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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
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— BY —
E. G. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

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LITTLE GIFFIN.

[Dr. Frank Ticknor.]

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital's walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

We watched the struggle with bated breath—
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch.
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that would not die.

And did not; nay more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write:
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-five
Giffin and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day:
"Johnston is pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffin was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of
the fight,
But none of Giffin—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I would give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffin of Tennessee!

SUNDAY NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

Things in Mott Street Which Strike the Stranger as Enigmatic.

[New York Sun.]

One of the liveliest places in New York on a Sunday evening is the lower part of Mott street, from Chatham up to Park. It is lively with a life that is an enigma to the stranger.

From nightfall till nearly midnight the sidewalks, the stoops, and the steps leading to the basements swarm with Chinamen. It seems as though all the Chinese in the city were gathered there. The buildings on each side of the street are occupied almost exclusively by Chinese tenants, who are shy of inquisitive sightseers, and keep their blinds and shades pretty closely drawn. The street is never bright with lights, but its nearest approach to brightness is on Sunday evenings. Then it has a kind of holiday appearance. There are two or three buildings in the upper stories of which festivities of some kind appear to be going on. Strange noises come from the windows—noises like the clashing of cracked cymbals, the piping of toy fifes, and the clatter of unstrung snare drums. For all that can be heard in the streets, these ridiculous noises are made solemnly and for some grave purpose; no sound of the human voice reaches the ear. The rooms in which these things are going on are brightly lighted. All the stores are open and rows of Chinamen, standing around, line the walls. The stranger can look through the window of a basement and see a Chinese barber shaving one of his countrymen. The victim winces, but takes his punishment as something which must be endured.

Almost without exception the Chinamen are Cantonese. Nine-tenths of them wear the dress of their native country. Square-crowned felt hats seem to be considered the correct thing. In some of the stores the merchants are so different from the other Chinamen that they seem like representatives of another race. They are the solid men of Chinatown. They look as the mandarins on tea chests would look if draped in the less elaborate garb of commercial life. Their clothing is of fine texture, and it was evidently made with great care. Long ago the Chinese abolished buttonholes—the tailor's friend, as the moth is the furrier's friend. A curiously constructed "frog" and catch serve as buttonhole and button. Fashions do not change, cloth fabrics are lasting, and the rich Chinese merchant's outer garment endures for years upon years. These autocrats of Chinatown are seldom seen outside their places of business. An agreeable combination of spicy odors pervades the atmosphere of their stores.

The Chinamen who make a holiday of Sunday night seem to be very much occupied. The swarms around the doors are engaged in interested talk. The men hurry out of basements and disappear in the entrances from stoops. Evidence of the Chinese admiration for labyrinthine arrangement is shown at nearly every basement door which leads not into any room, but into a narrow passage that runs parallel with the sidewalk. Within the door the view is cut off by a turn in the passage. Some of these places are gambling rooms or opium resorts, or both combined. There isn't another place in New York where half as many persons can be seen about on a Sunday evening, where it is not possible to find the side entrance to a bar-room ajar not far away. The stranger naturally falls to conjecturing what the attraction can be that thus draws so many Chinamen to Chinatown, and occupies them till midnight.

There are always curiosity seekers strolling up and down the sidewalks. The Chinese do not appear to see them. Hoodlums go through the street in small mobs, and the Chinamen bear the infliction philosophically. Now and then a couple of young women with faces of wax-like pallor, hurry along the sidewalk. The stranger says to himself that they are opium fiends, going to hit the pipe at some joint. Ten to one they are shop girls going home from a stroll on the Brooklyn bridge.

Belgian Literary Prize.

[Paris Figaro.]

The king of the Belgians has regularly offered every year for the last ten years a prize of $5,000 for the best work on some subject of general interest, the greatest latitude of choice being allowed the candidates, provided the work came within the sufficiently comprehensive category of "œuvres d'intelligence." During the whole ten years the prize has only been awarded once.

Marguerite de Valois: Hypocrites hide their defects with so much care that their hearts are poisoned by them.

ON A COLD TRAIL.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A tall woman leading a child by the hand alighted from a Western train three days ago at the Union depot on Canal street. Her complexion was brown, her cheeks were high and projecting, and her hair was jet black. She was plainly dressed, and probably the most expensive article of attire she wore was her large, brown varnished straw hat surrounded by a purple feather. As she looked around the station wonderingly, and her little boy at her side clung half frightened to her dress, it was easy to see she was a stranger to Chicago. Approaching one of the men around the depot, she asked several questions, shook her head gravely once or twice, and then with downward head, as if she were in tears, led her boy slowly up the stairway to Canal street, where she stood for a few minutes gazing alternately to all points of the compass.

"That seems to be a kind of hard case," said the depot-hand whom she had been questioning. "She has come with her boy all the way from Pawnee City, Neb., and if it hadn't been for the kindness of the other passengers on the cars she would have been dropped somewhere on the road long before she reached Chicago, because she started without money or ticket, and, I dare say, for that matter the pair hadn't a morsel of grub between them. You see, this is how it is. She is a half-breed Indian, and married a white man—a laborer on the railroad. When the man's job was finished he deserted her and her child and left her penniless. She learned from some of the other laborers that he had gone off to Chicago, and without knowing anything about Chicago, except that it was a pretty big village somewhere in the east, she silently went home, dressed herself and her boy, and boarded the first train to this city.

"The conductor was telling me all about her. When he asked her for her ticket she looked scared and said she hadn't any, but if he wouldn't take her along to Chicago she and the boy would just step out and walk—walk, mind you, to Chicago from Nebraska. Well, this kind of staggered the conductor, who began to question her. She said she was going to find her husband, whose name was Thomas, and that she didn't expect there would be any difficulty in finding him, as he would probably be working among the other laborers on the new track at Chicago. You see, she thought Chicago was some village where the railroad was going to be laid for the first time. Well, the conductor, a kind-hearted fellow, didn't like to turn her off the cars and he went among the other passengers and told them how the squaw, as he called her, was going to take a walk to the 'village of Chicago' to find her husband, who had skipped out and left her alone with a boy. The word was passed around and in half an hour Mrs. Thomas had not only her fare paid, but a few dollars over to get her food on the trip and still leave her some money to get along with in Chicago for a day or so anyhow. For two days she sat in the car, speaking to nobody and staring blank in front of her, and it wasn't until the third that she ventured to ask the conductor if she wasn't going out of her way and mightn't have passed Mr. Thomas on the road. There goes the 'squaw' and 'papoose' now, along side the fence up there," concluded the depot-man, "and I expect they'll have a time of it before they chance upon Mr. Thomas in the streets of Chicago."

The same night the guests of a small hotel on South Canal street were thrown into consternation by singular awakenings, and at breakfast next morning they exchanged stories about their experiences towards the witching hour of midnight. One said that he was sound asleep in bed when he found himself grabbed by the feet. By the dim light he thought he beheld a giant-tugging at the bedclothes and heard a sepulchral voice saying: "You are my husband; you come with me." Another said that in his room there were three fellows sleeping, when all of a sudden they were awakened by being pushed and hauled about. They sat up simultaneously and asked, "What in thunder is the matter?" and a voice replied, "Which of you mans is my husband?" All in turn condemned the specter roundly for its intrusion, and it glided away with a kind of grunt; but a few seconds afterwards they heard a series of yells, and the clerk of the hotel came tearing down the corridor with a wild-looking woman at his heels. He was in his night-clothes. She caught him by the hair and he yelled again. She pulled him under the kerosene light. He begged wildly for mercy. Gazing steadily into his face for a few moments she pushed him away from her with a gesture of disgust and said, "You aint no the man I want." By this time the whole hotel had been aroused, and a crowd of half-dressed people came out of their rooms into the halls to see what the matter was. The tall woman with phenomenal strides swept past them all until she came opposite a stout-built, middle-sized man with shaggy black whiskers and a pair of Canton cotton drawers, who was standing in one of the doorways. Clutching him frantically around the neck, and then sliding down to the ground until she caught him by the knees, she called out: "Oh, Thomas, I got you! I knowed I'd get you, Thomas! Oh, Thomas, don't never leave your poor wife and baby no more—your poor baby, Thomas—your poor little baby, Thomas!"

In the meanwhile the man addressed as Mr. Thomas recovered from his first astonishment, gave a whistle, and then said in a tone of the most ineffable disgust, "Wal, I'll be doggoned! Shoot me if 'taint the squaw!"

Next day Mr. Thomas and his wife and child took tickets back to Pawnee City. It appears that after leaving the Union depot Mrs. Thomas wandered southward a long distance, asking people here and there whether they could tell her where Mr. Thomas was. She happened to meet an elderly man to whom she told, in pathetic broken English, the story of her desertion; and he, though impressed with the apparent hopelessness of her search, resolved to accompany her to some of the hotels in the neighborhood, as he knew the locality to be a great resort for railroad men. He examined hotel-book after hotel-book for the name of Thomas, and at last he found one which did contain that signature. After asking the clerk some questions about Mr. Thomas and communicating the results to Mrs. Thomas she never said a word nor moved a muscle, but went up to the desk and engaged a room for the night. Shaking hands with her friend, she and her child went to the room she had paid for and remained there so quietly that the clerk had forgotten all about her until he was roused at midnight and chased down the corridor by a woman whom he took to be a veritable maniac. The half-breed lady from the west had taken the usual method of cornering her husband by arousing every man in the house until she found the one she wanted. In her simple way she had argued that Mr. Thomas, caught with his day-clothes on, might run away and leave her again, but that Mr. Thomas, cornered in his night-clothes, would be a very different person to deal with; and she was right, for he neither attempted to run away nor to deny that he was the missing husband and father.

The Unconscious Flirt.

[W. M. Donnelly in Texas Siftings.]

The unconscious flirt is a frank, generous, warm-hearted girl; young, impulsive, and with little knowledge of the world. If she likes you, she lets you see it very plainly. She does not love you, nor has it ever entered her head to marry you. You are a man of the world, and at once, not understanding the girl's simple nature, you conclude that she has either fallen in love with you, or is a most consummate flirt. So she is a flirt, but one of the unconscious kind.

Another unconscious flirt is the girl who wants to convert you. She is so earnest, so pleading; her soft blue eyes look so tenderly into yours, as she lays her hand upon your arm and urges her cause, that, if your heart is free, it is in serious danger.

A third variety of the unconscious flirt is she who blushes and looks down when she meets you. She draws her hand from yours hurriedly. Her voice falters when she speaks to you, and if left alone with you by any chance, she makes some excuse to get away. And yet you sometimes catch a tender expression in her eyes as she looks at you, that proves it is not dislike that causes avoidance. You draw your own conclusions, and are perhaps led to love the girl unawares. Then comes a proposal, followed by refusal, bitterness of heart, and disappointment; and for ever after you regard the girl as a flirt. The simple fact was, she had been told, or in some was led to believe, that you were in love with her. She liked you, but would not marry you, and hence her avoidance and the pity you mistook for love.

His First Offense.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked an Austin justice of the peace of a colored culprit, who was accused of stealing a whole line full of linen.

"Dat ar 'pends on you, jedge. Hit's for you to say."

"You must either plead guilty or not guilty. I have nothing to do with it."

"Yes, you has. If you is gwineter let me off with nuffin but a reprimand, like you did las' time—"

"Well, suppose I do let you off with a reprimand, as I did last time?"

"In dat case I pleads guilty to six shirts, foah pilly slips, and about a dozen udder pieces."

"But I'm not going to let you off so easy."

"Den, ef yer is gwineter sock it ter me, I'll gib a li'ar one ob de shirts, and we will try this case by a jury."

"All right. I'll enter a plea of not guilty."

This did not seem to suit the culprit very well, for he spoke up:

"I say, boss, I don't keer to put de court and de sheriff to trouble on my account. Jess lemme off ag'in wid a repriman', as you did las' week, on account ob hit being my fust offense, and I'll plead guilty ter five chickens I pulled las' week, an' a hog I stole las' winter, an' a pair ob shoes from de store, and a wood-pile I'se gwineter haul off to-night."

Europe's Slow "Pauper Labor."

[St. Louis Republican.]

A man will accomplish twice as much in an average lifetime, in this country, as anywhere in the Old World—and this is true of men in all positions, the lawyer in his office, the physician in his chaise, the mechanic in his shop, and the operative in the mill.

An American workingman who recently returned to Pittsburg from a visit to England expresses his surprise at the comparatively small amount of work done by laborers in that country. They move slowly and leisurely, they take their time about everything and seem never in a hurry—all in striking contrast with the fierce, unsparing vehemence with which men pursue their vocations in this country. There is no doubt that Americans overdo themselves. They accomplish as much inside of 50 years of age as Europeans accomplish inside of 70; and if life were measured by the amount of work done, our people are the longest lived in the world. One reason for this is the immense amount of work to be done in this country, and the comparatively small number of skilled persons to do it.

Landor: A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.

The mince pie graceth the festive board,
Masking its juices rare,
And the mouth of our baby waters the while
He vieweth the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a wan, sad smile,
And heaveth a crocodile moan;
And the marble man goeth into his yard
And polisheth up a stone.

And the undertaker mournfully asks:
"What will his measure be?"
While the sexton labels a spot "reserved"
Under a willow tree.
—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the Magnificent Valleys--Family Names of the Old Stock.

["Gath's" Letter.]

In Pittsburg and its vicinity are about 30,000 Irish, 15,000 English and 40,000 native Germans. Pennsylvania is the great prolific hive of the well-mixed American races. The natural increase of the German-derived people in that state is enormous, and considering the number imported at a comparatively recent period, they have probably increased much faster than the New England stock. The Pennsyvania Germans only began to arrive at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and they continued to come till the beginning of the Revolutionary war. The New England races came in from the first third of the seventeeth century, and they had numerous centers of population and interest at that time much superior to Pennsylvania.

The Germans were fortunate enough to get into the magnificent valleys of Pennsylvania and to understand the cultivation of the limestone, and so they have slowly advanced onward by natural lines, keeping down the valley into Maryland and Virginia and overflowing it into the lap of Maryland, and taking up the smaller limestone valleys toward the main Allegheny, and this old class of Germans, unlike the more recent Germans, who came in during the intestinal commotions of Germany, adhered to the southern side in the war. Atzerodt, one of the assassins with Wilkes Booth, was of the old stock, and although he spoke broken English, was born in this country. I think Imboden, one of the Confederate generals, was also of this blood.

It is both refreshing and depressing to look into these old German towns of Pennsylvania and see how like Europeans they take up their little pursuits, find meat for living in the small range of their experience, and present an extraordinary contrast to the more energetic races we have. Among the names you will recognize as characteristic of this old stock are Heintzelman, Rittenhouse, Bookwalter, Hartranft and Menhelenberg. In the higher ranges of professional life and in the highest honors it is seldom that old Germans of unmixed blood are found. I think that not one of them has ever been on the supreme bench, though Justice Miller probably derives his name from an old German family. Abraham Lincoln is believed to have had some of this stock in him, and if so, it would account for his mingled steadiness and humor. The acquisition of money is very characteristic of this race, and, though not many of them become famous in finance, they are generally a well-to-do race.

Dog Trains in Idaho.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

During the day of my arrival I saw a few men sweating under the labor of pulling two sacks of flour on a toboggan, and several dog trains. These dog trains are amusing, if not admirable, as means of transporting freight. They are made up of Indian dogs, collies, mongrels, scrub yelpers, Newfoundlands, and mastiffs, with now and then a buildog. The driver goes behind and urges them on with snowballs, now and then finding it necessary to go forward and make a lazy cur work up to his collar by giving him the bight of a packing-rope. Poor brute! Probably it is his only bite of any kind for many hours. I asked one dog-team man what he fed to his dogs, and he said:

"Tallow and Indian meal."

"Are they trained?"

"No; we pick up all sorts of dogs and work them in very soon by putting a good dog on the lead."

"Do they never balk?"

"No; dogs is the biggest fools in the world, while they is the sagaciousest animals. Why, when them dogs near about pull their toenails off comin' up a steep hill, they bark out their delight when I go up and pat them on the head and call them 'good dog.' Horses nor no other animals won't be fed on such taffy. Why, these dogs will stand it to be cussed for miles and then be tickled to death at a pat on the head."

So he rattled on about the dogs. The merchants say the dog teams spoil goods like the mischief. They are all the time tipping over and rolling them around. The latest method of packing has been developed to-day. Two fellows came into camp with two sticks and a crosspiece, upon which were piled flour sacks and bacon, the ends of the sticks resting upon the shoulders of the carriers. The days of the toboggan are pretty much ended. There is snow enough, but it is not evenly enough distributed to be of any use. The toboggan has loomed up during this Cœur d'Alene excitement, and has found its way into literature to a remarkable extent. The men who have been most intimate with it will cuss the toboggan for the remainder of their lives.

The Mexican People.

[Chas. A. Dana in N. Y. Sun.]

The population of Mexico is commonly estimated at nine or ten millions. No census has been taken, but this estimate is probable not exaggerated. The great mass of the inhabitants are Indians, and in race and habits they are similar to the Pueblo, Zuni, and Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They are generally small in stature, sober, honest, industrious, temperate and intelligent. A more valuable peasantry can scarcely be found. Their virtues are their own; their vices are of European admixture. School education has done little or nothing for them; but of late years efforts have been made to establish schools for their benefit. They seem very capable of being instructed; and if, as we trust, there is a bright future for Mexico, it lies in the development and education of the native race.

The ruling classes in Mexico are mainly of Spanish and mixed blood. The late President Juarez was a pure Indian, but the number of educated people with nothing Spanish in their origin, must be very small indeed. Among the civil and military functionaries the Spanish element appears to predominate; and the political usages of the country are decidedly Spanish in their nature.

Sport at Washington.

[Chicago Times.]

Washington, it seems, can be made just as much a paradise for the sportsman as it is for the statesman. The Potomac, forty miles below Alexandria, is famous for its ducking shores. From the middle of November till the 1st of May canvasbacks, redheads, blackheads and whistlewings feed on the wild cherry beds which line the shores. The great forests of Stafford County, Va., are alive in the fall with wild turkeys, and the bottom lands along the river with quail. The bass fishing of the upper Potomac can't be excelled. The finest woodcock ground in the world—the glades of Garrett county, Maryland—is within a few hours' ride. A fair day's sport is a dozen brace of as fine birds as ever delighted the eye or tickled the palate of an epicure. Blackwater, a day's ride from Oakland, Md., is the greatest trout stream south of Maine.

Mark Twain's Revenge.

[Inter Ocean.]

Mark Twain now proposes to plague the inventors of the autograph April-fool hoax by publishing in a pamphlet all the requests, with caricature portraits of the senders, and brief biographical essays, for which the sharp pen of Twain will be dipped in a mixture of vitriol and vinegar.

Kissing a Senorita.

[Perral (Mex.) Letter.]

"Senorita, I kiss your feet, a dios!" This is the parting salute contained in a note just finished to a young Mexican friend. Of course I do not intend to kiss her feet, but it is the proper caper here, and I have conformed to it. Why should I kiss Zenobia's feet, even metaphorically? True, I would, and perhaps have, kissed her hand and lips, her forehead, cheeks, and probably the back of her neck, but, although Zenobia is a sweet girl, I must be excused from osculatory contact with her pretty foot, dressed in a high-heeled and arched-instepped gaiter. Like all the Mexican girls, she is rather slouchy about her hosiery, and I happened once to have observed that her white stockings were not of the very cleanest, and hung in folds over the tops of her gaiters instead of being braced up. The appearance reminded me of a collapsed concertina, and the dear girl fell 30 per cent. in my esteem.

By the way, the senoritas have but a faint idea of kissing—the art which so few possess the capacity of extracting the most available ecstasy—and I one day offered to show a dark-eyed, raven-haired young lady how los Americanos performed the act. She laughingly agreed—it is unnecessary for me to say that the male members and duenna were out of the way—and I advanced upon her; my left arm encircled her waist, extending over the right shoulder downward; my right arm, bent at the elbow, afforded my hand an opportunity of accumulating her dimpled chin. Gently holding back her head and throwing a look, or rather a rapid series of looks of unutterable nothings into my eyes, I gazed clean through her's for a moment, and then, with a long-drawn breath I tapped her lips. It was a revelation to her; she quivered visibly, but, instead of returning my kiss, she broke away from my embrace and ran off to lock herself up, frightened, pleased, but astounded. I was satisfied that I had done myself and country proud, although, to be candid, it was merely a mechanical operation with me, done for the sake of effect, as I did not really care for the girl. I think she remained in maiden meditation for two days, but at last I saw her, and she told me, with a deep blush, that she wished she had been born an American, to be kissed like that.

Dynamite in Europe.

[New York Tribune.]

Dynamite, in fact, has put a tremendous power in the hands of individuals, and has reinforced all revolutionary and seditious tendencies enormously, making mere folly and fanaticism seriously dangerous, and increasing the natural bent of all lawless movements to gather strength as they go on. And while a philosophy which discerns the fatuity of international quarrels has become widely diffused, the international preparations for future fighting (at least in Europe) have never been so extensive; so that governments engaged largely in elaborating machinery for wholesale slaughter find it difficult to present the usual front desirable to the people who uphold the right of private warfare.

What measures can be adopted to meet these important changes is as yet undetermined. Governments are bewildered, and show their perplexity only too plainly. And though the use of dynamite for the furtherance of political or other ends may be shown to be futile, it is evident that pure reason will not control those who resort to it, but that in this as in many other cases, "the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done." The indications are that the new problem forced upon the world by the fertility of modern invention will give it serious trouble in the future.

Not Afraid of "Shakes."

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"My husband and I are going straight through to San Francisco," said a middle-aged lady to a chance acquaintance on a Pullman car. "We mean to make our home there in the future." "San Francisco!" ejaculated the other; "I wouldn't live in San Francisco for anything. I think it is a perfectly awful place to live. You don't know what minute you are going to have a terrible earthquake. My husband wanted me to go there, but I wouldn't go a step. Aren't you afraid?" "Not in the least." "Why, it makes me shudder to think of it, and I don't see how you can be so calm when you are going where you are likely to have your house shaken down over your head." "My dear madame," replied the middle-aged lady, with a smile, "if you had lived twenty years in the ague swamps of Michigan, as I have, you wouldn't be afraid of any of the little one-horse shakes they have out in California."

Learning Wisdom.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Peasant who had Seven Daughters wearing out sole leather for him went to the Cave of a Wise Old Duffer, and besought his Advice as to how to bring them up.

"Marry them off as soon as Possible, and you can then Break up Housekeeping and go Boarding among them."

After a few Months the Father Returned to the Cave and his phiz had such a Lonesome Expression that the Wise Man cried out:

"Ah, you must follow my Advice to learn Wisdom!

"The Trouble is that I did follow it, but instead of having seven places to board around at I have seven Sons-in-law to board on me."

Moral—However, the Peasant had the Wisdom.

Puzzling to Naturalists.

[Chicago Times.]

Milne-Edwards, the naturalist, is giving in Paris an interesting exhibition of submarine plants and animals found during his exploration of the Mediterranean. He took soundings to the depth of 19,685 feet, and brought up some of the most remarkable organisms ever seen. They are said to have puzzled the most accomplished naturalists, some of them being of such a nature as to make it difficult to classify them either as belonging to a botanical or zoological species. The dredgings were on a large scale, samples of rock weighing over 200 pounds being sometimes brought up.

WORKING THE HOSPITALS.

Scheme of a Burial Company's Agent—Quick Sales and Small Profits.

[Chicago Herald "Meddler."]

A man with a decided stoop in his shoulders and a pair of before-the-war saddle-bags walked into the office of the warden of the county hospital and asked to see the captain. "You mean the warden?" inquired the young man at the desk.

"The man that runs the whole bildin' is what I mean," answered the visitor. "I don't know what new-fangled name you may have for him."

"You want to see Mr. McGarigle, then."

"If that's his name, that's the man."

In response to a shrill whistle up a tin tube, which caused the visitor to make a tighter grip on his baggage, Warden McGarigle came in. "Is this him?" asked the visitor. "I want to see you privately." The warden led the way into his private office and the visitor began to open the luggage.

"Cost much to run a hospital?" inquired the curiosity, who began to fish in the bottom of the saddle-bags. The warden grunted. "Sick folks lot's trouble, ain't they—ever sick so's you couldn't hold up your head? Ever hang out of the bed and feel as ef you wanted to tare up the floor and throw it out of the window?"

"You are very impudent. Now, what are you driving at—what have you got in them saddle-bags?"

"Crampers; dead sure shot."

"Crampers? What is a cramper?"

"Tell you, now that we are acquainted; I'm an agent for a new burial company that's just been organized. You know that competition is the life of trade—quick sales and small profits—a nimble shilling is better'n a slow sixpence—three aces beats two pair. See? Now, what we want is dead men. Want 'em bad, too. Got to have him in the business w're in. Mighty poor show so far. But here—here's a cramper. We raise 'm; they are our own, and are the advance agents. You take one of these crampers, size of this, and cut it into slices—the sicker the man the smaller the slice. Man eats it, thinks it's a wafer—dies; there's—lemme see—three times four are twelve, and three times three are nine, and one you had left over makes ten, and four that I forgot to count, that makes 106—don't it. Well, one of these crampers that we give way in Peory harvested us 106—think of that! Of course, you understand—we give you these crampers on condition that the company gets to furnish the burial case. We thought we'd work the hospitals first—give you fellows first show. This is the first hospital I've been to in the city." "That's a new name for it," laughed the warden, "that's a cucumber." "We call 'em crampers; they do the business, don't they? But I see it's no use of wastin' time with you. You look to me like a man who didn't believe in dyin'—which way do I get out?"

Devotees Buried Alive in India.

[M. D. Conway's Letter.]

At last I approached a village, whose name was given to me as Daharwanga. It must be four or five miles from Allahabad. Having passed through it I came to a sort of a common, where I got out of my carriage and walked. I had not moved far before I came upon a human head lying in my path on the ground. Starting back I perceived that this painted and ashen head, though its eyes were closed, belonged to a living man, the rest of his body being buried in the earth. A small tent had been raised over another head farther on to keep the sun from beating upon him. Scenes like these began to multiply. I came upon several naked bodies, apparently decapitated, their heads being buried and the gravel smoothed flat over them. There were a number of children in this situation, stretching out their hands and evidently expecting gifts. So little respect, however, did their young companions feel for those infant devotees that they sometimes put bits of tin or flint stones in the hands, which were promptly thrown away.

I came to a point where a young woman was just burying a child—apparently her own—up to the neck. She indicated to me her expectation of pice for that performance, which, however, she did not get. I perceived that I was in some comparatively unillumined spot which supplied a habitat for the fatal self-burials once so frequent in India. The feeling stole over me gradually that in this uncanny Daharwanga these half-buried children might, not so long ago, have been really decapitated, even if a severe vigilance might not discover some horror of the same kind now.

Last Stage of Boyhood.

The Providence Journal says of the high opinion held of himself by the boy who has reached 16, the last stage of boyhood: "There is no question of which he has not a confident and all-disposing judgment. Why, if we were all 16, there would be no need of congress nor of the supreme bench. We should each know it all. In religion his opinions are equally decisive. But do not understand me, my friends, that in making fun of the boy, at this or any other period of his life, I mean to deprecate or discourage his aspirations. Far from it. I would not give a penny for the boy of 16 who did not try to be a man."

Cured His Throat.

[Sanitarian.]

A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration of the throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet ape, and shaking the man's hand went away also with its hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke and his life was saved.

A Bad State of Affairs.

[Theodore Cuyler.]

Thousands of young men really have no home, except the parlor of a boarding-house, and no domestic property, except a trunk up in a third-story bedroom.

Luxurious Living in Calcutta.

[India Cor. Inter Ocean.]

Sometimes you fondly imagine that people live in the lap of luxury in America; but Americans have no idea of the extreme to which luxury may be carried. When I say luxury I have in mind personal helplessness, acquired by long and diligent study. The "palaces," which have given Calcutta its rather too pretentious title of "City of Palaces," are spacious, square, flat-roofed structures, usually built of brick, plastered without. They are plentifully supplied with broad balconies, are screened from the gaze of the "common herd" (and made prison-like) by thick high walls in front, and all their furniture and appointments are adapted to the climate. There are punkahs which coolies keep swinging whenever the state of the weather makes it a comfort.

Think of sleeping with a punkah waving over you all night, operated by a tireless coolie, as many of the wealthy people in Calcutta do.

Soft-footed Hindoos move noiselessly along the marble floors, their spider limbs concealed in respectable sirongs. Every want is attended to before you can get a chance to help yourself. Even if it is so small a thing as putting on your hat or slippers, opening an umbrella, or washing or dressing in the morning, there is a polite attendant waiting at your side to assist. To an American this multiplicity of servants is at first a nuisance. He feels that he might at least be permitted to make his own toilet in peace, and looks upon these silent but omnipresent attendants as so many spies. But he reflects that the servant cannot eavesdrop without a knowledge of the English language, his independent spirit gradually succumbs to the climate, and he at length passes into a languid, dreamy state of acquiescence, accepting the most trivial and petty services from these dusky creatures as gracefully as though always accustomed to them.

Really help is so cheap here that it seems a pity not to avail yourself of a small army of servants. I have yet to meet a missionary family in the orient that did not employ at least three or four, who take upon themselves the entire responsibility of the housework.

Spaniards at the Telephone.

[Exchange.]

The peremptory American method of making telephone calls—"Hello!" "Hello?" "Give me 1,299?" etc.—would never do in the polished Castilian tongue. Courtesy of intercourse must be preserved even between invisible communicants, and the unseeming vexatiousness and petulance which the telephone seems to provoke in Saxon moods is never allowed to obtain utterance here. The regular response from the central office to a telephone call is "Mande usted!" which is equivalent to "At your command!" Then preliminaries are gone through something as follows: "Good morning, senorita; how do you do?" "Very well, I thank you; what service may I render you?" "Will you kindly do me the favor of enabling me to speak with Don So-and-So, No. 777?" "With much pleasure," etc., etc., and when the connection is made, the usual polite introductories are gone through before proceeding to the business in hand.

In Confederate Times.

A copy of The Savannah Herald comes to light, bearing date of Nov. 10, 1864, in which the prices of staples are quoted: Flour per barrel, $700; cooking soda per pound, $25; tea per pound, $175; sperm candles per pound, $60; brandy per quart, $175; per drink, $10; corn whisky per drink, $5; apple brandy per drink, $5; eggs per dozen, $10 to $12; 10-cent box of blacking, $20; Confederate-made lager beer, per drink $3; ham and eggs, $10 · meal of bacon and rice, $10. For clothing, a coat cost$ 2,000; pantaloons, $200; vest, $200, and boots, $400.

Nez Repousse.

[Life.]

"What kind of a looking man was it that called Jones a liar?" asked Mrs. Bangle of her husband. "Oh! he was short and stout, with blue eyes, light hair and nez repousse—" "Nez retrousse, my dear," corrected Mrs. B. "Repousse means hammered or pounded." "Thank you, love," rejoined Bangle. "Then that is just the word to describe it when Jones got done with him."

School-House Motto.

[Exchange.]

The venerable ex-Governor Downey, of California, has given $500 to furnish a new school-house in the town of Downey, that state, and at his suggestion an inscription will be placed on its portals reading: "Order is Heaven's first law. Be good children, and true to your country."

Experience of a Western Milkman.

[Burlington Free Press.]

A western zephyr carried a cow a quarter of a mile through the air, and set her down in a milkman's yard. He was so scared that he stopped grinding chalk, and ran four miles for a rifle to shoot the curious-looking creature with.

Unpopular Science.

[Buffalo Express.]

There is very little that is practical in the so-called science of the day. Here is The Popular Science Monthly devoting pages to telling "How flies hang on," when a bald-headed public is just quivering to know how the pesky things can be made to let go.

Victoria's Gloom.

London Truth says Queen Victoria takes morbid pleasure in all ceremonies of a mournful nature, and literally revels in all the undertaker's details as to coffins, services, graves and monuments, and she certainly does not spare her relatives.

Lilian Whiting: Genius requires an atmosphere which the worshipers of genius supply. The orator requires an audience; the poet seeks response; the painter needs the inspiration of those who love the painting; the god requires an altar.

Talmud: Teach thy tongue to say "I do not know."