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FALLING LEAVES.

Around me fly the falling leaves—
In vain their fate my spirit grieves,
For nature grants us no reprieve.

Throughout the world she holds her sway,
Her laws must men and leaves obey,
From dust they spring, to dust decay.

Yet while this requiem we sing,
Our faith looks forward to the spring
That shall the Resurrection bring.

Back to the earth for earth's own sake
The falling leaves themselves betake,
But soon in beauty shall awake.

Awake they mingle with the soil,
The nature's unremittent toil
Shall reproduce with nought of toil.

As fall the leaves our dear ones fall,
When comes to each the silent call,
Nor long the grave shall them enthrall.

Ah, why begrudge them nature's sleep?
Why deem the grave so dark, so deep,
Or tears of hopeless sorrow weep?

For sleeping mortals comes the spring
And joy with morn's awakening
Immortal life the day shall bring.

'E'en death is part of nature's plan,
And hath been since the world began,
Sweet death, unerring friend of man.

Such are the thoughts my fancy weaves
With brightest hues of falling leaves—
No more my thoughtful spirit grieves.
—Robert M. Oxford, in N. Y. Observer.

JENNY LIND'S ROMANCE.

The Love Affair in the Life of the Nightingale.

No one could see Jenny Lind and not fall under the charm of her perfect naturalness, freshness and originality. Although her features were irregular, she was anything but plain; her complexion was fair; she had abundant flaxen hair and the most wonderful gray eyes, a beautiful figure and hands and arms and graceful movements. Hers was not the slow, sinuous grace, which has its own charm; her movements were light, decided and expressive. She always seemed to do everything more quickly than anyone else. At this time she was studying the part of "Susanna"—a "sweet part" she said it was, and had the partition of the "Nozze" and had the partition of the evening she sang her Swedish songs, and then we all went out to listen to the nightingale's singing under the magnificent old beeches. She had a passion for the song of these "little sisters" of hers, and used to mimic them and excite their rivalry, so that the air was filled with music.

It was strange that it should have been the fate of my father, writes C. M. Simpson in the "New Review," who was entirely destitute of musical sense, to be of use to the most celebrated singer of the day. It was in 1849 she had resolved to give up the stage and had affianced herself to Mr. Claudius Harris, a young Indian officer, brother to Mrs. Joseph Grote, whom she met at the Palace, Norwich. My mother and I had just returned from our drive one cold afternoon in April, and I found in the hall a note from Miss Lind for my mother, asking her to bring my father to call on her next day to meet her trustees about her marriage settlements, either at three, or if that were not possible, at nine, p. m. It so happened that he was not free at three, so he went to her at nine. She did not expect him, and was quite alone. They entered at once upon business, and my father soon found out that she was very half-hearted about the matter altogether. Indeed, she could scarcely have found a partner less suited to her. Mr. Harris and his family were intensely low church, and they thought that the remainder of the great prima donna's life could not be more appropriately spent than in atoning for her theatrical career. The attraction to Jenny was in her lover's goodness. She said he had such a "pure mind."

But when she was first introduced to him she said to Mrs. Stanley: "What a dull young man!" Nothing could be more true. He was heavy and stupid, but tall, fair and good looking. The Stanleys supported Jenny in her resolution to give up the stage, and so indeed did Mrs. Grote from a different reason, for, in spite of her intense sympathy with her young friend's artistic career, she saw that the strain was too great. Jenny was worn out by fatigue and emotion. She threw herself into every part as if she herself were suffering the woes of the heroine, unlike other great actors and actresses, who succeed in making their representation to a certain degree mechanical. But her essentially truthful spirit could not do this. The tears she wept in "La Sonnambula" came from her heart. We had more than once the stage box, and could see that she was almost overpowered by her feelings. She had led this trying life for upward of ten years, and she longed for rest and the peace and regularity of domestic life. The manager of Her Majesty's theater, Mr. Lumley, was in despair. It was almost ruin to him to lose her, and he urged for at least a few farewell performances; she offered instead a series of dramatic concerts. Only one took place.

Although the "Flauto Magico," which was chosen for the first performance, would seem to be independent of acting, the libretto is so eminently stupid and undramatic, yet, in spite of Jenny Lind's splendid singing, the whole affair fell flat, to her great disappointment. Never before had she met with a cold reception. Mrs. Grote and Lumley entreated her to give the operatic performances but she would not yield. At length my father succeeded where they failed. They suggested that

Harris could not object if he really loved her; he urged the unfairness of disappointing Lumley, and finally the unsatisfactory termination which a failure would put to her whole career. So she promised to give six farewell nights. Lumley was overjoyed, and sent us boxes for all six. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Yet no one could believe that the singer, in the very plenitude of her powers (she was only twenty-eight), really intended these to be the last of her triumphs. But it was so, and after the curtain fell on the last of the six she never appeared again on any stage. Mr. Harris had consented to those performances, and he and Jenny were once more on good terms.

She lived at this time in a little house very near us. It was called Clairville cottage; it was covered with roses and creepers; it had a pretty garden, and was thoroughly rural. The backs of the houses in Brechin place now occupy the ground. She and Claudius Harris often joined our country rides. He generally fell to my share, and I did not find him exciting company. Lord Lansdowne sometimes joined us and also came to meet them at dinner, but we did not venture to invite anyone else, except the Grotes and one or two others of Jenny's intimate friends. All seemed to be going on swimmingly, and Mrs. Grote went off to Paris, followed soon after by my father, but before he went he said to Jenny Lind: "Something tells me that your marriage will not take place. If it should be broken off again, write no letters and have no farewell interviews, but join Mrs. Grote in Paris immediately."

Affairs had not been going on so smoothly as appeared. Mr. Harris had asked Jenny to insert in the settlements a promise that she would never act again. To this my father objected, and he also insisted that Jenny was to have uncontrolled power over her earnings. Mr. Harris said this was unscriptural, and the engagement was nearly broken off, but renewed in consequence of the despair Mr. Harris exhibited. He also terrified her by threats of torment hereafter if she broke her word; and last of all, when in the joy of reconciliation she was singing to him, she turned round and saw that he had gone to sleep. Not long after Mr. Senior reached Paris there was a tap at the door of Mrs. Grote's apartment one evening about seven o'clock, and in came Jenny. The ill-assorted marriage was finally broken off.

The emotions of the last few months had told heavily upon Jenny Lind, but with the sense of freedom and the power of enjoyment soon returned, and she rode in the Bois de Boulogne and walked on the boulevards and in the Tuileries, and listened to the nightingales. One day she took my father to a house in the place d'Orleans, near the Rue St. Lazare. It was built round a courtyard, with a fountain in the middle. Jenny gazed at it without speaking. Afterward she said: "I was so miserable in that house; I envied the fountain because it was not obliged to sing." The house had been the residence of Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master of singing in Europe, and she alluded to the time when, in despair at the loss of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, first of rest, and then of skillful practice under Garcia's teaching.

The domestic happiness for which she had so long sighed was soon to be hers. After singing in concerts and oratorios in Germany, Sweden and Liverpool, she sailed for the United States on August 21, 1850. Her success in the New World was as brilliant as it had been in the Old, and her charities as munificent. Her company was joined in 1851 by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who succeeded Benedict as pianist. A deep and true attachment sprang up between the two young artists, and they were married on February 5, 1852.

Her horror of being lionized led her sometimes to reject overtures which were made in perfectly good faith to express the respect and admiration felt for her; hence she was not always popular. She delighted in giving children's parties. I remember one in 1865, at her house in Wimbledon, and her joyous participation in the amusement she had provided, and again in Moretons gardens, when she waltzed like a girl with her eldest son. The last time I heard her sing was at a concert she gave at her own house in 1880 for the prince of Sweden. She had become very nervous about her voice, and it was not certain whether in the end she would summon up courage. At last she yielded to the persuasion of her friends and sang the splendid cantata, with violin accompaniment, from Mozart's "Re Pastore." It was a thing to remember for the rest of one's life.

In her later years she took a little house called Windpoint, which she arranged and improved till it resembled a Swiss cottage on the top of the hills above Malvern Wells. We had, in the summer of 1884, a house just below hers, and we saw her much more frequently than was possible in the turmoil of London. We often used to sit with her in the garden enjoying the magnificent view. She was always uneasy lest she should be stared at, and if any presumptuous wight peeped in at the gate, she would instantly shoot up a large red umbrella and shelter herself beneath it. My elder daughter, who is devoted to music, frequently went to see her alone, and one day ventured to ask her to write her name in her birthday book. They were in the drawing-room. Jenny Lind rose

up, saying: "Well, I did not think you had been a commonplace person," and walked through the window into the garden, leaving my daughter to repent her indiscretion. Presently her hostess came back and gave her a beautiful rose, and went on talking as if nothing had happened, and when Gaynor was taking leave, Mrs. Goldschmidt said cheerfully: "Now, where is your birthday book?" and wrote her name in it. It must have cost her more than many an apparently greater sacrifice.

I like to think of her as she stood in the hanging balcony of her cottage waving good-by, the sun setting behind her picturesque figure. It was at Windpoint that she died in 1887. At the very close of her life, as she lay on her death bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once, as her daughter opened the shutters and let in the morning sun, she just let her lips shade the first bars of the old song she loved: "An den Sonnenschein." They were the last notes she sang on earth.

TENDERFOOT IGNORANCE.

Curious Specimens of a Miner's Unintelligible Dialect.

As we turned a corner in the road we came upon a picturesque little hut made of rough logs, the interstices being filled with stones and clay, roofed with slabs and lighted by two small windows. It was altogether the quaintest, rudest habitation that I ever saw. Before it sat two men, arrayed in what our guide termed "bang-up smart store clothes," but evidently, in their rugged, seamed faces, stained and knotted hands, in short, everything about them, miners. Peeping into the doorway—askew, like everything else about the hut—I caught sight of a chair, a slab table with a tin coffee pot upon it, a shelf supporting two or three pieces of crockery, together with a few other primitive household utensils. As we approached the two men took off their hats with the rough courtesy which seems native with their class.

"Well, Job, yer got a job?" said one, addressing our guide.

"Takin' a raft of tenderfoots ter the mine," answered Job. "Mighty smart chaps, them two fellers," observed Job, as we passed on. "One on them tickles the screamer, great! 't'other thumps the skin-tub, some, I tell ye."

The doctor glared at our pilot in mild amazement.

"I really am at a loss to comprehend the terms you have just made use of, young man," he said. "Doubtless they are colloquialisms, but I should be gratified if you would explain what 'tickling the screamer' and 'thumping the skin-tub' may be."

"Huh!" snorted Job, in great disgust. "Them fellers belongs to the band down ter the city, and one on 'em plays the fiddle and 't'other plays the drum. Now d'yer take?"

"I understand," replied the doctor, meekly.

We had nearly reached the brow of the hill, when we found ourselves in the midst of a number of men, some of whom appeared to be digging industriously, while others examined the dirt and pebbles thrown out by the shovels. As we came up they stopped and looked at us in a good-natured way, hailing our guide by name.

"Got her yet?" queried Job.

"Not yet," was the reply; "but she's here, and we're bound to get her, sure!"

"Her!" ejaculated the doctor, aghast. "Gracious heavens! Is it possible that some unfortunate female has been buried alive? Give me a shovel. Every moment is precious!"

The men stared at the doctor in amazement.

Job burst into a hoarse guffaw.

"Yer way off, mister," he said. "There ain't no woman in the business. Them fellers is prospectin'—diggin' for silver. D'ye get on? Huh! huh!" he grunted, sotto voce. "Blame my boots! ef he didn't think they was diggin' fer a woman!"—Demorest's Magazine.

HIS GREAT HEAD.

The Tramp Wanted Five Hundred Thousand and He Got a Quarter.

The tramp came shuffling up to the business man's desk without any sort of an introduction.

"I want five dollars," he said, slapping his hand down with a determined blow.

"Is that all you want?" asked the business man, quite undisturbed.

"Yes, it is."

"What a liar you are," said the business man promptly. "You know five dollars wouldn't last you always. Now get out of here or I'll kick you out," and the tramp turned hastily and obeyed.

Six hours later he came back with his face washed, and the business man did not recognize him.

"I want five dollars," he said, as determined as before.

"Is that all you want?" asked the business man, for he remembered how well the scheme worked before.

"No, it isn't," replied the tramp. "I want five hundred thousand dollars, but I'm willing to wait awhile for the other four hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five."

"Well, I like that," laughed the business man. "Here's a quarter."

As the tramp went out he chuckled.

"Five cents," he said. "I've got a great head, I have."—Detroit Free Press.

—When Princess Anne, afterward queen of England, was married she wore a headdress two yards high and three yards in circumference

A CHIROPODIST TALKS.

Here Are Some Good, Common Sense Notions on the Care of the Feet.

"The only woman who absolutely made me too nervous to work," said a well-known chiropodist, "came into my office a few days ago, and she—well, she certainly suffered. I can't bear to see a woman cry, so I had to walk out of the operating room and get my partner to finish the work. I was used up for an hour or two."

"What was the cause? Well, the most awful of all feet troubles, a bad ingrown nail—a nail that has grown down into the flesh and become imbedded.

"Whom do I consider the bravest, a man or a woman? A woman, every time."

"A woman will come in and almost allow me to amputate her nail without a murmur, whereas we have great big fellows limping in with 'O, doctor, I've really the most 'readful foot.' I examine it and find it a soft corn between the toes—sore, but nothing serious—and then the lord of creation commences to hem and haw and pull back his foot."

"The cause of bunions? Short shoes, by all means, do the most harm, and harm that is not easily remedied. You know a bunion is nothing more than a corn on the joint of the large toe."

"Let me say right here, a corn can never be cured—that is, a corn that has taken any sort of a firm root. Don't believe the signs and advertisements that claim they will cure you of a corn. They will give you relief, but that is all. The cause of corns between the toes is tight shoes, and a foot that perspires is subject to this mode of torture."

"I contend," continued the doctor, "that to a great extent corns are inherited. By that I mean that the shape of a foot is seen all through one family and on the same toe is a corn, often from the shape of the toe, which projects and incurs the rubbing of the boot."

"High heels are a great source of trouble nowadays. I hear women say: 'O, my shoes are plenty large,' and so they are, but they thwart all that good by wearing high heels, the absolute foundation of no end of trouble."

"No matter how large the shoe is—let madame put her foot in it and have it thrown forward by the high heel so that she is almost walking on her toes, and the result is suffering."

"What do you consider necessary to keep the feet healthy and free from pain?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place, wear a shoe neither too large nor too small, as a too large boot can cause a great deal of misery by forming callous flesh when the foot rubs up and down in the shoe. Then bathe the feet every morning or evening in a tub of cold water from which the chill has been removed and into which has been allowed to soak a good handful of rock or sea salt."

"If you have a bad toenail take a little bit of sponge, wet it, and place it between the toe, or do this in case of a corn between the toes. A little bit of wet sponge will give you far more relief than a piece of dry cotton, and if you are inclined to have much trouble consult a good chiropodist, who can tell you the exact treatment for your pains and give you almost instant relief."—Chicago Times.

HOW MONEY GROWS.

Illustrations of Interest Increasing at a Compound Rate.

At the birth of his son a father placed at interest at 6 per cent the sum of \$1,000, and each year invested all the interest at the same rate. When the boy was 21 years old he found himself the possessor of \$3,399.56. Being a young man of pluck and energy, and anxious to try his hand in unaided competition, he told his father to keep the money and he would take his chances with the poor boys of his acquaintance. When the son was 50 years old the father notified him that his fortune had grown to over \$18,430, using round numbers. At 70 the father called his son's attention to his fortune of over \$59,000, and since the son had received the rewards of his industry he did not still take possession of the fortune. The father soon after died, and in his will required his executors to keep the principal and interest loaned until the son should receive it or be removed by death. The latter lived to a good old age, and on his son's 100th birthday, besides the accumulations of a busy and prosperous life, was incumbered with a fortune of \$339,300.

Christopher Columbus is said to have some poor relations living in Spain at this time. One or two of these have intimated that if the liberal American people would take up a collection for them, the same would be received as a fitting expression of our gratitude to their great ancestor. But, if we consider, there would have been nothing impossible in it, and it would have been really considerate in Christopher to have saved a dollar—only one dollar—of the amount given him. A modern financial manager would have perhaps suggested that to this end the sometimes obstreperous and mutinous sailors be reduced at half rations for a sufficient time to enable the great discoverer to save a dollar and place it at compound interest at the very reasonable rate of 6 per cent. By this time, 400 years after, that dollar would have increased and multiplied to the magnificent sum of over \$1,322,000,000, a sum sufficient to pay at least some of the gaudy debts of his poor relations at this present time.—Kansas Farmer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The anable, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils to each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

—The discharge of a river is the volume of water it pours into the sea within a given time, usually expressed as so many feet per second. It is estimated by finding the breadth, the average depth and the average rate of a river at its mouth, and multiplying.

—A plan has been formed to irrigate a portion of Southern California, which is said to be the largest tract of land in one body to be found in the state. This will be accomplished by damming a river, and so making a lake nine miles long, three miles wide and one hundred and thirty feet deep.

—A member of the Royal Meteorological society has experimented on the size of rain drops, which vary from a speck so small as to be almost invisible up to a diameter of two inches. Drops of the same size do not always contain the same amount of water. Some of the largest drops are hollow.

—The powerful instrument known as the "Bruce" telescope, which has been building for some time past at Cambridgeport, Mass., and is now almost completed, is destined for Arequipa, Peru, for the observatory maintained at that place, under the charge of Prof. Pickering, by Harvard university.

—Whether a water wheel runs faster at night than in the day is a problem over which scientific readers of a German paper have been puzzling. The leading opinion is that the wheel runs faster at night, for the reason that the water is then cooler and somewhat more dense than when warmed by the sun.

—English-speaking countries have four different miles, the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two. Then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,730 feet. In fact, almost every country has its own standard mile.

—According to the census figures, the silk manufacturing industry in this country has grown wonderfully in the past ten years. In 1893 goods to the value of \$99,000,000 were turned out, as against \$84,500,000 in 1880. The number of hands employed here also increased from about 31,000 to 51,000, and the number of spindles have expanded from 508,137 to 1,254,798.

—A recent writer asks whether ants talk, and relates that he saw a drove of small black ants moving apparently to new quarters. Every time two met they put their heads together as though they were chatting. To investigate the matter he killed one, and the eyewitnesses of the murder hastened away and laid their heads together with every ant they met. The latter immediately turned back and fled.

—Metallurgy is tending to become one of the most efficient producers of manures in the world. Twenty years ago 20,000 tons of phosphoric acid were as poison to the 2,000,000 tons of cast iron which England produced, while English ships were ransacking the most distant regions of the globe for phosphoric acid for agriculture. The basic process has been the end of this anomaly. Apparatus attached to the furnaces in Scotland for the recovery of the ammonia out of the furnace gases have furnished a new and important source of sulphate of ammonia for agriculture.

—The results of six months' observations of Mars have led an astronomer at the Lick observatory to the conclusion—contrary to the generally-received views—that the dark portions of the disk represent land and the light portions water. This is supported by observations of San Francisco bay from Mount Hamilton, in which the bay appears brighter than the neighboring valley and mountains at the same distance. On this hypothesis the "canals" would correspond to ridges of mountains almost wholly immersed in water, while their doubling may represent parallel ridges of which our own earth furnishes examples.

"Out," said the Empire.

This effacement of "self" (though each ought to feel as if the result depended upon his doing his very best) commends upon his chief "corporate games to the moralist and the sportsman, inasmuch as it teaches the virtues of harmony, obedience and (especially to the captain or umpire) of responsibility. It is not always, of course, that the ruling of these officials is recognized with a smile; still, it is final, however trying and secretly resented. I think of an incident at a country cricket match where a rustic judge had been strictly instructed that no appeal could be allowed from his decisions. A "ball" somehow came off the wicket. "How's that, umpire?" said the batsman. "Out," cried he. "Yeow lie!" was the response. "I kneaw I lie," replied the judge (in fact, he had been looking another way at the moment, but the word had been spoken)—"I kneaw I du, but I'll ha' yeow out for all that!"—Cornhill Magazine.

When Too Pointed.

"It is bad luck to give a pointed present, isn't it?"

"Yes—cuts love, they say. I've even known the point of a joke to make trouble."—Truth.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—No Relief.—I can't stop in with you at Darley's. My cuffs are soiled. "Turn them." "I have—twice."—Truth.

—Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecll.

—Though the book agent's countenance must often fall there is no record of its ever having been broken.—Buffalo Courier.

—"Do you pay for poetry?" asked the author. "We do," replied the editor. "Each poem costs us six subscribers."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Money on call is not to be had—that is, not on one call. It takes many, and then you don't always get it.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

—Prof. Pottery—"The body of the frog, gentlemen, is composed almost wholly of water." Freshleigh—"Spring water?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Son—"What is a deceiver?" Father (who is a little deaf)—"A man, my boy, who is appointed by the courts to hold out promises to the creditors."—Hardware.

—One of the Pleasant Things of Life.—Time, 2 a. m. Wife—"John! John makes no answer. Wife—"John! John!" John—"Uh? What?" Wife—"Are you asleep?"—Truth.

—Base Deceiver.—Stillingfleet—"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" Tillingham—"It is a fact. The others were all young girls."—Vogue.

—He—"I like the room, and perhaps I'll hire it, but I hope no one in the house plays the piano." Landlady—"Only my youngest daughter, and she is only just beginning!"—Fliegende Blätter.

—First Stranger—"You seemed very much taken with the lecturer's assertion that the best generally get to the top." Second Stranger (haughtily)—"I am a peach grower, sir."—Buffalo Courier.

—Proprietor—"I expect to have a big run on dress suit cases this year." Clerk—"How's that, sir?" Proprietor—"I've just sent for a lot of European express labels to go with them."—The Clothier and Furnisher.

—A Point on Arithmetic.—"Jephtha," asked Mrs. Jones, who was busy with pencil and paper, "can you tell me how many feet there are in an acre?" "No," said Jones savagely, "but I can tell how many achers there are in a foot."—Detroit Free Press.

—"I am so sorry for poor Mrs. McGillicuddy now that her husband has failed." "Sorry for her? You ought to be glad for her. Why, just think of all the trouble she is spared by not having any money to go shopping with."—Harper's Bazar.

—Cockney Zoology.—Precocious Young Lady—"Law, ma, her's a heagle!" Mamma (reproachfully)—"A heagle! 'O, you ignorant girl! Vy, it's a howl!" Keeper of the Menagerie (respectfully)—"Axes parding, mum, 'tis an 'awk.'"—Tit-Bits.

—Tom Mulcahy's wife lay dying; and Tom was making note of her directions on this wise. "Tom, there's Mrs. Smith up at the crossing. She owes me \$1.80 for buttons. See ye gets it." "Sensible to the last ye are, my dear," said Tom; "I'll get it." "And there's Mrs. Jones at the creek; she owes me \$1.50 for chickens." "Ah!" said Tom, "look at that for a moind, she forgets nothin'." "And Mrs. Brown owes me \$2.30 for milk." "D'ye hear that? Sensible to the last. Go on, my dear." "And—and—" "Yes?" "And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll gate, I owe her—" "Ah! poor dear, exclaimed Tom—poor dear! How her moind begins to wander! Sure, we've allowed her to talk too much entirely; so we have!"—Morning Star.

Rather Mixed.

"Speaking of memory," said a man, "I think I have a pretty good memory, but there are some things that I can't remember at all. I like, for instance (who does not?), to remember the preferences of my guests at the table; to be able to give, without asking after the first time, rare meat to him who likes it, the white meat to the one who prefers fat, and so on; and I have pretty fair success in this; but I have one guest whose wishes in regard to tea and coffee I find myself utterly unable to fix in my mind. He takes coffee, without sugar and with milk, and tea without milk and with sugar. Do you grasp that? You do, I know, for it is very simple; but do you know, I just simply can't remember it! I can't. Of course, I can realize it with perfect clearness when I think of it, but the impression promptly fades from my mind. If his habit were alike as to tea and coffee; if in both he used milk, but not sugar, or sugar but not milk, I could remember that easily; but when it comes to using one in one but not in the other, and the other in this but not in that, why, the effect produced upon my mind is, I freely confess, confusing, and I have to ask him every time."—N. Y. Sun.

A Queer Indian Dance.

The theory of the Moqui snake dance, so to speak, is the ability of snakes of all sorts to carry petitions to the higher powers in the system of aerial divinities, and during the celebration of the snake dance, which lasts nine days, a great number of serpents are captured, prayed to for rain and then turned loose to carry the prayers of the Indians to the big lightning snakes, whose home is in the thunder clouds above the summits of the mountains, and who in turn carry the petition to the rain god in the heaven above.—N. Y. Sun.