OUT OF LOVE AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of happy men the happiest yet Is he that's out of love and debt Who owes no kiss to womankind, Who has no duns to craze his mind; With heart and thought and conscience fre Where is the man more blest than he? "Out of love and out of debt," Motto none will e'er regret.

To all surrounding reconciled, He sleeps as sweetly as a child; By neither love nor debt distress'd, His dreams but glorify his rest. He never dreads the morn to see, For days with days in peace agree "Out of love and out of debt."

Motto none will e'er regret. Who's had his share of debt and love Knows what the peace they rob him of; And, once relieved of love and debt, His slavery never can forget. No longer will he bend the knee, But sing the pæans of the free-"Out of love and out of debt,"

Motto none will e'er regret. For all the bliss that love can give, There's more of woe with love to live; He plucks the perfect, thornless rose, Who honored manhood, no man owes No love, no debt, an ! there's the key Of life, for him, who'd happy be. "Out of love and out of debt,"

Motto none will e'er regret. -George Birdseye.

### OUTJUGGLED.

"Now, turn your tongue loose, Mac, and tell us a good story; some wild yarn. We don't want any fancy stuff, but a eal adventure, something exciting, out of your knock-about experiences on the

It was during our hunting trip up Red river into Texas and the "Nations" territory. We had camped that night in the shelter of the bluffs, and had a roaring camp-fire burning; for a blustering "norther" had come down on us. Mac had figured as a traveling magician.

"Well, gentleman," Mac responded, at length, and in compliance with our urgent, hilarious demand on him, "I will tell you a little thing that happened to me once on a time, and not so very long ago, either. It was last fall, in fact, and came off at one of the Comanche vil-

ages. "About the middle of November, I was trailing my cart and show-truck over the "Sill Route" once more, and I camped for the night at the Comanche town, as I had done a hundred times before that. I knew the bucks, every one of them, or thought I did, and I felt no fear of going among 'em alone, though before I'd always carried a driver.

"Well, I hadn't got my supper cooked before a lot of young bravos came down to my wagon and engaged me for a show that evening in their new school-house! Well, they've got one, a big log house, with a board floor and seats. It had just been built, and they'd got an edicated half-breed girl to teach.

"I told the young chaps that if they'd help me rig a little staging and put up my curtains and raise me five dollars, I'd give 'em a first-class show, with all the latest performances in legerdemain.

"Well, these young bucks that I was speaking of came down in bout an hour with half the town, young and old, big and little, at their heels, and away we went, cart, horse and all, over to the school-house, which was built in the woods 'bout forty rods from the village. In a very short space of time we had a narrow staging rigged, and I hung my calico curtains cross the front of it, packed in my truck-chests, and while the house was a-filling up plumb full of the black, greasy-faced beggars, I got ready for business.

five dollars in silver, and paid it cheerful as you please; the beggars'll give their last cent either for a drink of whisky or to see any kind of a queer performance that is new to

"Well, I opened up on 'em. I per-formed with rings, with cup and ball, and set 'em all a-grunting and a-chuggering with delight.

"Then I loaded a pistol, marked the bullet, and let em examine it; and then handing the pistol to a young buck, I told him to shoot me square between the eyes. That was too much for them Comanches; they just gripped their seats and grunted like a lot of wild hogs that you've just jumped in a thicket of sweet-

"That young buck's hand trembled like a mule's ear; but he pulled down on me, gritty like, shut his teeth and cut Then them Comanches just rose to their feet and yelled! But I stepped down out of the smoke and motioned em back into their seats, and got 'em quiet

"Then I opened my lips and showed 'em the bullet between my teeth, and when they'd all seen it there, I took it out and passed it round. It had the same marks as the bullet they'd seen me put in the pistol.

"But I hadn't done with 'em yet; fool that I was, I proposed the rope performance, and called on two of their best men to come up and tie me, telling 'em that I could get out of their knots before one of 'em could find time to saddle a pony, if the horse were right there.

"I produced my rope, a good long one three-eighths, and stout enough to hold a two-year-old steer. I laid down on the platform and told 'em to come on and do their tying. At first they all seemed a little scared of trying; that bullet busi-ness, you see, had made 'em a little shy bout fooling around me.

"Presently, a big, tall, ugly-looking old buck, wearing a green blanket round him and a lot of dyed turkey feathers in his hair, came up on the stage and motioned to a stout young one, sitting near, to come and help him. The young chap trotted up and they went at me.

might; you know how the trick's done; but, gentlemen, before they got half done

I knew I was cornered.
"I saw it in that old black villain's wrinkled, scowling face and in his murderous, snaky little eyes. He was one of their medicine-men, probably the greatest of the tribe. The old brute was jealous of me; and, knowing there was nothing any more supernatural about my tricks than about his own heedyus juggling, he'd made up his mind to corral me in

one of my own performances.
"Well, gentlemen, that rope was passed round my wrists in a twinkling, and drawed so tight that I winked hard with the pain, and I felt the veins swell

almost to bursting.
"From my wrists they passed the rope tight around my waist, then took a half out my six-shooter, then hitch round my neck and knotted it against the wall and waited.
"I was nearly half an hour legs with the other end of the rope, and tied my ankles (I'd taken off my boots) so tight that my feet ached before they'd

finished knotting.
"I laid there and never opened my mouth; I wouldn't even let myself think till they pulled the curtains on me. When they got through, I told 'em to draw the curtain and shut me in so that I might set my medicine at work upon the ropes. I saw the old medicine-man grin as I give the order. He shoved the young fellow off the staging and pulled the curtains to, leaving himself inside. Then I heard a surprised grunt all over the house, and I began to think.

"I let my muscles relax and shrunk up like a turtle; but them knots shrunk with me, and I found myself helpless as a baby; and there was that old grinning wretch bending over me with his snakish black eyes just glittering in triumph!

"Guess you've got me, old said I; 'what are you going to do about

"He bent lower over me, and made a hissing noise with his mouth, a noise that sounded exactly like the buzz of a rattlesnake's tail. Everything and everybody in the room was as still as a tomb-stone. I couldn't hear a breath outside. All at once that wretch stopped his hissing, and with a quick movement jerked my head up between his knees, jammed something between my jaws, whipped a red scarl out from under his blanket, and passed it around my head and mouth—gagged me, in fact, tight as a double-sinched bucker.

"Tve given my last show on this earth,' I thought. Then the old villain backed down off the platform and slipped out from under the curtain.

"There was a general grunt of curiosity and astonishment outside; and a heap of admiration for their old juggler was mixed up with their racket.

" 'Silence!" growled the old wretch in Comanche. 'Silence! I have breathed upon the bad medicine-man of the whites. If I had not done so, his vile, poisonous breath would have slain every warrior in the room. At midnight every one of you would have died. Just as the moon rose above the tree-tops, your spirits would have left your bodies. Your squaws and your children would have been given to them crawling snakes the Creeks and the Choctaws in the East.'

"Of course I'm only trying to give you the substance of what he said. I don't understand their jargon only well enough to get their general meaning. When the old man ceased speaking the crowd just got up and shricked the awfullest blood-curdling yells you ever dreamed of ! for a minute I thought my time had come, and that I should be torn to pieces by the screeching mob; but the old man shook his madicine-rattle at 'em and down they set again, quiet as you please.

"Listen!' he said. 'Go home now, find the bad medicine of the whites harmless as the water of the Coder. He shall not hurt you. Go and leave me with the medicine-dog; for I must breathe again upon him, and my breath will take away all his charms and all his magic. He shall ketch no more bullets in his teeth. Go, my children, for my breath is sacred and can be of no good until all the members of my tribe are in their lodges.

"And do you believe it, they all got up and skipped out of there, every mother's son of 'em! There I was left alone with the heedyus old beast. I had worked desputly all the time he was talking, trying to draw my hands from the rope. I loosened one of 'em just a trifle, enough to know that in half an hour of hard work I could bring my wrist through, by peeling all the skin off with it. Well, when they'd gone and the last sound of 'em died away, the old juggler stuck his face inside.

"I go now, says he, I go to my tepee to prepare my medicines against the medicine of the white dog. When I come again the white man's magic shall all be mine; he will tell me all his medicines.' Then he came inside, felt of all my knots, made himself sure of 'em, and

then went out and left me. " 'So that's your game, is it?' thought I, and I began to take hope at once. I hadn't time to think over the situation; I just worked like a beaver, with the sweat pouring off me like rain off a slicker

"It was a struggle for life; for of course I hadn't a doubt but the medicineman meant to kill me, whether I told him any of my tricks or not. He would smother me like a cat in a sack, and tend to his tribe that his breath had killed the medicine man of the whites, when he would possess himself of my trinkets and be the greatest man that ever trod a Comanche town.

"Well, he was gone longer than I had any reason to hope for; and after a time I wrenched my right hand through the work was easy; I got my arm loose, got from the day of Charles I. to our own.

"I swelled out my muscles with all my my jackknife out of my pocket, managed to open the big blade with the stiff, swelled fingers of my other hand. Then I cut and slashed for a minute, tore the bandage off my mouth, and spit out a deer's-horn charm. I was nearly smothered with my efforts; for of course I couldn't breathe through my mouth till got the scarf off; but I soon gained my

eath and set up a free man. "Then I began to think and to act. My right hand was just streaming with blood, and an idee struck me. I smeared it all over my face, till it was perfectly red with blood. Then I got up and fished a white sheet out of one of my chests, a piece of white 'factory' that I'd used in some of my tricks. I put that around me, turned down the lantern and the other light inside the curtains, got out my six-shooter, then leaned back

"I was nearly half an hour yet before I heard the old heathen coming. He stole in, soft as a cat, and slid along up the curtains. I always carry three lamps with me. Two of them were burning in the room; but he seemed puzzled about the light behind the curtain. Presently he opened a crack and peeked in. What do you think I saw? The horriblest fac ever-a human being wore! The cheeks painted a blarish green, half-moons of ghastly yellow under the eyes, a jetblack ring about the ugly, grinning mouth, and three blood-red stripes across the forehead; while the little black eyes shone with a fierce, beastly glitter that couldn't be described.

"He'd got himself up in a more fearful shape than I had. He was going to scare

me; but he didn't succeed—not any!
"He give a surprised 'whooh' as he looked on the floor; there was nothing there but a bloody spot. I'd cleared away the ropes and tossed 'em one side. Then he looked up and I stepped forward, jerked the curtains one side, and exhibited my git-up to him. With a sharp yell he threw up both his hands, and there came over his bedaubed face the ghastliest look of fright it's ever been my fortune to behold. I wish I could have painted it; I should be famous to-

day. "But I didn't give him any time to recover; I jumped for him, and struck out as I jumped. He went his length on that platform like a beef-ox. Then I grabbed the pieces of rope, and before he come to himself enough to realize what the movement meant, I had him tied, yes, and had that old deer's-horn charm between his jaws, bound there with his own red scarf, tighter than

"I'd bound him with limp muscles, and he was there to stay! He came to himself in a minute and glared at me fright-

"Ha; ha! says I. 'You'll breathe on the white dog, will you-you? Lay there and learn to let the medicine of the white man alone!

But I didn't waste time palavering at I hustled my things out of there, hitched onto my cart, and skipped out and away; and, gentlemen, I never went fooling round any Comanche village agin."- Youth's Companion.

# The Origin of the Postoffice.

The English Illustrated Magazine says that the postoffice is an example of the mode in which things change while names remains. It was originally the office which arranged the posts or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of government dispatches. There was a chief postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their my children, to your tepees and sleep; whole journey, or by relays of horses come not here till morning, when you'll maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A postoffice for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. James I., by a proclamation is-sued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present postoffice. By this proclamation he commanded his "postmaster of England for foreign parts to settlesa running post or two, to runnight and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town in or near that road." Neighboring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull, were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterward a second p:oclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's postmaster-general, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the king to enhance the royal power and to bring money into the exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his parlia-ment, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchial party by means of one of the sovereign's own acts of aggression. How-ever, from one motive or another royalists and parliamentarians agreed in the establoop that held it. And I peeled it, too, lishment of a state post, and the institupeeled it horribly. But after that the tion has come down without a break

Wild Animals in Madagascar, The woods of Madagascar are full of wild animals, according to a traveler, who says the country contains vicious, venomous serpents of extraordinary size. Not snakes, but huge serpents—bodies as big as a man's, and thirty or forty feet long; powerful enough to kill a horse or swallow an ox. They hang down from the limbs in the forests and They hang snatch up the natives going along, and make a breakfast off one with as much unconcern as a fly taps a sugar cork. Near Andavaka Menarana is a deep cave called "The Serpent's Hole," and it is so full of them that they frequently drive the villagers all indoors. rivers swarm with crocodiles, the biggest I ever saw. These the natives worship as water-gods, and are superstitious about killing them. They try to propitiate the creatures by prayers and throwing in charms or odys, but their virtue is owing to the noise and shouting and beating the water with which the offering of ody is always accompanied. Why, these animals eat up all the sheep and hogs, and even larger cattle that come anywhere near the banks; and they don't refuse women and children who venture near. Ab Jtasy, which is a fine lake, sixty miles west of the capital, the people believe that if a crocodile be killed human life will within a very short time be exacted by the monster's brother relatives as an atonement for the death. When I was there some Frenchmen shot several, and they had to leave the country at once, or the people would have murdered them. The earth has white cats, the air wild bees, sand-flies and mosquitos as big as beetles, and whose sting hurts like a dog's bite. The ants are the greatest pests I ever saw. They eat every article of provision or apparel scarce any precaution can elude their vigilance and cunning. They raise a hollow cylinder of earth perpendicularly toward their object, and through it as by a ladder they ascend by thousands. They are terrible persecutors of the sick; they will reach the bed in a night's time, though hung at a distance from the ground, when their bites, like scalding water poured upon the skin, was more intolerable than the disease itself. sandflies and mosquitoes were terrible plagues, but nothing to compare with the wild bees, who would swarm in the bedroom and sting every intruder. Locusts come two or three times in a summer and eat up everything green. But nature is so prolific here that in eight days the verdure will be all out again.

## The First Inauguration.

Ben Perley Poore, the Washington correspondent, in his "Reminiscences," says: William Dunlap, the artist, graphically described the appearance of Washington and other dignitaries at the first inauguration. The oath was adminis-tered on the balcony of Federal Hall, in Wall street, New York, where a statue of Washington now marks the spot. This building had been erected for the accommodation of Congress under the direction of Major L'Enfant, a French officer of engineers, who afterward planned the city of Washington. In front of the balcony were the volunteer companies of militia in full uniform, with a large concourse of citizens. General Washington is described as having worn on that day a plain suit of brown cloth, coat, waistcoat and breeches of home manufacture, even to the buttons, on which Rollinson, an engraver, had portrayed the arms of the United States. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of that day, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered and his hair dressed and powdered, for such was the universal custom of the time. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view at history of nations. John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand, and opposite to the president-elect stood Chancellor Livingston in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the clerk of the Senate, a small man, bearing the Bible on a cushion. In the background of this picture and in the right and left compartments formed by the pillars stood the warriors and sages of the Revolution.

When all was ready General Washington stretched forth his hand with that simplicity and dignity which character-ized all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read, the Bible was raised and he bowed his head upon it, reverentially kissing it. The chancellor then made proclamation: "God save George Washington, President of the United States of America.' A shout went up from the multitude, cannons were fired near by, the music played and every one appeared delighted.

# A Frightful Fungus.

One of the most remarkable fungi of which there is any record grew in the wine celiar of Sir Joseph Banks. He received a cask of wine as a gift, and finding it too sweet had it locked up in a cellar to ripen. There it remained for three years, probably during the time he was with Captain Cooke in his voyage around the world. At the end of that period he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, but the cellar door could not be opened on account of some powerful obstacle within. The door was cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungus so dense and firm as to require an axe for its removal. It was then discovered that the fungus had consumed every drop of wine and raised the cask to the ceiling.

According to statistics prepared by Dr. Alex. Johannsen, scarlet fever is on the main causes of death in Sweden.

#### NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Sapphire-blue is a favorable color for the dresses of growing girls.

Queen Victoria' is the richest womanin the world, and growing richer.

The grain of wood makes the pattern for the polka dots on some of the new patterns in calico.

Tufts of white chenille in the form of dots, balls, tassels and blocks occur on many of the new veilings. Coquelicot red bonnets with trimmings

red maple wings will be worn by pale ladies of fair complexion. Mrs. Livermore, in a recent lecture, said that in the West she finds "a perfect

network of women's clubs." Very narrow velvet ribbon, as narrow as soutache braid, is used in large quan-

tities on imported bonnets. It is now the extravagant fashion to use as much material as possible in the skirts and overskirts of dresses.

Spring wools in the new brown-gray tints and also those in vert-de-gris predominates in fresh importations.

The beautiful and durable taffeta is again the favored silk both for all-silk toilets and silk and velvet combinations,

India shawls are formed into graceful spring mantles by means of silver or gilt buckles, used to hold the folds in place.

Lace waistcoats, or rather satin waistcoats, covered with pleatings of lace, are very fashionable on toilets of black

The full silk waistcoat used in the summer dresses will be elaborately strapped rather than allowed to hang

Pleated pelerines, of the material of the dress come as the fashionable wrap, with Parisian dresses for very young ladies.

New York florists have adopted a fashion of encircling all bouquets with a wreath of ivy leaves, giving them a very stiff effect.

Round hats trimmed with velvet scarfs, which are fastened loosely about the throat, are called Spanish by those who find that the curves of the scarf remind them of the mantilla.

White nun's veiling is extensively worn by little girls at children's parties. Some of the new styles for children's dresses are exceedingly quaint and pretty. Puffed sleeves are worn, and the Kate Greenaway waists are still very popular.

The Princess Louise has recently regained the youthfulness of appearance which she possessed before her late visit to Canada. At a recent wedding she wore a dark-red satin, with bonnet to match, and a boa and muff of skunk fur.

Mrs. Mary A. Miller's final capture of the captaincy of a Mississippi steamboat has kept biographers busy in setting forth her many merits. She is said to be equally at home on the river or on shore, and to carefully adapt her language to the emergencies of either.

Nilsson displayed at a recent reception in Philadelphia many elegant diamonds, among which were a diamond bird of paradise in her hair and a comb of five very large diamonds. On the front of the corsage she wore twenty-seven diamonds, nearly all presented to her by the late czar of Russia and the king of Sweden. On the left of her corsage she wore the court order of Sweden, encased in diamonds, also an order of the commander of Germany of art and science, and a similar one from Russia. Her bracelets and shoe-buckles were also ornamented with the same precious jewels.

# The Brakeman's Story.

"Was I ever in an accident?" echoed the moment which forms an epoch in the the brakeman, as he took off his gloves readjusted his necktie, and brushed off imaginary dust after putting some coal in the heater. "Never had an accident in my life, sir, but I come mighty close to it several times. Closest call I ever had was down near Laporte. We stopped to fix up a hot-box, and as I knew the limited was close behind us I skipped back with my lantern in a hurry. Hadn't gone more'n ten or twelve yards when I heard her a-comin' about a mile off, perhaps more. There was a curve right there, and I couldn't see her. Hearin' of her made me a bit anxious, and I started to run faster-it was a snowy, blowy night-when I slipped down, broke my lantern, and the wind blew it out. Here was a fix-me a hundred feet from the rear of my train, expected to stop No. and her a-comin' down the grade and round the curve, and my lantern out! Now I tell you I did some pretty quick thinking then. I hadn't time to get back to the train, get another lantern, and get far enough to stop her. Couldn't strike a match in the wind, certain, and for a second or two I didn't know what to do. Then it come back to me like a flash, and didn't I hustle! Run back to my train, pulled the rope for our engineer to go ahead, yelled with all my might to the conductor, who was ahead where the hot box was, and grabbed the red bulls-eye from the rear platform, climbed up on the brake and then on to the coach, and when I got there held my bulls-eye up high and waved her across the track. It was as I thought. I could see twenty's headlight from up therewould she see me? Apparently not, for she came along like mad as I felt myself going crazy. But as soon as she struck the tangent of the curve the engineer looked my wny, saw the red light, and put her down hard. You see if I had tayed off the track he couldn't have seen the light at all; but even as it was, nothing saved us but the fact that our train started up in time to get fairly going before twenty saw my bulls-eye. Not a passenger knew what a close call we'd had. Neither did the superintendent, you bet. Elkhart! Elkhart! Twenty minutes for dinner!"- Iniotos Jeruia,