A PICTURE IN FROST TIME.

A window, with wide panes embayed
And half moon seat of old gold cloth,
Looks forth to where the trees are swayed
By winds whose breath is chill and wroth.

And on the glass a filmy veil
Extends, as if to shield the bloom
That nods in greeting to the gale
From midst the warm and cheery room.

Roses and lilies, hothouse pinks
And pansies that no garden dew
Ever wet, and ferns whose fragile links
No woodland pool with shade did strew.

And showing multi-colored tints,
Full clusters of chrysanthemums
Flash back the roseate flame that glints
Where coslly the hearth log hums.

While near at hand sits one who reads
The pages of a book of art,
And naught outdoors or indoors heeds,
Lost in some spirit realm's fair mart.
—William Struthers in Detroit Free Press.

Plain Living.

To the ordinary homekeeping youth plain living is usually the every day diet to which he has always been accustomed, with little regard to its fitness or wholesomeness. With a royal contempt for divergent tastes, he is apt to give a domestic version of the old saying, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, so heterodoxy must be yours." What suits him should suit every one. The same spirit animated Dr. Johnson when he gave his famous definition of "oats" as "in England, food for horses, in Scotland for men." But the whirligig of time has so twisted affairs around that the food at which the great lexicographer sneered little more than a hundred years ago is now an article of daily diet in thousands of English homes. The plainest of plain living it is to us nowadays, but the high thinking of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries was cultivated on a very different aliment. Yet who is prepared to say that greater intellects have ever been known in the English nation than were produced in the days of roistering, wine bibbing and high living, when such minds were developed as those of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope and countless others whom time fails even to mention?—Christine Terhune Herrick.

Substance and Form in Literary Judgment.

And is it not true that from the nature of things the contemporary judgment lays most stress on substance, and that the "final" judgment is favorable to form? Substantially speaking, how many historic things of immense contemporary vogue seem insipid to us, whereas scarcely anything of very great formal merit has been allowed to perish?

In other words, is there not an element of universality about perfection of form which significance of thought does not possess? or, at any rate, is not perfection more nearly attainable in form than it is in substance? And nothing is so preservative as perfection or any approach to it.

One thing is very certain—neglect of form involves the sacrifice of an element of positive attractiveness as well as of fending positively by perverseness and eccentricity. Whether rhyme and rhythm cadence, purity, flawlessness, melody are essential or not to poetry, the abandonment of the artistic quality which they imply is obviously a loss.—Scribner's.

An Indian Challenge.

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter river, rises you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never failing spring. On one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and on the other the land of the Chumaia. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumaia wished to challenge the others to battle they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomos accepted the challenge they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle which took place accordingly.—St. Nicholas.

Origin of an Old Saying.

In the Sixteenth century it was generally stated that "spiders be true signs of great stores of gold," a saying which arose thus: While a passage to Cathay was being sought by the northwest a mariner brought home a stone which was announced to be gold, and caused such a ferment that several vessels were fitted out for the express purpose of collecting the precious metal. Frobisher, in 1577, found on one of the islands where he landed similiar stones and an enormous number of spiders.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party believe that they had run over a child. Sudden cries, followed by a low moaning, rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped, and the employes nervously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clew to the situation could be found until a large green parrot, swinging in his cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

There has been some dispute as to the descent of the dog—whether it is an improved progeny of the wolf or a distinct variety. That it is not a different species is proved by the fact that the dog and the wolf will mate and produce offspring Nevertheless it is probable that the dog is merely descended from the same original stock with the wolf.

It was not until about fifty years ago that cut ice became a commodity admitting of purchase by persons of moderate means. In New York city alone at the present day, the yearly consumption of ice amounts to about 1,000,000 tons.

The small bronze bells found in the ancient palace of Nimrod contained ninety parts of copper and but ten of tin. In our day the proportions are, say, eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin.

ABOUT DARK AFRICA.

MISSIONARY HORN TELLS ABOUT HIS EXPLORATIONS.

The Climate Is Healthy—Many Phases of Physical Character Are Seen—The People Are Grown Up Babes—Slave Trading Is the Curse of the Continent.

There arrived in San Francisco from Australia an English gentleman, who with his wife, has passed the major portion of the last thirteen years in Central Africa. His name is Capt. E. C. Horn, and under the auspices of the London Missionary society he has been employed building vessels on the great Lake Tanganyika and traveling through the dark continent.

Capt. Horn in a conversation with a reporter said: "Reports on the land and people of Africa are varied, but all who have penetrated into the inmost recesses are unanimous in their conclusions that the slave trade is the chief obstruction to civilization and commerce. Africa had, until the past twenty years, the name of being an arid, unhealthful country, because outside of a given distance little was known of the land. While it is true that great tracts of country are barren and no water exists, still by exploitation it has been proved that abundant supplies of water can be obtained which will make the country blossom into a perfect garden of flowers.

"In the most arid part I ever visited—Ugogo—the people dig wells and find water, which is carefully stored for a time of drought. Perhaps no tropical country has a more healthful climate than Central Africa. In the interior the land rises to a high elevation. The many deaths and sickness among Europeans are caused more by the conditions of life, absence of accustomed food and good doctors and nurses than from climatic causes

OCCUPATIONS.

"On the shores of Lake Tanganyika there are at least nine tribes distinctive in physical characteristics, language and fashions and weapons, clothing, architecture and domestic life. They are all expert fishermen, using seines and traps, and as the lake teems with fish their ventures are well repaid. Iron and copper are smelted for manufacture, but in the crudest style. Both of these metals, in the form of small bars, ivory, rubber, palm oil and dried fish are articles of circulation among distant tribes. Pottery of a rude description is also made, while the art of weaving cotton cloth is well known.

"The character of these natives is infantile. In confidence and suspicion, in easy anger and reconciliation, in undeveloped instincts they are essentially children. Under evil influence, such as the introduction of spirituous liquors and other vices of civilized nations, they rapidly become demoralized."

The idea of regarding these Central Africans in the same light as Australian or Indian aborigines is absurd. When better known they will be looked upon as healthy children, imitative and eager to acquire knowledge.

Deprecating in every possible manner the horrible features of the slave trade, the explorer thinks that by honest trade, a selection of good employes by the many organizations now engaged in Central Africa, on the Congo and the great lakes; by justice, development of the resources of industries, together with the earnest co-operation of the missionaries, the prosperity of the great country and its people will be an assured fact.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

"I have lived in Africa," continued Capt. Horn, "long enough to assure myself that many a so called 'savage attack by African natives was in reality 'a gallant defense' from their point of view; that the low type African of whom we hear is often but a noble savage degraded by contact with Arab ivory and slave dealers. During the past ten or twelve years many white men and women have lived among the tribes of the far interior, and it has been discovered that they are people of much the same passions as Caucasians. Although easily degraded, they are also capable, when surrounded by favoring circumstances, of rising in civilization and of grasping higher and better things.

"In the far interior numbers of people in every tribe are slaves. Prisoners of war, those condemned for witchcraft and other offenses and their families, weakly persons or those in distress, become slaves. They pass from hand to hand, traveling toward the coast as the direction where the value is greatest. There they are collected by traders, Arabs, half caste and African. This system of slavery can be abolished with the aid of the Arab traders. Assure them other modes of living and they will cease to barter slaves with the tribes that exchange ivory.

"That the Arabs have been invited to the slave trade by the natives; that they prefer ivory, and frequently take slaves only as the alternative; that the natives suffer more at the hands of each other than of the Arabs; that the great traffic and most horrible features of the same are essentially African and the interior—are facts testified to by Burton, Baker, Livingstone and Stanley. The slave trade is in my opinion an African, not an Arab question, and while stories have been published of horrors and pillage committed by Arabs at the south end of Lake Tanganyika and the north end of Lake Nyanza they were untrue and exaggerated. The depredations were committed by the Wawemba and Wagaraganza tribes after the departure of the Arab trader, who kept peace among them."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Macaulay's Memory.

It is well known that Macaulay's memory was prodigious. He could pass from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and repeat whole strophes from the Greek dramatists. He could rehearse every word of every article he had written without prompting. — New York Ledger.

Strangely Forgetful.

A poor memory for names and faces is a serious disadvantage to a clergyman. Dr. John Hall was leaving his house in Fifth avenue not long ago, when he saw a young man looking at the numbers on the doors. From something in his dress and manner Dr. Hall concluded that he must be a recent immigrant from the Emerald Isle, and therefore a fellow countryman.

The stranger was evidently at a loss, and Dr. Hall asked him if he could be of any assistance.

"I am looking for Dr. John Hall," said the young man.

"I am he," modestly replied the clergyman.

"Are you Dr. Hall?"

"I am."

"Did you come from Ireland?"

"I had the good fortune to be born there."

The stranger looked at him for a moment. "Don't you know me, Dr. Hall?" said he.

"I regret to say that I cannot place you at this moment, though I may have seen you before."

"Well, I think you have. Why, you baptized me twenty-five years ago in the old country, and yet you have forgotten me entirely!"

"It was not a time for levity," said Dr. Hall afterward, in relating the incident; "otherwise I might have reminded the young man how strange it was that he should have forgotten the face of one who had sustained such an important relation to him in his infancy."—New York Tribune.

Swift Fijian Sailing Craft.

We saw to windward a native boat bearing down upon us under full stress of sail. A Fijian boat is made of a hollowed cocoanut log, sharpened at both ends. About ten feet on one side of it is placed a long and slender log of lighter wood, both parts of the craft being at once connected by and supporting a raised platform of bamboo. Such a boat floats on the water like a cork, and offers no more resistance than a racing shell. A mast set in the center of the platform supports a triangular sail of matting, with the base of the figure upmost. A very top heavy effect is thus produced, but nothing can overturn the light vessel owing to the breadth of its base, and it flies through the water like the wind.

The catamaran that pursued us easily kept up with the launch, although we drove it at full speed to keep ahead, and with the huge, misshapen mat sail flapping and rolling like a great bat's wing as the boat thrashed through the billows, and sent showers of spray over the glistening bodies of the dozen natives who stood or squatted upon the deck, the picture was something fascinatingly strange and barbaric and never to be forgotten. When the boat was near us our launch ran under a jutting point, where thickly clustered palms cut off the wind, and the catamaran becoming becalmed got out oars and turned in for the shore.—Cor. Boston Journal.

Held by Etiquette.

When Dom Pedro, then emperor of Brazil, was entertained at the White House he had been told by a confused senator that it would be expected that he, the emperor, should be the last of the guests to depart.

The president's wife, however, informed her other guests that they would be expected to follow, not precede, the royal party in leaving the house.

The result was that no one dared to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. But at 3 o'clock in the morning a tired woman pretended illness and the deadlock was broken.

Great is etiquette, but common sense is sometime allowable. — Washington Anthropologist.

The Inn in Literature.

The social importance of the inn in days of old is proved by the conspicuous position it holds in our fiction and poetry. The "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer start from an inn, along with the motley company of pilgrims bound for St. Thomas' shrine, to whom the genius of the poet has given an immortal life. Its site and name, the "Talbot," or "Tabard," still preserve the memory of the famous inn thus associated with our first great English poem. It was not, however, until the reign of Elizabeth that the tavern attained to a permanent place in literature, reflecting the important place it held in the daily life of the people.—All the Year Round.

A Very Old Hat.

Mr. George Allen, the Auburn second hand dealer, has a hat in his possession which he estimates must be over one hundred and fifty years old. "The hat my father wore," "grandfather's hat" and "where did you get that hat?" aren't a circumstance compared with this ancient tile. It is a beaver, with a genuine bell top, and was made in New York city. A bit of silk facing is on the top part of the rim. This was to allow the raising of the hat without ruffling the fur.—Auburn (Mass.) Gazette.

They Prefer Old Styles.

One American manufacturer ships 1,000 lumber wagons to South America every year, and yet the natives come into cities like Buenos Ayres with carts of the same style and make as were used 1,000 years ago. It takes one yoke of oxen to draw even an empty cart, but the people don't care to experiment.—Detroit Free Press.

Crawling Out.

Wife (in a new costume)—What do you think of this?

Husband (in disgust)—What a gown!

Wife (angrily)—You brute! This is the very latest style—the Watteau gown.

Husband (scared)—That—that's what I said, m' dear. Watteau gown.—New York Weekly.

Probably Satisfactory.

Sharpson—Phlatz, what makes your nose so red?

Phlatz—It glows with pride because it never pokes itself into other people's business.—Chicago Tribune.