LOVE THE LIVING.

The sanctity that is about the dead,
To make us love them more than late, when here,
Is it not well to find the living dear,
With sanctity like this, ere they have fled?

The tender thoughts we nurture for a loss
Of mother, friend, or child—Oh! it were wise,
To spend this glory on the earnest eyes,
The longing heart, that feels life's present cross.

Give also mercy to the living here,
Whose keen-strung souls will quiver at your touch;
The utmost reverence is not too much
For eyes that weep although the lips may sneer.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

A CHOIR-SINGER.

There is two sides to every question, as the best of reason demonstrates; but Marie Pirot, try as she might, could find only one side to the question of her engagement to Sydney Worth; and that, unfortunately for the lover, was the negative side.

Sydney, on his part, being a man, was logical enough to take in all the bearings of the case, and yet heroic enough to await Marie's decision with a courage worthy of a cause more sublime than the yea or nay of a brown-eyed girl. In this trembling balance, however, was hung this hope of all earthly happiness, while he smoked his cigar and talked and walked about the world as usual.

"Take a week, only a week, for calm consideration," he had begged her, and then proceeded to enhance her calmness by daily letters of urgent pleading. His eagerness harassed and worried Marie into a state almost of resentment, and took from her much of the responsibility of her final action. It gave her something to fight against, and armed her with necessary firmness. Whereas, if he had thrown himself completely and helplessly on her mercy, she would have found it doubly hard to wring his heart by her decided refusal; but she would have wrung it, all the same.

When her letter came at last, poor Sydney kissed the dagger before he received its stab—that is, he kissed her handwriting, and then very likely a few moments later dropped a tear or two in the same spot. But the letter was folded and put away, as such letters and such poor and broken hopes are being folded and put away all over the world to-day and every day, and Sydney went about his business astonished and miserable at the heavy weight of his disappointment.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave music lessons, losing her youthful beauty somewhat, but gaining always in grace and attractiveness. She and Sydney met occasionally as friends, and his eyes still told the same old story that was now forbidden of all other expression. As for Miss Pirot, she met the usual experience that falls to the lot of talented and gracious woman. She had hosts of male friends, quite an army of admirers, and always one or two ardent lovers who were much in the same case as Sydney himself—for it would seem even to the most interested observer that Miss Pirot's being, musical and harmonious as it was, had never yet responded to the master-chord of all—the chord of Love!

But at last, when the keynote of Marie's destiny was struck, and its flood of melody came pouring into her life like an overwhelming tide, neither the alto on one side of her, nor the bass on the other, nor even the organist, Lucy Crumm, who was her bosom friend, guessed that anything unusual had happened.

It came about in this very commonplace way. Old Brande, the regular tenor, was absent, for the first time in seven years, for the Tuesday night rehearsal. The choir had assembled, and stood about, waiting and wondering, and conferring on Mr. Brande's position apart from all other tenors on record by the genuine surprise at his delinquency, when there came suddenly up the choir staircase a tall and slim young man, very fair, with plenty of flowing blonde hair that hung in student fashion on his broad white collar. He spoke with a foreign accent, in a high musical voice, addressing Miss Pirot, who happened to be nearest to him, as he approached the organ.

"Mr. Brandt has sent me to sing—he is too much ill for this night, and also for Sunday, he thinks. But if it is pleasing, I sing his part for all."

Miss Pirot only bowed and smiled, but did not speak. There was good reason for her silence. She had fallen in love with this young man, of whose existence she had been aware three seconds! It is not to be wondered at that, in the confusion of her senses, she had, for the moment, mislaid her voice.

"So very glad," said Lucy Crumm, all animation, and reassured on the score of the quartette; "but so very sorry to hear Mr. Brande is ill. Nothing serious, I hope? We were just wondering how we should manage. You read, I suppose? Mr. Aiken, will you please hand—thanks. We intended to rehearse this quartette, All along here is Mr. Brande's part—the tenor's; the bass comes in next below; but, of course, you understand?"

"Oh, yes—yes!"

He was already humming through the bars of the music she had placed in his hand, like one sure of his ground.

"Miss Pirot!"

Miss Pirot started visibly, then walked over quickly to her place, with a heightened color. When had she ever before needed a summons to duty? No one appeared to notice her embarrassment, for all eyes were now fixed on the open book, and Miss Crumm's strong fingers were pressing the keys.

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"Of course I shall be glad when dear old Brande is well enough to come back again, but I shall awfully hate to lose What's-his-name?" Miss Crumm was observing, leaning on Miss Pirot's arm as the came down the choir-steps on lovely Sunday morning, having sunned themselves into heaven for a while on Haydn's exquisite strains. "Wayzel—Wetzel? how do you pronounce it? His first name is Gustave—isn't it pretty? and such a voice! Dear me, I grudge to let him go! Don't you"

"Yes."

"Do you know, I think he has rather a struggle to get along. Musicians usually have; but, then, being a single man, he ought to be able to manage."

"Are you sure he is a single man?" Miss Pirot asked, in an airy tone.

"Oh, yes. At least, of course, I did not ask him point blank, but I said to him, jokingly, that it he intended to advance in music, it was lucky he had no wife to hold him back; and he said, 'Yes, it was lucky.' Oh, he must be single; but then, he is very young. He is only 24."

Marie sighed, but said nothing. She was 28, with a heart that had just learned to throb like the heart of 18.

The scale of fortune, we are told, is often turned by a feather, and this proposition was very forcibly demonstrated for Marie Pirot, one windy autumn evening, not long afterwards, as the little choir-group came into the street together. She was walking with Lucy Crumm, as usual, and behind them, arm-in-arm, came the bass and tenor (Miss Roberts, the alto, had said good-night and gone off in the opposite direction with her little brother); Miss Pirot was listening with her ears to the voice beside her, and with her soul to the voice behind her, when suddenly away on the wings of the wind went her long brown feather, wrenched from its fastenings on her jaunty hat; away and away, careering and whirling out of sight like a living creature that had found all at once the freedom of its wings. Marie uttered a little half-laughing cry, and started on the chase; but the tenor darted by her like a flash, and soon distanced her, as the feather distanced him. Marie did not slacken her pace, however, and as a result, when the feather was at last captured, they found themselves face to face, laughing, breathless, under a street-lamp, and more than a block ahead of Mr. Aiken and Miss Crumm. What more natural than that they should walk on together, slowly, or that Mr. Wetzel, seeing her out of breath from her late exercise, should offer her his arm? There seemed no valid reason why they should dissolve this pleasant companionship when the other two caught up with them; and from this time, instead of putting the ladies in the street car at Twenty-third street, Mr. Aiken walked with Miss Crumm to her home in Twenty-fifth street, and Mr. Wetzel walked all the way across town with Marie Pirot.

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It was a wretched night; the rain fell in torrents, a chilly wind was blowing, the streets were wet and dismal, and Marie Pirot was walking under an umbrella with Gustave Wetzel and clinging fondly to his arm. The rain was blinding her somewhat, but her tears were blinding her still more—furtive, bitter tears, such as women often weep, unknown to all the world. The crowded street cars passed them ever minute or two, but Marie had refused to ride. This was the last time they would ever walk together—the last of many, many times. She could not afford to shorten these few sad moments of parting and farewell. He had come to the choir that evening only to tell them that he had been suddenly called back to Germany and must sail in the morning; but he had staid and sang over with Marie some of the old duets, and now they were walking home together, slowly, through all the storm, by the way they had learned to know so well.

At first few words were spoken between them. Marie felt only the unreasoning love, the delight of contact, the bliss of this dual solitude encircled by rain and storm and darkness. To her it mattered little what they said or where they went, so that they were together; and to-morrow was pushed as far from her horizon as if it were twenty years away. But all the truth came back on her like a shock when Gustave's voice said:

"I must thank you, Miss Pirot, for the kindness you have given to me always—to me, a stranger: I shall often think of your lovely voice when I am far away."

"We have indeed had pleasant times," she answered, bravely and clearly, after a moment's pause. "But why need you go if you have been—happy—here? Ah, you—you have not many regrets. You are glad, I think?"

"Indeed I am glad," and glad his face looked—excited and eager. "It is a grand opportunity now that offers. You can understand, if one has been planning long, and waiting, that one might be glad to see fulfillment near."

"Yes," said Marie. That one word only, and in her voice was the huskiness that comes with tears.

"Ah, well, I see my way now, clear," he continued, gayly and brightly. All unconscious of the mute tragedy that went on beside him, he poured out the story of his disappointments in the past—of his plans and visions for the future. Marie listened silently. It seemed each moment that the tide of her emotion must burst all bonds and carry with it the fine reserve of her nature, its womanly dignity and pride. She called up all her strength at last, in a desperate effort.

"I must leave you here," she said, stopping suddenly at a corner. "I—I have some business to do—I will say good-night and good-bye. I hope you may have a pleasant journey."

"But surely not! I can not leave you in this storm. Let me escort you where you wish to go—so dark, and such a rain!"

"I have my own umbrella here." She raised it as she spoke. "Thank you, very, very much, but I prefer to go alone. And you know," smiling strangely at him, "I shall have to do without your escort altogether after this. You have been more kind—" She broke off suddenly, and busied herself with the fastening of her cloak; then held out her hand. "Good-bye!" she said, abruptly.

"Good-bye, Miss Pirot, if it must be so—if you wish it."

"Oh, yes. Parting, I think, should never be prolonged. I hope you will have a good voyage. I hope you will be always happy. Good-bye, Gustave."

But Marie had wrenched her hand from his and was gone, a dark, hurrying shape, down the lighted, rain-swept street.

* * * * * * * *

"Marie!"

Sydney Worth had come out of the opera after the second act, and having buttoned his long rubber coat to the chin, was scudding up Fourteenth street in an element defying humor, when this word burst from his lips, in a tone of amazement. Marie Pirot had just passed him on the crossing at Fourth avenue; a sudden backward tilt of her umbrella had shown him her face plainly, pale and strange, with that absorbed, unseeing look that mental suffering gives. Her swift step faltered an instant at the sound of his voice, and at that instant he was by her side.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," he said, breathlessly; "but you of all people, and at this hour! What in the world brings you into this region?"

He is holding her hand in his warm, friendly clasp, and looking down searchingly at her half-averted face.

"Oh, I was walking away from the furies," she said, trying to speak lightly; "but they have come with me. I think I really did not know where I was going. I only wanted to walk. Did you ever have that feeling, Sydney, that you were too unhappy to be quiet?"

"She asks me if I have ever had that feeling! Ah, Marie, there are few feelings, born of unhappiness, that I have not had. You ought to know that, my dear."

"But—but they pass away some time, don't they?" she asked, wistfully. "People can't go on suffering—some change, some relief, must come."

"I don't know," he answered, with a long sigh. "Perhaps. I have not found it yet."

"Oh, Sydney," she said, passionately, with a wild burst of tears. "Sydney, Sydney!" She laid her cheek on his shoulder, sobbing like a child.

He had taken the umbrella from her hand, and held its shelter between them and passers-by. Sydney's knowledge of suffering had made him very tender toward the pain of others. He allowed his companion to weep unquestioned, patting gently from time to time the little quivering fingers that clutched his arm.

"How good you are!" she stammered, whispeningly, at length. "Oh, Sydney! how could you forgive me—how could you ever look at me again, if I have made you suffer—like this? I never knew it could be so terrible! I did not dream of what you felt when we parted; you were so noble and so good. You never made me understand how cruel—Oh, and you bore it all? I can pity you now?"

"Yes, dear?" he said, tenderly. "I am glad to hear you say that. I am glad you have, at last, some pity to give me."

"Oh, but you do not need any more. Surely you can not care still as you used to—"

"Oh, hush!" Sydney interrupted, very gently, "Hush, my dear! hush, Marie! You have never understood my love if you think it could change or pass away in a few months or years."

"And you do love me this minute—now—as you did then?"

"Always—always!"

"But if I should tell you that I had thrown my heart away, unasked, unsought—oh, so hopelessly and vainly! and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, not soon, but some time, when I am a better and happier woman?'—if I should ask you to accept the poor service of my life and let me try to love you—would that atone a little for the pain and trouble of the past?"

"Oh, Marie, you do not mean it?" His grasp tightened on her fingers. "Do you think what you are saying?"

"Yes, yes, yes!—if you will take my poor half-broken heart—but not yet!" she checked herself, piteously. "I could not love you yet—bye-and-bye it all may come right. And, meanwhile, if you wish it, we can be engaged. You must stay near me, Sydney, and be good to me. Oh, help me!—help me to live. You know how hard it is—how impossible it seems that joy or hope can ever come again!"

"You have given joy and hope to me, I know," he said, in a low, happy voice. "I am willing to wait for love—as long as ever you like, darling, for it is sure to come!"

"But think—oh, Fate is strange!—think, if I had not met you!" Marie leaned more closely on his arm.

"Fate knows what she is about," Sydney answered, smiling down at the earnest, pale face. "You were obliged to meet me. Under the circumstances nothing else could have happened."

Fate did know what she was about, as she usually does, if minds finite could but compass her infinite plans. A few days later brought to Sydney Worth the unexpected fulfillment of a hope that he had patiently placed a long way off in the future—the full bestowal of Marie Pirot's love.

They were driving through the park in a brilliant October sunset, and Sydney had been talking brightly of various matters of interest, when he threw his head back with a short laugh, and said, in a kind of triumphant tone:

"Well, I was pleased to-day, Marie. You remember that fellow I told you of that had defaulted from our office with a lot of money last week?"

"No," said Marie, vaguely. "Did you tell me?"

"Come to think of it, I didn't," said Sydney, smiling. "That's so. I was afraid it might annoy you. Well, it's all right now. They've got him—at least, not him, for he gave them the slip at the last moment; but the money's safe. He took away $7,000, and we've recovered all but $700; that he spent. I tell you we've been lucky, and so has he. It's a curious thing," pursued Sydney, thoughtfully; "but—I'm awfully glad the scamp escaped."

"Glad?" repeated Marie, solemnly. "Oh, why? He will be sure to victimize other poor people."

"Other rich people," said Sydney, correctingly. "Of course he will, for it turns out that he is a regular confidence man; but you have no idea how much I liked him. We all did. He came to us about six months ago, and said he had just arrived in the country, and was quite friendless. Well, the firm took him on trust, actually. He had gotten himself up like a German student—long hair and broken English, and he had the loveliest tenor voice! Old Bond was fairly infatuated with this paragon. It was Wetzel here and Wetzel there—"

"What!" Marie grasped Sydney's arm with both her hands.

"My dear girl!" He reigned in the horse, and looked down at her white face in amazement. "What is the matter?"

"Wetzel was his name?—and he went away?—when?—when?" she demanded, hurriedly.

"Wetzel was the name he gave. His real name is Wallace, I believe. He went away last Wednesday morning—the day after I met you in the rain."

"That—was—the—man," she said, in a low, breathless voice. She unclasped her hands from Sydney's arm, and pressed them over her face.

"The man? What man?" Sydney stared quite wildly as he asked the question.

"Oh, the hero of my romance!" said Marie, slowly and bitterly—"the singer I fell in love with. You did not want to know of my secret; you must know it now! That was the man!"

"Who!—young Wetzel? Why, where on earth, how on earth, did you come to be acquainted with him?"

"He sang with me for nearly three months in the choir."

"Oh, I see! And you fell in love with his voice—no wonder!"

"I didn't!" she said, miserably; "there might have been some excuse for that. I had never heard his voice when—I fell in love—ah, not with him!—with a dream, a fancy! Could I have borne to look on his face, even, much less love him, if I had known what I know now?"

"Well, then, the comfort is that you did not love him, after all," said Sydney, cheeringly. "He only thought you did."

"No, no, no!" she returned, vehemently. "He never thought—he never dreamed—Oh, I could lie down here and die this minute—"

"Oh, not here!" said Sydney, deprecatingly. "No one could die comfortably in a buggy. You'd wait until I took you home, I know."

But Marie did not smile.

"How contemptible I am!" she said slowly, with bitter emphasis. "How I have fallen forever in my own esteem! To turn away from a noble, generous nature like yours—a love that any woman might be honored in accepting. Sydney, I deserve your hate and scorn!"

"I'm being praised, it seems," said Sydney, calmly. "Quite right; all the same, I can't hear my wife abused. And look here, Marie, I'm glad you did make such an awfully foolish mistake, because if you hadn't you never would have come to me."

"Oh, do you really think so, Sydney?" she asked, blushing beautifully. "Then I am glad, too!"—Madeline S. Bridges in Frank Leslie's.

The Fair Sex in England.

The English hostess is the perfection of good breeding. If England had no other attraction the woman who sits at the head of the table would be enough. So wise, gentle, true, considerate and charming, so intelligent, so thoughtful, so much a lady. Yes, but that is a word they never use. It is tabooed in England; one must always say woman. They say that Americans talk about "a pretty lady," "a sweet good lady," "a genteel lady." I never heard Americans use that exact combination, but I dare say they belong to the people who say "Britisher" who I also have not met. But, no doubt, there has been a misuse of the terms "lady and gentleman," and the better Saxon words man and woman have come in. A young lover who should say nowadays that he "was going to see his lady" would be mistaken for a negro minstrel. We can still say "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," and we can allude to the "Lady in Comus," but, except when we address Lady Modus by her title, we must not say "lady" in England. We must also say "Yes" and "No" and "Thanks." No one says "Yes, marm" except to the queen. She is always addressed by that somewhat obsolete form of words.

Still I think it is one of the great attractions of American women in London that they do speak unlike English women. For myself I vastly prefer the English voice, accent and pronunciation. It is not so slovenly as our speech. Much as I admire my countrywomen—and I am very proud of their intelligence, beauty, wit and style of dress—I must say they could improve their pronunciation by studying the English. In listening to Mrs. James Brown Potter's recitation of "How they brought the good news from Ghent" Hamilton Aide said to me: "You have no idea how the Yankee accent affects me." But I said: "Mrs. Potter has no Yankee accent: she is a southerner by birth and has learned her English in France." "Yes," said he, "but atrocious as she is she speaks English in an American way, and, although it is very musical, it is not English." So it is possible that to their ears none of us speak English.—Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.

The Intelligent Mechanic's Labor.

A group of gentlemen were discussing the necessity for brain labor in some life vocations, and after allusions had been made to several well-known citizens who were successful and prominent in their professions, one of the speakers, himself a retired merchant and influential politician, declared that Blank, naming a draftsman and inventor employed in a large machine tool manufactory, did more brain labor than any other man in the city. Some examples were cited of well-known mechanics, and the conclusion was reached that intelligent mechanical labor required as much solid thinking as any other work.

The intelligent, valuable mechanic is not a mere walking machine; materials are not always plastic; they are sometimes perverse, and judgment and calm consideration are required in their management. The parts of a machine, however closely planned, do not come together unaided and naturally, as eyestones converge in a saucer of vinegar; it requires head work to "assemble" the parts of a machine of any kind, and nowadays, when mechanical work requires an accuracy of proportions and a nicety of dimensions such as were not dreamed of a generation ago, the mechanic who is not brainy in his line will surely get left.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Dead Letter Office.

Defective addresses and insufficient postage are the main reasons why there is a constant flow of postage matter into the dead letter office. After reaching the office every means is employed to ascertain the senders or owners of the letters and packages, and the articles offered at the annual sales represent the proportion of the entire matter for which no owner could be found. The catalogue this year will contain some 7,000 articles, a slight increase over the number offered for sale last year, but bearing about the same proportion to the entire bulk of the matter passing through the mails. All dead mail is retained in the dead letter office for two years, if not claimed sooner, before being finally disposed of.—Chicago Herald.

The World's Largest Gold Mine.

The famous Malatos mine, regarded by many as the largest gold mine in the world, has been sold to a company of English capitalists. The mine is situated at Sonora, Mex., and was worked hundreds of years ago by the natives, but was lost track of. In 1804 it was rediscovered and sold to French parties, who, after working it for nearly fifty years, resold it to a rich Mexican, and it has been in his hands ever since. There are 100 chambers in the mine, some 150 feet high, yet not a stick of timber is used to support the roof, the support consisting of pillars left in digging out the ore. The ore is of low grade.—Chicago times.

Easily Located.

"Now, children," said an Illinois school teacher, "can you tell me where Lake Michigan is?"

"It's near Chicago."—New York Sun.

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE SCHOOL.

What a Visitor Saw Twenty Years Ago—A Soil for Nihilism.

A correspondent of a Russian monthly thus describes a village school of former years: "Once, while in a village, I happened to pass by one of those dens, in general called village schools, which I should certainly not have noticed had it not been for one incident that stirred the blood in my veins. Piteous and heart-rending appeals for mercy prompted me to satisfy my curiosity, if curiosity it may be called, and without a moment's hesitation I entered the hut.

"A fearful picture met my eyes. On a bench was stretched out a youngster of 12 tied with cords so he could not move. Two frightened little boys on each side were holding his hands, while the intoxicated moral instructor was executing the most severe punishment. 'Oh, Bozhie (oh, God!) oh, papa! oh, mamma! I will be a good boy!' were all that the poor fellow was able to utter. Of course I interfered and the boy was set free. Upon inquiring the reason for such a punishment I was more than surprised to hear that there was nothing in particular. The boy was merely of a lively disposition, which was greatly against the rules of the despotic sexton, whose motto evidently read, 'Blindly obey; hold thy tongue!'

"The room, which contained about twenty-five boys, was hardly fit to accommodate one-third of that number. The air was poisonous and intolerable; dirt and filth all over. The timid, frightened and half-starved little boys were stuttering at the top of their voices, 'Az—buki—vedi,—glagol,' etc. (A—B—V—G), evidently not knowing the difference between one letter and another. In short, it was a picture which left a strong impression upon my mind—a picture which I shall never forget."—Philadelphia Times.

Endurance of Carrier Pigeons.

"On long-distance races, how long do birds fly without stopping?"

"Until they are completely exhausted and have to fall to the ground. They can continue the flight incessantly for two days, but after that time their endeavors are useless. When a bird stops from sheer exhaustion it takes him sometimes as long as a week to fully recover, and he will not proceed until he has entirely regained his lost strength. Herein lies the danger, for while a bird lies in this state of collapse he becomes the prey of the hawk, hound or huntsman. An instance in fact came to my notice a few months ago. A man on Long island was out walking with his retriever when the latter rushed forward while crossing an open field and picked up a pigeon. The poor thing was half dead from exhaustion, and the man took it from the mouth of the dog. He examined it closely and found the name Arnold on its wing. It belonged to the great fancier of that name in this city and the man communicated with him. The reply came by wire and asked him to keep the bird until it got strong and then let her go. He did so and the homer arrived on the loft the same day he was released. Now had this been a hunter man of the regular frame of mind, the pigeon's fate would have been sealed in short order."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Chinese Invasion of Paris.

The Chinaman has been a prominent figure in Paris for some time past. Only the day before yesterday I narrowly escaped being run down by an amiable celestial escorting a pretty European girl arm in arm, swinging a gigantic fan with a grace and dexterity which made him the cynosure of neighboring eyes. This alarming personage was dressed in a blue velvet gown, a black skull cap, and immaculate white hose daintily tied about his knees, and the regulation slippers with felt soles half an inch thick. A year ago it would have been scarcely prudent for a cultivated Chinaman to show himself on the grand boulevard; but now the celestial is to be found in the courtyard of the Grand hotel, on the sands at Trouville, at the concert and the theatre, and even at the military manœuvres, where, accoutred in European uniform, he looks more grotesque, if possible, than ever.—Edward King in New York Post.

Household Servants in Capetown.

But, notwithstanding the hordes of Malays with which Capetown swarms, and Kaffirs from every tribe in South Africa, not forgetting the half-breeds of every shade, the household servants are the great trouble of the ladies; the good-natured colored ones are not particularly fond of work, and imported white maid servants, who are in great demand, would be just as bad in a short time—they would soon catch the indolent fever. The air is full of it, and every one seems to have it more or less.—Cor. New York Graphic.

She Will Follow Directions.

Physician (to young woman patient)—You have a severe cold, Miss Smith, and are threatened with pneumonia. You will have to remain very quiet for several days.

Patient—Oh, Dr. Pellet, I must go out. I have so much shopping to do.

Physician—I see, also, that your nose has a tendency to inflame at the tip—

Patient—(thoroughly alarmed)—Oh, sir, I will do anything that you tell me to.—Puck.

What a "Charmer" Says of Snakes.

The snake, though so agile or fantastic, is the very embodiment of dignity, and he can be injured by an indignity as readily as a body pain, and all snake charmers, after once studying the idiosyncrasies of their pet snakes, are careful never, under any circumstances, to excite their antipathy by disturbing their dignity of pose or sentiment, knowing well that if they do they will surely pay the penalty in the power of the reptile to sting or crush, as the case may be.—Chicago Ledger.

A New Consumption Cure.

A new cure for consumption has been originated by a German doctor. He makes his patients pass the night in the open air of the Thuringian forest, well wrapped up, and sleeping in light hammocks so as to avoid all damp from the ground. A watchman keeps off any intruders who might disturb the night's rest, and the experiment has proved wonderfully successful.—New York Sun.

At a college examination: "What is the best insulator?" asks the professor of physics. "Poverty."—Tid-Bits.

We have a fine assortment of instrumental and vocal sheet music for sale, and will hereafter keep the latest in that line. Geo. Fecus & Son.

A WEALTHY INDIAN TRIBE.

Their Riches Due to a Succession of Favorable Circumstances—Civilization.

The Osage is the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the United States. This is due not so much to their personal ability as financiers as to a succession of favorable circumstances and to the good guardianship of the United States government. The Osages long years ago occupied the country about St. Louis. They were removed from there to a reservation at Westport, Mo., near Kansas City, then to the valley of the Neosho then to a reservation in southern Kansas, and finally to their present home in Indian territory. The Osages were a powerful tribe, and to get them off of coveted lands Uncle Sam seems to have been willing to pay them more liberally than the other wards of the nation. In this way the Osages come into their present possessions, which include a tract of land in Indian territory fifty miles square, or about 1,500,000 acres, and an annuity of $250,000. This is the interest on United States bonds given them in exchange for their former lands in Kansas and Missouri and held in trust by the government, which pays the annuity in semi-annual payments.

There are about 400 families, averaging about four to a family—a total of about 1,600 people. Out of this interest fund the Indians draw $165 a year for each man, woman and child—so that the larger his family the more the head of a family is enabled to draw. This system would apparently foster a rapid increase of population, but, strange to say, the full-blood Indians are decreasing in numbers. The full-blood families are small and the tribe is doomed to extinction. This is probably due to two causes—the changed physical condition of their life and the loss of all ambition as a race. The wild Indian was a fine specimen of robust physical development, with great enduring powers. He could face any storm, brave the most vigorous weather, endure the toils and privations of the march and camp. Nature, somehow, took care of him, healed his wounds, and warded off disease. But now, taken from his "native heath," cut off from much that was part of his physical existence, his territory circumscribed, compelled by superior force to keep the peace with neighboring tribes, coaxed to adopt the habits, food, the customs, and the dress of the white man, compelled to send his children to school, and too often tempted to adopt the white man's vices—with all these changed conditions he is a changed being.

As he has deserted nature, nature now deserts him. He is more susceptible to disease. The wild Indian could be careless in dress and indifferent to exposure, but on the reservation it is different. If he gets his feet wet or sleeps on the ground, he is liable to "catch cold" like his white brother. They are subject to lung troubles. Some are consumptive. This and the small-pox and other diseases are decimating their ranks. Ten years ago there were 3,000 Osages; today only a little over half that number. The mothers die prematurely. You find comparatively few old squaws. The tribe being rich as a community very few of the men will work. They live in idleness, and that is fatal to a longevity based upon active outdoor life.—Cor. Burlington Hawkeye.

De man what tells yer dat dar ain't nothin' in 'pearances is wrong. Pure water neber looks muddy.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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