

AT THE PARADE.

Amid the tangle of damask roses
That shook their petals over the grass,
In the diamond dew of the July morning,
She stood to look at the soldiers pass.
"See the banners," she said, "that beckon,
Stars of silver against the blue,
Setting my soul in flame to follow,
Ah! but what can a maiden do?"
"Hear the voices of long-dead heroes
Call to arms in the trumpet's blast!
Oh, to put by my skirts of satin!
Oh, to ent on my flowing hair,
Gird my side with a shining sabre,
Spur my steed with a bold halloo
Into the thick of the bursting battle—
Oh, but what can a maiden do?"
"Yonder youth with the sash of crimson
Looks from under his waving plume
Up this way at the glowing roses,
What if I flung him one in bloom.
See! the flower to his lips he presses—
Happy the girl he will to woo.
Would that he found my face the fairest—
Ah, but what can a maiden do?"
"Wait, and wait, with a hopeless passion,
Never daring a word to say—
Heart be still, for the youth is breaking
Out of the ranks and comes this way.
Lo! in his eyes the light of laughter,
Bright on his breast the rose I throw.
Pray, when a handsome lad comes courting,
Tell me, what should a maiden do?"
Over the hills the fireflies glittered,
Rockets flashed in the purple air
All unheeding among the roses
Walk together the youthful pair.
"Chill a love, he cried, "with scolding,
Cruelly break his heart in two,
Lift him up to the heights of rapture,
All of these can a maiden do."
"How to be there in your place I painted
Only a few short hours ago,
Under the flag to ride," she murmured,
"Now I never have it so.
Shed sweet tears for the fallen heroes,
Love and be loved by the brave and true,
Praise with smiles and reward with kisses—
This is the best for a maid to do!"
—*Minna Irving.*

OUTLAWED BY INDIANS

In the fall of 1866, while I was attached to Fort Hays as a Government scout and dispatch rider, the Sioux and Cheyennes were consolidating for the war which opened in the spring. Bands of stragglers were riding about the country, stealing and murdering whenever opportunity offered, and one day in October, while returning to the fort from a long ride to the north after some missing horses, I encountered one of these predatory bands. It numbered twelve men and a son of the Cheyenne chief, known as Pawnee Killer, was in command. While war had not been declared, and while the Indians did not hesitate to appear at the forts and trading posts, some one was being butchered every day. I had been on the watch for provisions, and was a well-prepared as a lone man could be. I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and the only drawback was that I had found two of the horses and had them with me. As they would not drive, I had roped them together and then made them fast to my saddle.
I was skirting a long, narrow ridge, badly broken by outcroppings of rock, and the time was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. All of a sudden I caught sight of Indians about half a mile away coming on the same side of the ridge. Indeed, I heard them yelling before I saw them, and I turned sharp to the left and forced the horses up the ridge among a mass of boulders and outcroppings. The redskins caught sight of me as I went up, but did not immediately approach. I could see that they were confused, and a dozen or more shots were fired, and I was puzzling over the matter when I heard some one clattering over the stony ground, and next moment a white man jumped down beside me and exclaimed: "Stranger, for God's sake stand 'em off until I can get my mind. They are Cheyennes, and have killed my brother!"
Three young bucks, on foot, had been in chase of the fugitive, and they were within 200 feet of me as I rose up. The leveled rifle brought them to a sudden halt, and after gazing at me for a moment they turned and descended the ridge to join the rest of the band. My visitor lay down, and it was five minutes before he could get breath to explain.
"We were out looking for cattle which stampered from our emigrant camp on the Saline Fork. These brutes killed my brother and took me prisoner. This was yesterday, and about a mile below here they had gone into camp and built a fire to torture me, when I made a break. Give me your revolver, for they'll be sure to charge us."
I gave him one of the weapons, and soon after an Indian appeared on the foot of the ridge, made signs of peace, and asked for a talk. Thus on the level below me drew away about forty rods to convince me they meant fair, and I left my shelter and advanced a few paces to ask the errand of the young warrior. While I was thus engaged the man behind me was rolling the loose rocks together to strengthen the position.
The redskin said he came to demand a prisoner. They had no quarrel with me, but the prisoner had shot one of their number in cold blood and must die. They only asked for justice. I had their word that I might ride away in safety, but the prisoner they would have at any sacrifice. I did not wait an instant before replying that the man would not be given up, and that I was ready for any move on their part to take him. The buck had left his rifle behind him, and I stood there also apparently unarmed. As a matter of fact, each of us had a revolver. We were about half pistol shot apart and as I gave him my ultimatum he half turned, whipping out a revolver, and fired a bullet which passed within an inch of my head. Then he uttered a yell and started to run, but he was too late. My bullet struck him under the right arm and went clear through him, and he fell and curled up by a boulder to die.
The situation was understood by the Indians below me almost instantly, and

the entire crowd dismounted and charged up the ridge. It was a very foolish move on their part, and proved the excitability of young bucks. We had them dead under our fire, and we killed three of them with as many bullets. I got a bead on Pawnee Killer's son with my revolver as he urged his hesitating band to push up the ridge, and when he went down I thought I had killed him. With his fall the fighting ceased. The survivors made a rush for their horses and then disappeared where they fell. I was puzzled at their conduct, and at first regarded it a ruse, but when I came to stand up and look around I saw a party of thirteen men—hunters, trappers, stockmen and adventurers—coming up from the north on their way to the fort.
The name of the young man who so cleverly escaped was Austin Brice, and for the next year he was in Government employ at the fort. He had not shot an Indian, as stated by the flag-of-truce bearer, but the murder of his brother was entirely unprovoked and cold-blooded, and the Indians meant to torture him to death.
The bullet which struck the young chief did not kill him, as I at first supposed. It struck him alongside the nose, ran down to the corner of his mouth, followed the line of the lips down to the left-hand corner, and passed over the chin. The result was to give him a most horrible-looking mouth, making him an object of ridicule and contempt; and he not only swore to leave my life, but Pawnee Killer proclaimed the fact that he would give five ponies and a revolver to any one who would bring him my scalp. Therefore, while actual hostilities had not yet begun, there was a price set upon my head, and I was in more personal danger than if the redskins were on the war-path.
The first attempt was made about two weeks after the fight on the ridge. A Sioux Indian, who claimed to have been outlawed from his tribe because he favored peace with the whites, came into Fort Hays, ostensibly for protection. He had no weapons, seemed to be honest and straightforward, and all the men had a good word for him. On the third day he came to me and asked my assistance to recover his rifle, blanket, a lot of powder and lead, and various other articles which he said he had cached at a spot about twelve miles down the Smoky Hill Fork in a grove. When he described the spot I remembered it very well, and next morning, having permission of the commandant, we set out. I was on horseback, and the Indian afoot. I had my usual weapons, while he had an army musket. He gave us his name as Little Smoke, and was a typical warrior in build and demeanor. Before we left the fort an old hunter called me aside and said:
"Do you believe there's a cache?"
"Why not?"
"Bekase an Injun says that's it. Allus take 'em contrary to what they say. Is your scalp nailed on?"
"Do you mistrust the man?"
"Never saw one yet that I didn't. I'm going to let my rifle again a keg of powder that you don't come back."
As soon as we were out of sight of the fort I motioned for the Indian to take the lead. He seemed to take it as a matter of course, and he led off with a lope and held it for six or seven miles without a halt. I had not only to keep an eye on him, but scan the country as well. He appeared to be on the lookout, as well he might be if his story was true, and about 11 o'clock we approached the spot where he claimed to have hidden his property. I had kept him in the lead all the time, and we had had more or less shelter along the bank of the stream. Half a mile from the grove I drew rein and said:
"I will wait here while my brother goes forward for his property."
"Is the Swift Rider tired with his ride?" he sarcastically answered.
"One must keep watch for danger. I will do that, for you will be busy."
"If my white brother is afraid he need not go."
"If my red brother has a cache in the grove let him look for it. If not, we will return to the fort."
He hesitated a moment, and then, satisfied that I was on my guard, he walked away and soon disappeared in the grove. I had every confidence that the trees sheltered a herd of redskins, and it would not have surprised me in the least to have seen a body of them dash out. I was therefore taken aback, at the end of about a quarter of an hour; to see Little Smoke reappear with a backload of stuff from his cache. He came straight toward me, but very slowly, and halted every few yards to adjust his burden. I was carefully watching him when my horse sensed the air uneasily, and all at once it came to me that I was being stalked. I left the shelter of the cottonwoods for the open ground, and as I rode away two bullets zipped close to my head, having been fired from the opposite bank of the stream. At the same moment Little Smoke dropped his goods and fired on me with his musket. While half a dozen Indians in my rear were yelling and shooting, I rode down to within 200 feet of the smooth-tongued traitor and dropped him dead in his tracks. There were five Indians in the ambushade, and they mounted their ponies and pursued me for three or four miles, but I got safely away.
The second attempt was made in December. A half-breed Cheyenne—an old man with a very honest face—came into the fort and reported that a white man, a trapper, was in camp on the river above us with a broken leg, and he volunteered to come in and report the case. The distance was not over five miles, but the snow lay deep on the ground and it was very sharp weather. The old man probably reasoned that I would be sent out to guide the relief party. He was asked to do so, but refused, even under promise of a gallon of whiskey. This refusal aroused my suspicions, and instead of going out as a relief corps a dozen men were armed to the teeth. The place designated was a grove, and we approached it as near as possible under

cover and then made a sudden dash. Eight mounted Indians rushed out on the other side. There were evidences that they had been there in camp for two or three days.
In the spring, when war had been formally declared, most of my work was along the Smoky Hill stage route. When the stages finally ceased running I carried food and ammunition to the station employes, or guided them safely to the posts. Lookout Station, 20 miles beyond Fort Hays, was more exposed to attack than any other on the route. The but for the shelter of the men was half wood, half mud. Two stables filled with hay and oats flanked it, and stood dangerously near. While at every other station the men had made dug-outs for their protection, this precaution had been neglected at Lookout. Small bands of Indians had appeared and been stood off by the well-armed men, and they had come to believe that they could defeat any force likely to appear. On the morning of April 15, I was approaching Lookout with 600 Winchester cartridges for the men, when, just as we fairly broke, I was discovered and pursued by a band of about fifty Indians. I got into the station after a lively chase, and within an hour it was surrounded by over a hundred redskins. I had been recognized, and they sent a flag of truce to offer the three men their lives if they would hand me over. This offer was twice repeated, and then the Indians settled down to besiege the station. During the day the firing was kept up at long range. All the horses in the stables were killed before noon, but none of us was wounded. As night came, I determined to get away, being under orders to report at Hays as soon as possible. The men encouraged me to go, saying they could hold the place until I sent assistance.
At about 9 o'clock, I crept out of the hut, crawled on my hands and knees into the darkness, and after twice almost bumping against Indians, I got beyond their lines and headed for the fort. I was only three miles away when I saw the glare of the burning stables, while the redskins had crept up to and fired. The hut caught from the stables, and as the three brave fellows were finally driven out, they were shot down by the horde in waiting, and thus every vestige of the station was wiped out.—*New York Sun.*

Cloud Bands of the Globe.

Until recently but little has been done to determine the distribution of cloudiness on the globe. But M. Teisserenc de Bort, a French meteorologist, has earnestly attempted to supply this deficiency of knowledge. The results of his novel and great labor, published in the *American Meteorological Magazine*, are very interesting, and when mapped, enable one to imagine how our planet, with its cloud bands, would appear to an observer at some remote point in space.
He finds that in all months the earth's clouds arrange themselves in a very orderly way, as Jupiter's cloud forms, in streaks or zones parallel with the equator, or on near which occurs a maximum of cloudiness. Between latitude 15 degrees and 45 degrees north or south the skies are comparatively clear, but between the thirty-fifth and fiftieth parallels there is a zone of clouded sky, north of which the atmosphere grows more transparent. Other things being equal, clouds are more abundant over the sea and on elevated sea coasts exposed to a prevailing sea wind than on the continents. Over the whole globe November is the month of greatest cloudiness, and March the clearest month.
These and other instructive data obtained by M. Teisserenc de Bort are of great value to meteorology and medical climatology. On the plateaus and mountain ranges of India (where in winter the sky is remarkably clear), when in May the sun heats up the Asiatic continent, causing an indraught of air from the Indian Ocean the multiplication of clouds announces days beforehand the advance of the south-monsoon, which rules the weather of the entire summer and decides the fate of all crops. In the tropics generally, the "equatorial cloud ring," swinging north and south with the sun in declination, is the herald of the rainy seasons. If the laws of cloud distribution were better known the work of forecasting great hot and cold spells and the course and intensity of storms would be considerably facilitated.—*New York Herald.*

How to Keep Fish When Caught.

The angler should take care of his fish after he has caught them. It is undesirable to fetch back a lot of sun and wind dried fish, all curled up and stiff. Put a handful of grass or ferns in the bottom of the creel and kill the fish as soon as caught by hitting them a sharp blow on the back of the head. If the weather is hot, clean the morning catch at noon, and every few hours dip the creel in the stream. The best way to keep fish to take home is as follows: Clean them thoroughly, taking care to remove the gills and the blood under the backbone, wipe dry inside and out, but do not wash them; sprinkle them inside with black pepper, but on no account use salt. Pack in cool, fresh grass and keep them in the shade. If ice is used it should be put in a tin can or at least at the bottom of the creel, for it spoils the flavor of fish to have them soaking in water.—*Forest and Stream.*

A Good Hone.

A good hone is one of the most valuable essentials of a workman's outfit, and one of the best methods of making it is the following: Take the best gelatine, which melts in an equal quantity of water, keeping it in the dark, as daylight is injurious to it. Dissolve one and a half per cent. of bicarbonate of potash and add it to the thoroughly melted gelatine. Then take three equal parts of pulverized flint stones, equal to nine times the weight of gelatine used, and mix in thoroughly. Mould the paste to the desired shape and press it as hard as possible to consolidate the mass well, afterward drying it in the sun.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

LONG BRANCH.

PICTURES OF SUMMER LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.

The Surf and Its Perils—Feminine Bathers—One Woman's Sumptuous Private Bath—Politicians, Dandies and Big Hats.

Long Branch, says a letter to the *Chicago Herald*, is a great favorite with all sorts of people. In has two great advantages. It is near to New York city, and quite wicked enough to suit the most devious. The surf is magnificent. Father Neptune comes in raging and foaming at the mouth. His usual demand from the Jersey coast is about a man a week, and although the beach is thoroughly patrolled and the life ropes are plentiful, yet down the victim goes, sucked under



WANTS TO BE THE SENSATION.

by the terrible swirl of the retreating breaker and is carried out, bobbing up and down like a water-soaked log. He rarely makes any outcry. The people on the beach do this. The bathing masters plunge in, the catamarans are launched, and although everything is done quick as a flash, aid often comes too late. One soul less in the world than five minutes before.

Do they omit the hop that evening! Does the giddy throng fail to gather on the hotel verandas after dinner? Is there anything to show that a human being lost his life in the surf that morning? Oh, dear no! We don't come down here to go into mourning.

One day Harry McElroy, one of the best amateur swimmers of the New York Athletic, was sporting in the water, exhibiting his superb physique to a group of admirers on the beach, when the cry



HOW THINGS ARE DIVIDED.

was heard: "A man drowning!" Harry struck out for him with a pair of arms that had carried joy to many a fair waltzer—white as ivory and strong as steel—and before the guard was anywhere near, Henry tumbled the fellow through the surf, tossed him on the sand and was back into the water again, flashing his fine limbs in the air like Glaucus in pursuit of a nereid. At dinner the following colloquy took place:
"Say, Harry, in heaven's name, what did you want to risk your life saving that worthless fellow for? His family feel quite offended about it. He's no good. He's determined to die drunk."
"May be," drawled Harry, as he raised a stalk of asparagus to his mouth, "but the bathing suit was worth \$2.75. I didn't know who was in it."
This place is a favorite resort of leading actresses, those who support establishments of their own—the few who make



AREN'T THERE FOR THE SURF.

ten to fifty thousand a year. Mrs. John Hoey in her day set this fashion. The magnificent dresses are well qualified to show off a fine turnout, and there are always notables, noble and ignoble, foreign and domestic, at the hotels to make it interesting. Langtry was here last year, but she didn't use the surf. She "stuffed it" in her apartments. Your genuine woman of fashion, especially if she is a bit passe, never goes into the surf. She has been told that salt water makes wrinkles. That settles it. No woman wants to be wrinkled, now does she? Ocean brines the moisture out of the skin and hardens the flesh. Look at the old salts. Try a piece of salt pork along with your broiled chicken and see for yourself. Chickens never touch salt. It is death to them.

Married women who love their husbands go into the ocean brine, but young widows never! Young girls go in, but with them surf bathing is only a means to an end, and we all know what the chief end of a girl's life is—a rich husband, of course! It is the end of her fun and the commencement of his.

Mrs. M. Estelle du Bois-Long has arrived with twenty-seven trunks, some of them large enough to set up housekeeping in. She is popularly known as "the woman with the hundred dresses." She is a widow, and there are two things about her that no fellow will ever find out: What the "M" stands for, and how old she is. Mrs. M. du Bois-Long is what is known as a "well preserved woman." Some say she is sixty and some thirty-five. It costs nothing but the effort to make your choice. Well, Mrs. du Bois-Long never goes into the brine. She is a "tubber," and such a "tubber!" Her private bath consists of a porcelain tub with silver mountings. It is surrounded by mirrors to enable her to discover any lines or shrinkages in her figure, which is wonderfully round and white, whether you call her thirty-five or sixty. This sumptuous tub is filled twice a day with spring water brought in barrels from two miles away. Its temperature is raised to 80 and it is then softened by boracic acid and milk of almonds, and perfumed with cologne. There is no rubbing done and no soap used on the wonderful skin of the "woman with a hundred dresses." Oh, no, that would be a sacrilege! Her maid simply pats the skin while it is thoroughly moistened, and dashes the water gently against it.



CEASED TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING.

After rising from her bath, a French preparation, pate du serail, is applied to shield the skin from too rapid evaporation, which means wrinkles. Such is the secret of this modern beauty who comes to the salt seaside to keep fresh.

Long Branch has always exerted a peculiar fascination upon statesmen, politicians, ring masters, ward magistrates and that ilk generally. Politics needs a great deal of salt to check decomposition. The political leader is not always what you would think him to be—something towering and impressive. Some of the strongest of them are about as insignificant looking as a last year's mullein stalk. But the Branch is alive with all sorts of politicians, impressive and otherwise, from the real statesman to the New York saloon Alderman, whose dyed moustache, diamond pin, flash tie, new clothes and vulgar manner stamp him at once as a product of rank soil—a quick growth, neither fruit, flower, vegetable, odoriferous or edible! What good is he? Well, he is a money spender, and great summer resorts wouldn't be possible without him. He drops his money in showers as gently as Jupiter did his on the backs of the Danae, and quite as generously, too. Money may be the root of all evil, but it is never an unmitigated evil. The political manager comes here to continue the game of chance, to bet on the color of cards as he does on the complexion of parties, for no roulette in its rotations ever equalled the fickleness of the covergreen people. Now, where the King goes, there goes the jester. That is to say, the political boss is always attended by the political hummer, who never earns a dollar, never pays for anything, never does a stroke of work, never drinks a glass of water, and yet he is an important factor in machine politics. He's the grease.

Every dandy here wears a sash. Now, a sash may look very well on a slim man, but to increase a rotundity of sixty inches by adding a Gordon sash shows to what profundity of absurdity men descend when once infected with a craze. They wear it in place and out of place; at the races, in church, on the beach, with evening dress and negligee, all the same. The only regret seems to be that they cannot be worn into the water. Thus far the guests at the hotels have the sashes to themselves, but next week is expected that the waiters will don them, and after that the porters and hotel hands generally.

The women have their craze, too. They run to big hats. Brims are so broad that they have ceased to be self-supporting. One very indulgent husband, to gratify his wife, has invented a brim supporter. It may be attached to any carriage and, so he says, is bound to become very popular.

Wrong Identifications.

It sometimes happens that bodies are wrongly identified at the Morgue. Such mistakes seldom occur, owing to the great carefulness of the present Morgue officials. A woman who lived in Providence wrote several years ago to her children in this city that she intended to spend Thanksgiving with them. She stated that she was on her way, and would arrive on a certain day. The day came, but she did not appear. The children became alarmed when several days had passed without hearing from her, and a visit was made to the Morgue. A body in a coffin was identified from the appearance and clothing as that of their mother, and it was placed in charge of an undertaker for burial. The funeral was held, and it was interred in Calvary Cemetery. Their door-bell rang two days afterward, while they were at supper, and in walked the supposed dead woman. She had missed her train and had not left Providence.—*New York World.*

A Boy Builds a Steamer.

A trim and handsome little steamer was tied up at the Merrill-Stevens Company's wharf the other day, with a gang of men busy at work on her. She is the *Marmion*, of Picolata, owned by N. R. Fitzhugh, of that place, where she was built out of Florida timber.
The *Marmion* is forty feet long, handsomely proportioned and strongly constructed, and was built by Mr. Fitzhugh's son, only eighteen years of age, Isaac by name. His father is justly proud of the work, which would do credit to a skilful shipbuilder, surrounded by every convenience. The boat will have a twenty horse power boiler and a Colt Dice engine put in her by the Merrill-Stevens Company. She will be used in towing around Picolata.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Khedive of Egypt has but one wife.
French wine growers have a superstitious appreciation of comets.
About fourteen years is as long as cats live under favorable conditions.
It is believed that betting is more prevalent in Australia than anywhere else.
A Senator must be thirty years old and a Representative at least twenty-five years old.
California was conquered from Mexico in 1847. New Mexico was added by treaty in 1854.
The Postoffice Department was organized by Benjamin Franklin before the Revolution, 1775.
The Bible is now translated into 300 tongues. The number of languages spoken in the world is upward of 3000.
Every pound of asphalt used in the United States comes from Trinidad, West Indies, and two firms control the importation.
The Chinese, according to the Governor of Hong Kong, are firm believers in vaccination, and submit to the ordeal with cheerfulness.
An order from Florida for 150,000 reams of tissue paper, to be used in wrapping oranges, has been received by a Bergen County (N. J.) man.
Marshall Pass, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, 10,851 feet above the sea level, is the highest point crossed by a railroad inside the limits of the United States.
About 1500 different kinds of dream books are in the market, and all of them find buyers, while sales steadily increase about in proportion to the increase of people.
A man at Brownfield, Me., who has been married sixteen years, and has moved thirty-five times during that period, thinks he has beaten the record as a rolling stone.
Quails are so numerous and tame in the vicinity of Grass Lake, Wis., that they fly into the village in flocks and sit around on the lawns like robins. The law protecting them lasts two years more.
Not a Friday passes but what some ship sails from some port for some other port. Yet thousands of intelligent people prefer to believe that no sailor goes to sea on Friday. Columbus sailed on Friday.
The Spartans, who were physically the most incessantly and thoroughly trained men in Greece, were formidable soldiers and competent generals; but they cannot be credited with a single achievement in literature and art.
A mad ox was killed at Davison, Ga., which had broken through every barrier, and was hard to keep up with. The men shot him twenty-seven times before killing him. He was bitten by a mad dog three weeks before.
Precious stones are much more widely distributed than formerly. There are many families who own jewels to the value of half a million, while few wealthy people had even \$100,000 invested in diamonds ten years ago.
There is little difference between the sand of the sea and that of the desert. There is none in formation, for both are composed of quartz. The sand of the sea is due to the transport of the waves on the sea shore. In the Sahara and other African regions, as well as in Central Asia, the daily range of temperature is very great.

A Jumper's Feats.

Darby, the Irish athlete, goes through no exceptional training, unless for a special contest. He keeps himself in trim by a little boxing, careful dietary and keeping clear of alcohol almost to the extent of teetotalism.
He jumps in clogs tipped with steel, the most unsuitable footwear, the uninitiated might suppose, for the purpose. Joseph Darby is advertised as champion jumper of the world, but this scarcely conveys an idea of what he accomplishes, for most people would suppose that he did nothing beyond ordinary broad and high jumps.
How mistaken they would be may be gathered from the following, which are but a fraction of his feats: Standing high jump, five feet six inches, with ankles tied; two standing jumps, twenty-six feet seven and a half inches; three standing jumps, forty-one feet seven inches; four standing jumps, fifty feet four inches, clearing fifteen feet five inches in the last jump; six backward jumps, fifty-four feet; jumping from an ordinary brick, end up, over bedroom chair, on to another brick, end up, thence over bar five feet six inches; three jumps, clearing chair standing on table in last jump; jumping from brick over two horses; clearing twenty-three feet eight inches in two jumps, jumping over chair on to man's face without hurting man.
Where are our "champions," who scramble over five feet six or eight and perhaps clear twenty or twenty-one feet? The point in the brick and tumbler jumps is that the jumper must not upset either, and in this Darby does not fall once.—*New York Journal.*

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A COMPARISON.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the hum of bees,
A-knocking that I can do all I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.
Fer I really don't bractly understand
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can.
Up thar in the city.
It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As for that, just look at the flowers 'round 'em,
A-peepin' their heads up all over the ground,
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down,
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or, rather, in the city.
As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds and the hum of bees,
An' a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bearin' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me, 't ain't half as rough
As livin' in the city.
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

PITH AND POINT.

The after-clap—An encore.
Out for a sale—The auctioneer's flag.
Only fit for a dog to live in—A kennel.
The expressman puts on a great many lugs.
The poor man can always get prompt justice when he is to be punished.—*Puck.*
It is perfectly legitimate for a cattle trust to water its stock.—*Richmond Recorder.*
A tennis set is not very loud, but a racket nearly always goes with it.—*Washington Star.*
Hailstones intended for publication are usually as big as hen's eggs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*
Don't try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.—*Ashville (N. C.) Citizen.*
A boy never so thoroughly realizes that quorrelling is sinful as when he is getting licked in a fight.
"I don't like my calling," as the apprentice remarked on being compelled to get up at 4 A. M.—*Louell Citizen.*
If Mr. Stanley and his wife ever quarrel it is quite possible that they will carry the war into Africa.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*
He wrote: "I love you. You have thrown a spell around me." And she replied: "Why don't you use it?"—*Boston Transcript.*
The tramp now seeks the pond or lake. By some untraveled path, And in some sheltered nook doth take. Again his yearly bath.—*Boston Courier.*
"I tell you, travel develops a man. If he has anything in him, it's bound to come out in travel." "Particularly ocean travel."—*Puck.*
The man who can attend to his own affairs carries with him a business qualification that is recognizable the world over.—*Prison Mirror.*
Though actors may quarrel, How'er they make up They are sure to 'mangle' When they go on the stage.—*Judge.*
Very many people who are taking in summer boarders are people who have seen better days and lived better. So have their boarders.—*New Orleans Picayune.*
A Prince who recently married a very rich American heiress is an expert on the violin; and doubtless the young lady who dances to his humor is willing to pay the fiddler.—*Judge.*
First Senator—"I have a scheme to which I wish to give the widest publicity. What do you suggest as the best method?" Second Senator—"Discuss it in secret session, of course."—*Racket.*
He who courts and runs away May live to court another day; But he who courts and will not wed, May find himself in court instead.—*Chatter.*
An iceman who has lost part of his crop says, "There's no use of crying over spilled milk." It's a pity that this man can't be philosophical without a covert thrust at a business which, after all, is as good as his is.—*Judge.*
"It's very strange that they do not have the bridegroom given away at weddings the same as the bride is," remarked Mrs. Trotter. Mr. T.—"No need to give him away—he's the one that is generally sold."—*New York Herald.*
"It's enough to kind of sour a man on human nature," said the tramp, "when you stop to consider how often you're called lazy because you won't do a seventy-five-cent job at sawin' wood for a fifteen-cent breakfast."—*Washington Post.*
Maiden Lady—"Wow! Gracious me! What in the world are you doing there?" Man Under the Bed—"If you please, ma'am, I am the man who got the Governor to pardon out of the pen 't'other day, and I just thought I would come around and thank ye, ma'am."—*Terre Haute Express.*
At the Chinese theater the female parts are performed by men in disguise. One evening the play was slow in commencing and the audience grew impatient. At length the manager advanced to the footlights and said, "I must ask the spectators to excuse us a few minutes; the Queen is not yet shaved!"—*Gil Blas.*
Yeardley Bride—"Mr. Jones, I have always been in the habit of indulging in the last word, and I do not wish to change my habits at this time of life." Mr. Jones—"Well, dear, I have been praying for about a year that you would finally come to that delectable word. I am weary, and would rest. Simply 'speak it.'"—*American Grocer.*