FOR REMEMBRANCE.

It would be sweet to think when we are old
Of all the pleasant days that came to pass;
That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans, and smoke unrolled,
And spread the raisin nets when nights were cold,
Or pulled the bloodroot in the underbrush,
And marked the ringing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken, burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories,
As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves
And find them afterward with sweet surprise:
Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
Losing them in the days when April grieves:
A subtle summer in the rainy room.
—Duncan Campbell Scott in Scribner's.

COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife, after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway—those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking to the scoopout along the road bed—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the disgusted prisoner along by a string until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious, needlelike spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jackknife.

"I'd on'y had sum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-o!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?"

"W'y, it's a jug," and Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky Injun," like the Yaquis, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now you 'tand over vere and I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, an I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an 'poiled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, stand it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease wood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and stared about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sign. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.—Frank B. Millard in Overland Monthly.

It Pays to Dress Well.

Paradoxical as it may sound, it is nevertheless true that few men can afford to dress badly; that is, at least, if they want to create a good impression, for whether it be right or wrong, the world has an obstinate habit of judging by appearances. In fact, there is a commercial value attaching to good clothes besides that which engages the attention of Snip, the tailor.

Every man who has the means to do so should dress well, not for the gratification of vanity, but because it pays. You will rarely find a sharp business man shabby in his appearance if he can possibly avoid it. Care must be taken, however, not to go to the other extreme, for the world hates a dandy; it pities a shabby man. Indeed, one cannot do better than follow the well known advice of Polonius to his son Laertes on this subject:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."—London Tit-Bits.

Almost on Time.

In a country town not 20 miles from this, there used to be a bus driver who very often forgot his customers. A lady and her daughter anxious to connect with a train for New York gave strict injunctions for him to come for them in good season. He was leisurely stopping at the door and positively assured his passengers that he could easily get them there, but half a mile from the depot they were enraged to see the train go away without them. "Waal," said the driver, "I got ye most there, anyhow."—Springfield Homestead.

A Fair Exchange.

Angry Poet (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good!

Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.—Life.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by 70 different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and smoothly wrapped up for market.

There are 125,000 Canadians in the chief cities of the United States—38,000 of them, mostly French Canadians, in Boston, 24,000 in Chicago, 18,000, mostly English Canadians, in Detroit, 10,000 in Buffalo and 4,000 in New York.

COAL AT A DOLLAR A TON

AN INVENTOR CLAIMS TO BE ABLE TO MANUFACTURE FUEL.

His Process Is a Chemical One and Simply Endows Lignite or Inferior Coal, Which Is Common Everywhere, with Burning Qualities—How He Worked.

Many inventions are in the field. Another inventor has come to the front with an invention which he believes will rival even those of Edison and bring to mankind generally a degree of benefit which will be in direct inverse proportion to the woe inflicted upon the individuals commonly known as the coal barons.

What he has to offer is no less than a scheme to manufacture a coal which will be superior in its results to either bituminous or anthracite coal, to which the world has been so long accustomed to look for its chief supply of fuel.

So many vast conceptions have been already brought to the attention of the public only to end in disappointing failures that every new great scheme is apt to be regarded with suspicion. We have not suffered from the Keely motor project and the many plans for navigating the air, to say nothing of the many ideas for submarine crafts, without having our confidence in such matters seriously impaired.

The new aspirant for undying fame and incidentally for the millions of money that are attendant upon great discoveries which are world wide in their uses has at least the courage of his convictions, and his ideas are entitled to respect.

Mr. Albert Edelmann claims for his invention that it will enable him to manufacture his coal at a cost of only one dollar per ton. Besides the exceeding cheapness of the new article Mr. Edelmann claims for it the merit of being absolutely odorless and capable of being burned without smoke and being consumed so utterly that it leaves but 1 per cent. of ashes.

Mr. Edelmann was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1823, and was educated at the university at Dorpat, one of the provinces of Livonia, on the Baltic sea. He was graduated there as a civil engineer, and then made the grand tour of Europe. In 1852 he went to Australia, the voyage from London to Sydney occupying six months.

HIS FIRST INSPIRATION.

In Australia Mr. Edelmann devoted himself to his profession and spent his time in building railroads and in other engineering enterprises. In 1860 he first turned his attention to the discovery of cheaper coal, and since then he has devoted all his time and money to that pursuit.

In the first place he argued that it was a well known fact that there exists upon the surface of the globe a large quantity of what may be termed inferior coal, which is commonly called lignite. Briefly defined, lignite is a coal formed at a much later period than either bituminous or anthracite coal, and therefore without those chemical properties which would enable it to burn as well as either of them, and which, therefore, renders it practically useless for fuel or other purposes.

That this lignite would, in centuries to come, develop into a fuel which might be utilized exactly as well as that which was already known as bituminous or anthracite coal was a source of pain and vexation to Mr. Edelmann. He could not sleep at night from his continual study of the problem. He was actually jealous, he says himself, to think that a people a thousand years hence would avail themselves of that which the world might use today could he but solve the problem of effecting by chemical processes that for which nature would take centuries.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

After a study of many weary years Mr. Edelmann believes that he has solved the problem whose solution he so faithfully sought, and is satisfied that he has found a process for transforming this worthless lignite into coal, which for all purposes is equal, and in many instances superior, to either anthracite or bituminous coal.

In other words, the inventor believes that by the mixture with lignite of certain chemical bodies a coal is produced which is as perfect as any that was ever mined, and this lignite, he claims, were it allowed to remain in the earth, would require a thousand years for its transformation into perfect coal.

In his technical description of the process alluded to the inventor says:

"To accomplish this result the lignite and certain chemical bodies (which have first been reduced to a powdered condition in order to permit of their perfect commingling) are placed in molds and subjected to great pressure in machinery expressly constructed for the purpose, and from which the mass comes in the shape of what are termed, for want of a better name, 'brickets.' These brickets can be made of any size or shape in order that they may suit different conditions, as, for instance, if the material is to be used for furnaces they would be in the neighborhood of eight inches in size (either square or oblong), whereas for stoves they would be made correspondingly smaller.—New York Herald.

Objections to Hand Shaking.

Hand shaking is said to circulate yellow fever, smallpox, gangrene, cancer and all other infectious diseases; it is absurd and inconvenient, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is insincere. In hot weather no one wants to clasp a still warmer hand. In cold weather no one cares to remove a warm, comfortable glove and run the chances of catching cold by bringing the palm into contact with a hand that is several degrees colder than an icicle. Lost lovers intertwine their digits and poets rave about the warm, true clasp of hands, but let us arrest and punish those thoughtless, foolish people who delight to meet in our busiest thoroughfares and shake hands across the walk while the crowd must pass around them.—Chicago Herald.

Marking Baby's Clothes.

It was not long ago the fancy of a young mother to mark each piece of the dainty wardrobe made for her first child with white violets. This pretty idea so delighted many mothers who heard of it that now hundreds of babies are born under the shadow of some flower, and women who are not skillful with their needles are delegating the delightful work to needle women.—New York Post.

Slightly Ambiguous.

Dabble—How do you like the Aurora since I took charge of it?

Dibble—It is just such a paper as I should expect you to get out.—Boston Transcript.

THE CHURCH FAIR.

Some Hints About Managing a Function That Is Very Much in Season.

If there must be a fair let no member of the church, young or old, escape. Begin very early, a year beforehand, if possible, and press every creature into the service. Labor especially with the husbands and fathers. Let the attacks be renewed at intervals until it results in making the man whose proper share of church relief would have been twenty-five dollars give fifty or seventy-five dollars, by way of encouragement to women who are willing to spend themselves for naught.

There is nothing new under the sun, but by judicious combinations of the old things wonderful effects may be produced. As missions are so essential a part of our church work, missionary features in the fairs are very valuable. Returned missionaries can be drawn upon for costumes and groupings, and if a bazaar includes a booth representing such a shop as would be found in every nation of the world where the missionaries of this particular church are at work, and if the attendants are dressed in the costumes of those countries, be assured the shekels will pour in at every such place. The American pincushion costing ten cents, that would bring twenty-five cents at a Christian table, will readily bring fifty cents if sold by a pure pagan from one or another of the heathen lands.

Even at the modern fair, be the object ever so spiritual, we have observed that it is very unwise to omit provision for the body. Have a restaurant by all means; have half a dozen, if possible, and in the course of the evening those most anxious to help the cause will be likely to try them all.

Of the iniquity of grab bags no doubt any longer exists. Allowing young girls arrayed like fortune tellers to exercise their unregenerate imaginations upon the future of such damsels and youths as may cross their palms with silver should be frowned upon, but the making of one's self as pretty as possible and playing as saleslady behind a table laden with pretty trifles; the coaxing of as much money as possible out of everybody who comes near; the pleasant interchange with friends; the hearty good natured vying with each other to see by whose hands the largest sum of money shall swell the church fund; the pleasure in success; the auction at the end; the fun of it all, and the delight of coming together the next morning and counting up the proceeds; the lifting of the burden of the pastor's family; the brightening up of the dingy church; the filling the library with new books—these somehow seem to compensate for much.

Whatever may be said of some of the processes the results seem to be a positive good. It was a good thing that all through many months the thought of doing something to help should have been in such a multitude of hearts. It was good to set even little children at work, and it was a good to try to interest other people in work, and when the time came for gathering together all that every one had done, the sense of union in service and of having carried the church and its needs on the heart for so long—this, too, was good. The social phase of it, if managed judiciously by the wisest hearts in the womanhood of the church, might also be all good. Seriously, one recognizes the objections to all these methods of raising funds for good objects, yet some method must be devised that has in it the element of co-operation.

Until we have something better we shall have to accept the supper and the bazaar. The first leaves nothing worse than an indigestion and a doctor's bill for some of those who got more than their money's worth. The latter has serious objections also, but as matters are at present we do not know any better way and we must do something, and these seem to be the things that offer. It is better, then, for us to direct our attention to the best methods of avoiding objectionable features and of making them grand financial successes, while we hope and work for that good time coming when we need not have them at all.—Mary Lowe Dickinson in Harper's Bazar.

Ladies in the Peerage.

Mrs. W. H. Smith has received a peerage. In connection with this announcement the historical precedent of Mrs. Canning's elevation to the peerage on her husband's death will be remembered. Only two months ago Lady Macdonald, widow of the great Canadian statesman, received a peerage with the title of Countess Earnscliffe. Mr. Disraeli accepted a peerage on his wife's behalf while he himself preferred to remain in the house of commons. Before he accepted an earldom, Lady Beaconsfield had been dead several years. Another noteworthy case is that of Lady Strathedon, who was made a peeress while her husband still held the office of attorney general.

Peerages of the United Kingdom have been directly conferred on Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Baroness Boisover. There are, however, six ladies who succeeded to titles in the peerage—Baroness Berkeley, Baroness Berners and Baroness Le Despencer, all in the peerage of England; and Baroness Kinloss, Baroness Nairne and Countess Rothes, all in the peerage of Scotland.—London Tit-Bits.

Woman Among the Swiss.

The Swiss are not a gallant nation so far as recognition of the Nineteenth century theory of woman's supremacy over man is concerned. The elders of Berne have refused the petition made by Mme. Dr. Kempin to the department of education at the university for the venia legendi as private lecturer for international and comparative law. The judicial faculty have unanimously pronounced against her act on the plea that her sex was an insuperable barrier to her holding such an office in the university. Several of the professors would have consented to waive their objection had the applicant asked for a chair of medicine. The point of distinguishing difference seems obscure to all save the college fathers.—New York Sun.

The First Menu Card.

It was the Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies he explained that it was a sort of programme of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast he might carefully reserve his appetite for it. The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution.—Season.

CARVER ON SHOOTING

WHY A MARKSMAN CAN SOMETIMES HIT AND SOMETIMES CAN'T.

If a Man Gets Nervous, He May Not Be Able to Hit a Balloon, and Again He May Make a Bullseye at Two Hundred Yards if He Is Feeling All Right.

Dr. Carver, the champion rifle shot of the world, so widely known by the Indians of the great west as the "Spirit Gun," explained to a reporter yesterday why it was that dead shots, cowboys and other western and southern characters, accustomed from childhood to the use of revolvers and rifles, would make remarkably bad scores when laboring under the slightest excitement.

"Why," said the doctor, "I have known men who could snuff a candle at 40 paces with a 6-shooter go out into the middle of the street and empty a gun at some fellow who was blazing away at them a short distance off and never touch their man. It makes a heap of difference to most men when they are squinting along the barrel of a winchester or over the sight of a 6-shooter whether they are cutting loose at an animate target or looking into the muzzle of a gun. I don't mean to say that they become frightened, as I have seen many men who didn't know the sensation of fear and who take pride in their marksmanship get wrought up to such a frenzy by being opposed to any one that they get into a state of nervous excitement that renders it almost an impossibility to hit anything. There was a shooting match between two 'bad men' at Plum Creek across a billiard table. Neither flinched, and both emptied their guns, and both men were hit but once, and that exactly in the same place. They had each thrown their arm forward over the heart to protect it, and both were hit in the arm near the elbow, the other shots flying wide of the mark, causing a stampede and wrecking some of the glassware.

"The same thing applies to big game shooting. When you take a quail or snipe shooter—a man who rarely misses in the field, and let him be ever so good a wing shot—lead him out into the timber or on the prairie and show him a moose, bear or elk, it is a hundred to one that he will miss the animal altogether. Good shots have been known to empty the magazine of a winchester at the first big animal they ever fired at, and then become mortified to see the animal trot off uninjured. Of course this is not fear; it is excitement. It is known to all hunters as 'buck ague,' and few indeed there are who have not experienced it some time in their lives.

"There are men, however, who never shoot except to kill their man. They are invariably cold blooded, iron nerved, desperate men, who have devoted their lives to hunting men or protecting themselves and who experience as little excitement while being shot at and shooting at a man as the old hunter does while pursuing his favorite game. These men carry the best revolvers obtainable, their pistols always being of the largest caliber and single action, for a cowboy or an Indian will have nothing to do with a selfcocker. Such men wear their guns in such a manner as to be able to drop their hand upon them without any false motion or awkward gestures and wear them where it is impossible for them to get caught in the clothing in the act of drawing.

"One of the coolest things I ever saw was a man who had terrorized western Missouri for a long time after the close of the war, and who had emptied his 6-shooter at a party of men opposed to him and his side during one of those factional fights that still occur in that section. After emptying his gun, instead of attempting to seek shelter, he rode boldly out into the town and sat upright in the saddle coolly reloading his pistol while under fire, and having satisfied himself that he was ready for battle again, he whirled around and did some very effective work until the opposition made it so hot for his party that they retreated, fighting down a side street, and escaped across the broad creek that ran through the edge of the town. It is the same with the shooter as it is with the billiard, baseball, racquet or tennis player, he must be in good form to do his best."

Dr. Carver is an old buffalo hunter and tells how, in the early days when buffalo shooting, he stayed in one locality until game got rather scarce. Then he met some Indians who spoke of a big herd further up the river and said that in this herd was a white buffalo.

"Now," said the doctor, "ever since I began shooting and roping buffalo I had heard about white buffalo and was pretty anxious to see one. I moved camp and got up in the vicinity of the big herd. I located them and did one or two days' shooting without discovering the white buffalo. I had really not expected to see one, as I did not believe there was such a thing in existence. One afternoon, however, I came upon a small herd near the mouth of a canyon, and to my surprise and delight I saw right in the middle of the bunch, feeding with the rest, the white buffalo himself.

"I immediately determined to have this animal, if I was obliged to kill a horse to get him, and I nearly did kill Red Dips, one of the best horses I ever owned, for I drove up this canyon, dropping a buffalo here and there, and after a hard ride, when my poor horse was nearly fagged out, I was in despair, as the white buffalo remained right in the middle of the herd, where it was impossible for me to drop him. However, a lucky shot dropped a row in the center and well in advance of the herd. Then the bunch split, one half turning sharp to the right, and the other half keeping right on.

"Among those turning to the right was the white buffalo. As the animal swung around I got a good look at what I had been spoiling my best horse for and wearing myself out to kill, and what do you suppose it was?—a big white Texas steer, that had evidently been brought up in some herd and strayed away and joined this band of buffalo. It is needless to say that I checked my horse and rode slowly back to camp without an effort to even get revenge for the long ride or to spoil the Indians' pet white buffalo story by killing the closest resemblance to one that I think ever existed on the plains."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Was Satisfied.

A farmer entered an office in central New York and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer quick by telegraph." Although he waited the rest of the day he got no answer, but the next morning he got a night dispatch, sent collect, but favorable. The operator, in expressing his sympathy, said: "Little rough to keep you in suspense so long."

"Look ahere, sonny," the farmer remarked, "I'll stand all the suspense. Any woman that'll hold back her answer all day to a proposal of marriage, jest so thet she kin send it half rate at night is economical enough to make up after I git her for all the loss of time and injury to feelins I've suffered waitin'."—Telegraph Age.

Pane of Glass With a History.

The old Nypano depot at Meadville is being torn down. It was on a pane of glass in this depot that John Wilkes Booth cut with a diamond the date of Abraham Lincoln's assassination several months before the president was shot. The date of the glass and the date of the shooting did not correspond, but it showed the deed was in contemplation. The pane of glass is now in the national museum at Washington.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Inherited Voices.

Englishman—'Ow 'is it you 'Ameri-cans 'ave such 'arsh voices?

American Girl—That's inherited from ancestors who made themselves hoarse hurrahing over the events of a hundred odd years ago.—Good News.

WEALTH OF FRANCE.

MUCH OF IT IS HOARDED IN THE STOCKINGS OF LABORERS.

Why the Frenchman and His Country Are Inseparable—Where the Money Came from That Paid the Big German Indemnity—Government Savings Banks.

Every one who has traveled over the admirable territory of France has seen its fertile plains covered with the golden grain in harvest time, its hills with their autumnal mantles of green and purple grapevines, its picturesque, fruitful sea boundaries, which yield the ever rendering tide of fish from the Mediterranean, on around through the English channel—any such a one, I say, will cease to wonder why the Frenchman does not emigrate; why he, his native land, his native shore are one and indivisible. Tear the Frenchman from his country and he will soon look like a plant plucked from a garden of sunshine left to vegetate and become anemic in a sunless cellar. He misses the daily bottle of wine, which feeds his exuberant spirits; he misses his congenial climate, which hardly ever reaches extreme heat and cold.

In a monotonous country of plains, or in one too accidental, he misses the happy intermixture of the two, always pleasant to look upon, always accessible for human eye and foot, not separated by rivers a mile wide, not lost to view by inaccessible, heavenward drawn mountains. It is the abode of equilibrium, never visited by exterminating blizzards or destructive earthquakes. It is a little peaceful corner which has well chosen its motto, "God protects France," and it has a well feathered place under the shadow of His wing. "This is all true," once said an American friend to me, "but are the people altogether worthy of such a beautiful, peaceful abode? Do not their evil doings make the line of a poem especially applicable to it? 'Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'"

Not so vile as you suppose. That judgment is the result of the smattering you acquire of French character as demonstrated in Paris, in questionable places you make a specialty of visiting and studying while you are in this so called Babylon of wickedness. Then, in a political way, at times the French express their exasperation rather loudly. They then hit right and left at an injustice too long endured, and at times the blows fall on the wrong person. They kill their brethren and themselves in moments of frenzy, as during the great revolution and the commune. But if in such moments they go too far, there is not a nation on earth which will stand tyranny so patiently and for such a long while with the endurance of a cur who thinks his master may one day have a change of heart.

HOW THE FARMERS SAVE.

No doubt all who have made but a cursory study of the French in large cities will express surprise when told that they are the most thrifty, the most provident and the most saving people in the world. But documents and statistics prove it. In reference to the loans made by the credit foncier and Russia, results have shown what wealth there is in the country, wealth not concentrated in a few individuals, who control the country's financial affairs as their moods inspire, but each thrifty, industrious man or woman has a little sum hoarded up in a woolen stocking, hidden in some corner only known to themselves, or have a number of state bonds which slowly but surely contribute to a competency that a lifetime's honest labor has earned for a rest in old age.

The small bourgeois, the cultivator, the farmer, the peasant, the artisan—it is they who, after having paid the heavy indemnity in the last war, still patiently pay the heavy taxes which go to equip the reorganized army that they hope will do its duty on the day when the political fates will decide that the shout, "To arms!" of the "Marseillaise" will become a cruel reality. It is they, when loans are made like that of the Credit foncier and of Russia, who take out their gold coins from their hiding places and go for their deposits in the caisses d'epargne to subscribe for four or five times more than is wanted.

These caisses d'epargne are especially organized to help the laborer to save; he can deposit any sum and is given 3¾ per cent. at the end of each year for the amount deposited. He is at liberty to take out any part of the sum total of his deposits at any time. Even a child can have his bank book there, and thousands of children have them; they can deposit as small a sum as twenty cents. The parent thus teaches economy to his child, giving him an idea of what an increasing capital at compound interest will amount to when he is of age. With his small capital he will be able to set up a shop, buy a bit of land, or get up a home, as the case may be.

GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANKS.

You cannot deposit more than $400 in these saving banks. They are made for the masses and must not be monopolized by the rich. This said, the following statistics will go to prove what a number of small capitalists there are in France. The money deposited in these savings banks in 1875 was 677,000,000 of francs; in 1881 the deposits reached 1,425,000,000; in 1889, 3,659,000,000, and 1890, 3,373,000,000. Now, when the state, the city of Paris or the Credit foncier decides to make a loan out comes all that hoarded money, and on the days of subscription long lines of hundreds of people stand and wait to subscribe.

Each one knows that it is a sure investment, no danger of the state or the city falling into bankruptcy. And besides the 3¾ per cent. given there is another attraction. Every man thinks he may be the lucky winner of the $20,000 prize. The Credit foncier, for instance, gives $27,000 worth of prizes every year. All the numbers of the shares are thrown in an urn, and the twenty-three numbers taken out are winners of sums ranging from $20,000 to $200. On the presentation of the share with the winning number the sum is paid out to the owner.

This lottery business may not be a legitimate way of tempting people to be saving and investing their money, but those who are generally squeamish about the morality of games of chance, I have found, are they who think the risk of losing too great against the small chance of winning, and in business do not hesitate to practice outrageous usury in the matter of profits. In this case the effect perhaps attenuates the questionable morality of the cause; it saves from ruin many French families whose heads might otherwise take to drinking or gambling.—Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

A Superfluous Question.

When a lady steps out into the dripping streets in a pouring rain and waits beside the track four or five minutes for a car to come along, it seems superfluous to ask the question, "Want to ride, lady?" It is tolerably safe to conclude that she isn't standing there to flirt with the motorman.

In the arid deserts of Peru the celebrated "rain tree" grows. This species can condense what little moisture there is in the atmosphere so as to cause a continued mist to exude, seemingly, from its leaves and branches.

Dr. John Haslewood of Eckerty, Ind., has in his possession a heavy gold finger ring, set with three diamonds, once the property of Marie Antoinette, at whose court his maternal grandmother was a maid of honor.

It is plain that our schools have already greatly reduced the amount of crime, and that when we shall have succeeded in getting rid of all illiteracy we will still further reduced the number of criminals.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND QUARTER.

He Believed in Raising the Black Flag, Meaning Death to Every Prisoner.

One chapter of Jackson's life is new and startling—that which ascribes to him at one moment a proposal to raise the black flag! This is the last extremity of war and its most horrible barbarity. The very word suggests slaughter without mercy. The black flag floats only at the masthead of pirate ships, telling by a sign that cannot be misunderstood that quarter will neither be asked nor given. In warfare on land it would be understood as a massacre of prisoners, a thing unknown among nations at the present day, and that would bring upon any man or any government that should attempt it the execration of the whole civilized world. The very idea of such a thing is so alien to the character of Stonewall Jackson that a statement of this kind must be received with great reserve.

It would not be deemed worthy of a moment's attention were it not that it is given on the authority of his own brother-in-law, General Rufus Barringer, of the Confederate army, who details at considerable length a remarkable interview that took place after the seven days' battles, while the army was still encamped near Richmond. But the statement is explicit, and leaves no doubt that Jackson believed in the Cromwellian way of carrying on war; that if war must be, the more tremendous the blows the sooner will it come to an end; and he would push the war into the north and make it felt in all its severity. But he would never have dealt with prisoners as Cromwell did with the Irish garrison of Drogheda, or Napoleon with the Turks at Jaffa.

The best proof of what he would do is in what he did do when the fortune of war threw a whole garrison into his hands. At Harper's Ferry he captured 11,000 men, and instead of treating them with great severity, he paroled them all; by which, instead of being sent to southern prisons, they were transported to a camp near Chicago, where they were kept in comparative comfort till they were exchanged. Of course, if they violated their parole they would be exposed to the utmost penalty of war. But the policy, instead of being cruel, was the mildest that could have been adopted.

It was not however on the ground of humanity, but to disencumber his army, that he might move it rapidly, which he could not do with thousands of prisoners dragging on its heels. If at Harper's Ferry he had stopped to look after them, it would have delayed his march to join Lee for the approaching battle. When he declared, therefore, that he would "keep no prisoners," it was for a military reason.

He had laid out a plan of campaign, which he believed if vigorously pursued would end the war. It was to form three or four great "movable columns" of 40,000 men each, which should be literally stripped for battle, leaving behind not only prisoners, but even fortified posts, that the whole fighting force might be concentrated into a few compact bodies, which could be moved with great rapidity into the northern states and against northern cities.

That this grand strategy would have succeeded we do not believe, for the best of all reasons, that it was twice attempted and failed—at Antietam and Gettysburg—in the first of which Jackson himself took part. But at the time of the interview this had not been attempted, and he was very sanguine of success, even picturing to himself how he would plant his guns within shelling distance of Philadelphia and New York!—Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., in Harper's.

The Fresh Young Man.

"Ah, Miss Smartellique," observed the elegant Mr. Brummelle, from the deck of the steamer, "the ocean is so deep and wide and still, that I would like to be the ocean."

"But you couldn't, don't you know," she replied, with a faint trace of scorn in her well trained voice.

"No!" he questioned very innocently.

"No."

"Why not, pray?"

"Oh," and she snickered, "because the ocean isn't fresh, don't you know."

"True, true," he stammered in evident embarrassment, and the girl laughed again. "But you might be, you know," he said with deep meaning.

"Do you think so?" she asked in strangely softened tones, for he had a million.

"I do; indeed, I do," he murmured.

"And why?" she almost whispered.

"Because—because," and he became confused, "because it is so beautifully green, don't you know."

Then he arose calmly and walked across the deck with the air of Napoleon crossing the Alps.—Detroit Free Press.

Duration of the Lightning.

Authorities differ as to the time of duration of the lightning flash, but all agree that it is less than the 10,000th part of a second. The experiment which establishes this fact is due to the late Sir Charles Wheatstone. A disk, divided into alternate sectors of black and white, is caused to rotate very rapidly on its axis, and by daylight it appears of a uniform gray. If lightning, occurring in the dark, render the separate sectors visible, it is plain that the duration of the light must be less than the time of revolution through the breadth of one sector.

The experiment was tried with a disk of sixty sectors and making 180 revolutions in a second, so that the time of turning through the space of one sector is the 10,800th part of a second. When the disk, rotating with this velocity, is rendered visible by lightning, black and white sectors are seen with gray ones intervening. This shows that the flash is not absolutely instantaneous, for in this case the sectors would be seen sharply defined without any alternation of gray.—Chambers' Journal.

End of a Romance.

Romantic Milkmaid (to herself)—I'm going to sign my name and address on one of these eggs before they are sent to market. Maybe some awfully nice young man, or maybe a real prince, will see it and write to me, and——

Her Mother (up stairs)—Dollie! Dollie Dimple! Where are you? Come help me to make the beds.

Small Boy (in distant city, some weeks later)—Oh, mamma, here's a name wrote on this egg. "Dollie Dimple, Meadowland."

Old Lady—Land sakes! But this is a wonderful age. I'll use that egg in this cake. My, my! To think I should live to see the day when even the barnyard hens gits educated.—Good News.

A Farseeing Customer.

Please give me a shampoo before you shave me," said the fastidious man to the barber.

When he was leaving the shop I asked him why he had made such a request. "So that his hands would be washed before he began to lather my face," answered the fastidious man.—Buffalo Express.

Advertisers on Hand.

During the university races at Putney advertisers try to make capital out of the crews. The venders of patent medicines, soups, soaps, wines, bitters, pipes and foods all pounce down in order to be able to say that their particular patent was used by one crew or another.—London News.

Hoss and Hoss.

Belle—Charley Pruyn is the most impudent fellow in our set.

Blanche—What has he done?

Belle—Why, after I had been "not at home" to him several times, he sent a note to the door requesting our footman to tell me that he had not called.—Truth.