

THAT was a shrewd sort of a girl at Reading who when her dearly beloved father climbed the golden stairs, sent in a bill to the executors charging for the time and trouble she had in nursing him.

If Mr. Columbus should happen to drop in and witness the vast assortment of authenticated portraits that are now doing service as his counterfeit presentments, he would be tempted to go off on another voyage of discovery.

TIMID masculine souls in the East are sacrificing their mustaches for the reason that, although as soup-strainers they are very good, the cholera bacillus is liable to find lodgment therein and to subsequently work its pernicious way into the interior.

THE United States have at least one thing to serve as a consolation for having been so long without any navy worthy of the name. The money we now spend in building up a navy nearly all goes for new work; for construction and not for reconstruction.

It has been discovered that the linked sweetness long drawn out of the accordion was first heard A. D. 1829. The inventor was not crucified for the reason that his diabolical invention did not come into use until after a kind Providence had permitted him to escape across the river.

INDIA in a state of unprecedented health is enough to keep the hands of Great Britain busy. The task of enforcing cleanliness, careful living and sanitary improvements upon a trifle of 250,000,000 human beings many of them weltering in filth from their birth, and nearly all the weak children of immature parents is quite beyond the power of any government on earth.

A TENNESSEE girl committed suicide because her father wouldn't pay his grocery bills. Her high sense of honor refused to allow her to consume food that had not been paid for to sustain life, and as she had no other method of living she decided to die. If every girl whose father didn't pay his grocery bills should commit suicide there would be more funerals in the country than there has been since the yellow fever epidemic.

LEGAL authorities announce that in California there cannot be any such thing as an outlaw. The statutes neglect to provide for him. There are several individuals who have been for some time deporting themselves out there in a manner that shows deplorable ignorance of the statutes. It is hoped that this information, bruited abroad, will tend to sweeten their dispositions. They can't be outlaws, and efforts in that direction are wasted.

It is time now to turn attention to the railroads. Some of them have abated the smoke nuisance, but others are making no effort to do it. No more time is needed for education. The master mechanic of any road may learn how to stop smoke on inquiry of his neighbors. He should be forced to act. Railroad companies will soon find it to their interest to abate the nuisance along their entire route. People will some day travel over that line whose cars are not continually surrounded and filled with a cloud of soot and cinders.

AGITATION of the smoke question has set the wits of inventors at work and numberless devices have been evolved. Some of them are reasonably successful and all are being steadily improved. There are other elements which enter into a perfect combustion of bituminous coal, which is really the smoke-preventing agency. These are capacious fire boxes, large chimneys, good draught, careful firing and a variety of things which are easily found out. Some have more value than others. But the important facts are that successful means of checking smoke have been found and that the time has gone by when an offender can plead ignorance.

BESIDES the waste on the private timber lands, fire and theft are depopulating the national domain at a fearful rate. In the census year 1880 a total of \$8,528,171 worth of standing timber was reported destroyed by fire. The stolen timber is another item of national loss that shows how well a system of forestry management would pay the country. In the eleven years from 1881 to 1891, inclusive, the actual thefts discovered by the agents of the department were \$64,234,168, and the amounts actually recovered of this enormous sum were only \$1,009,243. The actual thefts were probably much larger, as the number of agents is too small to discover every case.

COPETA, WIFE OF OURAY.

THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE SHE HAD OVER HIM.

In His Life the Only Being Who Could Manage Him—Her Kindness and Generosity—A Beautiful Woman in Her Youth.

Always the bravest, strongest and most fond, consequently the most beloved chief among the Utes was old Ura or Ouray. No one had power to change his mind but "Copeta." She was the dearest of all his possessions, and secure in the love of his great heart, she was not afraid of him. Twice in Ute history she persuaded him from leading his men on a raid. Once all remained quietly at home, the other time a few went, but Ura was not their leader.

Such a pretty woman she was! When Ura first knew her—she was twenty years younger than—she was slender and graceful, with beautiful hair, hands and feet, and such eyes! Like a doe, with their soft, black immeasurable depth.

She dresses now as do the other women—in a short calico dress in one piece, moccasins, belt and native ornaments. Her hair, which was worn loose over her shoulders and back, was cut at Ura's death as a badge of mourning and loneliness. She has her beautifully beaded dancing dresses of buckskin, and she still uses them in the spring bear dance and summer sun dance. Her wraps are the costliest and prettiest Navajo blankets that money or ponies can buy, and she has many of them.

Though having a sweet kind disposition, as have all these childish-hearted women, she is very proud. Proud, because she was Ura's squaw, and proud she was in Washington. She carried back to the Indian settlement many gifts from friends in Washington, last impressions and recollections that made many hours around the wick-i-up fire pass delightfully to the Indian hearers.

Ura's death occurred so soon after this trip that, being in mourning, she made no use of her clothes, dishes or trinkets given her; and when she wished to show them to us about a year ago, preparatory to their disposal, she found they had decreased in number. Many dishes had been stolen or borrowed, and so she wisely concluded to sell the remainder or give them away before her stock entirely disappeared.

The day of her exhibition she drove down to the agency, stopped at the house where we were visiting, and said: "Your three squaws katchum hat, Piqua n na wickup" (go my house).

As she had a comfortable buckboard, two well-cared-for horses, and we knew she was a good, clean cook, we accepted the invitation. After a drive of seven miles, nearly all the time in sight of the beautiful Green River, we reached her home. Several one-room log houses, three canvas wickups varying in age, color and size; two brush houses on which the brush is renewed every week, thus keeping it always cool and shady, and many corrals comprised Copeta's residence.

She did not live here alone, for the rich Indians always have many "brothers" and friends who help them spend the extra they have. To-day Copeta alone entertained us. We were first seated alone in one of the log huts. It was carpeted, and contained a set of red plush furniture that I had purchased from some officer when he changed posts. Copeta brought us water in a willow bottle made by herself, and we passed it from mouth to mouth.

In another house there was a rude, home-constructed table, covered with a slightly worn damask cloth, which by its color, must have been purchased before the war. The table was set with her Washington dishes, the lack filled out by her own home-bought ware. A bouquet of flowers in an elegant cut-glass colory dish and an early primrose at each plate testified to her love for flowers. At my place was a card dish of solid silver.

I drank from a gold-lined goblet, but my friend across the table used a ten-cup. Beside my plate was a knife with a dainty pearl handle, a fork to match and a spoon of tin. She had a silver fruit dish, sugar bowl and cream jug, but spoonholder "lost." She once possessed a set of delicate china that any woman would have envied, but only a few dishes remain.

Copeta is very generous. One day last winter she did something that few people in the world would have done. It was an early Sunday morning in January, snow on the ground and nine degrees below zero. Many Indians had stayed all night at the agency, as day before had been issue day, and Copeta was among them. They were just moving about when they saw the house of an employe on fire, but of course the log straw-covered house was in flames before they could reach it. Copeta came up the back way and saw standing barefoot in the snow, with only a thin night dress on, a young woman who had been visiting at this house. Quicker than a thought she had dropped on a log and removed her overshoes and stockings, then unpinned her blanket, and going to the girl pinned the blanket round her waist and then helped her don the shoes and hose. Moreover, she called a squaw to her, removed her blanket and pinned it round the girl's shoulders. She laughed all the time and thought it a joke to go cold herself that she might help some one else. Copeta is an inveterate gambler. She rushed into an employe's house one day and held up a beautifully embroidered buckskin dress. "You give me \$5 for my dance dress?" She got

it immediately, as a short time before she had been offered \$20 for it and refused to sell. When asked what she wanted with money she replied with "ker-chuck," the name of the card game.

She also gambles by holding in one of her closed hands a piece of money, and changes it often to the other hand, constantly swaying her body to the music of meaningless Indian words; then the opposite party guesses which hand. This or "ker-chuck" she will keep up as long as she has aught to bet, and will often leave her Navajo blankets, beads, leggins and all her money when she goes yet just as often she carries away that which was another's.

SHE ASKED FOR NOTHING.

But the sympathetic observer felt that she needed a great deal. Occasionally in the ramble of familiar notes which is sounded on the harp of humanity in New York there rings one that is new—some marked variation on an old theme. Beggars are a familiar object and the direct appeals which are made to sympathy are such palpable attempts to play on feeling that one becomes hardened to them.

A novelty of this kind occurred the other night as a gentleman was passing through West Twenty-fourth street. The clock was striking midnight. He saw sitting on the steps of a brown-stone poorly woman. She was dressed sordidly, she was about 60, and there was a droop of weariness in her spare, bowed figure. A small paper box and a few papers were resting on the steps in front of her.

The gentleman stopped and asked: "Why don't you go home?" "I just set down to rest myself," she replied simply.

"Have you got a bed to go to? Do you want any money?" inquired the gentleman. "Ah, no! I don't want anything except to rest a few minutes," she returned in the same weary tone, but with no air of courting sympathy.

A poor old woman who declined the offer of money is a rather surprising object, especially when her appearance speaks of poverty and age and weariness. But if she were independent enough to wish to avoid alms it seemed as though she had a right to her few minutes' rest on the hard, hot steps. So the gentleman passed on.

But her looks, her tone, the hour of night all worked on the gentleman. He felt that he ought to give the woman something. He went back. She was still drooping on the steps.

"I think you had better take this," he said, putting some money in her hand.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, fingering it. "A dollar! You can't afford this. I never can repay you."

But the man was on his way again. And as he passed along his way he thought "I wonder if that could have been a new bluff."

But it probably wasn't. There are no Bernhardt's sitting around on doorsteps at midnight, and the thing was too beautifully done if it were acting to be anything short of the highest art.

Knights of Pythias. The Knights of Pythias order was founded by Justus H. Rathbone, in Washington, in 1844, his system having been previously prepared while he was teaching school in the Northwest. The order was founded on the well known story of Damon and Pythias six of the fellow-clerks of the founder in one of the government departments being initiated. The order immediately began to increase and spread; the grand lodge of the District of Columbia was organized on April 8, 1864, and four years afterward, on August 11, 1868, the supreme lodge of the world was instituted by representatives from the grand lodges of the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

Experiments With Gun Cotton. In the report of her majesty's inspector of explosives for the past year, two samples of gun-cotton were referred to one of which had been under water for sixteen years while the other had been buried underground for twenty years. Both these samples were in fine condition, and as ready for their work as on the day of their manufacture.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES. A West Chester, Pa., woman has a curious collection in the shape of a number of teeth of relations.

A Holyoke confectioner is putting in a cough drop machine that will cough out one ton of drops a day.

Grated clams stewed in cream with truffe chips and herbs, masquerade at Narragansett as "Neptune salad."

They tell of a Chicago man rescued from raft in mid-ocean who, when brandy was given to revive him, faintly gasped, "I prefer pie."

A promising lad was taken to the Cardiff infirmary, London, not long ago to be relieved of fifty-three marbles which he had swallowed for "keeps."

The English who used to sneer at American tomatoes, can not now get enough of the vegetable which is a "luxury of the season" on London tables.

A New York doctor recently returned from a New Hampshire village says that he discovered a unique hotel-keeper there who by means of his expertness as a ventriloquist conveyed the notion to his guests that he had a regular staff of servants and a chef besides. When the host took the doctor's order for eggs on toast he called it out in a deep bass voice, then stepping out into the hall he sent it in a voice of moderate pitch and evoked a response from the supposititious chef in falsetto.

IN A LIGHTNING FLASH.

THE BOLT REVEALED THE TERRIBLE DANGER.

The Ship Was Bearing Down Upon Them Before the Hurricane and But for the Lightning Would Have Sent All Souls to Davy Jones.

In the month of June, 1884, business called me to Martinique. The Corsica, a staunch, full-rigged brig, owned by Barlet, of Baltimore was the only vessel which offered me means of transit at the time, and in her I took passage. She was not meant for passenger traffic and had no accommodation therefor; but I had known her commander, Captain Paine, in other years, and he welcomed me cordially and made me comfortable.

Toward the night of the Fourth of July we had got into the region of storms, and shortly after 10 o'clock on the evening of that day the wind came out from the northeast, and very soon great drops of rain came pattering upon the deck.

"There's thunder in this," said Paine who had donned his storm-gear.

It was now as dark as dark could be. The blackness was so utter that there was relief in closing one's eyes. Not a trace of our tall spars could I detect, and the men who stood only a few feet off were hidden as by an opaque barrier. And the rain now came down in torrents.

The brig was heading upon her course very near south, with the wind upon the larboard quarter. By and by a blinding flash of vivid lightning, shot out from the ebony vault and a broad blaze swept through the heavens.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparks of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—t!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

Captain Paine was in a moment by my side. I did not know how long he had been there. We stood by the weather night-head.

"Is this you, captain?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. He spoke in a whisper and his attention was elsewhere.

"Do you hear that strange sound?" said I.

"I listened an instant longer and I heard him gasp.

"Sound!" he cried: "it's a ship!—something—coming down upon us!" The lookout was on the point of crying out, but the captain stopped him.

"We must get the men to their stations without alarm or them, if we can," he said, and then he leaped aft, shouting as he went:

"All hands—all hands for tacking! To the braces, every man!"

Captain Paine was again by my side and we peered off into the darkness. The dull roar was plainly heard, but we could see nothing, we could not even see the head of our own bowsprit. The old sailor groaned in agony.

"If I could only see," he muttered. At that moment, while yet the words quivered upon his lips the lightning blazed forth in the heavens and the sea was illumined far and near.

"Heaven save us!" burst from Paine's lips and I echoed the prayer. Upon our weather bow and but a few cables' length distant, loomed up the spectral outlines of the hull and spars and the belying canvas of a heavy ship. She was heading directly across the line of our course and we were dashing toward each other at a fearful rate. During the brief moment of light the captain had been as one paralyzed, but when the darkness had again shut in he started into life.

"Ready about!" he thundered. And from that instant his orders were given so promptly and so plainly that the men, who had come to realize that their lives were in the balance, made no blunder nor mistake.

"Is she coming into stays?" ground out the captain, with his hands clenched and his teeth set like the jaws of a vise.

As he spoke we heard the "foretop-sail flap" and in a moment more the staysail had taken the wind on the other side. The order for swinging the mainyards had just been given when the heavens and the sea were again illumined by the lightning's blaze and a cry of horror went up from our deck.

The ship was now upon our starboard bow, hurling the spray from her sides upon our cathead, and I verily believe that a man upon our foreyard arm might have leaped upon her deck, but she was not upon her course—no, thank heaven! She had snuffed the danger and with her helm hard down was hauling away from us.

It was dark again—pitchy dark—and while we watched and waited, with hearts hushed to a painful stillness, our vessel was caught as by a mighty grasp. There was a momentary heaving and straining, a low grating groaning sound, then followed a snap and a crack and—nothing more. Were we free? The answer was at hand.

Another blaze of electric light revealed to us the ship on our quarter, flying swiftly away to leeward. It also revealed to us that our starboard gallant binnacle had been carried away. One of the ship's lower yards arms must have caught it. On the following morning the storm had passed and the sun had soon chased away the lingering clouds and I venture to assert that no man ever

entered more willingly and gratefully upon the work of repairing damages at sea than did those who were set to splice our broken backstay.

THE ORCHESTRA STOPPED.

Only the Wickedly Wary People Were Disappointed.

The postic-looking man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were especially interested in the last passages of the play. They sighed deeply and exchanged soulful glances every time the heroine and her best fellow had any trouble.

Worldly people in the immediate vicinity were convinced that the man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were recently married.

The curtain descended upon a thrilling scene wherein several pairs of devoted hearts, rudely held apart by dire and distressing necessity, were reunited.

"G-r-r-rum tr-tat-tat." The leader of the orchestra had waved his baton and the drum responded with vigor. The man with the long hair and the woman with the pale blue eyes were conversing earnestly. With ineffable tenderness they gazed into each other's faces.

Worldly people in the vicinity felt sure the man and the woman were speaking in violent terms of endearment.

"Gut-ti-toot-too-root." The trombone had suddenly discovered clear sailing ahead and was snorting blusterously.

"Tant-a-rum." The cornet had started late but was making a notable spurt.

The long-haired man leaned closer to the blue-eyed woman.

Worldly people in the vicinity were fully assured that he was talking very loud and hoped in their hearts the orchestra would stop without warning.

"Tat—" "Trot—" "Tant—" The leader had thrown both arms frantically into the air. The drum, the trombone and the cornet knew what it meant. Clamor was instantly succeeded by silence.

The worldly people held their breaths.

"I tell you cockroaches can't—" The man with long hair paused, lowered his voice and proceeded with his conversation.

The Detroit Tribune says that only the worldly people were disappointed.

LOST LANS.

The Submarine of Major and Expedition Island.

The whole crust of the globe is probably in motion, changing its relative level as it gradually adjusts itself to the contractions of the interior, on which it rests. In the north the circum-polar regions are rising. If we had records to guide us we should probably find that Grant Land, Grenad Land and Franz Josef's Land are several inches higher than they were when they were first discovered. And simultaneously the coast of Greenland, in the neighborhood of Disco is sinking so that stakes which were driven into the frozen sea are now under water. It is easy to understand that, with out any volcanic agency, the surface of the earth, resting as it does on a foundation which must be incandescent, must rise and fall as the action of fire expands and contracts its subterranean support.

This process has gone on throughout all time. In the Arabian Sea, not far from the mouth of the Indus, the voyagers in the Bombay steamships can see when the water is clear, the peaks and the minarets of a drowned city at the bottom of the ocean. The steamship passes over them as they lie in their watery grave. At some far distant period that city lived and flourished, probably on a place of trade and prosperity. The hungry waves gradually rose and rose, capturing a street here and a square there, until the people were driven out and the city was engulfed. It was an illustration on a great scale of the action of the agency which terminated the terrestrial life of Expedition Island.

THE CORONA OF THE SUN.

Its Origin May Be Due to Some Electric Manifestation.

One of the greatest mysteries of science is the magnificent display of coronal streamers and soft banners of light that is seen around the totally eclipsed sun. Several recent investigations tend to show that this wonderful phenomenon is of electric or magnetic origin. M. I. Lippia, of Columbia college has just furnished most suggestive facts bearing on the question through a series of experiments on electric discharges in imperfect vacua. Photographs of such discharges, made by Mr. Lippia, bear an astonishing resemblance to the solar corona, says Youth's Companion. Inasmuch as the space immediately around the sun must always necessarily contain large quantities of vapors and meteoric dust, it does not seem difficult to conceive that a condition of things exists there which is suited to electric manifestations on an immense scale.

Yet, after all, when we think of the tremendous energy of the sun, which is able to make daylight upon the earth, to warm with its life-supporting rays planets that circle around it at a distance of tens and hundreds of millions of miles and to awaken the magnetism of our globe and the air is aflame with auroral lights, we can hardly wonder that it should cause the nearer regions of space around its own sphere to glow with strange radiance.

Valueless, However. Bloombumper—Tramps may not be rich in sticks, but there are plenty of bonds among them. Spatte—So? "Yes; yagabonds."

WHERE ARNOLD LIVED.

A RELIC OF COLONIAL PHILADELPHIA DESTROYED.

It Once Sheltered Washington and Was Visited by Washington Irving—Place Where Hamilton Met Mrs. Reynolds.

One of the most interesting structures in the city was demolished recently, says the Philadelphia Press. It was the very last of the old frame buildings on the whole length of Market street from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, and its history covers a period of a century and a quarter, and teems with the names of famous men and the details of famous events. A great warehouse it occupied the site, its present owner a clothing merchant, having acquired title to it very recently.

In 1767 the property, not however in the condition it afterward assumed, passed into the hands of Jacob Hiltzheimer. When Benedict Arnold planned his famous and infamous treason he wrote to Clinton in New York, suggesting that an embassy be sent to Philadelphia for a conference. Clinton was given papers and details that his agent might gain admittance to the city and Arnold engaged to meet him in disguise outside the Hiltzheimer property. For some nights the traitor loitered around the house, paying occasional visits to a tavern around the corner on Seventh street.

Clinton was too suspicious to send anyone however, and Arnold went down Market street to the house in disgust. When his carriage was pursued in the streets by a mob in consequence of unpopular enactments, Arnold took refuge from the mob in the building. The mob wanted to burn it down, but the troops intervened. The great procession on the occasion of the hanging of the traitor in effigy after the consummation of his traitorous act in 1789 was reviewed from the windows of this house and speeches were made by the city's celebrities.

The little house came grotesquely into prominence in 193 when the yellow fever epidemic scourged the city. Readers of Charles Brockden Brown's novels will remember his account of the physician who took a stricken youth home to his wife and family, although fever sufferers were cast out to die by many. The incident is based on an actual occurrence at this modest structure. The dwellers in the house worked night and day to relieve the general desolation and some of the family died in consequence. Brown, the novelist, had a great fondness for the house and a minute description of the neighborhood is given in one of his works.

The tavern around the corner was the center of such wild revelry that Washington felt bound to finally refrain from going there. He had no objection to the three-story cottage, however, and it was the scene of the interviews he had successively with Jefferson and with Hamilton in endeavoring to patch up the disagreement of those two statesmen. During Hamilton's intrigue with Mrs. Reynolds the lovers agreed to meet outside this house as the pamphlet now in the Ridgway library shows, and it was by watching here that the husband claimed to have found out what was going on.

The next famous man to visit the little house was Washington Irving. He called to verify some anecdotes connected with the father of his country with the building and found many valuable letters and papers stored away in its attic of which he made use in the "Life of Washington."

Like all houses which have passed their prime and relaxed quietly into old age, the structure was utilized by tenants for various purposes and it ceased to be conspicuously interesting until 1876. In that year it first became the resort of the city's scenic painters, and so continued for many years. The Bohemian club composed of members of the painting fraternity and kindred spirits met there every Monday night until a year or two since.

Medical Item.

Medical Student—I think father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist.

Father—What sort of specialist? "I think I will make a specialty of ear diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist; man has only two ears but he has fifty-two teeth that are always more or less out of order."—Texas Siftings.

The Force of Habit. Foreman of Roller Shop—The workmen is all kickin' on the new man. He makes too much noise at his work. Superintendent—Well, I suppose we'll have to fire him. I was afraid of that, too. It shows that habit is everything.

Foreman—Why, what did he do before you hired him? Superintendent—He was a hotel waiter.

A Measure of Social Standing. Mr. O'Maha—I'm told that Miss Broadside belongs to an old Chicago family; that her grandfather was one of the earliest pork-pickers in the city.

Miss Parkington—An old family! Why, Mr. O'Maha, my grandpa packed pork right here in Chicago before her's ever saw a hog.—Puck.

Identifying the Baby. Mr. De Avnoo—I saw our baby way around on a side street to-day. The baby should be kept in the park. Mrs. De Avnoo—That's where she is. You must be mistaken. Mr. De Avnoo—No, I'm not. Don't you suppose I know the parambulator that I paid \$65 for?