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VARIETIES.

—A dying bequest is almost a dead give away.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—People call you deer when they would fawn upon you.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Give the devil his dew." It may make his place cooler.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—The great trouble with professional ball clubs is to find a pitcher that will hold water—only.—*New Haven Register.*

—To some men a dime that buys a bunch of hairpins looks fifty times as large as that which purchases two glasses of beer.—*Wheeling Leader.*

—There are no Roman Catholic Judges in the Supreme Courts in Great Britain, but five member of Her Majesty's Privy Council are Roman Catholics.

—An English paper states that abstemious and facetious are the only two words in the English language wherein the five vowels follow each other in their proper order.

—Statistics prove that women's teeth decay at an earlier age than men's, from which, says the Jersey City *Journal*, it can be seen at once which sex opens its mouth most.

—"I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnaik's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaik."—*Josh Billings.*

—A New Hampshire doctor's remedy for sea-sickness is "always breathe with the motion of the ship." The Boston *Herald* wonders what a fellow is going to do during a storm.

—"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much love, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

—An exchange says: "There is no royal road to matrimony." Correct; both King and pauper have to walk right up to the Captain's office and interview the old man.—*Waterloo Observer.*

—One Sir Bartle Frere says that the Zulu war is waged in the interest of Christianity. It was thought the true inwardness of so much killing would come out in the course of time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A lady passes on horseback—A Frenchman exclaims: "What a magnificent angel!" An Englishman cries out: "My h'eyes, what a superb 'orse!" An American ejaculates: "That's a peeler of a saddle."

—The world, said Sir Cornwall Lewis, would be an enjoyable place, if it were not for its amusements. The man who goes on a crowded steamboat excursion and is caught in an all-day rain realizes the truth of this.—*Free Press.*

—There are several builds of small-boats which right themselves after being swamped, but the people who were in them are always just too late to be righted with the boat. That's something you can't patent.—*Free Press.*

—People who are fond of punching holes in United States coin are perhaps not aware of the fact that such amusement is against the law of the land. The penalty for so doing is two years' imprisonment and $2,000 fine for every offense.—*Exchange.*

—Adversity has its uses. The man who is never sick, never knows how good it is to have a troop of friends rush in, sit down beside his aching head, and tell him in the most solemn manner that the doctor has lost at least three patients out of five the whole season through.—*Free Press.*

—Richard Grant White says the expression "He is going for to go" is incorrect. Richard is too particular. We suppose he would also object to the remark, "You git right up and git right out and git." And yet the fellow to whom it was addressed would understand it as quickly as if you were to sling two pages of grammar at him.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"What! You are aware this poor fellow had just lost his wife, and instead of sending him the smallest word of condolence, you dun him for the 200 francs that he owes you!" "Hem! I know there are griefs which no words can console, and I thought I was doing him a service in giving another course to his sad thoughts!"—*French Paper.*

—Did you ever observe that when a clergyman receives a call from a congregation which can afford to pay him $1,000 a year more than he is getting, he at once feels that it is "a call from the Lord;" but if the salary attached to it be about $500 less than he is getting, the Lord keeps discreetly silent.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

—A Chicago paper says that a Michigan railroad man has lately built cars for a prairie road with an arrangement for disconnecting the gearing and running by wind when it is favorable. After a trial of several weeks the cars have been pronounced perfectly satisfactory. In an ordinary breeze they can run fifteen miles an hour under sail.

—The Horace Greeley estate has had another windfall. A lot of wild land in West Virginia bought by Mr. Greeley for $10,000 is now worth $40,000, that sum in cash having been offered for it and declined. The estate and the unexpected repayment of the loan to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., will provide comfortably for Mr. Greeley's children.

—The house in which Freeman sacrificed his daughter at Pocasset was recently visited by a wagon load of persons from a Sunday school picnic. The contents had been left as they were found immediately after the tragedy, even to the blood stains; but these visitors, gaining admission by breaking a door, disturbed every thing, and carried away many articles for relics.

—A Georgia Judge has decided that a woman is not an old maid until she has reached the age of thirty-five. This decision being without recourse, the unmarried ladies of Georgia have one and all decided that the line shall be drawn anterior to five and thirty. Thus far will they go, but no farther.—*Boston Transcript.*

—At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest has twenty-one and a half hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

—An important decision to inventors has been given in New York by Judge Wheeler in the United States Circuit Court, in which, replying to the point that the monopoly granted by a patent does not extend to or prohibit use by Government, the opinion says: "But the exclusive use of the invention granted to the patentee is property, and this property is now owned by the plaintiff. The grant saved nothing for the use of the Government; it was exclusive absolutely throughout the United States. It was granted by express law of Congress, pursuant to the Constitution, without which it could not exist. But all property is upheld by law, either expressly or impliedly enacted or adopted, all of which is the law of the land, the same as the statutes upholding patents are. This property, like all other private property recognized by law, is exempt from being taken for public use without just compensation by the supreme law of the land. Nor can it be taken by any officer at will, in time of peace, leaving the owner to seek compensation. The property in a patented invention stands the same as other property in this respect."

How the Ancients Engraved Gems.

We must remain as yet some little in doubt as to the methods employed by the old artists to perfect these miracles of taste. We have, however, the absolute certainty that these ancient masters were familiar with the diamond, and that their best work was made by using this, the hardest of all substances, as a tool. A splintered fragment of the diamond served as a scraping tool, and they were well acquainted with the drill. Prehistoric man worked a drill at the very commencement of his existence. A Phœnician gem—a lion attacking a bull—shows how the drill was used. A number of circular depressions are found in the gem, which mark the extremities of the figures. This was done not only for the sake of effect, but to show the artist the limit of his work as to depth. After the holes were sunk, the artist united the various portions of his work by scratching. Now the use of the diamond point or splinter, fixed in a style or iron socket, allowed a certain flexibility of handling, which our modern processes of gem-engraving do not permit. To-day the work is done by means of a minute rotating disk of copper, which is whetted with oil and diamond dust. On the least application of the substance to be cut to the disk, it is the disk which bites into the stone. The difference in manipulation is, then, that to-day it is the stone which goes to the tool, and not, as in olden times, the tool to the stone. It is more convenient, then, in 1879, to bring the cart to the horse. It can now be readily understood why, in modern work, time and labor being spared (the art conception not entering for the present into the subject)—why this work of to-day is inferior to the art which is past. It is purely a mechanical process now, for a rotating disk will no more draw lines which have feeling than will photographing processes paint pictures. It has been stated that we are not entirely acquainted with the methods employed by the old glyptic artists. This becomes quite evident from this fact, that their best work seems to have been both cut and polished at one and the same time. To-day we have no tool, no substance, which will accomplish this double feat. Mr. King, dwelling on the diamond point, says "its extensive use is the great distinction between the antique and modern work."—*Barnet Phillips, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

The Mystery of the So-Called Second Sight Explained.

Clairvoyance, or "second sight," as practised in places of public amusement, is of so puzzling a character that there are not wanting those eager to ascribe its wonders to the supernatural. The method adopted to bring about the apparently inexplicable reading of another's thoughts is, however, extremely simple, and may be readily made clear to all. The first exhibition of this kind was introduced into England in the year 1784 by Pinetti, an Italian conjuror, who, taking advantage of Mesmer's theories, elicited replies from his "subject" in the supposed trance. Many professors of the magic art have followed in the Italian's footsteps. John Henry Anderson ("the Wizard of the North") performed it with the assistance of his daughter and the clever Frenchman, Houdin, trained his little boy, Emile, to become marvelously quick in describing, sometimes minutely, articles taken indiscriminately from the audience.

The conjuror's art of clairvoyance rests entirely with two persons; one who looks at the objects to be named and puts questions to the "clairvoyant," the other one who replies, and all that is required for this striking piece of humbug is a capital memory on both sides and a careful arrangement of signals, coveyed by words, between the two. Thus the clairvoyant may be and usually is blindfolded without rendering the task any more difficult. But you will observe that he, or she, cannot describe any article unknown to themselves, unless the person acting in collusion with them has seen the same and been able to explain its nature in the question put to the performer.

In public exhibitions of this character the mystery is frequently heightened by having confederates amongst the audience with strange documents, etc., hidden away in pocket-books, which can, of course, be readily deciphered by the clairvoyant, and the interest is increased by carefully elaborated, but seemingly impromptu sallies of wit.

As we have observed, the signals are conveyed by words, or combinations of words, and it may appear startling how any memory, however retentive, could be able to associate these with the multitude of articles likely to be presented in the course of a performance. This is the more remarkable, too, when it is noticed that the questions put to the clairvoyant do not vary to any great extent. The first difficulty is, however, removed, when we reflect that the audience is not either anxious or prepared to put any very severe test to the performer, and that only such articles as are usually carried about the person need be arranged for. Two or three hundred, or fewer, signals would quite exhaust all the purses, coins, cigar-cases, knives, pencils, handkerchiefs, gloves and other miscellaneous contents of our pockets, while the umbrellas, sticks, reticules, etc., would form quite an inconsiderable addition to the list. Besides, the person who puts the questions—knowing the pre-arranged code—can reject or ignore any article for which no signal has been provided.

A greater stumbling-block to the uninitiated than this is that mentioned above, viz., the questions do not seem to present sufficient variety to enable a person blindfolded and mentally in the dark, to get at the nature of the multifarious objects presented to the interlocutor. In reality this is easily got over by the arrangement of money, precious stones, colors, etc., in groups, and as the questions put in each of these are nearly alike, they need present few peculiarities to the audience. We shall see how the grouping system stands the performer in such good stead in the examples hereafter given.

Sometimes the cue is given to the "clairvoyant" by the person who interrogates in an absurdly simple manner without exciting suspicion; as "Is it open or shut?" "It is shut;" or "Is it shut or open?" "It is open." "Is it perfumed?" "Yes." "Is there a stone in it?" "Yes." Etc., etc.

For ordinary articles a well-understood code must be arranged between the performers, and all who take to this line of business have their own systems, altogether or in part, which have grown out of the shifts they have had to make and the corners into which they have been driven during past performances. We may here indicate sufficient to enable our friends to get some grasp of the subject and give a groundwork upon which to proceed if desirous of introducing this pleasing and astonishing art to the family circle. Of course to attain to the perfection of some of the modern professors of this very puzzling trickery is out of the question with those whom we now address, such experts have spent, possibly, years in perfecting their systems, they are constantly in the practice of clairvoyance and are adding to their word-code daily, besides which, as we have said, their confederates lend an added mystery to a performance which in its simplest form eludes the detection of ordinary observers.

We will now give some questions, with the ideas they convey to the clairvoyant, afterwards proceeding to give one or two groups of subjects, colors, etc., and then apply the whole to show how the system is worked.

Name this.	A pocket-comb.
This will puzzle you.	Court plaster.
What have I here?	A purse.
Do ladies or gentlemen use this?	Ladies. A pin-cushion.
Now, can you tell me this?	A pocket-book.
Is anything in it?	A portrait.
Tell me this.	A tooth-pick.
What is this?	A flower.
Speak loud.	A letter.
Is this for any purpose?	A reticule.
Answer instantly.	A handkerchief.
Of what use is this?	A scent-bottle.
Tell me now!	Keys.
What is this green stuff?	Maiden-hair fern.
Is this of any use?	An almanac.
Do you see this?	A ring.
And this?	A cane.
What should be done with this?	Smoke it. A cigar.
What is this for?	To light a cigar.
Would you like this?	Yes. A watch.
Do you admire this?	Yes. A brooch.
Who gave me this?	A lady. A bracelet.
Tell me instantly, who gave me this?	A lady. A chain.
Now, who gave me this?	A gentleman. A chain.
What kind of chain?	An Albert.
What is now in my hands!	A breastpin.
What have I now?	Money.
What is here?	A bank note.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the line first taken, the rough and hard approach to the mystery of "second sight," and to show that the memory must not only be tenacious but quick to put the questions rightly and to give the answers without hesitation. Having gone through the preliminary hard work of getting the subjects by heart, the novitiate will proceed by a less thorny, but still toilsome path, into the system of grouping, of which we may give a few examples that can easily be applied to other subjects. First take

COLOR.

What color?	Black.
What is the color?	Blue.
Tell me the color.	Green.
Has it a color?	White.
Any color?	Yellow.
Name the color.	Brown.
Please name the color.	Red.

Etc., etc.

METALS.

What metal?	Gold.
What is the metal?	Silver.
Tell me the metal.	Copper.
Name the metal.	Iron or steel.
What metal is it?	Brass.
Please name the metal.	Bronze.
Can you tell me the metal?	Tin.
Do you know the metal!	Aluminium.

Etc., etc.

PRECIOUS STONES.

What stone?	Diamond.
What is the stone!	Topaz.
Tell me the stone.	Emerald.
Name the stone.	Ruby.
What stone is it?	Garnet.
Please name the stone.	Sapphire.
Do you know the stone!	Cornelian.
Any stone?	Amethyst.

Etc., etc.

COINS.

What coin?	A sovereign.
What is the coin?	Half a sovereign.
Tell me the coin.	Five-shilling piece.
Name the coin.	Half a crown.
What coin is it?	Florin.
Please name the coin.	A shilling.
Can you tell me the coin?	Sixpence.

Etc., etc.

FLOWERS.

What flower?	A rose.
What is the flower?	A camella.
What are the flowers?	Primroses.
What flowers are they?	Violets.
Tell me the flower.	Carnation.
Name the flower.	Snowdrop.
What flower is it?	Lily of the valley.
Please name the flower.	Geranium.
Can you tell me the flower?	Passion flower.

Etc., etc.

Now the application of all this, and much more, after the hard work of study is over, is as pleasant as playing the piano when you have got through the drudgery of the notes, five-finger exercise, and four hours a day of inharmonius strumming. Let us take an imaginary run through our material and see now it can be "worked in" together with the professor's "patter," and the "wheezes" or jokes with which he interlards his discourse. Of course he will take a preliminary canter, in which he will dilate upon the wonders of mesmerism, and the special marvels of "second sight." He will then introduce his clairvoyant—most likely a young lady—and, after blindfolding her, he will proceed to take articles at random from the audience. Say the first thing handed to him is a purse, he will ask the clairvoyant: "What have I here?" "A purse." Then, turning to its owner, the professor may say: "Shall I open it? Thank you! I like handling other people's money!" Again, to his "subject," and taking a coin out of the purse:

What have I now?	Money.
What is the metal?	Silver.
What coin is it?	A florin.
What is this?	A bank note.
(You had better take your purse back, sir, the temptation is too great.)	
Is this for any purpose!	Yes; a reticule is very useful.
Of what use is this?	It is very refreshing; it is a bottle of scent.
Do ladies or gentlemen use this?	Ladies. Gentlemen seldom carry pin-cushions.
(Of course the girl's right. How absurd I am not to have thought of that!)	
This! answer instantly!	It is a handkerchief
What is now in my hand?	A breast-pin.
Has it a stone!	Yes.
Tell me the color.	Green.
Tell me the stone.	Emerald.
Tell me now.	You now have a bunch of keys.
Now can you tell me this!	Yes; it is a pocket-book
(May I open it, sir!	Thank you. Dear me, strange!)
This will puzzle you!	Not at all. It is court-plaster.
This! Speak loud.	It is a letter.
(Don't be afraid, sir;	I will not open *that!*)
Is this of any use!	Certainly; it is an almanac.
Do you admire this?	Yes; it is a brooch.
Is anything in it!	Yes; a portrait.
A lady or gentleman!	A gentleman.
His hair; please name the color!	Red.
(Pardon, madam the young lady should have said, "Sandy!")	
What is this for!	To light a cigar.
What should be done with this!	Put it in your pocket; you like a cigar going home.
(Good advice, I'll act upon it! All right! Thank you, sir.)	
Tell me this!	A toothpick.
Who gave me this!	A lady. (The clairvoyant here reserves her knowledge that it is a bracelet.)
Any color!	Yes; yellow.
What metal is it!	Brass.
(O, madam, excuse the frankness of the clairvoyant!)	
And it is!	A bracelet.
Now, who gave me this!	A gentleman. It is a chain.
What kind of chain!	An Albert.
Do you know the metal!	Aluminium.
(Dear me, how rude! I'm sure it's pure Brummagem gold.)	
Would you like this!	Yes, it is a watch.
(I think you *want* a watch on you, young lady!)	
What is the metal!	Silver.
What is this!	A flower.
Has it a color!	It is white. Some say that is no color.
What is the flower!	It is a Camella.
What is this green stuff!	Maiden-hair fern.
Who is the flower for!	Me.
(I thought she'd say so! You're no objection! Thank you, sir.)	
And this!	It is a cane. You can have that.
(Well, Miss Minx, if every one got their deserts few would escape whipping. Shakespeare; hem.)	
Do you see this! (holding up a ring.)	Rather, sir; I'm looking out for a plain one myself!
(Are you! I pity the poor man, that's all.)	

This and much more, when the professor will perhaps declare that his clairvoyant can read any sentence written by the audience (indiscriminately taken from a number placed in a hat), which has neither been seen by himself or his pupil, and more, will add up the total of a sum she has no knowledge of. To this end small strips of paper are distributed that any one who chooses may write upon them and set down figures. Those with the numbers go into one hat, those with the written words are relegated to another. The papers being "well shaken before taken" the professor dips into hat No. 1, and gets, not a slip written upon by any one in the audience, but one he has himself carefully prepared before the performance and which the clairvoyant has studied, and he goes through the same process with hat No. 2, bringing forth a paper with the arranged sum of which his "pupil" knows the total. He has "palmed" both these slips, so they are in his hand before it goes into the hats, but he appears to take them from those written upon by the outsiders, so there is no suspicion aroused. Besides, does he not hand the paper to strangers to hold until the lady has in the one case deciphered its contents and in the other added up the long column of figures? This would not do for a private room, because your friends would be sure to compare notes afterwards, and find that neither the sentence nor the sum had been set down by any of them, but in a public assembly there is no chance of the trick being discovered in such a manner.

The professor may "wind up" by touching various articles of dress, etc., among the audience, in a sequence previously fixed upon. No. 1 may be a hat, 2 an umbrella, 3 an overcoat, 4 a necktie, 5 an opera-glass, 6 a glove, 7 a spectacle-case, and so on.

It appears very wonderful, though, when he says, "Now tell me. This?" "A hat." "This?" "An umbrella." "This?" "An overcoat." "Name the color?" "Brown." "This?" "A necktie." "What is the color?" "Blue." "This?" "An opera-glass." "This?" "A glove." "What color?" "Black." "This?" "A spectacle-case." "This?" "A wig." Whereupon the conjuror takes off his confederate's wig amidst a roar of laughter, in which the professor and his pupil make their bow and depart.—*Leisure Hours.*

Land of Desolation.

The scenic beauties and wonders of America are unrivaled by those of any other land, and the tourist feels an increasing desire to see more and more of what nature has done for this western world. After visiting the great natural curiosities of California I resolved to return East by way of the "Great American Desert." Leaving San Francisco in the steamer Senator we sailed down the Pacific 600 miles to a little town called Santa Monica and there took the train thirty miles to Los Angeles. Taking a hurried view of the latter place, environed with gardens and orange groves, we started by rail on the Southern Pacific Road, running southeast. In about six hours we struck the edge of the vast sandy plain stretching off on the west to the Pacific Ocean and on the east with various undulations more than a thousand miles. At one o'clock in the morning we reached Duos Palmas, a station consisting of two or three houses and the point from which the mail is carried to Prescott. Bidding adieu to iron rails and Pullman cars, and paying the agent of the stage line fifty dollars, I was ticketed for the capital of Arizona, 300 miles away. A single other passenger beside myself was going over the same route, and was to be my traveling companion. The stage in which we were to travel was a skeleton wagon, called by the people there "a buckboard." It consists of ordinary buggy wheels and axles connected together with eight or ten strong, elastic slats, upon which are stationed two or three seats, mounted on springs. This stage was drawn by four strong horses—not too many for the character of the roads. In half an hour after the arrival of the train the heavy mail-bag and express box had been transferred, the horses hooked up, our canteen filled with water, and we were ready for our desert journey.

At the word of the driver the horses started, but they seemed to pull as if they were drawing a ton. Looking at the wheels the cause was manifest—they were cutting into the sand nearly half way up to the hub. The moon was shining brightly and as we drove slowly forward we could see on every hand nothing but a vast sandy plain. The scene was strangely grand. On our ears fell no earthly sound save that made by the revolving wheels of the wagon in the sandy road; but the seeming solitude was greatly relieved by the varied appearance of the wild waste around us. The peculiar reflection of the moonlight suggested the thought that a copious flood of polarized light had been poured upon this land of desolation, transmuting every grain of sand into a gem of brilliant lustre. The driver is communicative and tells us it is twenty-five miles to the nearest stopping post, where we can get breakfast and change horses. The night wears rapidly away, and as the light of day breaks in upon us our range of vision is increased and in the distance can be seen the dim outlines of hills or mountain peaks. We now discover some sage brush and here and there a date palm. The first sight of human habitation now reaches us and we are within a few hundred yards of the first station on the mail route. My travel during the night had stimulated my appetite and I was prepared for a square breakfast, but the sight of that so-called hotel settled the desire for breaking the fast at that time. It was not a house nor a stable, but a pen. I am sure our domestic animals in Pennsylvania would be insulted if offered such accommodations. It might have satisfied the coyotes or wolves or crows that are occasionally seen, but was certainly not intended originally for the reception and refreshing of the civilized traveling public; and this, the first public house, is a pretty good criterion of nearly all the rest that are found on the plains between Duos Palmas and Alamosa, excepting Prescott and Santa Fe. My traveling companion had evidently better digestive and assimilative organs than myself, as he concluded to breakfast, but at his return I have seldom seen a more thoroughly disgusted man.

Resuming our journey, we soon entered the land of giant cacti. Was never more surprised than at seeing the wonderful development of this plant in this region. Am satisfied that nowhere in the world such size is attained. The specie called Swatara grows to the enormous height of sixty feet and measures six feet in diameter. There are tens of thousands of this specie. Most of them will measure from eight inches to two feet in diameter, and reach a height of twenty to thirty feet. Some have no limbs and resemble a high post; others have from one to three arms. They seem to stand on the top of the sand, with scarcely any root, and must receive their nutrition largely from the atmosphere. They are capped with a beautiful flower and then with fruit. The Indians remove the fruit with a long spike pole, and use it in large quantities. The center of this cactus is pierced with a hard, tough rod, which supports it in times of storm. So firm is this support that one is seldom found broken or blown to the earth. When in a state of decay you can extract the center of suppert, which resembles more than anything else a fishing rod. There are fifteen or twenty different species of cacti growing in this region. The pole cactus grows much like a large cornstalk. Each year's growth is indicated by a joint, and a rich, tenacious gum exudes from the surface, causing it to burn like pine when it is entirely green. There are two varieties of what is called the bulb. These grow in the form of a ball and nearly the size of a pint cup. The one variety is armed with thorns half an inch in length, the other with a different kind of thorn, much resembling and about the length of a porcupine's quill. These thorns are as sharp as needles, and require but little pressure to penetrate their entire length into the foot of a man or the hoof of a horse. There is a strong, tall bird on these plains called the road-runner, so called because it is very fleet of foot and frequently runs on the road, before the stage. It is the natural enemy of the tarantula and rattle-snake, and when it finds either of these animals asleep it surrounds the unconscious creature with a wall or hedge of this prickly plant, and then, to awake it, throws one over on its own body. The animal, writhing in pain, attempts to escape, but in the effort meets a terrible death. The variety having the short thorns bears a red-colored fruit, about the size of a small peach; it is very sweet and the juice flows from a gold pen as beautiful red ink. There is another species which bears a different kind of fruit resembling a cucumber about two-thirds matured. The pulp is of the consistency of the banana, but much sweeter and very full of black, flat seeds, the size of a dime. As far as I have been able to ascertain there are three kinds of fruit growing on as many different species of cacti in this desert land. Another kind, prized more than all the rest by the Indians, very much resembles our century plant. The wild Apaches have for ages depended largely on this sustenance. They boil the root, make it into mush and thus eat it, and from the balance of the plant make a sour drink, which they greatly enjoy. Much more might be said of this interesting plant, but I will return to our line of travel. As the sun ascends towards the meridian the heat becomes intense. The thermometer in these valleys stands a part of the day at 129 degrees. Our canteens are often pressed to our lips, and we saturate a handkerchief with cold water and lay it upon the top of the head, and, laying aside our hats, commit ourselves to the cooling effects of the evaporation. Thus the tourist may save himself from sunstroke or brain fever.

We look away to the southwest and think of Death Valley—so called because it is a rainless district, and on account of a tragic scene that occurred there in 1848. At that time a company of emigrants from the East to California attempted to cross it, but their supply of water becoming exhausted they all perished. Two years ago I saw a member of the United States surveying expedition through this district and he told me they found the wagons of the unfortunate party, and that the iron on the wagons was as bright as it had been the day they entered. The air is so entirely void of moisture that a bird, in attempting to fly across the valley, falls to the ground and expires. Our driver points to places by the way and tells of those who have fallen and died, or of suffering mortals who have been picked up in a helpless condition. Here is where men learn to appreciate the value of water, and yet there is none fit to drink in all this vast country. In the valleys it is very warm and full of alkali, and on the plateaus it is so strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime that it is unsafe to drink unless it has been boiled to precipitate the lime. We drove at one time for a distance of fifty miles without seeing any sign of spring or well or running brook. We now approach hills that have been visible for hours, and find them to give unmistakable evidence of volcanic origin. They are as dingy and black as if the fires of a thousand years had enveloped them from base to summit. Sometimes they seem to run in distinct or well-marked ranges; at other times are broken by broad valleys, or rise in isolated and independent peaks. Now they are far in the distance and now they flank us on either side, only a few hundred feet away. The date palms become more numerous as we advance, and present a fantastic appearance. They grow about the size of a man and have a bunch of leaves on the top, resembling a man's head, so that even at a comparatively short distance they appear as human beings. We repeatedly asked our driver whether the objects in the distance were not likely to be Indians, but his answer was always verified as we approached them, and we found them to be what he declared they were, "nothing but date palms."

My traveling companion told me that one night while camping on the desert he awoke from sound sleep and seeing as he supposed, an Indian near the camp, drew his revolver and fired. Upon further examination he found the bullet had entered a palm tree instead of an Indian's body. The heat of the day had passed and we are fatigued and ready for rest, but there is no rest for the traveler. The horses are changed and the drivers are relieved, but the weary tourist, having no place to lodge for the night and there being no opportunity of going forward before the same hour the next day, we kept our seats, determined to make the best of our accommodations; but with all our efforts to be brave that was the longest night of our life. It was really necessary to keep awake to prevent falling off the wagon. There are deep gulches, which the Mexicans call *aroya* washed in the sand, very steep and full of rocks, and he who enters one of these in a dreamy state may leave the wagon very suddenly without any formal invitation. One night subsequent to this we had just passed an *aroya* when the bolt pin of the wagon broke, and while the team ran away with the front part of the wagon the passengers were pitched violently forward on the sand. Had the break occurred in the gulch, where the greatest strain was upon the iron pin, we would probably ave b een badly hurt or instantly killed. After getting up from the sand looking at the situation I was more than ever confirmed in the belief of a special Providence.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Who Wouldn't Be an Editor.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has never tasted of the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and its happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, and rides $25 worth; and then he is looked upon as a dead-head, or a half blown dead beat. He "puffs" a theater or concert troupe $10 worth and gets $1.00 in "complimentaries" and it thus passed in "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies—for if his complimentaries were paying t