WORKS OF SAVAGE ART

Wonderful Carvings in Slate by the Haida Indians.

SOME VERY QUEER MYTHS.

New Stories of the Creation and the Flood—Totem Poles and the Surprising Tales They Tell—Literal Family Trees—Drinks of the Country.

In respect to art the most highly developed of all known savages are the Haida Indians of the northwest coast, regarding whom the Smithsonian Institution has recently completed a most interesting investigation, the results of which are about to be published. There is now to be seen at the National Museum a collection well worth studying of carvings executed in black slate by these people which are simply admirable in their execution. In fact they are works of art in an elevated sense of the term. Not the least interest attaching to them, however, is due to the circumstance that they all have a significance—representing pictographically, as it were, the wonderful myths of the Haida.

You will notice that among these carvings the raven is conspicuous as a subject. This is so because, according to Haida belief, the creator of all things and the benefactor of man was a great raven called Yetl, which had many human attributes and also the power of transforming himself into any shape that he chose. He existed before his own birth, never grows old and will never die. Numerous are the stories of his adventures in peopling the world and giving to man the earth, fire, fresh water, fish, game and so forth. Mankind sprang from a cockle-shell. Yetl was lonely and finding a cockle-shell upon the beach he considered it earnestly for days, while thinking of his wish for a companion. By and by he heard a faint cry in the shell, and presently there came out of it a little female child, which quickly grew to be a woman and married the raven. From this marriage came all the Indians of that region, who at first lived in darkness and want. As fast as he could, however, Yetl endowed them with such gifts as light, fresh water, fire, &c.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

Unfortunately, all these things were in possession of Yetl's uncle, who was the great Evil Spirit, and the good raven was obliged to secure them by stratagem. Luckily for Yetl, he had killed the magic crane, whose skin enabled the wearer to fly, and had also slain the big diving bird, with whose skin he was safe against water; for his uncle tried repeatedly to kill him and he only escaped by means of these advantages. On one occasion the wicked avuncular relative, who was lord of the tides, caused the ocean to rise so high that the raven was compelled to fly up to the sky, which he pierced with his beak and hung to until the tide reached to his wings, after which it subsided. This would seem to be the Haida version of the universal story of the flood.

Among other things Yetl stole the sun and the stars from the boxes in which they were imprisoned by his uncle. When the sun shone for the first time the people were frightened and ran in all directions. Some fled to the mountains, some to the woods and some into the water, and all of these were transformed into animals according to the hiding places they chose. Fire was obtained by the raven from an island far away in the sea. He reached there by the help of his magic bird skin, and seizing a burning brand in his beak started back. But the journey was so long that nearly all the wood burned up, and even the point of the raven's bill was scorched black, as it remains to this day. So he let the brand drop and the sparks flew over the ground in all directions. From that time both wood and stone have contained fire, which can be obtained from the one by striking it and from the other by rubbing.

FAMILY TREES.

The so-called "totem columns" of wood, which are often ignorantly mistaken for idols, are in reality the ancestral columns of the Haidas. None but rich men can afford to erect these columns, owing to the expense of their elaborate carving, and the possessor of one is thereby invested with the authority of a petty chief in his village. The ambition of a Haida's life is to set up a family column in front of his house. Usually the column is surmounted by the totem or heraldic bearing of the man. It may be a bear or a beaver or what not, each clan having its own totem. Below may be represented the totem of the wife's clan, while the other designs may illustrate some legend connected with the totem of the owner. Many of the columns are almost wholly legendary. In the illustration the top group represents the head of a European with whitened face and long black whiskers, flanked by two children in sitting posture. It represents a legend, which may have sprung from an actual occurrence, of the kidnapping of two children of the owner's clan by white traders long ago. The figure next to the top with the instrument in its claws is the crane, which was formerly an expert with tools, but they were stolen from him and ever since he has been bewailing his fate. "I want my tools!" is the cry which the crane now utters. The next figure below is Hoots, the bear, holding between his paws the butterfly. At the creation, when Yetl was looking for fair land for man to occupy, the butterfly fluttered over his head as he flew. When they came to the country now occupied by the Haida the butterfly pointed with his proboscis to the good lands and said: "Where the bear is there are salmon, herbs and good living." So that is why Haida came to Queen Charlotte's Islands and why bears are so abundant there. The next figure is the giant spider killing a man by sucking his blood. One of the adventures of the mischievous demon who stole the crane's tools was a battle with the giant spider, which was a mortal enemy to man. The demon overcame the spider and threw him into the fire, but instead of burning he shriveled up and escaped as a mosquito, carrying away with him a small coal of fire in his proboscis. Now, in place of killing men, he can only suck a little blood, but in revenge he leaves a coal of fire in the bite.

TOTEM RIDICULING CHRISTIANITY.

Another totem column, shown in the illustration, stands in front of the feast house of the famous chief, Skowl, who was the most bitter opponent whom the missionaries from Russia encountered on the northwest coast. Skowl's crest, the eagle, tops the column. Just below it is the carved figure of a man, with right hand uplifted and index finger pointing to the sky. It signifies that in the heavens the God of the white man dwells. Below this is the representation of an angel, as conceived by the Indians from the description of the whites, and then comes the figure of a Russian priest with hands piously folded across his breast. This whole group of the missionary, the angel and the figure with uplifted hand commemorates the failure of the priests to convert Skowl's people to their faith and was erected in ridicule and derision of the religion of the white man. Beneath the group is a magnificent carving of a spread eagle and at the bottom of the column a figure intended to picture one of the early traders on the coast.

The mouse is the judge by which the Haidas detect persons who work bad magic and cause sickness and death. When any one is taken ill or dies a wood mouse is caught and put in a little cage, which is set upon a raised platform in front of three judges chosen for the purpose. The little mouse, frightened, retires to a corner of its cage and eyes the judges. They then begin to name over suspected persons, and presently the little mouse nods its head. The victim has to pay money or blankets to get clear. Punishment of people accused of witchcraft used to be so common among Alaska Indians that several villages had to be bombarded and destroyed by men-of-war stationed up there before the practice could be broken up.

CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

Among these people any crime whatever may be compounded for by payment. A murderer acquits himself of all blame by simply giving an indemnity to his victim's relatives. The same principle is applied in the case of the betrayal of a young woman. If discovered her lover is bound to make money reparation to her parents. A failure to do this would cause her family to use force to back up their demand. No blame is visited upon the girl, but the offender is simply regarded as a robber who has committed depredations on their merchandise. This indemnity system is carried to a most astonishing point. For instance, an Indian at Sitka broke into the room of two miners in their absence, emptied a demijohn of their liquor and died in consequence. The relatives of the robber demanded payment from the miners, who were obliged to give it. A schooner in a gale on one occasion rescued two Indians from a sinking canoe. The canoe was nearly as long as the schooner and could not be carried or towed, seeing which the Indians themselves cut the craft adrift. When the humane captain landed the rescued men at their village he was astonished by a peremptory demand for payment for the canoe, backed by threats.

Some curious customs among certain Alaska Indians relate to child birth. The husband on such an occasion takes to his bed and is treated as if an invalid, while the wife is driven out of the house and left to her fate, being shunned by everybody as unclean. Alcohol is the prevailing curse of all the natives in that region. In certain regions, liquor being obtained in quantities either by distillation from molasses or by purchase from traders, a regular system of getting drunk in detachments is practiced. It is the duty of those sober in the village to look out for the drunk and attend to the household duties, canoes and children. When the first detachment has sobered up the others take their turn. A favorite drink is from potatoes distilled in a kerosene can with a worm made from the stems of the giant kelp. This "hoochinoo," as it is called, is drunk raw from the improvised still and creates immediate madness. Ensign Niclack, U.S.N., who has conducted this investigation regarding the Haida Indians, says that what the traders sell in that region for whisky derives its strength almost wholly from vitriol and nitric acid.

The slate in which the carvings spoken of are made is quarried out in a soft state, so that it is easily worked with tools, becoming hard with time. Eyes of the creatures represented are usually disks of mother-of-pearl. Such art works as these place the Haida easily at the head of the savage tribes of the world.

FREAKS FOR THE TABLE.

Utensils and Ornaments That Puzzle the Uninitiated.

THEY say that Mrs. Levi P. Morton had a melancholy experience recently, such as was well calculated to afflict a house keeper, even though she were the wife of a Vice President of the United States.

A guest dining at her house, though a man of no little political distinction, was unacquainted with the uses of the modern doylies, which is a thing intended purely for decorative purposes and not for utility. Mrs. Morton had just had imported from Paris a set of these luxuries of table ornament, most costly for the reason that each one was hand-painted in water colors by a skilled and proportionately high-priced artist. On the occasion referred to the doylies in question were displayed for the first time at dessert under the finger bowls. Imagine the hostess' horror at seeing her guest, so famous as a legislator and yet so ignorant of social conventions, coolly dip his fingers deep in water and wipe them with the greatest nonchalance upon one of her precious new works of art on filmy bolting cloth.

The Vice President's wife was not equal in this emergency to the philosophy of Mrs. Whitney, who, when a guest of hers smashed a most precious tea cup, calmly picked up another and fractured it, saying, "Aren't they absurdly brittle?" But, of course, she was too well bred to make any remark, and was obliged to content herself with mournfully describing the melancholy incident to sympathetic friends.

It is a funny thing, though not so very surprising after all, that this mistake about the decorative doyly is only too frequently made. Not very long since the thing so provided with the dessert was intended for use, and not merely for beauty, and so it does occur that people not up to the latest social fashions right often commit the solecism of wiping their wet paws upon the morsels of embroiderd and decorated fabric. One has always sympathized with the man—and he must have come along many a time—who drank out of his finger bowl and observed that it was "devilish poor lemonade."

Obviously, the best thing to do when one is in doubt about anything at a dinner party is to watch the others. But there are so many strange fixings—new ones, at all events—to be found at the tables of the rich in these days that the inexperienced may well be excused feeling puzzled occasionally. A true story is told of a western Congressman from an agricultural district who found himself a guest not long ago at a dinner given by a cabinet officer from his state.

He discovered a miniature silver hay fork at the side of his plate, the likenesses of which he saw the other people use for their oysters. He did the same and was so far all right, helping himself to salt with a very small gold spade provided for the purpose. It reminded him of the tool he had employed many a time to dig potatoes with, save for the metal. Of potatoes themselves, mashed, he was presently helped to a portion, and he found that his fellow-guests utilized an instrument, the like of which he was also supplied with, to push the vegetable upon their forks. Subsequently he learned that the instrument was called a "pusher," but at the time it seemed to him nothing more nor less than a diminutive hoe, in the exact shape of which it was undeniably constructed.

But there was one utensil that made him extremely nervous, inasmuch as he could not imagine for what purpose it was intended, and he was carefully guarding himself against a possible faux pas. For course after course he watched his fellow guests to see when they would bring the curious tool into play. It was not, however, until the asparagus came on that he saw an eminent diplomat who sat opposite pick up the silver hay rake from beside his plate and employ it to convey the vegetable to his mouth.

"Well, I'm d—d!" ejaculated the Congressman under his breath. "So that's what the thing is for! But why in blazes, if we're goin' into farming for the dinner table, don't we have a threshing machine to make the beefsteak tender and a mowing machine to clear off the crumbs."

REBELLING AGAINST TROUSERS.

Some Very Funny Things Done in Mexico.

From the New York Star.

"We do funny things down in Mexico, and the most ridiculous act that I ever knew, even down there, occurred the day before I left home."

The speaker was Manuel Ramon of the City of Mexico, who arrived in New York on Monday.

"You know all the common people there wear cotton drawers instead of trousers," said Mr. Ramon, "and it had always been considered quite proper until the advent of the many Americans, who always comment upon it. So for several years there has been a growing feeling that everybody should wear trousers—that is to say, every man. This feeling culminated the night before I started for New York, when the city council solemnly resolved that the proper way for a man to hide his legs was in orthodox pantaloons. The action had been debated for some time and with some little warmth, but it finally passed by a narrow majority. Many persons doubt the constitutional right to change by force what may justly be considered the national dress, but they are met with the statement that it is not intended to use force. The trousers advocates say that it is only hoped to devise some legal means by which trousers will be universally worn. The formal act of the city council was the appointment of a committee to study the question, with instructions to devise some means of inducing the change. The report of that committee will be awaited by the public with a good deal of interest, and it will create a commotion if it suggests forcing trousers down the throats, or on the legs, of the working people. A popular uprising is not among the impossibilities."

Deserving of Smypathy.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Tramp—"Can you give me just a little bite of something? I don't seem to have any luck finding work around here."

Lady (handing him pie)—"How long have you been out of work, my man?"

Tramp (eating pie)—"All my life, madam."

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

How a Simple Divan May Beautify An Odd Corner.

WORK FOR WILLING HANDS.

A Pretty Cover Made of Cheap Materials—Getting a Design From Nature—A Novelty in Pin Cushions—Draping a Bureau.

SOME ideas have been asked for on the subject of a divan by a northern friend who has been kind enough to say that "Attractive Homes" have been of use to her in suggestions heretofore. While through illustrations and descriptions the various forms and foundations are familiar, she wishes some special ideas to suit the room and place where she intends to put the lounge. It is all to be home made, and as the household is exclusively feminine a dry goods box is to be the ready made framework. The room is not very large and the wall spaces pretty well occupied as it is, in consequence of which the divan is to be placed under the mantel, which is purely an ornamental structure and has no connection with heating the room, for the house is not modern and a big stove in a corner takes the place of a radiator. The mantel is of wood, painted gray like the rest of the woodwork, and gray portieres are at two doorways. The general tone of the room is brown and gray, though no scheme of coloring has been carried out. There is, however, nothing of any decided shade to clash with yellow, so that color will be effective introduced in the small bits of decoration. A piazza shades two windows and only one other is in the room, making a rather dark apartment, and yellow will lighten the tone of the whole. With these "data," therefore, to guide I think (as economy is an object) that brown denim would be more suitable in color than any inexpensive material I know of for the covering of the projected divan. The frame should set across the jambs and two large pillows, stuffed to make them thick, must be set up at the back just to fill in the wall space below the shelf, which is covered with wall paper. A cord around this with the corners slightly rounded is all the ornament necessary, and as silk cord would look unsuited to the denim one might be made of heavy brown twine with several strands twisted together. A box-plaited valance reaching to the floor will be the proper finish for front and sides of the box and the top is to be stuffed with excelsior covered over with upholsterer's moss and the denim tightly drawn over and fastened underneath the valance. Brass nails, square headed and dull finished, should be put two in each plait of the valance to hold and ornament them, about two inches below the seat. Two or three pillows of different sizes and styles should be also on the divan to be adjusted as wanted, while the two large ones are stationary.

AN ECONOMICAL COVER.

Still, in accordance with the idea of economy, I would suggest that one should be covered with the bright yellow Japanese cotton crepe, which is at once artistic and inexpensive. This pillow should have a full puff or double ruffle all around it. Another might be of the same gray linen momie cloth as the portieres, with an all-over pattern of yellow flax thread, finished plainly on the edge without cord or ruffle. Still another smaller one would be pretty of the yellow crepe, with a design applied of leaves in golden brown velvet or plush, and the veining and edge of gold thread couched on; or, if that is more work than is wished, an outline pattern may be couched of golden brown flax thread. The crepe is too thin and stretchy to work through it as successfully as a couching can be put on. There is a revolving desk chair in the room, with cane seat and back and walnut frame. This could be improved and made to harmonize by putting a plain cushion of the momie cloth on the seat, and one also on the back. Cut to fit the rounding shape and outlined or worked half solid in yellow linen floss. The windows are already prettily trimmed with long curtains of white and sash curtains of figured silkoline, but some touches of yellow in chair backs and cushions and another chair covered in brown denim to correspond with the lounge will be found to give a brighter, prettier effect than when only the natural tones prevail.

Another suggestion I would make is to put two rather narrow bands of the yellow crepe on the gray portieres, which are untrimmed now. The top turns over some 15 inches and is fringed, and two two-inch bands above this fringe, caught with crow's feet in brown floss, would give more character with but little work. The old gold bolting sheeting would be good for bands also, perhaps better than the bright yellow of the crepe.

A YELLOW PILLOW.

I will give a rather more explicit description of my idea of the yellow pillow with brown leaves, for it may suit other tastes and places as well as the one for which it was thought of. If one is in the country now, where grapes grow, one can make her own design thus: Take a large perfect leaf and lay it on a sheet of paper and draw the outline, then lay this on the back of the velvet or plush and draw an outline in chalk, and cut four such leaves out. These must be arranged then on the crepe—or whatever is chosen for the pillow—so that the tip of each leaf is in a corner of the square, while the stems come together in the middle. The leaves can be lightly touched with a drop of mucilage here and there to hold them in place until they can be carefully basted on the edges. When the natural leaf is copied on paper the veining should also be put in as a guide for the gold thread, which should be put on double—two strands at a time that is. After the leaves are basted on the material some curling tendrils can be drawn to fill in some of the spaces between the leaves with either chalk or lead pencil. These should be couched on before the edge of gold thread is put on, so the ends of the thread may be concealed under it. All the gold thread should be couched on two strands at a time, and the leaves should be so large as to nearly cover the cushion as they meet in the center. The stems may be of four strands of gold thread just coming together, or, if it is liked, better a rosette of the ground of the pillow may conceal their joining. Before I leave the subject of sofa pillows I will describe one I saw recently. It was rather small and square, of down, covered with silk crepe of a lovely soft pinkish red. The crepe was figured with a spray of flowers so far apart that only four of them showed on the cushion. Of these two were left in their natural state, while two were worked over in floss of the same color, with long stitches, not closely set either. Gold thread had then been put on a single strand at once, but with another so close beside it as to leave them less than a quarter of an inch apart. These separated strands were couched on so as to form five stripes up and down the pillow, and though they scarcely showed a little way off, a soft gleam as they caught the light gave an Oriental effect which was very good. The gold was put on in an artistic manner; for instance, one stripe was put on in straight lines, another waved slightly and a third was arranged so the two lines curved, almost meeting at the concave of each curve and parting so as to form an ellipse very long and narrow. This all scarcely suggested any design anywhere, but it gave a decidedly Japanesque effect, and with so little work was as artistic as anything I have seen of late.

A NOVELTY IN PIN CUSHIONS.

A novelty in pin cushions is one in size fifteen by eight inches, perhaps. It is covered with figured yellow India silk and tied around, as twine would be tied around any square package; is wide yellow ribbon, tied in a bow on top where the ribbons meet in crossing each other, in the place where the twine would be tied on the package to carry out that comparison.

A PRETTY BAG.

A pretty way to make a small bag for scraps or as a hair receiver in a bed room is as follows: A pillow-case-shaped bag is made of gray linen, twilled, crash or any such material one prefers. It is cut long enough to have a flap turn over four inches in depth. This is faced with yellow India silk—figured is very pretty. In the bag a few interlacing disks are worked in yellow and brown rope silk. Around the top a narrow facing is run on the inside and through this a whale bone is run, which keeps the bag open in a circular shape and makes it convenient as a receptacle. Yellow silk cords with tassels fringed out at the ends are on for hanging it up.

This very easily constructed bag is a good model for other styles. To hold work it might be made of India silk with white ground and gay little pompadour figures, lined with pink, green or yellow in a pale tint, with the turned over top showing this, and cords the same color. It would then make a most dainty bag for a piece of embroidery or any pretty knitting, and for a gift could not fail to please.

DRAPERY FOR A BUREAU.

Bureaus or dressers, especially in guest rooms, look well draped in figured India silk to correspond with the prevailing color of the room. It is newer than scarfs or covers and is graceful in appearance. It is not every woman who has the skill to embroider a bureau spread even of simple design. Almost any womanly fingers, however, are capable of taking two yards of soft silk and puckering it here and catching it there, holding it with a cushion in one place and a vase in another, until a pretty effect is obtained.

THE WEEK IN NEW YORK.

What Folks in the Metropolis Are Talking About.

THE YACHT RACE ON LABOR DAY—THE TERRIBLE INFANT OF GOTHAM AND HIS DRINKING HABITS—HOW AN OCEAN HORROR WAS AVERTED—WHY PRICES ARE SAID TO BE GOING UP.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

New York, Sept. 4.

Besides all sorts of parades by all sorts of societies, lodges and unions, composed of all sorts and conditions of men. Labor day in New York was signalized by a grand yacht race in the bay, in which there were nearly one hundred and fifty entries. We arose laboriously at 6 o'clock a.m. in order not to miss the start, and as the start was an hour and a half late we were fully in time, and in company with thousands of other spectators courtesied on the short swells till we began to regret having lunched so heartily on clam chowder. The chill of the morning, which had made winter garments seem none too heavy for a day on the water, succumbed to the sun, and by noon the blue waters of the bay, the white sails of the yachts and placid Liberty holding up her torch were all swimming in a haze of heat. The late John Milton is supposed to have had in mind a sail boat manned by amateurs when he spoke of "that fatal and perfidious bark."

But this censure did not touch our craft, for we enjoyed the courtesy of Capt. Norton on one of his non-sinkable yachts with a non-sinkable life boat in tow. However, when finally the gallant yachts crept over the line, some of them having been slowly rowed into position, with flapping sails reflected in a glassy sea, we felt that special precautions against a watery grave were a little superfluous. The sea at peace is such a cooing, gentle thing, but underneath this demureness it has such a frightful temper. We could hardly realize as we sat on the deck of the little yacht that a few months ago she had ridden out a wintery hurricane off Hatteras.

But just as the start was made a little breath of wind good naturedly fanned the dainty little ships and sent them skimming the blue floor of the bay toward the Narrows, looking, as they dwindled in the distance, like a flock of great white sea gulls slowly flapping their wings over the summer sea. They got back, I understand, some time that night, so we were able to read who beat next day in the morning papers.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

The possibility of patronage for such an immense number of liquor saloons as are seen here is explained when one observes how early the young New Yorker's education in drinking habits is begun. In the tenement house districts no toddler who can walk at all is considered too young to be sent out with pitcher or pail for the family supply of beer, and one reads of whole families—fathers, mothers and children of various ages—all getting sociably drunk together. There are indeed laws against these abuses, but that does not seem to prevent them. A mother has been arrested this week for giving whisky to a child of three, which reminds me of an incident which excited the pity, not unmixed with amusement, of the passengers on one of the Atlantic steamers this summer. Among the passengers was a gentleman from the far west, a smart, prosperous man whose education had not kept pace with his fortune. He had with him his wife and son of two years of age. This youth was being trained by the liberal hand of his indulgent parent in a manner to make the effete civilization of Europe open its eyes even wider than they already are, if that were possible, at the possibility of precocity in the American small boy. The line of steamers on which they traveled is noted for its long and elaborate dinners, but this infant phenomenon stood up to them like a man, omitting not one of the numerous courses, taking his glass of champagne and topping off with black coffee. On one occasion he began his lunch with such a stiff glass of beer that he soon rolled off his seat.

"What's the matter with ye, Willie?" inquired his parent, surprised and somewhat annoyed that his son should not carry his liquor in a more manly fashion. "Can't ye set still?"

In the smoking room this very young American held his own with the rest of the men as far as drinks were concerned. When his father, with western generosity, was treating the crowd and they all ordered whisky sling, he inquired casually of his offspring:

"What'll you take, Willie?"

"I tate 'a whisty s'ing," piped up the baby voice.

What he will find to take by the time he is twenty-one is a mystery. But, perhaps, it will be an even greater mystery if the poor little tot ever sees twenty-one.

A MISS OF AN INCH.

What came within an ace of being a frightful tragedy of the sea was the fire in the hold of the splendid great greyhound Majestic on Tuesday morning, her sailing day. Somehow a spark touched her cargo of cotton, and in a few minutes a telltale wreath of smoke informed the alert watchman that the ship was on fire. Thanks to the early alarm and to the fact that the vessel was within reach of a city's fire department the flames were subdued before they gathered head and strength. But suppose the fire had smouldered a few hours till the great ship was speeding along at sea, breaking the record. It is only a few weeks ago that the Queen met such a fate. her cargo of cotton mysteriously catching fire in midocean. It will be remembered that all efforts to subdue the flames were then useless, and that the crew only escaped by the help of chance neighbors in the ocean lane. When last heard from the Queen was still drifting, a charred hulk on the ocean's currents, and a like fate might have befallen the Majestic; nor could such a vessel have been destroyed by fire without an appalling loss of life.

SPECTACULAR PARK POLICE.

The park mounted police are engaged in no more warlike occupation than that of stopping runaway horses, checking fast driving and fiercely heading for the nearest exit an occasional plebeian beer wagon or grocer's cart which has intruded itself among the victorias and landaus of the drive. But in spite of their peaceful avocations they now present a distinctly martial appearance. Their new autumn outfit consists of Whitman saddles and Prussian army bits for the horses' bridles, and tight riding breeches and top boots for the riders. Thus equipped they pose as cavalry officers and sternly make the way of the transgressor even harder than of old.

POWDERLY'S INCREDIBLE FOLLY.

The leading feature of the Central strike has been the amazing correspondence which Powderly voluntarily put in evidence. This act on his part has completed his ruin as a leader of men, and the universal expression is, "How is it possible that he could be such a fool?" If anything had been necessary to fortify the road in its attitude this correspondence supplied the material. Depew is now on his voyage home, and the more sanguine strikers hope that his arrival will keep them out, but the contemptuous silence with which he treated the cablegram of the knights would not indicate that he is disposed to be more lenient than the other officers. He would not be apt to be so after Powderly's scheme for '92 was published.

A TIME OF HIGH PRICES.

Prices are going up. Three causes are mentioned as principally responsible—the slight increase in the value of imported articles, due to the customs administrative act, the expected passage of the McKinley tariff bill and the high price of silver. The good crops are also included in that they make purchasers willing to buy. Whatever the reason the fact is indisputable, and of course it is not a palatable one to the salaried classes and to those who can earn at best only a livelihood. The staples in food and clothing nearly all feel the upward movement, especially in lines that are imported or that are protected from the rivalry of foreign markets.

HENRY R. ELLIOT.

Height of Buildings in London.

From the St. James Gazette.

Henceforth no building within the jurisdiction of the London county council can exceed 90 feet in height. So the lords' committee on the council bill has ordained, and its decision is eminently sensible. The limit of 70 feet, which the council wished to fix, would have been too low; in 90 there is nothing to complain of. We cannot afford to build more Queen Anne mansions 140 feet high, nor to imitate the enormously high blocks of buildings which are in such favor in America. They may be all very well in streets as wide as the Nevsky Prospekt, but in our narrow thoroughfares buildings of the New York type would shut out sun and air. Even our newest streets, such as Northumberland avenue, are not wide, while, to take more recent instances, Shaftsbury avenue is miserably narrow.

Somewhat Paradoxical.

From the Baltimore American.

People who say sharp things get the reputation of being blunt.

THE CEDAR SHELL.

Reasons for the Decadence of Paper and the Popularity of Wood.

From the New York Star.

How surely fashions change with the lapse of years. When back in the sixties paper racing boats were first introduced they immediately attained to such favor that no oarsman thought of using a cedar shell when a paper one was to be had. To such a height did popular enthusiasm run over the novelty that some apparently serious-minded men actually announced, as their opinion, that a mediocre man in a paper boat could defeat a more skillful opponent in a wooden shell. Such declarations were on their face mere twaddle, but as builders had not then learned the secret of constructing wooden shells on lines as they now do, the paper boats, which presented a much smoother surface and finer lines, were undoubtedly faster.

While progression in paper boat building, however, has for years been at a standstill, the cedar craft builders have rapidly been improving in their art until finally the adoption by Ruddock of the system of constructing on iron molds or frames has finally placed wooden boats on an equal basis with paper shells. When this point was reached the decline of the paper boat became merely a matter of time. Single scullers were the first to desert the new idol for the improved old one. All the praise bestowed on it could not change the fact that the paper boat was "dead" in the water and quite without the "life" of the cedar shell, and that it was far heavier. The consequence is that for some years back no scullers, single or double, would dream of rowing an important race in a paper boat.

Slowly it has been dawning upon oarsmen that if a cedar single is faster than a paper single the same must be equally true of fours and eights, and in the last year or two the conviction has grown upon all thinking minds that the wooden boat is much the faster of the two. The decadence of paper boats may in a measure be ascribed to the carelessness with which they have lately been built. Greedy in the monopoly of a flourishing and profitable business, the manufacturer has become indifferent in his endeavor to keep up with the demand and turned out boats before they were properly dried and seasoned. The result, of course, has been that they soon softened and lost their shape, in many instances making it necessary to patch them within a year or two of their purchase.

The fittings have been crude and badly put together, the models not carefully followed, and altogether it has been a case of killing the gold-egg-bearing goose. For long a factor against the general adoption of wooden fours and eights has been that in the old days of defective boat building the shells were not properly "stayed," consequently in the severe strain of a race the eggshell skin was very apt to be split, and the boats gained a bad name for their want of durability. From this it was feared that nothing but paper would answer, but experience shows that the modern wooden racing boats, so far as actual resistance to rowing strain goes, are quite as hardy as their paper rivals. As to speed there can be no doubt of their superiority.

The consensus of opinion of rowing authorities plainly awards the palm for speed to the cedar boat. In these days of fast rowing it is folly to face the starter unless boated and fitted with the best materials that can be obtained. A second wins or loses a race and when at the lowest computation the wooden boat is the faster by ten seconds to the mile, durable or not, it is the boat that will be used in the future, and within five years the paper racing boat of today will be relegated to the rank of practice tubs, while the light and lively cedar takes the place of the usurper.

Treasure Hunting.

From the Youth's Companion.

It is doubtful if the search for buried treasure along the Atlantic coast of North America and the Spanish main will ever cease. The solitary treasure-hunter, who often believes himself guided by some supernatural means, is not an unfamiliar figure on the New England coast. Here and there at certain points in Maine, on the shores of Narragansett bay and on the Sea Islands of Georgia freshly piled up heaps of sand are often found, which indicate that one more seeker for the lost treasure of Capt. Kidd has been at work with pick and shovel.

At Dungeon Rock, within the limits of the city of Lynn, Mass., a deep and tortuously winding shaft, blasted out far into the depths of a ledge of porphyry, is shown to visitors, where one Marvel and his son worked for many years to find the treasure of a pirate. The spirits had told Marvel, so he said, that a pirate chief had untold treasure in a cave in this ledge and was overwhelmed there with his plunder by an earthquake. Marvel died without finding any treasure.

In the town of Medford, Mass., not many years ago, an unknown man asked permission to dig a hole on the side of a hill looking out upon the Mystic river. The permission was given. Next morning the proprietor found a deep hole in the side of the hill and at the bottom of the excavation was a small, round, smooth hole, which looked as if an earthen jar might have exactly fitted in it. Upon the side of the excavation, near the smaller hole, a large flat stone had been thrown up.

The digger had disappeared, but many people in the neighborhood believe that he took with him a long-buried jar containing treasure.

Cumberland Island, on the Georgia coast, is believed by many of the people who live near it to contain Capt. Kidd's treasure. There is even in existence a formula for its discovery, very much like the formula in Poe's story of "The Gold Bug," but if any treasure has been discovered by its aid the fact has not become known.

One of the most important of treasure-seeking expeditions has lately been conducted to the Island of Trinidad—an English possession off the coast of Venezuela. According to a well-accepted account a band of corsairs, no longer ago than 1828, plundered certain churches in Peru of their plate and other treasures to an immense value and transported their spoils to Trinidad. There they buried their booty, intending to dig it up and sell it after the noise of their exploit had passed away.

Some months afterward Admiral Lord Cochran captured these brigands and hanged them, but no trace of their plunder was found.

Some months ago a number of Englishmen having come into possession of some information which led them to suppose that they could locate the site where this booty was buried filled out a well equipped expedition to seek it. A party of men were sent to Trinidad and set to work.

It was work indeed, for these treasure-hunters dug to a great depth and shoveled some 12,000 tons of sand, and all without result. The expedition finally returned to England and the money which was invested in it was a dead loss.

Picturesque Francis Marion.

John Fiske in September Atlantic.

Of all the picturesque characters of our revolutionary period there is perhaps no one who, in the memory of the people, is so closely associated with romantic adventure as Francis Marion. He belonged to that gallant race of men of whose services France had been forever deprived when Louis XIV revoked the edict of Nantes. His father had been a planter near Georgetown, on the coast, and the son, while following the same occupation, had been called off to the western frontier by the Cherokee war of 1759, in the course of which he had made himself an adept in woodland strategy. He was forty-seven years old, a man of few words and modest demeanor, small in stature and slight in frame, delicately organized, but endowed with wonderful nervous energy and sleepless intelligence. Like a woman in quickness of sympathy, he was a knight in courtesy, truthfulness and courage. The brightness of his fame was never sullied by an act of cruelty. "Never shall a house be burned by one of my people," said he; "to distress poor women and children is what I detest." To distress the enemy in legitimate warfare was, on the other hand, a business in which few partisan commanders have excelled him. For swiftness and secrecy he was unequaled, and the boldness of his exploits seemed almost incredible when compared with the meagerness of his resources. His force sometimes consisted of less than twenty men and seldom exceeded seventy. To arm them he was obliged to take the saws from saw mills and have them wrought into rude swords at the country forge, while pewter mugs and spoons were cast into bullets. With such equipment he would attack and overwhelm parties of more than two hundred tories, or he would even swoop upon a column of British regulars on their march, throw them into disorder, set free their prisoners, slay and disarm a score or two, and plunge out of sight in the darkling forest as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come.

How to Select Bananas.

A steamer steward interviewed by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Not one fruit buyer in a hundred, unless he has been brought up in the far south, knows how to select bananas when purchasing them by the bunch. It's a very simple thing. Look at the thick end of the branch on which the bananas hang. If it is green the bananas will ripen slowly and lusciously and will be of good flavor. If the end of the branch is black the bananas themselves will blacken after a day or two and will ripen too fast and rot. Even if they are plucked the day after they are bought, and eaten, they will be mushy and the flavor will not be good.

A CHEROKEE ROMANCE.

How a Wealthy Pennsylvania Girl Won an Indian Chief.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

On a prominent eminence in the prairie overlooking the town of Tahlequah, I.T., has been a solitary grave for sixteen years. It contained the remains of Mary Downing, the wife of a full-blood Cherokee chief, Louis Downing. At the time of her death the place was her home, and it was her dying request that she should be buried on the summit of the hill. Since then the property has passed into strange hands, and the grave has been in the midst of a corn field. The present owner, a gentleman from Georgia, hearing that she was a chief's wife, thought it was due her to rest in a more sacred place. So her remains were exhumed recently and taken to the Tahlequah Cemetery. Her maiden name was Mary Ayer. She war born in Bethlehem, Pa., was highly educated and accomplished and a woman of wealth. She had very romantic ideas, and her infatuation for Indians was extreme. In 1865 Chief Lewis Downing was sent to Washington, D. C., on business for the Cherokees. Though a full-blood, he spoke English quite well. While at Washington he had occasion to visit Bethlehem, and accidentally met Miss Ayer; who fell desperately in love with him. The chief lingered longer in Bethlehem than he had intended, not being able to tear himself away from the charms of so fair a lady, and ere his departure had won her consent to be his bride and share a place in his wigwam. It was agreed between the two that she would follow him to the territory and be married at the capital. She required six months to dispose of her property and convert her valuables into cash. Chief Downing returned to his nation, and with him it proved "out of sight out of mind." The ardor of his love for Miss Ayer soon cooled, and he wrote withdrawing his engagement.

She, after reading his letter, remarked that "it took two to make a contract and two to break it," and so wrote him. Before this letter reached the chief he had married a dusky maiden of his own tribe. Miss Ayer having gotten everything in readiness started for the territory. According to contract she arrived at Tahlequah, and on hearing of his marriage made up her mind to make her home among his people, devoting her life to their advancement. Years elapsed and the chief's wife died. Miss Ayer being still single, he renewed his broken vows and was again accepted. They were married and went to the home she had built. The life she had so long dreamed of was realized, but not long was she permitted to fill his house with light and love ere death claimed her. On her deathbed she told the chief that on the third evening after her burial she would return to him at her home. But he, inheriting the superstition of his race, closed the house after the funeral and returned to his home, about thirty miles distant, on Grand river. It is said that on the third night after her burial lights were seen moving from window to window and the Indians firmly believe to this day that she reappeared on that night.

A Homing Race by Bees.

Interview in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How insects, especially bees and ants, find their way back home is one of the marvels of natural history. My wife keeps bees and my little boy has a taste for entomology and is always making experiments of one kind or another with them and other insects. He has been trying to find out how far away a bee can be taken and not get lost, but has not yet succeeded. I live in the country, fourteen miles from the court house, and during the summer that boy has been in town with me a dozen times, and on each occasion he brought some bees along in a little tin box. He colored their wings with violet ink, so that he would know the insects again and let them go in the heart of the city. The first time he did it he released six bees at the Biddle street market and I believe they got home before we did, because they were all on hand attending to business the next morning, just as though they took a fourteen-mile journey every day. Occasionally a bee fails to come back, but in nearly every instance they return in a few hours. Once he let five, whose wings had been colored red, out of their box at 6 o'clock in the morning, on the corner of 4th and Biddle, while his little sister watched the hive at home. One arrived, tired almost to death, and dropped at the door of the hive a little before 2, and three more came before 5 in the evening, all apparently much fatigued. His experiments with a nest of large black ants have been equally satisfactory, for some marked ants have found their way home after being released more than a mile distant from the hollow tree in which they lived. How they do it is a question, but they generally do, and so it is likely the travels of both ants and bees are much wider than is generally supposed.

Can Gold Be Manufactured?

Professor P. T. Austen in the North American Review.

"With the gods and the chemists all things are possible," said the illustrious chemist, Hormann. Nor does the statement seem much overdrawn when one considers the stupendous results obtained during the last quarter of a century by chemical investigators. The extraordinary researches of Newlands Mendelejeff and Myer have shown that the atomic weights of the chemical elements, of which all matter is composed, occupy definite and unchangeable positions in a geometric figure, and that the properties of matter may be considered as mathematical functions of numbers. These discoveries throw open for investigation a territory that contains treasures beyond the power of the imagination to describe. Wellsbach, following these investigators, split up the metal didymium into two other elements, proving—what had long been suspected by chemists—that some of the heavy metals could be resolved into simpler elements had we the requisite forces wherewith to break them up; and, as the conclusive demonstration of his discovery, he then reunited the new elements, phraesodymium and hemodymium, and gave us back the compound substance, didymium. Crookes published a series of brilliant experiments on the metal yttrium, similarly breaking up this element into a number of substances, which he reunited again to reproduce the original yttrium. Last comes Gruenwald, who infers from spectroscopic investigations that all our elements can be reduced to but two primal forms of matter.

Now that this field has been opened to investigation, there can be no limit assigned to the discoveries that may follow. The forces at our control are growing daily more powerful and more manageable. Victor Myer has been able to heat iodine until it exists in its atomic condition. What the next condition will be no one can tell.

These facts, and many others that could be given, make it probable that the so-called chemical elements are not really elements, but compounds, which in time we shall be able to separate into their constituents, and, conversely, to reproduce by combining other substances.

Among the heavy elements—and hence those that would be expected to yield to the searching attacks of the chemist—is gold. It is not improbable that in time it will become possible to make gold in large quantities—an event which would throw it out of use as a standard of value, so far as it derives its own value from its rarity.

The Country Mail.

From the Boston Transcript.

The United States mail service is rather limited in the village of A——. Three times a week a lumbering stage coach, "with its heavily swaying and rocking load," stops before the little one-story building and the driver tosses out a leather pouch to the postmaster, which contains all the messages of hope and fear for the people for miles around. After "sorting" the mail and keeping only what belongs to this locality the bag is locked again and the driver tosses it back into the coach, whistles to his horses and drives on.

Now comes the most interesting part to the occupants of the store. They gather eagerly around the counter and listen for their name to be read out by the postmaster, who, with his glasses awry, often studies several moments over a doubtful superscription before giving it to the public ear. "James Grant," he called out. Silence for a moment. Then a voice echoes from the back of the store. "Jim hain't been up for as much as a week, but I'm goin' down that way tomorrow, and I'll take it along. Give it here," and "Jim's" letter is disposed of. Another man says, "You ken give me all the mail for the upper deestrict, for I'm going to hitch up and go to the mill after a load of 'but ends' soon's dinner." In a like manner of "special delivery" all the letters ultimately reach their destination. The men finish their smoke, discuss the news in their week-old paper, read the notices of the visiting dentist, the church fair and the weekly prayer meeting and disperse.

The Struggle Renewed.

The ministers fresh from vacation today
With vigor are fighting the foe,
And the devil ain't having it all his own way,
As he did just a short time ago.
—*Cape Cod Item.*

The Hopeless Case.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The governor (upstairs)—"Maria, has that young man gone yet?"

Daughter—"He's clean gone."

OVERWORKING THE BRAIN.

Some of the Early Signs Which Indicate Danger of Mental Collapse.

Some brain workers toil on year after year contenting themselves with the relaxation of a day or two now and then, says the Boston *Herald*. They have no real vacations, and the brief intervals that they are away from their duties do them but little good, not being long enough for them to forget their work and vexations and get out of the groove they have been running in. There comes at last to these men a time when memory weakens, when it is hard for them to fix the mind upon one subject and their work seems to grow more and more irksome. And in conversation there is a slight tendency to incoherence. It is rather difficult for them at times to express themselves clearly; the suitable words do not come to them as readily as they once did.

When conversing they start in well, but after a short time their ideas are somewhat confused and they are obliged to make considerable effort to keep their attention fixed upon the subject that they are discussing. In writing there is a hesitancy, especially on long words or sentences. They are obliged to stop and think, seeming to drop the thread that they have been holding. These are signs of mental failure which must not be disregarded. In this condition of brain exhaustion not only are the reasoning faculties sluggish, but unusual effort is required from the weakened will to keep the attention fixed.

Good mental work is then accomplished only at the expense of the brain, which is still further weakened by every intense effort. The time has now come when mental rest is imperative. And it should be as complete as possible. A long vacation should be taken—short rests are not likely to do any good. A sea voyage promises the greatest good to the weakening brain worker. On shipboard he seems to drop almost entirely out of his old life. His vacation should not be of less than a month's duration, and it ought to run on for several months. Failing to take the needed rest insanity is very likely to be the penalty.

In occasional instances where the liver is at fault medicines are capable of doing good. But such cases are exceptional, and as a general rule they would do indefinitely more harm than good. The liver is often blamed when guiltless of any fault. It is quite the custom to attribute to it every little derangement of digestion, and to try to whip it into line with laxatives, aperients and "liver medicines." In very many instances the real trouble is elsewhere and the liver is doing its work well. In most of the others that much-abused organ is simply suffering from exhaustion, induced by overwork. In only a few cases of the so-called biliousness does the liver actually need a spur in the shape of medicine.

Very few people show any consideration for this most important and faithful organ. They are not only gluttons, but indulge in foods which the liver must work early and late to dispose of, and when at last it is exhausted, they try to stimulate it with drugs, showing as little mercy as does the man who belabors his horse which is literally tired out. What the liver needs in most cases of biliousness is rest, and it can only be enjoyed when proper foods are eaten. If he with refractory liver will only lighten its work occasionally and let drugs alone, he will have but little, if any cause for complaint.

If a child has a convulsion, whatever be the cause, every possible precaution should be taken to prevent a second attack. Very often convulsions occur in infancy in consequence of indigestible foods and various other causes and yet are never suffered from in after life. But where several convulsions have been experienced in childhood there are grounds for fear that the victim will sooner or later become epileptic. A large proportion of cases of epilepsy exhibit a history of repeated convulsions during childhood. It is utterly impossible to discriminate between those attacks in children which are simply accidental and not likely to occur again and those which mark the commencement of a lifelong epilepsy.

Hence, in all instances, every precaution should be taken against their recurrence. Beyond doubt there are children born with an epileptic tendency who escape the terrible malady, the credit being due to parents who so care for them that the weakness is overcome and the nerve system brought up to the normal degree of strength. Some children, very likely, are doomed to a hopeless epilepsy from the moment they enter the world, but it is reasonable to suppose that the most of those who are born with the convulsive tendency might recover from it were they rightly treated.

Contrary to the popular notion, the free use of good, ripe fruit in summer does not give rise to bowel troubles. It really tends to prevent them. Fruits, when rightly indulged, are easy of digestion; they promote the health of the organs which dispose of them and keep the intestinal canal free and open. Of course, unripe or spoiled fruits are a menace and liable to excite summer complaint, but beyond doubt this is far the most often caused by milk and meats which have undergone poisonous changes. The fact is universally recognized that flesh of all kinds decomposes very rapidly on keeping in hot weather.

It cannot be as well known that the same kinds of food also decompose more quickly within the body during that season than they do in cold weather. The poison which results from decomposition acts powerfully, both as an emetic and a purgative. In a word, it causes a severe cholera morbus. Fortunately, the liver is able to destroy some of this poison. There is, however, a limit to such power, and if too much enters or is generated within the system, the liver cannot turn it all back, but some passes into the general circulation, where it does serious mischief. To forego meats entirely and live upon fruits, vegetables and farinaceous foods, is infinitely the wisest and safest plan to follow during the hot season.

A curious phenomenon which is sometimes met with is the so-called phantom tumor. It appears in the abdomen and feels under the hand exactly like a true abdominal tumor. This occurs almost exclusively in very nervous, hysterical women and is the result of muscular spasm of the abdominal walls, and possibly the intestines. In some cases it persists for a long time, in others it remains only for a short time, then disappears, very likely to return again. Charlatans occasionally tell of their marvelous cures of ovarian tumors, which they have caused to melt away under their wonderful magnetic influence. When it is known that their subjects were hysterical women and their so-called tumors were muscular contractions the mysterious element disappears and leaves nothing for the pretender to boast of.

A very small quantity of alcohol taken at the time of eating will usually act as a spur to digestion and quicken it. But the quantity can scarcely be greater than a teaspoonful. What passes as an ordinary drink of brandy or whisky would be quite certain to retard digestion unless the indulger had a stomach whose functions had been perverted by an intemperate use of such drinks.

Taking One on the Sly.

From Puck.

Lemuel Gopher (in a whisper)—"That feller's whole-hearted, Mindy. He must'r knowed we've jest been married, t' be willin' t' hide his head once in a while, an' give us a chance."

Wasted Pity.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A traveler in a backwoods community, attracted by a noise in a cabin not far from the roadside, stopped and, addressing a boy that sat on a fence, said:

"You live about here, I suppose?"

"Yep, jest about."

"Well, can you tell me what makes that peculiar noise up yonder in that cabin?"

"Yep, it's pap an' mam."

"What are they doing—beating a carpet?"

"Nop, beatin' one 'nuther."

"You don't say so!"

"Who said I didn't?"

"I mean is it possible?"

"That's what it is."

"What are they beating each other for?"

"'Cause they're fightin'."

"Is it possible that you sit here so complacently and see your father beat your mother?"

"I don't see him a-beatin' her."

"Yes, but you know that he is."

"I know he's tryin' to. If you're here to pity mam, mister, you'd better ride on. Mam's the boss up thar, I'll tel' you that. Hol' on, did you hear that thump! Wall, that wus dad a-comin' down on the punchin' flo'. Mam hists him, but she lets him drap himself. Reckon you'd better go on, or stay an' pity pap awhile."