A MAN FROM DODGE.

WHAT HE REMEMBERS OF THE WAYS OF "BILLY THE KID."

The Quickest Man with a Weapon in the Whole Southwest Was the Innocent Looking Dare Devil the Kid—He Never Missed.

There was a look of great disgust on the face of the man from Dodge the other day when the reporter saw him, and he appeared to be dejected as well. "I hev been figurin' on goin' back to Dodge," said he, "but that scheme is busted; I see by the telegraph items in the newspapers that the s'loons is all closed down there, and what is life wuth livin' fur whur the s'loons is all shet up? But that wasn't what I was goin' to talk about. I was readin' 'bout fellers that was handy with the gun an' how fast they could fan the hammer. There was something about Pat Garrett's killin' Billy the Kid. Now it happened that I was down that way when the Kid was killed an' know somethin' about it, an' I know, too, that Pat didn't give him a square show fer his life. But then he'd a' been a fool if he had, 'cause Billy could outshoot any man in New Mexico. The Kid was, an' no mistake, a holy terror. He was one of those strange things you come across once in a lifetime, an' while he was as smooth an' pleasant a little feller as yer could wish to 'sociate with, he filled a feller with a sort o' awe—I think that's the word. He was like a snake a shinin' in the sun, so slick an' so han'some, an' yet his touch meant death. He was slim an' light haired, an' blue eyed, an' his face was sort o' pale; his upper teeth stuck out a little bit, an' that made him look more innocent than ever. You somehow ain't afeared of a fellow whose teeth sticks out in front. He didn't weigh very much more than 130 pounds, an' he was a pleasant companion; his eyes was rather pleasant until he got mad, an' then they shot fire.

"I seen Billy kill two men, an' he did the job up clean. They never kicked, an' they had their lights put out in great shape. They was cowboys, an' they swore they'd kill the Kid 'cause they'd heard so much about him. That time at least the Kid wasn't to blame. He hadn't killed no relatives of their'n. It wasn't very far f'm Socorro, which wasn't much more'n a village then, an' we was in camp when the Kid an' another fellow come up. Now we wasn't overglad to see Billy 'cause he had a hard name; they said he'd kill a man if he didn't happen to be stuck on the color o' his hair an' sich like. But we wasn't goin' to let on. That little devil was so sweet on us that you'd a thought butter would a been safe in his mouth, an' that made us more uneasy than ever, though there was ten o' us an' only two o' 'em, the Kid an' the feller with him. Well, as I was sayin', we was eatin' dinner, or supper, fer it was after sundown, when two fellers rode up. The Kid had seen 'em, but he never let on an' kept on eatin' as nateral as if there wasn't nobody in a hundred miles that was goin' to hurt him.

THEY LET LOOSE.

"When the strangers got near enough to see the faces o' the fellers eatin', one o' 'em said, 'There he is,' an' without more sayin' they let loose. I never saw anybody skin around so lively as the Kid did; he skipped six or eight feet an' I thought sure he was hit 'cause I've seen fellers do the same way when they had a bullet straight through the heart; but Billy he wasn't tetched. The fellers on horseback let loose twicet an' then Billy he up with his gun—he had one o' the purtiest Winchesters you ever laid your eyes on—an' fired twicet. It was a bullet for each man an' he brought 'em both, each one through the heart. Billy's pardner didn't seem 'ticularly nervous; he sat eatin' his supper all the time, an' seemed to think that the Kid could take care o' himself. When Billy had killed the fellers he sat down agin an' finished his supper an' then rode away. As he an' his pal was goin' Billy says to me: 'I'm in a hurry, or I'd help you bury those ducks.' We never found out who they was, an' we buried them then an' there, an' then went on some distance an' camped fer the night. We wasn't goin' to sleep so near two dead men.

"Billy was a mighty queer lad; never thought o' nothin' 'cept killin'. The only thing to do was to kill him. It wasn't no use to put him in jail, for he'd break out an' the fellers that put him there would have to hustle around live' after that to keep out the way o' bein' killed themselves. The 'thorities captured him more'n once, but he allus managed to get away, an' each time he killed somebody. Once he killed two deputy sheriffs who had him in charge by takin' the gun of one of 'em away, an' when the Kid got his fingers anywhere near a gun there was bound to be a dead man not far away. There wasn't no man in New Mexico who could shoot agin him with either a pistol or a Winchester, an' he never missed. Talk about fannin' the hammer! Well, he could jest make a pistol talk, an' when he was around all the boys sang small, I tell ye. I wasn't sorry to hear that he was killed; fact is, I thought Billy had a sort o' grievance agin me, an' I was lookin' out sharp that he didn't plug a hole in my carcass. Billy was a thief an' a outlaw, but he was a sandy lad an' a terror f'm wayback. I don't believe the man lived in New Mexico what wouldn't say that he felt queer about his breastbone when Billy was in town an' filled up more or less with border cologne."—Chicago Tribune.

The President on Horseback.

The president, it is said, has yielded to the advice of his friends, and will take to horsemanship as a means of exercise. Secretaries Bayard, Lamar, Whitney, and Fairchild have described to him the benefit they derive from equestrianism, and he has consented to join them in some of their gallops across the country. Secretary Bayard rides a big bay horse with banged tail, and every fair afternoon he joins Secretary Fairchild or George Bancroft, the venerable historian, in a canter through the soldiers' home and the adjacent roads. Secretary Whitney usually rides with a party of young people, and none of them enjoys a spurt more than he does. Secretary Lamar directs his horse to be saddled and at his office every clear afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, from whence he explores the surrounding country until it is time to return home for dinner.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to be delighted with the idea of her husband taking to horseback riding, and she promises to join him in the sport. She has attended both of the recent "paper chases," and is ambitious to join some of the gay riding parties which are constantly being made up in society. A well known New York instructor in horsemanship, who is now in this city, has formed a large class in fashionable circles, which has given quite a boom to horseback riding. The seal browns are not well adapted for saddle horses, and early additions to the White House stables may be looked for.—Baltimore Sun.

Willing to Do Better.

Court—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to steal from such a poor man, with his family.

—You must excuse me, judge, I didn't know a richer one.—French Joke.

... has been attempted on horses ... them of roaring, and tried

BEECHER WANTED TO RUN AWAY.

Times When He Lost Confidence in Himself—His Absentmindedness.

"There was one peculiar characteristic of Mr. Beecher's that I have not seen mentioned in the papers," said an intimate friend of the great preacher the other day, "and this is his occasional lack of confidence in himself. Time and again he has told me that when before an audience at some public meeting and while awaiting his turn to speak he was often almost on the point of getting up and going out. 'As I listened to one and another speaker address the meeting,' he used to say, 'I would think, my goodness, I never can make such speeches as those; I'd better leave here at once.' But when he was once on his feet all these feelings vanished, of course, and he felt completely at ease. He was always subject to these times of self depreciation both in and out of the pulpit. When he first came to Brooklyn, he used to go around the the back streets just to avoid meeting people whom he might know. He combined with his wonderful vigor and boldness the shrinking timidity of a school girl."

Of Mr. Beecher's absentmindedness Dr. Searle, his physician, told this story: Mrs. Searle was standing at the parlor window one day when she noticed Mr. Beecher go up Mr. Raymond's stoop, over the way, and ring the bell. Before it was answered he came down the steps and continued on his way up the street. Seeing Mrs. Seale he crossed over and with a smile said, "Say, can you tell where I am going this afternoon?"

"Why you are going to baptize Mr. Howard's child to-day, are you not?"

"That's it, that's just it," he replied, "but for the life of me I couldn't recall the fact."

"Another instance I recollect," continued the doctor, "happened at his house. I was there at dinner. Maj. Pond, who was also present, spoke of a concert that was to be held in New York that evening. Mr. Beecher said he would like to attend it with him. 'But you can't go,' said Mrs. Beecher to him; 'you have an engagement for to-night.' 'Oh, no, I haven't,' he rejoined, 'I am free to-night and I think I'll go over to the concert.' While she was trying to convince him that he really had some other matter on hand a carriage drove up to take him to Hoboken, where he was booked for a lecture."

In reference to Mr. Beecher's memory, the doctor added: "It was marvelously poor. About the only thing that he could remember, he used to say, was the list of prepositions that govern the ablative case in Latin. These he could rattle off like sixty and did so frequently."—New York Tribune.

Brain Forcing in Children.

We are living under the reign of the schoolmaster. The impulse to have children acquire learning that can never be made available for any purpose of life is so powerful that it may almost be regarded as morbid. For children to be reduced to one common level, as they are in our schools almost without exception, and to have studies crowded upon them in advance of their brain development, are crimes against nature which nature in her blind way expiates by punishing the wrong person, but which those who know the right should promptly expose. The brain of a child is larger in proportion to its body than is that of the adult. A fact which is somewhat astonishing to those not aware of it is that the head of the boy or girl does not grow in size after the 7th year, so that the hat that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at 30. In the meantime the rest of the body has more than doubled in magnitude. Not only is the brain larger, but it is more excitable and impressionable in the child than in the adult. At the same time the structure is immature. What it possesses in size it lacks in organization; consequently it is not at its maximum for severe and long continued exertion, and when subjected to a strain of this kind it is certain to suffer.

The disadvantages to the child of overtasking its muscular system are well understood, and wise laws have been enacted by most civilized people protecting children from the greed of those who would, if left to their own devices, work them to excess. But there are no laws for the protection of their brains from the attacks of ignorant parents and guardians, the insidious warfare of the compilers of school books who write treatises on physiology in rhyme for infants, and the ever ready schoolmaster, who, with the child, a victim of a pernicious system, must carry out the behests of those set over him.—Dr. William A. Hammond in Popular Science Monthly.

The Paper Chase Near Paris.

Every season has its game or sport, and just at this time is the paper chase in full blast. This game is not played as it is in America and England. There it enlists the efforts of the toughest, hardiest athletes in a run over miles of rough country. Here the country is usually passably rough, but the course is made on horseback, and the players now and then include women. As a rule, however, the players are military officers. It is not a popular sport in the sense that all kinds of people indulge in it. It is a diversion for the wealthy or the military. When it is played, like an American fox hunt, it is attended by a great concourse of spectators in carriages.

There was a fine chase the other day not far from Paris wherein a woman, an intrepid rider, made a hit. A tent was erected at the finishing point, and a band of music stationed near it and a caterer installed inside. There was music, dancing, eating and other entertainment of the same character at the close of the chase. The event narrowly escaped a terrible ending. The chase was just coming to a close, and the judges had just emerged from the tent to note the arrival of the participants. Mme. Francoise Poncet was at the head of the crowd riding upon a magnificent Syrian, when the unfortunate beast, pretty nearly winded, stumbled and fell. The intrepid rider was thrown down and the horse fell upon her. She was bruised on the head and was taken up unconscious. It proved, however, that her injuries were not serious, and when she revived she was able to walk with little difficulty to the judges' stand, where she was formally presented with a stick of ribbons, the emblem of victory in the game.—Paris Letter.

The Kerosene Lamp a Luxury.

The New York Analyst gives the following hints on the use of kerosene oil lamps in order to get the best light and avoid unpleasant odors: The wick must be clean; if clogged with dust it will not pump up the oil. The lightest part of the oil burns first, leaving the heavy oil; if filled up day after day the oil will become so heavy that the draft will not be strong enough to pump up. The burner, if gummed, gives an uneven, smoky light; if the holes provided to give perfect combustion be stopped up the same effect will result. The lamp should be filled up every day, and once a week all the oil should be burned out; a new wick put in once in two weeks, and trimmed with sharp shears even and true every day; the burner kept clean by brushing every day and boiling in lye occasionally, and the chimney brightly polished. Treated in this way the kerosene lamp is a luxury, and not a vile, ill smelling nuisance.

The toilet of 120 ladies who formed the cortege at the recent carnival ball in Vienna were valued at $225,000, and the diamonds at $1,500,000.

UNDERSIZED HORSES.

WHAT FRENCH CAVALRY OFFICERS THOUGHT OF OUR HORSES.

Good and Bad Qualities of an American Turn Out—Breeding for Speed, Regardless of Beauty or Endurance—The American Cob Waiting.

The turn out ("team" is beneath and "equipage" above the subject), most characteristic of an American city or town consists of an undersized horse, harnessed to a spindling, "side bar" wagon, and driven by a self confident person, holding, in all probability, a big cigar in his mouth. Besides being small, the steed is commonly waspish about the waist, glove necked and narrow chested. Moreover, he is apt to have a coarse head and coarse ears, and it is almost certain that he cannot be driven fast in safety to himself without wearing a more or less varied assortment of "boots" upon his legs. Not seldom also he carries heavy shoes or toe weights on his fore feet, to keep him steady and level in his gait, and these incumbrances unfit him for a long drive.

HIS GOOD QUALITIES.

His good points are chiefly powerful muscles, especially in his long and vigorous hind legs, which give him a capacity for great speed over a short distance, and as a rule he is intelligent. At first sight he would strike any horseman unaccustomed to the breed as an ugly, misshapen little beast, and this appearance is intensified by the overdraw check which pulls up his head and points his nose straight outward, thus depriving his neck of whatever slight curve it may have had by nature. Three years ago a commission of cavalry officers was sent to this country by the French government to investigate the character of our horses, perhaps with a view to importation for the use of their army. In the elaborate report which their officers made, although they spoke very highly of our Houyhnhnms in general, and declared that one, a member of the Mambrino family, was the most beautiful horse they had ever seen, yet they were much impressed by the undersized and defective animals just described, and they condemned them in vigorous terms.

These trotting machines, as they may be called, are the result of breeding entirely for speed, regardless of beauty or of endurance. People in the middle and eastern states, at least, have almost forgotten that a horse ought to be round bodied, that his neck should be curved, his head small, his ears well cut, his nostrils full and his chest broad. Of late years, and within a small circle, the popularity of the cob has done something to improve what might be described as the horse of daily life. It is hardly necessary to say that by "cob" is meant, not an animal of any particular breed, but a horse of a round, chunky, solid pattern, somewhat short in the legs and neck. It is a very indefinite term, and cobs are of all sizes and of considerable variety in shape. The ordinary cob, though not a brilliant, is a very respectable beast, and if moderately well turned and properly curtailed, he is reckoned extremely genteel. In England he has long been a favorite, both for saddle and harness. Readers of English novels will remember that a bishop invariably rides upon a cob. In some old verses a quaint writer enumerates the possessions that he thinks would secure his happiness, including among them, and not without reason,

An Arabic book to read, a Norfolk cob to ride,
A house to live in shaded with trees, and near a river side.

TROTTERS AND TROTTERS.

In certain breeds of our trotting horses we have the material for a race of cobs superior perhaps to the English, as being more speedy. The ordinary road horse trotter is by no means a fair representative of the horses that have succeeded upon the track. To contest seven or eight fast heats certainly requires strength; and some families that have distinguished themselves by endurance, add to endurance speed, and to speed beauty.

There are trotters and trotters. Jay Eye See, besides great muscular power, has bottom and courage, but he is undersized and ugly. Maud S., on the other hand, is beautifully shaped, and her head and ears, although somewhat large, are finely cut and extremely aristocratic. France's Alexander, a horse lately exported to Germany after a successful career upon the track, is a big, slashing animal of the heroic type, fit to serve a painter as a model of a war horse. Wedgewood again, his old competitor, has the essential qualities of the cob with the addition of great speed, for he is strong, gentle, courageous, and of a well rounded shape.

Clearly the American cob waits but the man and the hour. Our trainers are better than the English horse breakers, for they appreciate more keenly the nervous, sensitive, docile nature of the animal. To horsemen of the old school, and even of the present English school, an account of the long and patient process by which Maud S. was converted from a wild and ungovernable to a safe and gentle disposition, would read like a sentimental tale. What can be done to hasten the development of the American cob? There is in New York a flourishing club of amateurs devoted to the trotter, and a similar one has just been started in Boston. Why should there not also be an association of those numerous horse lovers who prefer a buggy or a dog cart to a side bar wagon, and who would rather drive fifteen miles in an hour than 1,300 feet in thirty seconds.—The Epoch.

The University's Business.

The university's business in any country in Europe is to teach its youths as much Latin, Greek, mathematics and astronomy as they can quietly learn in the time they're at it—and nothing else. If they don't learn their own language at home, they can't learn it at a university. If they want to learn Chinese, they should go to China—and if they want to learn Dutch, to Amsterdam; and after they've learned all they want, learn wholesomely to hold their tongues, except on extreme occasions, in all languages whatsoever.—John Ruskin in Pall Mall Gazette.

Without Breaking Harmony.

A citizen of Paberton, Cape Colony, recently played on the piano for twenty-four consecutive hours "without breaking harmony." During the twenty-four hours he took no other refreshments than some beef tea and an occasional cigar. He, however, finished in capital condition and subsequently performed at two music halls, at one of which he was presented with a gold watch and chain and the evening's takings.—Chicago Times.

Florida's Fresh Water Wells.

A scheme is on foot to utilize the pressure of the fresh water wells of Florida for manufacturing purposes. Water is found at a depth of 250 feet, and in many wells there is a pressure of fourteen pounds to the square inch. The theory entertained is, the deeper the well the greater will be the pressure.

Removing a Pigeon's Brain.

Removing the brain of a pigeon does not destroy its mental faculties. It can see, hear, feel, swallow food put in its mouth, but is incapable of originating any impulse. It will stand still in the attitude in which it is placed until it dies of starvation, but throw it in the air and it will fly.—Chicago Times.

IMAGES FOR TOBACCO STORES.

Where Made and Where Sold—What Mr. Lo Costs—Various Fancies.

Travelers from abroad often remark the wooden image of an Indian in front of our tobacco stores. These effigies are made in this city. About thirty persons are at work on them. Only six firms manufacture them. One firm has not made any new images for two years, and another is about to close out and go to Chicago. Between 200 and 300 wooden Indians are put on the market each year. More than half of these are used in New York and the suburbs.

The wood carvers who make these figures are usually ship carpenters by trade. They acquire their skill by working at ships' figure-heads. Occasionally a German wood carver tries his hand, but as a rule he is too slow. A good workman will finish a life sized figure in two days. He is paid at the rate of from $4 to $4.50 a day. The painters get $3 a day for their work. An erroneous idea prevails that discarded masts of ships are used as the material for a figure. But these, from warping and weather cracks, are unsuitable for carving. The ends of such new spars as have been found too long for their purpose are often used. The only wood employed is white pine.

Indian figures are divided into classes. An Indian with his hand shading his eyes is a "scout." If he has a gun, or a bow and arrows in his hand, he is a "hunting chief." If his head, except the scalp lock, is shaved and the body partly naked, he is a "Captain Jack." A figure carrying a small basket is a "flower girl," and another nearly similar but with a robe is a "shawl figure." A running posture constitutes a "fly figure."

"Fashions in fancies," as the non-Indian figures are called, change greatly. During the war the "girl of the period" was in great demand. "Punches" succeeded, and were followed by "Pucks." "Dudes" are just now a drug in the market, as they have been lately supplanted by "baseball" players. Ten Indian figures to one fancy is the proportion in which they are sold.

One large firm in New York manufactures these figures by casting them in zinc alloy. The merits of metal, as compared with wood, are that it lasts longer and keeps better, if used where it is not liable to rough usage. If any part of a metal figure is damaged the piece can be recast and soldered on to the original casting. But this applies only to places like New York, where the necessary appliances are at hand. On the other side the price is in favor of wooden figures, their cost being from $17 to $100, while that of metal figures ranges from $25 to $175. Wooden figures also receive paint better, so that it wears away gradually and does not come off in flakes—a failing in metal figures.—New York Sun.

The Russian Poet, Pouschkine.

It appears that the poet, annoyed by frequent but, as it seems, groundless reports regarding the alleged infidelity of his wife, became furiously jealous of his brother-in-law, Baron de Heckeresen. He challenged him, and a duel was the result.

They fought with pistols at ten paces. The baron fired first, and Pouschkine fell, exclaiming:

"I believe my thigh is fractured."

The seconds and M. de Heckeresen ran forward to raise him.

"Stop!" he went on. "I am strong enough to take my shot."

His antagonist again took up his position. The poet, lying on the ground, raised himself, and resting on his elbow took aim and fired.

"Hit!" cried the baron, whose arm was broken.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Pouschkine, and fainted. His wound proved mortal, the ball having penetrated the stomach and intestines. He died after two days of indescribable agony on Feb. 17, 1837.

Why had he sent the challenge? It was supposed, as we have said, that he was jealous of his brother-in-law, but just before expiring he said to his wife:

"I am happy thou art by my side. Be calm: it was not thy fault. I know thou art innocent. I fought because—"

Death came and the sentence was never finished.—Paris Cor. New York Graphic.

A Check Upon the Tongue.

Mrs. Joseph Carey, wife of the delegate from Wyoming territory, while in no sense a "strong minded" woman, is an ardent believer in female suffrage. She has seen the practical working of the system in Wyoming, and pronounces as absurd the common argument that the right of suffrage unsexes a woman. At an evening party recently where Mrs. Carey was giving utterance to these sentiments, Senator Wade Hampton blandly interposed the remark:

"But, of course, you always vote as your husband instructs you, do you not?"

Mrs. Carey's black eyes snapped merrily as she replied.

"Indeed we do not. The first time that my husband ran for office I voted against him, and my mother supported him. The next time we both opposed him. In each case we thought the other man would make the better officer. I mention this to show that in our family, at least, the women use their right of suffrage about as they please. Moreover, the conferring of this power upon women has a good moral effect, especially upon those whose husbands are politicians. You may believe that where every woman is permitted to vote the wives of the politicians are very chary about unduly criticising the other women. To do so means the creation of enemies for your husband, who can work him a great injury if they choose. It is a powerful check upon the tongue, I assure you."—Washington Letter.

The Vegetarian Creed.

The strongest argument in favor of vegetarianism is its powers as a preventive against intemperance. A diet of vegetables kills all desire for drink. This has been tried and found eminently successful. Sir Charles Napier, the London scientist, at a lecture delivered at Bristol, said that twenty-seven patients had been cured of their intemperance through the close following of this form of diet. The system belongs to Liebig, the German chemist.

"I, myself have been a vegetarian for thirty years and I wish I had always been one. Animal food is often impure and diseased and it excites the worst passions of man. Vegetables, fruits, nuts and milk, on the contrary, are almost, if not quite as nutritious and have none of the bad results. Of course, a beginner makes many mistakes. He tries to exist on nothing but vegetables, making no change in his diet but the disuse of meats.

"The result is he becomes weak and it is some time and not until he has experimented on himself and found what best suits his palate that he receives the real benefit of the system."—Philadelphia Press.

Her "Pink Tea."

A little girl six years old gave an afternoon tea to some of her friends last week, and she wished to make it as perfect a reproduction of those given by her mamma as was possible. "What shall you give our friends to eat?" asked the same mamma. "I don't know," replied the embryo esthete, "unless I give them pink tissue paper and cambric tea. Uncle says that's the most fashionable thing."—Washington News.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A TRAVELER'S NOTES WHILE IN THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

Names and Area of the Principal Islands—Delightful Climate and Rich Soil—Indolent People and Their Social Customs—Food Products.

The Hawaiian islands are the most ocean isolated portion of the inhabited globe. They constitute a group of eight inhabited and four uninhabited islands. They are situated in the Pacific ocean in latitude 19 degs. to 22 degs. north, and longitude 155 degs. to 160 degs. west. From Honolulu, the capital and principal city of the group, located on the island of Oahu, the distance to San Francisco (in round numbers) is 2,100 miles; to Yokohoma, Japan, 3,400; to Hong Kong, China, 4,900, and to Sydney, Australia, 4,500.

The names and area of the inhabited islands are Hawaii, 4,200 square miles; Maui, 760; Oahu, 600; Kauai, 590; Molokai, 270; Lanai, 150; Kahoolawe, 63, and Nihau, 97—Hawaii being nearly double the area of all the other islands combined. They are clearly volcanic in their origin, the most western island, in the opinion of geologists, having been first thrown up, then the one next east of it, and, following in order, to Hawaii, the most eastern, which is to-day in an unfinished state, powerful volcanic forces being still actively at work there.

Though within the torrid zone, the climate is temperate rather than tropical. I am told there is no word in the native language expressive of the idea of weather, evidence that extremes of heat and cold are unknown. During ten years at Honolulu the highest and lowest temperatures in the shade, according to published official record, were 90 degs. and 53 degs., the greatest change within twenty-four hours being 12 degs. As the islands are mountainous, rising in the interior to an elevation of 6,000, 8,000, 12,000, and Mauna Kea in Hawaii to 14,000 feet, every kind of climate may be found, from that of perpetual summer to that of eternal winter. The trade-winds blow nine months of the year, tempering the heat and imparting freshness and salubrity to the atmosphere of the lowlands along the coast. The climate is claimed to be very healthful. There are heavy rainfalls during certain months of the year—much heavier on the windward than on the leeward side of the islands. At Hilo on the east coast of Hawaii, it is said eighteen feet of rain have fallen in a single year.

The soil is decomposed lava and sand, and is generally thin and poor. In the valleys and plains along the base of the mountains, whose disintegration and accumulation of vegetable mold have gone on for ages, there are tracts of great fertility. Here the sugar cane flourishes, and extensive plantations are devoted exclusively to its growth. The sugar industry is the principal agricultural interest of the islands, rice standing second. Fine pasturage is abundant, and large herds of cattle, horses, sheep and goats are bred and fattened in the upland valleys. On the higher slopes of Hawaii wild horses, cattle and hogs abound, and here adventurous sportsmen find occupation and excitement in hunting them. These horses and cattle are the descendants of those brought here by Europeans, which from time to time have escaped, and have rapidly multiplied; but the hogs are indigenous. There are extensive forest, but the most valuable timber, sandal wood, once abundant, has become almost entirely exhausted. Fruits of great variety and excellence grow spontaneously. Among these are the banana, plantain, cocoanut, candlenut, bread fruit, guava, pineapple, orange, lemon, lime, mango, papia and many others. Sweet potatoes, yams, beans, peas and other garden vegetables flourish. Strawberries are plentiful and cheap. We have had them served on our table every morning during the ten weeks we have been here.

The most important articles of food for the natives is taro. It is a tuber resembling somewhat in form the beet. It grows in both dry and wet soil, is very prolific, is prepared for table in a variety of ways, and is the staple food for all classes. From it is made the national dish, par excellence, poi, which constitutes fully four-fifths the support of the Hawaiians. It is said that forty feet square of land planted with taro will afford subsistence for one person a whole year; and a square mile will feed 17,227 persons the same length of time.

The Hawaiians belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race. They are of light brown complexion, have broad faces, prominent lips, flat noses, full chins, with straight, black hair and light beards. They are of good size, are well formed, quick in movement, and generally muscular and strong. They are said to be very fond of stimulants, and when opportunity offers often drink to excess; but they are rarely quarrelsome even under the influence of liquor. They are good natured, light hearted, careless, indolent, pleasure loving people; are improvident, thoughtless about the future, and generous to a fault. They are very sympathetic and kind, are capable of warm friendships and strong attachments. They are gregarious, great talkers, and much given to all social pleasures—music, dancing, feasting, etc.

Few of them possess wealth, few are poor and none are beggars. They are said formerly to have been extremely licentious, nor are their morals, in this particular, of the best even now. They love gay colors, and are much given to decorating themselves with wreaths and garlands of flowers. Many of the women are stout, inclining to corpulency, which is poorly concealed by the dress universally worn by them, the holoka, a garment at one time much favored by certain American women, and known as the "Mother Hubbard." Leprosy prevails, and the government has established a settlement on the island of Molokai, to which all the unfortunate class are banished. The settlement numbers about 1,000 souls.

Nearly all Hawaiians can read and write. There are good government schools, with free compulsory education. In the common schools instruction is given in the native language, but in the higher grades English is taught. Under the teachings and influence of the missionaries large numbers were early converted to Christianity. They are still liberal supporters of the gospel. The principal churches are the Congregational, Baptist and Catholic.—Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Question of Manners.

Omaha Mamma (reading)—"May the angels shower blessings upon you forever and ever" is the way a Japanese salutes a fellow creature on every occasion.

Little Dick—Way, mamma, do the Japanese have angels?

"I suppose so, dear."

"Well, I hope I won't meet any Japanese angels when I die."

"Why, Dick, what difference would it make?"

"I'd be sure to laugh."—Omaha World.

Miss Satan San.

The first Japanese woman to enter journalism is named "Satan San." If the male journalists of that section are as willing to give her a fair chance as all of them are in this country, she will soon be happy enough to change her name.—Boston Globe.

...OSOPHY.

...felt of pleasure,
...sipping its sweet,
...ens a minuet measure,
...fairy shod feet.
...sert of sorrow,
...with plentiful tears;
...o hopes for the morrow,
...t the beautiful years.

...nt of either—
...s to answer our need,
..., made wholly of neither;
...o growth of the seed.
...with courage believing
...arner the good:
...s forecast deceiving,
...t understood.
... Nelson in Frank Leslie's.

...SHINGTON SOCIETY

...w with Mrs. Speaker ...eturning Calls.

"Change in the tone of Washington society?" said Speaker Carlisle, as she sat in the Gilsey house. Mrs. Carlisle is a slender, looking lady, who in her youth was ... but her face begins to bear the marks of years, ill health, the anxiety of public life, the strain of social life. She is well to unusually tall, and has a small, finely ... head, crowned by light reddish brown hair, and her voice is that unusual thing; American women, low toned and ... "Really," she went on, "I do not think there has been much change during the ... years I have lived there. The personnel of ... ety changes more or less every four ... and slightly every two years. And ... parse, the incoming of a Democratic administration made a decided difference ... the people who are in front. But I don't ... there has been much change in the tone ... purpose of society there since I have know...

"Then you ... t think it has acquired a little more ... or intellectual flavor in the last few ...

"Yes, I be... has turned a little more in the direc... ring the last year. But I have been ... society entirely during the winter on ... of my health, and so cannot speak d... on that point."

"What do ... think has been the cause?"

"Oh, there ... n't been any immediate cause. Peo... got tired of the old ruts and turned ... tary matters for something new. Another ... pect in which the personnel of Washing... ciety is changing is that so many socie... de from other cities go there now to spe... winter. This element has grown quite ... and is increasing. But they simply ... with the ordinary society life of the ... do not attempt to change its general ... ter."

"People ... e never lived in Washington generally ... k there is less in its society life than ... of any other city in the country."

"And ... n is that they are about right," ... arlisle laughed pleasantly, "Of course ... who live there a long time form many ... friendships, but society is so large a ... duties are so many that there isn't ... much ease. The returning of calls ... a large tax upon one's time. Last ... for instance, I made 1,500 visits."—New York Mail and Express.

...ditated Suicide.

...ides—there have been several ... god many people are talking about their ... ry is told confidentially by a worthy ci... who contemplated shuffling off this mortal coil. He thought of it and thinks he ... in earnest, but this I doubt, because killing ... self is said to be a painful operation ... the worthy citizen is a man who is exceed... careful of his own comfort. However ... sines had gone wrong, another man had ... red the church pew he had set his heart on, ... rents had been raised, he wasn't ... wed any way, and life didn't seem worth ... living. His wife would get his insurance ... money she knew as much about his busines ... did himself, and could get along wit... him.

That ... he took home a box of "Rough on Rats," ... after his wife had retired, took it out and ... the directions. Then he got out his razor ... stropped it and loaded his revolver. ... didn't know which method he would use ... whether he would try all and make ... thing of it. He would decide after the ... was properly sharpened. Then he strapped ... razor, and while he was trying to cut a ha... closely voice came from the next room: ... song, Uncle John brought us a gallon ... new maple syrup to-day, and we will have ... tes and syrup for breakfast. I ... thought you'd—like—to know." The razor and ... pistol were laid away promptly; life took on a ... mucosic aspect, and the next morning after ... ns the "Rough on Rats" was carefully ... distributed along the trail of troublesome vermin. George still continues cheerful ... Indianapolis Journal.

Recent Psychological Experiments.

A recent issue of Mind contains an account of an interesting series of experiments on the limit of the capacity to repeat a series of sounds after hearing them read once. A German experimenter, Ebbinghaus, had studied powers of the memory by counting the number of times a given series of nonsense syllables had to be repeated in order to enable ... hearer to reproduce them by rote. Mr. Joh... Jacobs (with the co-operation of Mr. Sa... M. Read and Mrs. Bryant) has carried ... similar means of testing the memory of ... ors, as they more accurately call it, the "memory" into the school room. The method ... was somewhat simpler. Instead of nonsense syllables (for instance, dak-mil-tal-bix) which are very disturbing, the ... the letters (omitting "double u") and one ... (omitting seven) were chosen; ... num... ber of letters and ... child could repeat after one ... called its "span." Care was ... nce the words as monotonous... ... arly as possible in order to ... ance to the memory from a ... ded rhythm. The numbers ... were dictated to the class, each ... which then (usually) wrote down ... ately possible the series of letters ... results thus reached were ...—Science.

...ail Drinking in New York.

...ing the decline?

...country there never was a time in ... when daily drinking was so ... ally habit as now. Old men and ... ok, and, worse, boys of tender ... their example. Brokers drink ... excited; dry goods dealers ... trade is dull; all manner of ex... ... by people who need make ... and fines are coined by men whose ... sharpened to the point of ... of the fact that appetite is ... principle, and some of the most ... places in this city are owned by ... twenty years ago, were bar... ... people's saloons, but upon ... of fortune flooded as soon as ... of their own. Our chief ... with saloons of the gorgeous ... ventured to, and certain localities, ... years ago were recognized ... streets for residences, are now ... thoroughfares lined on ... alleged restaurants, which are ... by a style of private bar room, ... attached.—Joe Howard's Letter.