AT SEA.

Outside the mad sea ravens for its prey,
Shut from it by a floating plank I lie.
Through this round window search the faithless sky,
The hungry waves that fain would rend and stay,
The livelong, blank, interminable way;
Blind with the sun, and hoarse with the wind's cry
Of wild, unconquerable mutiny,
Until night comes, more terrible than day.
No more at rest am I than wind and wave;
My soul cries with them in their wild despair,
I, who am Destiny's impatient slave,
Who find no help in hope, nor ease in prayer,
And only dream of rest on some dim shore,
Where sea an i storm and life shall be no more
—Exchange.

A VOLUNTARY DEATH.

I knew Louis Miraz very well, in the old student days when we used to take our meals together.

Louis had the deep eyes, the pale complexion and the long and disheveled hair of all those young men who came to town from the country to conquer glory.

He was a writer. I soon found his name in Sunday journals and reviews, and then he began to write those short and exquisite sketches which have made his reputation. Thus five years passed, when I met him one day in the editor's office of a journal for which I worked.

Each of us was as much pleased as the other at thus meeting again; and after the first "What! is that you? is that you?" we stood facing each other, shaking hands and exposing, in a laugh of cordial delight, our teeth, which in old times we used to exercise on the same diet of poverty. He had not changed. He had not even sacrificed his long hair, which he threw back with the graceful movement of a horse who tosses his mane. Only he had the clear complexion and calm eye of a contented man, and his slim figure was clad in most fashionable costume.

"We won't drift apart again, will we?" said he affectionately, taking me by the arm; and he led me out in the boulevard, where the April sun gilded the young leaves of the plane trees.

Ah, happy day! How we exhausted the "Don't you remembers?" "Do you remember fried eggs which tasted of straw, and the dreadful rice milk, the melancholy air of your landlady, and the German who used to pawn his watch every three months?"

Those days of hardship for Louis were finished. He had from afar applauded my success, as I had watched his. But one thing I did not know, and that was that he had married a woman whom he adored, and that he had a charming little girl.

"Come and see them; you shall dine with me."

I let myself be persuaded, and he carried me to a pretty suburb, where he lived in a cottage among the trees. There everything made you welcome. No sooner had we opened the door of the garden than a young dog frisked about our feet.

"Down, Dick! He will soil your clothes."

But at the sound of the bell Mrs. Miraz appeared at the steps with her little daughter in her arms. An impossibly beautiful blonde, her well molded figure wrapped in a blue gown.

"Put on a plate more. I've an old comrade with me."

And the happy father, keeping his hat on his head and caressing his little girl, showed me all over his establishment—the dining room, brightened by light bits of faience; the study, abounding in books, with its window opening out on the green turf, so that a puff of wind had strewn with rose leaves the printer's proofs which were scattered on the table.

"This is only a beginning, you know. It wasn't so long ago that we were working for three sous a line."

And while I luxuriated under a blossoming Judas tree which I saw in the garden, Miraz, at ease in his home, had slipped into his working vest, put on his slippers, and, lying on his sofa, caught little Helen in his arms to toss her in the air—"Hop la! Houp la!"

I do not remember ever to have had a more perfect impression of contentment. We dined pleasantly—two good courses, that was all; a dinner without pretense, where we served ourselves with the pepper mill.

The charming wife presided with her bright smile, having her child by her side in a high chair. She spoke but little, but her sweet and intelligent attention followed our light and paradoxical chat, the good humored fooling of men of letters, and at the dessert she took a rose from the bouquet which ornamented the table and placed it in her hair near her ear with a supreme grace. She was indeed that lovely and silent friend whom a dreamer requires.

"We took our coffee in the study—they intended to furnish the salon very soon with the price of a story to be published by Levy; then, as the evening was cool, a fire of sticks and twigs was built, and while we smoked, Miraz and I, recalling old memories, the mistress of the house holding on her knees little Helen, now ready for bed, made her repeat "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," which the little one lisped, rubbing her little feet together before the warm flame.

We saw each other again, often at first, then less frequently, the difficult and complicated life of literary labor taking us each his own way. So the years passed. We met, shook hands. "Everything going well?" "Splendidly." And that was all. Then, later, I found the name of Louis Miraz but rarely in the journals and periodicals. "Happy man; he is resting," I said to myself, remembering that he was spoken of as having made a small fortune. Finally, last autumn, I learned that he was seriously ill.

I hurried to see him. He still lived at the pretty suburb; but on this somber day of the last of November the little house seemed cold, and looked naked among the leafless trees. It seemed to me shrunken and diminished, like everything that we have not seen for a long time.

The dog was probably dead, for his bark no longer answered the sound of the bell when I passed the little gate and entered the garden, all strewn with dead leaves where the night's frost had withered the last chrysanthemums.

It was not his wife—she was absent—it was Helen who received me—Helen, who had grown to be a great girl of 14, with an awkward manner. She opened for me the door of her father's study, and brusquely lifting her great black eyelashes turned on me a timid and distressed glance.

I found Miraz huddled in an easy chair in the corner of the fireplace, wrapped in a sort of bedgown, with gray locks streaking his long hair, and by the cold, clammy hand which he reached toward me, by the pallid face white he turned upon me, I knew that he was lost. Horrible! I found in my unhappy comrade that worn and ruined look which used to strike us formerly among the poor Poles we used to see.

"Ah, well, old man, things are not going well?"

"Decedly bad, my boy," he answered, with a heartbreaking smile. "I am going out stupidly with consumption, as they do in the fifth act, you know, when the venerable doctor, with a head like Beranger, feels the first walking gentleman's pulse, and lifts his eyes toward heaven, saying, 'The death struggle approaches!' Only the difference is that with me it continues; it will not conclude—the death struggle. Smoke away; that doesn't disturb me," he added, seeing me put my cigar one side, his cough sounding like a death rattle.

I tried to find encouraging words. I talked with him, holding him by the hand and patting him affectionately on the shoulder, but my voice had in my own ears the empty hollowness of deceit, and Miraz, looking at me, seemed to pity my efforts.

I was silent.

"Look," said he, pointing to his table; "see my work bench. For six months I have not been able to write."

I made a new attempt to revive him. Die, at his age! Nonsense! He wasn't taking care of himself. He must pass the winter in the south; drink a good draught of sunlight. He could. He was easy in his money matters.

But he stopped me, putting his hand on my arm.

"Listen," he said gravely. "We have seen each other seldom, but you are my oldest, perhaps my best friend. You have proved me pen in hand. Well, I am going to tell you something in confidence for you to keep to yourself unless it may serve on some occasion to discourage the young literary aspirants who bring their manuscripts to you—always a praiseworthy action.

"Yes, I have been successful. Yes, I have been paid a franc a line. Yes, I have made money, and there in that drawer are a certain number of yellow, green and orange papers from which a coupon is clipped every six months, and which represent $800 of income. It is rare in our profession, and to gain that poor hoard I have been obliged to imitate the unsociable virtues of a miser, know how to deny a jewel to my wife, a dress to my daughter. But at last I have that money. And I often said to myself, if I should die their bread is assured, and here is a little marriage portion for Helen! And I was content—I was proud!—for I know them, the stories of our widows and our orphans, the fourpenny help of the government, the tobacco shops for 600 francs in the province, and, if the daughter is intelligent and pretty like mine, the dramatic author, an old friend of the father, who advises her to enter the conservatory of acting, and who makes of her—mercy of God! that shall never be.

"But for all that, my boy, it is necessary that I should not linger. Sickness is expensive, and already it has been necessary to sell one or two bonds from that drawer. To seek the sunlight, as you suggest, to bask like a lizard in the tropics, one more bond must go, and there would not be enough to last to the end if I should wait for seven or eight years more, now that I can no longer write. Happily there is nothing to fear. But what I have suffered since I have been incapable of writing, and have felt my hoard of gold shrink and diminish in my hand like the 'Magic Skin' of Balzac, is frightful. Now you understand me, do you not? and you will no longer bid me take care of myself. No; if you still pray to God ask Him to send me speedily to the undertaker's."

Fifteen days later some thirty of us followed the hearse which carried Louis Miraz to the cemetery. It had snowed the day before, and Dr. Arnold, the old frequenter of painters' studios, the friend and physician of the dead man, walking behind me, called in his brusque voice:

"Very commonplace, but always terrible the contrast; a burial in the snow—black on white. The funeral of the poor. Brr!"

At last we came to the edge of the grave. The place and the time were sad. Under a cloudy sky the little yew tree, swayed by the wind, threw down their burdens of melted snow. The bystanders had formed a circle, and were watching the grave diggers, who were lowering the coffin by cords.

Near a cross bearer, whose short surplice permitted the bottom of his trousers to be seen, the priest waited with a finger in his book, and, having grasped the rim of his hat under his left arm, the orator already held in his black gloved hand the funeral oration, hastily patched up by the aid of a comrade over a couple of glasses at the corner of a cafe table.

Suddenly, as the priest began his Latin prayers, Dr. Arnold seized me by the arm and whispered in my ear:

"You know that he killed himself?"

I looked at him with astonishment. But he pointed to the group in black, composed of the pretty widow and her daughter, who were sobbing under their long veils and clasping each other in a tragic embrace, and he added:

"For them. Yes, for six months he threw all his medicines in the fire, and designedly committed all sorts of imprudences. He confessed it to me before his death. I had not understood him at all—I, who had expected to prolong his life at least three years by creosote. At last the other night, when it was freezing cold, he left his window open, as if by forgetfulness, and was taken with bleeding at the lungs. Yes, that he might leave bread for those two women. The cure does not dream that he is blessing a suicide.

But what of it, my good fellow? Miraz is in the paradise of the brave.—From Tales by Francois Coppee.

A Remarkable Race of People.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race of human beings called the Kubus. They are the most timid and bashful people in the world, being too afraid to mingle with the other races of the island. They dwell in the darkest recesses of the mountain forests and have seldom been seen by white men. One has never been known to willingly face a stranger. This being the case their trade with the Malayans is carried on in a very strange way. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The shy Kubus then approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat the trader's gong and retreat. The trader then returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient to pay the purchase price of the goods on sale.

He then disappears for a second time—this to give the Kubus a chance to return and consider the bargain. After many withdrawals, approaches, gong beating, etc., an understanding is arrived at and each party carries away his bargain. This remarkable race knows nothing of a supreme being, heaven, hell or evil demons. They have no system of marriage and never bury their dead. They live on snakes, ants, bugs, grubs, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

Putting on Airs.

Some one has said that one-half the misery of life at least, if not more, comes to people from not being able to make both ends meet, and yet how unnecessary is the nervous strain and worry of mind which arise from the senseless attempt to keep in the midst of fashionable people—to keep up appearances which are beyond one's income! If it does happen, as it sometimes will, with gratification to both sides, that bright people with small means are thrown in the way of wealthy acquaintances, always let it be with frankness and with open acceptation of the fact.

Putting on airs is detrimental to self respect. Much better to say at once, "We cannot afford it," never apologizing for the smallness of the house or the lack of domestics, never pretending to be other than you are. In this way and this only can housewives who do much of their own work in unpretentious homes find intercourse with their wealthy neighbors agreeable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mixed His Speech.

"Maria," called Mr. Jones, "what has become of the mown lawer?"

"What?" screamed Mrs. Jones.

"I mean the lown mawer," corrected Jones in a high key.

"Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones sternly, "you have been drinking."

"I have not," asserted Mr. Jones; "can't you answer a civil question? Who has borrowed our lower mawn?"

Mrs. Jones came down stairs and looked the excited man over. Then she said gently:

"Jeptha if you can't say it, sing it—you'll get it right in that way."

But Jones said he hadn't any voice for singing just then.—Detroit Free Press.

HARDLY A ROMANCE.

A STORY WHICH WOULD BE IMPROVED BY A LITTLE FICTION.

The Judge on Board an Ocean Steamer, When Near Home, Tells About an Interesting War Experience Which Was, After All, Disappointing.

Fire island would be sighted the next day if all went well, and the great steamer rushed through the water as if she were as anxious to reach her pier as those whom she bore were to be at home again. A little party of men sat by a smokestack telling stories. The play of the moonlight on the waves had turned the narratives into rather sentimental channels, and the judge, giving way to the influence of the "lovers' lamp," told the following story:

"You know I was a colonel in the Union army in the war. Well, early in the struggle I was ordered to Louisville, where I reported to General Don Carlos Buell. Instructions were given me to go into camp with my regiment about six miles south of the city. The place chosen for the encampment was the lawn of a fine country place, the home of one of Kentucky's blueblooded old families. The owners were known to be in strong sympathy with the south, so we had no compunctions about disfiguring the grounds by making our temporary home on them.

"On arriving at the farm I and some of my officers rode up to the house to arrange for such food as we could get. We found two young women, pretty as pictures, awaiting us on the broad veranda. They had seen the preparation for pitching the tents, and were evidently not pleased. I dismounted, made my best bow and explained that the exigencies of war compelled us to camp on their lawn. I assured them that the soldiers would inconvenience them as little as possible.

"The two listened to my little speech with looks of anger, and the taller one snapped out: 'You shall not camp on our place. The last time Union soldiers were here we didn't have cream for our coffee for two weeks and we don't propose to stand it again.'

"We soldiers, accustomed to pretty rough fare, could not help laughing at this, and the flush on the faces of the women grew hotter. I hastened to apologize and to say again that we would be as considerate as the necessities of war permitted. Then we rode to our tents.

"The next morning I visited the house again to see about getting some provisions. The young women were still haughty, but I did my best to soften their antipathy. I did save them much annoyance and they could not help being grateful. Somehow I found occasion to visit the house daily, and sometimes I managed to conjure up a second pretext before bedtime. At the end of a week the sisters regarded me more as an individual and less as a Union officer, for I studiously avoided referring to the war. Once or twice the elder one told me with flashing eyes what would happen to our men when they met a Confederate force on the battlefield. Her brother was a captain in General Humphrey Marshall's army, and she warned me against getting within rifle shot of his regiment.

"We got on swimmingly on the whole, however, and I confess I grew more than a little fond of the spirited girl. In a little while the order came to move on to eastern Kentucky, and I felt uncommonly sad when I rode up to the house to tell the young ladies goodby. I imagined there was a slight sign of emotion in the elder's pretty face when I told the news, but it disappeared almost instantly. Holding out her hand to me she said frankly: 'Goodby, colonel. I am really sorry to see you go. You are not so bad—for a Yankee. Please avoid my brother. You might get into trouble.'

"I laughed. 'Would you like to see your brother?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes. Why do you ask?' she said, puzzled.

"'Well, I'll send him to see you then.' It was her turn to laugh, and she said mockingly, 'You'd better look out when he's in the same county with you.' I rode away, the tones, but not the words, ringing in my ears.

"Not long afterward my regiment was in eastern Kentucky. One night two of our men brought in a prisoner. He had carelessly wandered outside his lines and been captured. A handsome young fellow he certainly was, with the bearing of a cavalier. 'What is your name?' I asked him.

"'Captain ——, of the —— Kentucky,' he replied.

"I was all excitement, but I tried to speak in calm tones. 'Do you live about six miles south of Louisville?' I asked, to make assurance doubly sure. He said with some surprise that he did. The next day I arranged that the prisoner should be paroled. I said that I knew his family and would vouch for his honor. He was allowed to go home after giving the usual pledge. I merely explained to him that I had met his sisters, and asked him to tell them that Colonel ——, of the —— Minnesota, had sent him. He said he would, and started for Louisville."

There was silence for a time. Finally some one said, "Well?"

The judge had been looking out over the ocean. He turned toward the speaker. "I suppose you married the sister?" went on the man.

"It's odd that every one who hears the story should ask that," the judge said. "No; I never went back to Kentucky and never saw any of the family again. I married a Minnesota girl."

There was silence again for a time, but all thought, "What a disappointing end for a romance!"—New York Tribune.

Foot Notes.

Never wear a nice pair of shoes when you must needs wear rubbers. It spoils them more quickly than anything else. Have an old pair to wear under rubbers, and thus save your good shoes and enjoy the comfort the older ones give. When soles are worn thin use insoles—they will save both shoes and stockings. These are cut from sole leather. When suffering from corns cut out the place over them from an old shoe and cover with a neat patch. It is a sure cure.—Detroit Free Press.

Venice Has No Carriages.

Venice is built on eighty islands, great and small, which are connected by 400 bridges. There is not a carriage in the city.—Boston Globe.

WHY CHINESE NEVER SAVE LIFE.

They Regard It as Interfering with the Intention of the Creator.

Much has been written of the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Chinese, but it is not generally known that the people of the Celestial empire will not rescue one another from accidental death.

At a fire in San Francisco several years ago six Chinese were imprisoned in a room by three half inch iron bars, which could easily have been broken away. There were two or three ladders in the neighborhood which could have been placed at the windows and the unfortunates easily rescued from a horrible death. There were hundreds of their countrymen looking on at their frantic efforts to escape. Yet they offered no assistance and gave no evidence of sorrow.

A man who has saved many lives, in speaking with a Chinese once said they were very heartless and cited this San Francisco fire as an example, whereupon the Celestial exclaimed:

"I tell you, You sabee Joss! Gol Almighty, alle samee. Chinaman call him Joss; Melican call him God. Call him anything. Alle samee. Now you say Gol Almighty make ebleting?"

"Yes, everything."

"Make alle men?"

"Yes."

"Know ebleting?"

"Yes."

"Now, do you think you know more than Gol Almighty?"

"No, I do not."

"He makee allee men. He see one man. He think him no good. He say, 'You no use; go die.' You think you know bette Gol Almighty. You go swim; you no let man die. Gol Almighty he say: 'He velly smart. He catchee man I tell go die. Velly well, that man begin new. He cally that man's life all him sins, all him troubles, all him bad luck. You hab heap good things?'"

"No."

"No hab much houses, much money, much land?"

"No; not much."

"All light, you nebbe hab much luck. How many you save?"

"About fifty."

"Oh, you nebber get out. You cally all fifty life. Ebleting you do, no finish; work allee time heap trouble. You nebbe get out. If you live long time. Sabee fifty life. You live hundled years—bad bad luck allee time. Gol Almighty he sabee best."—Fire and Water.

Catching Boas.

"To catch a boa constrictor is a difficult and dangerous task," says a man who makes it his business to capture wild animals and reptiles for menagerie purposes. "It is accomplished by a labyrinthian tangle, embracing sixty square feet of ground. The labyrinth is made by joining together, end on end, pieces of matting. The web is eight feet high usually, and placed so that the opposing walls will be two feet apart. All sorts of crisscross and diverging combinations are made with the matting—it is supported here and there by stakes—making, when it is set, a geometrical puzzle that might well challenge the ingenuity of man.

"The trap is baited with a live pig, which is placed in a pen in the corner of the labyrinth. By and by along comes the boa constrictor. It is easy enough to get in. He scents the prey; he is very hungry; the pig is devoured, and here the boa comes to grief. For hours he tries to release himself, but finally he grows tired and stretches himself out for a nap. Then is our time. We open the labyrinth and catch him."—Golden Days.

Where Vessels Capsize Frequently.

The capsizing of a vessel tied up to a pier is common enough in the Bay of Fundy and its tributary streams. The usual rise and fall of the tide along that bay is from forty to fifty feet, and high tides sometimes exceed sixty feet. With the fall of the tide all craft are left high, but by no means dry, with acres of chocolate colored mud all about them. This mud is too shifting to hold a vessel in safety, so each pier is provided with one or more strong wood frames called shoes, fixed at the bottom of the stream or bay.

Upon these shoes all vessels rest at low tide. It frequently happens, however, that a vessel does not get her shoe snugly on, so to speak, and if a strong wind comes when she is thus ill balanced, over she goes into the mud, to be buried forty feet under the next rising tide.—New York Sun.

Cats Among the Egyptians.

The tutelar deity of cats was Diana, and according to Plutarch the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but was an emblem of it. Hence cats were treated with peculiar consideration in the land of the Pharaohs, the death of one being regarded as a great family misfortune. Egyptian cat funerals were celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony, their late owners showing respect by shaving off their eyebrows and wearing sackcloth for nine days. In the time of Moses it was a capital crime to kill a cat, and we are told by Diodorus how a Roman soldier who killed one was tried, sentenced and finally put to death.—St. Louis Republic.

Woman's Chances at Forty.

"I don't care if I am an old maid," said a charming woman. "If I wait till forty I'll be bound to make a brilliant match."

This sounded startling at first, but as she went on to explain her theory seemed quite likely.

"Men marry women every day," she said, "who are faded, old and of dubious figures, when they might marry pretty young girls. But the girls didn't know how to manage them. So experience won in place of youthful ignorance."

When one thinks it over, there has been an uncommon lot of aged marriages of late, and the jolly women of 39 and 40 are holding their own very well.—New York Truth.

Never Shake a Rug.

In dusting do not forget the backs of pictures hanging on the wall.

A skewer used under the edges of carpets, and a slightly dampened cloth or sponge will save much dust and labor if occasionally used in place of a broom. Never shake a mat or rug. Remove them to the yard, hang them on a line and beat well; afterward lay them on the grass or clean walk and brush thoroughly with the broom. They will last as long again, and look brighter and fresher after this treatment.—Boston Globe.

Brought Him Around.

Boarding House Mistress—I thought you said your appetite was poor when you came here?

Greedy Boarder—It was, but starvation has got in its work.—Epoch.

ALONG THE AMAZON.

WHERE RAIN COMES DOWN IN TERRIFIC CLOUDBURSTS.

For Months the Country Is Submerged by Water and All Kinds of Animals Are Driven to the Highlands and Tree Tops—A Tropical Deluge.

The worst inundations of Louisiana and eastern Arkansas are but spring freshets compared with the monster floods that visit the Amazon valley every year with a regularity equaled only by astronomical events and tax collections. The rainfall of northern Brazil is about three times that of the webfootiest counties of Oregon, and in midsummer the thunder showers that drench the woods every afternoon resemble a daily cloudburst. On the Northern Pacific no other word would be applied to an atmospheric waterfall, darkening the air like a London winter fog for hours together, and swamping a house, if the roof should leak, through an aperture of a few square inches.

Rains of that sort are apt to occur day after day for a series of weeks, and their effect on the lowlands can only be imperfectly indicated by the fact that the Amazon river drains an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. The Mississippi, too, drains half the eastern slope of a country larger than Brazil, but its largest affluents are dwarfed by the third class tributaries of the South American father of waters.

Not such flowing lakes as the Rio Negro and the Madeira, but the Purus, the Yavari, the Quruа, the Hingo, the Papajos and dozens of other streams rarely mentioned on this side of the isthmus enter the main river through a delta miles in width and deep enough for the largest river steamers of the St. Lawrence.

About the middle of summer these streams begin to rise, those from the southwest first, those from the northwest and north a few weeks later, and a fortnight after the arrival of the second supplement the valley of the Marañon, the "wild hog river," as the early colonists called the Amazon, becomes a paradise of swamp loving brutes. The tapis, the peccari, the fish otter celebrate the picnic season of their summer life, and herds of wild deer begin their westward exodus. Near Monte Beira, in the province (now state) of Matto Grosso, the woods in midsummer get full of game, as a hundred years ago the foothills of the southern Alleghanies swarmed with wild pigeons when the forests of the north were buried in snow.

A more than usually sudden rise of the flood cuts off many of these fugitives, who are thus reduced to the alternative of making for the highest accessible ground, farther east, till every knoll becomes a hill of refuge, crowded with timid brutes, whose survival depends on their escape from the giant cats and boas who may approach their stronghold by swimming, if the water should have submerged too large a portion of the continuous forest.

About two months after the beginning of the rainy season the deluge of the lowlands reaches its maximum. Thousands of square miles are submerged so effectually that canoes can be paddled through forests apparently free from underbrush, save only the taller trees, with their network of climbing vines, rise like islands above the surging waters. The swollen rivers have found new currents, and broad, gurgling streams twist and eddy through the leafy wilderness, tearing off whole groups of trees, with all their roots, but making amends by depositing hillocks of driftwood, which soon get covered with tufts of new vegetation.

The pressure of the surging flood against these mounds of alluvium soon becomes enormous, but the deep rooted stems of the adansonia and the canoho tree may resist till new deposits of driftwood consolidate a number of mounds, thus forming good sized islands with a down stream base of perhaps half a mile, but a narrow head deflecting the current left and right, like the wedge shaped front of a stout bridge pier. At the time of their incipiency these new islands may be tenanted only by river lizards, but necessity is the mother of successful exploration as well as of invention, and a week after its birth the driftwood hill swarms with animal refugees, hogs, deer and capybaris, jostling each other in their struggle for a base of operations, thus often getting noisy enough to attract the prowling carnivora.

The climbing talent of the great cats saves them the trouble of emigration. The jaguar and the ocelot become entirely arboreal, traveling like monkeys from branch to branch and making themselves at home in the tree tops—so much so indeed that some of them go to housekeeping and raise a litter of cubs in the cavity of a hollow tree.

Their larder is replenished by all sorts of pheasants and woodhens, who make their headquarters in the underbrush, but who are now obliged to take up lodgings on the lower branches of the unsubmerged trees. By climbing around the stem and rising suddenly in view an ocelot can scare a roost of gallinaceous fowl out of their wits and strike down two or three of the clumsy youngsters before the whole flock contrives to take wing.

A swimming deer in these submerged tangle woods has no chance at all against the pursuit of an enemy that can leap from branch to branch or climb along the viaductlike cables of the great liana vines, and a jaguar would not begin to regret a phenomenal deluge till the waters had closed over the tops of the tallest palms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Opinion on Scarfpins.

The men that have been affecting the scarfpins with the madeup bows, and also with the cravats and Windsors that need no holding in place and disclose the shirt button or stud beneath, are of the genus dude that typify the most offensive phase of overdoing in their aping of the fashions of the day.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Bad Boy.

Mother—Why don't you play with that little Peterkin boy any more?

Small Son—'Cause he swore.

"Horrors! Did he?"

"Yes'm. He swore I stole his knife, and teacher made me give it back and licked me besides."—Good News.

What Woman Enjoys.

Decision, however suicidal, has more charm for a woman than the most unequivocal Fabian success.—Hardy.

ONE OF THE SMARTEST.

The Colonel Tries to Surprise His Friends, but Gets Left.

"Come over and get introduced to one of the smartest girls in Philadelphia," said the colonel the other morning, after we had finished our cigars. "I don't call her a beauty, but she is highly educated and as sharp as a razor."

"Detroit, Detroit," she mused, as we were introduced. "Oh, yes, I can place it now. I was wondering whether it was in Quebec or Ontario. I was there once."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and the people were celebrating the queen's birthday."

"I see."

"They were celebrating it by a snow and ice carnival. You are a very patriotic people."

"Well, yes."

"I suppose the Johnstown horror has rendered them somewhat apprehensive in Detroit?"

"As to what, ma'am?"

"Why, that Lake Michigan might burst out and sweep you all away."

"Oh, we don't feel any fear of that."

"Don't you, indeed? Ah! yes, but how stupid of me! The Rocky mountains are between you and the lake, of course. Are there many wild animals left in Detroit?"

"A few grizzly bears and mountain lions."

"And the Indians?"

"They never approach within a mile of the stockade, and they don't kill over a dozen people a week."

"How nice! I must sit down sometime and talk to you a whole half day."

When the colonel and I had returned to our end of the veranda I looked at him. He had his face turned away. It was all of two minutes before he slowly wheeled around and brought his fist down on his knee with the exclamation:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Dog Worth Having.

A women living in a flat on Gates avenue near Stuyvesant is the owner of a dog that is worth having. It is a mongrel cur as devoid of pedigree as a paving stone is of hair. Exactly how she came in possession of the dog she cannot say. He happened around one day in a forlorn and hungry condition, and being fond of animals she took pity on him, fed him and at once the dog located on the premises. He is a good deal in appearance like Smiley's frog, that is to say, there are no points about this dog to indicate that he is better than any other dog. But, as the sequel will show, he proved to be an animal of singular judgment and good sense. The other day while roaming in the vicinity he found a five dollar bill. Now by what process of reasoning or by previous observation that dog had learned that money had a value or that five dollar bills were worth having, is impossible to say.

The fact remains, however, that the intelligent mongrel dog took the bill in his mouth and in spite of the efforts of a number of street boys who saw the performance and tried to get the money away from him, scooted with it to the Gates avenue flat and deposited it safely at the feet of his mistress with a wag of his tail, as if to say, "You see, I'm able to pay for my board." The woman would not part with that dog now for a good many five dollar bills. This singular story of an animal's sagacity may look doubtful, but it is absolutely true.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Mockingbird in California.

Some of my most intimate acquaintances have been the mockingbirds of the California groves. It seems almost unnecessary to cage them, they are so happy among the ever blooming trees, but cages hang in balconies, at doors and windows, all about the courts and under the eaves, and passing down the streets one hears at all hours gushes of melody from the wonderful mimickers in their prisons. It is a cheerful sound, yet I like better to listen to them as they flit at will where the red pomegranates flower, where the wild figs rear their massive canopies, where they may hide their young as they choose in the fragrant orange tree tops.

One splendid fellow has his perch on a windmill fan opposite my door, where all day long he pours out trills rapturous with glee. Some mornings he is in such ecstasy that he bubbles down his notes in snatches, wasting no time in weaving them together, whenever I appear on the doorstep. I know he watches for my coming, for he apparently hoards his musical quiver full of gay darts, keeping silence for intervals when I am unseen, letting them fly in an arrowy shower, as if he would transport me when I reappear. He is the saucy tyrant who pecks at my hat, my hair, my gown, when I venture too near the rose vine on the lattice where his newly hatched babies are.—San Diego Cor. Christian Union.

Curious Instruments of Torture.

In an old tower in Nuremburg there is a room set apart especially for the preservation of the curious instruments of torture used during the uncertain period historically referred to as the Middle Ages. In that room you can see thumbscrews of the most approved pattern closely arranged along shelves filled with "liar helmets" and "bridles" for gossiping women. One horrid relic called the "spike wheel," is a heavy cylinder, on one side of which stand out two or more score of sharp iron spikes. In days of old, when an offender had been sentenced to undergo a "rolling" he was stripped naked and firmly bound on a plank, face down. In this position the "spike wheel" was slowly dragged up and down his back, the number of times depending upon the gravity of the crime and the wording of the sentence.

In several instances the poor victims were prodded so full of holes that they died before they could be removed from the plank. When death was intended the number of "rolls" was not specified, but double length spikes, heated red hot, were put in the surface of the cylinder. This mode of carrying out capital punishment was hardly as expeditious as the guillotine, but it was equally as certain.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bright Four-year-old.

The clergyman was a guest at dinner one day. Cream was offered him with his dessert, but he declined, gallantly saying "that would be painting the lily." A few days later Hattie's aunt, who had artistic tastes, sent the child to pick for her a brilliant lily which she wished to copy. The little four-year-old started on the errand, but as she reached the foot of the piazza steps she turned, looked up at her aunt and said, "Would you paint the lily?"—New York Tribune.

A Case of Convenience.

Dashaway—Why don't you wear your diamond pin in your Ascot tie? It's proper, isn't it?

Travers—It may be proper, but it isn't always convenient.

COLONEL GRAHAM, OF POSEY COUNTY

His Joyless Ride in the Smoker with an Ungrateful Jerseyman.

When Colonel Graham, of Posey county, Ind., left town for Trenton yesterday he put in his pocket two of the best imported cigars that he could buy. The colonel is a confirmed cigarette smoker, but he always carries cigars for self protection when he travels. Since he left Posey county he has developed a discriminating nose for tobacco. A rank cigar makes him more peevish than "knees" in his trousers. There are few smokers of bad cigars who will not throw away a half burned stump to accept one of the colonel's good cigars, with the graceful apology that always goes with it.

"Why, do you know," said Colonel Graham the other day, "there are no cigars in Indiana so rank as those that are smoked in New Jersey. They are the brand that will kill vegetation, and I always carry a cigar or two to give away on the smoking car. Why, it's enough to make a man fretful."

Colonel Graham's seat in the smoker was shared yesterday by a man with no taste in tobacco. He sniffed contemptuously at the colonel's cigarette, and puffed contentedly at a very bad cigar with a dark, shiny wrapper. Colonel Graham was growing sick. He threw away his cigarette, and drawing a cigar from his pocket said to the man beside him:

"Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a light?"

"Sure, Mike," replied the man, and he handed Colonel Graham a cigar that had just been lighted. Colonel Graham carefully lighted his own cigar, and with apparent absentmindedness tossed the other out of the window.

"Well, I'll be"——

"No, don't," interrupted Colonel Graham, "I really wasn't thinking what I was doing. Please accept one of my cigars and permit me to offer an apology. I am very absentminded—at times."

The man looked at the cigar the colonel gave him and said:

"Looks pretty good. Better'n mine, I guess. I pay three dollars a hundred for mine."

"That cigar cost twenty-five dollars a hundred, and is pretty fair, I think," replied the colonel.

"H'm," said the man as he bit the end off. Then he leaned over and said:

"Will you give me a light now?"

Colonel Graham offered his cigar. The man lighted his own from it with chuckles of satisfaction. Then he leaned back comfortably and tossed Colonel Graham's cigar out of the window.

"Why, you"——

"Don't," said the man. "When I think of the tariff on cigars I go into a trance, and I'm not responsible for what I do. Let me offer you one of my cigars," and he pulled out one of the three dollar a hundred brand and handed it to Colonel Graham.

"Why, you"——

"Now, don't, I say," interrupted the man. "This is my station, but you can get a light from the man in front. Much obliged for your smoke. Goodby," and he was off the car.

Colonel Graham returned to New York last night and announced that his system was shattered. Hereafter he will ride in the drawing room car and smoke cigarettes.—New York Sun.

How to Learn to Sing.

Lung power and capacity may be wonderfully increased and strengthened by a constant repetition of the syllable "ah" on the three or four notes in the middle register of the voice; that is, the three or four notes which one sings most naturally and with the least effort. Let the pupil get one note clear cut, round, full and musical; then from that note as a starting point let him go up and down, gradually working out the huskiness from the adjacent notes and sounding them until they become pure and resonant and can be delivered without strain or effort.

Let him work systematically and, above all, avoid the pernicious trick of learning "pieces" by rote or by ear. His first effort should be to increase the purity and range of his voice, and to that end he should, as suggested above, use the broad syllable "ah" only for a time, and on no account should he try to sing an air until he can do so understandingly, with a full knowledge of musical notation and a perfect command of his vocal resources.—Demorest's Magazine.

Thackeray's Ideas of Corsets.

Thackeray, who detested "wasp waisted women," once told a young relative, who was much in love, to take his betrothed to a physician before purchasing the engagement ring.

"What for?" his companion inquired, in considerable astonishment.

"To see whether that wasp waist is an inheritance or a consequence," he replied.

"Consequence!" exclaimed the young man; "what do you mean?"

"Corsets," said Thackeray laconically.

"Miss —— has the most beautiful figure in England," said the infatuated lover.

"She is deformed," Thackeray responded. "If it is a natural deformity she may be a moderately healthy woman. Even humpbacks are not always delicate, you know. Mind, I say moderately healthy. But if that girl's figure is the result of corsets you might better go and hang yourself rather than risk the evils that will inevitably follow."

Dangerous Germs in Ice.

So far as the salubrity of the natural as compared with the artificial ice is concerned, we may rest assured that as regards bacteria one is just as wholesome as the other, provided the water used is pure. If the water is impure from sewage or other unwholesome thing, then the natural ice is never fit for domestic use. If water is impure the processes of artificial icemaking, if carefully performed, are capable of furnishing even from it a product which is harmless and wholesome, whether it be absolutely germ free or not, for absolute freedom from germs—if these are not disease producing forms—is neither necessary nor especially desirable. It is not bacteria, but disease producing bacteria, which make of practical significance the invisible flora of either water or ice.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

A Comparison.

Jack (idly swinging)—Engaged yet?

Jerry (sadly)—No.

Jack—Your fair one is like your hammock.

Jerry—How?

Jack—She keeps you in suspense.—Pittsburg Bulletin.