

A Tiger Hunt.

An Incident in the Desert of Sahara,
BY BLUE JACKET.

I had been ordered to join a vessel on a distant Southern station soon after the close of the war, and while on board the large, noble passenger steamer that plied between New York and my point of destination, it was my good fortune to listen to the following story.

The narrator was an American—a tall, muscular man, and his dark eyes denoted both courage and determination. His complexion, from long and constant exposure to the sun and constant exposure to the sun and constant exposure to the sun, had assumed a hue but little lighter than a mulatto's, but it only increased the interest that he had excited among his fellow-passengers.

We were off Hatteras, the wind fresh from the eastward, with sufficient sea on to render walking a difficulty even to those who boasted of the superiority of their sea legs. As night closed in the wind freshened, curling up the white caps and casting showers of spray over the huge black sides of the steamer, while occasional splashes of rain drove the passengers from the promenade deck.

The dismal clank of the machinery, the monotonous beating of the powerful propeller, the sighing of the gale as it swept through the rigging above my head, all tended to arouse a feeling of lonesomeness, and I left the wet, sloppy deck for the more congenial quarters of the social hall.

I found it well filled by a number of my fellow passengers, who, from the clink of glasses and the popping of corks, were bent upon making a night of it in defiance to the elements raging without. Throwing my cape aside, and lighting a cigar, I took possession of a dark corner, where I could hear all that transpired.

The party were relating stories, each one in their turn, and many a thrilling incident of adventure and war was told in rapid succession. But they failed to excite my somewhat listless energies, which were suffering with the blues, and I puffed away in sullen indifference to every thing that was transpiring about me.

Suddenly a deep, sonorous voice, clear and distinct above the medley of sounds arising from without, fell upon my ear. I glanced up from beneath the visor of my uniform cap. It was the dark-looking stranger, who was contributing his portion of the evening's entertainment.

"Some years ago, gentlemen, I had a contract to supply the French forces stationed at Goru with certain supplies. It is a small out-of-the-way place on the west coast of Africa, a barren rock, in fact, situated about twelve miles from the main land.

"The French forces at the time were actively engaged fighting against the wild denizens of the desert, and a small fortified village on the edge of the vast sandy plain, Rufisque by name, had been converted into a military base for supplies for the use of the little army concentrated at that point.

"I had a small bungalow or residence there, which was generally well filled by the officers of the different companies, with whom, I may say, I was a general favorite.

"One morning (I shall not forget it in a hurry), a party of five young Frenchmen thronged into my room, all clamoring for me to accompany them on a hunting expedition.

"The natives had been unusually quiet for the past month; the scouting parties thrown out from the outpost had failed to discover the slightest signs of an Arab, and no danger was apprehended in galloping across the desert to an oasis some twelve miles distant. It was a noted haunt for tigers who prowled in the vicinity to slake their thirst from the clear waters of a spring which bubbled amid a thick cluster of palm trees.

"Mounted on the small but fleet Arabian horses, we issued forth from the main gate of the town well armed and equipped for the expedition, not forgetting sundry entablés and drinkables, which had been packed in hampers and secured to the backs of high Arabian saddles.

"We were all in the highest spirits as we glided over the smooth, glittering surface of the desert. We had made preparations to remain a night and a day at the little oasis which loomed above the horizon, with its tall, waving palms, fragrant date trees and graceful cocoanuts. The large tropical foliage, the vivid colors and numerous voices of feathered songsters, struck me as something wonderful and strange, surrounded as the little spot was on all sides by boundless acres of burning sandy desolation.

"Securing our steeds, the party scattered through the underbrush in quest of game, and I being somewhat of a novice in such matters, followed in the rear of a French major of cavalry, who prided himself upon his skill as a tiger hunter.

"Suddenly a sharp, piercing and terrible roar resounded through the solitude of the desert, not unlike the distant rumble of thunder. The major had halted, his eyes bent keenly in the direction of the rustling underbrush and crackling sticks, denoting the presence of the monster.

"With a horse growl of rage, a tiger bounded from the cover of numerous bushes, which he broke like straws in his impetuous career. His ears were thrown back, hair bristling with rage, mouth open, from which protruded his tongue, covered with a white foamy froth. The eyes of the brute were staring from his head and flashing fire, as he rushed toward the major who, calm, cool and motionless as a statue, waited for a favorable opportunity to deliver his fire.

"It was the first time, in my experience, gentleman, that I had ever been brought face to face with one of the fierce brutes, and I must confess I experienced a nervous thrill, a sensation of dread, as I watched the cat-like motions of the ferocious monster.

"The major waited until his enemy was within fifteen yards, and, raising his rifle slowly to his shoulder, brought the barrel to bear on the tiger. At that moment a shout from our comrades reached our ears:

"The Arabs! the Arabs! Ride for your lives, the enemy is upon us!"

"Whether it was the warning cry of his brother soldiers, or a loss of confidence in his own powers, I know not, but the major made a terrible fatal mistake, and, instead of killing the animal, merely wounded him. In a moment I realized the man's peril, but too late. My heavy

rifle was to my shoulder, but the tiger was quicker in his movements than I.

"A cry of agony rang through the air, and the tiger sprang upon his prey before I could deliver my fire. My finger pressed the trigger with a nervous movement, but I dared not fire, for the two were so entangled in their writhings that I was fearful of missing my mark.

"A prolonged and savage yell echoed in my ears, forcibly reminding me that I had my own safety to look after. As for the French major, he had fought his last battle, and his bones, no doubt, are bleaching to this day 'neath the fierce African sun, a victim to that fearful tiger.

"Rifle in hand, I started forward in the direction where our horses had been left. Keeping under cover of the foliage, I reconnoitred the situation. Imagine my feelings, gentlemen, when I beheld my late companion galloping across the desert closely pursued by a number of Arabs with their sharp lances extending far in advance of their fleet horses.

"At last a dozen of the dusky rascals had been left behind to guard the spoils, and they, supposing themselves masters of the situation, proceeded to test our viands previous to searching the oasis for the remainder of the hated Frenchmen.

"With the tiger in my rear, growling and tearing the corpse of my poor friend, together with the savage Arabs who partially surrounded me, I was at a loss how to proceed, but finally determined to make a bold dash for my life and freedom. The main body of the enemy had long since disappeared behind a range of sand hills which skirted the horizon. If I struck all with any hope of success, it must be before they returned.

"I had gained a point within ten yards of the spot where the fleet couriers of the desert had been secured. They were of a breed far superior to those owned by the French, and I felt if I could but once gain possession of one, I might succeed in escaping.

"I had retained my rifle, very fortunately for myself, for as I stepped lightly from the friendly cover of the shrubbery there was nothing to shield me from the sharp eyes of the Arabs, who, however, had their backs turned toward me.

"Another moment and I would have gained the coveted prize; my hand, trembling with eagerness and excitement, was extended to grasp the bridle-reins, when a harsh guttural exclamation caused me to turn my head. A huge Arab, armed with a lance, had discovered me, and there was but one alternative left. It was my life against theirs; the rifle rose quickly to my shoulder, and I had one enemy the less to encounter.

"The next instant I had vaulted into the saddle, and with the enraged yells of the Arabs ringing in my ears, I dived on to the desert, closely pursued by the dusky demons, who no doubt thirsted for my blood with an appetite increased tenfold.

"I had dropped my rifle as too cumbersome, but in my belt were two Colt's revolvers, which were my constant companions, and my spirits rose in proportion as my steed bounded on with the speed of the wind.

"I had no knowledge, nor did I heed the direction my horse was taking, but I was suddenly aware of being surrounded by sandy hills, gullies and ridges, unlike anything I had ever seen on the desert before. Round and round, in and out, my brave Arabian wound his course, amid the obstacles which appeared to increase, and, drawing rein, I ventured to halt. It was silent as death; not a sound disturbed that vast solitude, and my fierce pursuers, they had disappeared. I never beheld them again.

"Dismounting from the faithful steed who had served me so well, I ascended one of the highest sand ridges, in hopes of gaining some knowledge of my whereabouts, but on all sides I was surrounded by sand, and I felt that I was hopelessly lost.

"Then it was that I became conscious of a great change in the aspect of the weather. A dark bank of clouds encircled the entire horizon; not a breath of air was stirring; there was an unnatural coolness in the atmosphere—a suffocation unusual even for that climate; all nature appeared to be hushed into one horrible calm, and, panting for sufficient air to support life, I sank beside my horse, who had also stretched himself on the desert.

"I think I must have sunk into a stupor. At all events when I again started to my feet I perceived there was a change rapidly approaching. The dark bank of clouds was rapidly obscuring the entire heavens; low murmurs, like the breaths of spirits, seemed to whisper in my ears, while a faint flush of air, so hot, so fierce as to almost scorch my cheek whirled for a moment about me. Then came a medley of sounds, whizzing and moaning, the rumble of thunder and the rush of the tempest. A broad black line came rapidly upon me, and the hurricane in all its fury burst upon my devoted head.

"So intense was the darkness that it was impossible to distinguish objects but a few feet distant, while vast masses of sand, hurled onward by the full strength of the simoon, soon made it impossible to open my eyes. Lying close beside my horse, which was trembling with fear, I shielded my face that I might breathe somewhat freer.

"The burning particles of sand forced themselves through my light clothing until, gentlemen, I well-nigh imagined myself stretched upon a bed of coals, and the hot, scathing sand, coupled with the fiery breath of the simoon, effected a change in my complexion, from which I shall never recover.

"I hardly ventured to breathe the hot blast, which, like the air of a furnace, threatened to wither up my very existence.

"Frequently I was forced to rise and shake the sand from my body, for the fear of being buried alive, and slowly, seemingly an age to me—the time passed while the simoon raged.

"Gradually the shimmering darkness faded away; a few rays of light strove to penetrate the yellow atmosphere, filled with clouds of dust and particles of sand. I felt that the storm was over, that I had been preserved from all the dangers that threatened to overwhelm me, and I returned thanks to a merciful Providence for His protection.

"I cleared my eyes as well as possible, and wiped the bleeding nostrils of my poor steed preparatory to mounting him once more.

"Moving pillars of sand occasionally swept by me, and several times I narrowly escaped being overwhelmed. The simoon had expended its force, but had left

numberless currents of air moving aloft, which caught up vast masses of sand, hurling it in whirling columns across the immense plain.

"Gradually, as the air became clearer, and the particles settled, I was enabled to survey the surface of the desert, which had undergone a rapid and remarkable change.

"Where once whole acres had been level as a billiard-table, huge hills and deep valleys appeared, while furrows and gullies had been created like the work of magic.

"But I might continue this story of suffering, gentlemen, and tell you of the pangs of hunger and thirst which I was forced to endure—the delirium which mounted to my brain, and the phantasies which haunted me. But I have already detained you too long; there are others here with stories to relate, and I will conclude in a few words.

"I was eventually found by a party of French cavalry sent out by the commandant of Rufisque, who had become alarmed at the prolonged absence of the hunting party. As soon as the storm would admit, searching parties were sent out in all directions, but I was the only one composing that unfortunate party who ever returned. Not even the bodies of my comrades were ever found, and to this day it is a mystery whether they fell victims to the Arabs or perished amid the horrors of the simoon.

"Gentlemen, if any of you ever should visit Geru on the west coast of Africa, and have a desire to indulge in a hunt, take my advice and consider well the subject in all its bearings. Profit by my experience, which, for my part, I shall never forget."

The Confiding Man

A solitary lady was going up town on a horse car, yesterday, smiling as if she believed all the world at peace, when a man with handkerchief bound around his head got aboard and sat opposite her. He doubtless felt that some explanation should be made for his appearance, and he suddenly said:

"Madam, I was not run over by a butcher-cart."

She made no reply, and he presently continued:

"And I didn't fall down stairs."

She looked out of the window as if she didn't care whether he had gone down through a bridge or been blown up. He moved around uneasily, and then whispered:

"'Twas a family fight—worst conflict you ever saw—most beat a tornado! You look thin and weak and pale, and I don't mind telling you how the old woman always—"

"Will you mind your business?" called the driver, as he opened the door.

"I will!" was the soft reply, "but I want to tell this lady how she can wallop the old man every time he gets sassy and sighs for a terrible conflict, you see. When one of these family fights occurs there is always some pre—"

"I want you to stop!" shouted the driver, as he opened the door.

"I will—I will, but first let me say that there is always some preliminary jawing and sassing around. If the woman is sharp, she will keep jawing as she backs for the shovel—keep jawing and backing—sassing and backing—"

"I'll put you off the car!" exclaimed the driver, as he looped his lines over the brake.

"Keep jawing back till you get hold of the fire-shovel!" said the stranger.

"Then carefully sneak along and sneak along, and while he is calling you a hyena and you are calling him a savage, you want to—"

"Off with you—right off'n this car!" said the driver, as he grappled him.

"I will—I'll go, but, madam, don't forget to sneak along and sneak along—"

He was off the car by that time. He stood in the middle of the street, and as the car started, he turned his head in and hoarsely shouted:

"Strike for all your worth when you hit him! It's the first blow that counts. If you can stun him on the start, the victory is yours."

The driver made for him, and he retreated to the curbstone. When the car started again, he leaned forward and called out:

"Sh! Say nothing! What I have told you is in strict confidence! Hit him over the car, and the scalp will peel clear round!"

An Indian's Revenge.

An Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's Canadian Dominion, his civilized half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment he received his quitance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table and levelled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived.

The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued, those who would have given him chase being stopped by the half-breed with, "Go back to your dinner, and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he made them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to his wife and child, to the sun-light, to the gun, and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once

looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. The half-breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueler revenge than it he had shot him dead.

That Shepherd-Boy

Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture, And his cows by the side of the brook; But his cows never drank any water, And his sheep never needed a crook.

For the pasture was gay as a garden, And it glowed with a flowery red; But the meadows had never a grass-blade, And the brooklet—'t slept in its bed;

And it lay without sparkle or murmur, Nor reflected the blue of the skies, But the music was made by the shepherd, And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer! And if sometimes you fancied a bleat, That, too, was the voice of the shepherd, And not of the lambs at his feet.

And the glossy brown cows were so gentle That they moved at the touch of his hand O'er the wonderful rose-red meadow, And they stood at his word of command.

So he led all his sheep to the pasture, And his cows, by the side of the brook; Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered O'er the beautiful way that they took.

And it wasn't in Fairy-land either, But a house in a common-place town, Where Roy as he looked from the window Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

For his pasture was only a table, With its cover so flowery fair, And his brooklet was just a green ribbon That his sister had lost from her hair.

And his cows they were glossy horse-chestnuts, They had grown on his grandfather's tree; And his sheep they were snowy-white pebbles He had brought from the shore of the sea.

And at length, when the shepherd grew weary And had taken his milk and his bread, And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,

And had bid him "good-night" in his bed, Then there entered his big brother Walter, While the shepherd was soundly asleep, And he cut up the cows into baskets, And to jack-stones turned all his sheep.

—St. Nicholas for February.

Death From Hydrophobia.

Asnbell Buckland, of Chicopee, who was bitten by a vagrant dog Nov. 25, is dead of hydrophobia. His mind was clear until a few moments before his death, when he said to his friends that he "would show them how a Christian could die." His only regret at the approach of death, as expressed to his physician, was that "it seemed hard that a strong, well man should have to go for a dog."

The hot vapor was tried in this case and discontinued, because the moisture caused convulsions, and the sick man entreated his friends to stop it. The vapor was not let directly upon his person, but came from another room. The noise of boiling-water, the use of the words "water," "drinking" or "dog," caused severe convulsions. Morphine in large doses injected under the skin proved of no value, and, as he could swallow no liquid, medicine in that form was not tried. During Wednesday Mr. Buckland became more quiet, but in the evening his throat and mouth filled with frothy mucus, so as to cause choking and efforts at vomiting for relief.

From this his strength failed rapidly till death came, apparently from exhaustion, the man being worn out with want of rest, sleep and almost constant motion. The efforts to clear his throat were followed by great prostration, and convulsive movements also became more frequent during the last hours of life. During the day he was seen by Drs. Carpenter and Blodgett, of Holyoke; Bartlett and Chapman, of Chicopee; Smith, of Indian Orchard, and Thompson, of Belchertown. These physicians, without exception, pronounced the case one of unquestionable hydrophobia, and concur with Dr. Smith in the opinion that the treatment by curara offered the best hope of any remedy. The family, attendants, and all who watched the progress of the disease are convinced that the effects of this drug were most favorable, keeping the patient more quiet, relieving the disease of many of its terrors. Dr. Smith injected the drug under the skin every hour and oftener, giving at each injection from one-fourth to one-third grain, giving during the day upward of seven grains, sufficient, he thinks, to thoroughly test its value.

Mr. Buckland expressed frequently his belief that the medicine was doing him great good, urging the doctor to use it very freely, without fear, saying: "I can only die; I must die without this; it helps me; I feel that it may effect a cure from the relief it gives to these spasms." This testimony, sustained by all the friends who saw the sick man, enabled the doctor to fully test the drug. It was certainly used with nerve and courage sufficient to prove the full service of the medicine. The doctor thinks his experience in this case teaches him that the cure for hydrophobia has not yet been discovered, but that the use of curara has been followed in this case by such great relief that he should certainly recommend its use in another case, if administered by an intelligent physician who could be on the ground constantly to carefully watch its effects. The relief in this case was certainly very great, and the remedy was followed by no paralysis or unfavorable symptom, traceable to the drug. It requires nerve to inject into a man's blood every hour or so a dose doubly sufficient to cause paralysis and almost instant death in a well man. The fortitude and restraint manifested by Mr. Buckland astonished all who saw him. The disease caused intense agony to himself and friends, and in his death the world has lost a good and valuable man.—Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.

A Popular Garment Not Made by Worth.

A Paris correspondent, writing of fashion, says: Perhaps your fair readers would be glad to know that the newest thing in the way of a visiting costume is an invention of Froment, the successful rival of Worth. He is making little turbanes, called *palatinés*, which are worn on reception dresses. They are very small, coming only to the point of the shoulders, and are made of some costly fur—Russian sable or silver fox—lined with cardina red or other colored satins, and trimmed with old duchess or Italian lace. They are tied at the throat with great bows of bright-colored ribbons, and

sometimes have a variety of shades blended in one knot. These are worn on entering the reception room, even with extremely light-hued costumes. They agree very well with the small muffs which are all the fashion. In nothing, by the way, have so many novelties appeared as in the last named article of woman's dress. The muffs now worn are microscopic in size and made of all possible materials, including velvet, satin and plush. Some of the fine folk have their monograms or coats of arms, embroidered on them; others wear them ornamented with bouquets of flowers or birds nesting in a bunch of ribbons, and still others have them made entirely of feathers but in all cases the muffs are highly perfumed, so that they are in reality nothing but *sachets* for perfuming small, fair hands. A muff rightly worn lends as much grace to a woman's toilet as a fan, and how admirably do the Parisians know how to use one!

An American in Russia.

[New York Times.]

Mr. Charles Traittreux, of Lincoln, Neb., who is boarding in the Fifth Avenue hotel, has been an American citizen about fifteen years, served as a captain in the 4th regiment of Wisconsin cavalry during the war, and subsequently held a commission as captain in the 2d cavalry United States army, up to the reduction of the army in 1871, when he was mustered out of the service. About two years ago he went to Russia and entered upon a series of peculiarly lively experiences, which he narrates as follows:

I went to Kischneff to marry a Russian lady of that place. We were married according to the rite of the Russian church, and the certificate of our marriage was, as you see, put upon my passport and signed by the American consul in Odessa. I was then possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live in comfortable elegance for the rest of my life, possessing valuable property in Nebraska and also having large investments in Russian real estate. My wife's extravagance, however, almost ruined me. In about a year and a half she managed to dissipate two-thirds of my means. Something over three months ago, business called me to St. Petersburg and thence to Germany, my native country. While in Germany I received from Kischneff a letter informing me of the existence of a criminal intimacy between my wife and a Mr. Mitaky, son of the proprietor of the Commercial bank of Kischneff. Shocked by the perfidy of the woman, who, not content with financially ruining me, must also dishonor me, I at once returned to Kischneff to satisfy myself of the truth of the allegations that had been made. I did not go to my home, but to a hotel, and there, after a few days, became seized beyond a doubt of her guilt, and was told that she was about to elope with a Mr. Mitaky. I was told what train they would take. I reported the facts at once to the chief of police. The first question he asked me was:

"Are you a Russian?"

I answered, "No."

Then he asked me, "What religion do you profess?"

I told him, "Catholic."

"Well," he said, "I don't know what I can do, but I will see."

I earnestly requested him to put a stop to the elopement, and supposed, having put him in possession of all the facts, that he would do so. But on the evening fixed for the flight I saw my wife enter the depot and go into a carriage of the train, accompanied by her paramour, and the police did nothing. I myself entered the car in which the couple were, and my wife cried out to the police.

She is known as the daughter of a very influential gentleman of Kischneff. At her call the police appeared promptly, but they arrested me of interfering with her elopement they intended me. They tore my clothing; hurled me out of the carriage, and dragged me off to prison into a subterranean cell, without any light, and without any bed or other furniture. I had to lie on the wet, slippery floor, subjected to constant invasions by the rats. The food given me was coarse and filthy. I asked to be permitted to communicate with friends, and was refused. I called for paper that I might write to the American ambassador, and that was denied me. Finally I obtained some by bribing my jailer.

I wrote to the American ambassador in St. Petersburg, Mr. Geo. H. Boker, an ex-Methodist minister, appointed, I believe, by President Grant. Here is his reply:

LEAMON or THE EASTERN STATES, ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 26, 1877.—Mr. Charles Traittreux:—Sir: Your case seems to me to be a very hard one, but I fear that you cannot obtain redress through a diplomatic channel, unless you can influence the department of state at Washington to take up your affair.

Without instructions from my government I cannot address the Russian minister in foreign affairs on the subject, for it would at once refer me for my remedy to the Russian courts of law, to those very courts through the corruptions of which, as you allege, you have already suffered. This probable reference to the courts by the minister would close my mouth, because, by our treaties with Russia, Americans residing in the empire are bound to submit themselves to the laws thereof, and to the tribunals through which those laws are administered, whether they be good or bad, well or corruptly exercised. A Russian residing in America, in your unfortunate position, would have no other redress for his grievances than an appeal to our courts of law, with the action of which our secretary of state would refuse to interfere, even were he appealed to by the Russian minister at Washington, and even were that appeal supported by instructions from the Russian minister of foreign affairs. All civilized governments refuse to interfere with the independence of courts of law, and if you cannot obtain justice through the Russian courts, I cannot suggest to you in what way you may obtain it in this country.

I herewith return you the letters of Mrs. Traittreux. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

I was subsequently set at liberty, after seven days and nights of confinement in that dark and loathsome dungeon, without any judicial proceedings and without any explanation whatever. By that time my unfaithful wife and her paramour were far away. I then sought to sue for a divorce, but was informed that as I did not belong to the Greek church the Russian courts could do nothing.

Where to Sell Good Butter.

In talking with a person who had been a grocer, we heard the following remark in answer to the question, "Why do you not make more difference in the price of butter taken in from the farmers?" We cannot do it. It will not work. Nothing will offend a woman quicker than to tell her that her butter is not first-class. If we tell her the butter is poor, she will sell it somewhere else, and she will trade where she sells her produce. To keep her trade, I must buy her butter. So it is often customary to pay about the same price for all grades of butter offered in

small lots. We make on the best lots and lose on the poorest. We come out about even, satisfy all parties, and get the custom of those who sell butter which is good or poor." The better way for those who make the best butter is to find some regular customers and supply them from week to week, throughout the year. In this way, the producer gets better prices and avoids the close shave of middle-men.

Stanley's Travels.

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune says that H. M. Stanley has escaped the tender mercies of the Congo savages only to endure a furious onslaught from their English friends. While Italy was hanging medals around his neck, and France putting a palm branch into his hands, England was calculating how many niggers he had needlessly shot, the president of the geographical society was writing to the papers to contradict the report that the Albert had had been taken for a public meeting in his honor, and what was called the humanitarian party was rearing its head once more. Sir Rutherford Alcock, its seemed disposed to make for a while and rather risk a disturbance, any sacrifice rather than risk a disturbance. It was under the influence of this feeling he wrote the note mentioned above. Presently, however, a better spirit showed itself. Other members began to make themselves heard. The British love of fair play asserted itself as it did before, when a concerted effort to break down Stanley had to be abandoned in deference to the indignation of the people. A meeting of the council took place, and it was resolved that a public meeting should be held, under the direction of the society, at which Stanley should be invited to give an account of his travels and discoveries, and a dinner should be given in his honor at Willis' rooms by the council, at which the fellows of the society and their friends might be present. The dates of these two ceremonies remain to be fixed. It was settled also that, if the humanitarians should attempt to disturb the meeting, they should be told by the president that they were out of order; that society was assembled for geographical purposes; and, if they desired to offer a protest against Mr. Stanley's proceeding in respect of the Africans, it would be open to them to convene a meeting of their own for that purpose. The minority which assails Stanley has access to the columns of one or two newspapers of some consequence. Some part of the animosity which pursues Mr. Stanley seems to be due to his American nationality. There is a set of people who assume to be English when credit is to be claimed for his discoveries, and American when obloquy is to be fastened on him for the alleged cruelties. An elaborate indictment appears against the leading Tory organ; none but an indictment because it puts on the grab of an impartial appeal to the geographical society to arraign and try him. It says Mr. Stanley's American experience and relations were not likely to render his regard for the lives of hostile barbarians particularly sensitive or scrupulous.

Dancing vs. Kissing Games.

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* takes up the cudgel in behalf of dancing, and implicitly of the waltz, on the ground that it penetrates the ruler districts of New England the boisterous and vulgar social games of the rural "settlements" disappear. If there is no dancing, there are "string-games," and, whatever these things may be, they are said to require the kissing of all the women in company, each by a large number of men. This rule, and the indelicate familiarity, the *Journal* says, flourishes "under the very eyes of our revivalists, in the church societies themselves, where the most innocent square dance would be severely censured. In a late murder trial in Vermont, a certain guilty deacon admitted that he first made the acquaintance of his paramour at a "church social" at his own house. While old and young were playing an old-fashioned game, the deacon, as a forfeit, was sentenced to kiss Mrs. ——. Like Francesca da Rimini, he lays all his troubles to that kiss. Since his arrest, he has stated that up to this time he had been true in thought as well as in deed to his wife. The naïveté of this confession seems almost absurd; but did ever a sinner indicted for murder trace all his errors back to the demoralizing influence of a single dance? Left to themselves at school festivals, the young people would like to dance. The dancing being held objectionable, something else must be introduced; or, on the proposition of "string games," one may see church members, deacons, and, for aught I know, clergymen themselves, joining in the rude sport. I have known it a serious ground of objection to public schools, on the part of well-bred parents, that they would not consent to have their young daughters rudely kissed by half the town on such occasions; and I have seen such a scene gradually removed by the substitution of dancing."

Something is said also of a missionary lady who, to save her children from the influence of boisterous kissing games, set up a dancing school in the wilds of Maine, and proselyted a whole piece of woods.

We Two.

"I am sure we are two of the happiest people," said Traddles. "She is without any exception, the dearest girl! Bless my soul, when I see her getting up by candle light on these dark mornings, going out to market, caring for no weather, devising the most capital dinners out of the plainest materials, keeping everything in its right place, always neat and ornamental herself, sitting up at night with me, if it's ever so late, sweet-tempered always, and all for me! I positively can't believe it!"

Then our pleasures! Dear me, they are inexpensive, but they are quite wonderful! When we are at home, on an evening, and shut the outer door and draw those curtains—which she made—where could we be more snug? When it's fine, and we go out for a walk in the evening, the streets abound in enjoyment for us. We look into the windows of the jewellers' shops, and I show Sophy which of the diamond-eyed serpents, coiled up on white satin grounds, I would give her if I could afford it; and she shows me which of the gold watches she would buy for me if she could afford it; and we point out spoons and forks, butter knives and sugar tongs, we should both prefer if we could afford it, and really we go away as if we had got them!

When we look into the squares and see a house to let and say, how would that do if I was made judge? Sometimes we go at half price to the theater, and there we thoroughly enjoy the play. Sophy believes every word of it, and so do I. In walking