

MISSING LINKS.

A Savannah undertaker advertised a "grand spring opening of things in my line."

A Portland (Oregon) Chinaman who died recently left property valued at over \$300,000.

California seems to be a lucky state. Nature has been discovered three miles from Vallejo.

France spends nearly 1,000,000 francs a year in providing warm meals for the poor school children.

The National Academy, London, had 89 admissions during public days in 1880, an average of 2.94.

It is curiously noted that girls who work in candy factories lose their taste for sweets after the first week.

The British Museum, it is stated, has been ordered a statue recently recovered in Egypt after a burial of over 8,000 years.

A company of Russian and Belgian financiers with large capital has been formed to cultivate cotton on a large scale in Bokhara.

The English *Evening Times* reports general complaint among lawyers of lack of business, and of crime and contention and declining salaries.

The city council of Santa Barbara, Cal., has ordered every eucalyptus tree that stands within 100 feet of a water main to be cut down.

There are over 60,000 Italians in New York City. The business men among them are naturalized; the laborers, as a rule are not.

An oak tree felled in Branch County, Mich., had a diameter of 10 feet and a height of 150 feet. It was 496 years old.

It is asserted that a resident of Meabon, N. C., found the other day in a second-hand mattress which he had used for a year, a wad of bank notes aggregating \$1,011.

It is understood that a Troy audience will sit unmoved and immovable through a cry of "fire!"

A man in Bloomington, Ill., recently gave \$50,000 to his children, intending to spend the declining days with them. They accepted the money and then hid him in the poor house.

French chemists are again certain that they have overcome the difficulty that has hitherto prevented them from producing large rubies, and they can now make them of any reasonable size.

Berlin's Society for the Homeless sheltered last year 108,000 men and 15,000 women. Since 1870 the society has assisted with lodgings, baths, breakfasts and medical care, 2,200,000 persons.

In Africa the number of missionaries exceeds 500, and the number of converts 400,000, increasing by about 25,000 a year. During the five years Africa has furnished more than 200 martyrs.

Gail Hamilton has charge of a Bible class in Washington. If the lovely Gail should put as much vim into her theology as she does into her brilliant teaching, the exercises in her class would be of the liveliest.

In 1880 there were in Germany 1,181 strikes, in each of which 100,000 workmen participated. The total number of strikers was 294,440. In 420 cases they were entirely unsuccessful; in 187 they got all their demands.

The doctors of Berlin have agreed that in the future their coaches shall wear white hats, so that a doctor's carriage may always be immediately distinguishable and the public enabled to summon medical aid from the street in urgent cases.

The movement for the erection of a monument to Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate navy, still seems to be going some time. It is being helped on by a Mobile organization of veterans. It is intended to raise \$100,000 for the purpose.

The Baroness Eva, an Italian lady of rare accomplishments, who speaks several European languages fluently and correctly, as well as English. She is a great admirer of America, though the climate has prevented her from living here for two or three years.

A California inventor has built a boat made entirely out of soap, and will sail in it down the bay during the reception of President Harrison.

The portrait of the late Dr. Henry Schliemann, painted by Sydney Hodges, has been purchased by Emperor William for the Museum of Anthropology in Berlin. Dr. Hodges painted the picture while Mr. Schliemann was on a visit to England.

The lot for Mrs. Fremont's new home has been purchased about two miles from the center of Los Angeles, and work on a small house has been begun. The house is to be built of brick, and \$2,000 is still to be raised in order to complete payment.

The war upon self-binders continues in Davison County, where the vandals, in trying to wipe out these labor-saving machines, have burned twenty-three barns within the past eighteen months.

It is a curious fact that water pipes in Davison County freeze in the winter, and that the water pipes in the same place do not freeze in the winter.

A device has been recently patented in England for the purpose of removing grease from gloves and fabrics. It is called a benzine pencil, and consists of a cylindrical body about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, containing benzine. As the pencil is rubbed over the fabric, the benzine is melted by the heat of the hand, and the grease is dissolved.

Two men of Palmersville, Tenn., recently cut down a tree. On the trunk, about eight feet from the stump, was a great white hole, the diameter of a man's arm, and the hole was filled with a soft, white substance. On cutting into the hollow which had been completely overgrown, they found inside a frog which was lifeless but well preserved. It was estimated that the frog was at least thirty years old. The tree had been preserved for years in its air-tight hole.

The widow of General Logan indignantly denies a rumor that she is about to marry again. She says: "Thanks to Congress and the General's friends, I am well provided for and I now enjoy the friendship of many good men who were his friends, and whose wives are my friends. Why should I want to sacrifice as I have done for the uncertainty of other life?"

AMUSEMENTS IN BAVARIA.

Quantities in Which the People of That Country Enjoy Themselves.

As to amusement you may trust a Bavarian not to be behind in that, says the *Journal of Berlin*. The men meet almost nightly in the different inns and beer-houses, according to their habits, and the women, who have to take singing, music, cards, etc., the large glass mugs of beer at their sides being constantly replenished. Besides the light and wholesome, but the amount drunk is a serious expense, and much more than the men usually can afford. Besides the nightly gatherings, there are different clubs or societies that meet at certain times at one or other of the inns for an evening's amusement, some of them under the patronage of the king or queen. The women play cards, but the women's chief entertainments are kunkel or spinning parties, and home and evening cozy amusements of the kind.

The great feature in a Bavarian inn is the large porcelain stove that stands in the middle of the room, and is usually lit from the passage outside. Round this stove a bench runs, making a delightful warm seat, the back being of porcelain stoves. Besides the stove, in the older houses, there is in the wall a hole with a chimney, where a particular sort of pipe, that burns brightly without sending out a single particle of smoke, is used for the purpose of light only.

In olden times, when such luxuries as lamps were unknown, it was not the only means of illumination. Some still use them constantly; others keep them only for festive occasions.

Men generally use the bag or storeroom of the inn, and the women keep their spinning-wheels or knitting, and the men sit in the darker corners, and tell stories or keep the fun going in some way. One such scene especially recurs to me.

Imagine a street with a dark-paneled room. In her arched close to the store, in the full light of the blazing pine wood, sits the handsome old hostess, in her apron and cap, busy with her spinning-wheel. A young woman with a wheel is in an opposite corner.

Three daughters knitting and guests sit in a circle, more or less, one day, 1844, playing on the varied faces and time-worn furniture as bright firelight glows on the walls, and the air is filled with the hum of the spinning-wheel. A young man with a wheel is in an opposite corner.

Two girls sing a gaiter and two girls sing a song. At a snatches of different kinds of cheap liquors and delicious coffee, and home-made cake, are handed round, and the evening ends with hearty farewell greeting.

"That is your father," said the doctor. "It is not," replied the eldest. "It is not," said the youngest. "That can be him."

It was some minutes before the girls could be convinced. They were finally able to satisfy their doubts, and to identify by his hair and finger-nails. None of his features could be distinguished.

The patient had been resting very comfortably throughout the day, and at 6 o'clock one of his daughters left the hospital with more hope of recovery than she had for some time.

A few minutes later a sudden change was noted. The patient began to draw short quick breaths, and then blood began to flow from his nose, and his mouth. When the lung was punctured a blood clot was formed. If all had gone well this would have healed in time, but a sudden change took place, and a hemorrhage followed, and at 6:45 Paul Schoenlein was dead.

His body an hour after death retained its natural color, and the doctor, Dr. Johnson is of the opinion that it will remain in that condition.

A QUAKER BOY OF LONG AGO.

He Didn't Let a Brother's Interference in His Business.

Little Moses W. was a worthy member of "the people called Quakers," says Anna Carpenter in the *Knickerbocker*. "His wife and child came so fittingly bestowed as was his."

The most gracious patience and modesty characterized the child. Like Moses of the wilderness, he was a Quaker, but beneath the gentleness a quick spirit and a firm will were hidden, and on rare occasions he would show forth or stand firm.

The youngster of a household of boys, Moses was the recipient not only of a wealth of affection, but it can not be denied, of a large amount of money. His increasing business demanded new quarters, and he moved, but it was a peculiarity of his life to retain the title of "the boy of the street," and he occupied, and at the time of his death the land upon which he first found a home in Milwaukee was in his name.

In 1850 he entered into a partnership with Frederick Layton, and the new firm began the packing business, which, at the time of dissolution in 1854, was worth \$100,000.

For three years Mr. Plankinton continued alone, and in 1864 united with P. D. Delahante, and the new firm of Plankinton & Armour. The business was extended to cover the now famous establishments in Chicago, New York, and other cities, and the partnership business responsibilities impelled him to dispose of his packing house.

How a Soldier Feels in Battle.

Gen. Russell A. Alger of Detroit does not often illustrate his conversation with the soldier, but he has done so, and the following is one of his favorites:

"Four ministers stopped at my house in Detroit one day, and after a conference meeting and one evening they asked me if the glory of brave deeds celebrated in song did not have a powerful influence in stimulating soldiers to emulate heroes of history. I said not all. Then they wanted to know what was the sentiment that took possession of the soldier as he went into battle. I answered that just three words were often uttered by soldiers in fighting, and they embraced all the sentiment and poetry of a warrior's nature. For example, in my division there was a certain colonel known for his religious views and orthodox ways. He would not do anything to violate the Sabbath, and never was known to utter an oath or any word on the 'cuss' order. I thought he was a Miss Nancy kind of fellow, and he would not be used in any use in battle, except to assist in a quick and successful retreat. One day in a big battle I saw a regiment of soldiers in a retreating column, and the colonel, with his sword in hand, on foot, his horse having been shot in front, cheering his men and urging them on. I rode up to him and he said to me, 'I can get along with them in their lucid intervals. Oh, yes, a proportion of them are discharged and we never hear of them again, but they leave the asylum.'—N. Y. Sun.

Oysters Grow Scarce.

"What shall we do for oysters in the future?" is a question which is being asked in many parts of the coast of America. In 1880 the oyster production of the Chesapeake and its estuaries was given at 17,000,000 bushels; last year they yielded less than 6,000,000.

A CURIOUS CASE.

Death of a Man Who Had Swelled Up Like a Balloon.

One of the most extraordinary medical cases on record is that of Paul Schoenlein, a German physician, who, in the N. Y. *Continental*. For twenty-four hours he was in reality a human balloon. Further investigation discloses the fact that one of the broken ribs had punctured the pleura surrounding the lungs and had also surrounded the tissue of the lung. This made the passage from the lung cells direct to the air tissue underlying the skin on all parts of the body. Every breath inhaled the skin continued to expand till it seemed ready to burst. His face became extended till it was hideous.

His neck was covered with a cushion of air which felt like a tightly blown football. There was a reservoir of air from one-half to two inches thick all over the body, and the air was fresh. Barring his shattered side, Schoenlein suffered little pain.

Artificially, however, became difficult under the party sits. In addition of his face and neck, his eyes were nearly closed. They lay for twenty-six hours, while Dr. Johnson, who was called in to attend to the case, was in doubt as to what should be done.

Mr. Schoenlein lived at 157 West Street, New York, and had a wife and two grown daughters, and two sons. He also had two married daughters who do not live at home. The first news of his illness was brought to the family by an employe at the works. He said that Mr. Schoenlein had been struck with a bath, but would probably be all right in a few days.

Two of his daughters went at once to the hospital. They asked to see their father, and were conducted to the room where the suffering man was lying.

"That is your father," said the doctor. "It is not," replied the eldest. "It is not," said the youngest. "That can be him."

It was some minutes before the girls could be convinced. They were finally able to satisfy their doubts, and to identify by his hair and finger-nails. None of his features could be distinguished.

The patient had been resting very comfortably throughout the day, and at 6 o'clock one of his daughters left the hospital with more hope of recovery than she had for some time.

A few minutes later a sudden change was noted. The patient began to draw short quick breaths, and then blood began to flow from his nose, and his mouth. When the lung was punctured a blood clot was formed. If all had gone well this would have healed in time, but a sudden change took place, and a hemorrhage followed, and at 6:45 Paul Schoenlein was dead.

His body an hour after death retained its natural color, and the doctor, Dr. Johnson is of the opinion that it will remain in that condition.

RUMSEY'S MUSTACHE.

Result of an Attempt to Let Hair Grow on His Upper Lip.

In addition to his bashful temperament there was another reason why Rumsey had never been able to acquire a mustache. The society of women, says the *N. Y. Sun*, this was his youthful looks. He had been a great favorite with the girls, and sometimes by the women too, that he had long ago given up the idea of hair on his upper lip.

And he complained of inconspicuousness to a few of his boon companions, and sought their advice, and was urged by them to form the acquaintance of some nice young woman, to whom they would introduce him, but they were emphatically declined.

One night, however, his chum insisted on taking him to see a young woman who, he was assured, would treat him just like one of the family, and would never dream of making fun of his juvenile appearance.

Rumsey, who was in a state of exhortations, and went with as good a grace as possible. When the young man entered the room he shook a bit at the kind of mustache that grew fairly through the diligent efforts of his chum, who was gifted, as Rumsey himself admitted, with extraordinary powers of concentration.

He was so much encouraged by his success at this visit that he called again very soon. During the second visit he was introduced to a young woman that he had dreamed the night before that he had kissed her.

"The most I get out of a man for a few moments—so hard, in fact, that Rumsey wished he had not allowed the enthusiasm of the moment to carry him so far. He had never seen her, and it irrationally it seemed to him, why he had never let his mustache grow.

Rumsey replied that if it would grow immediately, she said she would like to see him with one very much. "It makes a young man look so handsome," she said, "and I have promised to have a full-grown mustache before he called again."

"When will you call again, then, Mr. Rumsey?" she asked.

Rumsey answered that he guessed about two weeks would give him plenty of time. So that night he set about his mustache, and he succeeded in shaving his lip. He wondered why the idea had never occurred to him before. It would make him look five years older at least, he thought, and would be very strong and thick. At the end of the first day after his regular day for shaving, Rumsey was called to satisfy his curiosity. An old red hairbrush was used to rub the Indian's limbs, and it was tied around the waist. The blanket is made of all-sterile skin and feathers. The bow and arrows which are used by the Indian's weapons they know of or use. His legs from the knee down are not covered. The hat he wears is of straw, and he, as the Indians are, is the typical Sir Lancelot.

"The women wear patched dresses made of old which they receive for alms, and they are very old, and wrinkled and old, very few girls being allowed to wear such dresses."

"They are wonderful people," continued Mr. McNamara, "and no doubt about it. I have seen them, and they are not quite so rapid, but of course he couldn't expect much in two weeks time. She would understand that, and she would be able to tell you. It would be a first-class mustache, he thought, if it wasn't so confoundingly light colored and would only grow in thin places."

At last, when the night for the call came, Rumsey carefully shaved the rest of his face, so as to give all possible prominence to the growth of his upper lip. Rumsey awaited the entrance of the young woman in painful trepidation. Would she know him? Would she be angry? Would she think him for having kept his promise so well? All his doubts were dispelled when she entered the room. Her first words were, "How do you get on?"

"Why, Mr. Rumsey, how very mean of you not to keep your word. You promised to have a mustache by the time you called, you know, and now you haven't one."

The next day, when Rumsey went around to the barber's immediately after breakfast, he found a note pinned to his chair, and the barber asked him if he wanted a hair-cut, he answered, broken-heartedly that he would like a shave, too, if he didn't mind.

Meisner's Masterpieces.

Meisner's masterpiece, '1814' is known as the most expensive painting in the world, says the *N. Y. Sun*. It is a reproduction of the painting by Napoleon I, and his great general staff riding back from the scene of the battle of Austerlitz. It is a masterpiece of art, and is worth a fortune.

"What does it represent?" he asked. "A military subject, to which I will give the title '1814.'"

"It is a very great, and your canvas is very small, M. Meisner," said Delahante. "Why do you not paint a larger picture?"

"I am painting two for two reasons—first, because this is my style of painting; second, because to speak openly, I need money. I work slowly, and I need a larger one."

"So you need money. Well, paint my portrait. What will it cost?"

"I am painting two for two reasons—first, because this is my style of painting; second, because to speak openly, I need money. I work slowly, and I need a larger one."

Delahante drew out his purse and laid the money on the table. "Now, I wish also for myself the picture '1814,' he said, and he had a check for \$100,000.

Some time later, when the portrait was completed, Meisner showed his patron the question of a new '1814.' "What do you think of it?" he asked. "It is large and see what a nice, big barn you will have directly."

"At last the dark eyes began to flash; in the excitement of the moment, and shaking a nite of a finger at his brother, exclaimed: "I tell thee, Benjamin, I wish thee to have a barn as large as the one I have just painted for thee, and I can give thee as much as thee can do, an acre more than thee possibly can do right."

Not Altogether Gloomy.

"If you knew some of the lunatics here as well as I do," said the physician to an insane asylum, "you would enjoy their acquaintance. There are many of them with whom I can have conversation on agreeable topics, and I am often among them when they are talking with each other. Some of them are very intelligent, and are diseased, and they know that they are under treatment just as they would be if they were suffering from any other ailment. I know I am crazy, and as I do not believe I will ever be straight in the head, I am content to stay here all my life. And you, my friend, you learned account of the symptoms of lunacy, which he said he possessed, and which became active while he was in the asylum. I can give you a list of the names of the lunatics here, but there is rarely a case of a man who is always raving mad. Even the violent patients, as a rule, are violent only at times, and can get along with them in their lucid intervals. Oh, yes, a proportion of them are discharged cured, and we never hear of them again, but they leave the asylum."—N. Y. Sun.

INDIAN MAN-EATERS.

A Peculiar Cannibal Tribe Who Inhabit a New Mexican Island.

There are 174 giant cannibals and women, living on Seriland, in the Gulf of California, and not six miles from the mouth of the Colorado, says George G. McNamara to the reporter of a San Francisco paper.

McNamara says that he has been to the island, and that he has seen some of them during his travels in Mexico. Who their ancestors were he does not know, but they are now becoming extinct.

"I saw three women and one man and their appearance and manner gave me the impression that they are brutes by nature and brutes in heart and soul. It was just by chance that I saw them, and five of them ventured away from the island except to sell the nuts and shawls which they make from the skins and feathers of the albatross. They are cunning thieves, but otherwise their minds are dull, and they seem stupefied. They have a vacant stare in their eyes, and when they are excited, an idiotic smile spreads over their faces."

"The island of Seriland is about twenty miles long and at places ten miles wide, and I was told no Mexican or white man ever landed there, but he attempts to land on it, as they claim the island is their domain and shoot the intruders with poisoned arrows or capture and eat the man. There are many goats and goat meat, which are plentiful. Low bushes, built of shrubbery, are their abode. Some live in 'vigilants,' or caves cut into the rock for a few moments—so hard, in fact, that Rumsey wished he had not allowed the enthusiasm of the moment to carry him so far. He had never seen her, and it irrationally it seemed to him, why he had never let his mustache grow."

Rumsey replied that if it would grow immediately, she said she would like to see him with one very much. "It makes a young man look so handsome," she said, "and I have promised to have a full-grown mustache before he called again."

"When will you call again, then, Mr. Rumsey?" she asked.

Rumsey answered that he guessed about two weeks would give him plenty of time. So that night he set about his mustache, and he succeeded in shaving his lip. He wondered why the idea had never occurred to him before. It would make him look five years older at least, he thought, and would be very strong and thick. At the end of the first day after his regular day for shaving, Rumsey was called to satisfy his curiosity. An old red hairbrush was used to rub the Indian's limbs, and it was tied around the waist. The blanket is made of all-sterile skin and feathers. The bow and arrows which are used by the Indian's weapons they know of or use. His legs from the knee down are not covered. The hat he wears is of straw, and he, as the Indians are, is the typical Sir Lancelot.

"The women wear patched dresses made of old which they receive for alms, and they are very old, and wrinkled and old, very few girls being allowed to wear such dresses."

"They are wonderful people," continued Mr. McNamara, "and no doubt about it. I have seen them, and they are not quite so rapid, but of course he couldn't expect much in two weeks time. She would understand that, and she would be able to tell you. It would be a first-class mustache, he thought, if it wasn't so confoundingly light colored and would only grow in thin places."

At last, when the night for the call came, Rumsey carefully shaved the rest of his face, so as to give all possible prominence to the growth of his upper lip. Rumsey awaited the entrance of the young woman in painful trepidation. Would she know him? Would she be angry? Would she think him for having kept his promise so well? All his doubts were dispelled when she entered the room. Her first words were, "How do you get on?"

"Why, Mr. Rumsey, how very mean of you not to keep your word. You promised to have a mustache by the time you called, you know, and now you haven't one."

The next day, when Rumsey went around to the barber's immediately after breakfast, he found a note pinned to his chair, and the barber asked him if he wanted a hair-cut, he answered, broken-heartedly that he would like a shave, too, if he didn't mind.

Meisner's Masterpieces.

Meisner's masterpiece, '1814' is known as the most expensive painting in the world, says the *N. Y. Sun*. It is a reproduction of the painting by Napoleon I, and his great general staff riding back from the scene of the battle of Austerlitz. It is a masterpiece of art, and is worth a fortune.

"What does it represent?" he asked. "A military subject, to which I will give the title '1814.'"

"It is a very great, and your canvas is very small, M. Meisner," said Delahante. "Why do you not paint a larger picture?"

"I am painting two for two reasons—first, because this is my style of painting; second, because to speak openly, I need money. I work slowly, and I need a larger one."

"So you need money. Well, paint my portrait. What will it cost?"

"I am painting two for two reasons—first, because this is my style of painting; second, because to speak openly, I need money. I work slowly, and I need a larger one."

Delahante drew out his purse and laid the money on the table. "Now, I wish also for myself the picture '1814,' he said, and he had a check for \$100,000.

Some time later, when the portrait was completed, Meisner showed his patron the question of a new '1814.' "What do you think of it?" he asked. "It is large and see what a nice, big barn you will have directly."

"At last the dark eyes began to flash; in the excitement of the moment, and shaking a nite of a finger at his brother, exclaimed: "I tell thee, Benjamin, I wish thee to have a barn as large as the one I have just painted for thee, and I can give thee as much as thee can do, an acre more than thee possibly can do right."

Not Altogether Gloomy.

"If you knew some of the lunatics here as well as I do," said the physician to an insane asylum, "you would enjoy their acquaintance. There are many of them with whom I can have conversation on agreeable topics, and I am often among them when they are talking with each other. Some of them are very intelligent, and are diseased, and they know that they are under treatment just as they would be if they were suffering from any other ailment. I know I am crazy, and as I do not believe I will ever be straight in the head, I am content to stay here all my life. And you, my friend, you learned account of the symptoms of lunacy, which he said he possessed, and which became active while he was in the asylum. I can give you a list of the names of the lunatics here, but there is rarely a case of a man who is always raving mad. Even the violent patients, as a rule, are violent only at times, and can get along with them in their lucid intervals. Oh, yes, a proportion of them are discharged cured, and we never hear of them again, but they leave the asylum."—N. Y. Sun.

INDIAN MAN-EATERS.

A Peculiar Cannibal Tribe Who Inhabit a New Mexican Island.

There are 174 giant cannibals and women, living on Seriland, in the Gulf of California, and not six miles from the mouth of the Colorado, says George G. McNamara to the reporter of a San Francisco paper.

McNamara says that he has been to the island, and that he has seen some of them during his travels in Mexico. Who their ancestors were he does not know, but they are now becoming extinct.

"I saw three women and one man and their appearance and manner gave me the impression that they are brutes by nature and brutes in heart and soul. It was just by chance that I saw them, and five of them ventured away from the island except to sell the nuts and shawls which they make from the skins and feathers of the albatross. They are cunning thieves, but otherwise their minds are dull, and they seem stupefied. They have a vacant stare in their eyes, and when they are excited, an idiotic smile spreads over their faces."

"The island of Seriland is about twenty miles long and at places ten miles wide, and I was told no Mexican or white man ever landed there, but he attempts to land on it, as they claim the island is their domain and shoot the intruders with poisoned arrows or capture and eat the man. There are many goats and goat meat, which are plentiful. Low bushes, built of shrubbery, are their abode. Some live in 'vigilants,' or caves cut into the rock for a few moments—so hard, in fact, that Rumsey wished he had not allowed the enthusiasm of the moment to carry him so far. He had never seen her, and it irrationally it seemed to him, why he had never let his mustache grow."

Rumsey replied that if it would grow immediately, she said she would like to see him with one very much. "It makes a young man look so handsome," she said, "and I have promised to have a full-grown mustache before he called again."

"When will you call again, then, Mr. Rumsey?" she asked.

Rumsey answered that he guessed about two weeks would give him plenty of time. So that night he set about his mustache, and he succeeded in shaving his lip. He wondered why the idea had never occurred to him before. It would make him look five years older at least, he thought, and would be very strong and thick. At the end of the first day after his regular day for shaving, Rumsey was called to satisfy his curiosity. An old red hairbrush was used to rub the Indian's limbs, and it was tied around the waist. The blanket is made of all-sterile skin and feathers. The bow and arrows which are used by the Indian's weapons they know of or use. His legs from the knee down are not covered. The hat he wears is of straw, and he, as the Indians are, is the typical Sir Lancelot.

"The women wear patched dresses made of old which they receive for alms, and they are very old, and wrinkled and old, very few girls being allowed to wear such dresses."

"They are wonderful people," continued Mr. McNamara, "and no doubt about it. I have seen them, and they are not quite so rapid, but of course he couldn't expect much in two weeks time. She would understand that, and she would be able to tell you. It would be a first-class mustache, he thought, if it wasn't so confoundingly light colored and would only grow in thin places."

At last, when the night for the call came, Rumsey carefully shaved the rest of his face, so as to give all possible prominence to the growth of his upper lip. Rumsey awaited the entrance of the young woman in painful trepidation. Would she know him? Would she be angry? Would she think him for having kept his promise so well? All his doubts were dispelled when she entered the room. Her first words were, "How do you get on?"

"Why, Mr. Rumsey, how very mean of you not to keep your word. You promised to have a mustache by the time you called, you know, and now you haven't one."

The next day, when Rumsey went around to the barber's immediately after breakfast, he found a note pinned to his chair, and the barber asked him if he wanted a hair-cut, he answered, broken-heartedly that he would like a shave, too, if he didn't mind.

Meisner's Masterpieces.

Meisner's masterpiece, '1814' is known as the most expensive painting in the world, says the *N. Y. Sun*. It is a reproduction of the painting by Napoleon I, and his great general staff riding back from the scene of the battle of Austerlitz. It is a masterpiece of art, and is worth a fortune.

"What does it represent?" he asked. "A military subject, to which I will give the title '1814.'"

"It is a very great, and your canvas is very small, M. Meisner," said Delahante. "Why do you not paint a larger picture?"

"I am painting two for two reasons—first, because this is my style of painting; second, because to speak openly, I need money. I work