraced me!" His young wife—"Why, dear, I am sure that it was only an innocent chat we had. I was not flirting, indeed I was not." Mr. Oldbuck—"O, I don't mind your flirting. You can't help it. You are built that way. But you told that young sprig I was your father."—Terre Haute Express.

**THE WOMEN MEN WANT.**

**Suggestions for Girls Who Are in the Matrimonial Market.**

Men often admire women for their intellectual culture, their skill in music or their taste in matters of dress; but they do not love women because they possess these distinguishing qualities.

Brainy women, so called, have a great many admirers, but they are not in demand in the matrimonial market; at least they are not fought over to any great extent.

Business men want wives who are competent to manage the domestic end of their business, and not such as have to be managed, or who want to manage all or nothing. The latter usually wreck the business of the firm, or keep the man in such a state of worry that he only gets along tolerably well.

A sensitive, sensible business man doesn't want a wife who poses as the head of the domestic concern; who carries the purse and the night key, and practically wears the trousers. There are some men who like such wives, but they are exceptions to the rule.

The best husbands in the land want wives who are intelligent, practical and affectionate; who take pride in their homes, feel an interest in the success of their husbands, and are ready to share either fortune or misfortune. Such a woman is brave, generous and independent, and will command the respect of any honest, courteous man in the land. It will not be asked of her whether she speaks French or plays high-class music on the piano.

A man wants a wife of whom he is proud, either at home or abroad. He wants her to be neat, tidy and well-mannered. It is not really necessary that she be pretty, but she must be agreeable, of kindly disposition, loving and affectionate.

The woman who is fitting herself for the position of wife should be careful not to bank very heavily on either her beauty or good shape, nor even on her head-ache-keeping accomplishments. These are good enough to secure passing admiration, but they are not just the points a sensible man looks for when he starts out to select a wife. He prefers good, every-day common-sense, gentleness of disposition and sonful affection.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**A Fast Electrical Vessel.**

Leonie Apostoloff, a Cossack engineer, is at work on a new boat, which he says will make eight knots an hour on the surface of the sea, and 120 knots at full speed under water. His idea is to use the motive power of the screw to the fullest extent. The boat is shaped like a spindle, and consists of an inner and outer shell, the inner one revolving on journals fitted at each end of a horizontal shaft that runs through the axis of a spindle. Beginning at a point near the bow and winding twice around the outer shell is a blade perpendicular to the axis of the spindle, very much like the thread of a screw. As the outer shell revolves this screw thread will worm the craft through the water. The screw will be turned by an electric motor with a storage system.—Boston Budget.

**An Act of Charity.**

Johnny—"Can't I have another penny?" Mother—"You extravagant boy! What do you do with the one I gave you?" Johnny—"I gave it to a poor old woman with only one eye.

Mother—"That was a good boy. Here, you can have another penny.

Progress Must First Be Made in the Soul, Then in the Outer World.

It is the function of analysis as applied to forms of matter to ascertain the elements of which they are composed, and the proportions to which they are combined; and in all the coarser organisms this can be done with absolute or approximate accuracy. But that which is simple becomes complex and difficult when the principle of vegetable life is introduced, and mysteries still baffle the keenest penetration. Animal life is full of mystery. "The infinitely little" is as incomprehensible as "the infinitely great." Man is the highest form of animal life, and possesses an intellectual power of assimilation and rejection which acts not only automatically, as in the physical organism, but by the principle of voluntary selection, which has its center in that mystery of mysteries, the personality. So potential is this prerogative of man, that against a host of adverse circumstances, and much personal opposition, he may rise to the sublime height of mental and moral achievement, which distinguishes him from all his kindred and contemporaries. Or he may transmute himself into a monster of iniquity, and scourge of his race, defying the influences of heredity, and resisting successfully persuasion and force. The appetites are unreasoning; more so in man than in the lower animals, which seem to be directed by instinct in the choice and quantity of their food, and by seasons in the gratification of their passions. Yet, as they live without intellectual or moral restraint, except as they are brought into contact with man and made subservient to him, they are by no means as well protected by nature as some have represented. In man the natural appetites are stimulated by ideas. The elaborate menu of a royal entertainment produces an artificial hunger; and the history, names, colors and social relations of wines an artificial and insatiable thirst. Nature rebels, and the youth is taught by the consequences the folly of eating for gluttony and not for health. He restraints himself by an effort of the will, adopts a plan; and though not entirely conforming to it, is held in check by it. If he does not do this, mental and physical decay speedily follow. It is in the appetites of the body that the demand for self-restraint first makes itself felt; and with the first resolution to eat less, or to reject what if found to be unwholesome, self-molding begins. The passions of childhood are transient, though violent. The cries and blows are comparatively harmless, and often receive undue indulgence, but in such instances there comes a time when the youth perceives that the results of ebullitions of passion are more dangerous to him than to others, and he resolves that he will maintain his self control. The attitude and motions of the body, and the use of the human voice, and the products in a large degree of self-molding. Some attitudes, movements, words, tones, would be learned by spontaneous imitation; but the power to speak, sing, drill, perform the countless acts which make a trade or profession, is attained only by intentional conformity to rule or model. In society man naturally imitates his fellows; but independent of these general customs which give a unanimity to the aspect of society each person sees something which falls in with his tastes, and is adapted to promote his interests. He determines to possess himself of the accomplishment, which he does by voluntary attention and deliberate limitation. Taught by his failures, he eliminates their causes, and stimulated by his success he redoubles his energy and equals his master; then a new principle called emulation comes into play, and he determines to surpass him. It is this that progress is made, first in the soul of the man, and then in the outer world. Restraint and imitation are the first and the second steps in this upward, or in some instances downward, progress. For there are those who imitate vices, not virtues; defects, not excellencies; who seek to make themselves strong for evil and harm, and not for good and helpfulness.

**ANCIENT HUMAN EYRIES.**

The Queer Homes of the Cliff Dwellers in the Far West.

Here and there on that portion of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, near Espanola, or along the romantic trail to the mining region of Silverton, glimpses may be caught of ancient human eyries perched high up on the face of what appear to be inaccessible cliffs. It looks as if no animal except the sure-footed goat or the chamois could reach them. Leaving the line at Durango, a drive of twenty miles through magnificent scenery opens up a near view of one of the most celebrated groups of cliff-dwellings. The perpendicular buttress-like walls of the deep valley contract and furnish an impenetrable castle. Access from above is impossible. From below there is a narrow zigzag path that conducts to some ledges high up the side.

On these ledges, partly clinging to the surface, partly built within shallow fissures of the rock, sometimes seven hundred feet or more above the ground, are the remains of the dwellings of the early denizens of the valley. They are usually of two stories. They are built of the contiguous sandstone. Each block is about fourteen inches by six, carefully cut and accurately fitted. The cement is now harder than the rock itself.

On the ground floor—if that be not a misnomer when the building is half poised in the air—are usually two or three rooms, from six to nine feet square, with partition walls of faced stone. The upper story was originally divided from the lower by a wooden floor, portions of which are sometimes found, and also remains of the cedar beams over the doors and windows.

The rooms are about six feet in height. They are roughly plastered, the color being a dull red. No traces of stairways have been found, and the upper chambers must have been entered from without. The windows are square openings, with no appearance of shutters. They are so placed as to command a view of the valley.

Outside, on the rocky ledge, suitable little niches are built into slopes resembling modern cupboards. Water-reservoirs, holding two or three hog-heads, are formed in convenient angles and recesses. Sometimes the natural ledge is widened or strengthened by artificial means. In other cases an abutment of masonry is constructed on a smooth piece of rock at an acute angle.

Many of these cliff-dwellings have never been entered within living memory, nor are they likely to be reached. In the slow tribulation of time the ledges have crumbled away, or the narrow tracks leading to them have been covered. It is not easy, even with a powerful glass, to define some of these old habitations. The glare of the sunshine, the refraction of the atmosphere and the identity of color with the rocks increase the difficulty caused by the altitude.

Such dwellings are invariably found with a fall eastern aspect, so as to catch the first beams of the morning sun.—N. Y. Journal.

**SEWING ON BUTTONS.**

If You Don't Know How to Do It Read This Article.

To the mother of a family the subject of buttons is an important one. The buttons that are "gone—forever gone," and have to be replaced, occupy not a small portion of her time and thoughts. She wonders, often and despairingly, if there is no way in the world that they could be sewed on to stay.

There may be some mild-mannered, quiet people in this world whose buttons never come off; who never find shoe-buttons missing and glove-buttons vanished just as shoes and gloves are needed. But the majority of healthy, active men, women and children break off and loosen buttons as surely as they wear out clothes and shoes. This means sewing on again for somebody, and the woman who is responsible for the buttons of two or three or more people can afford to put a thought into her work that will make the buttons stay on longer than they would without it. She can make her head save her hands.

In the case of shoes, gloves or any article bought in a shop where the sewing is not done under your orders, sew the buttons on yourself before the garment is