

## AN HONEST INDIAN.

One of the Amusing Reminiscences Related by General Scott.

General Scott used to narrate a story about one of his Virginia connections, Colonel Charles Scott, after he had been made a prisoner of war at the surrender of Charleston, S. C., in 1781. His health became so bad that he obtained his parole; and having procured a horse and chair for himself, and a horse for his servant and put some provisions and a bottle of spirits into the chair-box (for there were few houses of accommodation on the road he was about to travel), the General was placed in his small carriage and set out for his native State, Virginia.

On his march to Charleston he acquired the knowledge of a remarkably cool spring, about twelve or fourteen miles from the city, encompassed by a fine shade, and not more than a hundred yards from the road. He ordered his servant to drive to the spot, which was soon found. As the General was so feeble that he could neither walk nor stand alone, his servant spread his cloak upon the grass, took him from his chair and laid him down to rest.

The British commander had sedulously prohibited all communications to the American prisoners either by letters or newspapers, in consequence of which it was extremely difficult to learn what was going on. General Scott was desirous to know if the Americans had any force in the field in that quarter of the country, and if so, to learn their strength and position. He ordered his servant to keep a lookout, and if he saw any person passing along the road to halt and ask him to come to the spring. After some time the servant remarked to the General that he saw a dirty-looking Indian coming up the road. "Direct him to come here," said the General. He did so, and something like the following dialogue ensued:

General—How do you do?  
Indian—O, how do?  
General—Where are you going?  
Indian—To the lower Catawba town.  
General—What are you going there for?  
Indian—I am going to preach.  
General—Aye, so you preach, do you?  
Indian—O, yes; me preach sometime.  
General—Well! do they pay you any for preaching?  
Indian—Yes, little—twenty shillings—each town pay me twenty shillings.  
General—Why, that is blanked poor pay.  
Indian—Aye, and blanked poor preach, too.

The General was so pleased with the prompt and candid reply of the Indian that he burst into a fit of laughter, and for a long time he could not restrain himself. When he became composed he discovered that he had got into a considerable perspiration, which he had not felt before since his sickness. The bottle of spirit had been put into the spring to cool; the provisions were taken out of the chair-box; the General and the Indian ate and drank together, and the General was heard to declare that he ate and drank with a better appetite than he had done since he had been a prisoner. He was helped into his chair again, pursued his journey, continued to improve in health, and when he arrived at his residence (Petersburg) he was perfectly restored.—Ben. Perley Poore, in *Boston Budget*.

## TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Ghastly Receptacles for the Dead to Be Found Wherever Parsees Dwell.

When the hour of death is at hand the dying Parsee is carried down to the cellar, or the lowest room in the house—with what notion I failed to learn. Afterward the body is borne to a great burial tower, there to be exposed to the winds of heaven, the burning sun, the beating rain and all the host of foul carrion birds. Some rich families have a private tower of their own, a sort of family mausoleum. The public burial towers, of which there are five, stand on Malabar Hill, in a garden of flowering shrubs overlooking the sea. Here,

amid fragrant bowers of roses and jasmine, stand these Towers of Silence, as they are called, ghastly receptacles for the dead. They are about thirty feet high and sixty feet wide. On the top of each is an open grating on which the bodies are laid in three circles; children in the center, then the women and men at the outer edge. Innumerable birds of prey are forever hovering with sharp hungry cries around these towers, or sitting perched on them, solemnly waiting for the grateful feast that is never long delayed—a feast which daily averages three Parsees, besides women and children, for it is estimated that each day three of these prosperous, intelligent, well-to-do-looking merchants find their last resting place in the voracious maws of these ravenous birds. And when the birds have done their part, and winds and sun and rain have all combined to whiten the skeleton to a thing like polished ivory, gradually the bones separate and fall through the open grating into a well below the tower, whence, it is said, they are taken by a subterranean passage and cast into the sea, and so the space is left clear for the next comers.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

The menu cards at a recent supper party in San Francisco, Cal., were made from the bark of the California redwood, the edges being ornamented with silver and gold. In the corner of each was grouped a cluster of pine burrs tied by a silver cord. The favors of the ladies were clusters of gilded pine cones, inlaid in a setting of deep green pine needles.—*San Francisco Call*.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Soft Gurglings of a Couple Whose Spoonery Traits Were Well Developed.

I am a married man, and was, I do not blush to say, spoonery enough myself in the days of my courtship; but I am gratified to remember that there were limitations to my weakness in the spoonery direction, and there were none in the case of the young couple near whom I sat in Central Park the other night. They didn't know I was there, but their rapture was too deep for them to care if they had known. She was pretty enough to make it tantalizing to see her embraced by the glorified youth who sat by her side. With a beatific expression he gurgled out:

"Who's sweet?"  
Her pretty hand caressed his downy cheek gently as she sweetly replied:  
"My Willie."  
"Who's my pet?"  
"I?" she asked.  
"My little girly! Need you ask?"  
"I'm so glad, Willy!"  
"And you love me just a teeny bit?"  
"A teeny bit—now, Willy!"  
"More than that, then?"  
"A billion, trillion times more!"  
"No!"  
"Yes, indeed, indeed!"  
"What makes you love me?"  
"Oh, because you're so—so—so—sweet!"  
"You dear, sweet, little birdie!"  
"You precious, precious old boy!"  
"Precious to whom?"  
"To me!"  
"Ever and ever so precious?"  
"Yes, indeed, ever and ever and ever so sweet and precious!"  
"Oh, no, I'm not; I'm awfully wicked."  
"No, you're not!"  
"Yes, I am, too. Just as mean and bad and—" "No, you're not!"  
"Oh, but I just am; I'm too horrid!"  
"Now, Willie, I'll cry hard if you go on talking so about the sweetest old boy in all this world!"  
"Am I sweet?"  
"Sweet? You're just as sweet as you can be."  
"But no one loves me?"  
"Yes, they do!"  
"Who?"  
"You know!"  
"No, I don't!"  
"I do!"  
"Ever so much?"  
"Bushels!"—*Ted. Rite*.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If friends ask you to discover their faults beware, or you will discover you have no friends.

—A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

—The coffee crop of the world for last year was 650,000 tons, and of this amount American hotels probably used about 100 pounds by accident.

—One of the most mournful things in nature must always be the inevitable tendency of the young man in love to imagine himself a poet.—*Boston Journal of Education*.

—Whatever the newspaper of the future may be, it will never be what woman wants it to be until it is wholly made up of love verses, deaths and marriages, and dry goods advertisements.—*Boston Journal of Education*.

—No more wholesome advice than this can be given those upon whom fortune has smiled: However rich you may be, do not make pleasure the aim and object of life: it will wear you out faster than work, or even worry.

—They Ought to Label It.—  
"Those who aim at ridicule  
Should fix upon some certain rule  
Which fairly flags they are in jest."  
—*Jonathan Swift*.

—Woman is displaying a remarkable aptitude for taking care of herself," says an exchange. What is wanted is not so much a woman who can take care of herself as one who can, in addition, take care of a husband and three children in fairly good style.—*Philadelphia Call*.

—First Young Lady—"Who are those people you bowed to, Mamie?" Second Ditto—"O, don't you know them? That's Mrs. Montalembert and her husband." "Have they any children?" "Why, Hattie! What an idea! No, indeed! They are real stylish people."—*Boston Transcript*.

—Why are our public roads called highways? They are generally much lower than the surrounding and bordering land, being worn and washed gullies where they are not naturally swamps. They are high only in the sense that they cost much more than they are worth under the present system.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index Appeal*.

—A Quaker, from the country, went into a city bookstore, and one of the clerks, thinking to have a little fun at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, are you not?" "Y. s." answered the Quaker. "Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves that you would probably like to buy." "That," said the Quaker, "thee had better present to thy mother!"—*N. O. Ledger*.

—He—"There, Mary, don't make a fool of yourself. The dog is dead, and that's the end of him." She (through her tears)—"You great hateful, unfeeling creature, you know that I never can be happy again. Poor Skippy! he was the only living thing on earth that I ever cared for, and you know it." He—"Yes, dear; but unfortunately I did not find it out until it was too late."—*Boston Transcript*.

—Nurse (to fashionable mother)—"The baby is very restless, ma'am. I can't do any thing with her." F. M.—"She's teething, I suppose?" Nurse—"Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while it might soothe her." F. M.—"I? Impossible! I haven't the time to spare. I am just making ready to attend a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric."—*Boston Courier*.

## SOCIETY RIPPLES.

Fragments of Conversation Picked Up in a Watering Place Hotel Parlor.

Didn't ever listen to the hum of conversation in that beehive of society, a watering place hotel parlor? It runs something like this:

"Is that four o'clock? The doctor said I was to take a powder at four."  
"Half cup butter, two of sugar, three eggs beaten in one cup sweet milk, one pint—"  
"One single, ten double, one single

in six chain, fasten with one single in fifth row—"

"Wasn't the dinner horrid? I couldn't find a thing fit to eat and Edward declares if—"

"Ma, mayn't I go down to the beach and see the big waves come in? Mayn't I, ma? say yes!"

"Said she saw a rat in the hall as large as—"

"A last year's bonnet? I should say so. Looked as if Miss Noah wore it in the ark, and she didn't seem to care a bit either."

"Cast on nine stitches and knit across plain—"

"She had on white skirts and a pink jersey, and wore her hair in Marguerite braids."

"She isn't any spring chicken either."

"Chop raw beef fine and make a poultice—"

"Oh! Ah! y-a-w-a-w-n! I've just time for a nap before supper—"

"One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter—"

"Repeat from third row—"

"Whose sweet lovely darling little pet pug? Isn't it tame?"

"O dear! how do you keep your hair in crimp this hot weather? Mine is as straight as a loon's hind leg."

"I heard that when I was on earth fore—"

"Don't—forget—to—kiss—the—baby!"

"No, he went out to get shaved—"

"Hark! Miss De Toots is going to play something from Waggoner."

"How perfectly lovely! What is the recipe—"

"One quart of sifted flour—"

"Knit two—narrow—over—knit—one—narrow—"

"White wings of peace!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Nocturnal Photography.

Various methods have been introduced for the accomplishment of nocturnal photography, and some of the most beautiful landscape views taken at night by the light of the full moon have been produced in France, the time of exposure of the plate being one hour; the clearness of the photograph is described as being wonderful, and, except for the lights in the buildings and on the bridges, and their reflection in the water, the picture could hardly be distinguished from one taken in the daytime. Another photographer obtains very excellent views of his library at night by ordinary gas light; in this case the time of exposure was only thirty minutes, an achievement somewhat remarkable, in view of the fact that the old-fashioned wet collodion plates were almost entirely unaffected by the light from such a source.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—A Dakota paper thus stabs its hated rival: "A man living about twelve miles from here died from poisoning Monday afternoon. It seems he ate a lunch that had been wrapped in a copy of our loathed and disgusting contemporary, and it killed him. Others should take warning."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Old Heavywaite (severely)—"I can't understand how you find so much time to devote to base-ball." Young Litewaite (gayly)—"Because business is dull." Old Heavywaite (as before)—"And why is business dull?" Young Litewaite (reflectively)—"Because I have so much time to devote to base-ball."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—Queen Kapiolani is very fond of the small items of female costume, such as laces, shoes, fine hosiery, etc. Her order for gloves recently given to a Parisian *gantier* was so large that the employes of the establishment were kept at work night and day to complete it in time. The Hawaiian Queen wears a 7½ glove, preferred to those of sixteen-button length.

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Landlady (to boarder)—"How is the butter, Mr. Dumley?" Dumley (a produce broker)—"Quiet but strong, madame, and in little demand."—*Epoch*.