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ON A FOOTHILL RANCH.

DELIGHT AND EXCITEMENT THAT MAY BE HAD THERE.

The Original and Only Boomerangists of the Pacific Coast—Cutting a Bee Tree.

During the past two weeks I have been 'roughing it" with an old friend, who has a ranch about seven miles above Smartsville, in the foothills.

I say I have been "roughing it," because my old friend Jack had just had his house and all his other buildings swept away in a jiffy by a forest fire, and the accommodations for man and beast at Jack's house are not luxurious just now. But the weather is extremely salubrious at present, and camping-out under a tree, with an abundance to eat and a spring of cold mineral-spring water, is a state of existence filled with more than the average amount of enjoyment, health and recuperation.

The forest fires which "swiped" the whiskers from the face of the earth from near Mooney Flat to the Oregon House, in Yuba county, burned several buildings and totally destroyed the grass and all the brush fences that it came across it followed to their source and annihilated them. My old friend Jack was away from home when the fire crept into his ranch and reduced his wardrobe to two rough shirts and a pair of spring-bottom pants, but he was not discouraged. "The fire has cleared the brush from thirty acres of new ground, anyhow," was all he said, and off he went to get a carpenter, a stove and provisions, and just six days from the occurrence of the fire the stove was in operation under a fig tree and Jack was cooking slapjacks thereon; and the carpenter was hammering and sawing, and swearing and sweating, like a parrot engaged in a friendly fracas with a monkey.

Jack is a fair sample of the average Nevada county foot-hill rancher. He is always at work, always cheerful, always generous and big-hearted, and ready to do any reasonable thing to help and oblige a friend, or anybody else. He never gets very badly discouraged when the crop is poor, but hopes for a better result next year, and he takes care of his dollars. But he is not stingy. He is a fair sample, as I said before, of the average foot-hill rancher.

I sometimes wonder why young men, like Jack, who have all the world before them, are blessed with an abundance of brains and muscle, are content with ranching in the foot-hills. Jack and I were both born on ranches, and we both had the same chances, and we should have both become ranchers, but we didn't, and to this day the fine points of a Leghorn pig, a Berkshire rooster or an Angora trotter are things that I cannot see nor understand. As a rancher I proved a very successful failure early in my youth, although I had Jack near me as a pattern, and he was always coming out ahead. But in those days neither of us had ever looked for type-lice in a form nor been out on a wild-goose chase in search of a nonpariel shooting-stick. That joyous experience was reserved for me, and to-day Jack is the possessor of many broad acres, many head of horses, cattle, turkeys, etc., and I am just about as poor as a pint of chicken soup strained through a wool hat.

Camping out at Jack's ranch was very nice. We had an abundance of fresh air. We ate our meals of fried apples, fricassed cabbage, grilled biscuit, boned army bacon and stewed ragout of jack-rabbit, smothered in old-fashioned overall gravy, from the top of a large box, once the residence of a famous old top-knot hen, who hatched out fourteen ducks' eggs, and then kicked the young ducks to death scratching for worms.

Our bed was a voluptuous affair, composed of eight straws and a feather, and in it Jack and I passed many happy evenings, smoking Blackleg tobacco and discussing the best remedies for the turnip scale, phylloxera among sheep, the ease with which blackrot could be driven from the poultry by a free use of asafoedita, the proper way to curry a cow and other matters of thrilling interest.

Occasionally we helped the carpenter lay the joists on the rafters, or got the slantandicular of his floor for him, or took the wind out of the window-casing, or mortised a keyhole or two for him, ground his saws for him, oiled his try-square and helped him cuss.

Sometimes we saddled a couple of stout cobs and jogged away into the circumjacent country and discussed politics with the neighbors. It was in this way that I learned that the Chief Executive is not the highest office in America. That old yarn about every boy being considered by his parents as the President of the future is all rubbish. The greatest honor, I find, lies in being elected to the office of Road Overseer. The President of the United States may think he has reached the highest round in the ladder of fame, but there is still another round above him, and unless he is willing to give up the giddy Washington throng, the spicy Washington life and the exhilarating Washington malaria, and spread his blankets in the rural districts of North-Central California and get elected Road Overseer, he can never expect to look o'er all the wide, wide world and say that all that remains of fame and honor is the editorship of a country paper. I find that the Road Overseer is a mighty man here in the foothills, where there are roads to oversee, and the salary is not in excess of the bounty paid quarterly by the county for coyote scalps.

In the language of Napoleon, when receiving one of the new applicants for a membership in the old guard, "overseeing is a fat racket," and nearly nine-tenths of the rising generation of sturdy yeomen who infest the foothills of Nevada county are striving for the office. The other tenth wants work on the road, and amuses itself by clamoring for new bridges, a bounty on gophers and a flour mill for every quarter section of land. I may be a little "off," as they would say in Chautauqua, but I believe what I have set down as truth will be accepted as such when the reader sees my name at the bottom.

Jack and I also made a pilgrimage to Marysville one day, to pull the tail out of the elephant, and lay in a new supply of overalls, bandana shirts and syrup of squills for the blue jays that are eating all the fruit in Jack's orchard.

My appearance, unexpectedly as it was, created no stir in the city of Marysville, and the few random remarks I had rehearsed on the road were not required.

Marysville is a very neat, progressive city, and carries on quite a trade with Yuba City, Oroville, and the northern part of the State. There are two leading organs in the town—the *Appeal* and the *Democrat*, and I strolled into their sanctums with the intention of grasping the horns of the altar and steadying myself while I listened to the music, but both the organists had gone out of town, somewhere, and the boys who turned the cranks of the bellows could not say when they would return.

Marysville has a Boomerang Club. The members of this club speak of themselves as the original and only boomerangists of the Pacific coast. The object of the club, so I was informed, is the furtherance of physical development among the higher and knobbiest knobs of Yuba county, and only the most exclusively exclusive young men are admitted as members. At present the club numbers forty members. One hundred genuine Australian boomerangs have been sent for, and a real Australian native with a bonafide Australian kangaroo will be shipped in the same box with the aforesaid weapons.

As soon as the boomerangs arrive O. O. B. P. C. will place itself under the instruction of the genuine Australian, and the first practice game with the real Australian kangaroo will be played near Posey's ranch, west of town.

As I went out, en route for home, I met the O. O. B. P. C. coming into town from practice.

At present the club has no boomerangs, but uses monkey-wrenches, and practices upon jack-rabbits. A party of stout, healthy young men, armed with patent double-action, choke-bored, pistol-grip, fancy-checked-stock, rebounding-lock, 32-caliber, central-fire monkey-wrenches, in full blast after a jack-rabbit covered with wens, is a sight worth going some distance to see.

A few days ago Jack and I went out into the woods just before dark and chopped down a bee tree by way of relaxation.

"In the country," said Jack, "we have many innocent little pleasures, one of which as you know is the cutting of bee-trees. After we have stored away a sufficient stock of back-aches for the winter we like to unbend a little, now and then. For instance, after a hard day in the field we postpone the hour of retirement from eight to nine o'clock, and go down to the duck-pond and wash ourselves, or rock a polecat to death, or cut a bee-tree."

When we had pailed the Worcestershire cow, and put the hens to bed we took an ax, knife, two buckets, a candle, a smudge, and several yards of mosquito-bar, and were soon at war with the busy little bees. Cutting the tree down was an easy task, but the fun began when Jack, who was master of ceremonies, hacked a big hole into the trunk of the tree and exposed the honey. Quite a crowd of bees emerged and prodded us in various places, and I went off to a distance and sat down to rest. The bees had their guns loaded for bear, and in a short time Jack had the worst of the fight. Then he came over to me and persuaded me to go back and hold the candle for him, and I went. Then the bees found a hole in my trousers and went in to investigate, and I told Jack I would retire from the contest. Jack said he guessed he would retire, too.

Then, with a sudden burst of enthusiastic bravado, I told Jack that if he would lend me his pants, and fix the mosquito bar over my head, I would take out the honey myself. The exchange was soon made, and I went up and slashed at the honey-comb with the knife. A few moments later, if you had been in the vicinity armed with a lantern, you might have heard a noise like the confusion of many tongues, with snapping and popping of teeth, the falling of trees, and a stamping and thumping of feet, as though a Sixth Ward political boss had carried the day, and dropped it on some other man's corns; and you might have seen a tall, angular man, with eight yards of mosquito bar around his head, and a knife in his hand, dashing hither and thither, mostly thither, uttering fiendish screeches and bloodcurdling yells, trying ever and anon to jump over trees and dive under rocks, and tear his ears out by the roots, while another man, clad in a rough shirt and convict-striped unmentionables, darted here and there, like an ignis fatuus, running into bushes and occasionally butting his head into trees, as though he had let himself out as a stump extractor, and had not any idea as to where he was to begin nor when he was to stop. But we persevered, and got that honey—two big buckets full of it. Jack carried it home, and I held the end of one of his suspenders and followed. My eyes were tired, and my nose had taken unto itself the shape of a large ripe Bartlett pear, with the stem end affixed to my face, and my whiskers were all swelled up on the ends.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

OF ART AND ARTISTS.

A monument in memory of Todleben has been erected at Sebastopol.

A bronze statue of Burns is to be placed in Roger Williams Park, of Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Harrison has been doing considerable sea-beach sketching of late at Cape May.

Woodford Sanders, a Virginia artist, has been creating a stir at Natchez, Miss., by painting portraits of people he never saw. All he needs is a verbal description.

A new publication called the *Art Workman* has appeared in London. It relies chiefly on plates of sketches which are supposed to be of use to working artists.

A photographer in Klausenburg, Transylvania, has succeeded in photographing the shades of color between deep red and orange, but not yet to fix them permanently.

Hubert Herkomer has recently been made a member of the Royal Art Academy in Berlin. He received one of the grand medals at the Berlin Art Exhibition in 1886.

Guillaume, the sculptor and writer on art, who has had charge of the improvements on the Louvre, has been appointed to Rome as Director of the French school in the Villa Medici.

The work on Japanese pottery just published in Liverpool by James Bowes, contains 500 seals and marks in fac simile, many hundred cuts, fifteen plates in autotype, and for the special edition a score of plates printed in gold and colors. It is a companion to his "Keramic Art of Japan," but more splendid.

According to the Portland (Me.) *Press* "Two paintings of John de Witt, the eminent Dutch statesman, and his wife, painted in 1652, arrived at the Custom House recently. They are said to be fine works of art and very valuable." It might be interesting to learn the name of the painter of these pictures and whether they are supposed to be originals or are merely copies.

The Rev. Hiram Gee, of Ithaca, who has already given $30,000 to the Syracuse University, presented the college with $10,000 the other day in order to establish an art fellowship. A fellowship that permits the winner to visit Europe burdened merely with the commission to make copies for Syracuse University of "two representative paintings, statues, or other works of art in the leading galleries" is a prize not to be contemned.

Every guest at the Antwerp banquet to Mr. Stanley has received an admirably executed commemorative medal in bronze. On one side the arms of the city are surmounted by the words "Stad Antwerpen;" on the reverse an oak crown and the Congo star encircle the dedication (in English) "to Henry M. Stanley, April, 1890." Between the oak leaves and the rim there is just space for the inscription: "The Municipal Council, the Royal Geographical Society and the Chamber of Commerce of Antwerp."

While the question of painting and modeling from the nude is convulsing London, New York and Detroit, the city of Omaha proposes to have at least the cause of such a discussion. The *Daily Bee* quotes "one of the most talented and scholarly lady artists in the city—one who has sold a small section of canvas for $500 many a time, and who spent a dozen years with the best instructors in New York and Paris," as about to open a small class for study from the nude model. "On a small scale," remarked the lady artist to the reporter, "it will create a demand for models, and, mark you, they must be modest, model models!"

In accordance with a curious Austrian custom, one of Archduchess Valerie's wedding gifts has been a collection of articles of clothing worn by her in her days of babyhood. Her first wee pair of boots, preserved for this purpose by her nurse, was brought to her at Vienna by that worthy woman, who had traveled a long way to place them in her nurselign's hands.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE REMAINS OF A ONCE LIVELY TOWN.

Mosquitoes Sitting Among the Eucalyptus Branches and Warbling Love Songs to Their Mates.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Once upon a time, so far back in the fifties that only we old folks remember it, there was a little village bloomed into existence in Solano county and, like Mr. Finney's turnip, "it grew and it grew until it could grow no longer." It was before the days of booms, but it collapsed like a regularly organized boom of the present day. It struggled for breath under the name of Silveyville, deriving it form its founder, Elijah Silvey, who long since slumbered under the sod of its churchyard.

Unhappily some of its main citizens found greater attractions elsewhere, and moved their goods and chattels to other parts, and like the snails took their castles along with them. This restive spirit took possession of the neighbors who were left in sight of the vacant lots and gaping cellars, and in but a few years all of the business men folded their tents and vanished, leaving only a ghost of the former busy little burg. To-day it is the home of some four families, who call Dixon their home, and the name of Silveyville deceased is mentioned but seldom. A few relics remain on the site of the city, one being the old square brick house of Mr. Silvey.

This was the main hotel of the place, where were ample accommodations for tired man and beast. It was the day of teaming, when railroads were in the uncertain hence, and to reach Sacramento, then a large village, the rancher must traverse the weary miles with his mule teams. It must have been a busy time, when the noisy teamsters came in with a jangle and a whoop and took the little old inn by storm. A railroad was projected from Vallejo to Marysville, and, in fact, the grade was thrown up but it was like the honest man, it "didn't was."

On the former site of the postoffice, where the populace gathered each day to spin yarns and interview the stage-driver, a fine garden flourished—varieties and quantities sufficient to stock a small country fair. Where stood the village kirk, are rows abd rows of shapely almond trees, hanging full of the green woolly nuts. Yes, they even took the church away, and dug up the wells and cellars to cut into post-holes. That is in advance of a custom in the mining regions, where a Methodist church was turned into a dancing hall and the pulpit torn away to make room for a stage, where traveling troupes might inflict their talent on the people.

A few yards up street, a Baptist church was used to hold the "groaning tables" on the occasion of a ball, and many and many a time the sound of the violin and banjo and marching feet came pouring out its windows, instead of the nasal, "And fourthly, my dearly beloved brethren," of a few years previous. The pulpit was draped with flags, flowers and banners gay, and here the string band fiddled the happy hours away. Over their heads in large black letters ran the legend: "Holiness be Unto Thine House, oh Lord!" This was sometimes covered with spicy cedar boughs and wreaths, and as often it was not. Right now an enterprising man uses it as a storehouse for his fruit. That town has not been struck by lightning, and it enjoys quite a degree of prosperity.

But let us travel back to Silveyville. I can see the peaceful town on Sabbath mornings, when the work of the week ceased, and the people gathered for morning service in the close little church-house, coming in from all points of the compass, through dust and mud alike, in vehicles of all descriptions. The horses nibbled at the rack, the flies vascillated in the open windows, the deacons peacefully dreamed on the foremost benches, and the small boy, in an agony of quiet and shoes and stockings, gazed longingly at the fields, and butterflies and jack rabbits.

Ah, that was a fair and glorious country then, before the advent of surveyor's chains and barb wire—one unbroken expanse of fertile land, covered with flowers as vivid in colors as a country Fourth of July. There were antelope running at large, and the antlered elk stalked proudly through the tall wild oats. (You know it is the '49er's pet topic to enlarge on the wild oats.) Coyotes and grasshoppers, too, made merry the level sea. Indians were plentiful, but the march of civilization has laid waste the rancheres, and the redskins are scattered to the four winds. You see none of the old-fashioned sons of Lo now. The grim old hombras have taken up a residence in the happy hunting-ground, and their posterity affect red neckties and hair oil in place of the abbreviated dress of their fathers.

One tottering landmark of departed glory is a rickety old shebang that a generous-leaved fig tree endeavors to screen from dust and public gaze. It, too, was a hostelry and sported the name of the "Elkhorn" on a sign which fluttered and creaked in the winds, till it finally felt the downfall of the town so keenly that it fell to the earth like a mellow apple and hid its warped and weather-beaten face in the dust, never to rise again. The gate is nailed and wired and renailed and rewired. Where once it answered to every comer with a hospitable click, the latch is rusted and silent. Dried grass, knee-high, has choked up the front path, and an asthmatic old pump at one side answers to a hand-shake with a broken-winded gurgle. There is little of the porch left, and at every step one goes through the rotten boards to Mother Earth's bosom. The windows are black holes, the doors hingeless, and the walls, that could tell tales of jovial scenes within their bounds, stand mildewed, black and bare, with strings of musty paper dangling like ghostly arms. In the "lean to" kitchen, in place of the clink of dishes and the sizzle and scent of supper, the quiet is appalling, and the stench of mold and decay turns the olfactories towards a convenient opening.

Just across the road, and elbowing this relic of bygone days, stands a small Queen Anne residence, delightfully in contrast with the warped old pile that a grove of cypress tries to hide. Up low, wide steps, under a little balcony, a veranda runs round a square bay window that juts out into a mass of blooming flowers.

Architects and decorators have lavished all their most beautiful dreams on the structure, and the result is most gratifying to the eye. A smooth, well-kept lawn stretches away in fruit to a low fence, and in this green spot children and kittens and pups tumble and roll through all the long day. Like a bright band around the dense green is a circle of handsome flowers, where bees and butterflies dip into the cups of lilies and skim over the scarlet geraniums, old-fashioned verbenas and pinks, while every breeze scatters fragrant rose petals over the velvet carpet. All around and around extends a grove of eucalyptus trees—some 200—planted in the palmy days of the town, and as tall and straight and naked as the masts of some gray old ship. Around their naked bodies creeping vines climb hand over hand like sailors in a ship's rigging. The tops wave in every breeze and lashing the spicy leaves together, sing a sweet, drowsy lullaby.

There was once a man who made the statement that the eucalyptus boughs would effectually abolish mosquitoes. I would like to meet that man. "Tell it not in Gath," but in this spot elysian they have mosquitoes; yes, mosquitoes, every one as big as a dray horse, and they sit in the branches of the eucalyptus grove and twitter little love songs to their mates. At night they come down after the fashion of the Assyrian, their cohorts all gleaming with murder and gall, and with the persistency of the Salvation Army. And that is why I want to meet the man above mentioned.

Off and away stretch the fields of yellow stubble, which the harvesters have stripped bare, and they quiver under the heat until the uninitiated would aver there was a lake of limpid water but a few miles ahead. One institution that still flourishes in the "Deserted Village" is the deestrict skule, and that is alive and up with the times. The rows of empty seats speak eloquently for what it was, as the old darky said of the moon, "befo' the waw," as the swarms of youngsters that once buzzed in and out on the wide porch are reduced to a mere handful. The low-roofed white building stands in the same yard with the grave-yard—yes, there is some of that left, but not much—and sitting inside listening to the little fellows, one gazes through the open windows, under a grove of locust trees, at the monuments that gleam white and dazzling in the summer sun. These surroundings might be to the small fry a constant reminder of their mortality, like the Egyptian death's head, but it has lost all its horrors, and they play marbles and mumblepeg within its sacred precints as utterly unmoved as a candidate engaged in telling a lie.

A school is a school the world over, isn't it? I thought so when I saw a class come forward, eying the visitor, and trying to get under cover behind each other. Number one stood up to recite, twiddling with his suspenders and trying to dig his little bare toe into the splintery floor. Number two nursed his brown foot in his lap and, looking over number one's shoulders, generously prompted him when he stumped his tongue on the hard words. Number three fanned his sweaty brow with a leaf of his book and thought of the coming ordeal and the marbles that other boy won from him at recess. And what is nicer in this world than sun-burned, barefooted grimy-fisted little boys? They are the coming support of our nation, and, aside from that, they are so bright and original and sharp, and more generous in their friendships than most anyone else. They have faults galore, but they also have traits to be admired.

Back again to Silveyville. God's Acre has been deprived of the precious burdens it held, and the quiet sleep of but few was left undisturbed. Some monuments yet stand over sunken graves, and roses run riotously over what was once an orderly mound. Some square palings have succumbed to the destroying influence of wind and weather and the posts have parted company, each side falling flat and resting on the ground. Some have been taken in the arms of the winds in their mad winter waltzes, turned half off their foundations and ignominiously dropped again, while their partner went whirling away with a jeering laugh at its sacriligious work.

Parting the long, thick grass around the crumbling head-boards, we read names and dates of far, far back, whose friends are perhaps across the continent, or sleeping themselves at the foot of a worm-eaten board. The winds have broken marble columns and lain them low, and in the tops of the few pine trees it soughs and sings humbly, as though penitent for its misdeed. The manzanitas and pines have escaped the destructive ax and are among the few shrubs that remain of the crop of '52. In spring the daisies, blue-bells and buttercups brighten the lonely place, but now the hot winds rustle through the dry and dusty grass.

There is business and bustle now at the meeting of the four roads, where for so many years quietness reigned. At the gate of the old Silvey inn stands an old, grotesque cottonwood tree, and its mate on the other is a spindling eucalyptus. A blue-eyed baby toddles down the path with one shoe off, and trying to scale the low gate gets his check apron fastened and hangs suspended in mid air. A China cook, resplendent in a spotless apron and glistning queue, comes flying around the corner with a dish-rag in hand, and in a carressing howl inquires of the skewered offender, "Socksy littee boy, what flaw you lun away?"

A. R. L.

A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole;
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails and may be a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!
You can see for yourself 'tisn't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long:
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."

—*Eudora S. Bumstead in St. Nicholas for August.*

Heligoland.

The recent cession of Heligoland to Germany awakens interest concerning that romantic bit of territory for which so much, says Walter Armstrong in his recent excellent paper, has been done by the North Sea, and that is so fascinating by reason of its isolation. Heligoland consists of two islands once united by a long sand bank. They lie nearly midway between Denmark and Holland and due east from the north point of England. The larger island is that containing the residences of the population. Its plane is from 160 to 200 feet above the sea, and its basic foundation is loosely compacted red rock.

Heligoland was taken from the Danes in 1807, when Napoleon's "Continental System" prevailed. The population subsists by the fishing industry, but has a large revenue also from summer visitors who flock there by the thousand to enjoy sea and the sand bathing from the lesser island, which is a low sandy stretch, with probably the finest bathing beach in the world. The visitors are also attracted by the salubrity of the atmosphere, the charm of the simplicity of the people, and the romantic changing lights along the cliffs. It is said that the average life of the Heligolanders is 63 years, so health ful is the climate and so life-giving the ozone-laden breezes that sweep about the rocky walls of the greater island.

The fisher families entertain the summer visitors in the utmost simplicity of manner. The fare is very frugal, but deliciously palatable, and the houses are models of cleanliness and order. The language of the Heligolanders is a Frisian dialect, which is said to be the nearest approach to genuine Anglo-Saxon known. But so many Germans resort to the islands in summer that most of the people are able to converse in German.

It is said that life in Heligoland is a close resemblance to life on a great ship that, as Mr. Armstrong puts it, must be fancied to be motionless.

The summer population consists of Danes, Russians, Germans and people from the Norse peninsula, and the native islanders, who are left to themselves for forty-two out of the fifty-two weeks in the year. Comparatively few of the English have resorted to the islands, though England acquired the territory eighty-three years ago.

There are in France about 30,000 elementary schools where teachers, having passed an examination, train boys in gardening.

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

THE RAMONA SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS AT SANTA FE.

A Sermon on Gowns by a Man Which Sensible Women Can Scarcely Resent and Neglect.

"THE CHAMELEON."

Twa travelers, as they were wa'king,
'Bout the chameleon fell a-ta'king;
Sic thinks it shaws them mettled men,
To say I've seen, and ought to ken.
Says one, "'Tis a strange beast indeed,
Four-footed, wi' a fish's head;
A little bowk, wi' a iang tail,
And moves far slower than a snail;
Of color loke a blawart, blue."
Replied his neighbor, "That's no true;
For well I wat his color's green,
If ane may trust his ain twa een;
If I in sunshine saw him fair,
When he was dining on fresh air."
"Excuse me," says the other blade,
"I saw him in the shade,
And he is blue." "He's green, I'm sure."
"You lie." "And you're ——"
Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
Had not a third come in the nick,
Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
Cried, "Gentlemen, what! Are ye wood?
What's y're quarrel, an't may be speer'd?"
"Troth," says the tane, "sir, ye shall hear't;
The chameleon, I say he's blue;
He threaps he's green. Now what say you?"

"Ne'er fash ye'rsels about the matter,"
Says the sagacious arbitrator,
"He's black—sae name of you are right;
I viewed him well by candle light,
And have it in my pocket here,
Row'd in my napkin, hale and feer."
"Fy!" said ae cangler, "What d'ye mean?
I'll lay my lugs on't that he's green."
Said the ither, "Were I gawn to death,"
I'd swear he's blue, wi' my last breath."
"He's black!" the Judge maintained ay stout,
And to convince them, whip'd him out;
But to surprise of ane and a',
The animal was white as snaw,
And thus reproved them: "Shallow boys!
Away, away! make no more noise;
Ye're three wrang, and a' three right;
But learn to know your neibors' sight
As good as yours. Your judgment speak,
T' imagine ithers will by force
Submit their sentiments to yours;
As things in various lights they see,
They'll ilka ane resemble me."

A NOVEL FLOWER.

One of our papers has recently said, "A novel flower has recently been found on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, at the San Juan hacienda, some twenty-two leagues from the city of Tehuantepec. This floral chameleon has the faculty of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white; when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. This red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of the guava tree, and another peculiarity of this flower is that only at noon does it give out any perfume."

There are thousands of chameleon plants all over the South if the above description makes them. The bloom of the common cotton plant is a light yellow at sunrise, a delicate pink at noon, and red at sunset. The change from yellow to red, of course, is very gradual.

THE RAMONA SCHOOL.

Helen Hunt's monument is not the piled stone which covers her grave in the mountains. It is the Ramona school for Indian girls at Sante Fe, New Mexico, founded in honor of the woman whose impassioned story of "Ramona" woke the nation to a sense of the merciless wrongs done to the Argonauts—to the Indians of California. For two hundred years the Apaches, in all respects the congoners in the south of the terrible Sioux in the north, held at bay the soldiers of Spain, Mexico and the United States. With what skill and ferocity they fought; how terribly they struck, and quickly disappeared; how they marched without water, food or rest; how their insignificant numbers kept one of our Territories unpeopled and shut our bravest prospectors and miners out from one of the richest mineral areas on the continent, the people of the United States too well know. There was fitness in the thought to honor the memory of the brave and good woman who wrote "Ramona," by establishing in the Rocky mountains a school to train Apache girls out of murderous treachery into all the decencies of civilization, and giving to it the name of Helen Hunt's immortal story.

Better than war is this method of overcoming the obstacle the Apaches present to the settlement of Arizona. The girls of its terrible tribe will be its future wives and mothers. In the Ramona school the tribe will undergo transformation. Murder will then cease to be fame. The surprise and massacre of helpless ones will not be glory there. Successful robbery of herds and flocks will not confer distinction. Eternal warfare against the whites will there cease to be the Apache's traditional duty and honor. The future Apache tribe will have been in the Ramona school, and Helen Hunt's spirit will have been there, sweetly serving, laboring and transforming. Every girl who goes from the school back to the mountains will go there less of an Indian. In time she will surely lift her children up to her own level. Yes, better than war is this solution of the bloody Apache problem.

Corrupt and corrupting has been much of the work under our Indian policy. The charitable dole has pauperized the proud savage. The enforced idleness of reservation life has debauched him. Torn up by the roots from his natural life, nowhere has the matured Indian been restored to his natural life, or been successfully replanted. But in this Ramona school the amelioration commenced with children and with girls, and everything done will not only aid, but last. It will surely give the next generation a lift.

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

A social oracle says: "All women should aim at being bright conversationalists, not startling or wonderful, but amusing, refined and especially light of touch. Long stories are usually intolerable bores, and a slow, heavy way of looking at matters in general is an affliction. Grievances of any sort are best kept secret; a sprightly acquaintance with the affairs of the day, a flattering anxiety as to others opinions, absence of slang or mannerisms, of boastful egotism or self-depreciation—tact, tact, above all, tact—these make the agreeable hostess, the woman one wishes to find at home on one's round of calls."

A SERMON ON GOWNS.

It being the sole duty of man to either pay for or admire pretty gowns, or even to do both, it must be admitted that they do sometimes evolve good ideas on the subject, and ideas that it may be well for some of us to think upon in the seclusion of our boudoirs, or above all, in the consulting closets of our dressmakers. Here are some ideas propounded by man, and, best of all, by a dry goods man. If they are not the epitome of all disinterested benevolence, I am widely in error.

Stiff materials are less manageable and graceful than soft ones.

One dull stuff and one glossy stuff unite better than two dull or two glossy ones.

Colors near the face should be soft and indescribable.

A woman to be well dressed and to look her best must concentrate her thought on tints few and good.

Antique lace will last forever, remend and reclean it as much as you please. Being yellow and not snow white, it scarcely ever shows dirt. Modern lace, however good and costly, soon wears out.

The worst extravagance is to invest in "shoddy" materials got up by unprincipled traders to deceive the eye.

One or two really fine jewels are in really better taste than many mediocre ones.

Experience shows that all dull, rich silks wear greasy, that a good satin outwears two silks and three cheap sateens, and that black velvet lasts longer than colored.

A set of good fur is never any loss, as it can be rejoined or dispersed, united, worn on an evening gown or mantle, at will, without harm.

A dress or jacket properly fitted and made by a good dressmaker, though this costs more than one made by a novice, will look and hang well to the end, while the other will not.

It is indispensable in buying dresses to remember what your wardrobe already contains, as two dresses can easily be combined into one nowadays, if the colors are happily chosen, which is a great economy.

Ladies who study economy will never adopt the outre in anything, for outre fashions never last long.

Women with taste are content with few things—and those good—in lieu of a quantity of cheap finery.

Never buy a bonnet that will not go with all your dresses and jackets likely to be required while the bonnet lasts, unless you can afford to possess a bonnet to match each suit.

Extravagance in dress means not only to spend too much money upon it, but also the patronizing of too foolish fashions devised simply to waste material.

A dark, thin stuff is infinitely cheaper than a delicate, pale material, though its original cost be double.

A purposeless chaos of millinery is not beautiful from an artistic point of view, and probably mischievous from a sanitary one.

True skill in making up materials consists not only in fitting the dress, but in giving to every morsel of stuff due value.

Take, in the first place, that a woman to be well dressed and look her best must concentrate her efforts upon tints both few and good. It is so true. There is not one woman in a hundred, no, nor in five hundred, that can afford to try experiments with her good looks. The pink that is becoming is hideously unbecoming when combined with blue. The blue that makes her yellow hair so bonny and bright makes her looks like a frump with every deepening shade. The green that looks so fresh and spring-like on her white gown gives her twenty added years when she uses it by itself. The plain white collar that shows off the slim beauty of her white throat, grown to a dude collar, seems to choke her and to make her ears look big and her pretty face to look jimber-jawed. While, as for hats, the becomingness thereof decreases in inverse proportion as the width of brim increases. It is a splendid rule and worth remembering.

So, too, is this: A dress or jacket properly made and properly fitted by a good dressmaker, though this costs more than one made by a novice, will look and hang well to the end, while the other will not. Were you never surprised on complimenting a friend on "her pretty new gown," by being shown some darn or patch or new half sleeve or something of that sort which belies the fact of the newness thereof, although the "pretty" part was undeniable? I have noted the fact for many years and never knew the rule to fail. Did you ever know it to fail that such a gown was made by someone who thoroughly understood the business of dressmaking? Moreover, personal experience has developed the same faith. There never hung in the closet at home three home-made gowns that, even in their pristine freshness, could dare to look in the face a three-year-old suit that was in its day the handsomest suit in town? What one, especially a feminine one, has proved for herself, one is apt to believe most firmly.

NELLIE B. WARD.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Lord Tennyson is now in better health than he has had for years.

The Princess Dolgorouki is one of the most accomplished violin players in Europe.

De Witt J. Seligman, editor of the *Epoch*, is spending a vacation at Williamstown, Mass.

Sir George Airy, the oldest of the Englishmen of science, has just entered upon his 90th year.

Record is made of the death of Frederic Lohne, in whose arms the Duke of Orleans died in 1842.

The German Empress Alexandra is said to possess a violent temper, which she vents upon her attaches.

Mrs. Gladstone always attends meetings of Parliament when either her husband or her son Herbert is to speak.

The wedding veil of the Princess Victoria of Prussia is being made at the lace schools of Herschberger Thal, in Silesia.

Joseph Chamberlain and wife, the latter the daughter of ex-Secretary Endicott, are coming over on a social visit this month.

Princess Victoria, the Empress Frederick's youngest and favorite daughter, is rather pretty and very fond of outdoor life.

Congressman Reyburn of Philadelphia has bought an island off the coast of South Carolina, which he intends to stock with game.

A niece of the great actress, Rachel, is soon to go on the stage. She is the wife of an Englishman, and speaks English perfectly.

John Price Buchanan, Democratic candidate for Governor of Tennessee, is 43 years old and a cousin of ex President Buchanan.

One of the most skillful watchmakers in Atlanta, is Mrs. E. A. Key. By means of her trade she supports herself and children in comfort.

The recent dangerous illness of Count Kalnoky was induced by his reckless eating and drinking of rich food and iced champagne.

Captain de Gama, of the Brazilian navy, a lineal descendant of the great Vasco de Gama, is studying American ship-building in the Philadelphia yards.

The Emperor William is said to be very democratic and social when in Berlin, but very aristocratic and exclusive when at his private residence at Potsdam.

The Duke of Hamilton received $3,000,000 for the Hamilton Palace collection, recently sold, and the Government made him pay $90,000 inland revenue tax on this.

The Rev. A. W. Wilson, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has set out on a tour of the world to look after the interests of foreign missions.

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussion war and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

W. S. Williams, of Cherokee county, Ala., is the father of twenty-eight children, the eldest of whom is forty-nine years old, the youngest six. Mr. Williams is seventy years of age.

The families who run Guatemala for their private financial benefit are the Aparisois, the Arguirres and the Tinocos, who are all capitalists and are relatives of several of the present Ministers.

John G. Whittier has attended the small church of the Society of Friends in Amesbury, Mass., where he lives, for fifty years, and it is said he has never once been induced to "speak in meeting."

Thomas Stevens, now touring in Russia, writes the *World* that he has abandoned part of his cowboy outfit in exchanging his Texas for a Circassian saddle. It weighs sixteen pounds to the former's forty-two.

Miss Sallie Hollie, a Virginian girl, has undertaken the education of the colored girls of her State. She proposes to establish small schools throughout Virginia, where the colored girl can learn enough in two years to start squarely with the world.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The Russians are preparing to build a church over the mouth of Jacob's Well, in Palestine. The spot has long been covered by a mass of old debris and rubbish.

The Bishop of Montreal has declared himself in favor of the abolition of pew rents. He says he recognizes the advantages of having an appointed place in the church for everybody, but at the same time free accommodation is a desideratum. "Let everyone," he adds, "do what he can in the direction of free churches."

The *Congregationalist*, writing on the same subject, says: "We deprecate as sincerely as Bishop Ireland can the necessity for so far secularizing the public schools, but the responsibility belongs with him and his church, and the absurd haggling as to which of the two versions of the Bible so nearly alike as the Protestant and Douay versions shall be read tells its own story. With reasonable concessions on both sides, the schools, so far as Protestants and Catholics are concerned, might be permeated with religion to a much greater degree than is now the case. One thing is certain, the only safe motto throughout the land on this subject is: 'Let the public-school money never be divided.'"

The *Independent*, discussing the address of Archbishop Ireland before the school-teachers at St. Paul on the subject of religion in the schools, says: "The fact is, there is no compromise possible. It is either free church or enslaved church. Our institutions are based on the free-church system, and Catholics like it, and we must defend them and ourselves against any other. It works well. Sir Charles Dilke says that Russia and the United States are the two most religious countries in the world, and for this reason the most dangerous in war. If we want to keep a people religious, we must trust the Church to teach them, and not the State; and this is equally true for Catholics and Protestants."

There is much rejoicing in certain circles—which, by the way, include society generally—in the fact that the Queen has thrown open the East Terrace at Windsor Castle to the public on Sunday afternoons, when the band of the Coldstream Guards is engaged to play a selection of lively airs for the benefit of the 7,000 persons who last Sunday took advantage of the royal concession. A very natural consequence of this act has followed rapidly on its heels, and the London County Council is called upon to inaugurate without delay a system which shall provide martial music in every open space of the city on Sunday afternoons, and popular recreation on that day has passed from a party cry into an imperative and universal demand which it were inhumanity to refuse.

"The question brought before the Episcopal Church in the MacQueary case, and before other churches in cases