IN THE SHADE.

The fat man,
With a big fan,
Lolls around on a rattan divan!
Every spot
Awfully hot;
Doesn't care whether he dies or not.

The small boy,
Full of joy,
Finds much fun without alloy:
In the stream
White limbs gleam;
To him life seems no more than a dream.

Boy sees man,
On divan;
Wishes that he could have a fan,
And lie at ease on a cool rattan.
Man sees boy
Splash with joy:
Wishes he could his time employ
Bobbing around in the stream so coy.

BRUNE'S OBJECT.

Little Brune Middleton, a pretty girl with a trim waist, bright dark-gray eyes, a brown complexion and still browner hair, a mouth and a brow that showed a thoughtful character, stood leaning against a large oak tree on the summit of one of the many hills encircling her father's home. Brune had been reading a strong-minded woman's opinion of "Aimless Lives," and now, as she gazed down upon the winding river, the undulating hills, and grove-embosomed house, she was filled with self-reproach that she was merely living, and enjoying it too, without knowing why or doing any appreciable good to any one. It had been made very clear to her that she had been put here for some use—but for what? To eat, drink and be merry? Oh, no, that wasn't enough; that was only for self.

The tears rose to her eyes and she bitterly exclaimed: "I'm nothing but a cumberer of God's busy earth." It must be admitted that Brune's range of thought was rather circumscribed, for, save through books and papers, she knew nothing of the great world outside her own hill-surrounded country home. Professor Middleton, an abstracted though kind-hearted man and devoted geologist, in following the aim of his own life had broken through many an outer crust and looked deeply into the inner nature of Mother Earth, but it had never once occurred to him that there was more in the character of his children than was shown upon the surface, and he knew absolutely nothing of them beyond their names and their faces. Mrs. Middleton sometimes wondered by what intuition he knew that much. As to Brune, in whom he might have found a study worthy of himself, he regarded her as a perfect child, and absently remarked to his wife one day: "How large Brune grows."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Middleton, hastening to speak while his mind was off his rocks and pebbles. "Yes, indeed; she is well-grown and pretty, and I wish very much she might see more of society. Mademoiselle will have no more of her in the school-room, and there is absolutely nothing here to employ her time as it should be."

But the hint fell upon unheeding ears; the professor's thoughts were in the fourth stratum already, mamma's were called to the nursery, and meanwhile eighteen-year-old Brune stood holding out empty, longing hands toward "an object to live for." She possessed far too much of her father's talent and her mother's energetic spirit not to have already felt distressed at her forced inaction. This appeal from the strong-minded woman had aroused her whole nature, so now she stood clasping the mighty body of her favorite tree and wishing that it might develop the faculty of speech like the "talking oak," or at least with waving branches point out the spot where her mission lay. Finally she resolved to go to her father, though she inwardly dreaded the amazed look with which he would greet her questions. However, the desire for action was greater than the fear of being misunderstood, and gathering up her dress she turned about to descend the hill, when a curly poll appeared from behind a great mossy rock, and with dancing eyes and laughing face her little sister Berenice ran to meet her.

"Oh, sister Brune, where have you been and what is the matter with you?" she cried. "Have you been to the moon, or are you only moon-struck?"

"No, Beny, I haven't," gravely replied Brune, still impressed with the subject of her meditations. "I have been trying to think what is the object of my life. Tell me what is, dear," she added, laughingly, as Beny's mystified look struck her as irresistibly comical.

"Have mercy, Brune; isn't it enough to be obliged to furnish objects for my verbs," retorted the ready-witted child. "And do come along. Mamma sent me to find you because papa has brought home a visitor, only think, and that's so extraordinary that I don't know what will happen next. I wish something would for for my part. I don't believe every place can be as stupid as this, and perhaps papa might leave the valley if a real awful tragedy should occur," and Beny's eyes sparkled, while her shoulders were drawn up in a comical affectation of a shiver of dread.

Brune laughed again and reminded Beny of her distress a few days before when their father brought home a little wounded fox from the old quarry. "Didn't that satisfy your thirst for blood, little savage?" she asked. Beny's only reply was to skip gayly along from side to side of the steep narrow path; then turning round with an arch look on her bright little face, she cried out:

"Oh, I don't know; I only wish something would happen. I'd even wish you would find your 'object,' if that would make any difference between Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday again!" and out of breath she skipped a little to far out on the outer edge of the path and fell headlong upon the rocks below, before the frightened Brune could reach her.

"Oh, Beny, Beny," she cried. "Why are you so careless?" and she hastened forward half expecting the merry child would spring up in an ecstasy of fun at having succeeded in frightening her more timid or rather less reckless sister. But the little twisted body seemed almost lifeless, it was so rigid, and all Brune's efforts to take her up only availed to elicit moans of pain. Throwing her arms about her, she lifted her as tenderly as possible, and, with trembling limbs, carried her swiftly down the steep winding walk to the house.

Ah, Brune, Brune, little did you think when you climbed the hill seeking your "object," that it would be thus you should find it.

It is almost impossible to describe the scene of distress and confusion that ensued, a short time after, when Brune, with pale, awe-struck countenance, almost fainting with fatigue and fright, but with a brave light, for all, in her eyes and a firm look about her sweet mouth, entered with her burden. Gently placing Berenice upon a lounge, she explained the accident in fewest words to her father, soothed her mother with ready and kind sympathy, and endeavored in vain to subdue the noisy grief of the nurse, an old Irish country woman, who saw here a fine opportunity for a "whillelu!" She had met one of the servants as she came in and dispatched him for Dr. Mearns, their trusted physician, and now she busied herself bathing the injured child's face and trying to arouse her from the stupor into which she had fallen.

Beny's body was still strangely contorted and her breathing heavy and unnatural. Professor Middleton seemed in a maze, and looked helplessly toward his wife, who was fully occupied in quieting the frightened and excited children, who cast fearful glances upon the helpless form of their once merry Berenice. In the midst of the confusion there came a gentle knock at the door, which was replied to by a general rush to open it, every one fancying it to be Dr. Mearns. The tall figure standing before them appeared quite abashed, and saying apologetically:

"I beg pardon. I thought I might be of service, perhaps"—was about to retreat when his hands were grasped by Professor Middleton, who drew him into the room, saying:

"Come in! Come in, doctor! You may relieve her. Dr. Hartley, my dear," to his wife, and—"my daughter, sir," he added, turning to Brune. Burne, looking anxiously into his face, began telling how Berenice had fallen; but before she had finished, although Dr. Hartley heard all that she said, the room was quite clear of the excited group of servants and children, and he was carefully examining the little one. A grave look overshadowed his face, but while he cut away her twisted clothing and applied something pungent and aromatic to her forehead and nose she appeared to revive. Then Dr. Hartley looking around was met by Professor Middleton and Dr. Mearns, and Brune left the room, anxious, yet dreading the result of the examination. Her father came forth looking much agitated, and in answer to her inquiring face kissed her twice, saying quite brokenly:

"Brune, your sister is much hurt. The fall has injured her spine," and he disappeared into the study, whither no one ever dared to follow. Brune went to her mother, who was greatly distressed for little Berenice, but whose anxieties were also roused in behalf of baby Jean, who with the usual consideration of babies showed dangerous symptoms of croup. She sent Brune back to Berenice, saying: "The charge of her must devolve upon you for the present. Constant watchfulness and care are required;" and, seeing in her daughter's face the same brave, steady look that it had worn when she came in with Berenice in her arms, she cried:

"Bless you, my daughter, what should I do without you to depend upon?" Tears sprang to Brune's eyes and her heart swelled with pleasure at these words. She was of use, after all, and she had a place to fill. Although she realized the danger her dear little sister was in, it was a relief to find that upon her devolved something no one else could do, and she went to Beny's room resolved to leave nothing undone that could benefit her or allay her pain.

Dr. Mearns, finding in Dr. Hartley an accomplished and experienced surgeon despite his apparent youth, had left the little patient in his charge, and through the night long they, Brune, nurse Norah and the stranger watched beside the child's bedside. It was pretty to see how deft and skillful a nurse was Brune; so intuitive were her perceptions of what should be done that she seemed to Mr. Hartley the very embodiment of grace and mercy.

Days went on and lengthened into weeks, and the little sufferer so far recovered that all immediate danger was passed. However, the shock to her system was great and her vital powers much reduced. It was necessary to carry her from place to place, and any careless grasp made her shriek in agony. No one carried her so comfortably as Dr. Hartley—or "my Dr. Dick," as she affectionately styled him. He was the son of an old friend of Professor Middleton's, and being in Boynton, a village near the professor's Valley Home, on some business for his father on the day of Berenice's accident, had met and introduced himself to the professor. The old familiar name and the resemblance to his friend so touched the warm-hearted old gentleman that he would listen to no excuse or delay, but carried off his prize forthwith to his home that he might more completely enjoy hearing of his boyhood's friend. Richard Hartley had a soul full of love for his chosen work and a mind and body well fitted to do well whatever he undertook. With these good grounds for success and favoring circumstances it is small wonder that he stood well in his profession. The errand that had brought him had long been satisfactorily attended to, but to his conscience and his neglected and remonstrating patients he had the same reply: "The daughter of my father's dear old friend has the best right to my attention."

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Well, time doth fly, we all know. It was early spring when Beny's fall made her the chief interest in the Valley Home, and now the days were shortening fast and mists hung late and early over the reddening hills. Berenice still claimed her doctor's aid and her Brune's entertainment, and all things still yielded to her rather arbitrary will. However, urgent calls from his Southern home demand that Dr. Hartley shall return, and long grow all countenances when the word goes forth that only a few more days of grace remain.

Shortly after making this announcement the doctor joins Professor Middleton as he sallies forth on his usual geologizing expedition, which lasts even longer than usual, and results in the professor returning with a bewildered look on his face, a basket empty of specimens, and minus his hammer, the inevitable companion of many a walk. He went straightway to Mrs. Middleton, demanded of her why she had not told him that Brune was a woman, and without awaiting a reply strode off to his library.

Meantime Dr. Dick came into the house and, catching the sound of a sweet voice singing in Beny's room, he took himself there also. Pausing a moment at the door to subdue a glancing light in his eyes and smooth away a tell-tale smile from his lip, he heard the words:

If we are poor and would be rich, it would not be by pining,
No! steady heart and hopeful minds are Life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man hath dared to hope, hath of his choice repeated—
The happiest souls on earth are those who smile and are contented.

Then as the song ceased he heard the querulous, sharp tones of Beny's voice demand:

"Brune, did you ever find your object?"

"Why, what do you mean, dear?" replied Brune's softer voice.

"Don't you recollect the day I broke my back, you know, the day that Dr. Dick came, you were up on the hill under the great oak tree looking for your object, and I've always wanted to see it."

"You are my object, then, I expect, Beny, for I was thinking what an idle girl I was, and longing for something to do, and you've furnished me with quite enough, you little puss."

This was an innocent speech to make, I'm sure, and I cannot understand why the color mounted to Brune's eyes as she made it, nor why those self-same eyes should seek a book all-unthought-of before, just as Dr. Dick came in, too. Beny wasn't satisfied at all, and stretched out her arms to him, exclaiming eagerly:

"Dr. Dick, Brune was looking for an object on the hill when I went to find her! What is that? An object to live for, she said she wanted. Have you got one?" she asked curiously.

Dr. Dick's eyes looked deeper and bluer than ever, and, bending down to help find the still looked-for volume, he accidentally encountered Brune's little hand outstretched on the same quest, and Beny heard him say:

"Have I, Brune?"

Beny's eyes grew larger and larger, and her indignation knew no bounds when Dr. Dick, after first neglecting to reply to her questions and then forgetting to give her the much-hunted book, deliberately stood up between her, Brune's hand in his and said quietly:

"Here is my object, Beny."

A winter South was the only thing for Beny's health; Dr. Hartley said so; Dr. Mearns reiterated it. The professor and Mrs. Middleton could not gainsay two such authorities. Accordingly a month or two later we find her comfortably and happily settled at Livingston, the home of Dr. Hartley's father, carefully and lovingly tended as before by her two obedient servants, Brune and Dr. Dick. But to this day she wonders why it is that Brune never seeks for an object in life, and what Dr. Dick could have meant by his reply that memorable day at Valley Home when he and Brune made up their minds to marry each other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—*Vanderbilt.*

THE BAD BOY SAVES HIS PA.

HOW HIS SIRE WAS CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

Evil Consequences of Dissipation Illustrated in a Startling Manner—The Grocery man's Comments on Joking.

"Come in," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth stood on the steps in an uncertain sort of a way, as though he did not know whether he would be welcome or not. "I tell you, boy, I pity you. I understand your pa has got to drinking again. It is too bad. I can't think of anything that humiliates a boy and makes him so ashamed, as to have a father that is in the habit of hoisting in too much benzine. A boy feels as though everybody was down on him, and I don't wonder that such boys offer turn out bad. What started your pa to drinking again?"

"Oh, ma thinks it was losing money on the Chicago races. You see, pa is great on pointers. He don't usually bet unless he has got a sure thing, but when he gets what they call a pointer, that is, somebody tells him a certain horse is sure to win, because the other horses are to be pulled back, he thinks a job has been put up, and if he thinks he is inside the ring he will bet. He says it does not do any hurt to bet, if you win, and he argues that a man who wins lots of money can do a great deal of good with it. But he had to walk home from the Chicago races all the same, and he has been steaming ever since. Pa can't stand a lversity. But I guess we have got him all right now. He is the scartest man you ever saw," and the boy took a can opener and began to cut the zinc under the stove, just to see if it would work as well on zinc as on tin.

"What, you haven't been dissecting him again, have you?" said the grocery man, as he pulled a stool up beside the boy to hear the news. "How did you bring him to his senses?"

"Well, ma has an idea that I have got some sense yet, so I told her that if she would do just as I said, me and my chum would scare pa so that he would swear off. She said she would, and we went to work. First I took pa's spectacles down to an optician, Saturday night, and had the glasses taken out and a pair put in their place that would magnify, and I took them home and put them in pa's spectacle case. Then I got a suit of clothes from my chum's uncle's trunk, about half the size of pa's clothes. My chum's uncle is a very small man, and pa is corpulent. I got a plug hat three sizes smaller than pa's hat, and took the name out of pa's hat and put it in the small hat. I got a shirt about half big enough for pa, and put his initials on the thing under the bosom, and got a number fourteen collar. Pa wears seventeen. Pa had promised to brace up and go to church Sunday morning, and ma put these small clothes where pa could put them on. I told ma, when pa woke up, to tell him he looked awfully bloated, and excite his curiosity, and then send for me."

"You didn't play such a trick as that on a poor old man, did you?" said the grocery man, as a smile came over his face.

"You bet. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Well, ma told pa he looked awfully bloated, and that his dissipation was killing him, as well as all the rest of the family. Pa said he guessed he wasn't bloated very much, but he got up and put on his spectacles and looked at himself in the glass. You'd a dide to see him look at himself. His face looked as big as two faces through the glasses, and his nose was a sight. Pa look scared, and then he held up his hand and looked at that. His hand looked like a ham. Just then I came in, and I turned pale, with some chalk on my face, and I began to cry, and I said: 'Oh, pa, what ails you? You are so swelled up I hardly knew you.' Pa looked sick to his stomach, and then he tried to get on the pants. Oh, my, it was all I could do to keep from laughing to see him pull them pants on. The pants wouldn't come around pa into ten inches, and pa said he must have eat something that disagreed with him, and he laid it to watermelon. Ma stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth to keep from lafing when she see pa look at hisself. The legs of the pants were so tight pa couldn't hardly breathe, and he turned pale, and said: 'Hennery, your pa is a mighty sick man,' and then ma and me both laughed, and he said we wanted him to die so we could spend his life insurance in riotous living. But when pa put on that condensed shirt, ma she laid down on the olunge and fairly yelled, and I laughed till my side ached. I'a got it over his head, and got his hands in the sleeves, and couldn't get it either way, and he couldn't see us laugh, but he could hear us, and he said: "It's blamed funny, ain't it, to have a parent swelled up this way. If I bust you will both be sorry.' Well, ma took hold of one side of the shirt, and I took hold of the other, and we pulled it on, and when pa's head came up through the collar his face was fairly blue. Ma told him she was afraid he would have a stroke of apoplexy before he got his clothes on, and I guess pa thought so too. He tried to get the collar on, but it wouldn't go half-way around his neck, and he looked in the glass and cried, he looked so. He sat down in a chair and panted, he was so out of breath, and the shirt and pants ripped, and pa said there was no use living if he was going to be a rival to a fat woman in the side-show. Just then I put the plug hat on pa's head, and it was so small it was going to roll off, when pa tried to fit it on his head, and then he took it off and looked inside of it, to see if it was his hat, and when he found his name in it, he said: 'Take it away. My head is all wrong too.' Then he told me to go for the doctor mighty quick. I got the doctor and told him what we were trying to do with pa, and he said he would finish the job. So the doc came in and pa was on the lounge, and when the doc saw him he said it was lucky he was called just as he was, or we would have called an undertaker. He put some pounded ice on pa's head the first thing, ordered the shirt cut open and we got the pants off. Then we gave pa an emetic, and had his feet soaked, and pa said: 'Doc, if you will bring me out of this I will never drink another drop.' The doc told pa that his life was not worth a button if he ever drank again, and left about half a pint of sugar pills to be fired into pa every five minutes. Ma and me sat up with pa all day Sunday, and Monday morning I changed the spectacles, and took the clothes home, and along about noon pa said he felt as though he could get up. Well, you never see a tickleder man than he was when he found the swelling had gone down so he could get his pants and shirt on, and he says that doctor is the best in this town. Ma says I am a smart boy, and pa has taken the pledge, and we are all right. Say, you don't think there is anything wrong in a boy playing it on his pa once in a while, do you?"

"Not much! you have very likely saved your pa's life. No, sir, joking is all right when by so doing you can break a person of a bad habit." and the grocery man cut a chew of tobacco off a pieced plug that was on the counter, which the boy had soaked in kerosene, and before he had fairly got it rolled in his cheek he spit it out and began to gag, and as the boy started leisurely out the door the grocery man said: "Look-a-here, don't you ever tamper with my tobacco again, or by thunder, I'll maul you," and he followed the boy to the door, spitting cotton all the way, and as the boy went around the corner the grocery man thought how different a joke seemed when it was on somebody else. And then he turned to go in and rinse the kerosene out of his mouth, and found a sign on a box of new green apples, as follows: "Colic or cholera infantum. You pays your money and takes your choice."—*Peck's Sun.*

Where They Settle.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith; how are you?"

"Nod ad all well, thag you. I've a fearful code id by head."

"It's a strange thing about colds, isn't it?"

"How do you bead?"

"Why, they always settle in the weakest place."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Connecticut was the first State in the Union to coin money.

In Italy and Japan water from hot springs is used extensively in gardens for the production of early crops.

Professor Goode says that there are 1,400 kinds of fish in the waters of the United States, and 300 of these are useful either as food or in some other way.

According to the Ebers papyrus, which was written at the latest in the sixteenth century B. C., the Egyptians knew that the heart was the center of the circulatory system.

In the Casa del Labrador, or laborer's cottage, the little palace erected by Charles IV. of Spain, at Aranjuez nearly all the ornaments are of gold but some are of platina.

A California exchange says: A peach tree on the farm of William Overfield, in South Auburn, which has heretofore borne very fine peaches, stands near several plum trees, and, strange to say, this year hangs full of plums. The peach and plum trees were in blossom at the same time.

Keepers of carrier-pigeons in Germany have learned from the Chinese an ingenious method of protecting their messengers from birds of prey. They fasten to the tail feathers a compact arrangement of small reeds, eight or ten in number, weighing only a fraction of an ounce, which in the pigeon's swift flight emits a whistling sound shrill enough to scare pursuers.

The Rev. J. I. Zabriskie, of Nyack, N. Y., records the discovery, from observations of pods which he was keeping in his room, that the Wistaria pod has the faculty of exploding with a very audible noise, and throwing its beans with force to a considerable distance. Two of the pods in his room thus exploded in succession. One of the beans was thrown to a distance of sixteen feet and rebounded four feet. If it had been ejected with the same force from the position in which it grew on its native vine, it would have flown for a distance of at least thirty feet.

Coins Made of Wood.

"You see," said the man on the wharf, "I'm a carpenter, and when I landed in San Francisco I opened a shop and did better than some huckies in the mines. I did mostly fine jobs, such as fitting up saloons, cabinet work, and making gambling truck—the last queer things, I tell you, full of tricks to cheat the greenies.

"One day I got an order for a lot of wooden adobes. 'Adobes' were gold pieces of the value of $50 each, and the man who gave the order—the played-out secretary now hauling up a tom-cod yonder—wanted 1,000. I smelled a rat, but kept mum, as secrecy was the keystone of half my trade. I set my lathe to work in a room carefully locked, and in due time had the contract filled. 'Now I want you to gild these slugs,' said the secretary, 'and send them down to Adams & Co.'s office about the time the mail steamer gets in. Keep dark and send in your bill.' I did. Old Moise let me have one of his gilders, and he did the work in good style. But for the weight you would never have taken those 'slugs' for anything but the simon-pure article. In the drawers they made a fine display, looking what they were intended to represent—$50,000 in gold. I boxed them up, sent them to Adams & Co.'s under cover of night, and read in the papers next morning of the arrival of $50,000 in 'adobes,' consigned to the banking house of—well, you know the place on Montgomery street, near Clay. As for the name, that's nothing—it's as dead as the bank, its president and its board of directors. I smiled, but said nothing. The addition of those 1,000 'slugs' helped the concern amazingly. It was only three months old, but it stood on its legs at once. I took some pride in the affair myself, as I was the creator of its financial support."

The Rich Men of San Francisco.

San Francisco has a long list of abnormally rich men. There are more millionaire fortunes in San Francisco than in any other American city, and, we presume, more than in any European city of corresponding population, unless it may be Amsterdam or Frankfort. It is a curious fact, and without one exception, that none spring from the wealthy class, nearly every one from the poorest class, and that only one brought any money to San Francisco. Only one is the graduate of a learned university; only seven were educated to any profession, and all of these lawyers. So far as we know there is not a preacher or doctor or graduate of West Point in the lot. Twenty of the list were, in their youth, of the uneducated barefoot class, whose early struggles were unaided by relatives or friends. Forty-nine of our millionaires are American by birth, eighteen are Irish, eight are Jews, five are German, four are English and one French. So far as we know, only three were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and of these neither was from a slave-owning family. Only seven have ever held political position, there being one governor, three United States senators, a member of Congress, and two members of assembly in the list. Outside of the Roman Catholic church and the synagogue, but one is a member of church or professor of religion. To four of these men we estimate $10,000,000 each. Five will range from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000; two to $10,000,000 and five to $5,000,000 each, thus giving to sixteen persons over $300,000,000, and to the remainder, say, $150,000,000—a total among the hereafter named residents of San Francisco of $450,000,000.—*Argonaut.*

Treatment of Sunstroke.

Sunstroke was in many Cincinnati cases during the terrible heat treated with hot water instead of cold. The following directions were published by such physicians as favored the plan: Lay the patient on his back, loosen the clothing so as to encourage a free flow of blood; expose the chest, especially over the region of the heart, and with a large cloth, towel or sponge freely bathe the head, face, neck and chest with hot salt water, as hot as can be handled, continually adding more hot water and applying it until the patient is soft. Use one teaspoonful of salt to every quart of hot water. Have the feet made bare and rubbed or slapped, and in extreme cases apply mustard poultices. Give internally, if a temperate man, a teaspoonful of whisky in hot water; if a drinking man, use a little ammonia or hartshorn in hot water; if soon after a meal, put a teaspoonful of yellow mustard into a glass of warm water and have the patient drink it, following up with more until he vomits freely. As he convalesces give at first lime-water and milk (one-fourth lime-water and three-fourths milk), afterward a liquid diet until the stomach is strong enough for solids.

A Terrific Combat.

Search was made and a leopard and a cobra were found lying dead, side by side; the latter having his head completely severed from below the hood, and the former his tongue and left jaw very much swollen, with a greenish white tint along the surface. At the time the two animals were found, the cobra had its head lying about a couple of inches from the middle of its body. This prevents one arriving at any conclusion as to how the wounds were inflicted; whether by one snap of the leopard's jaws, or by several crunches. The mutilated appearance of the head and neck of the cobra leads one to think that the leopard, being bitten in the dark by the cobra, flew at him; the latter at the same time, making a second dart, wounded the leopard in the tongue or the jaw. The leopard then, closing his jaws on the snake, commenced to crunch him at his leisure, as a cat would a mouse.—*Lahore (India) Gazette.*

Patents in Mexico are issued only by special acts of the Federal legislature, like other laws. Under this rule patents have been issued to the Bell Telephone and Brush Electric companies, and both inventions are in common use.

TRICKS OF THE SMUGGLER.

HIS INGENIOUS EFFORTS TO DECEIVE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Perils that Environ Dishonest Diamond Importers—Curious Stories of Luckless Smugglers Who Were Brought to Grief.

"Diamond smuggling," said Agent Brackett, of the custom house, "is not so easy as you might suppose. Honest dealers lend very efficient aid in the detection of the smugglers. Of course, the chief object of smuggling is to make money by selling below regular rates, and this is very difficult to do without losing the goods. The price of diamonds is as well known to dealers as the price of any staple article. The moment any considerable quantity of diamonds is offered below the regular price, suspicion is aroused, and the chances are that the vender will be detained on some pretense until one of our officers is put on his track.

"It sometimes happens that we are informed of the coming of a diamond smuggler, and are waiting on the pier for him. Such was the case with the French thief, Marriotte, who was recently caught with diamonds worth $75,000, which he was smuggling in a satchel. The jewels will not be forfeited, as the legitimate owner had nothing to do with the smuggling. Sometimes the smugglers are detected by fellow-passengers, who notify the custom house on the arrival of the vessel, and we receive the culprits with open arms. We have found diamonds concealed in cakes of soap, sewed up in clothing, concealed in the hair, packed away in letters, stowed in cravats. In one case a man had a false boot-heel, which was hollow. When we unscrewed it we found a handful of precious stones. There are some habitual European travelers who are narrowly watched. A prominent gentleman was once caught trying to smuggle diamonds in a bladder which was secreted in a cask of wine. The gauger might have poked around forever with his stick and not have found such a bundle."

Another detective officer said: "It is a common trick of pickpockets to call out in a crowd, 'Look out for your valuables.' Every man unconsciously puts his hand on his property, and the thieves then know the precise spot to which they must direct their attention. The placing of the hand over the watch or the pocket is involuntary. In like manner the smuggler who has goods concealed about his person will be likely to expose himself by his very anxiety to avoid detection. The eye of an experienced customs officer will detect at once the involuntary indications of this guilty fear. I remember one case where a passenger had his hand bandaged and his arm in a sling. My partner, who had just been appointed, was really indignant when he found I proposed to ascertain what was in the bandage. He was not a little astonished when I discovered snugly stowed away in the folds of the bandage some valuable stones. I had seen enough to convince me almost as conclusively as if the man had said, "Look out for me, I am trying to smuggle something." The philosophy of it is obvious. The smuggler knows that within a few moments it will be decided whether his illegal venture is to succeed or his property be confiscated. The more valuable it is, the more obvious will be his trepidation. It would require a man of steel nerves to avoid all the signs that, under such circumstances, will betray him to the experienced officer.

"One way of smuggling diamonds is to put them in a belt like a money belt, fitting closely to the body. But the practiced touch of the officer will generally detect this by passing the hands over the outer clothing. In cases of strong suspicion there is no hesitancy in stripping men and women in the search-room, the women, of course, being attended by female searchers. Some very funny stories are told of the expedients adopted for concealing diamonds where they would not ordinarily be looked for. Few women, however, have the nerve to withstand search. The men sometimes show fight, but not often. The officers must, of course, be very circumspect in determining on a search. Twenty-dollar gold pieces in a belt about a man's body may be mistaken for watches, and then the officer gets laughed at; but he must take that risk. The questions are: 'Have you anything new and dutiable about your person?' and 'Have you more than one watch?'

"Once I picked out a man in a lot of passengers and determined to search him. My partner laughed at me, as he had not noticed anything suspicious about the man, and bet me a dinner I would not find anything. I found that under his outer clothing the man had a valuable set of furs, with cuffs, coat and muff, and he frankly admitted that he was trying to evade the duty. He was glad to buy the goods of the custom house at the appraised value.

"One way of diamond smuggling is to wrap up the stones in a ball of yarn carried in a lady's pocket. But the gems may easily be found by piercing the ball with a long needle. It is not difficult for an expert to detect stones concealed in the lining of clothing. Long experience develops a marvelous delicacy of touch that reveals the smuggled goods as quickly almost as if they were openly displayed. I have often detected silks and laces folded between clothing in trunks undergoing examination some distance off. I have, for instance, observed the unnatural stiffness of a pair of pantaloons as they were turned over in a trunk, and, upon turning the trousers inside out, have discovered dutiable goods inside. This is easy enough when you have had years of practice, but a novice might see the same thing and not discover any smuggling. People who wrap themselves up in smuggled dry goods generally betray themselves by their unnatural proportions. Some time ago we captured a fellow with laces wound about all his limbs. It took us some time to unwind him.

"False bottoms in dressing cases, trunks, bandboxes and the like are often used for diamond and jewelry smuggling. One man was caught with a false lining in his hat. One push on the lining revealed the fraud. One fellow was observed with a hump on his back. Examination disclosed the fact that his deformity was occasioned by forty-two gold watches. His heart was almost broken when we seized the goods. Women have been detected smuggling valuables in their chignons, and it is a common thing for them to line their dresses with silks and laces, easily disclosed by quick external examination.

"The sense of smell often exposes the smuggler of attar of roses or oil of cloves, on which the duty is heavy. We caught one man who had tin cans made to curl about his body in crescent shape. He was making rather frequent visits to the ship, and we traced him to a place in Greenwich street where he had carried eight of these cans, containing about ten pounds of oil of cloves each. He was the most fragrant prisoner I ever saw."—*New York Sun.*

Style in Leadville.

A Leadville (Col.) letter says: The fashionable ladies at Leadville are quite as stylish as our Eastern belles, although perhaps a little louder. It appears to be the prevailing style here if one has them, to wear diamonds and full evening dress at the breakfast table. But this is simply a matter of taste. A very fine class of people can be found in Leadville, and many pretty residences grace its principal streets. Leadville by gaslight is a revelation to one unacquainted to the strange life of these Western mining camps. Harrison avenue, the main thoroughfare, is brilliantly illuminated from one end to the other, and from the hotel window I can look down upon throngs of people. The street is fairly lined with pedestrians, and handsome turnouts and fast horses make the boulevards lively. What this town must have been in 1878 I cannot imagine, it is so full of life now. This mountain town, which seems so dull and prosaic by daylight, is certainly a most charming and picturesque spot by gaslight.

The hire of an Indian harvest hand in Nevada is $1 a day.

WISE WORDS.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

In every large community there is always a certain amount of human sediment.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.

Sober sense, self-possession and intelligent self-control are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood is an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not unworthy of the best heart.

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

The more earnest a person is in his own views, the more confirmed in the rightness of his cause, the more convinced he is that every one else is wrong. It takes an exceptionally clear brain, with a rare sense of justice, to allow that others occupy the same standpoint as his own, and have the same right to think themselves as true.

An Angry Deer.

A pet deer owned by Judge Hall, of Montecito, Cal., becoming angry, made a desperate attack upon a girl and a man, both of whom had a narrow escape from death. It was a male deer, about two years old, with keen, pointed horns, and was kept tethered with a rope, but was always gentle and peaceable, and a great favorite with the entire household. It managed one day to free itself from the rope by which it was bound, and without any apparent cause attacked the daughter of Judge Hall, a girl about fourteen years old, tossing her upon his horns and tearing her clothing very badly. Fortunately he tossed her into a tunnel excavated to afford a supply of water, and she had the presence of mind to lie still until he went away. Then going to the house she told her story.

About this time James H. Jacobs called, and was cautioned lest the deer should attack him as he attempted to leave the premises. The deer saw him and followed slowly after him, limping badly, as if he were lame. Believing he would have no difficulty in tying the deer, Mr. Jacobs picked up the trailing, led the animal to the place where it had been fastened, and was stooping over to tie the rope, when the deer made a spring at him. The horns struck him upon the side of the leg just over a pocket which contained a tobacco-pouch. The pouch was completely pierced, but the force of the blow was checked, and Mr. Jacobs was not hurt. The second onset was far more disastrous. One plunge of the deer's horns completely pierced Mr. Jacobs' left cheek, inflicting an ugly, painful and somewhat dangerous wound. With a third bound the frantic animal thrust a horn through the fleshy portion of Mr. Jacobs' leg. Realizing that the contest was one of life and death, Mr. Jacobs then seized the maddened buck by the horns. The deer was very powerful, and would doubtless have soon overpowered his wounded and bleeding adversary. Mrs. Judge Hall and Mrs. Dr. Crooks, however, rushed to the rescue, the former bearing an ax. Mrs. Crooks caught the deer by the hind legs, and Mrs. Hall struck it a heavy blow on the back. The deer retorted by a severe kick, his hoof striking Mrs. Crooks' arm near the shoulder. With great nerve Mrs. Crooks then seized the ax, and, despite the struggles of the animal and the close proximity of Mr. Jacobs' hands, planted a full blow squarely in the deer's forehead, stretching the animal upon the ground.

Robinson Crusoe's Island To-Day.

The sun was bathing the beautiful island with a flood of golden light as we neared its picturesque harbor. In little boats we went ashore, and landed in the primitive manner of running the boat aground and pulling the boat up on the shore. It was difficult to realize that we were, indeed, on this historical, mysterious island that imagination had pictured from childhood's early hours in so many fanciful forms. The books tell you that it was on this lovely island that, in 1704, the celebrated English navigator, Dampier, landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, with whom he had quarreled, and left him alone on this uninhabited spot with a small quantity of provisions and tools. Here he lived for years, till he was picked up by a passing ship, and brought back to Europe. It was from the notes he made during his solitary residence that Daniel Defoe composed his incomparable work of "Robinson Crusoe." No book, doubtless, ever held childish interest with greater fascination than that which describes his wanderings on this mysterious and enchanted island. That which had always seemed but a dreamy romance was now before you. The scenes where all the wild and wondrous experiences were described are just at hand, and you wander on, as it were, but just aroused from a fanciful dream. Perchance it was on this sandy beach along which you wander that Crusoe first discovered the footprints of his good man Friday.

The island is about seven Spanish leagues in circumference, or a trifle over twenty English miles. It belongs to Chili, and for a number of years the government used it as a place for transporting convicts, till one night the prisoners arose in their power, killed their keepers, and taking the only boats on the island sailed away and were never heard of more. Of late years the government has leased the island to one man, who pays something like $2,000 a year for its use. This man has a small colony of workmen whom he employs in cutting timber, drying the fish and goat skins and sending them every few months to the markets at Valparaiso.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Deaths in the United States.

The death statistics of the United States, as shown by the census of 1880, are of interest. The deaths that year are given as 756,893, or 15.1 to every 1,000 of population. This is thought to be too low, however, and the probable death rate is about eighteen to 1,000, which is lower than the death rate of any European country. The apparent death rate among the colored population is larger than the white population, but the returns are probably incomplete in the Southern States. For every 1,000 deaths of females there were 1,074 of males. The proportion of males dying in infancy was also greater than that of females, the number under five years of age being 419.51 per 1,000 among males, and 381.85 per 1,000 among females. The causes of death are given in 733,840 cases, and the following are the number from each of the ten principal causes:

Consumption	91,551
Diphtheria	38,398
Diarrheal diseases	65,355
Diseases of nervous system	85,970
Diseases of respiratory system	107,904
Diseases of digestive system	51,921
Enteric (typhoid) fever	22,905
Measles	8,772
Scarlet fever	16,116
Whooping Cough	11,202

Consumption carried off a larger number of females than males, the figures being 40,619 males to 50,932 females. Typhoid and malarial fevers were more prevalent in the country and smaller communities than in the great cities, and the same was the case with diphtheria.

Not a Day's Work.

Macbean, one of the officers, found himself in the breach at Lucknow, almost alone and surrounded by enemies. He killed eleven of them and came off unscathed. He received the Victoria cross at a parade; and, as the general pinned the cross on his breast, he wound up his brief address with: "And a good day's work it was, sir." "Tutts," said my gallant and simple friend, quite forgetting that he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work, "Tutts, it didn'a tak' me twenty minutes."

A SUMMER IDYL.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log;
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a pollywog.

See the boy, the freckled schoolboy,
Famed for cussedness free from alloy,
Watching the frog
Perched on the log
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth sock,
Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of its terrible shock.

See grass, the treacherous grass
Slip from behind his feet! Alas!
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a slimy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog

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Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch,
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to