SEEN IN A PICTURE.

Little girl upon the street,
Laughing eyes and tripping feet,
With your hands all running over,
Daisy blooms and flowers of clover,
You to me a picture bring
Of a long lost sunny spring;
Waving woods aand sunset skies
Rise like dreams of paradise.

Little girl, when coming days
Hold for you their memories;
When in womanhood's fair land
You shall, happy, one day stand,
Keep your childish faiths as sweet
As the blossoms at your feet;
Though your hands no more run over
With the daisies and the clover.

Some day, little maiden fair,
With the wind tossed, sunny hair,
Shall you flush at love's sweet praises,
That are sweeter than the daisies;
Woman's hopes and woman's love,
Sweetness sent by heaven above,
With these shall your hands run over,
Dropping daisy blooms and clover.

—Boston Budget.

A SAILOR IN AFRICA.

The British bark Margaret, on which I was carpenter and sailmaker, had put into the port of Quiloa, on the east coast of Africa, in distress, homeward bound from the Red sea. I had shipped for the voyage out and back, but when we ran into Quiloa I determined to take French leave. Three more brutal officers than those in command of the bark never walked a ship's deck, and, although I rated above the common sailor, I had come in for my share of abuse. I was young, full of adventure, and I should perhaps have cut sticks if everything had been pleasant aboard the ship. My first idea was to go alone, but an apprentice aboard named Thomas Cade, about 18 years old, suspected my designs, and entreated permission to go along. He had been knocked about and dogged around until he was ready to commit suicide to escape further ill treatment. I was glad enough of the opportunity to take him, and on the second night of the bark's arrival we were off.

Quiloa twenty-five years ago contained only a few hundred inhabitants. There was a wharf, a warehouse, two or three trading stores, and a few dozen huts and houses, and the population was badly mixed. As we were fast at the wharf, and as Thomas stood deck watch during the earlier hours of evening, we had no trouble in getting away. We took with us a change of clothes, two of the ship's muskets and ammunition, a light axe, a few pounds of provisions, and means for building a fire, and we passed through the village and into the forest to the west of it without meeting any one. We did not go more than half a mile before we camped down for the remainder of the night, but even as close to town as that the hyenas and jackals were so numerous that we did not close our eyes in sleep. Where we were going or what might befall us we did not know nor care. The idea was to get away from the bark. After that things might take care of themselves.

We were up and off at dawn, holding straight for the west by a pocket compass which I had. It was likely that we would be pursued, and for two hours we hurried ahead at a smart pace, and then halted for breakfast. We had been traveling through forest and jungle all the time, not meeting with even a footpath as evidence of civilization, and after having a bite to eat we began to look at the serious side of the situation. Whither were we bound? What should we do after getting there? These and other questions we asked ourselves without being able to answer in a satisfactory manner, and then, sailorlike, we dismissed the matter from our minds and agreed to take the good and bad as it came. When we resumed our journey it was at a more leisurely pace, but at noon we were probably fifteen miles from the town. The country was just as wild as if Quiloa was a thousand miles away. It being daylight and a hot day most of the savage beasts were asleep, but now and then we saw a jackal or a serpent, and just before noon we routed out two big hyenas which seemed disposed for a time to dispute the way.

Always keeping due west, and always traveling through an unbroken wilderness, we made about twenty-five miles that first day. When we went into camp we collected a large amount of firewood, and it was well that we did so, for the night came on dark, and the wild beasts gathered around us to make such pandemonium that we were almost frightened out of our wits. We heard the lions begin to roar as soon as the sun went down, and two of them hung about us all night long, coming so close to the fire on two occasions that I hit one of them with a burning brand. Thomas was no good to me after the lions made their first appearance. It would have been better for us had we taken to a tree and tied ourselves to the branches, but we had an idea that we must protect ourselves with a fire, and the presence of so many wild animals frightened the boy until he was helpless. I did nothing but feed the fire all night long, and when daylight came and we were left in peace I flung myself down and was asleep in a moment. It was noon before I opened my eyes, and Thomas was yet asleep. We gathered some wild fruit, of which there was a grand supply, ate sparingly of what we had brought from the ship, and after slaking our thirst at a water hole which was evidently much resorted to by animals we headed to the west and made a good fifteen miles during the afternoon. The forest was now more broken, and now and then we came to a small prairie on which many wild animals were feeding. Just before dark, as we approached one of these openings, I crept forward and shot a large eland, and we built a fire and ate our fill of roasted meat.

We had intended to climb a tree on this night, but darkness fell suddenly while we were still eating, and then we were afraid to move for fear of the wild animals, which appeared as if by magic. We gathered all the wood within reach and kept a good fire blazing until about midnight. Then our fuel ran low, and the wild beasts were emboldened to come nearer. We had heard lions roaring in different directions, but only one had come close enough to prove a menace. He neither growled nor roared, but flitted about like a shadow, and whenever the fire got low he came so near that we were in momentary expectation of being attacked. We were about ten rods from a tree which we could climb, and when the fuel gave out and the fire got so low that I knew the lion would soon select one of us for a victim I told Thomas that we would make a rush for the tree and hope to get a safe lodgment in its branches. The boy was terribly frightened, and I had scarcely spoken before he bolted away for the tree, not waiting for my company. The lion was on the opposite side of the fire, and my plan was to rush at him with the firebands and scare him far enough away to enable us to reach the tree. As Tom moved the beast uttered a low growl, and I heard him as he bounded through the darkness and seized the boy. There was just one sharp cry, and then I heard the lion dragging the body away. While his attention was thus employed I made a flank movement and gained the tree, and toward morning the forest became so quiet that I got a little sleep. Once or twice I thought I heard the lion growling and tearing, but nothing came near to disturb me. When daylight came and I descended from my perch almost the first thing I saw was a portion of poor Tom's body lying on the grass not over 200 feet from my tree. The lion had made a meal of him right there under my nose.

I hid one gun in a tree and shouldered the other and started off, still going west; and I made no halt until noon, when I stopped to eat breakfast and dinner in one. It was while devouring this meal that I was suddenly surrounded by about thirty natives, each one armed for war, and in a trice I found myself a captive. They came on me so suddenly that I could offer no defense, and this fact no doubt saved my life. Only a few of the band, as soon became apparent, had ever seen a white man at close quarters before. I was viewed and investigated with the greatest interest and astonishment, and as soon as I got a little nerve I saw that it was policy to humor them all I could. Only one man, the leader, carried a musket, which was an old flint lock and out of repair, while mine was a fairly good weapon of percussion fire. They could not make it out, and I set up a mark and discharged it for their benefit. Then I made them understand by signs that I had hidden another like it in the woods to the east, and we at once started off in search of it. I could not have followed my trail a hundred rods, but one of the men picked it up so readily that most of the way was covered at a lope. We were no more than three hours making the journey, and great was their gratification at getting their hands on the other weapon.

I had talked with two or three old sailors who had taken to the bush in East Africa to escape cruel treatment on shipboard, and by putting this and that together I made up my mind that I had fallen in with the members of the Worumbu tribe. They wear no rings in their noses, as is the case with the tribes north and south of them, but those worn in their ears are so heavy that those organs are pulled almost down to their shoulders. From their signs of astonishment at my presence among them I judged that they could have nothing to do with the white men on the coast, and in this I was correct. I learned after a few days that no more than five or six men out of a tribe numbering thousands had ever seen a white man. As they exhibited no evidences of enmity or desire to injure me I tried to act as if at home in their company.

After resting a bit we headed to the southwest and traveled until dark, when the band went into camp for the night. All next day we kept the same direction, and just at sundown entered the village from which the warriors had departed. It was almost hidden by banana groves, had no stockade or other defense, and I saw many cattle and other evidences that the people were pastoral rather than warlike. I learned later on that the party who found me were out after a band from another tribe which had been stealing their cattle. I was an object of the greatest curiosity in the village, and, while in one sense a prisoner, I was allowed to go where I pleased, and no one treated me with anything but kindness. I was perfectly satisfied for the time. Being a good carpenter I constructed a house for the chief which excited the admiration of all and gave me his lasting friendship. They raised a species of millet, which was pounded in a hole in the rock. I made a mill to grind it, laid out an earthwork which should defend the village in case of attack, and made several ox yokes, and showed them how to train their cattle to work. A mile above the camp, on a hill at least seventy-five feet higher, was a fine spring, from which all the water was brought by the women. One day I found some canes in the forest with a bore of at least an inch and a half. I cut enough of these to reach from the spring to the village, and soon made the natives understand what I was about. We rolled rocks together to make a basin in the village, and the pipe was led up the slope to the spring. It was no trick at all to turn the water into it, and there was head enough to give us a fountain below. It was accounted nothing less than a miracle, and the chief offered to send an escort with me whenever I desired to return to the coast.

Every tribe of Africans has its sorcerers. This tribe had two, and naturally enough they were very jealous of me. They declared me to be a fraud and "bad medicine," and so worked on the feelings of the people that they demanded that I be sent away. In this emergency the chief called for a test to prove that the charges of the sorcerers were instigated by jealousy. In the presence of about 800 people each of the three was asked to conjure up a rain storm, of which there was great need. From force of habit I had kept an eye on the weather. I knew from the shape and drift of the clouds and the feel of the wind that no rain could be expected for several days. One of the sorcerers declared that it would rain that night, while the other put it twenty-four hours later. I made my guess for the morning of the fourth day. The first sorcerer brought no rain and was ridiculed. The second also missed it and was laughed at. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day it began raining, and the people came and cheered me. This settled the case for all time, and the sorcerers were sent out with the cattle, and made to work and live like the others.

For four long years I lived right there among the villagers, being one of them except in color, but I then began to sigh for civilization and to hear my native tongue again. I had but to express a wish to return to the coast for the chief to start me off for Quiloa. I did not go empty handed, but he presented me with ivory which sold for nearly $1,500 at that port, and a week after reaching it I had shipped on a vessel bound to the cape. I have here given but an outline of my life among the natives. I shall hereafter take pleasure in detailing some of the queer and startling adventures which befel me while nominally a member of the tribe.—New York Sun.

Servants and Tips.

Speaking of waiters and tips, there are no meaner hogs in the city than some of the New York waiters. If you help pay their wages by giving them what they have no earthly right to (tips) they will wait on you till sun up; and if you are so fortunate as to impress them with your wealth, there are few things they will not do for you of a servile nature; but if you cannot afford to tip the Lord help you! You will be neglected, shut out, stared at, covertly sneered at and finally have the dishes almost flung at you. That was what happened to two poor but very respectable young women who went into an up town dining room the other night, while women who could afford to tip, and did, had the best service the house afforded. The two young women at last left, humiliated, crushed, shamefaced, as guilty looking as if they had stolen something.—Chatter.

The Referee Sprinted Also.

Two young laboring men stood on the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Madison avenue the other day and discussed their abilities as sprint runners. They both had their pails on their arms, and their clothing was unusually good. A broken down looking chap, whose appearance was a cross between a well to do business man and a tramp, came along and took part in the discussion. Laborer No. 1 said that he would bet his next week's wages that he could run down on the asphalt pavement to Madison square and back to Twenty-eighth street quicker than laborer No. 2. Laborer No. 2 demurred, and said that he could not afford to bet his week's wages, but he would like very much to make the race. The trampish looking person then made a suggestion.

"Ah, what der yer want to bet for?" said he. "Just run a race for the fun of the thing. Now I'll tell yon what I'll do. You take off your coats and leave them here to mark a finish line, and I'll be judge, referee and timekeeper of this race." The laborers seemed to think this was a good idea, and they pulled off their coats and turned them over to the custody of the tramp. "Now," said the latter, "when I count three you just start off." He did so, and they started off pellmell for Madison square. They had not gone half way when the tramp and the coats disappeared down Twenty-eighth street like a streak of lightning, and the two laborers are still looking for the finish line of their race.—New York Times.

Beggars in Jerusalem.

The Jews of Jerusalem have been largely supported by charity given by their people in different parts of the world. This has to a certain extent made them a population of beggars, and it has had a very bad effect upon them. It is said that certain classes of the Jews change their sect according to the size of the appropriation, and some go from one soup house to another asking alms. The Jews have done a great deal for the Holy Land in the way of charity. The Rothschilds and Sir Moses de Montefiore, the aged Jew philanthropist who died a few years ago, have spent fortunes in establishing schools and farms for Palestine Jews.

I visited one of their largest industrial schools on the outside of the walls of Jerusalem, and drank a glass of sherbet and ate some preserves with the manager. There are carpenter shops, tin shops and foundries connected with this school, and I saw bright eyed Jewish boys learning trades in its various rooms. I visited the art department, and saw that the Jerusalem Jew has a decided artistic temperament, and we may yet have Scriptural scenes painted by great Jewish painters.

I found boys running the establishments that turn out the olive wood which comes from Jerusalem in the shape of tables, collection plates and paper knives, and I was told that the boys were very quick to learn, and anxious to improve. The Rothschilds have a seminary for the education of Jewish girls, and their farms are the finest in Palestine.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Queer Things That Are Eaten.

Among the Greenlanders and the Esquimaux the seal is an important food, and, in spite of being coarse and oily, was formerly eaten in England. The porpoise was also an English dish, and its liver is, when fried, still, we believe, relished by sailors. Arctic explorers have found the walrus very palatable, and it is largely consumed by the Esquimaux. The Japanese, New Zealanders and Western Australians consider the whale good eating, and the Esquimaux highly approve of blubber, and get through with enormous quantities. The crocodile is greedily devoured by the natives of certain districts of Africa. Its eggs in taste resemble hen's eggs, with perhaps a smack of custard.

To come to our country, where we do not eat sauerkraut and blubber, birds' nests and puppies, we shall nevertheless find some odd foods. The hedgehog, a favorite dish in Barbary, and not disapproved in Spain, is eaten by gypsies. Squirrels, too, are occasionally cooked in this country, and are most delicious and fully as palatable as jugged hare: at any rate we have ourselves stewed them, and we can testify that they are excellent. It is even said that frogs are often eaten in the north of England.—Scottish Review.

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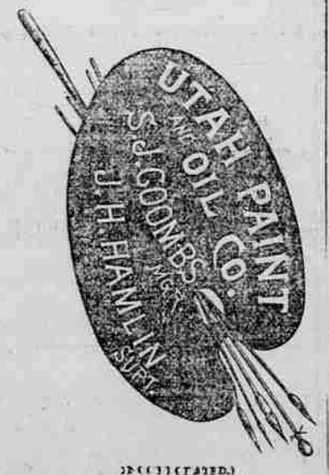

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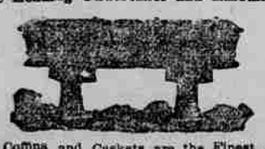

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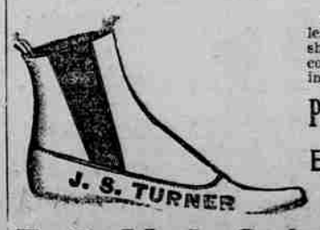

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