From "The Princess."

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said:

Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved—
The bright warm world that I left behind—
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, and the gay unrest;
The laughter and cries and the broken songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

When ye come to a place that my women knew,
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square,
And a rose vine swings like a pendant flame—
Let me rest for a moment there!

Carry me forth as befits my state,
Slave-girls and fluteplayers on before;
Just one day in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said.
—Arthur Ketchum, in the Atlantic.

After the Storm.

The storm had lulled. The sea, churned up the night before into a seething, heavy caldron of pitch-black waters, had subsided now into a restless, uneasy swell, rising and falling like a woman's bosom after a storm of sobs. The wind, too, had fallen light. At midnight it had come with a sudden roar out of the north, bearing on its back a scud of sleet and spray, and driving helpless ships before it on pitiless shores.

The fishing boats had been out all night in the storm and stress, and now they were straggling back into harbor, plowing over the bar in the wake of laboring steam tugs, or confident in their knowledge of things nautical, making their slow way in unaided. Not a few bore marks of battle, here a torn sail, there rent cordage, or a spar snapped off, or a bit of the bulwarks torn away. A little crowd stood on the pierhead watching them, townsfolk, keenly interested in the sight all too familiar; fishermen, calm, phlegmatic, silently critical; strangers, verbose, excited.

Foremost of all was a group of women, fish graters from the denes on the other side of the river, where their work was to clean herring all day at long, low fish-filled troughs. They could not work that morning, however, anxiety gnawed too cruelly [illegible] knowing whether they had come safe and sound out of last night's hell of wind-driven rain squalls, of foam, and spray and raging, turbulent waters. So, leaving the troughs, the women tied their shawls tight over their heads, and, in their working dress of rough serge, water boots and briny oilskin aprons, came to the harbor's mouth to watch and wait and perhaps to welcome home their men.

"That's hard work a-waitin'," murmured one of them, a slight, delicate looking girl, to her neighbor, who was doing her best to shelter her from the keen wind.

"Don't you worrit, gal Liz," said the other consolingly; "the Valiant'll be in afore you knows where ye are, see if she ain't.

Liz shook her head and the tears welled up into plaintive gray eyes. "I wish I wor like you, Marthy," she said, "brace an' heartsome; I allus fare so timid when Jem's at sea, an' today I'm muss'n ever. Did ye hear the wind in the night?" she went on, her voice low and terrorful, "that fared ter grip hold o' the house, an worry it like a cat wi' a mouse; I right shook in my bed, I did, athinkin' o' Jem out in it, an' at last I couldn't stan' it no longer. I just slipped out, too, an walked up an' down the beach so as to be a bit nigher to him. I wish there warn't no sea," she said, shivering, "ter part people an' scare them wot's ashore."

Marthy looked down at her tenderly. "W'y, that wouldn't do nohow, Liz," she said; "you an' Jem wouldn't never ha' come acrost each other if there hadn't ha' been no sea, nor no smackin' nor nothin'."

But Liz had knowledge of which Marthy, with all her sympathy, knew nothing. "W'y, yes we should, Marthy," she said quietly. "Nothin' couldn't ha' kept us two apart; we was forced ter come together, we was."

Meanwhile the slow procession of fishing boats straggled by, and the crowd watched them. Presently a steam tug neared the harbor's mouth, towing some half-frozen tawny-sailed smacks, two abreast. The smacks yawed this way and that, and the tug looked like a mother with a troop of overgrown daughters, a little inclined to get out of hand.

"The Perry ha' got her work cut out this time," some one said.

The smacks came into full view round the bend.

"Hallo, what's up wi' that there hindermost one, han't she got her flag half-mast?"

A score of eager, incredulous faces craned and peered. It was true; there hung the tell-tale flag, pregnant signal of death and disaster. The faces fell.

"Must ha' lost a hand last night."

A woman pressed forward to the very edge of the pier, pale and agonized.

"What's wrong wi' Liz?" cried some one.

"Hold yer noise," with an angry nudge, "that there boat's the Valiant wot her man Jem Wacey's aboard on."

Every heart went out to Liz in her anxiety, every eye scanned the Valiant's deck where the crew were gathered, eager to recognize Jem. An ominous silence fell. Two men were missing—Jem and the smack's master. The rest of them stood there, a dejected, crest-fallen little group.

A cry of agony broke from Liz's lips. "Where's Jem?" she cried. "I don't see my Jem."

Still that ominous silence. Liz turned to Marthy with a desperate, agonized gesture. The girl understood her at once. She took her hand. The crowd parted, and the two ran down the pier along the riverside to the ferry that led to denes and fish wharf. Liz stumbled along, scarce seeing where she went, her breath coming in long, heart-breaking sobs.

Down the rickety landing stage they went, into the old boat, and over the steely, wind-blown river. The wide, slow circuit of the boat necessitated by the swift-flowing tide, seemed never ending; so did the steep steps on the other side of the river and the road to the wharf where the boats were moored.

The Perry had cast her little fleet adrift now in mid-river, and one by one they were joining the serried ranks at the quayhead. The Valiant was there already—a chaos of fish and men, and tarry barrels and ropes and spars and shimmering, iridescent fish scales. An eager crowd pressed on board keen to learn the news of the night and the boat's loss. A few steps more and Liz was among them, fear eloquent in her wide eyes and dry lips.

"Yes, the master's gone," one of the crew was saying, sadly. "A thunderin' big wave took an' washed him overboard, and the same one hulled pore Wacey ag'in the mast, an'—"

Liz gripped the speaker's arm.

"Killed!" she gasped, "Is my Jem killed?"

The sound of her voice reached the cabin below. Before the wait could reply, there was a sound of stumbling footsteps up the companion, and a man, pale and weak, his head bandaged up in a gaudy cotton handkerchief, came into sight. He steadied himself a moment, while his dazed eyes scanned the deck. Then he held out his arms, and with a long-pent-up cry, Liz flew to them like a homing bird.

Jem held her close, stroking her hair and soothing her tenderly, while he bade her, in a voice which was rather shaky, in spite of the chaff, "not to go a-killin' o' him orf like that there; he wasn't dead, no, nor likely to be."

And the gallant crew of the Valiant turned their broad backs on the two, and winked the fears out of their honest eyes; but Marthy, woman-like, found vent for her pent-up emotion in scathing speech. "To think," cried she, "that all this here might ha' been spared if only you chaps had had the sense to bring Jem up on deck time you was a-coming into harbor. But there, 'tis just like a lot o' men; no more perceivance among yer than the babe unborn!"—K. M. Guthrie, in Black and White.

VALUE OF A RECEIPT.

Kept Harping on the Subject to His Wife Until One Fatal Day.

There's a man in this town who is always talking to his wife about woman's unbusiness like ways and how impossible it is to make the sex understand that it is necessary to keep receipts if one would avoid paying a bill twice. He has talked and talked on this subject until his better half has piled everything in the house with the receipts of bills for articles which were long since worn out and the fragments cast away.

About eight months ago the husband bought the winter's coal and paid for it. It amounted to a goodly sum, and when he tucked the receipts for the money in his overcoat pocket he had that warm sense of well-doing which is given to the man who pays his bills.

When he went home that evening he told his wife about it. "I've paid for the coal," said he, "and have the receipt put away, and I feel like a Vanastorbilt in consequence. I wish I could teach you to file your receipts. Some of these days I am going to have to pay your bills twice, and I certainly shall dislike that immensely."

It was a few weeks after this that the man with a spasm of generosity gave away the overcoat that had the receipt for coal in it.

He gave it to a poor fellow who was going West to find work, and the coat and the man had no sooner passed beyond the punctilious person's ken than the coal people sent in the bill for the winter's fuel.

The man spent three days looking for the receipt, and it was at the end of the third that it suddenly dawned upon him what had become of it.

Then he went to see the coal people. They were amiable but firm. They couldn't remember that the coal had been paid for, but they would make every effort to find in their books some mention of the money which the man said he had given them.

Well, they couldn't find it, and so the man in the end had to pay the bill again.

He told his wife, and that lady bit her lip. He had to tell her because she had to help him look for the receipt, or the chances are she would never have heard of it. At all events, she didn't say "I told you so"; or "I hope hereafter you will take the beam out of your own eye before you attempt to take the mote out of mine," but the man never tells her now that he wishes she would save her receipts; he's afraid she might reply.—Baltimore News.

IRIDIUM LAMP FILAMENTS.

A Resort to Them in the Effort to Find a Satisfactory Substitute For Carbon.

The objection to carbon filaments—disintegration, fusing with strong currents, and therefore waste of energy through the necessary employment of weak ones—have led to many attempts to construct a filament of greater efficiency and durability.

In the infancy of incandescent lighting experiments were made with metals of the platinum group. These experiments have lately been resumed, the greatest hope of success being placed on osmium. But osmium is by no means unobjectionable. Like carbon, it vaporizes at bright white heat, and if air is present, as in an imperfectly exhausted bulb, it forms hyperrosmic acid which, even in a very small quantity, is exceedingly injurious to the lungs and the eyes. Similar objections apply to ruthenium. Iridium is the only member of the group which is neither vaporized nor oxidized at white heat. Fused iridium is free from osmium, ruthenium, and palladium, which are vaporized during fusion.

Edison has recommended filaments of iridium wire—but the metal is extremely brittle and cannot, according to Guelcher, of Charlottenburg, be drawn into wire. With care it can be rolled into strips 1-32 inch thick, but it is impossible to make such a strip of either circular or uniform cross-section.

Guelcher has, however, succeeded in producing round and uniform iridium filaments by mixing fine iridium powder with vegetable glue, forcing the paste through a perforated plate by hydraulic pressure, drying the filaments and heating them to whiteness in an oxy-hydrogen flame. The filaments thus produced have a bright metallic lustre, and though very hard are flexible enough to be used in electric bulbs. They are said to be very durable and economical of power.

Instead of the chemically-pure metal, iridium powder as precipitated from solutions may be used. As this contains some oxide, the filaments, before being heated, must be exposed to the action of a stream of hydrogen.

Without this precaution they would explode on being heated. It should be noted that the heating must be done in an exposed flame, not in a covered crucible or a bed of charcoal, as the object is to effect complete combustion of the adhesive and leave nothing but pure iridium.—From the German in Umschau.

DEATH DANCES.

Grim Funeral Customs of the Torres Straits Indians.

A new volume of reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits has recently been published by the Cambridge University Press, and it contains much information as to the sociology, magic, and religion of the natives of the western islands. The account of funeral ceremonies given by Professor A. C. Haddon, who was the leader of the expedition, is of exceptional interest.

It appears that from time to time a death dance is held in which the performers represent the ghosts of recently deceased natives. The men paint themselves with charcoal and wear a curious dress of cocoa-nut leaves and feathers. Each performer has a mask and holds in his mouth a crescent-shaped ornament, which is a decorative sign of Kwolam—the mythical hero of the islands—whose exploits are the subjects of many legends which have converted the warrior into a god.

During the funeral ceremony the dancers give pantomimic representations of characteristic traits of the deceased natives in whose memory the dance is held. The object is evidently to convey to the mourners the assurance that the ghost is alive, and that in the person of the dancer he is visiting friends. The women and children are supposed to believe that the performers are really spirits; and if a woman is known to have discovered the identity of any of the dancers, it is significantly remarked that "she dies that night."

The dance is thus of the nature of hero-worship, which is the only form of religion the natives seem to possess; for Professor Haddon says at the end of his volume of reports: "Unless the above-mentioned heroes be regarded as gods, I think it can be definitely stated that the western islanders had no deities, and certainly they had no conception of a Su[illegible] however, gradually entering the minds of the islanders as the result of missionary instruction, and in another generation or so the death dance will probably be forgotten.—Leisure Hour.

OBEYED ORDERS WITH ALACRITY

How a Lieutenant's Sweetheart Interpreted the Colonel's Telegram.

A smart young officer belonging to a cavalry corps in India was sent on sick leave to a convalescent station of Simla and, while recovering his health among the hills there, was robbed of his heart and in return captivated the charming thief. The young fellow proposed and was accepted and with all possible dispatch the wedding day was fixed. But the colonel of the expectant bridegroom's regiment was strongly opposed to the lieutenant marrying and telegraphed an unwelcome "Join at once" to the amorous sub.

The chagrined soldier handed the peremptory message to his fair one. She glanced at it and then, with a becoming blush of sweet simplicity, remarked:

"I am more than glad, dear, that your colonel so approves of your choice, but what a hurry he is in for the wedding. I don't think I can be ready quite so soon, but I'll try, for, of course, the colonel must be obeyed."

"But you don't seem to understand the telegram, sweetheart," said the lieutenant. "It upsets every plan we have made. You see, he says, 'Join at once.'"

"Certainly he does, dear," replied the lady, looking up with an arch smile, "but it is you who don't seem to understand it. When the colonel says, 'Join at once,' what does he mean but get married immediately? What else, indeed, can he possibly mean?"

"What else, indeed, darling?" delightedly exclaimed the ardent lover, rejoicing in the new reading, which he received with the utmost alacrity. So forty-eight hours had scarcely passed before the colonel received the following: "Your orders have been carried out. We were joined at once."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Famous Squash.

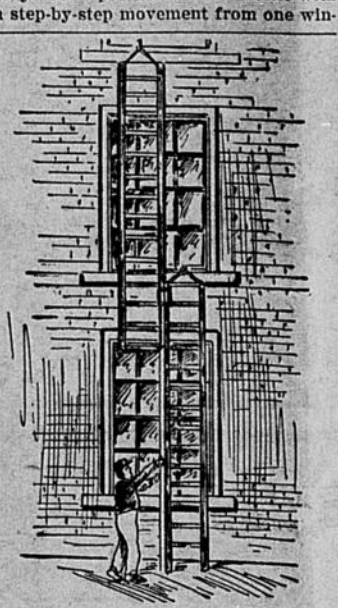
Most every boy on a farm knows how to fix up squash by feeding them milk so that they will grow to prodigious size, but a Unadilla youth has smashed all records, if the statements of his friends are to be accredited. The Unadilla youth determined to produce a prize squash that would make all other prize squashes ever raised look like marbles in comparison.

According he clipped the end of the vine and immersed it in sweet milk. In time the vine took as much as a quart of milk a day. The squash grew beyond all expectations, and was eventually exhibited at the Morris Fair, and it easily won a premium of ten dollars.

But the most surprising part of the story is yet to come, according to the narrator, whose reputation for veracity has never been questioned. The squash was cut the other day, and it is alleged that it contained seven pounds and fourteen ounces of fine, rich butter, equal if not superior to any made last year at the co-operative creamery. It is to be greatly regretted that the squash was seedless.

Scaling Ladder for Firemen.

Another device which would be of use mainly for firemen is the scaling ladder shown in the illustration. The idea of the inventor is certainly meritorious, and the advantages and efficiency will be apparent to everybody. This ladder consists of two sections, being so connected that they will always be in position for an ascent with a step-by-step movement from one window-sill to another.



HOISTED SECTION BY SECTION.

In case of fire the hook of one section is engaged with the sill of one of the windows of the building. A rope is attached to each section, and when the fireman has reached the top of one section he stands there and guides the other section, which is pulled up by other firemen on the ground, by means of the rope. He then fastens the hook of this section on the window-sill next above and goes up as far as he can. While he is running up or after he has reached the top of the section he is on, the firemen on the ground pull the other section up and it is fastened to the next window-sill. A repetition of this operation results in rapidly elevating the sections until the top of the building has been reached, if necessary, the last movement possibly engaging the cornice of the building. In the meantime the fireman who is ascending has little to do beyond running up the ladder section by section alternately, thus saving much time and also much labor. The sections are lowered by a reversal of this operation, the firemen on the ground releasing the ropes, the ropes, of course, being of sufficient length to reach the ground.

Sled Runner Attachment for Bicycle.

It is about time now to hunt up sleds and skates and have the runners sharpened ready for the winter

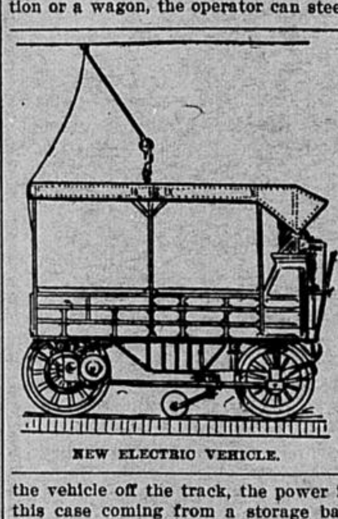
FOR TRAVELING OVER ICE OR SNOW.

sport soon to follow. Those who are fond of skating never miss an opportunity to get out on the ice, as they find it an exceedingly healthful exercise. Others, who are tired of skating, can turn their attention to the device shown in the illustration—a sled runner attachment for bicycles, designed so as to transform an ordinary bicycle into one that can be run on ice or snow. It can be attached to any of the bicycle frames in common use and is adjustable to any size machine. The forward wheel and tire are displaced by a runner similar to a sled runner, while the rear portion also has a double runner. Fastened to the back wheel is a tire having spaced spurs at suitable intervals to engage the snow or ice, the tire being inflatable as in the ordinary bicycle. The spurs are alternately acute and obtuse in form, or each alternate spur being relatively sharp and dull. The sharper spurs will penetrate the snow or ice more readily and insure the requisite grip, while the duller spurs will prevent slipping. With a bicycle thus equipped a rider can travel over well-beaten snow-covered roads with great speed and ease, and without jarring or concussion arising from any irregularities in the surface traveled over.

Axel Erickson and Nicholas Larson, of Skanee, Mich., are the patentees.

A New Electric Vehicle.

The increase in the number of automobiles, especially in the larger cities, is apparent to everybody, and it still remains for the inventors to devise more uses for electricity and to improve those now in an imperfect state. A Philadelphian has patented a novel electric vehicle, which cannot be termed a trolley car, nor is it an automobile, although the principles of both are utilized. It is so constructed and the operating parts are so arranged that it will run on the regular trolley tracks, receiving the propelling power from the overhead wire, but if it becomes necessary or desirable to leave the tracks to pass an obstruction or a wagon, the operator can steer



NEW ELECTRIC VEHICLE.

the vehicle off the track, the power in this case coming from a storage battery. This vehicle is designed mostly for passenger traffic, but can also be utilized to deliver baggage and other freight, such as packages from department stores to places remote from the tracks of the trolley system. The electric power in the storage battery which is used when the vehicle is on the trolley tracks is charged into the battery again as soon as the vehicle returns to the tracks. The idea of the inventor is to provide a series of vehicles which can operate in addition to the regular trolleys, and, although normally occupying the same tracks as the trolley cars and deriving their motive power from the same supply system, can be capable of more rapid progress. This peculiar vehicle could be devoted to the use of passengers paying a higher rate than that required for the ordinary trolley service, on account of the more rapid and direct service, due to their capacity to leave the tracks and utilize railways which otherwise are not in communication with each other and to proceed beyond the limits of the tracks.

Russell Thayer, of Philadelphia, Pa., is the patentee.

A HUNTER WITH A HEART.

Polar oxen are not very difficult to shoot, but they are highly valued game by the arctic explorer. In pursuing a small herd, Otto Sverdrup, author of "New Land. Four Years in the Arctic Regions," noticed the following evidence of maternal affection in a cow for its calf:

As the herd started I noticed that one of them had a newly born calf. The herd went up a steep snow drift, eight or ten feet in height, and the calf made a brave attempt to follow, but when it had almost reached the top, lost its footing and rolled down to the bottom again. It fell so badly and helplessly that I thought it was killed, but to my surprise it rose to its feet and began to scramble up once more. Its second attempt to scale the drift was no more successful than the first, and again it came rolling down. It cried piteously. I felt so sorry for it that I was just starting to help it up the drift when suddenly it occurred to me that the old cow might misinterpret my motives, and what then? I might risk a battle with her, and it would be a pity to have to shoot her in self-defense. I decided to remain where I was, and await the turn of events.

At last the mother heard the cries of distress, and came tearing down the hillside, the snow flying behind her. Heaven help the person who had meddled with her calf then! She would have made it hot for him. It was both amusing and touching to see the two together. The mother caressed the calf as if to comfort it, sniffed it all over to see if it was still whole, gave it a push now and again, and then started gently up the drift, but not the way the calf had gone in following the herd. She carefully chose an easier and less steep way.

When she had got it across the drif she ran a few steps forward, not very fast, but too quickly at any rate for the calf to follow her. Then she turned back, and pushed it from behind with her muzzle, so that it went a little faster. Again she ran a few yards forward, but still the poor little thing could not keep up with her, and she returned to her old pushing methods. So they went on all the way up until they reached the herd. Then she took her place in it, the calf crept under her, and was entirely hidden from sight by her long hair.

The promoter is a sort of drum-major of industry.

COST OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

New Yorkers Who Waste Money Through Thoughtlessness.

"The Absent-Minded Beggar" has plenty of counterparts in New York, as the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and the subtreasury officials have cause to know. Perhaps the commonest form such absent-mindedness takes is the dropping of coins into the ticket chopper's box on "L" stations. The amount of money thus inadvertently thrown away in a year, say the Interborough officials, is tremendous, aggregating, it is estimated, about $35 a week. That means an average of about 36,400 nickels per annum absent-mindedly tossed into the ticket machine.

The usual method of procedure is this: A man hurrying to catch a train slams down a coin at the ticket window, gathers up his change in one hand and his ticket in the other and hastens on in pursuit of the "gates ajar." Forgetting in which hand the ticket is, he dumps his handful of change into the chopping machine. A jerk of the lever and it vanishes from view.

By making proper application the man with the absentee thinking apparatus can, of course, recover his money, but he will find it sadly changed since he last saw it, for the interior of the box is fitted up with a powerful apparatus for mutilating tickets. The teeth of the machine are so sharp that they readily bite through nickel or silver coins.

Thus, whenever a large enough heap of these mutilated coins is collected an official of the company is forced to make a trip to the subtreasury to have them redeemed. A goodly percentage of the money is never demanded by the people who dropped it in the box, the outlay being presumably set down by them to profit and loss and submitted to as one of the countless penalties attached to the Gotham vice of absent-mindedness.—New York World.

Effectual Way.

"I thought Smeargle was a friend of yours."

"He was until lately. I had to drop him. He was always wanting to borrow money."

"Refused him sharply, did you?"

"No; I lent him some."—Chicago Tribune.

Be good to those who are sick. It may be your turn next, and your goodness will insure good care for you when you are flat on your back.

A man occasionally gets into a mix-up where there is only one thing to do: skip out.

VAGARIES OF SMELL.

Is Sense Dying Out Among Civilized Men?—Some of Its Uses.

Is the sense of smell dying out among civilized men? Physiologists tell us that although an entire segment of the brain—viz., the olfactory lobe—is apportioned to the olfactory fibers, what we now possess is probably "the mere remnant of a once powerful mechanism." In the brute creation, says the London Spectator, the sense is much keener, although among the lower aquatic animals it is indiscriminately blended with that of taste and in the toothed whales is nonexistent.

On the other hand, dogs, especially those that have been trained to hunt by scent, seem to depend upon that faculty almost entirely, even to the exclusion of their eyesight. Generally speaking, sweet odors are more persistent than their opposite, the sulphuretted compounds in particular evaporating rapidly on exposure to the atmosphere, although the smell of decaying animal matter is said to endure for days after the cause of it has been removed. The olfactory sense, however, usually becomes blunted in time when assailed continuously by any one odor; workmen in the big perfumeries become case-hardened to the fragrance of their surroundings and "nosepain" is fortunately more deadening in its effects than most forms of physical suffering.

Again, different smells do not mix; it is said that if the two nostrils are stuffed with different substances, we smell first one and then the other, alternately, but never a blending of the two together.

Among human individuals the sense of smell, like those of sight and hearing, varies considerably, and certain persons seem to be quite unaffected by certain odors; just as others are "color blind" to certain colors, or "tone-deaf" to the shrill call of a bat or the chirping of a cricket. It is true that we may claim a superiority to the brute creation in the range of our susceptibility to various odors, for the carnivores seem to be quite insensible to the scent of plants and flowers, while the herbivores pay little attention to animal odors, except for the purpose of detecting the approach of enemies. But we are certainly inferior to them in acuteness, at all events we of the civilized races, although there seems to be no reason why this sense should not be cultivated and its efficiency re-enforced by deliberate training.

This view is supported by the fact that men born deaf and dumb and blind have been known to develop their latent powers of smell to a pitch of perfection quite unintelligible to ordinary mortals. We use spectacles to assist the eyesight, ear-trumpets and artificial ear-drums to correct deafness; why should not science supply us with some handy instrument that would stimulate the potency of effluvia? There are many ways in which such in addition to our physical (and mental) equipment might be useful, for the nose has one cardinal advantage over the eyes in that it is quite independent of light.

There is another reason for which it might be worth our while to pay more attention to this particular sense—for its mnemonic suggestiveness. The faculty of memory plays a rather queer part in connection with that of smelling, although around it our mental associations cluster most strongly. For it is very doubtful whether anybody can actually call up, or "represent," a particular odor, though there are cases of subjective hallucinations of scent among the insane, and the records of the Society of Psychical Research quote instances of what we might call the "ghost" of a smell.

HOW INDIANS TELEGRAPHED.

Scouts Swung Buffalo Hides in Various Forms as Warnings.

It was a spot of interest. We were standing on one of the old signal stations of the Dakota Indians, in the very heart of what was once the buffalo country, and what is to-day a prosperous cattle range. Here and there fragments of charcoal proclaimed where the signal fires had burned, while in the crevices and weathered dabree of the butte's summit the writer found war points and chips of obsidian, flint and moss agate, a few heavier points of flint that had once tipped hunting arrows, a flint knife and fragments of the scorched bones of the buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer, antelope, dog, badger and skunk. In every nook and cranny of the place small fragments of a creditable article of Indian pottery were ground beneath the heavy soles of our hunting boots. More than a hundred snows have come and gone since that pottery was burned.

With their body robes of finely tanned buffalo hide held, raised, lowered, dropped and swung in certain well-known peculiar ways, the Indian scouts and watchers used to telegraph thence to the distant village of the presence of strangers or enemies in the country, of the approach of the buffalo bands, and of the return of war and hunting parties. If the camp was too distant for the blanket signal to be made out, the information was communicated by fires at night and by pillars and balloon-shaped puffs of smoke by day, discernible to the distance of at least fifty miles. When the traders came up the Missouri River, the Indian scout added the small, circular hand mirror to his meager but all-sufficient outfit, and in time learned to communicate with his distant friends by flashes of sunlight. The first Indian hunter or horse herder who caught the danger signal from the lookout station repeated it to the village by riding his horse furiously in a circle, or by other forms of sign.—Field and Stream.

Eucalyptus Trees for Swamps.

The Australian eucalyptus tree is being grown on a large scale in southern Europe and northern Africa because of its tendency to drain swamps. This was formerly supposed to be due to abundant exhalation of watery vapor from its leaves, but it has been shown that actually the transpiration of the eucalyptus is only one-half or one-third that of willows, birches and other trees, and it is therefore assumed that the phenomenon in question is due simply to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus.

Disgraceful.

Mrs. Tittle—Wasn't it disgraceful the way those women talked during the play last night? Mrs. Tattle—Well, I should say so! Sarah Snookins was trying to tell me the fuss in the Brindles family, and those two women made such a clatter I couldn't hear more than half she said. — Boston Transcript.

At least once a week a man sees the prettiest woman he ever saw in his life.

BABY'S LOGIC.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle.
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie!" she said. "You're too little!"
So she did.
But Claude stepped so hard on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so!"
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little,
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—Boston Herald.

SILVER-GRAY'S CATCHING.

Once there was a fox who lived on a high mountain in California, and he knew all about traps. His name was Silver-Gray, and his winter coat of fur was so beautiful that any lady would be proud to wear it. In fact, so many ladies wanted to wear fur like his that merchants offered a great price for the skins of all his brothers, the family of silver-gray foxes.

Now there were in California many men who had trapped beavers and minks in the days when people liked to wear those furs. And when they heard of the great price offered for the skins of silver-gray foxes they took their heavy steel traps and their rifles and provisions, and climbed to the top of the high mountains which are called Sierra Nevada, that is, Mountains of Snow. There, when the snow ay heavy on the ground and Silver-Gray's fur was fine and long, they set their traps to catch him. But while they caught many of his cousins, the black foxes and cross-foxes, and also many of his own brothers, the silver-grays, they did not catch Silver-Gray himself—because he knew all about traps.

No matter how carefully they buried their steel traps in the snow, Silver-Gray knew where they were. He could smell the iron, and the touch of their hands, and even where their shoes had trodden the ground. For days after they had set them, when the scent had died out in the cold air, Silver-Gray could still smell the iron of the traps; and he kept away.

When spring same and Silver-Gray shed his winter fur, all the trappers went down to the valley, for they did not want his skin unless it was covered with the heavy hair which grew when the weather as cold.

Next winter, as soon as the snow lay deep on the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Silver-Gray's skin was once more covered with fine long fur, all the trappers came back to their cabins in the mountains and set their traps again. For so beautiful was the fur of silver-gray foxes that every lady in the land wanted a skin, but the silver-gray foxes were so scarce that the great price of the year before had been doubled.

But there was an old man with a long beard who had trapped for many years, and when he saw Silver-Gray's track in the snow he knew that the fox's skin was worth a great price. So, while the other trappers left the mountains, he remained behind; for he had resolved to catch Silver-Gray, if it took all winter.

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It was all silent in the great mountains when Silver-Gray, the old fox, trotted out across the white snow that glistened in the moonlight and passed along the hillside where the snares were set for grouse. It was a great joke to catch the trapper's birds before he could use them for bait; and at the thought of the tender bird that he had eaten, Silver-Gray turned aside and went up to the snares. A sudden wind roared through the swaying tops of the black pine trees, and he stopped to listen. Silver-Gray did not know it, but the wind was singing a warning song. He was about to be caught.

There was nothing in the snares—yet, as he listened, he seemed to hear, even above the moaning of wind in the trees, a faint flutter—the flutter of wings. Alert, he stood there with the moonlight shining on his beautiful fur, and he pricked his ears to catch the sound.

Whks, whks, it whispered very faintly—but it came from the log on the hill. Eagerly the fox crouched down and glided silently toward it; then, with one foot raised, he stopped and listened, snuffing the air ever so lightly.

Whks, whks, whispered the wings again, soft as the rustle of a mouse.

Then whrr! and whrr! in a storm of anguished fluttering, for the grouse had heard his step and knew that he was coming.

Sngrr! snarled SilverGray, and rushed toward it.

Chuck! went the steel trap beneath him, and the strong jaws seized his foot in a grip that nipped like death. Bite and struggle as he would, the cruel iron, the iron which smelled of man, and had once been his deadly fear, still clutched him by the leg—and only the hands of man could make it loose its hold.

With the cold body of the grouse beside him, Silver-Gray lay moaning and snarling, while he waited for his captor to come. But even in his agony he bowed his head in shame to think that he was caught. He had pitted his cunning against the cunning of Old Ransome—and now, in the grip of icy steel, he had learned the last thing about traps.—From Dane Coolidge's "The Fox Who Knew All About Traps," in St. Nicholas.

MY FUNNY BOOKS.

A long time ago I began making scrap-books, and, seeing the interest with which my young brother looked at the comic pictures which appear in papers, it occurred to me to make a book of comic pictures, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Two little girls who lived near, after looking at my book, saved pictures for me and watched it grow with the greatest of interest, until it contained three hundred pages. They also named it "The Funny Book."

Later one of these little girls was taken ill and we sent her a number of books, among them this one, which she had already looked through so many times. She would look at the "Funny Book" in preference to the others and would laugh at the pictures when nothing else would make her forget the pain. She kept it until one day, placing a piece of yarn in it for a mark, she closed the book for the last time, and it was returned to us with the little mark still there.

By this time I had five funny books which were sent out over and over again to little children who were ill (not with contagious diseases), and one little girl had them all, one after another, only to begin again at book number one and look them all through. I was pleasantly surprised this summer when a lady, a friend of mine, sick with nervous prostration, asked for one of them and enjoyed it very much. I am careful not to place in them anything vulgar or too "slangy," but they have certainly done good work in bringing cheer to many little people.

WOODS FOR BOY'S WORK.

In the selection of woods from which to build furniture, and the material for upholstering chairs, settees and stools, the products of the locality in which the boy lives must be taken into consideration. Some States produce pine, white wood (cottonwood), popular or cypress, that can be worked easily, while in others, spruce, hemlock, maple and fir will be easier to obtain; and in the far West gum wood, red wood, cedar and cypress are the least expensive. The cost of the wood is a matter to be considered, and often a more artistic result can be had by using an inexpensive wood.

Some woods have an open and broad grain that, if carefully filled and varnished over, will give a very pleasing effect. Chestnut, butternut, quartered oak and ash have this quality, and all of them are adapted to furniture construction and room trimmings.

For many of the chairs and other furniture, spruce, apple wood and cypress will render good results, and all of them have a pretty grain when stained, wiped and varnished. Ash is harder and will make good solid furniture, and if it will not be found too difficult to work it will prove a very satisfactory and serviceable wood for chairs, tables, benches and other pieces of furniture that are subjected to hard usage.—From Joseph H. Adam's "The Practical Boy," in St. Nicholas.

CAT AND MOUSE.

The children sit in two rows opposite each other with a space between. One child takes the place of "cat," being blindfolded, and one takes the place of "mouse," and is also blindfolded, the cat standing at one end of the row and the mouse at the opposite end. They start in opposite directions, guiding themselves by the chairs, the cat trying to catch the mouse. When the mouse is caught it is made the cat, and one of the company takes the place of the mouse.—New York Globe.

That Boy of Yours.

We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements

Girls are naturally winsome, gentle, companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischievous, is invited into few homes and feels none too much at home in his own.

About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he issure of cordial greeting—is where he ought not to go.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him.

He is hungry for companionship and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its place.

If the rime of selfishness has so incased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied, but so are you.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Japanese Widow's Hair.

When a Japanese woman becomes a widow it is customary for her to cut off a part of her hair and to bury it in the coffin with the body of her husband, but as she may please herself about it this sacrifice is not often large enough to spoil her pretty coiffure, unless, indeed, she determine to wear forever the badge of widowhood and give her life in complete devotion to the memory of the departed, in which case she cuts it off and thenceforth never permits it to grow.

There are a great many women in Japan, and especially in the heart of the country, where foreign influence has never reached, who wear their hair bobbed like a small boy's and oftentimes parted jauntily on the side; and by this sign one may be sure that they are widows, and that they hang many prayer slips at the temple doors and give their passing days in patient, sweet devotion to the family and the home wherein they are sure to be much loved.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

An Up-to-Date Diogenes.

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented."

He soon had an applicant.

"Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, very."

"They why do you want my field?"

The applicant did not wait to reply. —New York Press.