

Emperor William of Germany is said to be working on a project to secure the disarmament of all the nations of Europe.

In the death of Baron Hausmann, Paris loses the architect who, with the assistance of Napoleon III., made her so beautiful. It cost a great deal of money, remarks the Cincinnati Enquirer, but in the long run it paid.

There are 5000 Indians still living on reservations in New York. They are civilized, well educated and never give anybody any trouble. The same is true of the Cherokees in the Indian Territory. The Indians of the Northwest and the Southwest give us more trouble than all of the others.

Statistics show that at the present time in the United States there are engaged in different employments twenty-six women to every 100 men. In Philadelphia the proportion is fifty to 100. Half a century ago there were in Massachusetts only seven occupations open to women. Now there are 254. Twenty-two leading cities in the country show 342 occupations in which women find employment.

Captain S. S. Leach, of the Mississippi River Commission, says that it has been estimated by skillful engineers that \$10,000,000 would pay for a levee system on the Mississippi River, that, if properly watched and maintained, would be safe against flood. The cost of maintenance to nation and State he estimated at less than \$1,000,000 per annum. The effect of such a system, he said, would be to revolutionize the carrying trade of the river, and redeem 30,000 square miles of the finest agricultural land.

In the North American Review, apropos of the question of the advisability of parents providing dowries for their daughters, it is said: "The father who gives his children a loving, sensible mother, who provides them with a comfortable home, and who educates fully all their special faculties, and teaches them the cunning in their ten fingers, dowers his daughters far better than if he gave them money. He has funded for them a provision that neither a bad husband nor an evil fate can squander. He has done his full duty, and every good girl will be thankful to accept it."

The announcement that the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin wanted Prince Bismarck for President of his Council of State was sufficient to prompt Emperor William to abandon a pleasure trip to Cannes. Now comes the news that the people of Bavaria decidedly object to a review of their army by the German Emperor, although that army is an integral part of the defense of the Empire. On the horizon of Germany signs are abundant, observes the St. Louis Star-Bulletin, that the Bismarckian fabric of Confederated States under Imperial rule is not so solid as it was on a certain day in March, 1890, when its founder was asked to step down and out.

"The extent of the influence of irrigating enterprises on the future of California agriculture may be inferred," opines the San Francisco Chronicle, "from the magnitude of some of the companies formed to build dams and supply water. The Bear Valley Irrigation Company, which has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$4,000,000, when its new dam, which is intended to supplement the one already built, is completed, will be able to supply water to a district containing 510,000 acres of the choicest fruit land in southern California. The number of engineering works of this character is increasing so rapidly in this State that we may fairly assume that California in a very few years will rival India in her facilities for irrigation."

J. Scott Keltie, librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, London, in his article "About Africa," in Scribner, says: "In the final scramble for Africa, Great Britain has managed to appropriate a very satisfactory share. South of the Zambesi she has obtained nearly all that is worth having, and here we see in the making what in the future may probably become a great English-speaking nation or confederation. In the center of the continent, again, thanks to the public spirit of Sir William Mackinnon, her dominion extends over those great lakes which give origin to the Nile, and the magnificent plateaus with their splendid populations around them. On the other side she has command of the Niger and the thickly populated and half-civilized countries to which that river gives access. England is supreme in Egypt, and will probably let no other gain a footing in those upper Nile countries which are at present terrorized over by the Mahdi. The history of Central Africa may only now be said to have begun. The problem here is very different from that which has had to be faced in America, in Australia, and even in Asia; what will be the final outcome of it all, who can tell?"

LIFE'S LARGESS. In every heart some seed of goodness grows. In every path some bud of beauty springs. In every sky some rainbow color glows. In every hedge some woodland warbler sings: And he who in life's largess hath no part Hides deep an ivied ruin in his heart. —Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly, in Frank Leslie's

SECRETARY'S MURDERER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS AND HERBERT D. WARD.

The Secretary of the "Society for Educating Cherokee Indians in the Appreciation of Browning" advanced upon the Albany Station. She did not hurry. The society had failed to materialize a quorum that day, and she had plenty of time. It was one of the days when Boston was conscientiously illustrating our new climate. It was still called February for courtesy's sake. The thermometer registered seventy in the shade, and the furnaces did their best to compete with the temperature. The Secretary wore a seal-skin coat. One of its warm pockets embraced a copy of Paradise Lost. She took out her handkerchief and apologetically smoothed her face. If she had been in Chicago, she would have boldly mopped her brow.

Our passenger made a flank movement, threading her way through the steaming coupes and herds, in hope of monopolizing the cool, outer anteroom on the feminine side of the station. The Secretary was slight, but determined, and the belligerent door yielded discreetly to this spirited woman. A gust of fresh air swept her in. She sank into the furthest corner and removed her seal-skin coat, which she laid neatly on an empty seat. She then fanned herself sadly with the last circular appeal for funds in behalf of her refined Indians, and wondered, with the patience of all true reformers, why the cause was not more passionately appreciated.

It was warm. It was very warm. But in the anteroom the Secretary breathed. It was dusk, and shadows had begun to envelop the corners of this room, especially those seats nearest the door, where upper panels were of glass. The Secretary was, or thought herself, alone. Many passengers passed through, violently characterizing the weather; but they all went into the main room and made straight for the radiators, where they sat down, and such as could not afford the evening paper fanned themselves with their gloves.

The Secretary was glad to be alone. She looked at the Indian circular censoriously, as if it were to blame for the failure of her life's scheme. The Secretary was not a Puritan, but she was of good old missionary descent, and her thoughts "on awful subjects rolled." The Secretary was a born philanthropist. She was the most conscientious soul in Boston and vicinity, and we all know what that means. She was counseling herself by the mental organization of a new association for teaching beggars how to starve silently and aesthetically, when she was startled at hearing a penetrating whisper not six feet away: "How shall the deed be done?"

The Secretary turned her head with the least possible motion, and beheld for the first time the dim outline of a man and woman bending toward each other in the darkest corner of the room. They seemed to shrink from recognition. This scant light from the covered court fell from behind them and hid their faces in deep shadow. To prevent any possible chance of identification, the broad brim of a soft felt hat drooped over the man's eyes, and an impenetrable veil enveloped the woman's features. The Secretary held her breath while the mysterious whisper was repeated: "How shall the deed be done?"

After an agitated pause the woman's voice answered, timidly, "Must it be? Is there no escape?" With some sinister deliberation the man replied, "We have carried the matter as far as we can without doing it." He spoke gruffly, and the Secretary thought she detected a cold-bloodedness in his voice.

"But—" pleaded the woman. "No; it has got to be done." He pulled his sombrero lower over his eyes, and rapped the floor viciously with his cane. The Secretary sank back with a sigh of horror. Instinctively she felt for her Browning, but her good sense told her that this situation was beyond the reach even of that great man. It occurred to her to make her presence known to the suspicious pair. It occurred to her to get up and leave the room. "If I could only attract the attention of the colored announcer," thought the Secretary. "He seems to have a very practical mind. Perhaps he can tell me what to do with this case."

The Secretary was accustomed to classify humanity altogether by "cases." But the missionary in her kept silence. She listened, and felt it her duty to give as much attention to these wicked Bostonians as if they had been Cherokees. "It has got to be done," repeated the man in the corner, with an imperative accent on the last word. "When?" asked the woman, helplessly. "To-morrow night." The words came back in a curling whisper. "Where?" "Leave the place to me." "How?" "I don't know. All I know is that it must be the greatest mystery of the day." The man pulled his hat an inch lower, and gave a growl that made the Secretary shiver with apprehension. Even his companion shrunk from his calculating brutality. The Secretary had read in the Boston evening penny paper details of the plots which precede great crimes, but she had never expected to participate in a scheme so dark and so sinister. "Must he die?" The feminine voice trembled in the darkness. The Secretary shuddered. "No help for it, I don't see any help for it," said the man, callously. "The only question is how to do it." "Make it an easy death then, won't you?" "Ay, ay. 'A sudden and a subtle.'" The Secretary picked up her cane again. She recognized the classic quotation, and marvelled that such monsters should be so highly cultured. "He might be smothered with a very soft pillow," suggested the female accomplice.

I'll cut his throat and throw him in the reservoir." He shot out the words with a savagery peculiar to his sex. "Poor fellow! I had taken such a fancy to him." The folding doors leading to the larger ladies' room were hooked back, and the Secretary stared in there, gasping. Her spotted lace veil hung to her lamp forehead. When would the gas be lighted? Why did nobody come? Where was that subordinate—the employe who announces the trains—of whom the Secretary characteristically thought as the "colored announcer?"

The first gas-light now sprang from the remote end of the long room. A motherly woman moved her seat under it, and unconsciously began to darn her husband's stockings. The colored man, carrying his ladder to the next jet, carefully picked his way among some children playing with paper dolls on the station floor. The Secretary sighed with relief. Surely, she thought, the infernal plot must die before such sacred domestic influences.

"It must be done so that it seems exactly like an accident. The police must be thrown completely off track." Thus the man mused upon his villainous problem. "I'll help you all I can; I'll do my share. Had you thought of electricity?" "Ah, just the thing!" Then, after an ominous pause, "Didn't you mention the fact that he had a burglar-proof mat before his bedroom door?" "Of course he has. I put it there. Can you make any use of that?" The voice sounded so sweet, the suggestion so murderous, that the Secretary was appalled at the depth of this psychological anomaly.

"I have it. I'll connect it with a dead wire. It is the most popular way of dying just now. The electric companies will have to pay the damages." "Are you sure it won't hurt?" cried the woman, anxiously. "He'll never know what struck him." "Excellent!" The accomplice clapped her gloved hands softly. "By this hour to-morrow night he will be no more."

With this melodramatic and baleful assertion the assassin buttoned up his overcoat, rose to his feet, and stamped them with determination. Flash, flash, flash! hiss! hiss! The lights leaped along the waiting room, and chased the darkness as it had been a malefactor. The colored man, preceded by his ladder, now came into the anteroom in a matter-of-fact way that seemed to the Secretary forced and incredible. The room blazed. In the moral influence of light, the man and woman separated instinctively. The Secretary looked at them fiercely. All she saw to aid identification was a blue barge veil closely drawn, and a black sombrero dipped to a ragged beard.

Before the Secretary could make up her mind what to do or how to do it, the couple, with the boldness of habitual crime, had walked through the ladies' waiting room and had disappeared. "Oh, what shall I do?" cried the Secretary, helplessly. She knew how to educate remote Cherokees, she had taken high honors in the Browning Club, but before the common-place crime of her native city her highly attenuated mind drooped.

"Are you ill, madam?" inquired the "announcer," with a lordly, patronizing, attentive, and courteous sidewise motion of his head. "Step those two persons! They are murderers. I don't know what to do about it," gasped the Secretary, pointing with one hand and gathering up her seal skin coat with the other. But that most excellent of employes folded his ladder and smiled incredulously. "I guess, madam, they're not a-murdering, but a-courting."

"Perhaps so," said the Secretary, wearily. "You ought to know." But she was not at all convinced. With the necessity which rests upon her sex for confiding in somebody, she hurried out to the main room and consulted with the flower woman. "I don't believe it," said the flower woman, charitably. "The man that just come out of there bought a dozen pinkies of me yesterday." But the waitress, with the experience of thirty-nine years, shook her head. "I saw a fellow once in the depot give his girl a button, and he beat her brains out with a hatchet that very night. I think, madam, that I had better take you to the police."

With a beating heart the Secretary approached the station policeman. She had never had occasion to consult an officer before, except when she wished to get from Summer street to Winter street on Christmas week. She felt almost like a murderer herself. She trembled visibly. "There are two murderers in this depot," began the Secretary, with a heroic effort after self-possession. "I overheard the whole plot. The deed is to be done to-morrow night."

The officer roused himself and respectfully asked for the details, which the Secretary told as quickly as she could. The officer felt for his "billy," and asked if they took a train. The Secretary shook her head helplessly. "I could point them out if I observed them." She was almost ready to cry. The whole situation seemed to her so un-cultivated. She saw herself testifying before a common police court, and reported in the penny paper. "As you mentioned a reservoir, madam, I think we'll search the circuit trains." The policeman left the Secretary for a moment and consulted the tall gatekeeper with the fine beard. The officer returned with a discomfited expression. He said he was "afraid we've lost 'em." "You'd better come out, madam, or—ah, hiss," looking doubtfully at her—"and hunt 'em up."

The woman untied her thick veil leisurely, and revealed a quiet, intelligent face. The policeman looked a little staggered. He did not recognize any of his old offenders, and with the brutality of his sex, turned the case over entirely to the Secretary. "On the testimony of this lady," bowed the officer, blandly, "I feel compelled to arrest you on the intent to murder."

"I don't believe you'll make much of that," broke in the gate-keeper, towering over the three. "Who suspects them?" The policeman pointed at the Secretary stolidly. "You'd better take a course of training before you set up a Pinkerton agency," the gate-keeper was proceeding, when the Secretary broke in with sobs as thin as herself.

"But he told his accomplice that he was going to kill him with a dead door mat on a wire." "Accomplice!" exploded the gentleman of the sombrero. "Why she's my wife." The gate-keeper grinned. "Him? Why, he belongs in Newton Centre. He's run in and out there two years. Her? Why, she runs a Bible class with forty-nine young men. Where do you belong?"—turning suspiciously on the Secretary. The two accused drew together. Newton Centre and Chestnut Hill glared at each other.

"I am sorry, madam," said the gentleman, with a courtly bow—"I am sorry to have put you to so much inconvenience, but you see, my wife and I are collaborating." The policeman looked blankly at the couple. What new crime was this? "Belaboring? What's that? I don't know but I'd better hold you, sir." "We are writing a novel," said the gentleman from Newton Centre. "We are collaborating a story. We are publishing a volume." The gentleman straightened himself impressively. "That's so." The gate keeper nodded with infinite intelligence. "This strange lady accidentally overheard my plot," proceeded the gentleman, warmly; "and I hope that in honor she will not divulge this secret to the reporters."

"Chapel—Longwood—Brookline—Reservoir—Newton Centre," the familiar voice of the "announcer" echoed from the waiting room. "Four-forty-five train on track No. 1." In the rush for room the couple disappeared. When the Secretary had stolen dejectedly into the rear car, she might have been heard to murmur between her dying sobs: "I don't believe they are even married. I think it's a theosophic flirtation. Collaborating a novel! I guess he does the writing, and she does the type-writing."—Harper's Bazar.

WISE WORDS. A brave man hazards his life but not his conscience. Perseverance is failing nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth. The archangel who has never felt anger has reason to envy the man who has subdued it. Success snatched boldly from the passing moment, not fearful apprehensions, yields the reins that sway the course of things. What Dr. Arnold said of boys is equally true of men—that the difference between them is not so much one of talent as of energy.

One sure way of peacemaking is to let the fire of contention alone. Neither fan it nor stir it, nor add fuel to it, but let it go out of itself. "Thy beauty doth oft make woman proud; 'tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 'tis modesty that makes them seem divine. The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expences as it does upon his giving handsomely whenever it is proper to give at all. A man conscious of enthusiasm for great ends is sustained amid petty hostilities by the memory of great workers who had to fight their way, and who hovered in his mind as patron saints, invisibly helping. There are men without a particle of enterprise. They "stand in the old paths." Nay, they almost lie down in them; and instead of being guides and helps, they are hindrances and stumbling-blocks. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the points of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant fear of death.

Cabinet Fatalities. Deaths of Cabinet officers during their time of office have been rare. The suddenness of Secretary Windom's decease calls up the tragic deaths of Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, and Thomas W. Tyler, Secretary of the Navy, under Tyler, on February 28, 1844. The two gentlemen, as well as a number of other distinguished persons, were killed by the bursting of one of the guns of the ship-of-war Princeton, then on her trial trip. The Journal of the House shows that on February 29, 1844, President Tyler sent a message to Congress, in which he said: "I have the melancholy duty to perform of announcing to the two Houses of Congress the death of the Hon. Abel P. Upshur, late Secretary of State, and the Hon. Thomas W. Tyler, late Secretary of the Navy. This most lamentable occurrence transpired on the United States ship-of-war, the Princeton, yesterday at about 4:30 o'clock in the evening, and proceeded from the explosion of one of the large guns of that ship. The loss which the Government and the country have sustained by this deplorable event is heightened by the death, at the same time and by the same cause, of several distinguished persons and valuable citizens. I shall be permitted to express my great grief at an occurrence which has thus so suddenly stricken from my side two gentlemen upon whose advice I so confidently relied in the discharge of my arduous task of administering the office of the Executive Department, and whose services at this interesting period were of vast importance."

Mr. Webster died while filling the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Rawlins while Secretary of War, Mr. Brown and Mr. Howe while Postmaster-General and Mr. Folger while Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Windom was therefore the second Secretary of the Treasury who died in office, and like Mr. Folger, he died while away from the National Capital. Secretary Manning was stricken with a fatal disease while Secretary of the Treasury, and died soon after leaving the service. As was also the case with Mr. Folger, Secretary Windom died from heart failure, generally attributed to overwork in the performance of his official duties.—New York World.

THE FARALLON ROOKERIES.

WHOLESALE PILLAGING OF BIRDS' NESTS FOR THEIR EGGS.

Gathering the Eggs From the Islands for the San Francisco Market—Egg Poachers at Work.

The Farallon rookeries afford, even under the existing conditions of rapid depopulation and barefaced, unchecked spoliation, a wonderful example of the prolific power of nature on the shores of a sub-tropical land. The principal island—the South Farallon—on which the lighthouse is situated, may run short of potable water in every dry season, but the lighthouse people would never starve for want of animal food. The rabbits lie loose on the island by an English master mariner within the memory of pioneer Californians have acquired possession of quite an extensive patch on the west side of the cliffs. The puffins are the sole dispartants of the right of eminent domain, and then only to the extent of a claim to deposit eggs in neglected burrows. Away above and around the visitor the gleam of white wings and the chorus of guttural remonstrances against intrusion is like unto Milton's simile to the leaves of Vallambrosa.

Nevertheless, the birds are gradually deserting the islands. The bones of numerous species of Pacific coast birds rarely or never seen now are common in the sheltered caves of the group. The various species of auks, the puffins, the guillemots, the cormorants, are common, and the petrels and gulls still breed on the islands, but other California birds, once quite familiar visitors to the group, have sought abodes less disturbed by the egg poacher, the ornithologist and the poet hunter. There is just about a mile in length and a half mile in width of trail on the South Farallon. Not a shrub of any kind is to be seen, and the Farallon weed, which supplies the raw material for the nests of the birds, is the only evidence of vegetation. If there were any other the rabbits would soon get away with it. Their numbers have, in fact, been kept within reasonable bounds by self-limitation. There was not green stuff enough for the swiftly multiplying rodents to eat and thousands died of starvation.

Of all the birds on the group the puffins are the most picturesque and entertaining to the visitor and to the ornithologist. Like most of the Farallon seabirds the puffin lays but one egg. The parent birds keep strict guard over the precious pledge of affection, which, as before remarked, is deposited in a rabbit burrow. If such a safe hiding-place is not available the birds burrow for their own account. The puffin is easily distinguished among the other birds by its parrot-like beak. It is familiarly known to the visiting vandals and the egg-poachers as the "sea parrot" from this very circumstance. The auk family is, however, the principal contributor to the egg-poacher's wallet. Just as soon as the "merry month of May" approaches there is a stir among the small schooners and sailing craft in San Francisco Bay, and silent "like a thief in the night," each skipper works his way out between the heads to the "far Farallones." His crew, mostly composed of Greeks and Italians, with a liberal sprinkling of water-front castaways, effect a quiet, unperceived landing on the South Farallon, usually on the Sugar Loaf rock, to the northwest, because that is the spot where the birds breed earliest. The cliffs are quite rugged, and with a perpendicular of nearly 180 feet, so the sport child's play and accidents are not unfrequent. Each egg-hunter is furnished with a shirt of special construction, provided with an open front for stowing away the eggs, and a bed of soft sea-weed about the waist-band for the eggs to rest on. A good hand will pick up and get away with 200 eggs a day in this manner. In due course the egg-poachers gather at the place of embarkation and the unbroken eggs are collected in wicker baskets for shipment on the practical-looking little schooner in the offing.

The egg-poachers have formidable rivals in the gulls, which not only ruthlessly plunder the nests and carry off the eggs, but enjoy a cannibalistic feast on the newly-fledged birds. Most of the fledglings of the Farallon group make their exit from the shell in a featherless and nude state, in which condition they furnish an irresistible temptation to a Montgomery-street epicure. The tiny puffins are especially defenseless as they make their way out of the burrows in which the natal shell was lying. Hence it is that the pioneers of the poaching party, in scaling the cliffs, have often to go through the ordeal of a finish contest with the gulls. The latter are urged on alike by a desire to protect their own offspring, so that the foremost cliff-climber invariably has a lively time. The eggs of the "murre," so called, are quite familiar objects in the grocery stores of San Francisco about the end of May or the beginning of June. The earliest eggs are laid two or three weeks before this, but the poachers usually break them up for fear of bringing added or rotten eggs to market. As previously hinted, the murre usually lays only one egg, and this is distinctly conical in shape, large at one end, small and pointed at the other. The color of the egg varies remarkably. Some are of an ashy gray, with soot brown stripes, others of a full sea green with black stripes. Dealers often pick out the brown and gray eggs, and press them off for "plover's eggs," and charge extra prices for them, but the pronounced fishy taste common to all affords a safe guaranty against imposition when the cautious housewife requests permission to make a trial before purchasing. In this process the purchaser may well take a lesson from the gulls, which exhibit a decidedly epicurean preference in the matter. The gull watches the murre leave the nest, pounces down on the solitary egg, bears it off and drops it on a convenient rock. Then the broken egg is samped and finished or abandoned, according to the dictates of the gull's palate. It is not till September that the "murre" desert the Farallones for other climes. By the end of October the murre rookeries are deserted; indeed, scarcely a bird of this species remains on the islands.

The guillemot, another representative of the auk family, is very common on the Farallon group in some seasons. It is the last to arrive, and by the middle of May the comical figures of the birds, in rows and in a standing position, involuntarily suggests Dickens's smiles of the coffin in Undertaker Sowerberry's shop, standing on end in the night "like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their pockets." Like most of the marine birds the legs are set far back, the feet being intended for diving and wading rather than for walking. Where the gulls swoop noisily around when visitors land on the island, the guillemots, puffins and auks all adopt a perpendicular position and preserve most ludicrous gravity. Their sharply contrasting black and white plumage lends additional comicality to their appearance, and they look like nothing so much as a row of society dukes and marshes, with claw-hammer coats and white vests, criticizing a debutante.

It is a curious circumstance about the annual importation of the eggs of the murre and its kindred, that the taste of consumers becomes sated. In the abstract these eggs are very cheap and contain an immense amount of nutritious matter in a small compass. But the rank, fishy taste cannot be banished by the highest culinary skill, and the inference is that the bulk of the eggs that find their way into the market are put to some use of which the public is not aware. Certainly very few indeed are consumed as ordinary eggs are consumed, even in the poorest San Francisco homes. Meanwhile the depopulation of the rookeries proceeds year after year, absolutely unchecked by Federal or State legislation.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Indian Witch Dance. The Indian witch, or medicine dance, is very different from the performances before described. It is really a weird affair, and almost as difficult to witness as the celebrations that New England witches were said to indulge in in the olden time. It must have some religious meaning, although the writer was never able to get exactly at what the meaning was. The medicine men of the Sioux do not seek publicity in their incantations, and it was entirely by chance that I came across three Indians going through some peculiar operations, at a point remote from their camp. A stick about three feet in height was stuck in the ground, and from it hung out in the breeze a long-haired scalp. The hair was dark, and looking on from a short distance I could not tell whether the scalp was that of a white woman or an Indian. It might have been either. The three Indians were leaping and gesturing and at intervals mumbling something, not a song apparently, but disconnected words. Occasionally they would point toward the scalp. Then they would mumble again and jump about. They were not painted, and their attire was different from that of the ordinary braves. They noticed me, and, while they made no demonstration of hostility, their expression made plainly that they would rather be left alone. The shades of evening were falling on prairie and hill and river. The Missouri stretched like a mighty serpent below, its yellow waters tintured with a ruddy stain by the final gleam of the setting sun, and here on this hill, away from the painted tents and the silent cottonwood, these children of nature were enacting their strange enchantment to move in some way that supernatural power, which seemed to have deserted the Indian race. With eerie feelings I withdrew, leaving them to their superstitious, and conscious that perhaps its parallel might be found among more enlightened nations.—Chicago Herald.

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Bret Harte's Clever Parable. In one of Bret Harte's clever parables of the French, he tells a story in words something like these: Three gamblers were playing in the streets of Paris. A priest passed by. "There goes a priest," cried one; "look out for your eggs and your chickens!" Then the priest, hearing the words, knelt down and prayed for the boys, but their parents. He knelt down the second time and prayed for the boys' parents. On another thought he saw that it was not the fault of the boys' parents, but of society. He knelt down again and prayed for society. As he rose from his prayer, he said to himself: "My friend, who is society? You and I are society." So he knelt down the last time and prayed for himself.—Argonaut.

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