

HUNTING OSTRICHES.

HOW THE ARAB OF THE DESERT CAPTURES BIG GAME.

The Most Favorable Time for the Chase. Preparation of the Horses—The Game in View—Methods of the Huntsmen—The Capture.

With the Arabs of the desert the chase and capture of the ostrich is the most attractive and aristocratic of the many diversions in which they indulge. The first thing attended to when a hunt is contemplated is the preparation of the horses. They are entirely deprived of grass and fed on barley for seven or eight days before the intended hunt. They are allowed to drink only once a day, and that at sunset; at that time they are also washed. They take long exercises, and great attention is paid to the arrangement of the harness. The Arab says that after seven or eight days the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast and croup remain in flesh. The animal is then in condition to endure fatigue. This training is called "teehaha." The harness used in this hunting is much lighter than that in ordinary use, especially the saddle and the stirrups, and the martingale is dispensed with. The bridle also undergoes many changes, the mounting and earplugs being taken away, as they are considered too heavy. The bit and frontlet are made of rope without throat-band, and the reins, though very strong, are extremely light.

The time most favorable for ostrich hunting is when there is the greatest heat. The higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend itself. The Arab says that when a man stands upright and his shadow is only the length of his foot is the exact time to hunt. Each horseman is accompanied by a servant, called "zemmal." He is mounted on a camel carrying four goat skins filled with water, and barley for the horse, wheat flour for the rider, some dates, a little in which to cook the food, and everything which can possibly be required for the requiring of the harness in case of accident. The horseman wears a linen vest and trousers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called "huvall," which is tied with a strip of camel's hair. His feet are protected by sandals and his legs by light gaiters, called "trabag." He has neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarisk stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

BEGINNING THE JOURNEY.

Before starting off the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. They are generally met with in places where there is a great deal of grass and rain has recently fallen. The hunters commence their journey early in the morning. After one or two days' traveling, when they have arrived near the desired spot and they begin to see traces of their game, they halt and camp. After setting, two intelligent slaves are sent out to reconnoiter. They carry a goat skin at their side and a little bread. They walk on until they find the ostriches, which are generally on elevated places. As soon as the game is in view one lies down to watch and the other returns to convey the information to the camp. The birds are found in troops consisting often of as many as sixty. The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel cautiously toward the game. The nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which hides them from the ostriches they dismount and creep forward to ascertain whether the birds are still there. If such is the case a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses and each man mounts again and proceeds. The servants and camels follow a little distance behind, carrying with them corn and water.

The horsemen divide and form a circle around the ostriches at such a distance as not to be noticed by them. The servants halt when the horsemen separate, and as soon as they see their masters in position they walk right before their prey. The ostriches flee, but are met by the hunters, who at first only drive them back into the circle. They are made to run around the ring, and in this way their strength is exhausted. At the first sign of fatigue in the birds the horsemen dash in and the flock separates. The frightened birds open their wings, which is a sign of great exhaustion, and the hunter, now feeling sure of his prey, selects his bird and runs it down and finishes it with a blow on the head with the olive stick.

THE CAPTURED GAME.

The moment the bird falls the man quickly dismounts and cuts its throat, taking care to hold the head at some distance from the body so as not to soil the plumage. It is said the male bird utters loud moans while dying, but the female dies in silence. When the ostrich is on the point of being taken by the hunter, if he does not wish to kill it he can easily drive it with the stick to where the camel is, it is in such an exhausted condition. After the birds are bled to death they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not become injured, and the skin is stretched upon a tree or a horse and salt is well rubbed into it. Then a fire is built and the fat of the bird is boiled for a long time. When it is very liquid it is poured into bottles made of the skin of the thigh and leg and strongly fastened at the bottom. The fat of one bird is generally sufficient to fill two of these cases, and it is said the fat would spoil in any other vessel. After the trying out process the flesh is prepared and eaten by the hunters, who dress it well with pepper and flour. While all this is going on the horses are carefully tended, watered and fed with corn, and the party remains quiet for forty-eight hours to rest the animals. After that they return to the camp or seek more game.

To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—that of pleasure and of profit. The price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expense. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to arrange for it, as well. The usual plan is for a poor Arab to bargain with some one who is well to do for the use of his horse, camel, harness and two-thirds of the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes the remaining third, and the result of the chase is divided in the same proportion.—Boston Herald.

He Is a "Milliardaire."

A new word has been coined in France to represent a very rich American. It is not sufficient to call him a "millionaire," he is a "milliardaire." In fact, such is the present extravagant European notion of the fabulous wealth of the American railroad kings, that an American who is a mere "millionaire" has ceased to be regarded in Paris as a man of pecuniary importance.—The Argonaut.

Numerous But Ghastly.

They tell a story of a fire in Chicago that has a certain grim humor to it. The fire broke out in a medical college, and a fireman, groping in a building, saw what he took to be some one insensible from inhaling smoke. So he rushed to the prostrate form and conveyed it to the street at the risk of his own life, only to find when he got there that he had rescued a partly dissected subject.—Detroit Free Press.

ANCIENT ISRAEL IN IRELAND.

Did the Jews Contribute to the Population a Great Many Years Ago?

Respecting the Anglo-Israel mania, a self-evident and undeniable proof of an early settlement of Israelitish tribes in the United Kingdom is afforded by names of towns, of a nature which historians as well as ethnologists admit. Everybody will agree that Dover, for instance, is nothing else than a dialectical form of the locality Debir (Joshua xiii, 20, Edinburgh is no doubt the Eden town, and, in fact, there is an Edenic view from that town. Eboracum (York) is either the town of Eber or else Ebras, "the blessed town," with a Latin termination. But let us take London, whose derivation is still doubtful; as a Hebrew name we shall find it to be Landon, "the dwelling of Dan." Old London was, therefore, inhabited by the Danites (perhaps a part of them went over to Denmark, although not yet claimed by the Danes).

In the name of Dublin is most likely to be found a reversed form, that name seeming to be Dublin, the dwelling of Dub or Dubh. This word, which means usually in Hebrew a bear, could dialectically mean a wolf (hardened from Zeb). The wolf represents the tribe of Benjamin (Genesis xliii, 27, consequently a part of the Benjaminites settled in Dublin, and that perhaps in the time of Jeremiah, who, it is known, came over to Ireland, married an Irish princess, and brought over a copy of the law, which is now buried in the Mount Tara (from Tara, the law). The tribal characteristic of "ravening as a wolf" still continues to mark the descendants. It is not unlikely that Phoenicians settled also in England, which has long been suspected from the frequently employed word Bal as a prefix in Celtic localities. Could not Eboracum mean "the house of the Sidonians?"—A Neulander in Notes and Queries.

Interviewing Henry Ward Beecher.

There are probably but few newspaper reporters in this city that have not interviewed Henry Ward Beecher. The Plymouth pastor enjoys great popularity among the reporters, for he is accessible, genial, and, as a rule, talkative. He is always ready to engage in a harmless bit of chat with the newspaper men, but he will not brook insolence. The last mentioned fact was recently impressed upon the alleged mind of a swaggering youngster who said that he represented a Brooklyn paper. A rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead got started in some unaccountable manner and several ill-wishers. Reporters by the score hurried to Mr. Beecher's house and were there confronted by the famous preacher hale and hearty. After a while along came a young man who said to Mr. Beecher with an impudent grin that he had been brought by the city editor of The Brooklyn "to find out whether Beecher was alive or dead."

"Well," said the Plymouth pastor, "I suppose you know who I am?"
"Oh, yes," answered the fellow pertly, "but I would like to have it directly from you that you are not dead."
"Ah," murmured the stalwart pastor as he laid a heavy hand on the young man's coat collar. The next instant the young man was held up in the air and slung as a dog would shake a ragged doll. Mr. Beecher set him down on the sidewalk not any too gently and quietly remarked, "Now, you can go to your city editor and tell him that you have received actual proof that I am alive."—New York Times.

A New Heredity Needed.

All wise reform must commence with recognizing the fact of heredity, and that by that law human life is multiplied, and by it they may be diminished. It will do little good to work for individualism here and there. Such conditions must be created as shall make a new heredity possible. That cannot be accomplished without improving the environment of those to be reached. If men live in good houses, drink pure water, are accustomed to frequent sight and contact with those who are worthy of honor, have given to them the inspirations which are essential to the best development, the result will be manifested in the next generation. The generation following the French revolution was distinguished by such an epidemic of nervous diseases as had never been known in French history. It was the result of the terrible strain upon mind and heart and nerve of those delicious years.—Amory H. Bradford in Andover Review.

A Mysterious Society "Man."

A Boston man writes from Paris to a friend: "You know, of course, the exceedingly breezy volumes of descriptions of society in the European capitals, written by a certain mysterious and exceedingly out-of-the-way Count Paul Vassil, that have appeared? Well, I have found out the identity of this mysterious 'Count Paul.' It is none other than Mme. Juliette Adam, the versatile and vivacious directress of The Nouvelle Revue, whose salon is the center of all literary Paris. She has been absent a good deal of late, and—well, when a Parisian editor wrote to ask Mme. for an article the other day, she inadvertently sent him an unpublished manuscript of Count Paul Vassil. The editor charged her at once with being the 'man' whom all Europe was speculating about, and she sent him an answer which dodges without denying."—New York Post.

Treatment of Whooping Cough.

The following method of disinfection of sleeping and dwelling apartments and clothes is recommended by M. Mohr in the treatment of whooping cough. It is said to cure the cough immediately. The children are washed and clothed in clean articles of dress and removed to another part of the town. The bed room and sitting room or nursery are then hermetically sealed; all the bedding, playthings and other articles that cannot be washed are exposed freely in the room, in which sulphur is burned in the proportion of twenty-five grams to the cubic meter of space. The room remains thus charged with sulphurous acid for five hours, and is then freely ventilated. The children return the same day, and may sleep and play in the disinfected rooms.—Lancet.

Origin of the Custom.

Foreign Actor.—The final tableau of my play is invariably spoiled by American audiences.

Omaha Man.—Why, in what way?

"By the noise and confusion. The very moment the curtain begins to fall the people jump up, look for wraps, fans and what not, and those who are ready start out, completely ruining the effect."

"Oh, well, we get into that habit at church, you know."—Omaha World.

Equal and Exact Justice.

Lieutenant Governor Jones, who pays the freight, has informed his employees in his Birmingham scale factory that during the present year he means to share his profits with them. This is the equal and exact justice that might be expected at all times of a manufacturer of scales.—New York World.

Modjeska's Native Land.

Mme. Modjeska says she will not return to Poland to live because she can do nothing there, Russian tyranny is so great. She wants to live where she can take an active interest in whatever is going on about her.—New York Tribune.

ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

THE MOST CELEBRATED REPRESENTATIVE BODY IN THE WORLD.

What May be Seen by a Visitor in the Gallery—How Business is Conducted. No Limit to the Length of Speeches. Mr. Gladstone the Chief Magnet.

A visitor goes down to Westminster, let us say on Monday, when the house of commons is to meet, at 4 p.m. (nominally), in order to see the oldest and most celebrated representative body in the world. After being elbowed about among the "strangers" (as the British public are officially designated in what is supposed by a polite fiction to be their house) and ordered about by policemen who look at him as though he was a spy or a traitor, the visitor takes his seat in the gallery and glances down into the arena. It is 4 p.m., and the speaker is in his chair, but there are few members present, and nothing seems to be doing. After a while the visitor becomes aware of a dumb show going on—a sort of pantomime in which the chief performers are a clerk in wig and gown at the table and a gentleman who stands at the right hand side of that piece of furniture. It is tea reading of the private bills. If any of these should be opposed, members will flock in, and there will be a debate and division. But otherwise the chamber will be almost empty. Gradually members come straggling in and take their seats. There is scarcely room in the body of the chamber for two-thirds of the members, and therefore the benches fill up the late arrivals take their places in the side galleries, whence they survey the scene. There are no conveniences for writing or taking notes, and as nearly every one has his hat on, a less businesslike working body it would be difficult to imagine or describe. It is more than 4:30 o'clock before the real business begins, for these gentlemen who are supposed to be devoting themselves to the service of their country are really engaged during the working part of the day on their private affairs. Their best energies are given to the stock exchange, or the law courts, or the office, or to pleasure; the drugs they kindly offer to the unfortunate country.

BEGINNING OF BUSINESS.

The first indication of business is in the notices of motion, members (who are called by name), reading out the terms of a resolution which they announce they will move on a given occasion. Then comes "question time," which generally consumes from three-quarters of an hour to nearly two hours. Any member who has previously given notice of his intention may put a question to any member of the government in the house on any subject, from a momentous diplomatic incident down to the parish pump of Little Pedlington. It cannot be denied that these questions sometimes bring forth valuable information, but that information might as well be printed, instead of valuable time being consumed in the answers. For to be remembered that these answers are, at least half the instances, all written down by officers in the particular department, and the minister merely reads what has been prepared for him.

To show the absurdity of this in reference to Ireland and the consequent necessity of great haste, Adelaide Neilson was born Monday of a question he will put on Thursday to the Irish secretary. That gentleman probably knows nothing of the subject matter of the question. He writes or telegraphs to Dublin for information and on Thursday receives a reply from Dublin which he solemnly reads in the house. It would be difficult to conceive greater impropriety. Some of the answers given evoke party demonstrations on one side or the other, for the house is always full at question time. Whether it will be full immediately after depends upon the subject and the speaker. If there is an adjourned debate to be opened by an eminent member, most of the other members retain their places. Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the chief magnet; he attracts every one. Next to him Lord Randolph Churchill draws the fullest house; and after that erratic politician would come Mr. Parnell, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Morley, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir W. Lawson, Mr. Scott and Mr. Chamberlain. But if an unimportant or dull man rises to speak there is a regular stampede, and where 400 or 500 men were just now sitting you will not see more than forty or fifty. The rest have gone to talk political gossip, or to write letters, or to see some of their constituents.

ARRAY OF EMPTY BENCHES.

By 7 p. m., or a little after, as a general rule, nearly all the members have gone to dinner, and the chamber presents a beggarly array of empty benches. To these empty benches and to the weary speakers the bores and wind bags hold forth for three mortal hours. The period from 7 to 10 is generally sacred to them. They have nothing to say and they say it very badly. You have read or heard all the old dreary arguments a hundred times over; but these men bring them out as impressively as though they were stating new ideas of the most profound nature. There is no limit to speeches in the house of commons; and it is desirable that this whole three hours might be taken up by one bore, though that is not often the case. At about 8 o'clock there is usually a brief cessation, when the speaker goes out for refreshment (which is popularly supposed to consist of a mutton chop and glass of claret); and his return the droning continues. At about 10 o'clock p. m. the members begin to drop in, several of them in evening dress. If a good speaker is on his legs this is a lively time; if not, several of the gentlemen who have eaten and drunk not wisely but too well go to sleep. Some time between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning the debate is either adjourned generally after a wrangle, or there is a division; then, as the newspapers say, "the remaining motions are disposed of and the house adjourns."

Of the house of lords I will say nothing; it is too terribly a theme. A dozen peers and three or four bishops sitting for an hour constitute the nominal session of that body. What I have written is of the "popular" house. On that chamber decrepitude seems to have fallen. The visitor is struck by its listless ways. With a few exceptions the members do not seem to have gathered together to do anything; the nation's business is not transacted here. You meet several good and earnest men, a very few able men; but collectively they appear to be helpless. And so things are drifting, drifting—Yorkshire, who knows—London Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Tenor and His Throat.

Niemann, the illustrious tenor, prefers to expose his throat to the cold air and to promenade in the streets, after singing a laborious role rather than to muffle his neck and go home in a close carriage. The cold air serves his larynx as a tonic, and the prime cause who are afraid of it make a mistake, he thinks.—Public Opinion.

President Barrios' Son.

Tony Barrios, son of the late president of Guatemala, is a student at West Point, and young Zarala, son of the man who overthrew and caused the death of President Barrios, is also at West Point and his classmate.

ALL CRIMSON AND GOLD.

Private Theatrical Boxes That Are Sumptuous in Their Appointments.

The person who sits in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera house and looks around him finds himself encircled by two tiers of private boxes. At least the private boxes are all that strike him of his environment. These boxes are alike, as far as shape and furnishings are concerned. They are deep, broad and commodious enough. They were originally upholstered in yellow velvet, which gave the house when it was opened a most bizarre aspect. Now they are all crimson and gold, and the effect is rich and harmonious. Some are in choicer locations than others, but all are in the main more private boxes, such as are familiar adjuncts of the proscenium of any theatre, only larger and more sumptuous in their appointments than most theatrical boxes.

But behind each of these boxes is a private room, the same size as the box itself. Originally these ante-rooms were fitted up in keeping with the open section to which they give access. But wealth demanded more than mere richness of them. Taste and tastelessness have made great changes in the interests of display, and few, indeed, retain their original sumptuous simplicity. Some box holders have transformed them into little drawing rooms, opulent in furnishings and decorations, where pictures adorn the walls and costly bric-a-brac abound. Some have made little alterations in their snuggeries, but when they take a party to the opera have them profusely decorated with flowers. In one way or another these rooms reflect the tastes and habits, the pretensions and extravagances of their owners, and are the scene of many pleasant and some decidedly pigmy social episodes.

It has got to be the fashion for ladies to hold regular evening levees in their ante-rooms at the opera. They receive friends in them, and retire to them when the act happens to be a dull one. Business men even transact business in them. There is a good deal of loud talking and ill bred merriment in the boxes during the performances, but there would be much more if the ante-rooms were not so convenient. Like every other new toy it chances upon, society seems to get a great deal of fun out of them, and, considering the price it pays, one can scarcely grudge it whatever pleasure it may reap from its investment.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Adelaide Neilson's Childhood.

A lady prominent in the social life of this city has in her employ as parlor maid a woman from a little village in Yorkshire, England, where Adelaide Neilson was born. The woman says the actress had neither Spanish nor Gypsy blood in her veins, as she claimed, but was the child of a basket maker, a poor, drunken fellow, and a Yorkshire woman, a decent soul, but wretchedly poor. Lizzy Jones, as Miss Neilson was then known, was noted in the village for her beauty and her idleness. She spent all her time hanging about the shops and gathering all the news travelers and peddlers brought from the outside world. When she was 12 years old her uncle was going up to London, and Lizzy coaxed him to take her with him in his market wagon to see the great city. When they reached London bridge the girl dropped off the tail end of the cart and her family never heard of her again until they learned that great Adelaide Neilson was their daughter. Lizzy. Only five years had passed between the time that the barefooted country girl, who spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent, had dropped from the back of the cart and the time when she appeared as Juliet. In those five years she had attained the education and bearing of a gentlewoman and had mastered French and Italian and the still more difficult tongue of a Yorkshire peasant, pure English.—Philadelphia Press.

Looked Like the Jack of Spades.

Mrs. English, the mother of Lucille Western, an actress of merit and beauty in her day, told an incident of her past theatrical career, in which a certain tragedian, of rather stout proportions, was the unfortunate hero. He was playing "Macbeth" to her Lady Macbeth. The child who played one of the attendants, which was Macbeth of Macbeth became very fretful before the curtain went up, and began to weep copiously. "Lucille," said Mrs. English "brought the child a pack of old cards from the property room and endeavored to keep her interested in them until it was time for the infant to appear. 'This is the ace of spades, this is the king of hearts,' said Lucille, 'and this little fat fellow is the jack of spades.' When it was time for the apparition to appear the child had finished its crying spell. 'Macbeth, beware,' it recited, 'Macbeth, beware of here she became confused and looked hopelessly back for assistance. The gentleman who was playing Macbeth waved his hand to attract her attention and tried to give her the cue by pointing to himself. In his short kick, plumed bonnet and general rotundity of figure he had an most unfortunate effect upon the infant. 'Oh, yes,' she said cheerfully, 'Macbeth, beware of the little man that looks like the jack of spades.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Catching Runaway Boys.

I've captured so many runaway boys at the Union depot in the last few months that people have got to thinking it's my specialty—as if a policeman could have a specialty. But I have got my eyes trained pretty well by this time to look after runaway boys, and I flatter myself that I can tell the one of the chaps as soon as I see him. You see, the runaway boy is never experienced, either in traveling or any of the ways of the world, and he betrays himself very much if he is given an opportunity. He generally appears at the depot in pairs, and if the two don't do something very singular in buying their tickets they are certain to trip in finding their way to the train and getting on board. Sometimes they are loaded down with flashy papers or books, and sometimes they are armed to the teeth with pistols, as often stolen as bought. Generally they have their pockets filled with money, stolen from some relative, and their destination is almost invariably some western city. When they find themselves arrested their courage disappears at once, and one of the other makes a clean breast of it.—Globe-Democrat.

The Dude of Chinatown.

The cynosure of all eyes was Ah Spud, who has amused a fortune as a potato peeler in one of our leading hotels, and who is the acknowledged duke of Chinatown. As Spud stood in the center of a group of Chinese duds, envious glances were cast at his costume. Under his silken blouse he wore a spotted pique shirt of the latest style affected by society young men, and this was the cause of the jealousy in his rivals. Ah Spud explained that there were but two shirts of the pattern worn by him in the state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cases of Brain Surgery.

The fourth case of a successful removal of a tumor from the brain has been reported in England, the weight of the tumor being four and a half ounces. These cases of brain surgery, with the exact location, from the symptoms of the spot affected, are feats of which science may well be proud.—Arkansas Traveler.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17. A century ago it was 14.

A LITTLE NAVAJO.

INDIANS WHO DISLIKE THE LOOKS OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

An Artist's Attempt to Secure the Picture of a Navajo Baby—A Cunning Little Savage—Obliged to Give Up the Chase.

As we know, the Navajos are an American tribe of Indians, scattered for the most part over the territories of New Mexico and Arizona. Quite a number of them live with their families, in the curious little habitations they erect, about the frontier military station at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. It is in this latter place that I have had the opportunity, for over two years past, of studying many of their ways and customs. And it was here, too, that a few days ago I went out among them with a photographic camera, armed with an English instantaneous shutter, with a view of taking a few pictures of them while they were actively engaged in some of their very interesting games.

After having obtained four or five more or less satisfactory photos the Indians became quite restive, as they rather object to that sort of thing; and, as if by common consent, they gradually disappeared, a few at a time, making for one of their low, conical shaped mud huts, where they entered through the single small door at its side. In less than half an hour there was none of them to be seen outside at all, and knowing full well that they would not appear again so long as I remained upon the ground, I shouldered my instrument and prepared to come away. At the time I was standing between two of their huts, situated some 300 yards apart, with a well beaten though narrow footpath passing from one to the other. There were no trees within a quarter of a mile, the plain being sparsely covered with sage brush, the plants being from two to three feet high.

A LITTLE TEN-MONTH-OLD.

Just then one of their babies toddled out of the doorway of the upper hut; the child could not have been over 10 months old, and wore only a very dirty little shirt, which came about half way down to his knees. It looked more like an infant Eskimo than any child, not white, that I know anything about; and it started right down the path with a very unsteady baby waddle, making for the lower hut, where I imagine its mother had taken refuge from my merciless camera. I had often longed for a good picture of a Navajo baby in its native clime, and here was an opportunity not to be lost. So stepping a few feet out of the way, in an instant I had my instrument in position, focused on the path, and, with instantaneous snap ready, I stood quietly for my subject to pass. On he toddled until he came within thirty feet of me, when he suddenly stopped, and to my surprise, seemed to fully take in the situation.

At this stage I felt quite sure that one of our babies, especially at this tender age, would have begun to cry and more than likely retraced its steps to the hut from whence it had issued. Not so, however, the infant Navajo; and, mark the difference. He steadily watched my every movement, and was evidently determined to reach the lower hut. Very cautiously leaving the path on the side furthest from me, he was, in the next instant, behind one of the sage bushes, which was something over a foot taller than the baby. From this position he peered through the leafless twigs at me to see what I would do about it. A little annoyed at this turn in affairs, I threw the focusing cloth over my head and turned the instrument on him. Taking advantage of this temporary concealment of my head, he ran, thoroughly baby fashion, to the next lower brush, a distance of some ten feet, where, hiding as before, he crouched down and stared at me like a young lynx through the twigs. He now looked, for all the world, the young Indian cub at bay, with all the native instincts of his ancestors on the alert, and making use of all the strategy his baby mind could muster.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

It was a wonderfully interesting picture to study; but, fearing that I would lose a permanent memento of it, I turned to lift my instrument with a view of taking a much nearer position, when, again facing the brush where I had last seen the baby, it was, to my great surprise, not there, but had scampered to the next lower one, in the direction of the hut for which it was bound. A full grown buck of the tribe could not have possibly managed this last movement any better. As it ran to the still next lower brush, I was astonished beyond measure (for, I take it, I am a good stalker myself) how it took advantage of everything that lay in the short intervening distance, and how, after it arrived at the brush, it immediately took position on the opposite side of it, from which it could make another quick start, and yet not lose sight of my movements. And, mind you, all this from a baby only 10 months old at the most. As it was rapidly gaining its point and approaching the lower hut, in sheer desperation I ran up on its last place of concealment, holding my camera in such a way that I could immediately place the tripod in position, which I succeeded in doing with the lens leveled directly at its head, and not three feet from it. It now stood up to the full extent of its baby height, and giving vent to a genuine infantile howl, it made a break for the final point of its destination, for there was nothing else left for it to do. It is almost needless to add that, before I could focus and insert a plate, my Navajo baby was out of range. And, fearing that its angered mother might appear at any point, at the cry of alarm of her child, I immediately forsook the ground. My object in making a record of such an interesting case as this is to simply draw attention to the fact that the native instinct of these American Indians is exhibited in their young at a wonderfully tender age; and in this particular they differ vastly from our own children at a corresponding time of life, and reared, as they have been for ages, in a civilized environment.—Nature.

An Insane Woman's Strength.

"One of the most striking things about insanity is the wonderful strength of the lunatics," said an ex-employee of the Buffalo State asylum while detailing his experience with the demented. "One day I was assisting to carry a trunk through one of the wards when a little woman patient laid hold of my coat and expressed the intention of putting me in the trunk. I tried to pull away, but her delicate hand held on with an iron grip. Force was the only alternative of remaining there until some other whim took possession of her, so we resorted to muscular persuasion. Would you believe that it took three strong men and a woman to make her let go? We pulled her slender fingers back one by one, each man hanging on to a single finger, until finally the parting of the thumb and the first finger released the garment. To bend back a single finger was like bending a heavy telegraph wire. It appears as though the lunatic has the power of concentrating all his strength in a single part of the body at the expense of other portions, in a manner impossible to a rational person."—Buffalo Courier.

The grave of Capt. Crawford, who was shot by a Mexican troop while leading his command in pursuit of Geronimo last summer, is to have a monument.

STANTON'S PUBLIC RECEPTIONS.

The Secretary was Always Accessible to Soldiers who had Fought.

Although Mr. Stanton was by nature an accessible man, it was simply impossible for him to give private audience to a tith of the persons who daily applied for him. Even senators and representatives in congress often had difficulty in seeing him at times and in the manner they desired, and frequently accepted pot luck with the crowd in the reception room. Col. Hardie, a handsome Scotch looking officer, took charge of this room early in the morning, and in the name and by the authority of the secretary, dispatched the business of such as neither needed nor insisted upon the personal action of the secretary. He also sent in the names of such callers as he thought the secretary to time vent privately receive, and from time to time went in himself to take the secretary's commands upon some case of special difficulty or importance. As nearly as possible, an almost religious regard for this daily observance, came into the room and took station at the little high desk near the bottom, Col. Hardie or Maj. Pelous being in attendance to assist him. He waved everybody back who approached him, until he had completed a deliberate scrutiny of the company and had received from the officer in attendance a statement, in a low voice, of the exceptionally urgent or meritorious cases.

Then, one after another, he indicated those whom he wished to draw near, beginning with the soldiers, and, after them, calling up the plainly dressed women, who looked as if they might be soldiers' kindfolk. If he happened to notice that a soldier had crutches or a weak form, he would leave the desk and go to him where he was seated. Officers bearing visible tokens of wounds or disability were also preferred suitors, but with other gentlemen of the shoulder strap he was usually curt. Civilians he treated according to his humor was affected by their statements or manner, but there was always a general observance of the underlying principle that this public reception was for those who had no other means of access to him.

It was here that Mr. Stanton might usually be seen at his best. If a case of unusual gallantry, merit or suffering were stated, he would comment upon it aloud to the company, ending with a moral, relating to patriotism, virtue or fortitude. On the other hand, if he found a woman applicant, embarrassed by the publicity of statement and action, he would draw her beyond the desk to the window recess and hear her there, or send her to his room to be heard more leisurely or privately. Some of us used to think, while watching the secretary at these receptions, that a great power had been lost to the pulpit when he became a lawyer; for he was an admirable preacher, and far from adverse to sermonizing.—The Century.

An Old Time New England Doctor.

Dr. John D. Meers, of Naugatuck, was widely known as one of the most skillful and successful physicians of his time. His practice among the farmers was quite extensive, and it was his custom to take his pay for services in the produce of the farms, seldom or never keeping accounts or making any charges, but sending for a bushel of potatoes or corn or a barrel of cider as he happened to want it. His drafts on the farmers were always honored at sight, for he used to say he "did not intend to overdraw," and, as the families in those days were large and the children quite as likely to be sick then as now, it is quite likely that he paid in his way for all that he received. He was always very careful not to injure his patients and gave very little medicine, but, if called to see a man who was a little out of sorts, would prescribe a diet of toast and cider, or something equally simple, and leave nature to effect a cure. He was once called to see a man who had been in bed several days, and on entering the room he sat down, stuck his long legs under the bed, moved his spectacles to the top of his bald head, and sat and told stories for an hour. He then sent one of the boys to draw a glass of cider, which he drank, and made his preparations to leave the house. The sick man asked if he was not going to prescribe for him or give him something to take.

Shrewdness of the Newsboy.

The newsboy is a grade above the ordinary gamin; he frequently comes from better stock, and is under more restraining influences. He is more intelligent and, I am inclined to think, more scrupulous. He had facility of expression, although it may lack correctness; he is posted upon current events; he has opinions, formulates theories, encourages expectations. He is generous, he likes a good feed, he is ready to help a chum, he hates shams, he doesn't indulge in make-believes, he is sure of the past, he is confident of the present, he doesn't trouble himself much about the future.

He is shrewd, wary, artful; he is quick at resentment and sharp in reparation. At one time I had a weakness for chaffing newsboys, but I don't chaff them now. I generally came out second best in the encounters. On of many instances I can recall two in which I was left three or four laps behind. On one occasion I gave a newsboy a bright, I am inclined to think, a made that night. I said, "He shot me a swift glance and replied: 'Well, you look like a counterfeiter.'" On another occasion I said to one of them: "Hub, do you know how you can sell twice as many papers?" "How?" he asked, with keen interest. "By keeping your face cleaner," I said. "Humph!" he ejaculated, with a scornful, deliberate survey of me. "If my face was as hairy as yours I reckon it wouldn't matter much whether it was clean or dirty."—Observer in Philadelphia Call.

A Glimpse at the Czar.

The reserve which for many reasons was forced upon the present czar while yet heir apparent seems to have grown into a settled habit. In society, during the St. Petersburg season, which, however, plainly bore him as much as it visibly delights the empress, there is nothing more striking than his majesty's mild and severe look at one and the same time. It is curious in this connection that among all his portraits painted since his accession there is no uniform and settled stamp of expression given to the face. For some time past, however, the gloomy cloud that used to hang about the brow long after the terrible death of his father has been gradually wearing away. In order to be seen perfectly at his ease, he should be observed with his children in the grounds of Gatchina, where he is much more at home than in St. Petersburg. His physical strength, it is said, fully accords with his enormous size of body and limb, and one often hears it said that he can easily break an ordinary horse with bare hands. Of one thing there can be little doubt, and that is certainly his tenacity and obstinacy of opinion and purpose.—St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.